



# CANDI DANDI

Story by Ilean Anne Jerque

AI Art by RedRyder

*Formatted by Rebirth*

# CHAPTER ONE

Candi was tall, an attractive girl, certainly the subject of fantasied affections by most of the boys of Highland High School, yet seldom the date of any of them. There was talk about her being lesbian but the known lesbians in the school denied the charges against her, most knowing first hand from Candi's rejections. And the boys that did have the good fortune to date her, at least those who could be trusted to give honest accounts, claimed that she was hardly frigid yet still a virgin.



During Candi's senior year, she took employment in an important, local beauty salon. There, she had the opportunity to be befriended by one of the co-owners, Beverly Simranoff. Beverly was an older woman, single, and the mother of a frail son, Dan. Dan, also a senior, occasionally dropped by the salon after school to see his mother, so naturally it wasn't long before Candi and Dan had been introduced. And ooah, to the surprise of everyone, the introduction led to courtship.



The bond between Candi and Dan grew. They seemed to have quite a bit in common, the same foods, the same music, and the same movies, even to the point of sharing a tear during sentimental scenes. To those who knew them, their similarities in tastes were seconded only by their similarity in appearance. Indeed this was true if one forgave the difference in hair color and nose mass. With their similar build, Dan slight of shoulders and Candi rather broad, both slim, with Dan possessing a rather large pelvis and full thighs for a boy, and both having large eyes and long lashes, they appeared as brother and sister.

As their young romance grew, friends pointed-out their comparable features and the couple laughed and made light of it, but, slowly, their differences became less obvious as Dan, who, as a gift to his lover, allowed his hair to grow.

Graduation came and the young couple married two weeks later. It was a well planed affair. Adorning the bride's maids were peach gowns and white accessories and the groom's men in white tuxes with peach shirts and cummerbunds. Candi's gown was cut with an unusual "suit-ish" effect complete with a opaque bodice with centerline ruffles that extended to a lace collar. This design was almost paralleled by Dan's white tux and white satin, skin-tight shirt. Dan didn't really care for the style much but his mother thought it was a cute idea and was very influential in his final acceptance of the apparel. Viewed from the waist up the couple looked dramatically alike. Candi thought it was neat, especially when they received pictures of the wedding, one of which had been printed with the negative reversed thereby putting them in each others' position.

Like many couples who marry so young, money was scarce. They moved into a garage apartment above his mother's car—no amount of rent is cheaper than free. And, like most couples so young, their lives had little direction but they vowed to their heart's fullest commitment to move in similar directions so that they would not be pulled apart by their maturing.

Candi's desire was to attend beauty college. Dan was agreeable to that, agreeing to work while she attended school, and, helped by a little influence from his mother, he secured a position as a warehouseman for a large, local beauty supply house. The job wasn't hard, in fact it was barely physical, with all similar positions held by girls with long nails save for one occupied by a one armed boy. It didn't pay much either, since pay was based on the quantity of items picked for shipment. But, Dan, being a supportive husband, worked long hours in the darkish, hot environment so that Candi could have her beautician's license.

Candi did what she could to help: diligently packing Dan's daily lunch, providing him with healthy meals and all sorts of vitamins to keep his strength up, splurging only on really classy clothes that she could wear to work while giving the appropriate, high-class impression to the clientele, and bought only the supplies she needed to achieve the necessary expertise in her

profession. This latter point was appreciated by Dan, to a point. That point came when Candi needed a mannequin head to practice on.

It wasn't that Dan was trying to be uncooperative, but he had some problem with Candi's suggestion that they could save the \$212 needed for the purchase of a head with human hair if Dan allowed her to practice on him. Beverly was in the processes of opening an expanded salon, a "make-over" salon that also retailed clothing, lingerie, and make-up. Unable to help financially, she supported Candi's idea. With the two women closest to him against him, Dan soon gave in to the outlandish plan.

At first there were little assignments to be carried out on the head. Candi would roll his hair or give it a facial or some such feminine thing, but the tasks became more demanding. Candi needed to practice make-up, which, of course, meant the use of the head's face. She liked to practice and did so every night, much to Dan's chagrin.



There was also the necessity of practicing manicuring, something which Candi could already do, but to which Dan reluctantly agreed, allowing his nails to grow long and be shaped decidedly feminine. Naturally, the girls at work noticed his nails and readily accepted his explanation without comment, except for their advice on how to keep nails from breaking as he worked. This involved the wearing of nail polish for additional strength and the adoption of what one could call "delicate" hand maneuvers. With the girls' constant tutelage, these gestures, movements not unlike those shared by millions of female blue collars, became instilled in Dan's thin hands. Candi noticed and would respond by touching his hands lightly with hers and moving in parallel.

One day Candi came home with a new assignment: leg waxing. Dan grimaced at the idea but gave in to Candi's coaxing and cooing. After an awkward practice, Dan sat rubbing moisturizer into his painfully red and hairless legs.

Candi was apologetic, and noticeably sexually excited by her husband's smooth legs. She cooed softly and took over the rubbing of moisturizers but continued to fondle Dan's smoothness long after the lotion had disappeared. Soon she replaced hands with legs and then with femaleness. Dan was somewhat shocked by her erotic reaction to his silky legs yet, nonetheless, deeply enjoyed the pleasurable lovemaking that followed. In fact, he enjoyed it as it occurred every night for the following week. He even quickly agreed to not only another leg waxing but also a face waxing when Candi requested it of him. Dan was, naturally, apprehensive about the agony his face was to endure, but Candi assured him that the heavy peach fuzz on his jaw would not be nearly so painful to remove as the hair from his legs. It wasn't, but the wax was still hot. However oddly, Candi's breast cream eased the pain, or perhaps it was just the way she applied it. That night, their lovemaking took on a decidedly French flavor.

It seems to be a part of nature that all young male adults should suffer some accident that causes extreme pain and some degree of physical change and it happened to Dan, not while playing football or baseball, but while engaging in sexual play with Candi. Candi had tied Dan's hands together as part of a pre-sex game in which he was to fondle her only with his soft, hairless legs. Candi played hard-to-get, escaping from the bed as Dan struggled to his feet. Dan charged for her but she neatly side-stepped, the act tripping Dan, causing him to fall, and at the same time taking Candi with him. Crashing to the floor on his back, Dan stared up at his wife. Candi tried to avoid the plunge, grabbing for and ripping off a piece of a heavy wood picture frame, which she then clumsily held before her as she fell with full weight on Dan's face. His nose and cheekbones were crushed to the point of requiring plastic replacement.



Dr. Rush generously agreed to do the reconstructive surgery. Dan placed his face in his wife's hands, as it were, because it was too painful to try to speak and because his eyes watered heavily when open. The doctor advised Dan that he had discussed the necessary repairs with Candi. There would be cheek implants to lift and stabilize his face, and his nose would be repaired and straightened-out but it would be slightly decreased in size due to bone fragments that would have to be removed. Such changes, as was explained to him by his loving wife, would alter his features dramatically and therefore a small chin implant would be fitted to better balance out his new features. The surgery would take place in a couple of days, after the swelling had gone down.

Candi had suspended her schooling to be with her husband. She stayed by his side for the entire next week, leaving only for those things made necessary by nature, and she was there for the three days following the surgery. She spoon fed him, poked vitamins down him, helped with his bathroom trips, washed and dried his long hair—that hadn't been cut in quite some time, ever since he promised to keep it long for Candi's practicing—and she kept his nails well shaped and painted, the latter something that Dan didn't want but Candi imposed upon her captive.

One hot afternoon during Dan's recovery from surgery, when the hospital's air conditioning was operating at less than full capacity, and during one of Candi's rare absences, an event occurred that, for the first time, caused Dan to question the demands brought upon him by Candi's schooling. A new nurse entered his room to administer intravenous antibiotics. She was friendly and talkative, reassuring Dan that Dr. Rush was an excellent plastic surgeon and that "she" would be, "...an even prettier girl after the swelling went down."

Dan questioned her, "Even prettier girl?" The blank expression on the nurse's face conveyed her lack of understanding. Dan extended the question, "You said that I would be 'an even prettier girl.'"

The nurse still didn't understand, "Why, yes. Dr. Rush frequently improves the faces of the women he works on during surgery."

Dan protested, "But, I'm a boy."

Visibly shaken, she tried to explain, "Well, I thought that 'Dan' was an usual name for a girl but I saw your painted nails and long hair and hairless legs and, your skin is pale and smooth, and I just naturally thought that...", "she attempted to finish the sentence with her hands but failed. "I'm sorry. Please forgive me."

Dan viewed his tapering, white legs which lay exposed for coolness, "Its alright. I guess I can see why you wouldn't know." He went on to explain why his appearance was as it was. The nurse praised him for his sacrifices and suggested that he get some sun when he got out.

Dan was released two days later and immediately resumed work with the help of pain killers. Candi resumed school. Dan also tried to restore some masculinity into his life by demanding a haircut, a nail trim, hairy legs, and he went to lay out in the evening sun for the little benefit it would give in darkening his skin. Candi refused to cut Dan's hair (Beverly assisted by reminding him of his promise), agreed to clear nail polish for his nails, and absolutely screwed him into agreeing to keeping his legs smooth. Additionally, Candi's schooling now began to cover hair coloring and again, Dan was to supply the head.

Monday night was to be the head's first color job. Candi chose "Light Golden Blonde," a perfect match for her own color. Dan agreed that it might be fun to share hair color with his wife, especially when she assured him that blondes do have more fun. He sat through the odorous

ordeal, un-appreciating that he could smell the concoction through his healing nose, and gratefully enjoyed the neutralizing conditioner that followed even if it smelled strongly of "Intimate" perfume. After blow drying, Dan was amazed at the result. He sat before the mirror transfixed by his hair that now not only matched his wife's in color but now also in softness, fluff, and almost in length. Candi was ecstatic with the result and thanked him with an extended night of lovemaking.

By Wednesday, a week later, Dan's bandages came off, replaced by a small nose splint.

But, before that was applied, he got a chance to view his new face. He was in shock. Even though swollen, it was clear that his appearance had been dramatically feminized: high, full cheeks lay base to french curved eyes, his diminished nose extended little and appeared as pert and feminine as Candi's, and his chin now extended just enough to draw his entire jaw into a line approximating hers. In shock, he said little to the doctor and little on the way home, but once there, he lashed-out at Candi. It was deliberate. It was narcissistic.

Naturally, her response was crying, something that Dan had never witnessed before. Cooling, becoming empathic to her pain, Dan pushed away anger, "I'm sorry. I just can't believe that you told the doctor to make me look like this. I look so... so... so feminine."

Candi answered through her sobs, "You always tell me I'm beautiful and that you are so proud of how I look and that if you were a girl that you would like to be as pretty as me, so I told him to make you look like me."

Dan couldn't believe this that he heard, "Look like you? Yeah, if I was a girl, then I would like to look like you, but I'm your husband, a man!"

Candi turned on the tears, "But I didn't mean for him to make you look like me, I meant for him to make you look more like me, not feminine, just more like me. I thought you would like that. I thought it would be fun since we look so much alike anyway. I thought it would be fun."

Dan softened, consoling Candi by snuggling close and wiping the tears away from her face with a delicate touch. "It's alright," he assured her, "we can get my face fixed later. I'll, eh, we'll keep



it like yours only more masculine." She smiled at him, kissed him again and again, and they made fantastic love.

Dan came home almost immediately after going to work. He had been laid-off; the warehouse was in bankruptcy restructuring. For the next two days he slumped around the house, depressed. Nothing Candi could do would cheer him up.

"Let's go to a movie," Candi offered.

"Naw," is all he said.

Candi tried something else: "How about a facial. Dr. Rush said that you could take the splint off for short periods. It would make you feel better. You said that you like facials."

Dan thought about it. He did like them. They made his face feel tingly and clean. "Will it take off this tape goo?"

Candi nodded.

"Well," his words came as if it were a difficult decision, "OK."

Candi jumped to action, making him lie in the recliner, carefully removing his nose splint, preparing the mud, cleaning his skin, applying the gook, cleaning it off, toning his skin, applying a smoothing base, brushing on a translucent powder...

Dan's eyes popped open, "What are you doing?"

Candi grinned, "Painting your face."

"Why?"

Candi looked surprised, "Because you like it."

Dan raised one eyebrow, "When did I say that?"

Candi countered, "You never said 'so,' but I saw your face after I did it before. You thought it was neat. I could see it in your eyes when you looked at yourself. You thought you looked neat, right?" Dan couldn't raise a disagreement. Candi went on, "So, night eye shadows or earth tones?"

"Night."

She gleefully, artfully painted his face and plugged in her hot curlers at the same time. After finishing there, she started on his hair.

Dan started to balk, "Now what? My hair?"

Candi jerked a roller tight in his hair. "I need the practice. My teacher says I'm too rough," said she as she purposely jabbed a retaining pin into his scalp.

Dan winced, "Damned right!"

With her husband's hair in rollers, she led him into the bedroom, undressing him on the way. Reaching into her drawer she removed a pair of panties and held them at his feet.

"What's this?" Dan asked.

Candi smiled up at him, "Something different. Something more adventurous and fun."

He stepped into the panties and she pulled them up. She pushed him to the bed. Dan grinned in anticipation. Candi again reached into her drawer, removing a pair of pantyhose. Dan became curious, "Pantyhose?"

"And more," Candi responded with a playful look. After smoothing the nylons onto her husband's silky legs she returned to her drawers. Taking out a bra she motioned Dan to her with a grin and a curling finger. He approached with trepidation. When within reach, Candi slipped the straps over his arms, turned him, and fastened the hooks in back. Turning him again, she reached into the drawer and fished-out a pair of silicon falsies. With a sexy wiggle, she approached Dan and slipped the forms into the bra.

In place, the pads pushed firmly against Dan's chest, creating a surprising amount of cleavage.



"God damn," Dan quietly said as he viewed his chest. "Look at this. It looks like I have boobs."

"Yes," Candi throated as she moved forward and gently kissed his lips. He raised his arms to hug her but she pushed them upward, "Hold your arms up." She stepped to her drawers and returned with a slip. Holding it above her husband's hands, she released the hem allowing the smooth nylon to slither down his body. With her hands on his waist, she aligned the garment and lowered his arms so that the straps could be adjusted. Dan stood looking at her as if he wasn't there at all, as if he were viewing the whole thing from the window. Candi returned to her closet and removed a simple, blue, stretch dress and stepped slowly to her husband. "Please lift your arms."

Dan followed her instructions. As the dress was pulled into place just above his knees, he spoke, "What is this?"

Candi put on a determined face that Dan hadn't seen before, "We're going to a movie." Dan's eyes opened wide as she spoke again, "Its Saturday night and we're going to a movie." She moved to her dresser, picked-up her hair brush, and returned to her astonished husband.

"Clueless,' I think," she said as she began to remove the curlers from Dan's hair, "I've been wanting to see that. It looks pretty funny from the ads." She worked quickly, stripping the curlers from his hair as fast as possible without damaging it. "Or we could see 'Seven.' Maybe a good thriller will pull you out of this slump." She began brushing his hair back, then pushed it forward so that it hung almost into his eyes. "But I don't want to be domineering. Is there one we could agree to see?"

Dan hadn't yet moved. He was not there yet. Hair spray spewing onto his head brought him back, "Are you nuts!? How can I go anywhere looking like this? Somebody will be sure to recognize me. You've really pushed this femininity thing to far now. You've got me in a dress, in pantyhose, and even got make-up on me but I'm a man in a dress and anyone can tell that. Anyone will know that. Why do you want to embarrass me?"

Candi was up to his verbal barrage, "If I can prove to you that no one will recognize you dressed like that, will you go with me to the movies?"

Dan felt up to the challenge, "Yeah, sure, if you can do it without embarrassing me in the process."

Candi took her husband by the shoulders and maneuvered him to her open closet. Taking a pair of black walking heels out, she sat them on the floor before his feet. "Put them on."

Dan obeyed, squeezing his feet into the shoes that were just a touch small. As he looked up toward his wife, she stood next to a full-length mirror. Dan thought he was seeing double. She was standing there in the blouse and skirt she had on earlier and also in a curvy blue dress and black heels. But there was something wrong with the blue dressed Candi: her hair was shorter,

curling just above her shoulders instead of resting upon her shoulders like the Candi in the blouse. And the blue Candi's face was slightly puffy looking as if swollen. It hit him then, his own face. He was looking at his wife on the right; his wife on the left was himself. Stepping forward touched the mirror to make sure it was indeed his reflection.

Turning to her, he could barely squeeze out: "Oh, God."



Candi calmly remarked, "You look wonderful. You're my beautiful, beautiful husband, and I love you." She stepped to him and wrapped her arms around him.

Dan was in shock but took hold of his wife, held her close, and kissed her gently, sweetly. Their kiss lingered for several minutes before breaking. Dan asked, "You like me like this?"

Candi cooed against his lips, "I'm in love with you. And now it's as if you're more than my husband, you're my sister, my friend, and my secret lover rolled into one." They kissed again.

Breaking free of her grip, Dan returned to the mirror, "No one can know about this. We'll have to hide it somehow." Dan took stock of his reflection, he was indeed able to pass as a woman: his waist was small, his hips rounded in the snug dress, his face and legs looked remarkably feminine in the sheer colors. It was a vision almost impossible to believe yet he knew it was himself. He was also able to see beneath the clothes. There had been changes occurring in his body that had led to this. He didn't want to admit them before, maybe he secretly didn't want them to go away, but now he saw them beneath the dress: his soft, smooth, white skin that had become so very sensitive of late, his butt that kept filling while his waist seemed to be diminishing, and the roundish appearance of his pectoral muscles accompanied with small but protruding nipples. His face told the story also, despite the obvious femininity that his bone structure now carried, his skin was smooth and the peach fuzz that Candi had waxed away five days ago had grown back so little that the foundation completely covered it.

He didn't know how long he had been there, he didn't even realize that he had been staring at himself until Candi touched him on the shoulder. Her make-up had been refreshed and she was ready to go. She offered a black purse to him, "Here, I put some make-up in it and a couple of dollars and a few other things that women carry with them."

They kissed lightly but Dan wanted more and ran his arms around his wife, intending on making the kiss more passionate. Candi slid her forearms between them to break the embrace, "Hey, don't muss our lipstick. Geezes, Dan."

Grinning, he broke the embrace and turned to the door, when he suddenly winced in pain and nearly collapsed to the floor, "How can you walk in these shoes?"

Candi laughed, "You have to walk upright, with a straight back, keep your shoulders stationary to your head and your head erect, and roll your hips to achieve forward motion instead of moving your shoulders forward."

"Jesus," Dan remarked. He started off as instructed and, with only two passes across the living room, had almost mastered heels. Turning to Candi, he grinned widely, threw out his arms and asked, "Well?"

Candi smiled, "You're a natural."

Dan's grin faded to confusion, "What do I do to act like a woman?"

Candi reaffirmed what she had just said, "You're a natural. Just be yourself. Don't try to 'act' any way or you won't be 'acting' right. Relax. This is for us to have fun with, not for you to worry about. OK?"

Dan smiled at his wife, "I'm in love with you, you know that?" Nodding, Candi smiled broadly.

Jingling her keys, Candi offered, "I'd better drive, in case we get stopped." Dan agreed.

They traveled to a cinema that they rarely went to, hoping to avoid meeting anyone that they might know. The drive was filled with small talk and light kissing when stop lights would allow. Candi played with Dan's silky thighs, running her hand up under his slip and tickling his pubic hair, trapped under double layers of nylon. Although he truly was excited by the action, he feigned enrapture with head tilted back, heavily breathing around the words, "Oh, yes! Oh, yes!" and gripping his squeezable breasts and touching the tips as if they were nipples.

Candi laughed for she knew that his behavior was a melodramatic portrayal of herself in high sexual excitement. She lowered her voice, imitating Dan, saying, "I'm going to fuck you good, baby."

They saw "Clueless," which Dan thought was truly hilarious and talked and talked about it until he realized that they were not heading home. "Where are we going?"

Candi glanced at him and returned her eyes to the road, "To eat."

His eyes widened as they pulled into a busy, late evening restaurant. "Oh, no. I'm not going in there," Dan tried to hide his fright with a firm voice.

Wheeling into a slot near the doors, she slipped the car into park and switched it off, "What's the matter, not hungry?"

At that moment he wasn't hungry anymore, "No, I'm not hungry enough to go in there like this. What if someone recognizes me, Candi?"

Exiting the car before answering, she quick stepped to Dan's door and opened it, "You went to a movie like that and we didn't see anyone that we knew and there had to be a better chance of seeing one of our friends there than here."

Crossing his arms, Dan refused, "Nope, won't do it."

Candi leaned toward him, "If you don't come, I'll go ask those red necks to help me get my husband out of the car."

Peering toward the nearby sidewalk, he saw four muscular cowboy types eyeballing Candi's round rump hanging out the door. Dan challenged her, "You wouldn't dare!"

Twisting to full height, Candi raised her hand toward the men and, with a curling finger, brought the men toward them. Dan looked in horror for a moment and decided that he better act fast. He snapped his seat belt off and slid one leg out of the car. Candi grinned and then called out to the men, "Oh, thanks. Sorry to bother you guys but we had a stuck seat belt. She got it open now. Thanks for coming over."

Obviously, the men were in no rush to leave two attractive women. Finally, one man spoke, "That's alright, mam," and he tipped his hat, "if you'all ever need halp again and we're around, you feel free to ask." The others tipped also and they headed toward a nearby pick-up.

Dan stood next to his wife and looked her in the face, "You would have done it, wouldn't you?"

"No," Candi smirked at him, "but I'm glad you got out because I couldn't figure out what I was going to say to them when they got here." As the couple entered the eatery, they provided a pleasant view for the friendly men.

Dinner was great, and there was no one there to recognize the pair, though there were many inside to take notice of them. In fact, no less than four men offered their company for dinner. Thankfully, Candi refused them all, saying that she and her sister wanted to spend time together.

Back home, love-making was better than ever, lasting well past midnight, giving Candi little sleep before school. Dan slept all morning until woken by his mother's rapping at the door. Dragging himself up, he hazily opened the door, forgetting that his hair showed evidence of being curled and make-up lay in patches on his face. "Hi, mom."

There was a pause before she spoke, "Well, don't we look cheery this afternoon."

Feeling the curls roll on his neck, memories returned and he grinned sheepishly, "Oh, yeah. Candi and I had some fun last night."

Chuckling, she offered, "Must have been a blast. Your phone is off the hook."

"Uhh," Dan scratched at his stomach and yawned, "guess we knocked it over or something."

His mother's head dropped slightly, "Candi's folks called. Her dad is sick again. He wants her to call."

Rubbing some sleep and crumbling liner from his eye, "She's in school. I'll call and tell her."

Beverly nodded and gave her son a hug, "Don't wear make-up to bed, sweetheart. It's bad for your skin."

Candi padded into the kitchen and dropped into a chair, "Dad's going into surgery again for his back. He didn't say so but I know that they could use some money."

Dan shook his head, "Like we're supposed to help."

"Maybe we could do something," Candi's concern showed on her face. "Maybe I could take off from school for a while and get a job."

Dan's heart heaved. Candi was near the end of school. Quitting now, even if she could go back, would be a severe set-back. Breaking the silence, "You've gone too far and I've been through too much for you to quit now. Your dad has insurance and your mom works. They've been through this before and survived and they had to take care of you then, too. They'll be alright."

Candi's head dropped and tears trickled down her cheeks, "I'm worried. I think Dad's not going to be able to go back to work. Even with the insurance, they're going to have a big reduction in income."

Dan threw his hands up, "Like what are we supposed to do? We're almost out of our savings and I'm still out of work."

Beverly's voice drifted in from her bedroom window, which was only a few feet from the apartment's kitchen window, "Dan, I need another sales person in the boutique. Why don't you give it a try?"

"Oh," Dan was getting angry, "just eavesdrop whenever you like, eh Mom?"

Her voice came in louder, "I'm trying to sleep and I hear my kids are in trouble. What am I supposed to do, not help? I'm a mother. It's what I do."

Cooling, Dan spoke back, "So you're going to make a job for me so that I can have an income. Gee, thanks, Mommie."

Beverly countered, "Don't get an attitude with me. The job is open. It pays a hundred a week plus twelve percent commission. If you want it, it's your's. If you don't, then you can go flip burgers."

Candi looked at Dan, who was obviously giving it some consideration. Speaking softly to him, "Sweetheart, it's a job. Surely selling clothes would be better than selling hamburgers. It's cleaner, anyway." He hadn't said anything but she could see him soften. She touched his cheek, "Com'on baby, it's a job. It's just a sales job. You can do it. Please?"

Reluctantly, he agreed, "Alright, Mom. When do I come to work and what do I wear?"

Beverly's voice carried her drowsiness, "The store opens at nine. Wear something nice. Now, you two go make love in the bedroom so I can go to sleep."

Candi jumped up gleefully, "Thank you, sweetheart. At least I won't have to worry about us anymore. Com'on, let's go take the rest of Mom's advice."

Braeburn-Simranoff was a growing concern, with two namesake locations. Carol Braeburn ran the original salon downtown. Beverly and she had initially been partners but had divided the

partnership into Braeburn-Simranoff and 'The Braeburn-Simranoff Salon', with the opening of the north salon's boutique. B-S, the boutique, was Beverly's idea and financed by herself. While most of the big business had stayed downtown, the residential areas had moved north. By offering up-beat, quality, office to evening wear, Beverly was attempting to cash in on providing her customers what they needed for downtown while near home.



Dan reported for work in casual shirt, tie, and slacks and with his nails shortened and his hair pulled back into a neck hugging ponytail. His first day was spent mostly in learning stock and the basics of operating the business. The few attempts he made at sales amounted to nothing, but that was expected the first day. As the days wore on, however, Dan's sales were hardly impressive, in fact, they remained mediocre despite Dan's increasing knowledge of fashion. By the end of a month, Dan was ready to walk out, and probably would have had two things not happened: Candi entered her last phase of school, which involved her actually working in a salon, and, that salon was B-S.

## CHAPTER TWO

Monday still found Dan riding to work with his mother, but Candi would be there after lunch. Her arrival was a matter of small celebration. Beverly had brought cupcakes and cookies and a short party ensued. Dan was pleased to have his wife so near, but, another male would have been a welcome companion.

Candi quickly fell into the routine of the salon and even sent Dan a few customers. Dan would make a few small sales, but most of the customers chose Sally or Trisha to wait on them. This last pattern was to continue for the next few days.

Sally and Trisha both liked Dan, and were sorry to see him losing sales. As the opportunity arose, they tried to find out what was happening, and did. At closing one night, Dan and Candi were talking to each other. Sally took the opportunity to disclose the girls' discovery, "Hey, guys, I need to talk to you a minute. Dan, Trisha and I are making a lot of sales right now but we don't like doing it at your expense. We've been talking to some of the customers, especially the older ones with money. They like, well, they don't mind having a gay man fixing their hair but they don't want a guy selling them clothes."

Dan reacted quickly, "That's ridiculous. Why would that make any difference?"

Candi interrupted, "Wait, Dan. It makes sense. You've been around women here long enough to understand that. Clothes are personal. Women don't want to talk to men about them or about themselves to a man. Sally, what do you think the customer's attitude would be toward a gay salesman?"

After a moment of thought, she offered, "It might work. Like I said, they don't mind a gay hairdresser and hair is personal, too. I hope you won't be offended, Dan, but you don't look very masculine. Your hair is kinda long and you move your hands like a girl. I thought you were gay until Beverly told me that you were married to Candi. I think that your sales were better before the customers found out about that, too."

Dan agreed, "Yeah, my sales have slumped since Candi started." He turned to his wife, "I guess I'll have to go to burgers."

Candi was quick with an idea, "No! I mean, you don't have to. We'll just tell everybody not to let customers know about us. That way they can just go on believing what they used to believe. In fact, maybe we could do something to enhance the idea that you are gay."

Dan didn't like the thought. "So what should I do, flit around like some faggot? Maybe swish my hands around and say things like, Oh, that's just adorable, Miss Thing,' or Oh, daaarling, it's just lovey on you," he emphasized with stereotypical, melodramatic motions.

"Don't be stupid," Candi said flatly. "All gays aren't overt and nelly. Most gay guys are just ordinary guys. All you'll have to do is just be yourself but look more the part. That should do the trick."

Looking at his wife with squinted eyes and wrinkled nose, Dan conveyed his displeasure at the idea.

Sally put in her two cents, "It might work. I think it just might work."

Candi took his hand in hers and held it gently, "Com'on, sweetheart. Just try it for a few days. If it doesn't work, then you can quit."

Dan didn't want to be part of the situation but he secretly thought them right. There was one possible problem, "What do you think Mom will say?"

"Don't worry," Candi squeezed his hand, "I'll explain it to her. She wants you to be successful for both of our sakes. She'll agree and then we can go on working together." She kissed him sweetly on the lips. It was done. Dan agreed.

Rising early to prepare, Candi agreed to skip school to help him get started. Under instruction from his wife, Dan began with a shower and shampoo. Candi added some styling gel to his wet hair and used a blow dryer to drive out water and add some fluff. Pulling his hair back into a simple bun, she left it loose enough to still look full about his head. Then she plucked his eyebrows to a point short of feminine but far away from masculine. Adding a light touch of powder to his face and a hint of mascara to his lashes, she finished his face with a slightly colored lip balm.

Off to work. Arriving before opening, there was a little more needed to complete the deception. A decision was made to keep Dan's light colored cotton shirt but it's front would have to be open a bit to expose his white chest. His slacks would have to go. Some khaki colored, straight-legged, silk pants were the ticket. His shoes went, too. In their place were a pair of unisex, nylon knit loafers.



Dan was quite nervous and uncomfortable at first, but the deception worked. His third customer was a very well-to-do lady who thought he was "just charming," and bought a three hundred dollar suit at his suggestion. As he began to relax, his sales began to get better. By the end of the day, he had sold just over five hundred dollars of clothes and accessories. He was ecstatic. Forgetting how he was dressed, after work Candi and he went to his favorite burger place, where he might of had to work, to celebrate a job that he no longer needed.

On Friday morning, Dan leaped from bed to get ready for work. After a shower and a light breakfast, he raided Candi's closet. Donning a pair of black, dressy pants, he selected a pair of her black shoes, ones that were kind of clunky and not very feminine, and then to top the outfit, he chose one of his own shirts that had once been white but which had been washed with a deep red t- shirt, and was now light pink. Walking around, looking at himself in the mirror, Dan decided that the shoes were too tight. Candi had suggested that the problem was the thick socks that he wore and that wearing some of her knee-highs would fix it. Dan though that this might be going too far but, when he tried it and it did stop the discomfort, he kept them on. Candi applied his make-up as the day before and did the same with his hair.

His Friday sales were only about two hundred and fifty dollars, but he realized that five hundred plus dollar days were rare and that this was still better than any day before except for Thursday. Clearly, the change of attire and appearance was working. He continued to dress in much the same manner for the next week and his sales stayed near two hundred a day. While this was far better than he had done before, the boutique was beginning to take off and Sally and Trisha were pulling in over three hundred a day. By Saturday night, and from an innuendo from Candi, Dan had decided that perhaps if he dressed with a little more flair, that his sales would be better yet.



Monday was to be the day of the experiment. He chose his knit loafers but with knee-highs and a pair of Candi's white jeans which were tighter than her dress slacks and squeezed a much more feminine shape into his rear and thighs than her dress pants did. Then he selected a rayon blouse of shiny green. And finally, although he wore no more make-up, instead of pulling his hair into a bun, he himself, pulled it into a pony tail, high on the back of his head, and secured it with a green schungii. Candi was surprised at his zeal, and mad because that was her favorite blouse, the one that she only wore on special occasions. Dan argued with her over the right to wear it, and Candi, gave in, but not before spraying Dan liberally with Vanderbilt Eau de Toilette, saying, "As long as you're going to wear my favorite blouse, you should also wear my favorite perfume."

Dan's day went well, with sales topping three-fifty, an exceptional amount for a Monday, even for Sally. The increase was positive enough for Dan. He continued his "flair" dressing, becoming a bit more feminine through the week until he was convinced that being more feminine meant more sales. Finally he began to feel more comfortable. He was making enough money that he could afford to support Candi and himself, and since she now had an income, that meant that she could send her folks some money, and that meant that the arguments would stop.

Tuesday was a dark, wet day. Thunderstorms were dumping wave after wave of heavy showers and were to continue into the night. By the time Candi showed for work, only two of twelve appointments had shown, most of the afternoon appointments had canceled, and the boutique hadn't had one customer. Sally was off and Trisha wasn't feeling well anyway, so she left, leaving Dan to run the shop alone. All but a few of the beauticians had gone home, those left would care for the die-hard customer or two, but mostly they lounged in the comfortable waiting area. Dan joined them. By four, boredom had reached insanity levels.



For something to do, the girls began giving themselves make-overs. Margie, a girl from England, wanted to "give Dan a go." Of course, he said no, but after some prodding from the gang, he gave in. Margie started with a facial and then talked Dan into allowing her to shorten his hair in the front. He became lost in some spark of conversation and paid no attention to Margie winding rollers into his hair until he recognized the acid smell of a perm on his head.

With his head burning, he turned in the chair to face her and demanded, "What do you think you are doing?"

Margie jerked him back around, "Giving you a body perm, whatcha think? You said you needed more fluff in your hair to pull off the gay thing and I said I could help."

Staying seated but angry, he countered, "You didn't say anything about a perm."

Margie leaned across his shoulder to look him in the eye, "Yer air is too thin to just put it on rollers and ave done with it. `Sides, I've already started. Want me to quit now and waste what I've already opened?"

A slight shake of his head and a touch of slouch told Margie that he accepted her effort. As she finished and set him under the dryer, another girl, Violet, set about giving him a French manicure. This he didn't really mind because it could be easily removed.

Soon the perm was washed out and his hair re-rolled, and he was again baking under the dryer. Margie's five-thirty showed and while she busied herself with her client, the rest of the pack attacked Dan, stripping him of his pants and waxing his legs and face and eyebrows. Candi and Rosa had control of his face, and after the wax was removed, they set about giving him a complete painting. Dan was embarrassed even though he was among friends.

Finally finishing with her client, Margie was able to finish Dan. Removing the rollers and brushing out his curls, she added some spray and turned him to the mirror.

His hair had been shaped into a take-off on a page-boy. Big, full bangs flowed back into feathered sides and curved into smooth curls that rested gently below his jaw. It was a very feminine style, and, when viewed with his carefully painted face, left him looking, mirroring, an attractive woman. The gang gathered before him and stared in awe. Not only did he look completely female, but he could easily be Candi's sister—twin sister. Margie commented, "Now see, you look absolutely smashing, a dandy lady."



*Candi Dandi*

*Ilean Anne Jerque*

Rosa burst out laughing, "Candi and Dandi, twins!" The girls looked at each other and then at husband and wife. No one else laughed. The resemblance was truly remarkable.



"Maybe a dress," offered a voice from the crowd.

"No!" Dan stopped them, "This has been quite enough for one day. It's past closing and I think that Candi and I and the rest of you ought to call it a day and head home."

Everyone turned to Candi. Looking at her pretty, feminine husband, she grinned. "OK," she simply said with a shrug of her shoulders.

Not much was said on the way home. Dan drove with inappropriate care on the flooded streets and the silence lasted forever. At home, the couple ran up the stairs and shook water from their umbrellas and clothes. As they stepped into their living room, Dan took his bride by the hand and looked her in the eyes, "You like me like this?" His question was superfluous; Candi never had a chance to answer. Pressing his raisin color lips into hers, he piloted them into the bedroom.

+++++

Candi's voice echoed out the bathroom door, "What are you going to wear?"

Dan, standing before the closet, replied, "I'm kinda unsure after what happened Tuesday. I don't know if I should go back to wearing what I was or to go ahead and be more feminine. Do you think that the girls would buy it if I wore a bra?"

Laughing, Candi peered at her husband around the door frame, "They would 'buy it' about as well as they 'bought' our both calling in sick yesterday. They won't care. Look, you've been having good sales while wearing my clothes despite the way they hang so loosely on you. Wearing them with more correct shaping will help your appearance and maybe your sales."

Shrugging his shoulders, "I suppose that I should have boobs if I'm going to wear my face and hair like this."

Candi echoed from the bathroom again, "I don't think you should worry about dressing as a woman. You're beautiful, the customers like you like that, and the girls think you're too pretty to be dressing as a boy anyway. Quit worrying."

Dan countered, "I'm not worried."

"Ohhh," Candi sounded exasperated, "I thought that we had this conversation yesterday, remember? I know you well enough to know when you're unsure."

His voice lowered a few decibels, "We were laying side by side then. It seemed farther away and much easier with your skin next to mine."

Leaving the bathroom and joining Dan at the closet, she slid her arm around his shrinking waistline and turned to evaluate the clothes, "Why don't you wear my light blue, rayon long

sleeve and my black dress pants and black slippers. You'll look real classy. And use my beige bra, the low cut one, but don't bend over too much or someone might see your falsies."

Chuckling, Dan asked, "And what woman would be looking down my blouse?"

Kissing him lightly on the lips so as to not mix colors, "This one will. Maybe some other female will find you as interesting as I do. Or, maybe some guy will."

A shudder snaked down Dan's back, "No men."

Candi's face hardened, "Don't forget, you're nearly my twin and men look at me. Men will look at you, my sweet. Don't retreat from them, but you needn't be attracted either. Remember that you are my husband. I'm the one whom you love."

The week had gone well. Dan had over \$1600 in sales despite having missed a day and no one questioned his sudden femaleness, not even regular customers. In fact, the girls each commented on how attractive he was, a consensus also held by Beverly, whom had previously remained silent regarding Dan's continuing femininization.

A celebration was due on Sunday. Candi had been allowed to take her tests on Friday with her class, despite her missed days, and passed with very high marks. Her license would be in by the end of the following week. The couple decided to go to the restaurant that they had before, attired much as they were before. Candi was tickled that Dan had suggested the affair and ecstatic that he had even agreed to a stroll along the river bank in the park afterward.





Dan wore a simple khaki dress, accessorized with a purple and gold scarf over his shoulder, beige heels, and a gold belt.

Impressed with her husband's fashion sense, Candi followed suite wearing a black dress with a red and yellow scarf draped around the neckline and red accessories. With gold hair and smiles of enjoyment flashing, the girls were an enchanting pair, well noticed by many men.

Dinner was fun and the stroll most delightful, despite the difficulty of heels sinking into soft ground. On the way home, they passed a coffee bar and Candi suggested they stop. Dan agreed, feeling secure in both his portrayal of a woman and in their distance from the normal haunts of their friends.

Candi had a cup of Kona with a shot of vanilla, Dan had Columbian with hazelnut and honey, and two young men in the shop had their eyes on two girls that were just their cup of tea. Finding a table near the attractive women, the men sized-up their future conquests, making mental notes and comparing possible opening ploys and weaknesses, and agreeing that their best shot at introductions would come from an offering of roses, purchased from the flower girl that had so conveniently entered the shop. Selecting appropriate flowers, blood red for the girl in black, and fragrant, tea pink for the one in khaki, Rick and James moved in for a chance for romance. James headed left with the red rose, Rick right with the tea pink.

Candi spotted the advance and, from experience, knew what was to ensue but held her tongue. Dan, having limited encounters with hormone driven men, wasn't aware of the situation until a rose appeared close enough to his face for it's view and it's scent to arrive at the same moment. Dan was sat back by the forwardness and sat shyly looking into Rick's piercing blue eyes while Candi and James pursued the first encounter.

James introduced the boys, with Rick injecting his name on cue. Candi returned in identical form with Dan supplying: "Er, ahh, Dan...di," at his opening.

Niceties were passed, with each smiling at the proper moments, and some small talk ensued. Dan did his best to play along but was still awkward with his comments and a bit frightened by the obvious attraction that Rick showed toward him. Candi offered apology for her sister's shallow behavior, and, using the standby, explained that they were out for an evening together without the company of their husbands who were, Candi added without consulting Dan for approval, both currently stationed abroad with the Marines. She then flashed their wedding rings.

Rick was quick to observe, "They are identical bands."

Shocked at his attention to detail, Dandi thought quickly to cover, "Yes, we married cousins and had a double ceremony."

Candi half choked on her sip of coffee, "Oouh, still hot," she coughed out through a giggle.

James patted Candi on the back but Rick suddenly struck a curious pose and stared intently at the girl in khaki, "I wonder if we could have coffee again sometime. I think I speak for both James and I when I say that we enjoy your company and will respect your vows of marriage."

Dandi's chest rose with a huge inhale and his eyes widened in fright as he looked at his wife, but she answered for them, "I don't think we should. After all, it is better to avoid temptation than to toy with it."

Dandi's eyes closed and he dropped his forehead onto the tips of his fingers as he exhaled. Niceties were again passed and the boys went back to their table leaving the girls clutching their roses.



Dan was still a little off center and annoyed with Candi's giggling, which he recognized as her having fun. "You shouldn't have invited that conversation. You know that I don't want men around."

She took a breath and looked her husband deeply in the eyes, "That was so much fun! I wish I could tear your dress off and make love with you right here on the floor."

Blowing a gust of air from his puckered lips, "You wish to embarrass me more?"

That brought a laugh from Candi. She leaned to Dan and speaking low, "You need to relax more. You're so tight that it's obvious that there is something amiss about you."

Grinning, Dan replied, "Maybe if I was a miss, I wouldn't feel so uncomfortable being attractive to men."

Pashawing him, "They don't know that you aren't a female. They would only know if you told them. Like I told you before, men are going to think that you pretty and they are going to make passes at you. Turn down their advances with grace, not as if you were contemplating punching them in the face."

Dan's demeanor dropped, "Maybe that's the last masculine response I have left. I'm so feminine, Candi. Why do you like me like this?"

Gathering her thoughts before answering, Candi softly said, "I don't know why to put a reason to it. Maybe I'm lesbian. Maybe I am narcissistic. Maybe both, but, I love you and I want you even more because I realize how you've sacrificed for me. You're my husband and I'm proud of you, even if I have to hide it from your admirers." She took his hand and squeezed it lightly in affection.

Dan was quizzical, "You liked the fact that that guy was attracted to me?"

"No, silly," Candi grinned, "I liked the fact that they were attracted to us and that they didn't know about you. It was fun. I hope that you appreciate that."

Dan nodded in acceptance and smiled, "I love you."

Candi smooched her lips toward him, "I love you, too, my pretty husband." And when the young couple returned home she made every attempt to show him.

## CHAPTER THREE

The conversation over breakfast the next morning was different: "I feel funny."

Candi looked at her husband, "You feel sick?"

Dan shook his head, "No, I mean inside. I'm fixing to wear a skirt to work."

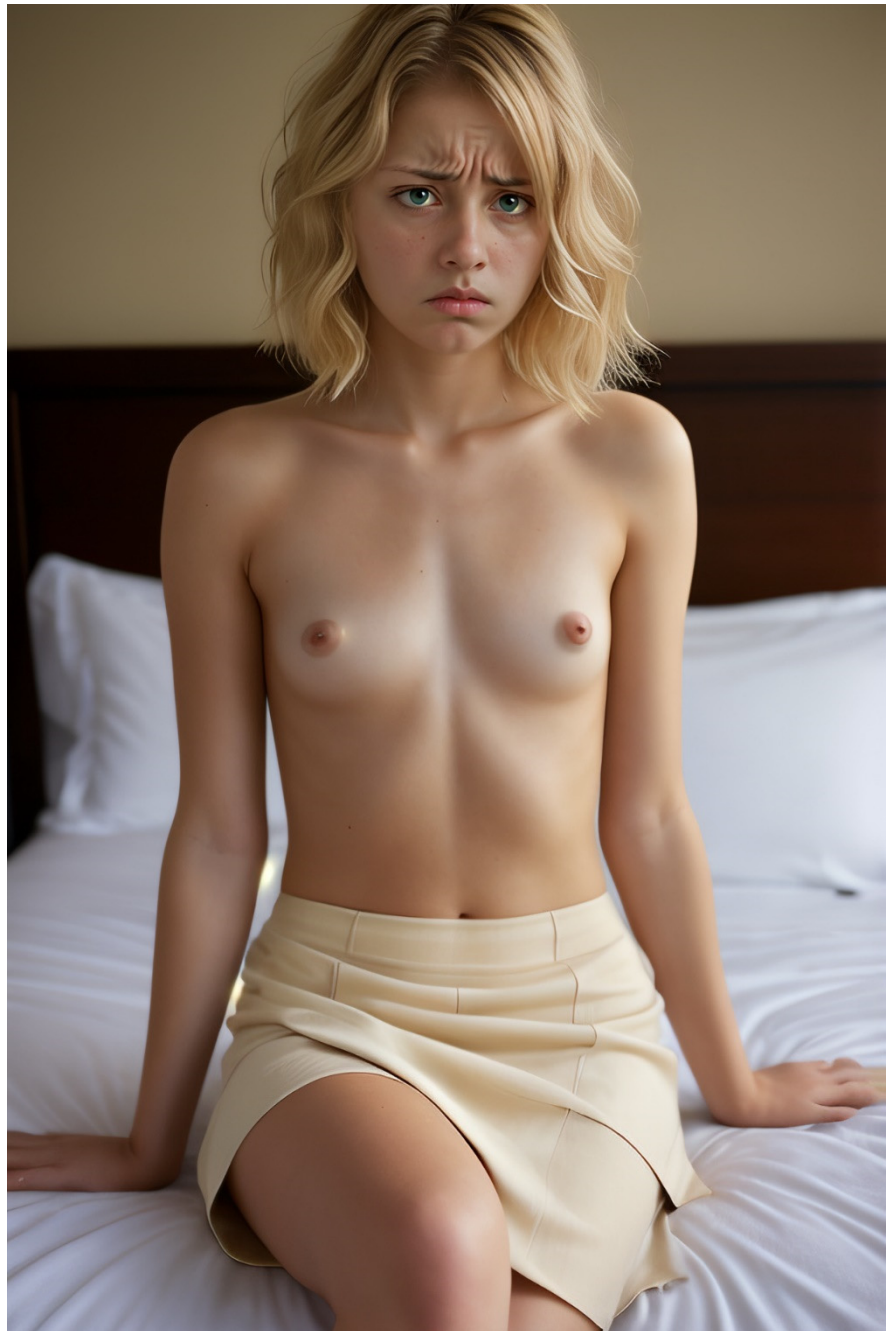
Candi kissed him on the lips, "Are you afraid that some man will find you attractive?"

Wincing, "Thanks for reminding me of that possibility. No, I mean, that I'll be really dressed as a woman at work. I'm giving up all traces of my manhood."

Grinning, Candi offered, "I can think of one part of your manhood that you're not giving up."

Taking a deep breath, Dan decided to breach a subject that he hadn't wanted to before, "That's not exactly true. You and I both know that that's getting smaller even if it is more sensitive now. And we both know that these lumps under my big nipples are budding breasts. Do you really want me so feminine that you have to feed me female hormones?"

With due concern, Candi sat next to her husband and took his hand as she spoke into his face, "Yes, my sweet. You know what's happening and you don't refuse it, and you know that I'm passionately attracted to the changes in you. Please, you know that you no longer would be comfortable trying to be a masculine man again. And you know that I love you. Please let me continue with what I've started in you."



Resting his head in his hand, Dan tried to retain his composure, "I don't feel right being so much a woman and married to a woman."

Tears began to leak down Candi's face, "Are you going to divorce me?"

Shaking his head, he drew in a breath, "No. No, that would be stupid. Aside from the fact that I love you, you are right about me not being able to go back to being a masculine man.

I never was one anyway. Do you realize that I haven't even shaved in a week?" Candi nodded. Taking both of her hands in his, he looked into her wet eyes, " I guess that I'm just afraid that I'll completely become a woman and you won't want me then."

"No," she said quietly into his eyes.

Dan smirked a little grin but then looked down at their hands before returning to her eyes and the conversation, "I will look as much like a woman as you want me to, but I need to know that I'm still a man. I want to back off the hormones. I realize that to keep the changes that you love, I'll still have to take some but I don't want to become a woman."

Candi exploded into crying and, sympathetically, Dan did, also. They held each other until the emotions played out, fixed themselves up, and went to work a bit late.



Beverly was waiting at the door as her son entered. A bit of shock crossed her face as she saw her skirted son, "Well, if you're going to wear skirts and heels, then don't wear denim. We're selling business attire here, not sportswear."



Floored by her attitude, Dan sputtered, "Ahh, yeah, OK, Mom."

After hugging him, Beverly headed off to her office leaving he and Candi alone. Candi hugged him and started for the salon but then stopped, "Sweetheart," Dan's ears perked, "you're going to have to change that name tag. It needs to read 'Dandi.'" He grinned and nodded.

The week had gone well. Dandi had led the girls in sales, racking up over \$3500. After closing on Saturday, the couple was laughing away at a joke Candi told Dan as he backed out of the parking space and into the rear wheel and fender of a new Jaguar sedan. With the laughs suddenly over, the couple slowly emerged to face the owner of the Jag. Candi recognized the driver immediately. Likewise, Dan knew him—he had looked into those piercing blue eyes before. It was Rick.

"Dandi!" Rick was surprised and the anger flew away from his face. "If you wanted to stop me, you should have just yelled."

Sheepishly grinning back, Dan tried to keep the subject on the accident, "I'm sorry, Rick. I've got insurance. They'll fix it."

With a half-grin, Rick noted, "And, I'm sure, at a substantial increase in your premiums. Jag's aren't cheep to fix. There's probably two thousand dollars damage here if not more, plus the towing and maybe a new tire."

"I'm really sorry, Rick," Dan offered. He was sincere in his apology but he could tell that Rick wasn't angry. In fact, he almost looked pleased.

"Now," Rick took a few steps forward to look into Dandi's eyes, "I'm a pretty successful doctor, and, being single, I'm putting away a nice chunk of money. This is a week's profit to me. Let me make a deal with you."

A chill ran down Dan's spine, "A deal?" he squeaked out.

A big grin passed across Rick's face, "I'll fix the car at my expense for three dates with you. No sex! I'll respect your marriage and won't even make a pass at you. I just want you to be my escort for dinner or a movie or dancing, whatever we can agree on, and a chaperone. Candi, or whomever you choose can come along, the evening will be on me."

Feeling overwhelmed, Dan looked at his wife.

Rick reiterated his offer, "Just three dates and then if you choose to never see me again then I will accept that and be happy."

Candi nodded a little "yes." Turning to his tall protagonist, Dan agreed with a nod.

"Great." Rick's smile displayed his honest glee. "Ahh, what are you doing tonight? It would be our first date and I already have reservations at Bluebeard's."

"We're free," Candi jumped at the chance, knowing that Bluebeard's was one of the best restaurants in town.

Rick smiled and knocked on the top of the car and motioned for the passenger to exit. James appeared from the open door. Rick presented him, "There's an escort available for you, Candi, If you so choose."

Candi nodded with a grin.

Dan was floored, "Cannndiii!"

"It's alright," Candi submitted, "Will (Daniel Willis being Dan's given name) would understand. Besides, it might be fun."

Clapping his hands, Rick was pleased with the situation, "We'll have to go in your car. Mine seems to be out of commission."

After having the car towed to a repair shop, the couples headed for dinner. It was a scrumptious seafood feast, and the couples went bowling afterwards. Normally one of Dan's better athletic skills, the art of picking-up and aiming the ball proved to be an embarrassing experience with his now long fingernails; and should we also mention his weakened shoulders and shifting center of balance?

James was quite the card, able to make Dandi laugh at undesired moments. His effect was nearly the same with Candi, but the collapsing of Dandi's guard remained his target. Rick was

clever and fluid in personality, certainly likeable, but a bit haughty, as if he had to stand away a slight bit because he needed the space to control all that was happening—perhaps a hold-over from the operating room. All in all, Dan had a good time, which he didn't want to admit, but which he had to eventually or else lose Candi's favors for the evening.

Getting ready for the date the following Saturday posed a problem. The day had been unseasonably warm for autumn, but a fast moving cold front promised quick change. Candi lamented, "James said to wear something casual. Maybe jeans, or would that be too hot? The cold front isn't due till two or three."

Dan picked-up on what she hadn't said, "When did you talk to James?"

"Yesterday, at the store," Candi said calmly. "He didn't say where we are going, just what to wear. Hey, shorts! And we can carry leg warmers just in case."

Dan pressed, "He came to the shop?"

"No," Candi said as she began to dig in the bottom dresser drawer, "I talked to him on the phone. Why don't you wear shorts, too. I'll wear my red pair, they're too tight in the crotch for you, and use my red leg warmers. You wear my yellow shorts and carry the multi-color warmers."

"He called you?" Dan asked in a quiet tone.

Candi stopped and turned eye to eye with him, "Rick called for you. You were busy. I put him on hold but you were with Mrs. Standing and she started to look at those satin turtlenecks, so I got back on the phone to tell him you'd be awhile and James was on the phone. I talked to him. Should I feel jealous because Rick called you?"

Feeling put in his place, Dan still tried to mount a defense for his jealousy, "I didn't realize. But, you know that I don't, couldn't have any feelings for Rick."

Squinting her eyes in building anger, "I know what you say and I know what you want to believe and I know what I saw in your eyes when he hugged you after his strike won you guys the second game. You like him, Dan."

Backpedaling, Dan tried to say honestly what he felt, "Well, yeah, I like him. I mean, he's OK, you know? He's more fun than I thought but he's a guy and so am I. I'm not interested in him like you could be interested in James. Your insinuation is ridiculous."

Not saying anything to further the argument, Candi turned to the dresser and pulled out her yellow shorts, "You want to wear shorts with me?" She held the pants up and out to her side. Her back remained toward Dan.

Not saying anything until Candi turned toward him, Dan smiled at his wife, "Can I wear your yellow t-shirt with my red flannel shirt?"

Candi broke into a smile, "Red and yellow, it's a bit flirty."

Nodding, Dan leaned to touch his nose to hers, "Yeah, you always liked red and yellow together." She pressed her lips to his.

Rick's Jag was out of the shop. He and James were prompt, at seven-thirty, to pick-up their escorts. Dandi sat up front with Rick at his insistence. Needing to pick-up a catalog order of some shoes before they were sent back, the foursome's first stop was the mall. Across the promenade from the pick-up desk was a video arcade. Noticing each other looking at the Mortal Combat II game, Dandi and Rick challenged each other.

Struggling with the controls for more than an hour brought only a draw between the two. Rick was honestly shocked. Seizing the opportunity, Dandi claimed that even a draw was a victory for femininity. Then, realizing that thinking that way was indeed 'female,' he changed his glee to mere level acceptance.

Glancing at the small watch adorning his white wrist, Dandi observed, "We've been at it a long time. I wonder what happened to Candi and James."



Rick shrugged his shoulders, "I think James said something about going to Spencer's."

Curious, Dandi asked, "How did you know that?"

Rick giggled, "Well, they told us." Dandi's face questioned, Rick continued, "They stood behind us for, maybe, ten minutes."

Raising one brow, Dandi asked, "When did they do that?"

Checking his watch, Rick looked surprised himself, "'Bout thirty-five minutes ago."

Dandi smirked, "I was beating you then."

Looking both ways down the promenade, Rick put his hands in his pockets, "Should we play again or go find them?"

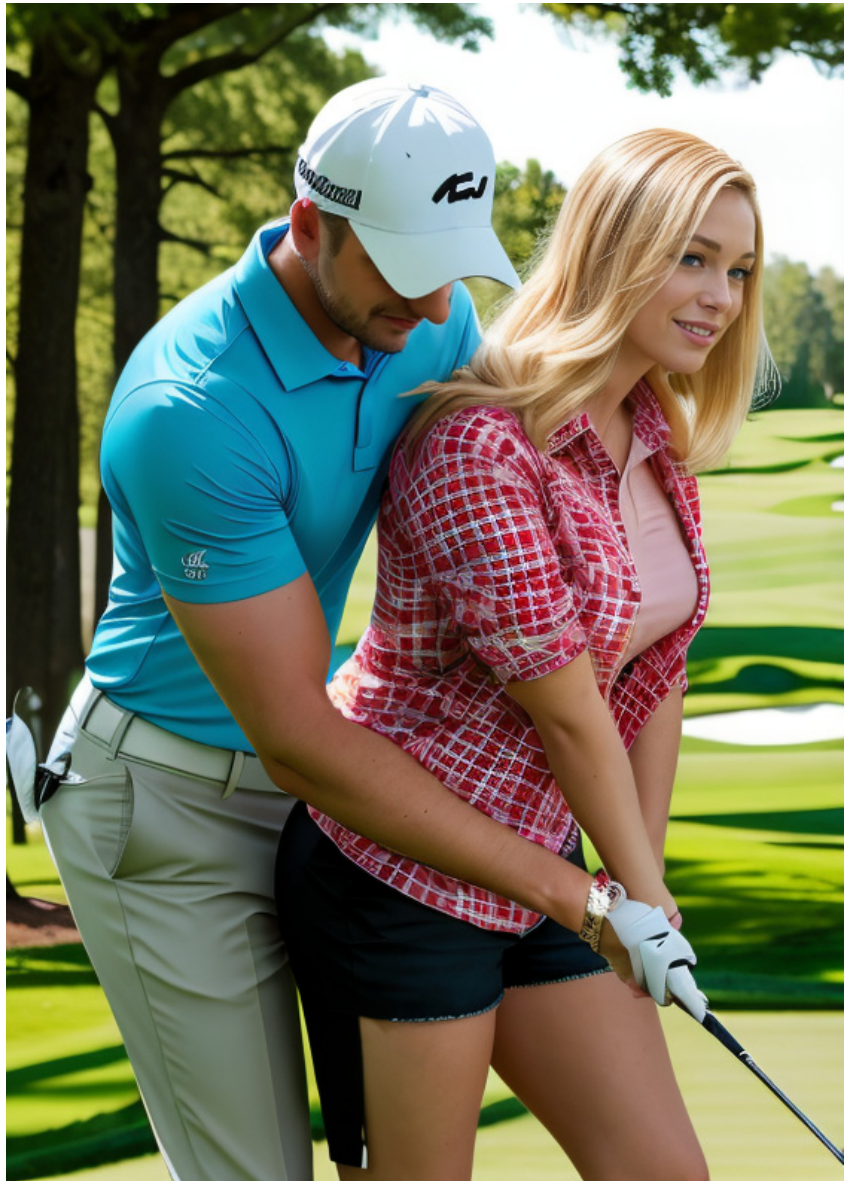
Looking both ways down the promenade, Dandi hunched a little and looked at the machine, then looked out of the corner of his eyes toward his challenger, "Ahhh, better go find them."

"Yeah," Rick nodded his head as the pair walked away.

Fifteen minutes had passed before the couples were reunited. Having taken seats on a bench in front of a french bakery, Candi and James both smiled somewhat awkwardly as the two combatants approached. After several minutes of discussion, they agreed on gyros from a Greek eatery across the hallway. After gobbling down the greasy food, the foursome headed for the golf course—miniature golf.

Neither of the girls had played golf before, and, as you might expect, it wasn't long before the boys had their arms around the girls, showing them proper putting.

Embarrassed at his poor performance at something that should be so easy, Dandi gave in to the instruction and found himself having fun despite his expectation of disgust. By the time the second round had been reached, the girls' tutelage had paid off with higher scores, but not enough to win the girls the match.



Nearby the Sebastian River crawled through the park, and while it had always been an enjoyable walking area for Candi and Dan, the thought of walking the banks wasn't the same when Rick suggested it. James' seconded the idea and Candi just shrugged her shoulders in agreement. About twenty minutes into the walk, the breeze became a cold wind. Donning the leggings, the girls turned for the car. It was midnight when they reached the mobile shelter. James suggested nightcaps. Brian's Hideaway was only a couple of blocks away, had a live band, and would provide a perfect wrap to the evening.

They danced, Dandi avoided the slow ones, and drank, no one questioned the age of the two girls with the two men who were regulars. But the drinking experience of the two teenagers was very limited and a few drinks left them loaded, but Dan continued past that. Holding onto the boys for stability as they headed for the car, Candi threw-up a few steps shy of the door. The drive home was mostly quiet.

When they reached the apartment, (Candi and Dandi had told them they were sharing to save money while their hubbies were overseas) the girls staggered out, supporting each other to the stairs where they stopped to catch their breath before heading up. Rick was barely feeling his two drinks and Dandi said that she appreciated that he didn't drink much and drove safely, and, much to his surprise, kissed Rick on the cheek to show it.

Candi was witness to the event and took the moment to thank him and kiss his cheek, too. James was near her and Candi thanked him and gave him a shallow kiss on the lips. Dandi tried to turn up the stairs but Candi nudged him toward Rick, indicating with a little head raise that he should do the same to Rick. The whole thing was a little too obvious, so Dandi gave Rick a similar kiss just to avoid embarrassment, and immediately followed it with a claim of possible upchucking and headed up the stairs. Candi was close behind.



As the door slammed shut, Dan started, "Why the hell did you do that? The agreement was that I didn't have to have to be attracted to him. Why did you make that scene?"

Candi crossed the room and flopped on the couch, "Dan, girls kiss boys when they are provided a good night. You did it right. There wasn't any passion in your kiss nor in mine. It's just the way it's done."

"Oh, god," Dan wasn't finished. "Is that fun for you? Do you find your husband kissing a man exciting?"

"Stop!" Candi yelled, "Maybe this is my fault. I pushed you into having a good time despite the circumstances of our being there. I suppose it's only natural that you should begin to like him. He is charming and very attractive."

Dan was flabbergasted, "Like him?! He's a man, goddam it! You're the one that wanted me to fucking kiss him. And you kissed James! Shouldn't I be jealous? Shouldn't I?"

Candi began to cry, "I watched you with Rick tonight. You didn't act like you were trying to avoid him. And you kissed him first!"

Suddenly Dan remembered. He had kissed first. He could hardly remember it; it was a shock to him that passed quickly in his drunken state. Losing all his steam and sitting near his wife, he drew in a deep breath, "I didn't want this. I just wanted to make some money and please you. I didn't want men involved."

Candi lay back into his lap, "You do please me, Dan. You're so precious and beautiful and the man that I want. No matter what happens, no matter what, I love you, Dan. I'm very happily married."

Touching her cheek, he bent to kiss his wife, and they kissed and kissed until dawn, and exhaustion, brought sleep.



## Several Months Later

Rubbing his eyes and resting his forehead on the back of his entwined fingers, Dan sat before a breakfast of toast, scrambled eggs, skim milk, and aspirins at four in the afternoon. "Why does my head still hurt? I got plenty of sleep."

"You had too much to drink," Candi reminded him of the obvious. "You didn't have to keep sucking them down every time you came back to your seat. Why is it that guys drink too much when they're having a good time?"

Shaking five aspirin into his hand, he popped them into his mouth as he spoke, "You got drunk, too."

Candi sat next to him, "Yeah, but I still didn't have as many as you and I threw-up a lot of that."

"Well," Dan swallowed down the medication with milk, "thank you for getting breakfast."

"You're welcome," and she planted a kiss on the top of his head.

"Ouch," he winced and held his head. "Watch it."

Picking up a fork of eggs, Candi offered, "You know you need to shave your moustache. You haven't had any hormones in two weeks and your `stash is becoming itchy even if it can't be seen yet. Eat and go take a shower. That old make-up looks so awful that I can hardly stand to kiss your face."

"Just as well," Dan whimpered, "that would probably hurt, too."

Looking over a rack of clothes at his wife, Dan asked, "Do you realize my birthday is Saturday?" Candi nodded. "We're supposed to have my last date with Rick. We'll have to tell him, and James, that it's your birthday also or keep it from them. I'd really rather not tell them and wait till next Friday and we can celebrate for both of us on your birthday. Maybe we can go to a fancy dinner. We can afford it now."

Shaking her head, "Let's do both. We can go out next Friday and we'll tell the boys that this Saturday is our birthday."

"Saturday is your birthdays?" Rick appeared at the end of the rack.

Twisting to look at the tall man, Dan stammered, "Errr, Rick! What are you doing here?"

He smiled, "My surgery for this morning canceled, so I thought I'd drop by and see if you two would like lunch."

Starting to decline, Dan was cut-off by Candi's question, "Where's your constant companion?"

"James?" Rick asked. Candi nodded. "He's tied up at his office, in fact, he got a promotion today. He's the new Liaison Officer for his corporate office. Could lead to a partnership for him. He wanted to celebrate this Saturday and now it seems as though we'll have extra reason for celebration. He wants to go to the Little Theater's A Mysterious Disappearance, it's gotten great reviews, and I'll spring for dinner at O'shea's."

Smiling, Dan looked over his perfumed shoulder at Candi, who's slight nod and accompanying smile signified agreement with what Dan thought a good idea. Turning to Rick, "OK. Sounds great."

Rick beamed, "Wonderful. A triple celebration. Seven o'clock? Curtain is at seven-thirty and I'll get us reservations at ten." With a little bow and started to leave but then stopped, "Lunch?"

Candi shook her head, "Got a twelve-thirty."

Dan declined also, "I have to get this new stock out and displayed."

"OK," Rick waved, "see you Saturday." He walked out.

Looking at her husband, "You sure didn't seem to mind those plans."

Dan shook his head as if it wasn't anything

Candi charged him, "Don't give me that. I see it in your eyes. You're smiling!"

A touch of embarrassment shown red in his face, "I've heard some good things about the play and O'shea's is the best restaurant in town. We couldn't afford an evening like that."

Candi smirked, "Just remember, you're coming home with me."

Dan was checking himself in the mirror, concerned at his appearance, "Maybe the blouse is too low cut."



Candi's voice drifted in from the bathroom, "It's fine. You look nice. What are you so fidgety about?"



Taking stock a moment, "I don't know. You ever get the feeling like, you know something's going to happen?"

Candi's astonished face peered around the door frame, "God, Dan. You've grinned uncontrollably all week every time this evening was mentioned and now ten minutes before the boys are to show, you've got jitters?"

Dan was jittery, "I can't help it. I just feel funny."

Candi pashawed him, "So what, you've been back on hormones for three days and already the female intuition is kicking in?"

Smirking at his wife, "Ha, ha. Very funny. Though," Dan stepped toward her, emphasizing his seriousness, "there could be something to that." Candi disappeared into the bathroom without a word. Moving to the bed, sitting, and slipping on his new red heels, he just couldn't figure out what he felt. "What do'ya think, Poison? White Shoulders?"

Candi sounded frustrated, "You've already got Poison on. You're exasperating tonight."

+++++

The knock on the door signaled the beginning of the evening. Everyone was excited and chattered up to the theater door. The play was indeed good, well acted and well written. The evening had been great so far and Dan's odd feeling had slipped away to the point of his forgetting about it.

O'shea's was not exclusive but it was expensive, secluded, and very romantic with lots of ivory covered lattices, soft chairs, cubby-hole dining areas, and the heavy scent of roses and gardenia in the air. Reservations were for a booth with velvet covered, over-stuffed benches and candles on the table. Dinner was first class, roasted lamb chops, asparagus in a glorious wine sauce, strawberry crepes, little birthday cakes for Candi and Dandi and a congratulatory one for James, and champagne—several bottles of champagne.

A band played softly before a small dance floor. James and Candi had an after dinner dance while Rick and Dandi waited on the check. After the waiter returned with Rick's credit card, Rick said that he had a little surprise for Dandi's birthday, and maneuvered him to the foyer at the front of the restaurant. He motioned that she should sit on a love seat and he sat beside her. Digging in his pocket, he said, "This is something that will really change your life." Opening his hand, he produced a syringe, partially filled with a yellowish liquid.

Not quite understanding, Dandi asked, "What is it?" Then looking into those glistening, piercing eyes, Rick's expression put a chill down his spine.

"Hormones," Rick's face became slightly threatening. "Female hormones. But not like those pills that Candi has been giving you, these are more potent, more effective. You'll be getting two a week from now on." He waited till shock read on Dandi's face before he went on, "Yes, I've known about you from the first. I checked you out after we left the coffee bar and confirmed my suspicions. I know about Candi, too." Waiting for a moment, Dan's anger began to swell to his face. Rick shushed him before he could speak, "Now don't go getting all mad or you'll make a scene in front of these people in the booth," he indicated the booth directly adjacent to the foyer.

Peeking through the lattice to see the faces of the people in the booth, Dan tilted this way and that. Finally, leaning forward to clear the leaves, he recognized the faces of Candi's parents. Jerking around almost fast enough to come off the seat, Dan yelled as softly as he could, "You cock sucking son of a bitch, I'm gonna...."

"Tut, tut, tut, tut, tut," Rick cut him off. "Now if you're going to get mad and not take your shot, I'll have to ask that gentleman over there at that table to help me calm you down." His finger casually pointed to a table on the far side of the foyer, just inside the archway.

The lighting wasn't good so it took a few moments for Dan to recognize the face he hadn't seen for over three years, the face that didn't even make it to his wedding, the face of his father. Dan's mind boggled. How did this bastard arrange all this. As a geologist for an oil company, his dad

was rarely anywhere near town. In fact, the reason he hadn't made the wedding was because he was in Saudi Arabia. Dan's eyes squinted in hatred as he peered into Rick's, "You're not going to get away with blackmailing me into this. After tonight all I have to do is not give you the opportunity to give me another shot. I'll even go to the police."

Rick grinned and took a alcohol swab packet from his pocket, "Let's see, Candi giving you her prescription, Paul Kinders, you remember the guy who used to bully you around all the time, will be the detective investigating your clam, I've already dropped your name to him as suspecting that you have been running around in some disguise so that you could pedal drugs without being recognized," Rick removed the swab from the packet and whipped the inside of Dandi's arm, "and then there's the fact that you never registered for the draft. I am on the registration staff of the draft board. All in all, you've got a lot to think about if you don't show up for these shots every Wednesday and Saturday. Oh, there are a few more things but I don't want to bore you with all the gory details." Placing the needle against Dandi's arm, he gently shoved it under his skin, and then pressed the liquid into the pretty boy.

Watching the liquid enter his arm, Dan almost went to tears, "Why are you doing this to me?"

Rick was arrogant, "In due time my sweet. For now, let's just say that I enjoy seeing young boys become beautiful women. And, by the way, I will be seeing you every Saturday night, and Candi if you like, for dinner and dancing or whatever and a shot. Of course, along with your standing appointment for your injection on Wednesday, there will be a short physical exam. There will be no sex at anytime, I don't want to give you any viable grounds for a lawsuit or for criminal action against me. So, I suggest you just take your medicine, which it is, and enjoy all the money I'm willing to spend on you as my weekly escort. Questions?"

Small tears trickled down Dandi's cheeks, "Should I tell Candi?"

"Indeed," Rick grinned, "but I seriously doubt she'll be complaining about the changes in you very much. Actually, I believe she will enjoy your blossoming far more than I. Certainly she will receive more benefit from it." A few deep sobs passed through Dandi and the tears began to flow. Rick offered his handkerchief, as a man should for any lady in distress, "Why don't we go to the car. I'm sure it will be easier for you to regain your composure there. Besides, you wouldn't want your in-laws to see their daughter-slash-son-in-law out here crying." Dandi took the handkerchief; his need was greater than his honor.

Outside, in the dark, Dandi's tears flowed in mascara blackened rivers. Closing his fists, he jabbed several times at Rick. Rick easily blocked the shots, making Dandi even madder and his tears flow even more. He collapsed against the car.

Coming at a run at the sight of Dandi leaning against the car crying, Candi's concern edged as tears in her own eyes, "What is it? What is it Dandi? What's wrong?" Failing to get anything but sobbing, Candi shook her husband's thin shoulders until he answered.

Recounting the entire event, Dandi's tears subsided with his wife's consoling. At the end of the story, Candi faced Rick and shot a fist into his jaw.

Easily recovering from the impact, Rick countered, "You fight better than your pretty husband."

"Com'on, Dan," Candi pulled him up, "Let's get a cab and go home."

"That's not necessary, Rick sounded threatening, "I'll run you both home. It will give you both a chance to look over the \$3500 bill on the Jag and the police report for the hit-and-run in the parking lot." Candi looked at him in hatred. His steely face displayed nothing, "And I do have more, but I wouldn't want to give away the whole picture yet."

Dry-eyed, Dan sat on a stool before the bathroom mirror, "I want to kill the guy." Candi, sitting on the edge of the tub, nodded in agreement. Exhaling heavily, Dan muttered to her, "How do you suppose he not only found my dad but then managed to get him there?" Candi shrugged. Rubbing his fingertips lightly up and down his forehead while his elbow rested on the counter, "I'm scared. What are we going to do?"

Candi's response was slow in coming, "He's got to be very well connected, very powerful, and very mean to have put this together. We don't have any choice but to obey him." Dan buried his face into his left palm. Candi continued, "We'll plan revenge later. Right now we need time and we need to know why he's doing this."

Feeling sick to his stomach, Dan flatly asked, "What about the hormones? What are they going to do to me?"

"Make you more feminine," Candi answered in like. "I wouldn't mind the changes but I know that it might be too much for you. How are you going to feel when you start filling your bras with breasts instead of plastic?"

Dan inhaled softly, "We've got to find a way to stop him. I don't want to be a girl."

Candi's eyes flickered to life as she saw a ray of hope, "Dan, Rick isn't gay and he doesn't want sex, so he doesn't want you to be a girl either. It won't go that far."

Dan wasn't optimistic, "You sure?"

"Yeah," Candi nodded, "I think so. He doesn't want you to be a girl, he only wants you to look like a girl to fulfill his voyeuristic fantasy. God! That's creepy!" Dan looked at her in the mirror. Returning his stare, she offered, "He wants what I want of you, only more so."

Turning to face her, "You agree with his forcing femininity on me?"

Rising, she stepped to her husband, slid her crotch over his nylon clad knee, wrapped her arms around his neck, and smirked only inches from his face, "Well, I'm not exactly sure yet." Pressing forward against his crotch with her pelvis, she kissed him passionately for several minutes.

As they came up for air, Dan remarked, "Jesus. I'm beginning to believe you are lesbian."

"Not totally," Candi grinned as she sent one hand to Dan's nipple and the other to his crotch.

## CHAPTER FOUR

Returning to the waiting room for his wife, Dan rubbed his skirt, under which itched the latest injection site. "He's using a bigger needle. I think he's increased the dosage."

Rubbing shoulders with him as they walked, Candi observed, "Your breasts are absolutely exploding in size and it's only been eight months."



Dan grimaced, "They aren't that big."

Candi's mouth opened wide, "Well they're growing faster than mine ever did."

"Do you think," Dan grinned, "that that wouldn't be the case if you weren't spending every evening sucking them off?"



Candi grinned knowingly, and with a good bump, succeeded in knocking Dan's bra strap from his shoulder. A look of concern crossed her face as she watched her husband digging in his blouse to reset the errant elastic, "Do you think that he could be giving you an unhealthy dosage?"

"Naw," Dan shook his head, "he's been giving me vitamins with the shots to make sure I stay healthy. And every couple of weeks he takes a blood sample to make sure my blood component levels are alright. But, I'm sure he's giving me as much as possible. Do you think that's why my nails are so weak lately? It's got to be why I'm so cold all the time." Sliding his hands into the

arms of his sable coat, a gift to keep him warm, Dan pulled it closed around his torso and ran his fingers through it's rich pelt. Candi did the same. They grinned at their mirrored actions.



Shoving open the outside door, the snow-crisped breeze curled beneath Dan's skirt, forcing him to gasp. Shivering despite his fur encasement, Dan's next sentence came out slowly, "His birthday is next Sunday. He wants to take me on a three night cruise with some of his society friends."

Grinning, Candi asked, "We're going on a winter cruise?"

Slowing his steps, Dan quietly said, "The cruise is around the U.S. Virgin Islands. It's already summer down there. But he wants to go without you and James."

Candi's step faltered on the icy ground, "Do you suppose that he's decided that it's now time for sex?"

"I donno," he said without confidence. "His examinations are certainly more touchy-feely than I would consider necessary but he hasn't touched me down there for more than a few seconds at a time. He just wants to show me off, so he says. He thinks that it will be so much fun to have a 'beautiful, feminine lad on his arm while none of his stuck-up friends suspect.' It makes me feel cheap, like a bauble or something, you know?" Candi nodded. Pushing his bangs out of his eyes, he continued, "I told him I'd talk to you about it. I know that I won't feel comfortable without you there, but I'm afraid that he'll come up with a way to force me to go if I don't accept." Again, his wife nodded. His expression changed to questioning, "You suppose I'll have to wear a swimsuit?"

Grinning, Candi replied, "You'll be on your period." With a big smile, she added, "With a heavy flow." Dan laughed. She asked, "This date Saturday, does he want us to go out?" As she spoke, she slipped on some ice, skidded a few feet down the sloped concrete drive, slammed her knee into a pipe barrier, and screamed in pain. Dan tried to catch her but the act sent him sliding butt first into the curb. Scrambling to his feet as well as possible on the icy concrete, Dan almost skated to his wife to offer aide. The impact had caused an instant swelling of her knee and she couldn't walk. Leaving her upright and clinging to the pipes, he went for help as fast as humanly possible while in heels and on a slick surface.

A severe strain, the doctor had said. She would be off her feet for at least a week and standing for only short periods for a couple of weeks after that. Dancing was out for the evening and probably any chance for the cruise. Candi kidded Dan, "I wonder how Rick arranged to have me slip there and damage my knee so that I couldn't join you on the cruise.?"

Rick was prompt, seven-thirty as usual. Instead of a hello, the first thing out of his mouth as Dandi opened the door was, "Are you on for the cruise?" Dandi reluctantly answered affirmatively. Rick whipped out his cell phone and pushed a preset. There was a wait, then, "Hi, this is Dr. Rick Baker. I want to confirm my reservations on the Windswept Cruises March 20th cruise." "Dandi Simranoff." Turning to Dandi, "Waterbed?" Dandi shook his head. Into the

phone, "No." "A queen would be fine." "Three-oh-nine? That's the main deck?" "No extra charge! Well, lucky us." Sauna, also." "I'm quite pleased. Thank you very much." "Yes, I'm sure we will. Thank you Mr. Williams. See you then." He folded the phone, dropped it into his pocket, and turned to Dandi, "A cancellation. We've got a stateroom on the main deck with it's own sauna."

With his hands on his hips, Dandi added, "And a queen size bed."

Rick grinned, "Plenty of room for two without contact."

Dandi charged, "Remember that part."

Nodding toward the bedroom with his chin, "How's Candi doing?"

Reaching for his coat, Dandi advised, "Sore and bruised. She's staying with Mom tonight since you're forcing me to go out. Can James get another date?"

"He, er," Rick stammered, "bowed out. It's just you and me tonight. I'll get you home early tonight for Candi's sake. No sense being a total jerk. You've been cooperating nicely. I think that you and she haven't hated all the dates we've had. Remember the New Year's bash at the country club?"

A big grin forced its way across Dandi's face, "OK. You're a bastard but you can be a fun bastard."

Cupping his hand to his ear, "Did I hear `fun'?"

Answering through a toothy smile, "Bastard. Fun bastard."

Closing the door after Dandi was seated, Rick ran around the front of the car and slid into the seat. "Since this is our first date alone, let's celebrate. O'shea's. I know you love it."

Memories of their first time there replayed in his mind, "I do have some bad memories of the place, you know. You are still blackmailing me. I can't forget that even when we do have a good time."

Taking Dandi's hand in his, Rick kissed it lightly, "Please allow me the chance to provide you with a good memory to weigh against the bad one." Dandi agreed.



They talked, even laughed, as they traveled and as they waited nearly an hour for a table. Smoked salmon, green beans almondine, wild rice melody, and some dancing in the romantic atmosphere all added to lower Dandi's guard.

Sensing this, Rick played a hand while they danced, "You really should wear a dress more often. Skirts and blouses, no matter how pretty, have a kinda business attitude that doesn't go well with a pleasant evening. These big red flowers on the black background look very nice on you. You are exceptionally beautiful tonight."

Dandi was becoming used to receiving compliments from men but the strength of this one from Rick sunk deep. It wasn't that it was so much out of character, though rare, it was out of timing. Any other night the complement would have started the evening. Tonight, while dancing, it wasn't just a set-up, it was from within.

In the car, Rick offered something else that was out of character, not new, just unexpected, "Let's get stoned."

It surprised Dandi. "I don't think so. I really wouldn't feel comfortable without Candi here. I get too ditsy when I get stoned."

Rick pressed, "Com'on. Just one joint. It's been a long time since we've been stoned. Just one joint and we'll share."

Adding a stipulation, Dandi agreed, "Only one, but we go someplace besides Drifters. The soft music there would put me to sleep."



Thinking a minute, Rick came up with The Exchange. It was only a few tokes away and the music was updated disco. Taking the smoldering dope from him, Dandi agreed.

Every light was red between the restaurant and the night club, giving plenty of time for a leisurely smoke. As they parked, Rick took a hit, reversed the joint, and called "Shotgun," as he leaned toward the girl, offering her the smoking tip. Dandi leaned to the tip and inhaled the strengthened stream of THC.

Rick took the roach from his lips but his face remained. Leaning a touch more, his lips pressed softly against Dandi's. Reacting by Pavlov's response, Dandi kissed back until his mind caught up with what he was doing. Pushing away, he throatily voiced, "Rick!"

Looking a little embarrassed, "I'm sorry. I got carried away. You really do look very nice tonight. I just forgot. Forgive me?"

"OK," Dandi smiled.

"Thanks," Rick leaned forward and kissed Dandi again.

Pushing him away, Dandi demanded, "What are you doing?"

Rick smirked, "Kiss and make up?"

Dandi laughed, opened the door, and got out before Rick could make another move. The couple stashed their coats in the Jag's trunk and ran through the parking lot.

The Exchange's dance floor was huge and crowded. Pulsating rhythm was accented with an extensive light show. On the other side of the floor, separated by a sound deadening wall, was a quieter bar. It was also a bit warmer. Dandi sat on a sofa, rubbing the cold from his legs while Rick secured two straight double brandies to warm them inside. After talking through the drinks, the couple made it to the dance floor.

Bumping into others and stepping on toes is a frequent hazard on the dance floor and Rick and Dandi had their share of giving and receiving both. When an annoying young man fell, smashing Dandi's foot with the back of his head, Rick called the evening. Running back to the car, they entered without retrieving their coats, trusting the car heater to have enough residual heat to prevent their freezing. They sat, car idling, until Dandi couldn't take it any more.

Grabbing Rick's hands, she pulled his arms apart, threw herself against the man's chest, and closed his arms around her. Shivering against each other, they huddled until the heat came up. Rick lit another joint and offered it to Dandi. She took it without thinking, and passing it back to Rick's mouth and then to hers, it was nearly finished before Dandi realized that she was so sexually excited and horny that she couldn't smoke. Reaching for her chest, she found Rick's hands there, pulling at her nipples.

Struggling to face him, Dandi could barely ask, "Why are you doing this? You said no sex."



Kissing at Dandi's neck, he whispered into his jewel adorned ear, "You've become a beautiful young woman. You are desirable to men." Boldly, Rick unzipped Dandi's dress and, pulling it

down, exposed her white shoulders and chest. Skillfully sliding his hands inside Dandi's bra, he cupped the young breasts gently, rubbing the engorged nipples with his thumbs, "I don't wish to, even can't, have intercourse with you. These," he said while squeezing her nipples softly, "beautiful, budding breasts are as close as we need to come to sex. Allow me to fondle you, to smell you, to kiss your sweet breasts and suckle them as they were intended to be."



Dandi's head was spinning. Scrunching in the seat to allow Rick's mouth access to her nipples, she was seduced. Artistically dancing his tongue across her stiffened nipples, Rick sucked and softly kneaded Dandi's breasts until she writhed in orgasmic spasms. Marveling at the lad's feminine response, Rick whispered, "Relax my sweet, sweet girl. Enjoy the warm feeling that orgasm has filled you with. When you are ready, I'll take you home." Softly massaging Dandi's reddened breasts, they talked quietly until the boy's strength returned enough for him to redress. Rick zipped the dress closed.

+++++

Keeping his word, Rick brought Dandi home early, arriving before midnight. With a quick kiss goodnight, Dandi retrieved his coat and headed upstairs for a shower. Dressed in fleece and sable, Dan crossed the yard and entered his mother's house to sleep on the floor next to the couch where his wife lay sleeping.

The smell of bacon and eggs waking him, Dan padded into the kitchen. Candi was already at the table. Sitting next to his wife, they shared a kiss.

Turning from the counter, Beverly placed a plate before Candi. She stopped, looked at both people at the table, picked up the plate, and placed it before the real Candi. "I swear Dan, you two look just too much alike. You even look like you have breasts."

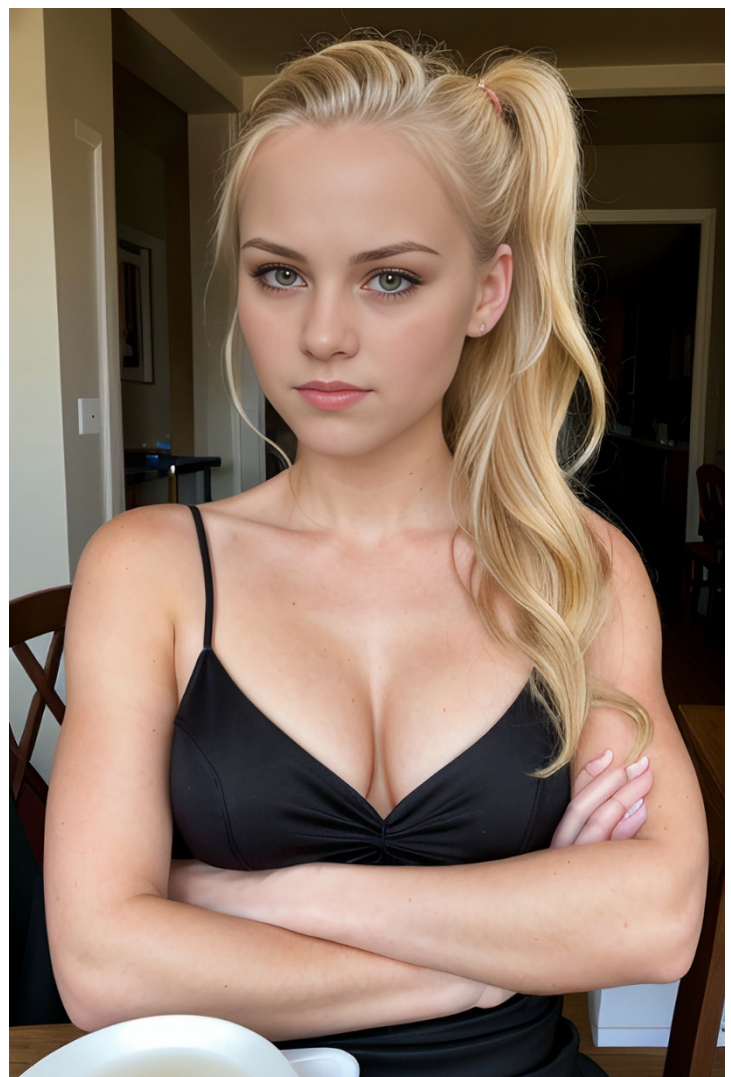
Crossing his arms over the mounds on his chest, "Don't be ridiculous. Can I have some breakfast, also?"

Beverly nodded, "So what happened with your blackmailer?"

"Dinner and dancing" Dan said matter-of-factly. "You did miss something though, sweetheart. We went to a new place called The Exchange. Rick got so annoyed at the crowd that he brought me home early."

Candi smiled, "I was afraid that he would try to get fresh with me out of the way. Did James get a date?"

"No show," Dan shrugged.



Questioning her son, "You went ahead and went with that SOB without a chaperone?"

Staying as poised as possible, Dan lied to the two people that meant the most to him, "It was no big deal, Mom. He doesn't want sex, just like he said."

Candi was skeptical, "He didn't try anything?"

Fighting the urge to convulse-up the truth, Dan rubbed his right eye as if something just flew into it, "Two kisses, one after dinner and one good-bye. And those I wouldn't have given him if you hadn't approved them before." His eye miraculously clearing, he was then able to look Candi in her eyes.

Not speaking to him directly, Beverly did grumble out her feelings, "Kissing a man. Guess this looking like a girl has gone to his head. Kissing a man, huhh."

After breakfast, arm in arm, Dan supported his wife as she hobbled to their apartment. Her knee felt better but still had some swelling. Two days later she returned to work, upright and limping.

Thursday. Lugging Dandi's suitcase to the Jag's trunk, Rick stowed it and slid into the driver's seat to wait while the young couple kissed their partings. Tears glistened on Dandi's face as she dropped into the seat.

Rick consoled her, sort of, "You'll get over it once you're on the deck and feel the sea spray in your face."

Glaring into her tormentor's eyes, "I had to lie to her about the other night. I don't want to have to do that again."

Rick nodded without saying a word.

It took ten minutes to the airport, fifteen before the boarding, half an hour before take-off, six and a half hours to Miami, an hour ten to the ship, and eighty-eight minutes till the ship moved away from the dock. Dandi leaned against the railing, watching the sun set into the disappearing shore line. Her heart was barely beating in her chest. It was the first time that she had been away from Candi for more than half a day since their marriage and here she was, far away from home, with a man that, with reasonable surety, wanted to bed her.

"Beautiful, isn't it?" a young uniformed officer stood near.

Shocked away from her thoughts. Dandi turned to the voice. Green eyes smiling beneath curly blonde hair, caught her own. Something needed to be said, "It's my first time away from home. I'm a bit uncomfortable."



"It'll pass," the officer assured. "The sea has a way of washing away troubles. I'm Dr. Davis, Jeff to you, if you wish. It's my fourth cruise. I left my practice two months ago and needed a complete break, a prolonged vacation. This job fit the doctor's order perfectly."

Grinning at the poor joke, Dandi commented, "I hope that your knowledge of medicine is better than your knowledge of humor."

Nodding in agreement, Jeff asked, "Aren't you going to the Welcome Aboard party?"

Dandi had seen something about it in the brochure but hadn't read it. "What's the deal with the party?"

Taking a breath to start a dissertation, Jeff began, "It's the welcoming event of the cruise and it's casual even though it's held in the main ballroom. The band plays, the Captain gives his welcoming speech, and there's lots of food, booze, and fun. If you have no date, I would be honored if you would allow me to be your escort."

Almost sadly, Dandi replied, "I'm with someone. But, I don't know where he has gotten off to. Perhaps you could show me the party. It sounds like somewhere he might be."

Jeff grinned, "I suppose half an honor is better than none. This way, fair lady."

The main ballroom was at the back of the ship. Taking the winding way, through the ship's middle and up one flight, they came out on the grand stairway. The view over the ballroom was exciting. If one were not aware that it was the end of March, one would believe it to be New Year's Eve. Playing some Miami Sound Machine, the band was loud and good. The light show was dizzying and there were a lot of people having a good time. Dandi grinned at Jeff, grabbed his hand and charged down the stairs.

An hour had passed. Dandi was a little light headed from drinking but had spent most of the time dancing, and not just with Jeff. Ready for her third drink, and a chance to cool off, Dandi was waiting her turn when a blotto drunk Rick lurched up to her. "Issabout time. Wored you go when you spit, split?" he slurred out.

"Outside," Dandi answered simply. "I see you're having a good time. Been here long?"

Having trouble keeping one eye open, Rick looked at her, "Came here at...righhht affer you left." Burping heavily, the odor of whiskey and corned beef wafted to Dandi's nose.

Dandi's stomach turned, "Thanks. I really didn't need that."

Raising the eyebrow over the eye that wouldn't stay open, "Sofery. Look, I somesimes get sick when I waak-up. So, jus puta trass can by a bed. K?"

Pushing him back as he had drifted into her face, Dandi turned her head for a breath of fresh air, "Do you suppose that you could go take a cool dip in the ocean to sober up a little before you come to bed?"

Rick tried to think about what she said but lost the thought, "So, I'll jus see you layer. Bye." He waved with his fingertips and tilted toward that side, then turned for the bar.

Not wanting to deal with another encounter, Dandi opted for a stroll around the pool, trying to kill enough time for Rick to pass out before she headed for bed. The breeze was a bit strong, the ship was heading into the wind, but the reflection of the full moon was bright on the water, undisturbed by the clouds that drifted across it's face, broken only by the little white caps that swirled and popped in the wake of the ship.

"Romantic," Jeff said.

Startled, Dandi twisted to face him, "Yes, but to me, right now it's lonely."

Moving to be beside her, there was silence for a moment before he asked, "That guy in there, he's not the one you're pining for, is he?"

She shook her head, "It's a like-hate relationship. Sometimes I like him and sometimes I hate him, but mostly I like hating him."

Nodding, Jeff asked, "So are you with him?"

"No!" then recanting, "Well, I'm with him but that's it. I'm an accompaniment for him, nothing more."

A 'knowing smile' crossed Jack's face, "an easy paycheck?"

The question meant nothing to her, "What?"

Curious at the questioning on the pretty woman's face, "You aren't in it for money?" His inquiry was slowly spoken. "I understand he's very wealthy. He was the sole air to a food manufacturing company that was bought out by Pillsbury. I understand he's in the low triple digit millions."

Shock crossed her face, "You know this for sure or is it just something you've heard?"

"Well," he leaned against the railing, "I know he owns a bunch of properties in the Virgin Islands and about four per-cent of this cruise line. That in it's self is worth enough to keep him from ever having to work."

Bewilderment rose in Dandi. Such money would explain the expensive gifts and evenings out but why? What purpose? He could afford to buy boys to femininize. Why him?

Dandi's mind ran over the options until Jeff broke her thoughts, "Did I say something wrong, or what?"

"Huh?" Dandi gave her head a quick shake to clear it, "Sorry. You gave me something to think about. Look, I think I'd like to go to bed. Would you mind walking me to my cabin? I'm not sure where it is and I really don't want to be alone when Rick gets there."

Jeff nodded his understanding and offered his arm to the young lady. Talking as they traversed the hallways, they turned the corner next to Dandi's room and found Rick passed out on the divan that dressed the hallway adjacent to their door.

Chuckling, Jeff commented, "Looks like he almost made it. Do you want me to get a steward and get him into bed or just let him lie here."



Grinning, Dandi put a finger to her chin in thought, "Decisions, decisions. Maybe we ought to get him to bed. I hope he stays passed out for the evening."

Picking up Rick's hand and letting it drop onto the sofa's wooden arm, Rick hardly broke his snoring rhythm. Pulling up an eyelid and looking at his eye, Jeff advised, "He's really gone. I doubt that you'll have any trouble from him tonight. I'll get the steward."

Pulling the cabin key from her purse and entering the cabin, Dandi dropped into a chair and slipped the shoes from her feet. Leaning back, resting her head against the wall, immediately she drifted into the twilight. Her dream was non-specific. There were smells and discomfort and suddenly she was jerked awake.

"Dandi," James spoke softly into her face, "he's in bed. I've put an ice bucket on the night stand in case he has to throw-up. Do you want to stay here? There's a spare crew cabin if you'd like to spend tonight there."

Looking over at Rick, who was under the covers and snoring just audibly, Dandi declined with a shake of her head, "But, I might take you up on the offer tomorrow night."

James grinned, "Tomorrow night is the governor's ball on St. Thomas. It's a holiday and the governor has a big formal party. I'm invited and Rick must be because he's got a lot of land on the island."

Remembrance came to Dandi's face, "Oh, yeah. Rick bought me a gown. It's a beautiful black and blue iridescent thing with a sweetheart type neckline that dips past my cleavage and a leg slit that stops at the top of my thigh. It must have cost him a couple thousand. He had said something about a ball but I was looking at the dress and not listening to him. I guess that's the one he was talking about."

Disappointment shown on James' face, "So, I suppose that you'll be going with him?"

With sadness, Dandi nodded, "I believe it was the purpose of my being here. He said that he wanted to show me off to all of his society friends. There'll be lot's of them there, I'll bet."

"Ohh," James nodded, "all the Carribean jet set and a bunch of dignitaries, probably some senators and such."

Dandi's thoughts returned to the crux of Rick's statement, the part about him showing off the beautiful boy to all his society friends without their knowledge. So this was the deal all along, Rick wanted Dandi to parade around in front of senators and elite. "I wonder if they won't know or if they really will know about the 'girl' in the iridescent gown," Dandi muttered to herself.

"What?" James asked.

Looking up into the green eyes, "James, I really think I need to go to bed. I'll see you tomorrow, OK?"

With a sorrowing look and a pat on her shoulder, James left, "Goodnight, Dandi. I hope tomorrow will be better for you."

Nodding, Dandi didn't move as he left. With her brain in idle, she sat for minutes before getting up to undress. Sliding into a long nightgown, she headed into the bathroom to wash her face. On the counter was a jeweler's box and a hand written note on ship's stationary beneath it. Picking up both, she read the note. It was from Rick: 'I haven't gotten to see you in the black gown but I'm sure you'll be stunning. Here's something to go with the dress.' Inside the box was a set of jewelry. A necklace with an inverted triangular, deep, dark blue stone resided beneath a swirl of gold and diamond points. The earrings were similar but smaller and the ring followed suite. There were two tennis bracelets of the dark stones surrounded in gold swirls and diamonds and a gold watch with a similarly deep blue face and diamond hour points. Slid among the dark set were two small diamond studs on a card, for the other two holes in her ears. There was no doubt that this was bought, maybe even designed, to be worn with the iridescent gown. The set was magnificent.

Dropping to a seat on the throne, Dandi began to cry. Never intending to be a girl, she was now to be introduced as a woman and, unless they were told, no one would know the difference. Candi was so far away and there was no way to feel any masculinity. She was alone, completely alone as a woman, at the mercy of this man. A chill passed through her and she became mad that her nipples became erect at the event. They pushed out the front of the light cotton gown, making obvious the rounded orbs that they were part of and that were part of her. Sitting and crying until the tears dried on her face, she pulled up her hair and spread on cold cream.



Watching as the goo cleansed the feminizing colors from her face, the face remained that of a woman, not showing the slightest trace of a beard that never was. Crossing into the cabin, she pulled the spread from the foot of the bed, took a pillow, and curled up on the floor.

Dandi was woken by a jab in the leg that was Rick stumbling to the bathroom. He fell onto the carpet next to her, "Damn! What are you doing down here on the floor?"

Trying to clear the sleepiness from her eyes with her finger tips, Dandi replied, "I didn't want to sleep in the same bed as you."

Holding his head to help alive the throbbing pain, "Because I was drunk last night or because of my blackmailing you?"

Defiant, Dandi snorted, "Either would be sufficient cause but you left out the fact that you are male."

"Uuooohh," Rick held more pressure to his head. "Look, I know that I kinda went back on my promise of no sex but it was just a slip and you weren't exactly fighting me off. In fact, you never even said no or don't or stop or anything."

Unable to argue, Dandi just covered her eyes with her hand, trying not to remember, trying not to cry. Rolling onto her back, she pulled the pillow over her face.

Rasing to his knees, Rick bargained, "Look, just enjoy yourself the next two days. If, after tomorrow afternoon, you don't ever want to see me again, I'll put you on a plane and send you home. That's a promise that I will keep. But, I want you to promise that you will be the well behaved and personable young lady that you normally appear to be tonight at the ball."

At first Dandi didn't move, "Arumaf," came from beneath the pillow. Rick didn't know what she said, but figured that she had agreed judging by the shaking of the pillow in a direction vertical to her body.

It was noon by the time the couple exited the cabin. They lunched on the ship and then debarked. Rick hailed a cab and they headed to a horse ranch. The island isn't big and in a few hours they had covered the nice park area and beach adjacent to the ranch, and had even taken a little time for a swim. When they returned to the ranch, Rick had a steak dinner but Dandi only a salad. Her stomach was upset from the bouncing on the horse. Finally they headed for the ship, to prepare for the ball that evening.

Stepping from the shower, Dandi called to Rick, "I left my hair dryer on the bed, would you hand it to me?"

Rick appeared at the door in slacks and a knit shirt, "Here," handing the appliance to her. "I'm going to have a drink and a snack. Will forty-five minutes give you enough time to be ready?"

"Well, mostly," Dandi was surprised, "thanks, Rick."

Crossing to the door, Rick turned to face her, "When are you gonna learn that I'm not an asshole all the time?"

With a big grin, Dandi shot him the finger.

Stopping with a hand on the knob, Rick jested, "Is that an invitation?"

"Leave!" Dandi demanded with a giggle.

Tossing the towel on the counter, Dandi added spray conditioner to her hair and then gel, and blew it dry.

As the last contouring curl fell into place, she sprayed the front a little to hold it, and then looked at her reflection in the mirror. The counter was just groin high, and her reflection showed her 36C+ breasts, her 28 inch waist, the start of her 33 inch hips, and the light start of the frail patch that looked as feminine as if that that couldn't be seen was a pussy. Above all this was a flowing, full blonde mane and a woman's face. She was pretty, very pretty, just like her wife. With a little shake of her head at the situation, she leaned forward to more closely examine the eyebrows that would need a little cleaning-up before make-up enhanced them.

Rick showed just as she was exiting the bathroom, "You know, you look beautiful enough to go in that towel."

Tucking the end of the towel in next to her breast a little more to ensure that it stayed in place, Dandi stated,



"I'm sure I'd really be the bell of the ball that way."



Putting on a 'deep in thought' face, Rick lifted a finger as if to make a point, "Wear the dress and the jewels." Dandi nodded in agreement and Rick went in to shower.

Having experimented with the gown before, Dandi knew that any panty line would show under the silk material. She slipped into an elastic thong, to hide her male part, and a pair of pale pantyhose; the slightly red skin from the beach outing shown through the fragile weave. The only line under the gown was at her waist where the material was just loose enough for it not to show. Then she took out her 'magic cups,' which had been the source of much laughter for she and Candi as she had first practiced with them, and glued them in place under each breast. This was as far as she could go without help. The gown was difficult to get into alone and impossible to zip up. She sat and waited until Rick entered the cabin to dress.

Standing, wishing she didn't have to, she asked for help. Looking into Rick's blue eyes, she could see his pupils dilate. "Please, Rick," she said in exasperation, " Don't be thinking of sex. Just help me into the dress." He did help, but stood there drooling until she had disappeared into the bathroom to don jewels, perfume, and finish her hair.

Dabbing some Poison along each side of her neck, onto each wrist and inside each elbow, she added some to the back of her knees and, almost as an afterthought, ran a line of the scent down her cleavage. Pulling her hair up in the back, she decided against it, and let it cascade back to her shoulders.





With the jewels in place, she headed into the cabin. Rick was almost dressed and didn't pat any attention to her entering. She crossed to her black sandals with the three inch heels, and slid her feet into them.

Rick was trying to tie his bow tie without a mirror. Dandi offered, "You need some help?"

Turning to look over his shoulder, he froze, his jaw dropped, and his mouth fell open.

"What?" Dandi asked.

Closing his eyes and shaking his head, he returned to his view of her, "I guess I don't mind what I paid for that dress now."

Knowing that it was a complement without any mention of how she looked, Dandi blushed, "Guess I look alright, huh?"

Crossing to her and taking each shoulder in his hands, Rick spoke softly into her face, "Dandi, why is it you won't accept how attractive you are? Surely you know that Candi is a knockout and you are her twin."

"Except that my boobs are bigger," Dandi injected.

Starting to agree, Rick's face turned to surprise, "Really?"

Grinning and nodding, she added, "Just a little. She's a C, period. C's are just a little firm fitting on me."

"Well, I'll be damned," Rick slipped out in a small voice. With his voice returning to normalcy, "Dandi, you look fabulous. Incredible! Dazzling! Ahhh..."

"Pretty?" Dandi giggled.

Rick knew it was a cue to shut up, "OK. I'll go get ready. And, yes, you are pretty, to say the least."

It was a Grand Ball. There were maybe seven or eight hundred people there in the governor's place. The place was packed. Svelte and beautiful women adorned the arms of many men, and those that were less than model perfect were still beautiful. Dandi felt a little more relaxed, feeling that men would be paying more attention to them than to her. It wasn't exactly true though. The lighting in the place was directed downward and every time she passed under one of the hundreds of lights, her gown would glow in it's iridescent splendor. Suddenly, she was a beautiful woman in what could be argued as the most spectacular gown there. Glances at her soon became long looks by both men and women, and Dandi began to have trouble breathing.

Heading outside for cooler air, she ran into Jeff. After accepting complements from he and the three he was chatting with, introductions were made. The first was Mrs. Felding, a rather tall

and slightly heavy woman, with a deep voice betraying the age that a plastic surgeon had done so well in covering. Next was Dr. Jarman, a shorter, chubby islander, he looked exactly what one would think a doctor would look like. And then there was Annalee. She was an island girl with some white mixed in. She had big eyes and a crooked nose, absolutely flawless, smooth light skin, and she was flat as a board and maybe fifteen. From the way she was clinging onto Jeff's arm with one hand, the other held a glass of wine, it was obvious that she was there with Jeff.

Observantly, Jeff noted, "You look a bit pale and out of breath. Come, have a seat." he motioned to a bench nearby, and started for it but Annalee wouldn't let go. "I'll be right back," he said to her.

"No," she said quietly.

Agreeing with a nod, the three headed for the bench. Jeff and Annalee stood, she locked to his side, as Dandi sat and regained her composure. After a few minutes, Rick appeared, worried as to what happened to his elbow adornment. Dandi explained that she was uncomfortable getting stares in a room full of beautiful women. Rick just laughed.

Jeff was a little more compassionate and put it into perspective, "Dandi, yes you are one of the most attractive women here, but you are also a newcomer, with one of the most eligible bachelors around, and in a gown that requires looking at. You just need to realize that they are looking at all that and not just at you. Don't take it so personally."

Thinking about what he said, Dandi began to calm down. Soon they were joined by others and were off to dine, drink, and dance. Though for Dandi, it was mostly the latter.

Actually, the evening had been a wonderful affair. Dandi had danced with a U.S. Senator from Florida, two diplomats from somewhere in South America, and the palace manager, a charming little man who said that he was jeopardizing his job but just had to dance with the blonde in the glowing gown. Oh, yes, and with Rick. As they made it back to the ship, Dandi realized that she was rather hungry after all the dancing. Rick headed for the cabin and Dandi went for a sandwich.

Jeff entered the snack bar as Dandi was on her last few bites, "Couldn't wait to change, Huh?" Dandi shook her head, unable to answer around a big bite of a club sandwich. Sitting beside her, he wondered, "So what's the prognosis for tonight? Rick isn't drunk."

Dandi's face dropped. Swallowing the lump, she asked, "Got a micky I can slip him?" Jeff's eyebrow raised.

As Dandi entered the cabin, Rick greeted her in his underwear, with a bottle of champagne in hand, "We've got some celebrating to do. Here," he popped the cork and handed the bottle to Dandi, "pour us a glass while I go to the bathroom and then I'll explain."

Dandi poured two glasses and slipped a pill into the one he offered to Rick. "Thanks," Rick said as he handed a piece of paper to Dandi.

The paper was a telegram from Candi: "Dearest Dandi, Thought you could use something to help you resist Rick's advances. I've held off telling you until now just for this purpose. I'm pregnant. You're going to be a daddy. I love you. Candi."

Seeing the shock registering on Dandi's face, Rick commented, "I know it's not James' nor mine. You must be some kind of super human sperm producing machine to have made any sperm with all those female hormones in you. This will have to go into the medical believe-it-or-not section of the Physician's Journal."

After reading the telegram once again, Dandi chugged her glass of champagne. Rick was grinning, "Com'on, let's have some fun." Looking at the man standing there in his underwear, smiling and excited, she reached out and took his glass of champagne and chugged it.

"Wake-up, Dandi," Rick was shaking her shoulders. "I know you haven't had much sleep but we've got some things to do."

Dandi felt as if she were wearing someone else's head. "Jeeeesus."

Rick shook her a little more to ensure she was awake, "What the hell did you take a sleeping pill for anyway?"

Like the effects of sodium penitol, Dandi was too groggy to come up with a lie, "It was meant for you."

Rick looked perplexed, "Meant for me? Did Jeff give that to you?" Dandi nodded. "I'll take that up with him later. Get up Dandi! Let's go spend some money."

It took her a little while to get rolling but she finally did. On St. Croix, the atmosphere was more islander than St. Thomas and the shops were full of the kind of things one would expect to buy on a Caribbean island. The clothes were bright, loose and airy, there were only sandals, no heels, and everybody sold sun screen. Dandi and Rick shopped for stuff till after noon, had a delicious meal of junk chicken at a little restaurant that was impossible to find, and then went to lay on an abandoned stretch of beach for an hour. Even with sun screen, Dandi's skin was deep red around his bikini. After more shopping, they went back to the ship to freshen up before heading back to shore for dinner and to meet with some of Rick's friends.

As she stepped off the gangplank, a car pulled up. Rick waved to the occupants, opened the back door, and motioned Dandi to enter. He slid in behind her. In the front seat were Mrs. Fleding and Dr. Jarman. Dandi greeted them, surprised to see them again.



"Hey, Pallo. Hello, Reba." Rick slapped the doctor on the shoulder and placed a hand on the woman's shoulder and gave it a little shake. She returned the gesture with a friendly tapping on his hand. The car rolled off with Rick and the doctor in conversation about the happenings on the island and with some mutual friends that were not acquaintances of Dandi's but which, by her injections to the conversation, were well known to the woman.

Feeling all the outsider, Dandi remained quiet for the ride. About fifteen minutes passed and the car veered off the road onto a road paved with boards, which lead to a big old house built in the island style. Behind this, and apparently adjacent to the road they had been traveling, was a larger building, stone, maybe World War II vintage. The car stopped and everybody got out. On the wide porch, stood Jeff and Annalee, who looked much more relaxed, and two other tall women, one maybe twenty-five and one maybe forty.

As the foursome climbed the stairs to the porch, Dandi was introduced to Mary Kay, the younger woman and Beth, the older, which closer up, Dandi was pretty sure, was a man in a dress. The smell of bar-b-que pork poured from the house and an old Puerto Rican woman came out the front door, "Dr. Jarman, you got to come get food now. The flies bad tonight. Got to eat now."

"Alright, Millie," the doctor waved everyone inside. "First we eat and then we talk."

Not only was the meal delicious but there was so much food. Everybody ate themselves stuffed, including Dandi, who hadn't intended to do so but a vegetable dish with corn and other unrecognizable items was so good that she overate before realizing it. The sun was just setting behind some hills near the house and everyone went to sit on the veranda and enjoy it.

Over dinner, talk had been about island interests or medical procedures. It had become pretty obvious that the three doctors were friends. This was curious to Dandi but she was only about to find out their actual relationship.

Rick stood, taking the floor. "OK. Everybody knows everybody here except for Dandi, so I will address her mostly until she has a full picture of what is going on. Then, Dandi, after we finish here, you will decide if you're going to stay or leave. Jeff, Pallo, and I are very skilled plastic surgeons. We've just come together in a business venture, a plastic surgery clinic, of which the finishing touches are being applied in this building back here. We are going to specialize in very unusual and unique procedures, and to survive in this island paradise, we're going to have to advertise. We're going to have a detailed, picture intensive catalog. You women will, I hope, be our models."

Dandi was shocked and started to get up. Rick charged her, "Not till I've finished. Now, let me reintroduce these ladies to you. This is Reba Felding, though her driver's license says Robert. Reba is primarily the one responsible for getting us together. She came to me for facial surgery,

to Jeff for body contouring, and to Pallo for vignaplasty. But to make a long story short, that's how all this started. Reba is a fifty-one year old male to female transsexual. Beth, Kevin, is forty year old gay male who wishes to remain male but look female. Mary Kay is a thirty-two, two days ago, year old woman who wishes to add something to her charms. Sweet Annalee, is a fourteen year old male to female transsexual who just started hormones three months ago. She's also Pallo's ward. We found her badly beaten up near the cane field and basically saved her life. When we found out about her desires, we petition the court and they gave Pallo guardianship. And for the rest of you, this is Dandi, a twenty year old male, who is married and about to be a daddy." Everyone clapped. "Dandi is male but as you can see, only in the most basic sense of the word. As I told you, for modeling in our catalog, each of you will receive your respective surgeries, one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and other expenses that I will negotiate with you individually. "

Going on to explain about the plans for the clinic and the catalog, he then told each lady what their role was to be over the next few months. Dandi listened. Afterward he called Candi.

# EPILOGUE



Dandi stood looking at himself in the restroom mirror at the airport. His face had been altered some, his eyes opened up a touch, his forehead and jaw thinned a bit. He now shared, almost exactly, the facial dimensions of Candi. His body, over the last six months, had been added to and whittled away from until he measured 36D, 23, 36, something of which Candi was, especially now, jealous. And his skin, with all hair follicles permanently destroyed, glowed with phenomenal smoothness. Tugging at a stray curl and scratching at a mosquito bite on his knee, the only flaw on it's now surgically smooth perfection, he smiled. He did like his appearance. Candi did, too.

As he thought this, Candi flushed the toilet and emerged from the stall. She was big now, just a month from term, "You were saying that we could have another baby?"

Dandi grinned at her, "Rick decreased the dosages for a while. When he did, my sperm count started up within a month. He says we will probably be able to have another baby, but he suggested that we wait until after I finish college."

Curious, Candi asked, "Why did he decrease the dosage?"

With a smile, Dandi explained, "When our baby is born, he'll start me at high levels and give me hormones to make me lactate. I'll be able to nurse our baby too, if you want me to." Candi's smile showed her approval.

Turning to the mirror, Dandi messed with the curl that wouldn't stay out of his face. Aware that Dandi was taking too long to fix the curl, and was actually looking at himself, Candi gave him a playful punch in the stomach, "You bastard. I'm beginning to look like an elephant and you come back looking like a goddess." She took another shot to his belly.

Dandi winced, "Don't hit me there. It's a pump. See..." Lifting his skirt and exposing his panties, a small erection was pressed against the material. Pumping on his lower left stomach, the erection became thickened and more pronounced and his balls strained against the material.

Candi's shocked expression turned to a grin, "It gets longer, too, right?"

"Yes," Dandi giggled, "but I'll have to show you later." Pulling the sun dress above his navel, he inserted his finger in, and pushing in and down, opened the release valve. Then he pushed on the erection until it completely disappeared, balls and all, leaving only a smooth, flat space in the valley of his legs.

Surprise totally engulfed Candi's face.

Dandi giggled. Pulling down his panties, he exposed what looked like a pussy with something stuck in it. Placing a finger on it, he pushed until the extra skin disappeared and the lips closed around his finger just like a pussy. "My balls and everything push up inside but pop out with the

first pump. They look normal with a few more. And when I get a real erection, only my dick sticks out, but it's really small now."

With a trembling hand, Candi reached out to touch the vaginal maleness of her husband. Turning her head up to face him eye to eye, "Oh, my god. You didn't tell me."

With a touch of fear, Dandi asked, "You like?"

Grinning, Candi straightened to come face to face, "Well, this certainly opens some possibilities." She leaned forward, threw her arms around his neck, and planted her lips firmly on his.

Dropping his dress and reaching to her shoulders, he pushed her back enough to allow him to speak, "Hey, my lipstick!"

Returning her face again to his, she spoke into his mouth, "Ohh, fuck that, Dandi."

**-END-**

***Bonus Pics - Dandi's Modeling Catalog***





***Experimenting With Other Hair Colors***













***Casual Cooking for Candi***



**BEFORE AND AFTER PICS**



*Candi Dandi*

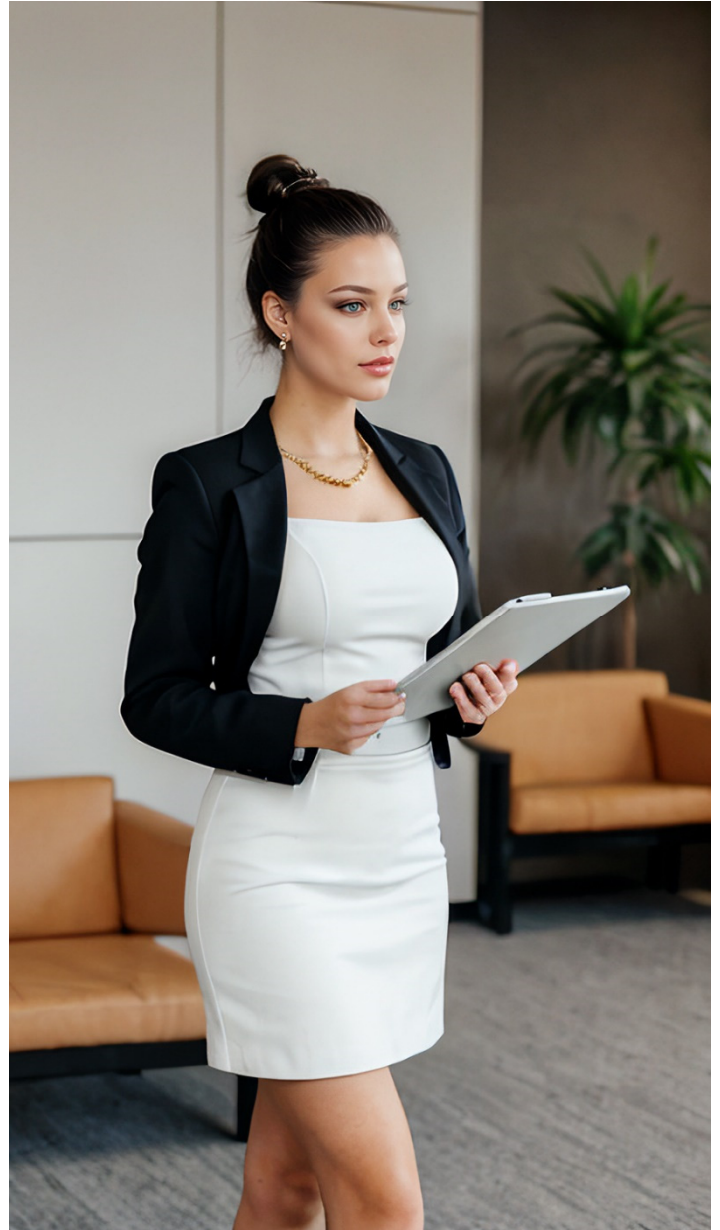


*Ilean Anne Jerque*





First Started Working in the Store



Working in the Store Now



First Time in a Dress



2 Years Later