

BUSTING OUT

By Beatriz



ILLUSTRATED BY BEATRIZ

A 'HER TV' NOVEL

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“BUSTING OUT”

PART ONE: The Woman Within by Beatriz

The divorce really hit Jack Miller hard. He didn't understand it at all. How could Betty just kiss him and the marriage off that way? If there had been another man involved he could have been angry, even jealous. But, she said she just wanted to try her wings without him. He made her feel terribly smothered, dominated...his love, his house, his way. That's what she had said...it was all his fault.

To escape from his thoughts about what could have been, and who was responsible, he was in an encounter group perched on a hard chair in the office of Doctor Marian Westbrook.

Dr. Westbrook was not a passive interacting Rogerian therapist. She believed that she had to be an active participant in a directive environment where the patient was held accountable for their own destiny. Thusly, she had taken her therapy one step beyond simple role playing. Dr. Westbrook believed that the patient should bust out of his self doubts and the boxes he had built about his life by becoming involved with life.

‘One must live life to understand it,’ was her motto.

Two other guys and three girls made up the circle. Jack figured that the two couples were married. The girl next to him wasn't. She was a nurse, a pretty one, he thought. She had told her story, full of equal parts of, “He made me,” and, “I didn't tell him.” They were all victims in one way or another, according to their stories.

Jack told his victim story. He knew it well. Told it well, and often.

“Now I want you to do a little role playing, Jack,” Doctor Westbrook suggested. “Turn that coin over, take Jill as your partner. Now you are Betty, your ex-wife. Tell your partner just how Jack made you a victim. See if you can make it just as good as your story was.”

Jack was an actor, he had that ability of all good actors to get into any role. To find that core of truth, and to become a part of it.

Jill was amazed at the intensity he projected as he brushed back his thick blond California hair, cocked his head looking at the light overhead. As he closed his eyes tightly Jill thought she noticed a faint tear rolling down his cheek.

It was the story of a girl who had been held under by the marriage. Betty had no room to maneuver, to become her own person - everything was Jack.. His acting career, his agent, his ego, his next role.

Listening to him Jill felt a sadness for Betty, and a little anger for him.

At the end he was interrupted by several measured and slow hand claps from Doctor Westbrook. "Nice performance, Jack. That's all it was.. a performance. You don't really understand what happened do you? "

"I guess not. That's why I 'm here."

"O.K., I want you to get it. I've got another role for you. You've got to experience... Woman.... Know what it is to be a woman?"

Jill looked at Jack wondering how he could do it. What in the world did Doctor Westbrook mean?

"Will you help him, Jill?" Dr. Westbrook asked.

"I guess so. What do I have to do?"

"Good. I want you to help Jack be a woman. He is to dress as a woman-night and day. He must get up as a woman, put on make-up, do his hair, make breakfast for you, and go out into the world as a woman."

"That's quite a part," Jack protested in disbelief.

"No, it isn't just a part, as you do all your other parts. You've got to really experience woman, or you will go through your life never really understanding women. Come back to us here in three months as a woman and tell us about it."

"You mean you want me to live like a woman for three months? That's pretty steep.. I mean three months is a long time."

"Yes, you've had years developing wrong ideas about women. So, three months isn't too long."

"This is crazy," Jack countered, half wondering to himself if the doctor wasn't crazy; yet, wanting to understand Betty's real motives for leaving him. "I've never actually lived a part - I 'm not sure Stanislavsky, or any of the modern method actors ever did."

"That is just what you have to erase in yourself. This is not just another play acting role. You must become the woman." Doctor Westbrook stood in front of Jack.

Jack turned away shaking his head. "I've got a break between plays, but this is a long time...."

"But, how can I help him?" Jill interrupted uncertainly.

"There you are Jill. That's the helpless person we've come to know," one of the members of the group commented.

"I'm not helpless," she protested angrily.

"That's what you project. We've all heard your helpless story.. how you live your life. You are a nurse. You should be a take-charge person. You're a wimp."

"I know." Jill was crying softly.

"This exercise is for you as well as Jack. You've got to learn to take charge. BE DOMINANT!" Doctor Marian Westbrook was on her favorite theme about women. "Will you help her, Jack ? She can't do it without you, and you can't resolve this without her. "

"O.K. Fine. If Jill agrees," Jack murmured looking towards Jill.

"O.K."

"Is that as good as you can do?"

"O.K.!" Jill shouted.

"Jill, you will just have to figure it out. You two are about the same size. Remember this is a test. In all your relationships you have never asserted yourself. I want you to take charge. Do anything necessary to make Jack a woman. Be bold. Make him into a her."

Jill was motivated. Her resolve had a sticking point - It was to change Jack. Make HIM realize the HER that is there!

"Every sensitive man has a woman hiding underneath all that male ego. He goes about in life trying to submerge her; trying to emphasize the male ego, but she is always there-in the deep inner-feelings, in the appreciation for the soft things, the artistic things, the way some music makes runs up his spine, the way the plane flew off into the sunset with that music in "Out of Africa", the feeling of those purple flowers as they parted for Whoopi Goldberg running to meet her lost children in "The Color Purple". These things bring a moist eye the male tries to hide, because it shows the female nature within him." Doctor Westbrook was on one of her favorite topics.

The lecture was not lost on Jill, she was committed - all the way. After the encounter meeting broke up Jill handed Jack an address, her apartment. He was to be there with a tooth brush and razor, nothing else.

"What do you mean - nothing else? You want me to appear in the nude at your front door? "

"Get serious, Jack. Do you want to make this work or not?"

"I don't know. It's a pretty crazy idea - the whole thing. How in the world can I pull it off?"

"Sure, just like the story you told of Betty. Your complete domination of her. You will never understand women, or be able to have a meaningful relationship, until you go through this process. "

"Is this the new dominant woman?" Jack teased.

Jill smiled. "We'll see, love. And I think you d better have a new name for a while, Jacqueline."

"Oh come on now. That is a bit much."

"Be there, Jacqueline."

Jack appeared at her door, held up his tooth brush and razor. "That's it coach. That's all I've got."

"Come in Jacqueline, dear. Come in the bedroom. I've laid out some clothes for you. We've got to check your size."

There on the bed he saw two mounds of satin and lace. A bit of a thrill ran up his spine. He laughed nervously. He wondered why he felt this way.

Jill held up a long full skirted summer dress against him.

“Yes, definitely. We're the same dress size. What about shoes?”

He looked down at the rows of shoes in her closet. How in the world would he stand up in these narrow spike-heeled things? He was beginning to doubt the wisdom of this whole thing.

“Here try these on.” Jill handed him a pair of black pumps. “If you can get into these, we've got it made.”

He was beginning to realize she was serious about all this and he was going to have to go through it.

‘Well,’ he thought, ‘The sooner I go through this the sooner it will be over.’

The shoes had a sort of sex-life of their own for him. He had always identified high heels with sexy women, and to have to wear them made him feel sort of a traitor to his sex.

Jack struggled with his shoes, sat on the bed and slipped on the black pumps. “They're a bit tight.”

“Well, of course, you silly girl! You've got those heavy socks on.”

Jack shrugged his shoulders, sat down and removed his socks. He stood up in the pumps.

“Not bad.” He walked in a little circle in front of the bed. “I wobble a bit.”

“They'll feel even better when you get nylons on. And Jacqueline, don't worry. I'll teach you how to walk. I'll teach you everything. Now, before we try on all these, I'd better give you a rub down to relax you. Take off your clothes in the bathroom, girl, and wrap a towel about you. You know I'm a nurse so nothing funny will happen. I'm used to undressed people.”

“Oh, that's too bad. It sounds like it could be fun.”

“Knock that off, Jacqueline. Remember, you're a girl.”

‘I'm a girl, I'm a girl,’ he repeated silently from Some Like It Hot and he smiled asking, “that's what Doctor Westbrook wants. Is that what you want?’

“Go on in there, Jacqueline, and strip. Let me know when you're ready,” she demanded in no nonsense tones. Jill realized she'd have to be firm.

Jill put an apron on and brought her medical case into the small bedroom, as he quickly undressed in the bathroom, and followed her to the small bedroom.

“Jacqueline, this will be your bedroom. You will keep all of your dresses, skirts, and blouses in the closet. Panties, hose, bra, et cetera, go in the bureau. Now, lie down.’

She started with the feet and legs spreading on a thick cream, working it over all the skin to his buttocks.

“Pretty soon I'll start to purr,” he teased. “Do you do oriental? “

“Feels good doesn't it, dear? This will get you ready,” she suggested now working on the upper arms, then the lower arms; as she focused upon her task, rather than his banter.

“I'm ready now.” He turned to see how she took it. He didn't feel right being made to identify with female things. He wanted to show her that she was dealing with a virile male.

“O.K., now roll over to your back, Jacqueline girl.” Jill only smiled to herself as she ignored the obvious and worked the cream into the areas of the leg she hadn't covered, up his thighs, to the stomach, chest, even under his arms where he had strong blonde tufts of hair.

She worked the lotion over his chest, around the nipples, and up to his neck.

“You have a nice body, Jacqueline. You are not heavily muscled and clumsy. Your legs are nice and slim, well proportioned... Arms...not too heavy. Rather slim wrists and ankles.” She moved a heat lamp into position over him. “Just lie there and relax.. Take a little nap if you can.”

Jack didn't feel this treatment was unusual. There wasn't anything feminine in a massage. He had full body rubdowns before, and apart from Jill calling him Jacqueline this wasn't unusual. The heat and the deep feeling of the cream was doing the trick. He felt marvelous, even though the cream had a fairly strong medicinal smell. “

After about fifteen minutes Jill called out, “O.K., Jacqueline, you can take a shower now. Dry off and put on those teddies I 've laid out in the bathroom. Then come in my bedroom and let's try on some clothes.”

Jack turned on the hot water and his skin felt slithery and slick. As he turned under the water he noticed some hair by the drain.

“Women are always plugging up the drains with their hair. They wash it too much.”

He was thinking of Betty and all the times he had to clean long black hair out of the drain.

His arms and legs still felt slippery as he dried off. Then he realized that his body hair was gone.

“Hey ! What did you do to me?” he yelled out.

“Just put on those panties and get in here, girl!”

Now he was prepared to really object. He felt tricked. It would take him weeks to grow back his body hair. He couldn't just walk out and confront her with just a towel on, so he put on the sleek spandex and satin pink panties she had laid out for him. With an actor's eye for detail, he had tucked his now hairless masculinity between his legs allowing the tight slippery shiny soft panties to conceal all else in a little all-too-feminine mound.

As he went into the bedroom, Jill came over to him.

“Raise your arm, Jacqueline, please,” Jill suggested, feeling some degree of control over him, now that his maleness was completely restrained by the little pink panty. Smiling to herself she checked that the hair under the arms was gone, as well as the blonde hair on his forearms and legs.

Jack felt under his arm. It was very strange.

“Was that really necessary?”

“A girl doesn't have hair under her arms, or on her arms, legs and body. That is, unless she is very European.”

She unrolled a pair of pantyhose.

“Now, Jacqueline, I want you to be very careful when you slip these on. I'll show you how.”

He took the hose in his hands, looking for the opening. He was still angry about the hair she had removed, but this was a new challenge - sort of an engineering one - to find the hidden opening. Jacqueline started to do one leg at a time.

“No, dear,” Jill protested “Roll each leg down to the foot. Put one foot in, being careful not to snag on your toenails. There, now the other foot. Work them slowly up the leg a bit at a time. Wet your fingers like this to get the wrinkles out.”

And she worked her fingers over the hose.

As this happened a thrill ran through Jacqueline and he felt more like a her. It bothered him-this symbol he had put on.

He remembered the song, Walk On the Wild Side. “Shaved his legs..dita do..and then He was a She.. dita do.”

They did look good, smooth, slim, curved. His ankles weren't bad. He looked down on his legs raising them as he sat there so he could get a better look. It was as if they belonged to another body. He stood and turned looking down behind at them.

“Not bad. Not bad at all.”

He walked over to a mirror. He liked what he saw. “Perhaps I won't look so silly after all.” He remembered girls dressing in front of him. He smiled. *What would they think if they saw him now?*

He looked at the shoes Jill had put out. Like a long legged bird he stood on one leg at a time as he slipped into the pumps. He walked about the bedroom.

“Very nice. You have great legs. You're going to be just fine, “Jill said.

Jacqueline was pleased. He went in front of the full length mirror and stood. “By damn, those are good looking legs.”

Jill held up a padded bra.

Jack backed away shaking his head.

“Hey! My contract doesn't call for anything like that! No way, Jose!”

“Come here, don't back away, you silly girl. Let me fit you.” Before he knew what happened, Jill had slipped the straps over his resisting outstretched hands and was

quickly behind him adjusting the straps so that she could fasten the back snugly. Jill moved the cups over the chest and stood back looking at the result.

“Really, you didn't have to do that,” he complained.

“Yes, I think we'll give you a bit more bustline.” And she put a ball of cotton in each side. “You should be noticeable, but not buxom.”

Jacqueline again went to the mirror to check the way it looked. He was suddenly caught by the image he made. He turned one way and then another, looking back as if to catch that person in the mirror off guard. He looked over his shoulder, raising his arm to see the curve of the bustline Jill had given him. He brought his shoulders back, standing straight. It was strange. The straps gave him a sense of security, as if someone strong was holding him, forming him. He cupped his hands under the bra to see how his new breasts felt. Jack was beginning to enjoy the transformation into Jacqueline in spite of himself. He experienced a strong sensation in the back of his neck and up into his head.. A sort of small internal electrical charge, a buzz.

Jill handed Jacqueline a half slip, and he stepped into it not complaining, still under the strange hypnotic spell of the clothes. Jill pulled the slip up a bit and stood back to look at her creation. “Jacqueline dear, you really must remember that a women's waist is up here, not down there where men think the waist is.”

Again Jacqueline walked to the mirror enjoying the swish of the silken material against the nylon.

“Now, slip this dress on. I'll fasten it up the back.” Jill helped him into a simple black jersey dress. She pulled it down over the hips... Pulled a bit at the shoulders and checked the length.

Jacqueline, in a feminine automatic action, checked the mirror. The strange buzz was still on him, and he glided before the mirror, turning back and forth, caught by the image.

“Is it the right length?” he asked.

“Yes, we're the same size. I'm so glad. That eliminates a lot of problems. Now, I've got a closet full of dresses you can wear. Let's try this evening gown. It fits tightly over the hips and is quite revealing, showing the back down low.”

Jill helped Jacqueline out of one dress and into the other.

It was an emerald green, heavy, silk brocade with plunging neckline, and a bare back down to a pink silk rose at the hipline. It went on with no trouble and looked sensational on Jacqueline.

The strange narcotic of feminine fabric upon fabric. A different way of being held by clothes. The foreign image in the mirror. The heightening feel of the heels under him. All combined to continued the spell he was under. He enjoyed it like champagne.

Jill gave him a pair of evening slippers to wear; dainty and matching green to the gown.

Jacqueline paraded back and forth in front of the mirror. *Who was this person looking out at him?*

"What do we do about the front? Even in this padded bra I'm rather flat, not very interesting."

"Well, we'll just have to build you up," Jill commented with a little chuckle over this sign of sudden vanity as she picked up a wrapper. "Trust me. I know how to do it. Now, take off the gown, strip down to your pretty panty, and put on this wrapper. We've got to do some work on your face and hair."

Jacqueline didn't really want to break the spell of the clothes. "Really, what are you going to do?"

"Nothing much...put some curl in your hair, we'll see. And I'd like to work on your face...Show you how to do make-up."

As an actor he was experienced with make-up. This wasn't so unusual. *'The smell of grease paint the roar of the crowd.'* He laughed to himself as he removed the gown and put on the wrapper. *Why resist? Relax and enjoy it"*

"You know, Jill. I may resist some of this.. So, really you must maneuver or trick me into it. O.K.? In the end, I don't know if I'll mind. But, if the result is good it will be ...fine."

"That's good to know. All right, I will be completely Machiavellian. I'll turn you into a woman in spite of yourself," she promised as she led the way to her kitchen.

Jack's hair was on the long side. An actor never likes to have really short hair. It was a light sandy blond color and had good body.

Soon Jacqueline was perched on a high stool in the kitchen reading a copy of Vogue as Jill did miracles with the comb and rolled up the hair into curlers. She covered his head with a bandanna and tied it behind.

"There, that should give it some life."

Then she stood back studying Jacqueline's face, it was very handsome. She started with the eyebrows using tweezers, giving them a nice feminine arch. She plucked a good clean line, removing the strays, raising the arch to show more of the eyes. "Your beard is very light. It won't take much to cover it."

She gave Jacqueline a manicure, going at the cuticle, shaping the nails to look feminine. She brushed on a clear nail growth finish, and then put on a shell pink color. She finished by applying the same color to the toenails. "When you look at them you will feel more feminine."

"That's what an actor needs.. To really feel he is another person. I do a little already."

"Remember Jacqueline, as Doctor Westbrook said, you are not just acting.. You must become what you don't understand.. A woman. We are just going to be around the apartment today teaching you how to dress, to stand, to walk.

"But, first, I want to finish your makeup."

She looked at his fine masculine face. The nose was straight and narrow, eyes wide set and a light blue. You noticed his eyes immediately. The cheek bones were high and the jaw narrow. The mouth full and wide.

She traced light lines over his face to see the proportions; the base of the nostril to the side of the mouth, the outside of the eye down to the nose. *‘He definitely has a wide full mouth with full lips. Yes, they will look very feminine, very sexy.’*

She applied a light peach base. It covered the almost nonexistent beard very well. She brushed on a highlighter over the cheekbones and onto the brow, blending it in. Then she outlined his eyes with a gray pencil and emphasized the brows making the arch a bit more curved. Just a bit of eye color to dramatize the eye, and mascara on his long thick blond lashes made an instant and startling result. A bit of rouge on the cheeks and then she applied the lipstick with a brush.

“My God! What have I created? You are beautiful, Jacqueline.” She dusted his face with a powder, combed out his hair, and gave him the mirror.

He looked deeply into the glass. *‘Would he know this person before him if he came upon her suddenly? He was shocked. ‘Was this really him? The image seemed to have grown out of him. She was something he hadn't known before, a person he had never been introduced to.’*

“I 'm very pleased to know you, Miss.. or is it Madame?” The mirror answered, “It's Miss.” And he looked away.

“Wow! I didn't know I could look like that.” He was enchanted with this new person looking out at him. He went to Jill's bedroom, replaced the panty hose, found a slip and put on a dress he found in her closet. A navy blue silk with white roll collar, matching short sleeves, and large bow on the back. He found a pair of blue and white spectators. He sat down and tried them on. They added just the right image.

He moved back and forth in front of the mirror trying out different lines as a woman, “Why yes, how do you do. ... Oh really? Why yes. ... Thank you.”

One foot in front of the other, he posed and spun in front of the mirror to see how the dress moved.

“How do I look? Can I pass? ”

“You're not dressed. You haven't any jewelry.”

Jill went to her jewel box and brought out white button earrings, a string of pearls, several gold bangle bracelets and costume rings. “You are lucky I have clip-on earrings.”

Jacqueline went to a mirror and put them on. Still looking at the feminine image in the mirror he fussed a bit with the bust.

“Really, Jacqueline girl, you re going to have to get a better bust!” he laughed turning to Jill.

She was moving to the kitchen. “How about some juice, Jacqueline?”

“Yes, thank you, girls tend to get thirsty.”

Jill handed him the juice and laid out a series of pills and capsules by the glass. "Your vitamins. Can't keep your girlish energy and figure without these. I take them every day."

Jacqueline downed them all in one swallow.

Jill didn't tell him that one was a birth control pill with a powerful dose of estrogen. "These are to go down every morning. Nurses orders. "

"Yes, ma'am," Jacqueline put a finger to his chin and did a curtsy.

Jill coached Jacqueline in the way a woman held herself, used her hands, walked, moved her hips.

Much of this he knew from his years observing in the theater. He was a quick study and soon was able to walk on high heels, to turn and stand with his feet together, heel to instep, showing the leg to advantage. Jacqueline enjoyed it all as Jill noticed with satisfaction that he checked out his feminine image every time he passed a mirror. He was beginning to appreciate the sensual feeling of women's clothing; the way the slip felt against his knees, the sound of one material on another as he walked. He was getting into the feel of being attractive and appreciating it. He enjoyed the feeling of jewelry that hung and jangled ever so softly as he moved. He was completely absorbed in the new feminine persona of Jacqueline.

That night Jill put out a delicate rayon nightgown for Jacqueline to wear, ruffled on the shoulder straps with embroidery and lace on the bodice, and matching pink slippers.

'*This is a little much,*' he thought.

"Really, Jill. The performance is in the day. At night I turn into me." He was embarrassed, because he really wanted to wear the gown, but felt he had to complain. This was all going too easily. He felt that he was losing control of Jack. '*Where was he in all this?*'

"Jacqueline... Jacqueline, dear. You've been such a good girl. Don't spoil it. Remember, this is no performance, this is you, woman.'

Jacqueline slipped the pink material over his head, put his feet into the mules. Automatically, the image was checked in front of the mirror. Even without a bra and padding, the full material in the gown's bustline gave a bit of breast. He liked the sleek line. He held his head back and gave his hips full play as he moved into the living room to enjoy a nightcap with Jill while they watched the late news, feet up under them nestled on the couch.

Jill gave her creation a peck on the cheek and said, "I want to hear your dreams in the morning, so Miss, be sure you remember them. This has been an eventful day for you. Possibly a bit more than you know. Let me know if you have any discomfort in sleeping. I'll give you a sedative."

Jacqueline was instructed to remove his makeup with cold cream and to give his hair one hundred strokes. Sleeping he had an uneasy time, feeling within him the powerful influence of the estrogen. It was as if a deep force within his being was gradually stirring and being brought to life.

The rumblings brought dreams of his life with Betty. He saw her in their living room as he walked into the room wearing a dress. She wasn't shocked. He was resentful that she took no notice of the way he looked. 'Didn't he look pretty?' She just turned away and then changed into his last director, ordering him off the stage because he didn't know his lines.

Then he was entering on stage from the wing and try as he could he didn't know his first line or even the name of the play. He just stood there afraid to look at the other actor or the audience. The theater started turning and moving away above him, and he became very small.

He awoke and felt strange in this bed in a nylon nightie. He turned on a light to check the time and was pleased to see his painted fingernails. He pulled the covers back to see his painted toenails. He laughed, pulled the covers over him and turned out the light. In thinking about the day before he felt his smooth hairless legs against the nightie. His hand went to his chest. It was smooth, quite different without hair. It was not unpleasant being without body hair, a bit exciting.

“Wake up! Pretty girl! Pretty girl!” Jill was tickling his nose with a feather. “Jacqueline, come alive! We've got a hair appointment this morning.”

“Good morning, Jill. Well, one thing this girl's got to do before breakfast is to shave and shower. I'm a bit jumpy today. Didn't sleep too well. How did you sleep? You weren't very dominant yesterday. Need to crack that whip.”

Jill didn't appreciate the remark. She was doing everything possible to follow Doctor Marian Westbrook's instructions. Make him into a her.

“Take your shower and shave closely, Jacqueline. After breakfast I'll give you a little something to ease your nerves.”

Jill had to search deeply into her resolve for what she was about to do. The stinging words of Doctor Westbrook came through, *'You are a wimp.'*

The breakfast was light. Orange juice, toast and coffee.

After breakfast Jill ordered Jacqueline to cover himself with a towel and lie on the bed for the morning massage.

“I bet they don't do this for you at Elizabeth Arden.”

“I'm the best there is, but you're going to pay the price, don't worry, girl.”

He was face down on the bed.

'That made it easier,' she thought. *'He does have a beautiful body, so contoured, strong.'* Jill spread skin lotion evenly on his legs rubbing in long motions. All of his tension was suddenly gone. His eyes closed he almost dozed. She went to her medical case thinking again of her purpose in this, to help him realize what a woman is. He felt a needle stab in his right buttock. Jill plunged the estrogen into him, retracted the needle, slapped the place where it went in, and rubbed away the burning feeling of the injection.

“What was that?” Jacqueline asked.

"Something to bring you along, to make you less nervous with this process."

"O.K., but it feels strong."

"You'll be a better girl, Jacqueline. More rested..more beautiful."

Jill did Jacqueline's makeup, and put a charming summer suit out for him to wear. It was black cotton denim with matching satin bows at the back of the short cropped jacket. The skirt was simple and straight, just at the knee. A pair of black pumps and black, leather, band box, bag and simple, white, gloves were arranged next to the sheer panty hose laid out there.

"This is your first time out. I think after the hair dresser we will have lunch in Beverly Hills. I know a charming little French place on Cannon Drive."

"Not, La Vien Rose. They know me there." Jacqueline was suddenly afraid.

"I guarantee...no one will recognize you."

Jill dressed in a short, white, sheath of Shantung. A simple box hat set off her dark haired beauty. They both checked the full length mirror in the hall at the same time and they laughed.

As Jill backed the car out Jacqueline became more nervous about the whole thing.

What was this all about? Really! He didn't have to go out in public, to a beauty salon, to understand what a woman is. *`What if someone recognized him? That would really rip it! He'd never live it down.'* He almost turned to go back into the house, but the horn and Jill's voice ordered him into the car.

"Jacqueline, darling! Get in! We'll be late. You may not need a beauty treatment. but I do."

Jacqueline laughed and the two girls drove off down the street and into a new life for one of them.

Jill told Jacqueline not to talk to anyone. "Just answer yes, or no. You are my cousin from France and you don't speak English. I'll say that." Jill drove to the beauty shop and reminded Jacqueline again not to talk. "It will be better if you just nod your head or mumble, yes or no. You are a French girl, O.K.?"

"My favorite hair dresser, Louis, will give you a rinse and a cut, maybe some highlights in your nice blonde hair."

"I hope Louis isn't a studio hairdresser."

"No, Louis is a dear. But he likes boys."

Jacqueline laughed, "Really. What about me?"

"Yes, I know dear, but when I am done with you, he will be harmless. He's not interested in women," Jill announced in taunting tones before she laughed, "But, by then you'll probably both want a nice virile man."

"I hope not," Jacqueline sighed.

They pulled into the parking lot in West Hollywood next door to the smart, but small beauty shop. The parking lot attendant couldn't keep his eyes from Jacqueline. He opened the door for her in a courtly Spanish manner.

Jill giggled and took Jacqueline's arm. Once in the shop Jill gave the reception girl their names.

Louis was out in a flash. "Ah, my lovely Jill. Marvelous. What do we do for you today?"

"This is Jacqueline, my friend from France. She needs a cut and frosting. She doesn't speak any English beyond simple things, so I'll talk for her."

Louis looked at Jacqueline appreciatively circling around.

"But, she is just marvelous! Such nice thick blonde hair. Beautiful.. just beautiful! I think a Sassoon bob should be good, don't you agree?"

And soon Jacqueline was in the competent hands of Louis while Jill had a rinse and set.

Louis never ceased to tell her how beautiful her French friend was. What marvelous strong features, beautiful eyes.

The other women in the shop having their hair done looked out from under their magazines, past the hair blowers, the hairdressers, the manicurist, to give Jacqueline appraising looks.

Jill told the manicurist to extend Jacqueline's nails with acrylic. After that process, the girl shaped the nails on his long tapered fingers and applied a color which matched the lipstick he was wearing. They were truly smashing looking, so feminine. Jacqueline held them up admiringly to Jill across the room. It was far easier now to make a feminine gesture.

Jill was buoyant with success as they got in the car. "You were the smashing event of the shop. They couldn't keep their eyes from you!"

"Really? I was so unsure. I just kept my face in a Cosmo. Hardly ever looked up. Do you think anyone figured it out?"

"Not a chance. Did you see the parking attendant? He looked like he wanted to take you home."

Jacqueline laughed. In spite of the absurdity of it, it was rather nice.

The restaurant was crowded, but they had a table right away and near the front. It was always right to put the best looking women where people could see them. As they were being seated heads turned, eyes took them in. The men looked at their image,



eyes, hair, hips and legs. The women took in their clothes and their aura.

Jacqueline found it difficult at first to use her knife and fork because of the long nails, but this caution gave her a royal hesitance of manners learned abroad. The effect was not lost on those nearby. People watched this beautiful pair, especially Jacqueline, as they wondered who she was.

Jill really enjoyed the process of creating this beautiful girl. It bothered her that she still thought of him as an attractive man. At home she tried to assume the role of the dominant nurse, being coldly clinical about him, his feelings and emotions. Little by little over the weeks a strong feeling of caring for him developed as Jacqueline moved into more and more of the woman's role. With Jacqueline's practiced feminine voice, mannerisms, and image it was easier for Jill to accept 'her', but there was a certain feeling....

As time went on he began to feel the power of the estrogen moving in his body. His moods seemed to swing now. His chest started to burn a bit and the nipples expanded as nature took over pushing on him. His skin took on a smoother feel.

He didn't really know what was happening. Was this psychological, this feminization. He was really beginning to feel like a woman in many ways. At night he felt the breasts beginning to form where just chest had been and the nipples were extremely erotic to feel. And then he began to cry, softly at first, then into sobs. What was happening to him? He only wanted to understand.. he didn't need to become. .. was he becoming... What was this change in him? Most of the time now he felt so at peace.. Then.. What was he to become?

Jill heard him and came into his room. She cradled him in her arms, rocking back and forth. Soon she was kissing him tenderly, and he found her lips, feeling her passion rise as he felt for her. She caressed him under his nightie bringing her hands up to his chest. The breasts were indeed beginning to have form. The nipples were hard and pointed.

Jacqueline began to cry softly again, it felt so good. "I am tender there. I don't understand it. Why? It isn't normal is it? It kind of hurts, but feels good. I don't know I don't know. Really, I don't know what I should feel like. I want to love you, Jill. You have been so good, so strong. You are so beautiful."

"So are you."

"No, I'm not. I'm a fraud; a fake. I'm a man and now I'm feeling like a woman. I feel so dependent. What is happening to me? I cry suddenly at times. That isn't me."

"No, but you are really experiencing what it is to be a woman. You have come along so far. You are so smart and you are learning not only fashions but the way women are within themselves."

He pulled back her nightgown to reveal her breasts and shoulders. She was milk white and soft and he buried his face in her bosom.

He was crying again, softly.

"My God! You are beautiful. You know that don't you?"

These were the words she had been made for - her reason for being, for existing and caring about what happened. He was so tender.

He felt for the first time in weeks that he was becoming what he had once been, a lover.

He moved to her feeling the mound of Venus and opening the lips with his fingers. Then slowly he moved to her entering and going away, tenderly and with loving passion. Then, as the rhythm of their bodies came together, his passion mounted.

She felt it too and gasped. She moved her hands over his chest tenderly outlining his breasts as he kissed her first on one breast then the other, rolling her nipple with his tongue, and she felt it deeply. She teased his nipples, and they became taut giving him a euphoric feeling.

Their movement became one and both were crying with joy, arms around each other.

"I was afraid I couldn't," he said. They were spent in each others arms and they slept.

When they woke in the morning she said, "This week we have a meeting with Dr. Westbrook and the group. I 'm sure they will like you."

"I know. I think a bit like a woman now-sometimes. What really scares me is that I'm really enjoying it. It's too good. I like it too much. Something must be wrong with me."

"It will wear off. It's just dressing differently, mostly psychological. It could be the ginseng I gave you, it's been known to do that."

"I thought there was something. It wasn't just me. My breasts really show now. The nipples are pointed and I'm gaining weight in the hips. I don't really need the padded bra and this pleases me.. And it disturbs me. Why do I like being this way?"

Jill laughed. "You know the old saying, when it's inevitable...relax and enjoy it."

"That's a male chauvinist saying if I ever heard one."

"You see, you are even beginning to think like a woman."

"As long as I think like you, it will be all right."

They showered together, each putting on shower caps to keep their hair dry. They washed each other and then dried, laughing and kissing as they did. She put a marvelous smelling bath powder over him, being careful around his budlike breasts. She loved to look at them. It told her that she was achieving something.

Jacqueline dressed first with a slimmer girdle to eliminate any bulge in front. Then he put on a bra. He filled it out better each day and there was even a small cleavage in between his breasts. He sprayed on some cologne in modest quantity being careful to include a bit on his breasts before slipping into his bra. A half slip, then a pleated skirt, soft short sweater, matching coral earrings and necklace with bangle bracelets, which he loved to hear as he moved, completed his attire.

Jill too was in a skirt and sweater ready for a lazy day of shopping looking for the right dress for Jacqueline to wear to the encounter group meeting. Jill checked his makeup. Really, he was becoming quite expert and didn't overdo it for day use. "Nicely understated, my dear. It doesn't take away from your natural beauty."

Jacqueline needed a bag too. That would be something they could look for at Robinson's and Bullocks Wilshire. His enthusiasm for shopping had increased. Before, when he was shopping as a man for men's things, the whole business bored him. Now, it was something he could really get into, become excited about. The prospect of shopping with Jill was a great thrill to be enjoyed. Since he had come into his femininity he was always seeing dresses, hats, shoes, jewelry, he liked and wanted to buy.

They looked like two young ladies out on a shopping spree as they entered the large doors of Bullocks Wilshire. It was all Jacqueline could do to pass the perfume counter. How he loved the different exotic and sexy scents.

The different attractions in women's wear which caught Jacqueline amused Jill. He was like a kid in a candy shop looking at everything...going through rack after rack of skirts for just the right one.

Jill found a denim she liked and Jacqueline just had to try on a leather miniskirt. The experience was an exciting one to Jacqueline as he posed before the mirror with shop girls asking questions. *Did madame want a different size? Does she wish it delivered?*

Jill took Jacqueline into the lingerie department. It was a feast of pastels and soft sleek material.

"We've got to buy you a new bra, my dear."



"Really? Isn't that dangerous?" asked Jacqueline.

Jill laughed. "You don't have to model it. The most that will happen is that you will be measured."

They picked out several, even an uplift one with an ample amount of padding.

The salesgirl smiled at Jacqueline. She could understand the problem being very slight in the bosom herself.

They drifted into the nightgown section, and Jacqueline selected two filmy spaghetti strap, full skirted gowns, one as a gift for Jill.

They were sitting in the restaurant on the fifth floor when an attractive man approached their table.

"Jill, is that you?" It was Doctor Ivan Petrie a physician from Cedars.

Jill introduced him to Jacqueline and he tried to arrange a meeting with them later for a drink. Jill held him off, saying they had an early dinner engagement.

As he sat down next to Jacqueline, Jill explained that Doctor Petrie was at the hospital where she did consulting work.

"Just call me Jim, please," he said turning to Jacqueline, and Jacqueline felt the pressure of Jim's knees under the table.

This was strange to Jacqueline. He didn't quite know how to handle it. Should he get up excuse himself from the table and go to the ladies room. No, that would be too reactive. He just tried to move his ladylike knees away a bit, but the other knee moved too and was still there giving pressure.

It was a game.

Jacqueline started pushing back, wondering what the good Doctor would do. He noticed a little brightening, a bit of a glance and smile as the Doctor continued to talk.

The Doctor moved his position a bit and turned his body.

As he did Jacqueline felt his hand on her knee. It wasn't just resting there, but moving a bit to the inside. Jacqueline jumped a bit with the unusual feeling. He didn't want it to be too evident. He reached down and took the hand away, taking it over to Jim's knee. Before he could extract his hand, Jim had captured it with his and was squeezing it. Nervously, Jacqueline stood up and said that he had to go to the ladies room.

The Doctor stood also and said that he must be off. He tried to find out where Jacqueline was staying since Jill had, during the introduction, said that she was from out of town.

Jill kept him from answering the Doctor by saying that they were staying together, only to notice that as Doctor Petrie left he took Jacqueline's hand again and in very continental manner kissed it just before he turned to go.

"I hope we see each other soon, my dear. Life is too short. We never know what will happen tomorrow." He smiled at Jacqueline.

As he was walking through the restaurant on his way out, Jill said, "Well now you know how it feels to be made over by an aggressive male."

"Yes, he has quite a technique."

Jill explained that at the hospital he was known as a great pursuer, one you couldn't trust in an empty room.

"Thank you, Jill." Jacqueline was blushing a bit, "You saved me from a fate worse than death."

He wondered about his reaction to this. When the Doctor was coming on to him he couldn't help but be a little excited. He sort of liked the pressure of the knee; The knowledge that his femininity was attractive in that way. It gave him a start. *Should this be the reaction of a man? Even one dressed as a woman? What was happening to him? Was he taking on too much of Jacqueline? Was she taking him over?*

Really, to be taken over by your own hidden personality. That was a factor he had experienced in some roles; when the person he was playing became so real to him that when he was alone he tended to talk to that other personality.

He didn't back off from confronting it.

That was an actor's business. To analyze, experiment, go deeply into the character. But this was his own personality. His feminine nature being exposed to him. Under it all he knew that he had always felt it there. That was a part of his creative nature. To deny it would be to deny himself. But what part of himself?

Now, the feminine persona seemed to be larger than his own self. He reacted to this man as a woman. He felt the pursuit - the pressure, the game of conquer and be conquered. Where was he in this? Jacqueline would have liked to have been conquered. He realized that. She was a forward kind of a bitch - maybe a little bit of a vamp.. a slut? No, he couldn't accept her that way. She wasn't that was she?

"Well, I don't think Doctor Jim Petrie will leave it at that. He saw something he likes. That's your fatal mistake."

"Does he know where you live?"

"He can find out. Hospital records."

"Has he made this move on you?" Jacqueline asked.

"Oh, I get them all the time around him. All the nurses and female doctors do. But you are new, fresh meat."

"What a description!"

As they drove back home Jacqueline wondered how he would handle it when it came. He didn't want to blow the bubble and let Jim know he was making on a man. No, that wouldn't be fair, not according to the game. What was the game?

Was it to go as far as he could as a woman?

To explore the Jacqueline in him. See what she was made of. Enjoy her. Yes, he had to admit he was enjoying the process. He liked everything that went with it. The

thought of being pampered, of thinking of the way he looked in this dress, or that bra. Bra, that seemed to be one of the big points with Jacqueline. `She' wanted to think of `her' breasts, of them being there, growing larger, becoming more sensitive, expanding into his space.

He watched each morning and tried to sense what was happening to them. Were they really becoming breasts? Was the nipple growing larger? Changing color? Becoming female. Standing up when Jacqueline was aroused?

The next time Jim was around he would have to feel there to see if his nipples were reacting. Reacting how? Toward Jim? Pushing out there to have him feel them? He backed away from this thought.

Really, whenever he started to think of his breasts they seemed to take over, as if they had a life existence of their own.

Then suddenly the realization came to him. That's where Jacqueline lives! That is Jacqueline! She is my breasts! Why deny it? This excited him. It was a real breakthrough. If he were really going to let himself experience `woman' he would have to do it through Jacqueline and she demanded her breasts.

The realization of all this and what he was agreeing to, and becoming, as Jacqueline suddenly flushed over him. Where was Jack in all this? Was he being taken over by Jacqueline?

Dressed like this he felt like Jacqueline, but this was all being done so that Jack would come to the realization of woman, and would be able to have a life living with a woman and understanding her. He was sort of pursuing the idea of woman from inside out, instead of the normal way most men realize them from outside to the inner woman. He was enjoying the process. Oh yes. And that bothered him. Why was he enjoying it so? What was in him that was satisfied so by dressing as a woman and living her life?

As they pulled into Jill's drive and Jill got out to open the garage doors, Jacqueline slid over into the driver's seat.

How could he explain all this to Jill? He couldn't.. He'd have to sort it out by himself. He needed some time by himself just to think.

"Jill, I hope you don't mind," Jacqueline called out. "I've got to pick up some things at the drug store. I'll be right back. Do you need anything?"

"Oh." Jill was surprised. "No, I don't think so. Will you be O.K.? I mean with the car?"

"Now really, I've been around the block a few times, you know."

Jacqueline and the car moved down the street, turned the corner. He had no idea where he was going and he just let the car roll down the street. As he rounded a corner he could see it all the way down the block. A telephone booth waiting there. The nearer he got to it the more he realized that he was going to call Dr. Marion Westbrook.

On high heels it isn't so easy to gracefully exit a car and close the door.

“Doctor Westbrook... this is Jacqueline, ..Jack Miller. “I've got a problem.. a real one. I've got to see you.. right away.”

Doctor Westbrook said that she was just finishing a session with a patient. Where was he? “I mean how soon could you be here, Jacqueline?”

The change in person didn't enter Jacqueline's thinking. The need to see Doctor Westbrook was all encompassing, all pervading, a demand that suppressed everything else.

And then they were face to face in the office. The reception girl had noticed that this woman had good taste in clothes - was well turned out.

Doctor Westbrook invited Jacqueline to sit down. She was really impressed with the way Jacqueline looked, a fine impressively beautiful, woman to all appearances.

“You have done very well, I mean, it's exceptional.”

“That's the problem.” Jacqueline looked down at his hands, the long painted nails. “It bothers me that I've done so well. I know that sounds silly.”

“Not at all. What is it that is bothering you?”

“I like it. That's what bothers me. I like a lot of things about it - almost everything.”

“So.” Doctor Westbrook waited.

“Well, I 'm not a homosexual.,. am I?”

“Are you?”

“No. I have these feelings now. I've never had them before.”

“What kind of feelings?”

“When I put on feminine things I get a buzz, an excitement. It doesn't always happen, but when my imagination takes over and I start to think like a woman, I'm in another world. I don't know that world. I'm afraid of it. I'm afraid of what it's doing to me. It's starting to take me over. That's how I see it... And I'm afraid. I like it.”

“Is that what bothers you? You like it?”

“I guess that's it. Yes. I don't know where it's leading me. Today, Jill and I had lunch out. A friend.. A doctor she knows at the hospital sat with us. He came on to me, started rubbing his knee up against mine with pressure. I was annoyed at first. Then I realized he was admiring the woman I projected. I started to play the game. It was new to me - from that side. He started feeling my leg. In spite of myself., I liked it. I liked it! My God! What does that say about me?”

“What do you think it says?”

“That I'm homosexual. That I'm attracted to men.”

“Are you?”

“No. No, I'm not. I like women. They interest me. I like to watch them. I like to watch the woman in me. But, why should I like this doctor making advances? I don't understand it. But, there it is.”

“It's not so strange.”

"Really?"

"It is very common for all of us to have unexplained feelings. Especially when we get into a new situation."

Jacqueline opened his purse to get a tissue. As he did he fingered the lipstick, picked it up, feeling the weight of it. "You see... even this. When I think of lipstick here in front of you... I'm a bit excited. I don't know how you will react... that's exciting."

"You've just explained why it's exciting. It's that you are exploring into how I feel about something you do."

"But why did I feel a thrill when this guy tried to feel my leg. What was that all about? And why do I really get into wearing women's clothes? I've never done that before."

"Really?"

"You think I'm a transvestite? You think I get it up by some fetish?"

"It's not so unusual. Most men feel something in connection with women's clothes. There are varying degrees of interest - that's all."

"But why did I feel excited about that guy's attention? Doesn't that say there's something strange about me? I don't want to go to bed with him or any guy...really."

"What happens when you are on stage... You've just finished the play. You were really good. You know you were good. You really had the character down. You were the character. Then you hear something.. Something you expected, but not this way... It rises like the ocean out there in the audience and then in you. What is that? "

"Applause. Is that what this is? Is it applause?"

"In a way. He comes on to you because you are attractive to him. Not you, but the woman you project. There is something exciting in that woman for him. You know that, don't you? You know that?"

"Yes. .. I know that. .. and that's what I don't trust. I don't know how far that woman goes."

"How far does she go?"

"I don't know how far I want her to go. I like her and I'm afraid she'll take me over."

"If you like her.. Yet, you're afraid of her. What does that say about your feelings about women? "

"I'm afraid of them? No, I don't think I am. But, I'm concerned about Jack. I'm afraid he'll get lost. He is hard to find sometimes these days."

"You have entered a different world for a while. Look around, take stock, see what's good that you can use."

Jacqueline laughed. "That's what I'm afraid of. It's all so attractive. I can use it all."

"You will not think it's so attractive after a while. It's new now. You've just put on the cloak - wear it a while before you become afraid of it. Fear is just another side of attraction. Right now you feel that pull, attraction. Fear, fear. .. What is it? It's still something you're looking at-considering. It's not a part of you yet. Don't worry, it won't take you over.. Unless you want it to."

"Unless I want it to." Jacqueline considered this. "O.K., I think I understand it more now. The only thing to fear is what I don't know - what I don't understand. This process I'm in is so that I'll learn.. understand. This thing in me needs understanding.. So that I'll know what woman is."

"You know a little bit of what it is to be a woman...You are watching for the sunrise, because you see the light in the East, but it will surprise you. It will surprise you."

Jacqueline drove back to Jill's apartment feeling very warm and calm. The session with Doctor Westbrook had been revealing. It was as if he now had a view of the road map and now he could at least tell in which direction Jacqueline was going.

Jacqueline parked the car in Jill's garage and went to the apartment.

Jill met him at the door and said it was time for his depilatory rubdown. His stubble was showing on his legs a bit. He prepared himself, taking off the sweater and skirt, the slip which he let fall around his feet. That gave him a charge, to see it fall around his ankles, feel the slipping down and then the release as his high heels stepped over the mound. He had had the same reaction when his women had undressed. Now he was that woman. Was she going toward release? .. The symbol of the falling slip, the sexy heels, the leaving behind of cover. What kind of release?

He took off his bra. Ah, there was release. They were free to be out...to have air around them. He noticed that the nipples were broad, full, expanding more into the skin as they had been confined by the bra. When the cool air hit them they quickly contracted, changed color into a deeper almost purple, and they stood out. His fingers caressed them and they stood out more. This excited him. This was Jacqueline asserting herself.

He took a shower before the rubdown so that his body would be fresh for Jill's hands. He ran the soap over his body, Jacqueline's body, her breasts. They were firm and the nipples were pointing way out, he thought. He worked his fingers around and Jacqueline welcomed them. He began to feel warm all over, up the back of Jacqueline's neck as she pushed forward through her breasts and nipples, so tender and giving.

It was time to shave. He didn't want his erection, his place where Jack lived to take over. As he applied the thick cool shaving cream on his face, he playfully squirted some foam on Jacqueline's nipples. It was wonderfully sensual.

He felt lightly for the nipples under the foam and they rose even more to the touch. The cool menthol gave him a sensation different than soap. Jacqueline was enjoying her breasts and she looked down upon them with satisfaction as she worked the foam around and around the contour of the base of the breast. That's where she wanted them, way out to there.

She put foam on Jack's penis and now both sides, Jacqueline and Jack were asking for attention. The menthol was stimulating as some worked into the space between Jacqueline's legs. Her pelvis began to thrust in spite of Jack.

But this was no time to have Jacqueline take over, or even Jack. He turned on the cold water to get ready for his rubdown and Jill. The foam was washed off and he felt renewed as the cold water came over him. As he stepped out on the bathroom floor he looked down to the breasts, which were as pointed now as they had been when excited. He looked in the mirror and then felt one to see if it was cool. It felt hard and extended. He worked the rough towel over them and over his body.

He used a puff to put on a scented body power which appealed to him. He put his arms through a pale blue revealing negligee and it flowed around his body. He picked up a bath towel, went to the bed and waited for Jill and the rubdown.

She kneaded his legs starting from the foot, working her way to his upper leg.

"Do you like the process of woman, Jacqueline?"

"I love it! To find the woman hiding in me is really exciting, as an actor."

"Wait, remember what our doctor said. You are not to experience it as an actor, but as a woman."

"Well, that's your role. You've got to make me. Your takeover personality you know. What was it Doctor Westbrook called you that really pulled your chain? A wimp?" He laughed.

`No way!' Jill thought.

And soon Jacqueline felt that stinging sensation in his rump as the estrogen solution was pumped into the soft tissue just under the skin.

"Wait a minute!" he called out. "I didn't say you could do that!"

"That should fix Jacqueline up for a good spell. No more actor. You are becoming Jacqueline! Did you take your pills this morning? Remember, your birth control pill. We don't want to become pregnant, do we?"

Jacqueline laughed. "So you think there's a danger of that. I'm not going to become that kind of woman. And, you know, nurse, you can't make me." Jacqueline reached up and pulled Jill down to him on the bed giving her a long passionate kiss as Jill's hands were still over his body. But, now, not for the same reason. He was taking her clothes off now. Unfastening her bra and her breasts flowed out into him. He put his mouth on the left nipple sucking gently and working his tongue around.

Jill began to moan gently as she released her breath.

"Oh, Jacqueline!" She brought her hand to his breast working the hard and erect nipple back and forth.

"My God! I can see the advantage now of having something there." And he matched her moan with a deep resonance within Jacqueline's being.

Jill gently kissed Jacqueline's nipples and then worked her tongue around the rising peak as Jacqueline moved under her. She drew one into her mouth gently pulling on it.

A deep gasp left Jacqueline and he felt light headed. His eyes were closed now and he was falling, falling through clouds, as she moved her hand down, down to where Jack lived playing and caressing.

He was now in her and she in him, as they felt the passion mount, come to climax and then like an ocean wave pull back to a calm.

"I guess I never knew what it was to be made love to. I've always done the love making. I was completely dependent. Strange feeling isn't it? I was in flowing water, being washed and pulled with the tide, not resisting, not caring where it pulled me. A wonderful feeling of release of gravity and responsibility as it came and went." Jacqueline sighed.

"Now you're talking like a woman, dear. You have such insight, a clear feeling of what it is. I think you are there."

She took a towel and wiped the fluids of love from them, and spread the depilatory cream up his legs, his arms, and onto his breast. There was very little hair, only a slight shadow anywhere, but she wanted it smooth. She liked the feel of him to be smooth.

Jacqueline too liked it - the feel of soft hose, panties, slips, and blouses. Jacqueline felt every inch of skin to be feminine,

They showered together in the tenderness of soap and flowing water, their hands moving over each other's breasts and down to the genitals.

Jill was continually surprised at discovering his breasts with her fingers. They felt very firm and real.

She wondered if she had done the right thing? Doctor Westbrook had said it was important for him to really experience woman. Besides, after the estrogen ceased to affect him, these breasts would subside.

A few days later Jacqueline had awakened to a bright day. Jill had gone out early to the hospital. Jacqueline lifted his arm behind his head and the other hand found a nipple beneath the silken bodice of the nightgown. A thrill coursed through him as his fingers traced the outline of the breast.

"Yes! I have breasts," he thought as his hands moved under the nightie to cup both sensitive mounds. "How supremely satisfying."

For a moment he felt the luxury of imagining how someone else would react to them - perhaps a man in an elevator would brush against them, turn, give him a smile with a sly, "Sorry miss."

Jacqueline would know how to handle that. After all, hadn't he done the same thing many times, an accident on purpose to try for contact with a pretty girl. Now he was the pretty girl. He wondered how he would react. He was looking forward to the first time it happened.

Smoothing down his nightie as he stepped into pink mules, he delighted looking down on the painted toenails peeking out of the fluff of the mules. He pulled on a satin robe tying it at the waist and checked the mirror as he walked past.

After the ritual of brushing his teeth, he splashed a bit of water on his face, and used a cleanser-moisturizer on the skin as Jill had shown him. He noticed that his skin was smoother, a bit more feminine. He liked the high arched line of his brows and wondered if perhaps his eyelashes were thickening, growing longer. The hormones had given him a small layer of fat beneath the skin and so wrinkle lines were less defined, he was gaining weight around the hips and losing muscle definition. The derriere was now sexy.

He threw the robe aside, over the back of a chair, and standing in front of mirror he let the nightie fall to his feet.

When he was not wearing a firming panty girdle, Jill had made him wear a dance gaf most of the time; a garment which all but made his maleness disappear between his legs leaving only a feminine contour in front. He turned in various poses to see his shape; the two soft and white rounded mounds on his chest changed contour a bit as he raised his arm. The nipples were pert and deeply pink, and as he spread the special cream Jill had given him for them, they started to expand, the nipples broadening into an area of very smooth and sensitive round aureoles about the size of a half dollar.

Jacqueline worked on his make-up, a bit of base, eye liner, shadow, mascara, lipstick and blush. He used a translucent power, brushed his hair into a morning shape held with a pink ribbon and tied with a bow on the side. He put on a comfortable bra and slipped into satin lounging pajamas and low comfortable slippers.

After orange juice, toast and coffee Jacqueline made plans for the day since Jill would not be back until early afternoon. So it was to be a day of reading plays, which Jacqueline's agent had submitted for possible roles. As he read on he was surprised at the interest he had in the female parts.

In the early afternoon he decided to surprise Jill by fixing a pasta dinner, with fresh tomatoes and basil. He would meet Jill at the door with a drink in hand and a big kiss.

Jill loved that kind of pampering, she deserved it.

When the bell rang, Jacqueline quickly poured two glasses of red wine and rushed to answer the door.

'Jill must have her hands full of groceries or clothes,' he thought.

Jacqueline opened the door holding out both a glass of wine and her cheek to kiss.

“You are right on time, darling. ”

Dr. Jim Petrie, never one to step back from an opportunity, took the wine with one hand and Jacqueline with the other. He delivered a resounding kiss, a swift pat on the rear, and swept into the room past Jacqueline.

“My dear, I knew that you would expect me - sometime. But, I didn't know you would be so ready for me.” Then he laughed as he watched Jacqueline's surprise mount into anger.

“Really, Dr. Petrie! You are too forward. I didn't think. Really!” A rush of thoughts hit Jacqueline. *It's a good thing I have my make-up on. Goodness, what if he tries something? How will I handle that? Do women have the same ambivalence? Wanting to be attractive, but wary of advances from men like this?*

Jacqueline moved into the kitchen and turned to face Dr. Petrie with a wooden spoon held up like the goddess of Justice before her.

Petrie swept past this obstacle and took Jacqueline in his arms pressing his body against the satin clad form. One hand went for the right breast and the other was on the ear lobe as he bent Jacqueline back over the counter.

The kiss was long and wet as waves of emotion surged through Jacqueline. First, came the shock and surprise of his lips. He tasted the breath and the desire which strangely thrilled him in spite of himself. It was being taken so, that was it. The overwhelming feeling that he was wanted, wanted as a woman. He allowed himself to feel that, experience it. He liked the hand on his breast. It was a quite new feeling. He wondered if women felt this too, this desire, yet fear?

As an actor he was outside himself viewing the scene of being taken so in passion. He analyzed his feelings as, in spite of himself, he found that he was kissing back.

He heard Petrie say, “I've wanted you ever since we met. You must have known that? I want you even more now.”

Now the hands were both on the cheeks of Jacqueline's butt pulling even closer as Jim Petrie worked his mouth down to a breast.

Jacqueline put all his strength behind a push as he came to the realization that he'd better do something.

Then with Dr. Jim Petrie staggering back into the living room, Jill entered the front door.

“Jim! What a surprise!”

Jacqueline swept past the reeling Dr. Petrie to the door.

“Yes, Dr. Petrie has a lot of surprises. I think he'd better go now. I am so embarrassed.” And Jacqueline in spite of himself began to sob. This made him angry. “Oh, you!”

Jill, surprised, turned to Dr. Petrie.

“Yes, Jim, you'd better go.”

Right in stride, Jim Petrie advanced to Jill.

“Yes, Jill. Maybe I'd better. I don't think she's feeling well. Maybe it 's PMS.”

Jill avoided his parting kiss, “No free medical opinions please, Dr. Petrie. Goodbye.” She closed the door.

“My God! Jacqueline Girl, you've really arrived. Now you have PMS!”

She and Jacqueline fell into each other's arms laughing.

One morning Doctor Westbrook called and extended the time period before the group was to meet. The others needed more time for the process to work. She said that perhaps it would work for them also.

Jill agreed. She was glad that Jacqueline would have more time. To herself, she admitted that her own personal 'holy grail' needed more time. The term, "wimp" still stung her. How she hated the word. In bringing Jack to the personality and realization of Jacqueline she had been dominant. She was pleased with the road he had traveled, but now she felt she should put her own 'grail' on view-offer it to the group.

She thought of the group; how they would react.

One couple, alcoholics both of them, had to face that, admit it to each other and to the world. He had been the drinker and she was the one who allowed him to drink, who provided the agreement to let him drink. She, although she said she hated drink, was just as responsible for the condition as he. There had been violence between them, ugliness which both denied at the same time they admitted it. It was a hidden thing, a frightening reality to her and the reason why she had not wanted to have a child. She feared it would extend to the child, and she knew if this happened she would have to.., well, kill him. She had faced all of this in her imagination and had already done it in thought. That's why she told herself she couldn't have a child. She loved him.., and that was that.

The other couple were silent types, never revealing to anyone what went on in their own heads. They accepted life as a burden to be born stoically. It was far better if you were hurt by life, to just curl up around that hurt, and not let anyone in. That was the virtuous thing to do. Never admit anything to the outside world. Never let them in, or an agreement might be reached that your hurt was too big to stand. They might make you aware of that - make you agree to that. Then what would you do? How could you cope? It was better to cloak it, hide it, laugh about it, even if it hurt so much you didn't think you could stand another day. Even if you were continually thinking about suicide. Someday, maybe.

Jill felt that her problem, and Jacqueline's were slight in comparison to the others.

Jill and Jacqueline talked over just what they should wear to the next meeting. It was like two girls discussing a prom. It would be too much for Jacqueline to wear a very revealing evening dress, and for her to wear riding clothes with a whip. Yes, that might set the mood and climax their intention. But the others, in particular Doctor Marian Westbrook, would think they were trying to make a joke of it.

They both laughed.

The day before the meeting Jill arranged a hairdresser's appointment with Louis for both of them. They must look just smashing.

Louis was even more enchanted this time with the way Jacqueline looked.

"My dear, you are even more beautiful now than before. How do you do it? Do you take beauty pills?" He laughed, "But, of course, you don't understand.. *n est-ce pas?*"

Jacqueline giggled. enjoying the little game of 'let's pretend' to be French. His French was the product of studying French theater in Paris, But, with Louis it was more a case of mock French, like the mock Swedish spoken by the 'chef' on the Muppet Show. "Ah.. *non.*" "

"Yes, my little beauty, you French girls, are as you say..., so sexy, yes?"

Jacqueline was really enjoying it now, "Ah.. *sexy Monsieur, le style, c est l'homme.* Sexy.. yes? And Jacqueline winked at him.

Louis was embarrassed that Jacqueline would think he was coming on to her. "No, dear. I go for boys only."

"Ah.. *peu a peu.. n est-ce pas?*"

"Yes.. *peu.* *Peu,* that's little isn't it? That's me all over, dearie."

Jacqueline laughed with him.

Jill asked Louis to do a wash and set for both of them.

The manicurist moved over to Jacqueline's chair with her tray. There passed a little spark of electricity between them as she reached for Jacqueline's hand. She pulled back then smiled saying in French, "You felt it too?"

"Oui," Jacqueline agreed, suddenly realizing what was happening.

"Ah, it is a sign. I have only felt it with particular people, women who have for me a very big attraction," she continued in familiar feminine French as she looked into Jacqueline's eyes. The invitation was unmistakable.

'Well,' Jacqueline mused to himself. '*This is a new feeling.. To be approached as a woman by a lesbian. Where would such a thing go?*'

"Yes, oh yes!" he whispered in agreement suddenly realizing that he had to translate his thinking in French from the *masculine* form to the *feminine* form, "I too have felt this, but rarely. Interesting.. yes?"

"I'm happy you have a resonance, my dearest. Perhaps we could meet later?"

Jacqueline's head tilted a bit, not in disagreement, in wonder. "Where are you?"

"Oh, I would treat you.. Very well. You are so beautiful. Do you respond a bit?"

"It depends, are there any others?"

The girl brightened, "No, I am alone. I do not like to be..."

Just then Jill walked over to Jacqueline and whispered in her ear. "How are you doing?" She glanced at the manicurist.

"Oh, fine. This pretty girl was just telling me about her love life," Jacqueline responded in French causing Jill to do a double take until she remembered the little game.

"I hope the man is what you want, Marie," Jill countered aloud with a guess. She walked through the beaded curtain to the outer room.

Jacqueline felt a little sting in her finger as the girl came too close with the scissors.

"I'm sorry. I did not mean to."

Jacqueline understood. Even in these short minutes the girl was staking her out as territory. That was the way of women. He knew it was very protective, very jealous.

"Well, as you see, Marie, it wouldn't be appropriate now, perhaps later," Jacqueline whispered.

The girl was crying softly. "I'm sorry. I spoiled the moment." She continued to work on the nails, but was silent. She had given Jacqueline French nails, with the long tips showing a crescent of white and the body a natural color.

"Merci."

The girl just smiled and gave her hand a pat. "You have beautiful hands. It is fun to work with them." She picked up her tray and went through the curtain into the back room.

Jacqueline went to Louis and pressed a five dollar bill in his hand as he was working at another booth. "Merci, Louis." Jacqueline said.

Louis brightened, smiled falsely and gave a deep bow and flourish with his comb. "Chou!"

"Did you get the shock treatment?" Jill said as they met in front of the car.

"Yes, how did you know?"

"It always happens with that one and a new lady."

"Goodness, how does she do it?"

"I don't know. Maybe she carries a battery around in her pocket. You'd be surprised. Louis tells me it has amazing results with women on the fringe."

"Are there many there?"

"No, but there are many who are just looking for a sign for anything.. .To leave their husbands... To take up with a lover. .. To run away from home... To take up with strange people in far away places... Lesbos.. Anywhere."

They drove in silence with their own thoughts until they pulled in the driveway under the apartment house.

"What about tomorrow? What should I wear?" Jacqueline asked.

"I've been thinking about that. How do you feel about it?"

"I'm excited, aren't you?"

"I don't know. It seems all over after that."

"Is that what you think? We split?" Jacqueline asked in deep disappointment, "Is that all.....?"

"Well I..."

"No. It isn't that way with me. What about you? How do you feel about tomorrow? It's your grail too."

"Well, my pretty girl, as I get it, you are my creation. I rise and fall on how successful you have been at...knowing womanhood."

"I've never learned so much about me in my life. I like all manner of things strange to most men. I've become more like my ideal in life - beautiful women. I'm not one. Sometimes, now, I wish I could be."

"You have turned into a beauty.. really."

"Thank you." He accepted it. That was all, just acceptance. "I really enjoy what I know-the fringe of woman, the style, the things they put on, the way of their being and accepting. The small things that go on with them. Wearing a bra and feeling that others accept that as beautiful."

He looked away.

"At times I wish I could really have breasts. Is that being a woman?"

"Not really. It's a stage you are reaching. I've felt them. They're not so bad, really. The shots have brought you to a ripe stage. Do you feel different?"

"Different? I'm the same.. inside. Different outside I guess. It does make me think strangely at times. I'm worried that I won't be able to get it up." He laughed at the male image. "I guess that's not female."

"No, I'm glad. That will pass as soon as this is over. All your passion will come back. I like doing female things with you. I like the way you appreciate pretty clothes and I like dressing you as a woman. It gives me a sense of completion, a feeling that my judgment is O.K.. I guess that's what Dr. Westbrook meant. I wasn't feeling that I was O.K.. I was inadequate. But you made me feel...well, not just adequate, but special."

"Let's go in and lay out what we're going to wear tomorrow! I can't wait to appear before the group and Doctor Marian. It will be like a super dress rehearsal, or first night. The theater in me comes out with a bang. I so like to surprise. To see that look when I create a character that is real."

Jill wondered if Jacqueline realized that 'her' emotions had already shown that it was now more than just a part to be played.

They went in and Jill selected a casual white sports dress for Jacqueline. It had a straight bodice line under the arms all the way around, front and back. It had spaghetti straps and would look smashing and show off Jacqueline's tan if the short jacket that came with it were removed. White open toe sandals with two inch heels completed the picture. Jacqueline would carry a straw purse, and of course wear earrings and jewelry which gave a bit of color.

For herself Jill chose a short leather skirt, satin blouse tight at the neck with large hoop earrings. Her shoes matched the skirt and gave her long legs a strong sexy look.

The next morning they dressed together, and Jill perfected the look of the up and coming young matron for Jacqueline, who looked like Pasadena money, from all angles. Jill achieved the look she wanted with her short skirt and white sexy blouse which flowed down between her breasts. They selected different cologne, Jacqueline going for one which said, lightness, spring and cool femininity. Jill picked one which was stronger, had an aura of mystery.

The entrance they made into the group was dramatic. The others in the group were in the circle as Jill came in first followed by Jacqueline. All eyes went to Jacqueline.

"Is that you, Jack?"

"My name is Jacqueline." "

"What happened to Jack?"

Jill interrupted, "I think we'd better save all questions for Doctor Westbrook, don't you."

Just then the Doctor walked in.

"Are we all here?" She called out the names. When she got to Jill she looked up. "Where's Jack?"

A feminine voice was heard. "Jacqueline is here."

"O.K., good." She didn't look up. "Suppose you give us Jack's, or really Jacqueline's story, Jill."

"Me, you want me to tell the story?"

"Yes, what happened on the way to the ladies room? You were both responsible for the other person. Didn't you realize that?"

Jill stood, moved past Jacqueline, and took the center of the circle.

"Yes, I guess I did know I was responsible for her. I like to show him, or her off. Please, Jacqueline get up and make the grand tour."

Jacqueline arose to his feminine feet and did a fashion show turn. Then he removed the jacket and they could see the evidences of his breasts revealed in outline through the dress. The very light bra didn't hide the evidence as the nipples plainly showed through the soft material.

Jacqueline sat and Jill told the story, a very sensitive and knowing account of the way Jack became sensitized to the female in his nature. All of the details were there except, of course, the personal ones of their love making.

Doctor Marian Westbrook didn't interrupt the process.

There were questions, but Jill being very controlling and dominant asked that they be held until after both of them had spoken. Jill finished her story of Jacqueline with a glowing tribute to Jack and to Jacqueline, to the humanity he showed, the fortitude, the downright courage to accept this demanding challenge in order to understand woman.

There was applause for the story and everyone wanted to talk about it. Doctor Westbrook said that Jack's story, the story of how Jill made it come about, would come at the end, after the other members of the circle shared their experiences and feelings.

It was revealing to Jacqueline to hear the personal accounts of these people, who were working through their worst fear, or facing the thing in life they needed most to conquer. It was beautiful really, that these people would have such trust in each other that they could tell of events; which, even now made them break down and cry.

Jacqueline, at times, softly wept at the beauty and truth revealed when a person stood and shared their story, not from the events, but from what he, or she, was feeling because of the events. It was a testimony in the beauty of the human spirit.

Jacqueline excused himself to go to the bathroom to repair his makeup. When he returned it was his turn to tell of the breakthrough Jill had made. She was always in control, making him do things part of his nature found difficult. He told of the vitamins she had given him at first, the ones that were her birth control pills. He told of how this estrogen had been helpful in softening the line of what "he could not do as a man" and "what he should do to realize what it is to be woman". The forays into the beauty shop, the shopping experiences, the meetings with the Doctor who tried to come on to him, and the lesbian who wanted him to be her lover were told. He finished by revealing to all that he had been truly feminized, it was all Jill's fault, and he loved her for it.

Doctor Westbrook now took the floor as she had done after each pair had told their account. "I congratulate Jacqueline on his or her appearance. I had no idea such beauty existed in this group, at least among the male members."

But, as she continued she said that what she had heard was very disturbing. Jacqueline, Jack, has missed the boat on what woman is all about.

"He and I'm afraid his female partner, Jill, have settled upon easy targets. The obvious things that make woman and her life. It doesn't take a genius to take estrogen and take on female secondary sex characteristics."

Dr. Westbrook hid concerns over the fact that the hormones were administered without medical advice. She wasn't too sure that the way this happened would meet any standards, but what had been done, had been done. Let's go on from there.

She complemented both on the way Jacqueline looked and moved. His speech could be improved, but that perhaps is beyond the time limit here.

What bothered Doctor Westbrook, was not Jill's acceptance and administration of her role to make things happen but the fact that neither Jill, nor Jacqueline, talked of what it is to be a woman.

"How do you react as a woman, when other people put you down as being not a serious human being? Just a vain woman. You are capable enough, that is, for a woman. What happens to that woman, when she is offered half as much to do a job as a man would be paid? What does it feel like not to be asked for an opinion in a business meeting? And when you give it, no one is listening.

“That's it! No one is listening. You have a lot to say. But what happens when women talk? No one listens. Therefore, you talk more and more. Too much really. But, that's because no one is listening.

“Jacqueline says that she `feels' like a woman, but she hasn't confronted real life experiences. Those experiences that shape a woman's personality and feelings of self worth.”

Doctor Marian Westbrook really had a `conscience raising' agenda. She told Jack-Jacqueline that in order to really know what woman is (especially since Jack was so talented as an actor) he was to go to the theater, the local dinner theater, and secure a part playing a woman's role. He was to do this while presenting himself as a woman, competing against other women for the part.

“Just like Dustin Hoffman did in Tootsie. If you are able to do this, and I have every expectation that you have the ability, you will have advanced your acting ability and spread the knowledge of what it is to be a woman beyond the limits of knowledge men have now.”

Jack-Jacqueline flushed seven different shades. He had climbed one mountain and pushed the load of male guilt up that mountain only to be given another load to carry, and like Sisyphus be forever condemned through eternity to do it.

He had become - almost - what he feared and contested in his marriage. He crawled under the skin of woman, took on her hormones, grew her breasts, abandoned part of his masculine passion in the process, and although he had found a woman to love, how could she love him as a her? He had clothed his femininity in silks and colors, perfumes and hairdressers. Oh, the process was enjoyable. It was the most fantastic voyage of discovery he had ever been on. He had learned almost everything - about woman.

He had learned most of the good things about these fantastic creatures. Did he wish to go on as a woman? It was the same as asking a painter if he wanted to become his painting. You don't ask a writer or an actor if he will become the play he is creating. Nor do you ask a woman to become her child. Certainly what he had found was desirable to him, and he hoped to others.

“I know woman, but you say I do not know her troubles. I really don't want her troubles, only her joys - the troubles will come, I am certain,” he mused aloud before the others.

But, woman- the essence still eluded the search. He was not whole yet. He would need Jill to help him do this. But, he could not put her through another such torture, as finding herself through denying what was her basic nature. She was, God-bless-her, the best helpmate he knew. He could not do this alone. He required the assistance of all in this room. He was doing it for everyone - yes, the whole class - even Doctor Marian Westbrook.

”Yes... yes... yes! I think it is something I should do - something I can do. But, I do need help.” He came before Jill, took her hand between his hands. “Will you help me, Jill?”

"I know now that you can do anything you want to do. I will be there for you.. yes, Jacqueline.. yes, Jack. We will do it together. You will truly know.. through me...You will truly know how to become that woman."

They embraced, and both of them were crying now.

Jacqueline through his tears whispered, "But will you still love me... after? I mean I've got breasts now..they may be more evident..get bigger."

"Darling, I love your breasts. I love the way they feel. The way they make you feel. They are you," she whispered into his ear.

"But to do this I may have to be more feminine."

"Jacqueline dear, I helped you become this beauty. I love you just the way you are. Always remember that, dear."

Now the whole class was suddenly around them, arms supporting them. Everyone was crying as they swayed back and forth. Doctor Westbrook switched on the tape machine and the music began, low at first, then building.

It was Billy Joel... "Don't need clever....Conversation. ,.... I never want to work that hard. .. I just want someone I can talk to. ... I love you, just the way you are."

Doctor Westbrook, arms open wide, became a part of the group, swaying, singing and supporting Jill and Jacqueline.

Billy Joel sang on, and they all sang with him when he reached the tag, "I love you.. just the way you are."

“Welcome, Miss.”

Jacqueline smiled at him.

When they got to the door Jacqueline turned to Jill, putting a hand on her arm, “Please, Jill, if I get into trouble please throw a fit, or faint or something. I'm really nervous. This is unreal. You are a real bitch-with-a-whip making me go through this.” Jacqueline put on his best fake feminine smile as they went into the darkness of the restaurant night club.

Jacqueline had known the maitre d', Jon Paul, but he didn't want any sign of recognition between them so Jill spoke, “Good evening, Jon Paul. Do you have a table?”

“Certainly, Mademoiselle.” He thought that the dark haired charmer looked familiar. Here, indeed, were two beauties. He couldn't tell if they were professional women—the kind that the sharks at the bar found so agreeable, depending upon the price. He wasn't concerned. They were high class. He must place them up front and on view where they would be the center of focus.

This was one of a dozen of “in” places on the Sunset Strip. The clientele included some of the most high powered producers, directors, writers and actors in the entertainment industry, or the “business” as it was termed. The cuisine was French, the prices high, with a group of young clean-cut college boys as waiters.

Jacqueline was on a high as he walked to the booth. He knew the number of heads they had turned. As he sat down he removed his short jacket revealing the low-cut bodice held up by thin spaghetti straps which set off his California tan. He knew that his entrance had made an impression and as he sat he watched the reaction to Jill as she came to the booth and sat beside him.

A slim, blonde, handsome, youth with his sideburns trimmed high and straight and bearing a small mustache came up to get their order.

“Two champagne cocktails. This is a celebration.”

“Really, my dear,” Jacqueline announced dryly. “And what is the occasion?”

Jill laughed and turned to wag a finger at Jacqueline. “Don't give me that dialogue from some old movie, Sugar. It's your coming out party. Remember?”

Jacqueline giggled in a girlish way, “Oh, Mother how droll of you to do this for little me.” He gave Jill a Marilyn Monroe like head raised, lips pursed, kiss in the air.

A young man was standing before their table. He gave a slight bow, and turning to Jacqueline, “Would the charming lady care to dance?”

Jacqueline instinctively took his hand to his breast. He didn't really know what to do with this sort of advance.

“Well I don't really know...”

“She will. Please sit and wait a minute. We have to repair our make-up.” She took Jacqueline's hand leading her to the ladies room.

Once inside Jacqueline said, “Another fine mess you've got me in. Really Jill.”

"Don't worry babe, remember a girl must dance at her coming out party. Come, sit down here. Relax now, just relax." She led Jacqueline to the make-up table before the long well lighted mirror.

Jacqueline sat in the chair before his purse. "This is my first time."

"Your first time?"

"My first time. Yes, my first time in the ladies room."

Jill laughed, "Big deal!"

"No, really. This is a first. It should be somehow immortalized. It's something to remember. Look, I can't dance with that guy. I might start leading. I don't know what to do. I don't even know which of his hands I should grab."

"Let him do the grabbing, he knows," Jill teased with a delighted laugh. "Just go with the flow. Listen to the music and do your own thing."

"What if there's a slow dance? I don't know how to follow."

"Your right hand is in his left. He puts his right hand on your back and guides you. So, as I said, stay loose and let him take you into his arms to guide you. Don't worry girl, you will do it, and I think you'll kind of like it."

Jacqueline touched up his lipstick, added a bit of powder over the base, applied a spot of Gucci on the wrists and behind the ear. He checked for his slip before the mirror and gave a brave smile to Jill.

"Break a leg," said Jill as they walked out.

Steven Worth was having a cigarette. He snuffed it out, gestured toward the dance floor. He took Jacqueline's hand and led the way to the music.

"You look absolutely gorgeous. Shall we?"

It was a disco song, "Staying Alive".

Jacqueline soon got into it and the heartbeat music, the movement in concert with Steven created a splash of undulating bodies, jump-cut in the sequenced flashing lights. There were colors frozen for a moment, eyes, hands, legs, caught in flash of scenes of the dance under the driving music. It was a new sensation to Jacqueline doing it all on high heels with a rather tight skirt.

Jill watched the couple and felt satisfied that Jacqueline was really into the music and the dance.

There was no hesitation in the uninhibited way Jacqueline moved. She could see that Steven Worth was completely charmed by his partner. The disco phased strobe lights caught fragmented images of Jacqueline, the gay careless way his head moved, the gesture to the beat and the flashing long legs.

Now the music changed - it was a slow dance, "Take It To The limit", a John Denver song.

Steven Worth and Jacqueline came together in a smooth transition.

Soon they were very close indeed, thought Jill. She watched Steven search Jacqueline's back with his hand, holding him very close. Soon they were cheek to cheek, and

Jill could see that Jacqueline's eyes were closed as the couple swayed back and forth. Jill could see Jacqueline's lips move to the lyrics.. ."take it to the limit, one more time."
“

Jacqueline had never known such tranquillity as Steven took charge and moved them around the dance floor. The music seemed to come out of their very being. He liked the strong feel of that hand about the waist, the tender nestling of his breasts upon the chest of Steven Worth. He even liked the strong masculine smell of Steven, the way his cheek felt, the instinctive movement of their bodies to the tempo.

There was a final dip when Steven's lips were very close to Jacqueline's, but he just said, “Thank you, may I call you?”

Jacqueline didn't answer. He could feel the color rise in his cheeks and his heart begin to beat very fast. He was afraid to answer. This was a new and strange feeling. Is this how a woman feels when a move is made? Why was he feeling this? Was he coming too close to the line? He was reacting like a woman. He almost ran back to the security of the booth and Jill.

Steven followed and Jill actually invited him to join them. He ordered a bottle of Mumms for the table.

“I sense that you girls are celebrating something. ”

“Yes, we are,” Jill announced.

“Let me guess.” Steven was closing his eyes, holding his fingers up to his temples. “My crystal ball says it's about guys and girls.”

“Amazing,” Jacqueline responded dryly almost as if to say, what isn't? “Which of us?”

“I get the strong feeling it is you, Jacqueline. You are celebrating the departure of a man. Yes, you have rid yourself of some guy.” Steven was holding Jacqueline's hand now.



"That's closer than you know, Steven." Jacqueline was laughing.

"She is what I call busting out!" Jill laughed enjoying her pun.

Jacqueline managed a sidelong look at her and kicked her under the table.

"Ah, a busting out party, marvelous!" Steven exclaimed.

"You ought to try it, Steven. It would do wonders for you." Jacqueline felt he was treading a delicious line now.

"Yes, especially for your figure!" Jill couldn't contain her laughter and Jacqueline caught her again with a kick under the table. That was too close.

"Yes, yes, my crystal ball is showing two marvelous women dressed in the height of fashion, looking, oh so beautiful."

"In their Maidenform bras!" completed Jill.

"No, no!" Steven laughed. "They have no bras! After all, it's my crystal ball."

"Oh, you two are positively embarrassing me," Jacqueline protested trying to be demure to stop this conversation line. His breasts were very evident to him now. One hand went to his breast and the other to his hair just behind the ear.

The champagne was poured and Steven raised a glass.

"There's a line in a play I always wanted to drink to, speaking of busting out." He raised his glass to Jacqueline. "She had breasts like champagne glasses."

Now Jacqueline really did color up. "I don't know whether that's a compliment or not."

"Believe me, it is," Steven said quietly.

"What play is it from? I don't recognize it," Jacqueline asked.

"Darkness at Noon. A rather somber play by Koestler. The breasts were the only light moment. Do you know anything about theater?"

"Yes, I act. I've studied theater. It's my life."

"Jacqueline is an actress, she's a fine actress," Jill suggested rather lamely, trying to remind Jacqueline of the gender of his acting.

"I knew it! I could tell when you walked in. I said to my friend at the bar, I've seen that lady before. She's got so much presence. She must be an actress."

"Thank you, kind sir," Jacqueline responded being almost coy. "I didn't know it showed that much. Are you in the theater?"

"I'm doing a play right now. Trying to cast it. We're having a devil of a time finding a woman. Say, Jacqueline! You could do it. How is your schedule? Would you come and read for the part?"

"What is it? I mean.. What's the play? Where are you doing it? And tell me about the part?"

"Yes, you are direct. I like that - a professional actress. Marvelous!"

"She can also do imitations." Jill was becoming a bit jealous.

"Darling don't be catty. Remember, we were looking for a part weren't we?" Jacqueline noted.

"We?" Steven asked.

"Yes, Jill is my coach, my manager, and she does my make-up and my hair. Don't you dear?"

"I've made her what she is today. That's pretty modest, I think."

"Fine. Well it's 'Les Liaisons Dangereuses'. You know the play?" Steven asked.

"Oh, how wonderful!" Jacqueline was truly enchanted with the idea. "And do tell me the part is Mme. de Merteuil! Oh, I've wanted to do that part."

"No, she is cast. It is Cecile, the one who gets seduced."

"Well, that would be a switch!" Jill exclaimed in delight.

"She means that I'm always given the seductress."

Jacqueline was thinking of the revealing costumes, full elaborate French dresses, the make-up and the men in silk.

"We're doing it at the Hollywood Playhouse, a limited run. Can you be there at ten tomorrow to read?"

"Yes. Is it an open reading?"

"No, just a limited few for Cecile."

"May I come? I'd love to see this." Jill urged beginning to wonder how Jacqueline would do.

"You must. We would be honored. Please. And.." He raised his glass. "I hope you will be my Cecile, Jacqueline. I feel that you have such power as an actress. We shall get to know each other very well."

Driving home Jill was strangely silent. Jacqueline was lost in thought about dancing with Steven. The music was still there; he could hear it and feel Steven's arms, his body, the warm comforting feeling of being led, protected while being free to express the feeling of the music.

"You liked it didn't you? You deep down really liked it. You feel you shouldn't, but damn it, down there where you live you liked it and wanted him." Jill stepped on the car's brake a bit too suddenly at a red light. She avoided looking at Jacqueline.

Jacqueline was jolted out of his mood and turned to look at Jill. "You're jealous. I don't believe it! You are jealous of me and a man."

"No, I'm not! Why would I be? That's a stupid emotion. It's not reasonable."

"You wanted me to dance with him, and now you are jealous because I did."

"I didn't think you'd enjoy it so much. I saw the way you closed your eyes and rested your head on his shoulder. You were in some kind of homosexual heaven." Jill was warming to her anger now.

“Oh, that's what you think it is? You pushed me to really be the woman, to experience what it is like. You gave me these.” He put both hands under his breasts and lifted.

“You wanted them.”

“You pumped hormones into me; gave me pills... and you made me feel... well something I've never felt before. I feel a woman. I am a woman in my breasts. The emotion, the sensation of feeling what a woman feels is there. And you want me to deny it. You want me not to feel. I am just doing what comes natural. That's what you wanted isn't it?”

“Oh, I don't know. I don't want you to fall for Steven, and I do want you to fall. I guess I'm jealous. You're right. I'm jealous of you and Steven.” Jill was still there at the signal; through two cycles. It was lucky it was late and the street was deserted.

“You want him yourself. That's it isn't it?”

“Yes, I guess I do. I am jealous, but I don't know whether I'm jealous of you as a woman or as a man. You're both.”

“No. When I'm dressed this way and feel my body this way, I feel all woman. That's what Steven is attracted to - the woman in me.”

“Yes, and I guess that's what I'm jealous of-the woman in you.”

It was unusual for them, each in a private world. Nothing had been settled yet, their thoughts were mixed up in cross gender conflicts; doubts about what to feel, what to be, and what to want.

The genie of conflicting emotions had somehow been let out of the bottle. It was difficult to recognize the genie, determine the sex or gender of this gentle fooling spirit, and then figure out how to get him or her back into the container. It was even difficult determining if they wanted to get the genie back into the bottle.

Preparing for bed Jacqueline hung up the white dress, let the slip drop slithering down the smoothness of the nylon on his legs.

It always gave him a moment of release as he felt this, picking up the white mound of material to lay it in a drawer.

He looked at his figure in the mirror, the good slim legs, hips beginning to be rounded, the slim waist into the curve of the small but prominent breasts. Were they like champagne glasses he wondered?

Releasing the back of his strapless bra he felt they were warm and the nipples were broad circles of color on the white flesh. His fingers caressed the nipples in assurance that they were as full of feeling and as tender as he thought.

He turned to get the profile view and, yes, they were pert like the breasts of a young girl.

Perhaps he was right for Cecile, the maiden to be seduced in the play. He bent over pushed them in toward the middle to judge the cleavage produced for those Restoration gowns he would wear. With a bit of help, constraint here, pressure there, they

would overflow the top of the gown to show the breast off. They pleased him very much.

He rolled down the panty hose, rinsing it out in warm water and hanging it in his bathroom.

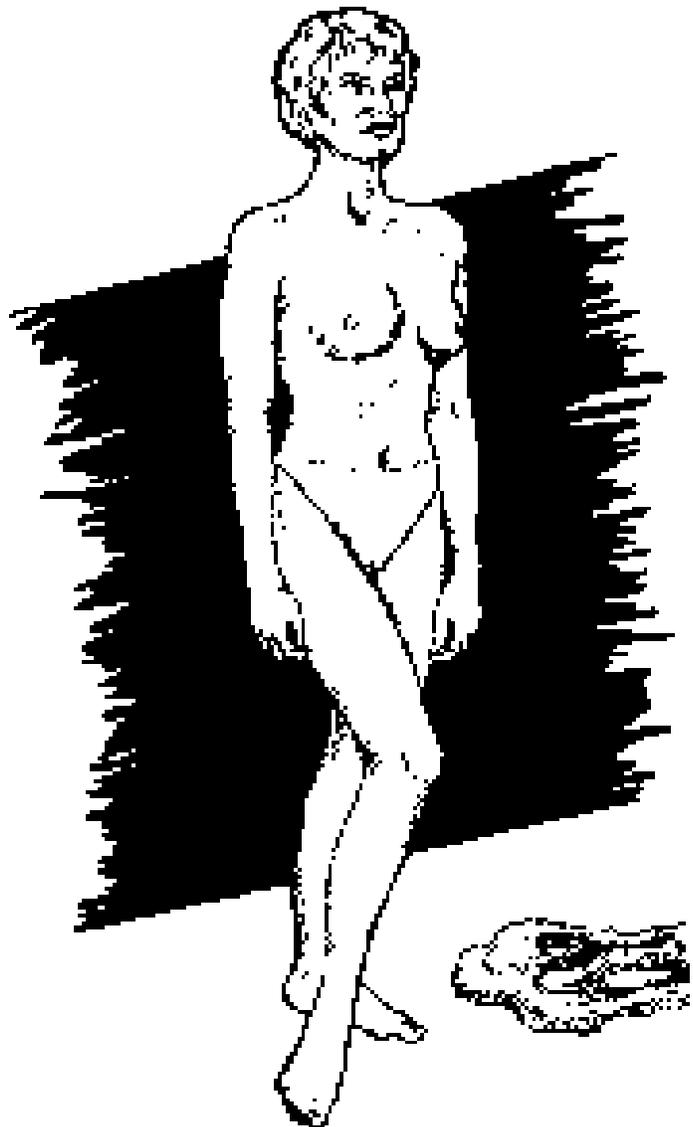
He noticed that there didn't seem to be much hair on the legs, perhaps it was the result of the hormones. He was pleased his foot was slim, ankles small with a full calf and shapely thighs. Yes, he wasn't afraid they would not show off well under any dress, or perhaps a bikini. The thought sent a rush of excitement through him. Would it be possible? The dance gaf held him in very well with only a feminine mound between his legs. He had shaved the hair in the pubic region narrowing the outline of buff.

He slipped into his nightie, brushed his teeth, prepared his face with cold cream to remove the make-up. Wiping it off his face glistened and the fine high arched eyebrows darkened and slightly full gave him a fresh girl-ish look.

He dutifully took the estrogen pills Jill had supplied wondering how long it would be safe to take these. Jill had been administering them under a proper regime and within a regulated cycle of the time of the injection he received each two weeks. Yes, he could tell his skin had a real feminine base as the hormones produced a slight layer of fat under the skin, as well as producing breasts and giving him a definite rounded bottom.

Jacqueline added a touch of Rothschild *eau de toilette* and went into Jill 's bedroom.

She was there in her dressing gown brushing out her hair, counting the strokes with a savage relish that told Jacqueline the argument wasn't over, possibly wouldn't be for a while. Each of Jill's actions appeared to be extra



physical as if she was working out a problem.

“O.K. I'm sorry Jill. I shouldn't have been so receptive to Steven.”

“No. You did what you had to do. It just bothers me, that's all. You didn't have to take so much pleasure in doing what you had to do.”

“That makes sense.”

“I don't always have to make sense. I can just feel sometimes. That's what being a woman is all about.” “

“O.K., I understand,” Jacqueline sighed.

“Do you? Do you really? I forget sometimes you really aren't a woman - although I'm trying to make you one. And I don't know if I want you to be one. Does that make sense at all?”

“No. Should it?”

“There you are being damnably masculine. It's so infuriating to have you look so beautiful, like a woman, and then to produce all those masculine reactions.”

“My logic huh?”

“Oh, don't be superior.” Jill turned away starting to cry.

“I'm not. I'm just trying to do what you want. Be what you want-understand women by climbing into their shell for a while. Isn't that why we're doing this? I want to love you, but if I do I'm either being too masculine, or you reject my feminine reactions. I'm just learning.”

He held her in his arms. Both of them were crying now. Their night gowns blended into one another as their bodies came together. Jacqueline comforted Jill and she was hungry to be in bed with him, arms around him, their breasts pressed together, heads on the pillows.

After a while she said, “You know, you're going to be the hit of that play. My little Cecile. Let me seduce you.” She giggled in mock French accent.

“Oh, *non, non, Madame*. Don't be wicked. I am just-how you say - *a jeune fille*.” Jacqueline giggled.

Jill started the maneuver of sex-play, overcoming any objection Jacqueline produced to the seduction. She kissed his mouth. Caressed his hair. Quickly brought her hand on to his breast caressing it with her fingers, while he cautioned her that he was just a young girl, not used to the ways of the world.

The more he protested the more fun the game of seduction became.

At last both threw caution to the wind, as his mouth sought her breast and then she was on his, rolling the nipples about with her tongue. Then Jill was on top of him and their two bodies were as one, breast to breast, bone to bone, as their hips came together, rolling and pitching with desire.

In the end they lay satisfied in each others arms and slept the night away.

The morning came and it was time to get ready for the play reading. Jacqueline selected an appropriate outfit to fit the woman he had seen reading for the ingenue part; slacks, with a blouse, a sweater and low flats. This would give the impression that he was not too tall, and slim of figure. A ribbon in the hair added just the right touch for the young girl he had to be in the play, he thought,

Steven Worth had arranged a group of chairs on a bare stage. The only stage piece was a brass double bed up stage. Steven welcomed the tryout actresses and began with a reading of the character sketch of Cecile.

"Cecile is young, has not experienced love before, that is, real sex. Valmont describes her as *'having no character, no morals, she's altogether delicious. The play revolves around her seduction-not really for sexual reasons but as part of the excitement of watching her betray everything that's most important to her.* So you see the character you play is an innocent, not because she wants to be innocent; but, because that is what has been available in her life."

He calls upon the first actress, a blonde with great sensuality, broad moves and a mature voice. She is not the type he is after; but, he lets her read scene six, set in Cecile's bedroom with Cecile and Valmont.

The actor reading Valmont stands and reads his lines while the blonde reads hers. After the scene is over there is a pause and Steven Worth tells her that he will call her tomorrow concerning his decision on the part.

Jacqueline is a quick study and has absorbed the basic qualities of Cecile. She is a young girl, playing at innocence for custom's sake. No one has yet aroused her sexual instinct as a woman. Jacqueline can relate to that since he is just learning of what it is to be a woman and is feeling all of this for the first time.

In the scene Valmont steals into Cecile's bedroom. She thinks he has come to bring her a letter from another gentleman. He begins to caress her, gently at first and then more forcibly as she resists. She struggles to reach the bell pull. Valmont warns her that it would be embarrassing if she had to explain how he came by the key to her room. Valmont assures Cecile that if she gives him a kiss he will go.

Jacqueline, as Cecile, plays the scene with a sense of girlish wonder. She answers, "You really promise?"

Valmont gets on her bed to kiss her. His hand goes under the covers on her. She reacts, "Please don't do that." Valmont says he will take it away after the kiss. Cecile says, "Promise?"

Valmont, his hand still under the covers says, "I swear. Now put your arms around me."

Cecile gives a long intense kiss, her eyes tightly closed. Suddenly, she pulls away from him as much as she can, her eyes now wide with amazement.

Valmont's hand comes slowly out from under the covers.

Cecile continues to look amazed.

Valmont says that he told her he would take his hand away.

Steven stands and applauds.

"That was wonderful! Now I want to see you both together on the bed. Read the scene again from the bed."

"Really! Mr. Worth! What kind of actress do you think I am?" Jacqueline protests.

"Oh, I'm sorry. I guess you've never been in bed with a man, Jacqueline? I'm not asking for anything strange."

Jacqueline turns a color and quietly says, "No, no I haven't."

Steven Worth bursts out in laughter.

"Oh, that's great! That's just the quality I want in the part. Jacqueline, my dear, you will make a wonderful Cecile. You have that ingenuous quality of just learning what it is to be a woman, just realizing your sexual powers."

A look passes between Jill and Jacqueline. It is all Jill can do to keep from bursting out laughing.

Jacqueline dutifully climbs up on the bed while holding the script. The scene is played. As Valmont climbs on the bed and touches Cecile, Jacqueline intercepts his hand while giving him the very long eyes closed kiss.

"Yes, yes. .. yes! You are my Cecile! You will be perfectly marvelous. You have that quality of the young girl, the innocence. You were saying last night.. What was it you called your party?" Steven looked around for Jill.

"Busting out!" Jill cries out from the back of the theater.

"Yes, that's it! You have that rare quality of becoming. It is a... busting out! Right! That's what it is. I see it in you as you play Cecile, the young girl." Steven crosses the stage to Jacqueline and put his arm around him.

"Oh, thank you Steven. I didn't know how I would do in the part." Jacqueline is hit with conflicting emotions; he doesn't feel quite safe in doing this play, yet he is pleased to have carried it off.

Steven gives Jacqueline a warm hug and a kiss as he announces that rehearsals start in four days. He gives Jacqueline a copy of the play.

He says that for the first day the whole company will meet, they will read through the play, ask questions concerning their parts, the motivations, costumes, props. Then they will start to block out the movement of the play.

Jacqueline and Jill go out to lunch to celebrate. As they walk to the small garden restaurant Jill tells Jacqueline that since he is wearing slacks and low heels he must make an effort to take small steps, to swing his hips like a woman, and to lead every movement with his pelvis. His arms and hands must be slightly turned out, his shoulders and neck relaxed and free.

Jill says that after lunch there is one more physical thing Jacqueline must do. She was thinking of it while Jacqueline was on stage.

"My goodness! What is it? Does it show?" Jacqueline asks.

“No, it really doesn't show, but it could be embarrassing in a love scene if it happened.”

Jacqueline laughs. He whispers to Jill, “You mean...you mean.. they show?” His hand goes to his crotch. “And you want me to... horrors!” He shudders.

Jill is embarrassed now, “No! It isn't that. You are perfectly smooth - nothing shows.”

“Good.”

“It's your ears. You need to have your ears pierced.”

“Oh, yes! It would be terrible if I lost an earring on stage. Goodness, did you see how he grabbed me in that bed? I'll have to think of a way around that. I can't slap his face on stage.”

“Yes, he could undress you right there and according to the play you couldn't do anything. Now you know the plight of women, my dear. We're damned if we do and cursed if we don't.”

They had just entered the small Italian restaurant. It is crowded with lunchtime Hollywood business men.

“Sounds like the title of a melodrama. Little Nell in Damned if She Does -Cursed if She Doesn't.” Jacqueline pantomimed the part of Nell and the title. He gives a little surprised squeak and looks around. “My God! I was pinched!”

“Yes.” Jill says calmly. “You've got to expect that with Italian men. They did it all the time to me in Rome.”

A surprised look came over Jill's face. “Eeeek! I got it again!”

Jacqueline laughs. “When in Rome!” He spots the perpetrator, a smirking Hollywood type. Jacqueline drops his purse in front of the man, raising up he sticks his elbow firmly in the man's groin and jabs fiercely. Just then Jill and Jacqueline are led to their table and the pincher is doubled over clutching himself.

After lunch Jill leads Jacqueline into a jewelry shop on Rodeo Drive in Beverly Hills. A suave Persian comes up to them. “Ah, ladies. How may we serve you?”

“She wants to have her ears pierced.” Jill looks at Jacqueline.

“Yes, yes. Just there in the back. It is very simple. Painless. Five minutes perhaps.”

He sweeps them into the depth of the store, past glass cases of rings, watches, jewelry, and then to a vast display of ear rings. He snaps his fingers importantly.

“Irage! Quickly! This charming lady wants her ears pierced.” He bows and extends his hand in the direction of Irage who is bent over repairing a watch.

The apparently myopic gentleman smiles, holds up one finger. “One moment, please.” He puts down his watch repairing tools, turns to a washbasin and carefully washes his hands. “Just sit here, miss.”

Jacqueline, looks at Jill apprehensively.

"It's O.K., just something to freeze your ear lobes. You won't feel it. It will be over in a minute," Jill explains.

The gentleman called Irage puts something cold on Jacqueline's ear lobes. "It is a pleasure to do this for someone so beautiful."

"Are you Persian? Jacqueline asks.

"Yes, our women used to always get their ears done by the time they were twelve." He was now punching a small hole in each lobe. "There! Did it hurt? No."

He inserted small gold posts in Jacqueline's lobes. He offered a selection of gold ear rings to Jacqueline. "These are on special discount to any girl who just has her lobes done."

Jacqueline selects a pair of large gold loops. He walks out of the shop with his head in a cloud.

"You know, Jill, I could shop for jewelry every day and not get tired."

"Atta girl. You might get broke though. That set me back a hundred bucks counting the loops. Some discount," Jill protested.

Jacqueline laughed. "Really? The wily Persian merchant. But he was so charming. I never felt a thing."

"By the time you start rehearsing they'll be healed and you can wear your dangles."

"I love them. They make me feel so feminine."

The pair attracted admiring looks, turned heads, as they sauntered down Rodeo in Beverly Hills. The smart shops were a treat for both of them.

Jacqueline spent a good amount of the next few days reading *'Les Liaisons Dangereuses'* over and over.

"It is so strange to be doing Cecile when my normal instincts would have led me to Valmont. It's a real stretch. I have to stop thinking in the male way and not only become a woman, but a young girl."

"Oh, I can hardly wait to get the reaction of Dr. Westbrook and the group," Jill responded. "I'm really proud of you. You've done so well."

"You suppose they'll want to come to the show? I never thought of that. My God! What an audience!

Steven called on the phone two days before rehearsals to check on Jacqueline. "We are all so pleased that you're going to do Cecile. You are perfect for it, just perfect."

"Thank you. I've been reading her over and over. She's a little minx," Jacqueline responded with a little ingenue giggle.

Steven laughed. "The whole play is so much fun. It says a lot about the game of men and women."

“Yes, I can certainly see that. I sometimes have problems with that myself. It will be a learning experience.”

“Ah, the voice of the eternal woman, so practical. But, my dear, you must play a little. How about dinner tonight?”

“No, I 'd better not, Steven. I have a rule when I 'm doing a play. I don t fool around until after opening night.”

“So professional. I like that. Dinner then after opening night! Is it a date?”

“It's a date,” Jacqueline promised.

“I'll see you at eight o'clock sharp at the theater, O.K.? Will Jill come?” Steven is interested in this beauty too.

“Wild horses couldn't keep her away.”

“Good. We'll have to find something in the company for her to do. See you Friday.”

“Friday at eight. Goodbye Steven.”

“Goodbye...Cecile.”

“I like that. Bye.”

Jacqueline put the phone down and danced around the room, the wide skirt he wore flared out with the circles.

“This is going to be so much fun, but I am scared. That's what makes it so delicious.”

Jill watched laughing. “You really do enjoy it don't you?”

“Yes. Oh, yes! And he wants to find a job in the company for you. You could be assistant stage manager. That would be fun. You'd be in on everything.”

“Well, I certainly want to be in on what happens to the star.”

“I'm not the star.”

“If you can carry this off believe me, you are the star.”

The rehearsals went well for Jacqueline.

There was one problem, the actor who played Valmont, William Desmond, was of the Stanislavsky school of acting. He had trained in the Actor's Lab of New York. He was one of the few who took the Russian method seriously, it required that the actor endeavor to actually live his part. If the character he played fell in love with another, he would attempt to actually do this. Valmont was a seducer, therefore William Desmond in pursuing his art must be a seducer.

Of course, others of the Actor's Lab orientation modified this perfection of Stanislavsky s method. If they played a killer they wouldn't go out and kill, but they would draw upon similar happenings of a lesser nature to be able to summon up the necessary well of emotion for their character.

William Desmond considered himself more of a pure artist, and his acting art required that he, as Valmont, try to seduce Jacqueline as Cecile. He would engineer all kinds of occasions requiring them to be alone in a room.

The first of these happened in the rehearsal room of the theater. He had requested Jacqueline to stay after the company had departed to go over several of their scenes. He wanted to get the timing of their lines better.

The moment came when Valmont was required to talk Cecile into a kiss. Jacqueline was wary of the circumstance and he thought that he could fend off Desmond. True, Jacqueline was intrigued by dancing as close to the fire of danger without being burned as he could. That was the fun of playing the part of a woman for him. He wanted to bring his senses to the actual brink of being a woman.

Valmont says he will remove his hand from Cecile's bust if she will give him a kiss. Jacqueline as Cecile gives him a long kiss, which evolves into a passionate one. Jacqueline feels William Desmond's tongue plunge into his mouth and his hand caress the left breast under her clothes. The feeling wasn't unpleasant, and Jacqueline savored the sensation half believing that it was all for the play. Too late, Jacqueline realized that Desmond had attained strategic ground in the battle of the sexes. He had caused emotions to rise in Cecile and Jacqueline which were becoming difficult to turn off.

Desmond pulled down the blouse and was kissing the breasts, declaring his enduring passion and love. Jacqueline found that he too was excited; he wanted desperately for a hand to caress him lower down.

A knock on the door brought him to his senses; he jumped from the bed straightening his hair and his clothes!

It was apparent to Jill, as she entered the room, what was going on. "I don't want to disturb your rehearsal; but, I was wondering how much longer you would be?"

"I think we're through now," a very frustrated Jacqueline exclaimed in a fluster as he quickly rearranged his clothing. "William wanted to work out his attack on his part. I think we both learned something." Jacqueline turned and slapped William Desmond's face. "There, that's the action I think was missing in Cecile's resistance. Don't you think, Valmont?"

There were several such episodes, but Jacqueline was more guarded toward William Desmond and toward his own passions. It disturbed him that playing the part of a woman in life and on the stage would cause a woman's emotions and a woman's passion within him.

It was fascinating, really. He wondered how much of these passions, this desire to be caressed, to be made love to, was an outcome of the hormones. He was still a male-or was he? What made a male-or a female? Was it something that had to do with their secondary sex characteristics? Was having breasts giving too much up to the female side? Had it thrown him into the female camp? It had certainly caused him to have feelings and sensations he had not had before. His breasts had started to bud and blossom.

He had never had homosexual dreams or desires before, he was strictly attracted to the opposite sex. Now he was confused as to what actually was the opposite sex. Was he now the opposite sex? Did his passion come from some sort of a narcissistic orientation? Was he being turned into a narcissus flower?

This part gave him the opportunity to plumb a mine of information concerning his own orientation as to the sexes. He used the part of Cecile, and the part of Jacqueline, to go deeply into the female mind and emotion. At times he was a bit confused about his objectivity. He argued with himself that he was only doing the research that was required; if he enjoyed the process, so much the better. If he were ever to cross the line he was sure he would know. More and more his feminine feelings, his centering of himself in his breasts, took over his masculine control.

Steven was enormously pleased with the work of Jacqueline. She, to him, embodied the ultimate of female sensitivity and passion in the way she approached Cecile. The pairing of Valmont and Cecile seemed, to him, to be just the right mix of young female wanting to know her sex and the dominating male wanting to conquer.

Jill was a bit confused. She felt that she was losing control of the situation. Her job as assistant stage manager allowed her to watch the progress of the play and especially to monitor Jacqueline's progress in the part of Cecile.

She could also judge Jacqueline's progress in discovering what it was to be woman. She wasn't sure at all that she could see any of the character Jack in either Cecile or Jacqueline. This both pleased and disturbed her. Jack had apparently disappeared from the scene.

Had she pushed him too much she wondered? Was he now in a kind of free-fall unable to control becoming the feminine? And what was the advantage of that? If Jacqueline could no longer exercise masculine will power to control the further excursion into his feminine side, how could this be to his advantage? Would there be any merit in it in the eyes of Doctor Westbook and the group?

Well, they were going to come to the opening night performance where Jill would be able to get their reaction. Of course, she wouldn't want them to reveal that Jacqueline was actually a male playing a double part.

The play was rapidly being formed. Now it was time to have a costume fitting session. Jacqueline was worried about this. He must keep his secret and yet how would this be possible if the lady who was making the costumes actually measured every part of his body?

The ever resourceful Jill had an answer. Jacqueline would have to suffer some medical difficulty which would require a fix. Jacqueline agreed to an injection of Novocain in his lower pelvis which would allow little or no feeling down there. Once this had been done, Jill aided in telescoping his penis in on itself and inserting this and his scrotum into the natural cavity, placing medical adhesive tape over it to secure it. It really appeared to be feminine. There was only a natural female mons beneath his panties.

The lady who was measuring Jacqueline for the gowns and night wear was perfunctory in her approach. The tape in her hand measured the bust line.

"Thirty-five, so. You have good bosom, Miss, young and firm." She wrote down that number.

"Aw, I wish that I was still that way. My God!" She laughed. "You should have seen what I had then. How they did follow me with their eyes. Please remove your brassiere. I must see how you are when you are held in and pushed up. The French court dresses all did that - to achieve that saucy French look."

Jacqueline was hesitant.

"Come, I will help you." The lady unhooked the bra at the back and from her bag drew out a narrow corset affair. "You have very young breasts. You should be happy."

"Yes, I am. Thank you," Jacqueline agreed modestly. "Oh, don't thank me. It is God-given. Here put this around you and let me draw it in." Jacqueline aided in the process. As the corset was tightened the breasts bulged more and more. The lady stood back and looked at Jacqueline. "Yes, it will be fine." She measured the bust line again, and just below the bust.

Jacqueline giggled and went to the mirror to look, "Oh, they do look so.., so French. Is this how I will look in the court dress?"

"Yes. They are devils to get into, and uncomfortable to wear for very long. The bus-tline of the corset was more of a sling than a bra. And is was cut so low. My good-ness, I don't see why they didn't all come up with pneumonia. But then, maybe the gentlemen kept them warm." She laughed.

"I expect. If they were anything like Valmont."

"Oh, that one! He is all hands. I have watched him with you."

"You have! My goodness." Jacqueline began to color.

"You know you have very wide shoulders for a woman."

"I do an awful lot of swimming - distance and butterfly."

"Yes, that must be it. Here let me get your waist, hips and thigh." She threw the tape around Jacqueline, caught the other end. "That's twenty-six... thirty-three at the hip. My dear, all the women are envious of hips like yours, so trim. Yes, I can see by your legs you are an athlete. They are very muscular. Good long legs."

Jacqueline had to get a look over his shoulder at the full length mirror. *'Not bad,'* he thought.

"Now your shoe size and your glove size?"

"Eight and a half B. And nine glove size." Jacqueline was pleased he didn't give the male sizes.

"Ah, so. You have long fingers.. to catch a good man, yes?"

"I have a good man."

"Ah, don't tell that to Mr. Director, Steven. He wants all his actresses just for him-self."

"No," Jacqueline agreed. "And don't you tell him either."

The woman left the room with her finger up to her lips. She winked and smiled.

The dress rehearsal was a big event. Before it started Steven made every cast member come on stage alone and walk down stage, turning under the stage lights to check the costume and the make-up.

Jacqueline had to make three costume changes. First as a young girl, then in nightdress, and at last in a low bosom court dress after the seduction scene. The make-up changed for the part during the play, and Jill helped with that. The young girl became the saucy, sexy, young woman as the play progressed.

During dress rehearsal, the scene in bed with Valmont worried Jacqueline. The man's hands were everywhere. And now they both had covers on the bed and he could hide his moves under the covers: counting on Jacqueline, out of her sheer embarrassment, not to reveal to the audience what he was doing.

As the scene progressed they did it just as it was rehearsed. Then, Valmont made his move and grabbed for Cecile's pussy. Jacqueline was quick to intercept the hand, to hold it firmly, to twist and to send Valmont out on the floor!

The audience loved it. They laughed and applauded.

Valmont got up, his back to the audience. Under his breath said, "My God, woman you are as strong as a man." Then he turned back to the audience, held up his hand and said, "I told you I'd remove my hand."

The audience roared.

During the notes after the dress rehearsal Steven came to that scene.

"Oh, my God! What happened?"

"He forgot himself!" Jacqueline countered angrily.

"Keep it! I loved it! It was great!" Steven exclaimed. "Can you do it that way every time?"

William Desmond as Valmont was silent. "

"I can throw him out into the audience if you want."

"No, that wouldn't be in character, Cecile, but on the floor. Yes! yes! Do it!"

"Really?" William Desmond said. "She is one strong girl. "

Steven said that he really loved the performance of Jacqueline. "The part of Cecile really comes alive with you."

Jill sat next to Jacqueline during the notes and squeezed his hand at every good note.

The rest of the cast did very well too, especially Delores Davis as the Marquise de Merteuil. She came up to Jacqueline when they were in the dressing room after the dress rehearsal.

"You know, when you first read for the part I didn't think you were right at all. There was something... Something about you, I didn't understand. It was as if you

were too studied, watching yourself too much. I didn't understand. But, my dear, after I am on stage with you I can feel your power as an actress. You will go far. I think you are a beautiful actress."

Jacqueline could feel himself breaking into tears. It was too beautiful, too tender. He threw his arms around Miss Davis.

"Oh, thank you. I love you. You are so kind. If I am ever the actress that you are I'll be happy."

This was sincere and out of the depths of Jacqueline's soul. It was his true feminine being coming out.

That night Jacqueline and Jill went home, each filled with the blessing of the performance. The cast had been marvelous.

She gave Jacqueline a depilatory cream rubdown; prepared a hormone shot and gave it to Jacqueline in the hip.

Jacqueline was used to them now, they didn't even burn as much.

They showered together like two sisters, smothering each other with kisses. That night they lay in bed beside each other wrapped in each other's arms.

"Oh, this is so perfect." Jill said. "I want you always just this way. I love you so, and you are so beautiful."

"I love you too, beauty. You know, that was the name the beast gave to his love in Beauty and the Beast. Beauty, it's such a wonderful name."

The opening night was special, but to Jacqueline, as the performance began, it was all swimming in his head, going on without a seam.

The lines just came, the timing, was on. Jacqueline was that young girl, Cecile, in all her grace and saucy innocence. Then the knowing young maid after the seduction, lusting after knowledge and technique from Valmont.

Jill watched the performance with amazement. How could she ever have thought this person, Jacqueline now, didn't understand woman. On stage and off stage Jacqueline was the very personification of woman.

Through a small hole in the side curtain Jill could see Dr. Westbrook and the encounter group watching the play. They were seated several rows from the front.

Their eyes were as big as saucers when Cecile made her entrance. Could this be Jack? They couldn't believe it. The whispers went down the row of unbelievers.

At the bedroom scene Jacqueline made believers out of them all.

Dr. Westbrook was in a rapture one can only say was religious. Her eyes watched every movement of Cecile; her mouth slightly open. When Valmont lit on the floor and Cecile maintained that wondrous wide eyed look that said she had discovered what life was all about by being felt-up, Dr. Westbrook cried out of pure joy.

At the final curtain the applause was wondrous to hear. Each male cast member made a courtly bow. When it was Cecile's time she came down stage and did a deep

curtsey, modestly covering her décolletage with her hand as she held her skirt with the other.

The cast and audience were amazed and pleased as the entire fourth row of the theater rose and with one voice yelled, "Good girl, Jacki!"

At the final bow several young girls came out with flowers for the women. A teen age lad came out with a marvelous bouquet and presented it to Jacqueline.

The young man was given a kiss and the fourth row again cheered.

Steven Worth took the final bow as the director. The applause was enthusiastic, the cast joining in. They moved in on either side of him, arms about each other. He was beside Jacqueline, as Cecile, holding her tightly. As the curtain descended he gave Jacqueline a big kiss. The curtain rose again at that moment, and the audience laughed and applauded the kiss.

"Remember your promise. We have a date tonight for a midnight dinner," he reminded.

"Yes, I do remember. Good. There's something I've been dying to tell you, Steven. Dinner will be a good time."

"Wear your sexiest dress, my dear. I want you looking luscious."

"What you see is what you get," Jacqueline teased.

Jill was waiting in the wings. She gave Jacqueline a big kiss.

They both rushed back to the dressing room to receive Dr. Westbrook and the group. Their reaction and approval, of course, was what it was all about.

At least, that's what Jacqueline told them.

At this stage of the play, the character of Cecile-with the character of Jacqueline, and her play of life overlaid-Jacqueline could not be exactly sure what was in character, or out of character.

This uncertainty rested in the part of Cecile, in the assignment to become Jacqueline, and especially in the person of Jack.

