

A woman with long, wavy brown hair is seen from behind, walking away on a wooden floor. She is wearing a black, strapless, backless mini dress. The room is dimly lit with several spotlights from above, creating a dramatic atmosphere. The text 'CLOTHES MAKE THE MAN' is overlaid in white, serif font across the center of the image.

CLOTHES MAKE THE MAN

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Part 1

"...I've arranged to have twenty prospective employers stop by during next week's class. All of them have told me that they are willing to offer internships if the standard of excellence is high enough." Professor Jamison paused for effect. "I hope you all don't disappoint them. Class dismissed."

Tim had been half dozing through most of the class, but he came alert at Professor Jamison's last comments. He was looking at two to four weeks of job hunting for the summer break. If he could land an internship, a huge weight would be lifted from his shoulders.

He gathered his books, rose from his seat in the auditorium, and walked outside into glorious April sunshine. In a week and a half, school would be a memory and most of his friends would fade into the distance as they returned to their hometowns, their families, the lives they led as teenagers not yet abandoned for adult pursuits. Tim didn't have that luxury. He was stranded in town for the summer. His roommate would be off to Europe after finals, doubling at a stroke the amount Tim would pay for rent.

Thinking about money as he made his way home after class made him queasy, as if a stone were forming in the pit of his stomach. He needed an internship or something so badly that he dared not even hope too much for it lest it consume his every waking thought.

When Tim arrived at his apartment, his roommate, Doug, was already packing.

"Aren't you jumping the gun a little?" Tim asked.

"Nope. I arranged to take my finals early. I'm finished." Doug scouted around for his laundry bag. Finding it, he began to stuff clothes into it. He looked up at Tim and smiled. "My flight leaves Minneapolis tomorrow night at 10:30. I am, as they say, outta here."



Tim spent the next three days studying and sulking. He was confident of passing Professor Jamison's accounting class, but he wanted more than just a passing grade. High marks would not hurt his job prospects. His other classes were a different matter. While he enjoyed his Southern Literature class, he was a slow reader and the class had challenging books that demanded that he read even slower in order to grasp their meaning. Tim's remaining three classes, all business classes, were pretty much a lock; the finals in those classes were a formality. Without the distraction of a roommate and the temptations a roommate entails, Tim got a lot done, but when he wasn't studying, he was thinking about money. Toward the end of the weekend, he was beginning to worry that he was giving himself an ulcer.

Tim's stomach was full of butterflies the morning of Professor Jamison's job fair. Those butterflies turned into outright panic as the hour wore on and he still had no prospects. There always seemed to be someone else whose qualifications were closer to what the employer wanted. Fifteen minutes before the end of the session, a woman walked in to the auditorium and greeted Professor Jamison. Tim couldn't hear what she was saying, but she seemed apologetic. Tim watched the conversation intently, not just because he was desperate for a job: this woman was a bombshell. After a minute or two of apologies and pleasantries, the professor pointed to Tim and the woman approached him. As he watched her walk toward him, Tim's employment woes were replaced by an entirely different set of anxieties. He was glad he was sitting down.

Her eyebrows might have been too heavy and her nose might have been too strong, but in all other respects, she was a goddess. Her face was heart-shaped, framed by a cascade of dark auburn hair. Her lips were full, with just a hint of a smile as if she were inwardly laughing at some private amusement. She wore a burgundy suit with a tight bodice and a tight skirt: it was businesslike, but it complemented the swell of her breasts and the curves of her hips in a way that hinted of the bedroom behind the business facade, a hint amplified by her black, back-seamed stockings and stiletto-heeled pumps. Her luminous green eyes bored into him like two chips of kryptonite. It made his knees turn to water.

"Mr. Harmon?" she asked pleasantly. "My name is Elizabeth Raven. Professor Jamison speaks highly of you." She offered her hand, which Tim shook carefully, as if he were handling fine bone china.

"Hello," he said, but he couldn't think of anything more to add, so he didn't. She took his response as an invitation to sit and she took the seat next to him.

"Let me be blunt, Mr. Harmon. You are not the ideal prospect for me. I had hoped to find an intern who could also fill in on the sales floor if the need arises, but you will have to do." She paused as Tim began to sputter an objection, but she silenced him with a finger to her lips. "I'm sure," she continued, "that you are a perfectly capable salesperson, but the nature of my business precludes a male sales staff. I'm the owner of Raven's Intimates."

"Oh," was the only response he could muster.

"Oh, indeed," she teased. "Don't look so downhearted. I don't need sales staff right now, but I do need someone to do some bookkeeping and some market planning. Professor Jamison says you are good at both. Do you think you are up to the challenge?"

"Absolutely," he blustered, his voice full of bravado so false that he was sure she could hear it. It was all he could do to keep from sounding pathetic and desperate. "Although... I don't know much about the fashion business, let alone the lingerie business."

"I wouldn't worry about that. We'll familiarize you with the product line when you start. Once you have it down pat, it's just like any other business. You'll do fine. Now then, when can you start?"

"My last final is on Friday. How about Saturday?"

"Saturday it is." She took her card from her pocketbook and handed it to him. "Shall we say 10 o'clock?"

"Sure. Anything you want."

She smiled and rose to leave. Tim watched her as she left, mesmerized like a bird watching a cobra. It sank in slowly: the most beautiful woman he had ever seen had hired him to work in her lingerie store. He held her card up to his nose; it smelled faintly of her perfume. He left class in a daze.

Tim's final exams went well, even the Southern Literature exam. With his schoolwork behind him and a job lined up, he didn't have a care in the world.

On Saturday, he woke with the sun. After his shower and breakfast, he had several hours to kill. It was an effort to keep from driving to the store and parking there until it was time for work. Instead, he watched cartoons for a while like he was ten years old again. As the hour approached, he put on a blue chambray shirt and a tie and a pair of tan chinos, gathered up his nerve, and left for work. He arrived early in spite of himself. Elizabeth arrived fifteen minutes later wearing a summery lavender skirt and jacket set with a lacy camisole visible at her cleavage.

"You're here bright and early, I see," she said as she unlocked the door and let him into the store. "We'll start with a tour." She turned on the lights, revealing a wonderland of silk and satin. Even the walls were covered in pink and white velvet.

"Over here are our long nightgowns," she said, pointing to a rack that ran the length of one wall. "They are divided into three categories depending on their function. This is where the actual sleepwear is, although I don't sell anything for sleeping in, per se." She winked at him, causing him to blush to his roots.

"Our bras and camisoles are over there. I'll train you to fit them, even though you won't actually be doing any of that. I think everyone who works for me should know everything there is to know about the product. And over here we have our teddies and baby dolls..." She guided him through a bewildering array of slips, hose, panties, bustiers, playsuits, garters, peignoirs, ribbons, thongs, high heels, and robes. They wound up at the back of the store: "This is our specialty area, where we custom make latex and leather items and corsetry."

"Corsets? Women still wear them?" he asked.

"Of course they do. It's part of the fantasies of many women and men. They are very expensive, but we do a lot of business with them."

There were other items in the specialty area, which made Tim turn beet red when he realized their purpose. Elizabeth just laughed. "Poor boy," she said. "This is a whole new world to you. It will take some getting used to, but once you do, you'll be fine."

Tim settled in to work. Most of his day consisted of bookkeeping and other paper shuffling. He spoke courteously with his co-workers, but he didn't immediately develop friendships with any of them. He sensed that they resented his intrusion into their world.

During his second week, Elizabeth began asking his help with purchasing. "You need a comprehensive feel for our cash flow," she said. They sold out of the items Tim purchased in a week.

"That's a wonderful turnaround," she told him. "You have a feel for this. Take some catalogs and go nuts." Tim's next line of purchases sold as well as the first, which prompted Elizabeth to ask him to plan a sale. They had so much merchandise coming in for what he had planned that he had to stay late every night for a week before the sale to stock and restock. The sale was a huge hit and it closed out the best month Raven's Intimates ever had.

Tim stayed late as usual on the last day of the sale doing the books. When he was done, he wandered down to the sales floor and took in the wreckage left by the customers. A camisole and tap pant set had fallen from the rack and Tim bent to pick it up. Rather than put it back immediately, he held the silky material in his hands a minute, and then held it up to his cheek. The cool, shimmering fabric felt wonderful against his skin.

"They feel nice, don't they?" said a voice from behind him. Tim nearly jumped out of his skin when he heard it. All the color drained from his face when he turned around and saw Elizabeth standing in the doorway. "Don't be so embarrassed. It's perfectly all right to like the feel of silk. I'm sure you've worn silk boxers before, haven't you?" Tim shook his head. "No? Just cotton, huh? Too bad. You don't know what you're missing." She smiled broadly, then asked: "Would you like to try them on?"

"Uh... I don't think so. I mean..."

"Oh, come on. It's just us here. No one will see." She gazed at him with her kryptonite eyes and he felt himself weaken.

"Okay, but just this once," he agreed. She smiled sweetly at him as she led him to a dressing room. As he let the camisole float down over his body, he felt a chill go through him. Once he was completely dressed again, he marveled at the feeling of silk against his skin. Blushing, he exited the dressing room. The caress of silk against his privates was beginning to exact a physical response.

"How does it feel?" she asked.

"It feels good," he stammered. Tim looked at his feet; he couldn't look her in the eye. He felt deeply ashamed.



"You don't look happy about it," she pouted. "What's wrong?"

"I shouldn't be wearing these. It isn't right."

"Nonsense. There is nothing wrong with wearing clothes that make you feel good. If there were, I wouldn't be in business. You like the looks of these clothes, don't you?"

"Well, sure, but..."

"Of course you do. If you didn't, you wouldn't have the success as a buyer that you have had. Now why is it wrong to enjoy these things with your sense of touch as well?"

"I... I... I don't know."

"Of course you don't know," she said angrily. "That's because there ISN'T anything wrong with it."

He didn't want to argue with her, so he just nodded his head in agreement.

"I think your heart isn't really in your work. I think you need to know more about our product line," she continued. "Go ahead and change back if you are so uncomfortable." He complied meekly.

When he emerged from the dressing room, she was standing at the door with a box. "Here's some homework for you. I want you to substitute your normal attire for what is in this box next week. If you are really serious about your job, you'll be wearing them when I spot check. Now, go home and get some sleep. It's been a busy week." She leaned up and kissed his cheek, which flustered him so badly that he didn't think to look in the box until he was home.

"You've got to be kidding," he mumbled to himself as he sifted through the contents of the box the next day. Inside were several pairs of panties and tap pants, a few camisoles, some garter belts and stockings, all made from the finest silk and lace. He closed the box and tried to put it out of his mind for the rest of the weekend.

Monday morning, he woke and performed his usual morning rituals, dressed himself and was on his way out the door before he thought of the box and its contents again. "If you're really serious about your job," she said again in his head. It began to repeat itself again and again, like a mantra. His stomach did a slow turn. He needed the work.

"All right, then," he said, gritting his teeth. He stripped off his pants and boxers and chose a pair of red silk panties. "They aren't all that different from briefs," he thought, but his face was flushed as he left for work all the same.

By midday, he had succeeded in putting his undergarments out of his mind and when closing time finally arrived, he was mildly annoyed that Elizabeth had not checked to see if he had followed her orders. Nor did she check him the next day. Indeed, it wasn't until Thursday that

she called him in to her office. He was comfortable with his frilly underthings by then and was only mildly embarrassed that she was checking up on him.

"Drop 'em," she commanded as the door closed behind him. He unbuckled his belt, unzipped his pants and let them fall. Underneath was a pair of ivory silk tap pants trimmed with eyelash lace. It was a supreme effort to will away the stirring of his manhood, to no avail.

"Very good," she cooed. "Have you been wearing something all week?"

"Yes, Ma'am."

"I can see that you are starting to like it." She walked around him slowly as she spoke. "Don't be ashamed. Men don't usually get to have fun with their unmentionables. It's delightful, isn't it?" He half nodded in agreement, but stopped himself before she noticed. "I wish you weren't so uptight. We could have such fun, you and I. Pity. You can go ahead and pull up your pants." He obeyed in a hurry. "You have two more days of this. I want you to have fun. What you have on is a start, but it is too conservative. Why don't you wear some stockings tomorrow, and a camisole?" She sat back down behind her desk. "You may go now."

Jill, one of the girls on the sales floor noticed how shaken Tim was as he left Elizabeth's office. She went over to him and tried to console him. "It's all right," she said. "She's blown her top at all of us at one time or another." Tim smiled at her and nodded and vowed to himself to say nothing and let her think whatever she wanted.



Tim almost balked at Elizabeth's command the next morning. Panties and tap pants were easy to conceal, but the garter to hold up the stockings would be faintly visible beneath his pants, if anyone cared to look, as would the spaghetti straps of the camisole. In the end, he wore the baggiest pants he owned and a sport coat in the hopes of hiding the outlines of his feminine undergarments. At the end of the day, Elizabeth called him into her office once again.

"Strip," she ordered, and he complied.

"No, no, no. This will never do," she complained as he removed his clothes. "That ugly body hair has got to go. These clothes look terrible with all that hair."

"What?" he didn't understand the direction she was heading. "But they feel fine."

"But they don't LOOK fine." She put her hands on her hips to emphasize her point. "It is look and feel TOGETHER. It's the total sensual package that we are selling. Not one at the expense of the other."

"But I can't shave my legs..."

"Why not? And not just your legs. I expect you hairless when I make my next check."

"But... but..."

"Now, now. I know this is a lot to ask and I know how new it is to you. Why don't you take tomorrow off? Remember, you still owe me a day of dressing up. It will have to be Monday, then. You may put your clothes back on and go."

If anything, Tim looked more dissolute than ever as he finished up his daily work and readied to leave for the weekend. He was so self-involved that he didn't notice that Jill was keeping an eye on him again.

He woke up late that Saturday and kicked around the house doing nothing: he watched part of a baseball game, read the newspaper, tried to read a book but failed because his mind kept wandering. All day, he wrestled with Ms. Raven's ultimatum. He needed the job, but he wasn't sure he could reconcile that need with the humiliation of the past week.

That wasn't the only issue on his mind, though. There was a deeper undercurrent, one of which he was only dimly aware, one his subconscious tried to stifle beyond any conscious awareness: somewhere deep inside of him, a small part of him liked the humiliation; he liked the sinful pleasure of wearing lingerie.

That dim pleasure began to open a hairline crack in his awareness. He didn't know what to do. He moped about the entire day in a state of contemplation that was almost religiously ecstatic, so delicious a torment that he was barely conscious of the fact that, instead of wearing his

boxers or wearing nothing, as was his habit when he was alone at home, he was wearing a pair of black silk panties.

He was shocked from his reverie by a sharp knock on the door at seven-thirty that evening. He scrambled for a bathrobe to cover the panties in which he had lounged all day. He opened the door and was greeted by Jill.

"Hi, Tim. I thought I'd stop in and see if you are all right."

"Uh, yeah. Sure. Please come in."

"You weren't at work today, so I thought I would check up on you. She didn't fire you, did she? I mean, I know it's hard for a man to come into a business like ours, but you seemed to be doing really well and..."

"She didn't fire me," he interrupted.

He looked her over for the first time. All of the saleswomen at the store were gorgeous, but Jill was the cream of them. Her hair was dark, almost black, and her complexion was fair; she never tanned. Blue-gray eyes smoldered at the centers of dark lashes. Her face was like those faces that stare out of Pre-Raphaelite paintings, languid and fragile with a hint of sadness. Her figure was a wonderment of curves flowing into each other at perfect tangents.

Before Jill was sitting in front of him in his own living room, Tim would have named Elizabeth as the most beautiful woman he had ever seen, but now he was reconsidering that judgment. Much of Elizabeth's beauty sprang from the force of her persona. It showed through in the way she carried herself, the tilt of her head, the steadiness of her gaze, the fire that burned in her eyes. She was majestic: imperious and self-assured. Jill had a quieter beauty. It was mystical rather than majestic. Her beauty seemed to hold secrets. Especially when she smiled.

"No," Tim repeated, gathering his thoughts, "she didn't fire me. We were just butting heads over product."

"I don't believe that," she said. Tim wondered for a brief instant if she was clairvoyant. "Nobody gets that worked up about product. Is it something personal? I thought you liked Elizabeth. All men seem to like her."

"I do like her. But you're wrong. It IS about product. She's teaching me a... um... lesson." He rose abruptly from his seat and went into his back bedroom and brought out the box Elizabeth had given him. "She's been making me wear these all week. She says it will give me a 'feel' for the product."

Jill opened the box and looked inside. "Oh my God," she hissed. "And you AGREED to this?"

Tim felt tiny and his face burned with shame. "I agreed to it. I need the job and now I seem to be getting in over my head. Now she wants me to shave off all of the hair on my body."

"Oh, my. What are you going to do?"

"I don't know. What choice do I have?" He looked up at her and gazed directly into her eyes. "I disgust you," he accused.

"No. No you don't. I'm taken aback, but I'm not disgusted. I mean, it's weird, but I like the feel of lingerie, so I guess I see what she's up to. Do you like wearing this stuff?" She held up the laciest camisole in the box, dangling it from her fingers by the straps.

He paused a long moment before he answered. "Yeah. I sort of do like it."

"Then I don't see the problem." She beamed a big smile at him. "It's actually kind of kinky. You know? Forbidden fruit tastes best and all that."

"You're not freaked out?"

"A little, but I think it's kind of exciting. Are you wearing anything now?"

As he opened his robe to reveal his panties, Jill put her hands to her mouth and giggled.

"Elizabeth is right, you know. You do need to shave your body. I'll help you if you want."

"I think I can manage."

"Don't be silly. Have you ever shaved your legs before?"

"Of course not."

"Then you probably don't know how. If you do it wrong, you'll get an awful rash all over your body. I think you should let me help you. Besides, it's easier to get those hard to reach places if someone helps you. So can I help you or not?"

Tim hesitated, but he couldn't stand her crystal blue stare for long. "Okay," he murmured.

"How about tomorrow afternoon, then?"

"Sure," he said without thinking. He was in a daze. He wasn't sure of anything except that he was losing control of his life. But he couldn't stop himself.

"Don't worry. You'll look cute." She gave him a quick peck on the cheek, and then left before he thought to protest.

Jill showed up the next day as good as her word. She had an ominous-looking box in her hands when Tim greeted her at the door. "What's that," he asked.

"You'll see. Are you ready?"

"As ready as I'll ever be."

"Good. Then take off your clothes." When he was completely nude, she set down the box and opened it. "Lay down on the couch."

"Shouldn't we be doing this in the bathroom?"

"If we were shaving you, yes. But we aren't going to shave you."

"What?"

As if in reply, she pulled a waxing kit from the box.

"Now wait just a minute!"

"Don't be such a baby. If women can put up with it, so can you," she challenged. "Humph! For all your bravado, you men are more squeamish than we are." It didn't take long for him to cave in to her and before the afternoon was over, he was completely hairless. Before she left, she went out to her car and brought him another box. Inside was a shimmering burgundy nightie. "This should feel good, now that you're so wonderfully smooth," she said with a wink. "What are you going to wear tomorrow?"

"I haven't decided."

"Would you like to throw her for a loop?"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean, I think you should let me help you dress up tomorrow. I have some ideas. It'll be fun."

"You're really enjoying this, aren't you?"

She bit her lip and nodded. "It's like having the biggest Barbie doll in the world or a kid sister. It gives me a perverse thrill."

"If you want to come over tomorrow and help me get ready, I won't mind."

"Goodie! I know just what to bring for you."

After she left, Tim muttered to himself, "What the hell am I doing?" He shrugged his shoulders in resignation and ambled to the kitchen to make himself some dinner. He called it a night early and went to bed soon afterward. On a whim, he took the nightie Jill had brought him and put it on. As the material caressed his now hairless body, the sensation was electric. Suddenly, he discovered that the humiliations of the last week were all worth it after all.



Jill showed up bright and early carrying still more boxes. She was delighted when he answered the door wearing the nightie that she had given to him. She rewarded him with a lingering kiss.

"What have you brought for me today?" he asked.

"You'll see. Go take a shower."

When he emerged from the shower, she was waiting for him with a big powder puff and a jar of scented powder.

"What's that for?"

"It's to make you feel good. Trust me." She dusted his body with it and he admitted to himself that it did indeed feel and smell wonderful, if a bit effeminate (but that was a complaint that lost more meaning as time went on). "Now then, I want you to look into the other room and grab the

top of the door." He complied, and then felt her wrap something around his mid-section. Suddenly, his waist was being tightly constricted by a heavily boned pink satin corset. "Breathe out," she ordered.

"It's too tight," he gasped.

"Nonsense. You just aren't used to it. Now breathe out so I can tie it off." He exhaled and felt her tying the laces. He found it difficult to inhale again and soon found himself taking tiny breaths and getting light-headed. She noticed his difficulty and soothed him: "Be careful, dear. Find a rhythm or you'll hyperventilate."

He nodded and calmed his breathing. He was all right soon afterward, but he soon discovered that his freedom of movement was severely restricted. He couldn't bend at the waist and he had to sit with more care than he was used to, lest he overbalance himself and fall over. After a few minutes, he found that he had gotten used to it, only to be shocked when he saw himself in a mirror. He had always been slight of build, but he now seemed to have feminine curves.

"Sit down over here so we can put on your stockings," Jill ordered. She produced a pair of white silk stockings trimmed with pink lace. Tim was unprepared for the sensation of silk stockings on his now hairless legs. There was an immediate stirring between his legs, which brought a smile to Jill's lips. "None of that," she chided, and waited for him to go soft before proceeding to the next step.

She pulled a pair of silky pink panties up his legs, but just before they were at the top, she deftly tucked his privates between his legs, and then yanked the panties up hard. There were tabs at the bottom of the corset to hold up the panties and she attached them as Tim passed out from the dual constriction of the corset and the panties. He came to a few moments later, soothed by Jill's gentle touch on his cheeks.

"I'm sorry about that," she said. "I didn't mean to hurt you."



"It's all right," he whispered, still in obvious discomfort. "I'll get used to it."

When he was fully dressed in his business attire, Tim noticed that his clothes fit differently now. They were cut to fit a man, but he was now molded into the shape of a woman. Tim shrugged it off. "It's only temporary," he thought.

Late that afternoon, Elizabeth called Tim to her office again. When they were in private, Tim stripped for her without a word. Elizabeth grinned beamingly when she saw how Tim was dressed.

"My, my," she said as she looked him over. "I didn't give you any of that stuff. You've been showing some personal initiative."

"Yes," he said. "I met someone who was enthusiastic about putting me in touch with my feminine side."

"Oh really? Well good for you." She walked behind him and breathed in his ear, "If you are interested in continuing our little game, remember that we have a generous employee discount." She was laughing out loud as Tim left her office. She wondered who had taken him under her wing.

Jill caught up with him shortly afterwards. "How did it go?" she asked. "Did she make you do anything else?"

"No. She just told me that we have a generous employee discount."

"She's right about that," Jill giggled. "Listen, you're going to need some help getting undressed tonight. Why don't I drop by after work?"

Tim tried for fifteen minutes to reach behind him and loosen the stays, which bound his mid-section, to no avail. After struggling with it, he decided to wait for Jill.

Much to his chagrin, Jill once again arrived at Tim's apartment with boxes in her arms. To his relief, one of the boxes contained food. She cooked him a wonderful lemon chicken dinner and they both relaxed afterward on Tim's couch.

After some chitchat about college and work, they found each other in a passionate embrace. Jill was the aggressor and made a lie of her demure beauty by covering Tim's mouth with hers and thrusting her tongue deep into his mouth.

When at last they parted, Jill looked directly into his eyes and said, "I think it's time we undressed you."

Tim's face lit up with delight as she took him by the hand and led him to the bedroom. She carefully unbuttoned his shirt and undid his belt. Soon he was standing before her clad only in his lingerie. She pushed him back onto the bed and ordered him to stay there as she went back to the living room.

Tim groaned to himself when she returned carrying more boxes. From the first box, she removed a pair of bedroom mules with four-inch heels. She knelt before him and slid them on his feet. The other box had a peignoir made of ruffled layers of diaphanous chiffon. She stood him up on wobbly feet and draped it over him.

"Walk for me," she said, and he did. He was unsteady at first, but soon gained more confidence. "Wow. Those shoes do wonders for your legs. They make you walk sexy, too."

She pushed him back onto the bed, then slowly, teasingly, began to strip. Beneath her blouse and black skirt she wore a black satin corset of her own with eight lace and ribbon garters supporting black, back-seamed stockings. She crawled on top of him and kissed him roughly.

"Do you like the unveiling?" He nodded helplessly. "Good. I like the unveiling, too." She reached down and released his imprisoned manhood and they made love for hours that Tim wished would last forever.

Jill never did unlace his corset that night.

The next day, Tim demanded that she unlace him. At first, she teased him and refused, but she relented when he started running the shower. This was his first day back to normal attire and he was greatly relieved as he showered. Once he was dry, he automatically donned his usual boxers. Jill sat up in bed as he pulled them on.

"You aren't wearing THOSE, are you?" she demanded.



"Of course I am. Elizabeth doesn't have me under her thumb anymore, so I can go back to normal."

"Well, I don't think you should wear them," she pouted. "How can you after all that wonderful satin and silk? I thought you liked it."

"I do, but..." It was no use. There was no arguing with her. Tim soon found himself laced into another corset with matching panties and stockings.

After two more weeks of playing dress-up for Jill, Tim found his perception of the store slightly altered. He began to appraise the inventory with an eye toward what might please Jill. Jill was proving to be very enthusiastic about his new hobby. She was insatiable. Every night, she dressed him up and proceeded to ravage him. He could think of worse fates.

She moved in with him in mid-July. By the first of August, she had convinced him to throw out all of his old male underwear. By then, he didn't mind. He hadn't worn it again and he needed the space for the lingerie that now bulged from his dresser drawers. He was completely panty trained and completely content, but there were still other things that bothered him. At her request, he wore a corset every day, cinched as tightly as she could pull it. Whenever he became used to the constriction of his corset, she laced him into a tighter one. By the end of the summer, his waist had lost five inches.

One night in early August, they had been laying about the house relaxing. Jill was painting her fingernails and when she was finished, she suggested that she paint his toenails. Tim had long since learned that he couldn't argue with her, so he demurred. From that day forth, his toenails were always painted.

He wondered where she was taking him. Each passing day saw her doing more and more to feminize him. Two weeks later she talked him into piercing his ears. He didn't mind that, so much. Earrings are pretty much gender neutral anymore, so he went along with it.



The school year was fast approaching and Tim wondered what would become of his job at the shop. Elizabeth assured him that he was welcome to stay on part time as weekend help while he was in school and he accepted her offer. Just before school began, Elizabeth asked Tim to stay after work for a bit and took some measurements from him.

"What's this for?" he asked.

"You'll see," she said. She didn't elaborate any more than that and Tim forgot about it after a couple of weeks.

Tim returned to school and did well in his classes despite the constant distraction of Jill's insatiable appetite for him. He had cleared most of the difficult classes for his major and was now cruising on the general Ed requirements.

In the middle of October, he noticed that his hair was getting too long for his tastes. When he mentioned it to Jill, she smiled and said, "I think you should let it grow. Oh, it needs a trim, but I don't think it needs to be any shorter than it is now."

He shrugged and let her make an appointment with a hair stylist she knew. Jill accompanied him to the salon that Friday to say hello to the stylist, who was a good friend of hers. As Tim sat in the foyer, Jill engaged in an animated conversation with her friend. Tim couldn't hear any of it, so he thumbed through one of the fashion magazines in the waiting area. Finally, Jill and her friend motioned him to the chair. Renee, the stylist, tilted his head back into the sink and shampooed his hair, then trimmed away the unruly ends. Then, before Tim realized what was happening, she began rolling his hair in rods.

"What are you doing?" he asked.

"Oh, Jill said you wanted a body perm." she answered, without stopping.



Tim looked over to Jill as if to say, "What are you getting me into." She smiled and winked at him.

Although he was uncomfortable with this new development, he raised no objections. The wink Jill had given him might as well have said, "If you do this for me, you can have anything you desire from me."

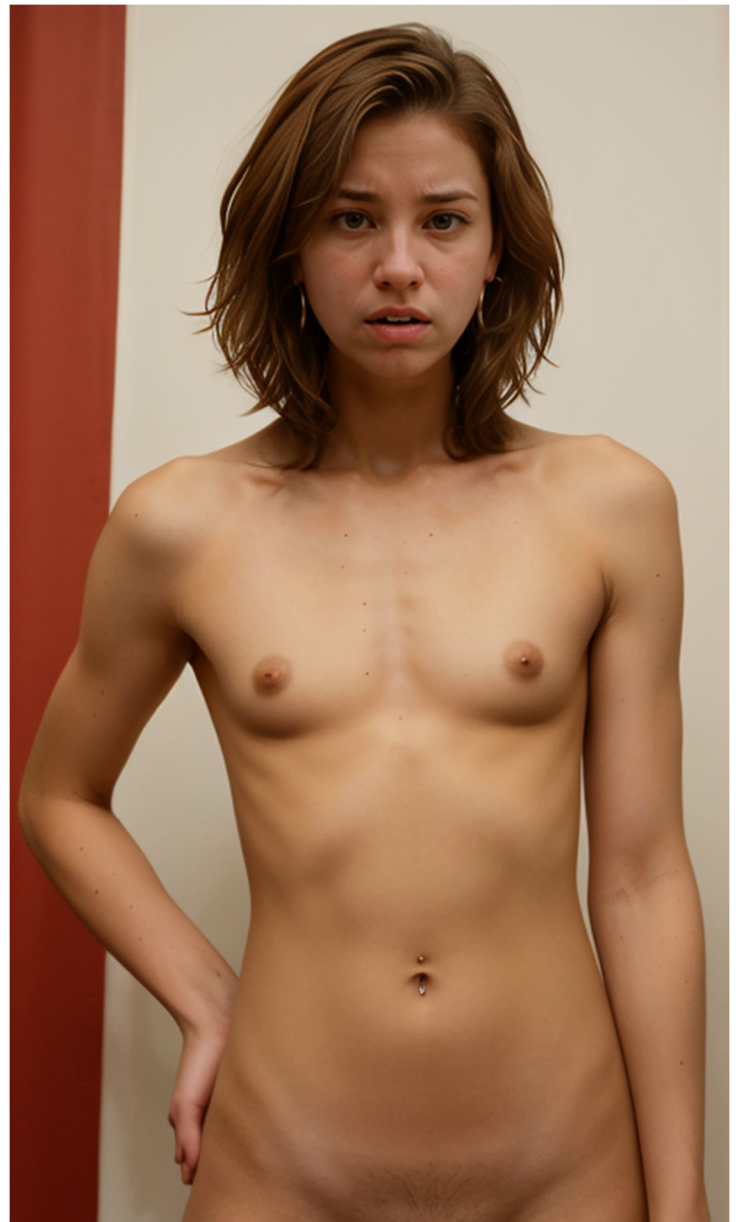
When it was all over, the perm added volume to his already longish hair. It wasn't a masculine hairstyle in the least, but it wouldn't draw any attention to him; except that Renee had colored his hair, too, turning it a deep chestnut brown with red highlights. Tim meant to ask Jill what she thought she was doing when they got home, but once they were in the door, she was so turned on that she practically attacked him.

The next morning as he stepped out of the shower, he was greeted by a sight that threw him for a loop. Even without the corsets that he had been wearing constantly since the summer, his waist retained an hourglass curve. Combined with his pierced ears and his new hairstyle, he looked like a girl. He stood looking at himself in the mirror for a good five minutes, his mouth hanging open in disbelief.

Finally, he shrugged it off and proceeded to dust himself with powder. He didn't say anything to Jill as she laced him into his corset; he was too confused and he wanted to gather his thoughts before he confronted Jill with his observations. At work, he went about his normal routine as if nothing were out of sorts. At the end of the day, he noticed that Jill and Elizabeth were engaged in a hushed conversation, but would look his direction every so often. When they were through, Tim asked Jill what it was all about.

"Nothing important," she replied, smiling enigmatically.

Elizabeth invited Tim and Jill to her house for Thanksgiving dinner. Neither Tim nor Jill had family obligations, so they accepted. As they ate,



they talked shop and they talked about Tim's studies. Eventually, Elizabeth mentioned that Constance, one of the other girls at the shop was pregnant and would be leaving her job before Christmas.

"That's wonderful," Jill exclaimed. "I wish her all the best."

"I'm very happy for her, but it leaves me in a bind," Elizabeth added. "Christmas is our busiest season and I don't have the time to train a new girl for the sales floor."

"That is a problem. It's too bad Tim can't do it. He knows everything about the shop already," Jill lamented.

A sparkle came into Elizabeth's eye when Jill said this. Tim stopped eating and looked up like a deer stuck in headlights. He had a feeling that he knew what was about to happen.

"That's not a bad idea," Elizabeth said. "Stand up, Tim." He stood. "I see you are still wearing a corset. Your waist has narrowed quite a bit. With that hairstyle and with a little bit of work, you might be able to pull it off."

"Hold on, here," he objected. "Are you saying that you want me to dress as a girl at work?"

"It would only be until I find a replacement. You're my best option. I wouldn't need to train you. I'm sure Jill could coach you on how to act and appear feminine. If I must say, you don't have far to go."

"It'll be fun," Jill added. "You are already wearing so many feminine things, what difference will a little more matter?"

"I don't know about this. What if I get caught?"

"I doubt you'll need to worry about that," Elizabeth soothed. "I think we can do a bang up job on you. Don't you think we could pull it off without a hitch?"

"I'm not sure. I mean..."

"I think he needs a demonstration," Jill said. "He doesn't trust us."

"You're right," Elizabeth concurred. "Tell you what. Why don't you let us dress you up today and if you aren't completely convinced, we'll call it off."

"Well... dressing up at home or under my clothes is one thing, this..."

"C'mon. You'll love what we do to you," Jill coaxed. She had that expression on her face again, that promise of the bedroom, which he couldn't resist. What's more, Elizabeth had the same expression on her face, too. It was enough to make him dizzy.

"Okay," he said, meekly.

After they finished dinner, Jill and Elizabeth took him by the hand and guided him to Elizabeth's boudoir. As they stripped him, Jill commented: "You know, these boy clothes don't fit you at all anymore. We should go shopping for new clothes this weekend."

"I agree. I'd love to go with you to help pick out some new things for him," Elizabeth added as if Tim weren't even there.

"Cut it out," Tim protested. "Let's get this over with."

"You have lovely foundation garments, Tim," Elizabeth cooed in his ears as she ran her hands over his tightly cinched waist. "Let's see what else we can do for you before we dress you up."

She guided his hands through the straps of a black lace push-up bra. She had a pair of silicone inserts from the store and she stuffed them in the cups, giving him a pleasing cleavage. Jill took a short-skirted business suit from Elizabeth's closet and held it up to his body.

"What do you think?" she asked.

"Too business like," Elizabeth replied. "The one with the flared skirt would be better." As Jill rooted through the closet, Elizabeth tossed a towel over the mirror of her vanity, sat Tim down in front of it, and began to work on his eyebrows with a pair of tweezers.

"Hey! Not too much there. I still have to look male for class, you know."

"Hush. No one will notice," Elizabeth chided.

Soon, she was rubbing creams onto his face. After she was satisfied, she followed it with a dusting of powder, some blush, and then began to work on his eyes. Eyeshadow was next. Then she curled his eyelashes and lavished mascara on them. Meanwhile, Jill began working on his fingernails. She shaped them into feminine ovals and began painting them a deep burgundy.

"Not bad, not bad," Elizabeth said, standing back to examine her handiwork. "Hair needs some work, though."

They went back to work on him, gathering his hair on top of his head and touching it up with a curling iron. When they finished with his hair, Jill inserted two big dangly earrings into his pierced ears. They stood him up and had him step into the skirt. Then they put a burgundy V-neck blouse on him, and followed it up with a tight fitted woman's suit jacket. They slid a pair of three-inch pumps onto his feet and had him stand up. He was used to high heels from his nightly escapades with Jill, so he had no difficulty with them. Before they let him see the finished product, they capped off their work with a burgundy lipstick to match his fingernails. It didn't even occur to him to ask how Elizabeth just happened to have clothes that fit him exactly.

They had him close his eyes and stood him in front of a full-length mirror. When they moved their hands away, Tim let out a gasp.



"Oh my gawd, is that me?" he said, not believing his eyes. He looked like a well-dressed young woman. He was gorgeous.

"It's you. Now do you think you can pull it off?" Elizabeth said.

"I think I might, at that," he answered.

They kept Tim dressed up all evening. After they finished dressing him up, they took him to Elizabeth's parlor where they had a few glasses of wine and coached Tim on how to carry himself in a feminine manner. When it came time at last to go home, Jill packed Tim's male clothes into a sack and took him by the hand to the car, still dressed as a woman.

As they drove home, Jill outlined a plan of action:

"You'll never pull it off unless you're comfortable dressed as a girl," she said, "so I think you should be dressed as a girl as much as possible. You can still dress as a boy when you go to class, but at all other times, you should wear a dress, heels, and make-up."

"I don't know if I'm up to this," he replied. "This is just to help out at the store, isn't it?"

"We'll see."

As soon as they were in the door at home, Jill pinned him against the door and thrust her tongue into his mouth. When she came up for air, she said, "Get ready for the bedroom. I want you as pretty as you can be."

He retired to the bedroom and took off his skirt and blouse, hanging them carefully on padded hangers. He found his most feminine black nightgown, one with lots of lace and silk, put on a pair of bedroom mules, and sashayed to the bathroom to fix his hair. Undoing the pins and ribbons that held his hair in a businesslike updo, he let it spill around his shoulders in soft ringlets. He gazed at himself in the mirror, still unfamiliar with his made-up face. He decided that he liked how he looked. On a whim, he spritzed himself with some of Jill's perfume. He wanted to be beautiful for her.

Jill was waiting for him when he emerged. She was dressed in a black satin corset that revealed her splendid breasts and thigh-high patent-leather boots that made her tower atop five-inch spiked heels. She had on a pair of shoulder-length silk gloves.

She took him by the hand and led him to bed, where she pushed him down onto his back. His hair spilled around his face in an alluring halo of curls. She smiled down at him as she lifted his



gown and straddled his waist. She leaned down and kissed him gently on the lips. With her right hand, she held him softly behind the neck. She touched him intimately with her left, arranging things for her pleasure.

Suddenly, she mounted him. She rode him like a bucking bronco, wild with passion. It was all Tim could do to keep up with her as she pleased herself on him. When, at last, she was sated, she collapsed on top of him and kissed him gently.

"I never had it better than that," she cooed in his ear. "I can't believe how much you turn me on like this." She took his hand and guided it to her breast. With her other hand she stroked his hip and bottom. "Do you like it like this?" she asked.

He nodded, embarrassed. "I shouldn't like this, but I do," he murmured as he lowered his burgundy lips to kiss her waiting nipples. They puckered up and hardened at the touch of his mouth and he fluttered his tongue across them.

She fondled his nipples in return. "Would you like to have breasts like me?" she asked him as they became erect in her fingertips.

"What?" he stopped kissing her breasts and sat up.

"You heard me. Would you?" She cocked her head to one side expectantly as he sputtered. "I think you would look divine with a set of your own."

He didn't answer, but there was a rising in his privates that betrayed his arousal. It was frightening, but making love with Jill was so incredibly satisfying anymore that he would do anything to make it more passionate.

"I would want you to have a big set of breasts," she enthused, pinching his erect nipples. "Think of how much more pleasurable this would be if you had them. Still, it's a big step and you wouldn't be able to appear as a man ever again..."

Soon they collapsed in another fit of lovemaking, leaving the question hanging. She didn't bring it up again the next day.

That Sunday, Jill and Elizabeth took Tim shopping. Elizabeth had sprung for \$3000 to buy Tim a feminine wardrobe to work in the store. She regarded it as an investment in a successful Christmas season for the store, but it was fun, too. They bought him three women's business suits, a few skirts, two dresses, five blouses, several sweaters, and shoes to match everything. They took him to a jewelry store and had his ears pierced again. Tim hadn't noticed it, but Elizabeth and Jill had maneuvered their purchases so that nothing they bought was even remotely unisex. Everything was as feminine as they could make it. There wasn't a pants outfit in the lot of it.

Jill was vigilant in keeping him feminized. Although she allowed him to go to class dressed as a boy, he no longer looked much like one even in boy clothes. The constant corset training had reduced his waist to an incredible 22 inches and he could no longer style his hair in a masculine fashion. When he was at home, he was never permitted to wear pants, only dresses, skirts, or lingerie.

"We need to think of a name for you," Jill said out of the blue after they made love that Wednesday night. Tim's head rested against her breast as she said it. Her hand absently stroked his silken hair. "How about 'Tina'?" she asked. He squinched his face and shook his head no. "How about 'Tammy'?"

"That's better, I guess."

"Tammy it is, then." She referred to him as "Tammy" or "Tamara, dear" or "Tam" for the remainder of the week. After a while, he was used to it and answered to it as if it had been his name all his life.

The weekend after Thanksgiving saw him off to work dressed completely as a woman. His first day in public, he wore a tasteful black skirt and blazer combination with a white cowl-neck blouse, two pairs of silver hoops in his ears, a pair of two-inch pumps, and black stockings. His make-up was tastefully done in red and brown tones and he wore a burnt copper lipstick that matched his fingernails.





No one would guess his true gender just to look at him. Even though his appearance was flawless, he spent his first day in his new role in abject terror. He was sure that something would give him away: his voice, his posture, his gestures, something. It was particularly stressful when he had to help a customer with a bra fitting.

Such close proximity to the beautiful women who frequented Raven's Intimates took a toll on him; the pressure in his confined manhood was sometimes more than he could bear. When, at last, the day ended, it felt as if he had been let up for air after being held underwater. It was an enormous relief. To celebrate his rite of passage, Jill and Elizabeth took him out for a drink at a bar around the corner.

"I can't believe I pulled this off," he said, nursing a margarita.

"I can. You look fabulous," Elizabeth raved. "I wish we had done this months ago."

"Don't look now, but you have an admirer," Jill whispered in his ear. She nodded in the direction of two professional men in the corner. Tim glanced at them and saw that one of them was looking him over.

"Oh my God," he gasped. "Don't look at them. I don't want them coming over here."

"Why on Earth not?" Elizabeth demanded. "They won't bite. They look nice enough." As Elizabeth looked over her shoulder at the two men, they rose and moved to join them.

"Ladies. May we buy you a drink?" said the taller one. He had finely chiseled features, wavy dark hair, and a deep voice that could make women melt. His companion was shorter, but he was well built and had a sly, crooked smile that bespoke an ease with people. They introduced themselves as Ted and Robert.

"Pleased to meet you. I'm Elizabeth and these are Jill and Tammy." She put a little extra emphasis on 'Tammy'.

Tim tried to make himself small. They made small talk as the bartender made them their drinks. Every so often, Ted would touch Tim's hand in a casual but hopeful way as he emphasized some point of discussion. Tim was so flustered that he couldn't keep track of the conversation, so he just nodded at salient points as if he had been listening all along. Tim gave a huge sigh of relief when, at last, they rose to leave. Just as the Tim made it to the door, he turned back and saw Jill exchanging phone numbers with Robert. A black fright overtook him and he was more desperate than ever to get to the safety of home.

As soon as they were in the door, Tim confronted Jill about it.

"Why were you exchanging phone numbers with them?" he demanded.

"I was just being polite. I told them you were my roommate and that they could get in touch with you at the same number as me. I think they might call, but who knows? Don't be so uptight. The worse that could happen is they might ask us out. It might be fun to double date."

Tim seethed at that final comment. He stalked to the bedroom and stripped off every piece of feminine clothing he could and scrubbed all of the make-up from his face. He put on an old football jersey and returned to the living room while Jill cooked them both a light dinner. Tim only picked at his food and went to bed shortly afterward. Jill joined him after the late news and crawled under the covers beside him.

"What's the matter, darling?" she sighed in his ear.

"I feel like my life is spinning out of control. I don't look like a man anymore even when I try. And I'm jealous of you flirting with other guys. What do you want from me? Do you want me to be a girl?"

"I want you to be happy with yourself. Deep down, I think you really like how you are now. I know I love the way you look now. I was never attracted to women, but for some reason, the more feminine you are, the more you turn me on. I don't know why. If you didn't like it on some level, you wouldn't have let it come this far. Elizabeth and I didn't mean to embarrass you at the bar tonight. We just thought you needed to become comfortable with yourself in a social setting. That means dealing with the attention of men. Face it, honey, you're a knockout. You have no idea of what it means to look like you do. I think we should take some steps to help you feel more comfortable."

Tim rolled over and gazed into her eyes. "What kind of steps?"



"After your last final on Friday, I think we should throw out all of your boy clothes. I think you are ready to make a go of this full time and if you don't have any boy clothes to fall back on, it will force you to deal with it faster. There are other things, too. You'll see. Trust me. I'll get you through it."

She drew his head to her breast and held him in a long, tender embrace. They fell asleep in each other's arms. Tim felt a sense of contentment as he drifted off, comforted by the soft beating of her heart.

After his last final, Tim came home and discovered that Jill had made good on her threat to throw out all of his male clothes. He was left with what he had worn to the test and she soon had him out of that. He soon found himself dressed in a knee-length charcoal skirt, teal blouse, full make-up and nail polish, dangly earrings, and three-inch pumps. Because of the continual use of high heels, his gait and body rhythm while walking had subtly changed and he now walked with a feminine sway.

"You look great," Jill said, admiringly, when he emerged into the living room fully dressed as a girl. "I've made an appointment with Renee in a half an hour for a makeover, so grab the purse I've made out for you and let's get going."

"Makeover?" he asked.

"Yes, Tamara, dear. A makeover. You look fabulous now, but with a little help, you'll look even better. Now, come on!" Tim blushed at being called "Tamara." but he didn't argue with her.



Renee was happy to see them both again. She couldn't get over how feminine Tim had become. She squealed in delight at the prospect of feminizing him further. She gave him the works. Facial, shampoo, style, set. When she was done with his hair, he had no prayer of styling it in a masculine manner. While Tim sat under the dryer, she went to work on his nails. She gave them half-inch porcelain tips and painted them a deep crimson. Then it was on to his face. She tilted his head back and began working on his eyebrows with a pair of tweezers that had an electric cord attached to them. The removal of his eyebrows hurt more than he remembered and he asked Renee about it.

"That's because I'm using electrolysis on them. You won't have to worry about this ever again."

This gave Tim a start. His eyebrows were now permanently feminine. There might be no going back now. After she took down his hair, Renee went to work on his make-up, working on his eyes with a brown to orange eyeshadow blend over a dark brown eyeliner and mascara, a light blush, and crimson lipstick. She pierced his ears again, giving him a third earring in each ear.

When she was done at last, Tim thought that a new person was staring at him from the mirror. He didn't recognize himself. He had never looked more feminine. His eyebrows were now permanently arched high over his eyes and he had more earrings now than any man would ever wear. He was confused and elated. He didn't know where all of this would end up, but he was beginning to enjoy his transformation immensely.





When Jill allowed them to return home, he spent a long time staring at himself in the full-length mirror in their bedroom. He couldn't believe that it was him staring back. Jill came up from behind him and ran her hands over his hips.

"Do you like what you see?" she asked him.

"Oh, it's wonderful. I can't believe I look this good," he gushed. "You don't think we've gone too far, do you? I mean, I don't think I can dress like a boy right now, not with my earrings and hair like this."

"If you ask me, I don't think we've gone far enough. You are still too angular."

"What do you mean?"

"The corsets have given you the proper shape to your hips and waist, but you don't have curves. You have angles. And your butt is too skinny and flat."

He looked at himself again. He could see what she was talking about.

"Come with me, darling," she asked him. He followed her to the kitchen, where she opened the refrigerator and removed a bottle of pills. "I was going to give these to you as a Christmas present, but I don't think that there is any reason to wait now. These should help smooth you out."

Tim held the bottle in trembling hands, unsure of what to say. He looked deeply into her eyes. "These are female hormones," he said.

"Yes. Not only will they give you curves, but you'll have breasts, too. Isn't it exciting?" She took the bottle, opened it, and shook a big purple pill into her palm. "Take this one now," she said.

Tim was paralyzed by indecision. He enjoyed playing dress-up with Jill, but this was well beyond what they had done in private. This would turn him into a woman. Suddenly, he realized that it didn't matter now. Without a stitch of male clothes to his name, he would have to deal with the world from a feminine perspective anyway. He took the pill and washed it down with a cup of water.

After he had swallowed it, Jill gave him a deep, longing kiss. "You're my girl now, Tamara." she said.

And Tamara it was, for good now. Tim, now Tamara, felt a twinge of regret. He had enjoyed being a boy. His maleness had been a source of great pride and pleasure to him. But now it was time to find out what being a girl was like. Once he realized that, he began to look forward to the joys that womanhood had to offer.

The next day, Tamara felt woozy. He called in sick to the shop and stayed in bed the whole day. By afternoon, he felt better and spent it cooking dinner for Jill. As it was cooking, he took some time to primp and pretty himself for Jill. He hoped to make love all night with her to celebrate his decision to become a girl. Jill didn't disappoint him. She wanted to ravish him every way she could think of that night, including some roleplay where she assumed the male role. She had brought home some toys from the shop for just that purpose. Tamara was shocked. He wasn't sure he was ready to go that far, but Jill gently coaxed him.

"I want you to know everything there is to know about being a girl, darling," she said as she caressed his bottom through the filmy negligee he wore for her. "The more feminine you become, the more turned on I get. I can't wait until the hormones start showing results. You know that the hormones will take away your ability to perform as a man, so the sooner you learn other ways of loving, the better."

Jill was so loving and gentle, Tamara couldn't deny her. Soon, Jill had Tamara in position. She maneuvered her toy against Tamara's behind, then suddenly thrust inside. Tamara let out a yelp of surprise and pain. Realizing that she had to go slowly, Jill carefully began to stroke deeper. After the initial shock of being taken, Tamara became more at ease. The worst was over.

Soon, the feeling from behind became pleasurable, building to such a feeling of filled contentment that Tamara wished he had done this a long time ago. He let out little squeals of pleasure as Jill made love to him more forcefully, until, finally, he nearly passed out at the climax of their passion. It was the most wonderful thing he had ever experienced. Jill brought herself to a pitch of frenzied pleasure before collapsing beside him.

She kissed him and whispered in his ear: "How did you like your first time as a girl?"

"Mmmm..." Tamara sighed, contentedly. "It was the best thing I've ever done. I want you to do that to me again and again." Jill smiled at Tamara's reaction. Tamara was going to make a wonderfully complete woman.

It took two weeks before he noticed any effects from the hormones. Around New Years, he noticed that his nipples were larger and were constantly ablaze with new sensations. They hurt a little, but when he rubbed them to soothe away the discomfort, he noticed a delicious sensation of pleasure that was unfamiliar. It was all he could do to keep from rubbing them all the time.



Tamara continued at the shop well into January. If he noticed that Elizabeth had made no effort to hire his replacement, he didn't say anything about it. His expertise in market planning and purchasing had made the Christmas season the best month Raven's Intimates had ever had.



Tamara was also a gifted salesperson and became very popular with the customers once his initial shyness wore off. Once the hormones dampened his maleness to the extent that he was no longer having awkward impulses during bra fittings, his ability to relate to the customers took a decided turn for the better. Elizabeth was loath to let such an asset get away from her if she could help it. At the store's New Years party, Elizabeth handed Tamara an envelope, telling him not to open it until he got home. Inside was a check for \$5000 and a note that read:

A token of my appreciation in the hopes that you will stay on with the store permanently.

*Love and Kisses,
Elizabeth.*

P.S. You make an absolutely gorgeous woman.

He accepted the invitation and arranged to work part-time during the school year.

He was so comfortable as a girl by the time his final semester at school started that he didn't think twice about attending his last classes as the girl he had become. His feminine image had become so complete that no one questioned his gender. He began to notice that guys were taking second looks at him as he walked to and from classes.



At first, this made him blush to his roots, but it happened so often that soon he was proud of the attention. He put an extra sway into his walk, remembering how he had liked watching the movement of a woman's behind as she walked. Now men were looking at his behind with the same interest. As the hormones remolded him over time, the looks became more frequent and more admiring.

By the end of the semester, his body had changed drastically. His bottom had filled out with a pleasing roundness, his waist had become extremely tiny, and his chest had begun to swell with two pert mounds. He needed a bra now, even though it was still only an A-cup. As he began to enjoy male attention, he wished his breasts were much bigger.

He confided all of these feelings to Jill as they made love. She now had Tamara play the female role all the time, as the hormones had decimated his ability to make love as a man. Tamara missed his potency some of the time, but Jill made him feel so wonderful that it was no longer an issue.

After one such session of lovemaking, Jill cuddled up to him and sighed, "So you like the attention men give you, huh?"

"It makes me feel desirable. It's very flattering," Tamara answered.

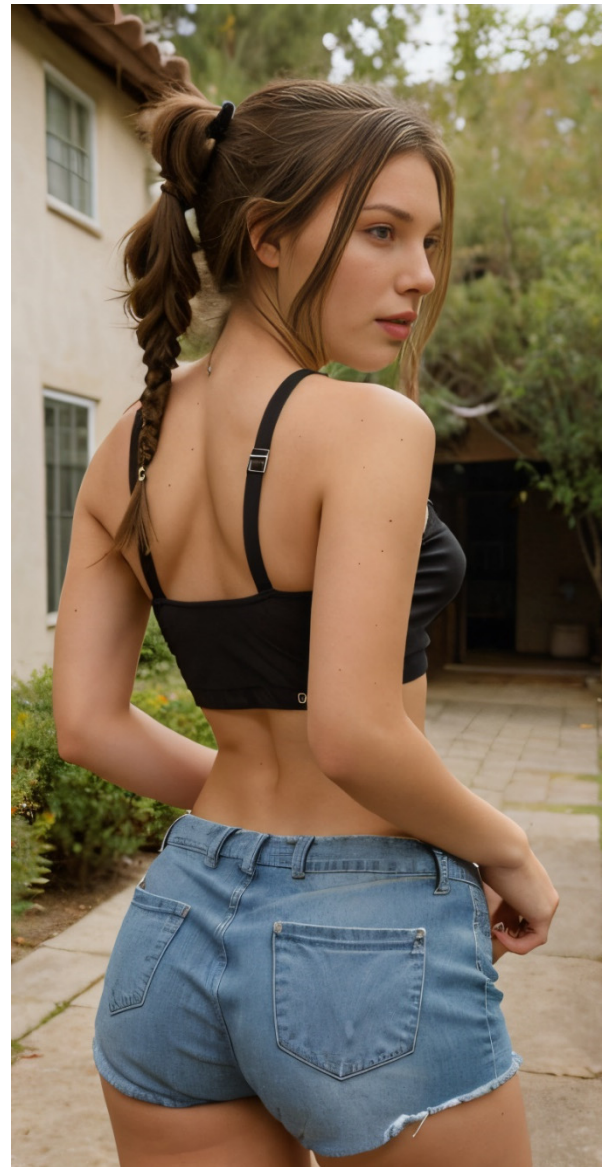
"You know why they look at you that way, don't you?"

"Yes. They wonder what it would be like to have me the way you have me. Don't worry. I love you. I would never leave you."

"I know, darling, but I think it might do you some good to make love to a man."

"I would be too embarrassed. It's different when we make love. You want me the way that I am."

While they spoke, Jill absently caressed and tweaked Tamara's burgeoning nipples. She soon had Tamara panting with desire and he begged her to take him again.





"Do you remember when I first asked if you would like to have breasts, my love?"

"Dimly," Tamara answered, distracted by the pleasure Jill was giving him.

"I said to think about how much more pleasurable what I am doing now would be if they were real. Are you happy that you have them now?"

"Oh, God yes. I love having breasts. I wish they would grow faster."

"Well, I was talking to the doctor the other day, and she said that we could only expect a B-cup from the hormones. You're almost there."

Tamara was crestfallen. He assumed that if he continued to take the hormones, they would continue to grow. He could see the folly in that line of reasoning as soon as he thought of it.

"What should we do?"

"How do you feel about implants?"

"Aren't they dangerous?"

"The new ones aren't. Just think of what they would do for your figure, darling. If you're up for it, I'll make the appointment tomorrow."

It was a big step. Even now, he hadn't gone too far. If he stopped taking the hormones, he would revert back to his male self after a while, but breast implants were unerasable. If he got them, he

would be a girl for life. Jill's enthusiasm for his emasculation worried him, too. He wondered how far she was going to push him over the line into femininity.

And yet, everything she had done to him had delighted him no end. He began to wonder if his true nature was feminine after all. If he was indeed meant to be a girl, big boobs would be the badge of his commitment to being the most feminine girl he could be. His nipples began to tingle at the thought and he suddenly felt an unfamiliar longing. After a long instant, Tamara finally nodded his consent.

For the next week, Tamara had difficulty concentrating on his studies. At work, he seemed distracted. Elizabeth noticed that he was out of sorts and called him into her office on Saturday.

"What's going on? You seem dazed this week," Elizabeth asked.

Tamara blushed a deep crimson, afraid to admit to her what he had planned for the next weekend. Then he felt stupid for not coming out with it. After all, after the operation, everyone would see that he had a wonderful set of girl's breast.

He gathered his resolve and came out with it: "I'm nervous about the operation I'm having next week, is all."

"Operation? Are you all right? Are you sick?"

"Nothing like that. Jill talked me into getting breast implants."

"Really? Wow. That's a big step. Are you sure you want to go that far?"

"I don't see why not. I have to admit; at first I hated dressing up for you. But I haven't worn pants in six month now and I guess I'm getting comfortable as a girl. This will help me cope with the changes."

"Well, I think it's wonderful. How big are you going to be?"

"Jill wants me to be a D-cup."

"Wow. All out, huh. Before you go in for the surgery, stop by the store and we'll pick out some bras for you. You're going to need them."

Jill held Tamara's hand as they wheeled him into the operating room. He gave her a long, panicked look as she left and the doctor and his staff filed in. The anesthesiologist stuck an IV in his arm and asked him to count backwards from 100. He made it to 85 before he was out.

When he awoke, there were bandages wrapped around his chest, but he could see the extra mass there. He was conscious of a bandage on his nose and throat, as well. Jill was there by the bedside.

"What happened?" he asked, his voice groggy. "What are these other bandages?"

"Well, since you were so committed to femininity, I had the doctor make a couple of minor improvements," she explained. "They did some work on your nose and they gave you a tracheal shave to get rid of your Adam's apple."

"Why didn't you tell me about it?"

"I figured you would be pre-occupied with the implants. I didn't want to worry you." She kissed him on the forehead. "Don't fret over it. You'll love it. Trust me. Just get some rest."

The bandages came off a few days later, but Tamara's features were still too swelled to make out what his new face looked like. He loved his new breasts. It was all he could do to keep from playing with his new feminine mounds. Tamara had expected to have two angry scars under his new breasts, but there were only two small ones back towards his armpits. "How did you do it?" he asked the doctor.

"We have made great strides, thanks to advances in arthroscopic techniques. When you are fully healed, the scars will be very hard to see."

Tamara's life had changed forever. His ample bosom drew stares wherever he went. He was thankful to Elizabeth for outfitting him with a broad selection of bras, including some that were definitely for the bedroom. Almost as amazing as his new womanly profile was the change made to his face by the nose job. He now presented a cute, upturned button nose. It was intensely feminine and made his features ineradicably female. During the first few days after the bandages were removed, he realized that he could never again be a man.



He returned to work and to school soon afterward.

Part 2

He saw her from across the barroom as she walked in from the night. Her auburn hair was dazzling, with blunt-cut bangs and a froth of curls down her back. Her eyes shone like chips of ice. Her black velvet dress caressed the curves of her body like the feather touch of a lover. God, she was gorgeous.



She walked with an effortless sway towards the bar. As she approached, he noticed that she was smiling enigmatically, like she was laughing on the inside to some private amusement. He looked away for a brief instant and then she was gone, like a smoke ghost or will-o-the-wisp. Like she never was. He stood on his toes and searched the barroom for her, but it was no use. She had vanished.

Turning to the bartender, he asked, "Did you see the redhead that just came in? Black dress, blue eyes?"

"All the time, pal," the bartender snorted, going back to his business.

He looked down at his drink, haunted by the vision of the girl. The night had gone sour for him now, having seen her only to lose her right off. The rest of the women in the barroom were the usual fare: bubbly co-eds in short skirts and intense, bookish girls hiding behind glasses and bulky sweaters. The girl he had seen was different somehow. He took a drink and let the warm spot in his stomach glow inside of him.

Much later, he was seated at a table, looking over the railing at the dance floor when he heard a sultry voice ask him if he would like to dance. He looked up and it was her. She was still smiling her secret smile and he was struck dumb by her. Her lips parted, revealing her teeth as her smile spread in earnest.

"I won't bite," she said.

He offered her his hand and she led him to the dance floor. It was a fast song, with a driving bass and machine gun guitar. She moved with the grace of a lioness to the rhythm. He tried to keep up, but he was

mesmerized by the movement of her body, her lines seeming to turn to liquid as she danced. Her black velvet curves defined a shape of deepest night. He was falling into her...



They danced to the next song, and the next, a thin sheen of sweat forming on her skin in the barroom neon. After that song ended, she took his hand and led him from the dance floor. They sat at a table and she looked at him with an uncommon intensity.



"Are you still a student?" she asked.

"How did you know I was a student?" he asked in return.

"You have that look," she said.

"What about you? Are you a student?"

"No. I graduated last semester. I work as a sales manager now."

"I would have taken you for a model," he replied. He regretted it as soon as he said it. It was a corny line... she would eat him alive for it, he was sure--but she didn't. A strange twinkle came to her eyes as she took his complement in stride.

"How much longer do you have?" she asked.

"Two semesters. I took some time off to travel."

"Really? Where did you go?"

"Austria, Greece, and Turkey."

"I always wanted to travel abroad," she said wistfully, twirling a lock of hair around her finger.

"I never had the opportunity. I never really had money."

The bartender shouted out last call.

"I guess I should be going," she said, rising from her seat. "My roommate will be waiting up."

He followed her to the front of the bar.

"Wait up," he said as she pulled away from him. "What's the rush? You aren't going to turn into a pumpkin, are you?"

She flashed that dazzling smile at him again. "No, but I really do have to be on my way," she teased him.

"I don't even know your name," he said.

"No names just yet," she replied. "But, tell you what, be at this address on Wednesday at two o'clock. Then we'll go from there."

She wrote something on a slip of paper and handed it to him. Her smile had retreated to that look of secret amusement as she pressed it into his hand. He could only watch her as she swayed into the all-consuming night.

The address turned out to be a photographer's studio. The woman at the desk looked up at him and asked: "Can I help you?"

"Um... I'm here to meet someone... I... she's a redhead about so tall, blue eyes?"

"Are you Doug?" the receptionist asked.

"Uh... yes. I am." He was puzzled. How did she know his name? He didn't remember giving his name to the woman at the bar.

"They just got started a few minutes ago. I'll buzz you in." The door behind the receptionist's right shoulder opened. He shrugged and went inside.

The studio was set up to look like a woman's bedroom. The brass bed was festooned with red satin sheets and the canopy was draped with black chiffon. Behind the bed was a false wall covered with velvet wallpaper and set with a stained glass gothic window. Leather restraints dangled from the corners of the bed. It was decadent, but it was a perfect setting for the woman who reclined on the bed. She was even more beautiful than she had been at the bar, but it may have been an illusion.

God she was gorgeous. Her auburn hair was coiled into a bun on her head, leaving her neck bare. A cascade of diamonds hung from her ears. She was dressed for the bedroom: black corset in Chinese silk, black silk thong, black lace stockings, shoulder-length black silk gloves, and six-inch black pumps with straps that wound up her calves.

The photographer posed her exquisitely. She was provocative and chaste at the same time, a Madonna and whore in one spectacular package. Doug had an erection the minute he saw her. She noticed and winked at him as she pitched her body just so. The corset lifted her breasts invitingly and she made sure that she posed to give him the best look at them.

"Fabulous, Tamara," the photographer said to her. "These will be perfect. The camera absolutely loves you."





The shoot went on for another three hours. She changed outfits four times. Each was achingly sexy. Each was even more provocative than the last. The final outfit was lattice of PVC straps. They changed her make-up and hair for that last one so that she looked like a harlot, wild and wanton. Every man's wet dream.



Finally, it was over. She vanished into a dressing room and emerged in a fairly conservative ankle-length denim skirt and a bulky sweater. She had removed all of her make-up and brushed her hair into a ponytail. She looked like a girl next door. It was quite a difference, but Doug couldn't look at her without seeing the wanton woman who had so shamelessly displayed herself to him a few minutes before.



He smiled at her. "Tamara, isn't it?"

She nodded. "Take me out for a cheeseburger?" she asked. He was only too willing. They went to a small pub that had a famed grill.

"Did you intend to give me that show?" he asked as they waited for their food.

"Of course I did. I hope to give you an even better show sometime soon."

He laughed. "Then why are we still here?"

"Tsk... such a naughty boy. Waiting will make it better. I want to ease into it."

"Have we met before?" he asked.

She looked at her hands. "Yes. But if you don't remember me I'm not going to tell you where." She pouted mockingly. "I think you should have taken better notice."

He shook his head. "I don't understand it. I think I would have remembered you."

After a long moment, something else dawned on him: "Hey, I thought you said you were a sales manager."

"I wondered when you would ask that," she giggled. "I AM a sales manager, but I work for a lingerie store. We are expanding into mail order and I am one of our catalogue models, too." She gathered her hair in her hands and struck a provocative pose that thrust her massive breasts towards him. "You like?"

"Girl, I may not be able to wait if you keep that up..."

Their first date ended chastely. She continued to tease him unmercifully, but she made it clear that she didn't put out on the first date. She gave him a lingering French kiss when he took her home.

"Hey, I know this place," he said when they finally broke the kiss. "I used to live in this very apartment."

She looked surprised. "Wow," she said, "Synchronicity." She winked at him. "Small world, huh?"

The door opened and a gorgeous petite brunette peeked out. "Are you guys coming in or staying out?" she asked.

Tamara giggled. "I'm coming in. He's going home." She jabbed his chest with a red fingernail. "Come by the store tomorrow around six."

It was a dismissal. She vanished into the apartment and he stood there looking at the blank face of the door in amazement. Shaking his head, he turned and headed home.

Doug was next to useless the next day. Try as he might, he couldn't concentrate on his studies. His mind was preoccupied. His left hand found itself drifting into his pocket more often than it should have. His physical chemistry class was a dead loss and he barely even heard his calculus professor.

After his last class, he dashed home to shower and shave. He primped himself like a man in need, combing his hair until it was perfect, agonizing over what best to wear to impress, and sniffing at his small collection of cologne. In the end, he went casual. He didn't want to seem too needy or too eager. The afternoon was an agony as he waited for six o'clock to arrive.

Doug was vaguely uneasy entering Raven Intimates. He had never been inside a lingerie store before and he felt like he was intruding where he didn't belong.

When the cute girl at the register asked, "Can I help you?" he felt as if he had been caught peeking in the ladies room.

Blushing, he said: "I'm looking for Tamara."

"So you're the one," the girl said. "I'll call and tell her you are here." She lifted the phone and had a short, curt conversation.

Tamara was dressed for business. She wore a smart pinstriped suit with a mid-thigh mini-skirt. But there was a hint of the bedroom, too. Her heels were higher than he would have expected for a businesswoman--nearly five inches--and there was a hint of black lace at the "V" of her blazer.

"Hi, handsome," she said. "Where are we going for dinner?"



"How about Chinese," he offered. He hadn't thought about it and it was the best he could improvise.

"That would be fine." She smiled and took his arm.

Dinner was delicious. She had a small plate of sesame chicken, which she nibbled at, while he ate a hearty helping of beef and broccoli. He had a hard time taking his eyes off of her. He noticed small things, like the delicate line of eyeliner at the border of her eyelashes, the small lick of her lips she gave as she swallowed her food, and the gentle swell of her breasts as she breathed. After dinner, they walked, arm in arm, through downtown. They stopped occasionally at windows to gaze at the merchandise in the shops, but they never went in.



Mostly, he talked about himself. About his trip to Europe, about his plans for the future, and about what he liked in women. Whenever they stood in front of a dress shop, she would ask him how he liked this or that dress and would he like to see her in it. This sort of thing flustered him.

"Let's go to my place," she invited him at last. They made their way back to his car and drove to her apartment.

"Where is your roommate tonight?" he asked her. She was fishing her keys from her purse.

"She won't be back until late." She winked at him as she opened the door. "Have a seat on the couch, hon. I have some wine in the 'fridge." She brought him a glass and left him the bottle.

"I'll be right out." She vanished into the bedroom.

Doug looked around the apartment and was overcome with a strange sense of *deja vu*. He had lived in the apartment a couple of years ago, but there was something else. Some of the furnishings seemed familiar. These thoughts vanished when Tamara reappeared.

She had "slipped into something more comfortable," as the saying goes. Doug was dumbstruck. She was wearing a diaphanous white peignoir trimmed with a halo of marabou. Beneath, was a white corset that left her breasts bare. The triangle of her white silk thong was framed by the garters that held up her white lace stockings. Her legs went on forever and stretched down into six inch mules made from clear plastic and trimmed with marabou. She had pulled her hair back and it fell behind her head like a cascade of dark fire. Diamond pendants hung from her ears, and her face was framed on both sides by matching corkscrew curls.

"What do you think?" she asked, striking a slattern pose with her hand braced against the doorframe.



He was speechless. He sputtered, but couldn't say anything. She smiled and sauntered very slowly towards him, rolling her hips in an exaggerated, runway swing. Her breasts bobbed fetchingly as she moved. She sat in his lap, pitching herself so that her long legs crossed over his legs. She placed her hands behind his neck and drew his face to hers. They kissed deeply, but he still seemed afraid to touch her. She took the initiative, guiding one of his hands to her breast. His other hand found the swell of her ass by itself.

"I can tell you like what you see," she said when they finally broke for air. She moved her ass slowly back and forth in his lap, feeling his swelling erection there.

"Oh, god," he said at last. "I can't believe this..."

He bent his head to suckle on her erect nipples. She arched her back at the touch of his mouth and let out a low, satisfied moan. He sucked them until they were so hard it almost hurt, but it was a sweet, aching pain.

Eventually, she pulled his face back to hers and kissed him again, sucking his tongue deep into her mouth. When they broke the kiss, she slid from his lap onto the floor. Kneeling in front of him, she unbuckled his pants and began to slide them from his hips. They were at his ankles when she took his erection into her hand and lovingly stroked it.

She smiled broadly as she lowered her head to it to kiss the tip. She gave his urethra a quick darting lick as she kissed it and the sensation was like a shock to him. He began to seep pre-cum as she stroked him. Then, all at once, she engulfed him with her mouth. The moist warmth of her felt divine and she swirled her tongue around his cockhead as she began moving her head up and down the shaft.

"Oh, my god!" he moaned.

He closed his eyes and concentrated on the pleasure she was giving him. He had only had three girlfriends in his life, and only one of them had ever pleased him with her mouth. She had approached it hesitantly, with a barely disguised fear and a trace of disgust. He hadn't climaxed from it despite the fact that the image of her head bobbing up and down in his lap gave him a feeling of power.

It was nothing like this. Nothing he had ever experienced was like this. Tamara was taking his manhood with total abandon. She seemed concentrated solely on giving him the blowjob of his life. He was close to the brink when she stopped.

She was still holding him in her hand, stroking his now-shiny cock with her fingers. She lightly nipped the skin of his frenum. The sensation shocked him with the intensity of pleasure it gave him.



"Not yet, honey," she told him.

She stood and sauntered to the kitchen. He heard her drop some ice cubes into a glass, but he didn't hear her pour anything. When she returned, she had a wicked grin on her face. She set the glass on the end table and knelt between his legs once again.

"You're going to love this," she said.

She winked at him, a salacious twinkle in her eye. She gingerly plucked an ice cube from the glass and stuck it into her mouth. Holding it there, she took his cock into her mouth once more. He jumped when he felt the ice on the sensitive skin of his cockhead, but soon, the ice began to elicit intense sensations along the shaft of his manhood.

It was pleasurable, but it wasn't the slow pleasure he was used to when he had sex with women or when he stroked himself to climax. This was something entirely new to him, a primal, violent pleasure that shocked him from the languor into which Tamara's previous ministrations had placed him.

She withdrew her mouth from his cock for an instant and crushed the ice between her teeth. When she resumed, the pleasure was different, but no less intense. The rough surfaces of the ice tickled his cock like a hundred pinpricks. All the while the alternating warmth of her lips and tongue brought him ever closer to climax.



He was only human. He could hold out no longer. The spasm of his orgasm consumed his whole consciousness. He no longer felt even Tamara's presence before him as his manhood erupted in

her mouth. His eyes rolled back in his head as he came. It was the longest orgasm he had ever had, made even more mind shattering by the firm grip she maintained at the base of his cock.

When at last he was done and coming back to something like awareness, she continued to lick the tip of his cock as he detumescd. Each dart of her tongue sent an aftershock to the pleasure centers of his brain, smaller versions of the tidal wave of sensation that he had just felt.

As he came down, she unbuttoned his shirt and eased him out of it. She bent at his feet and removed his shoes so she could pull his pants away from him. When he was naked, she sat next to him and kissed his lips lovingly. The warmth of her body was reassuring.

"Did you like that?" she asked him, a slight hint of amusement in the lilt of her voice.

"God, yes. I've never felt anything like that. I think I blacked out for a second."

She caressed his flaccid penis and began sucking on one of his nipples. "Think you can get it up again?"

"I hope so," he said.

In fact, he wanted to get it up again so badly he could taste it, but he was a little afraid of her now. He looked at her as she touched him here and there. He had never met a woman so in tune with the pleasure centers of a man's body. What other tricks did she know? Could he survive it?

"Do you know what the French call an orgasm?" he asked her.

"No. Tell me."

"The call it 'le petite mort'. 'The little death'. I never knew what they meant until now."

She looked up at him, smiling. "Is that good or bad?"

"I'm not sure. I think some more research is required."

His manhood was beginning to stir again. He kissed her again, deeply, exploring her mouth with his tongue. Then he stood, and pulled her to her feet after him. Hand in hand, he led her to the bedroom. Once there, he pushed her roughly onto the bed. She landed naturally, as if she had planned it, her legs drawn into a smooth curve of repose. He looked down on her and smiled.

"I have to pee," he said.

She burst into laughter. "The bathroom is right behind you," she said.

He ambled to the toilet and shut the door behind him. Once alone, he was struck by that feeling of *deja vu* again. Something is wrong with this, he thought to himself. He flushed and washed his hands.

When he returned to the bedroom, she was right where he left her. The feeling of déjà vu did not go away, despite the hardening of his cock. As he climbed onto the bed he looked around the room. He had been here before. It looked too familiar.

She took his hand and she kissed him again. She pulled away when his reaction was not what she expected. "What's the matter?"

He shrugged and pulled her to him, pressing her breasts against his chest. His hand strayed to her ass and he looped his thumb under the waistband of her thong.

And then he knew.

The shock of it hit him like ice cold water. He pushed her away from him. He wasn't gentle about it.

"Oh God, oh God, oh God," he said aloud. "I can't believe this. I can't believe you did this to me!"

"Did what to you, Doug?" she asked. "I love you. I want to be yours."

"Tim," he said. He let the name hang in the air.

She was trembling. "No. I'm not Tim. Tim doesn't exist anymore. I'm Tamara."

He paced at the foot of the bed, nervously running his hands through his hair. "No. You're Tim. That little vestige of him still hangs between your legs." His voice was hateful and hurt at the same time. He could barely keep the tremor out of it.

She pulled her panties back up to cover herself. "Look at me, Doug." She waited until he turned his gaze at her. "I'm not Tim. I'm not a man. Nothing on my body acts like a man. I'm Tamara. You wanted me more than anything in the world ten minutes ago. Nothing has changed." She stood unsteadily and went to him. There was no sexy self-assurance in her walk now. "Please!"

He pushed her down hard. "Get away from me!" he said. He darted from the room and grabbed his clothes. He dressed hastily and left, slamming the door behind him.

Epilogue

Tamara sat on her bed and cried. Her make-up was a wreck and the mascara around her eyes gave her a hollow, beaten look. Jill found her this way when she returned home. She leaned on the doorframe and looked down at Tamara.

"I told you," she said. "You should have waited. You should have told him beforehand."

"Leave me alone," Tamara replied, a coldness in her voice. "You made me this way. Why?"

"You went willingly enough, darling. Elizabeth and I just pushed you a little."

"I'm sure that crack dealers use the same arguments," Tamara replied. The bitterness in her voice was palpable.

"Why couldn't you wait?"

"It wouldn't have mattered. He would have figured it out eventually."

"Okay, then, why him?"

"He was my friend. I thought... I thought he would understand."

Jill laughed. "Would you? That wasn't the nicest thing you did to him, you know. How would you feel if you discovered that the girl of your dreams was something else entirely?"

"I... I don't know. I hoped that it wouldn't matter. It's the person inside, isn't it?"

"No honey, it's not." Jill folded her arms across her breasts and looked down at her. "It's the image. Men delude themselves about women. You did too. When you got a taste of being a woman, look what kind of woman you turned yourself into. You're a sexpot, darling. You ooze sex. Is that what you intended?"

"Well, no... I..."

"Of course not, darling. You are the physical manifestation of your own illusions. Your Dougie boy responded to the illusion of femininity. He couldn't deal with the reality. Neither can you."

"What does that mean?" Tamara looked confused.

"I mean that you look for all the world like a woman, but you're not one. Not yet."

"What do you mean? Are you saying that I should get the operation?"

"No. That won't make you a woman any more than those pretty breasts on your chest make you a woman. You need experience. Tonight was your first lesson."

Tamara was silent for a long moment. "Do YOU love me, Jill?"

"Of course, I love you, darling. And I will KEEP loving you no matter what you become."

"Even if I go... all the way?"

"Even then."

"Why did you let me make a fool out of myself tonight, then?"

Jill smiled. "Because you needed it. You will have men as lovers, darling. You won't be able to help yourself. But you need to remember what you are. And who you are. And who loves you."

Tamara sniffled, then smiled pathetically. "I was a fool, wasn't I?"

"The biggest one I have ever seen."

"Do you want me to get the operation?"

"What do you want?"

Tamara shrugged. "I don't know. Not yet."

Jill sat on the edge of the bed and kissed Tamara gently, wiping away the tears. "Let's get you cleaned up. You have the rest of your life to lead, you know."

Tamara laughed at that, and then smiled. "Do you think Doug will ever forgive me?"

"Maybe. Why don't you give him some time? He may call you, and if he doesn't, you can always call him. He has his illusions, too. Maybe if you play to them, he can forget about this whole thing."

Tamara thought about the reaction Doug had shown to her oral technique. A sly grin came to her face. He'll be back, she thought. He'll be back.

The End

Bonus Pic- Before and After







More Lingerie Play With Jill





