

THE CO-ED'S  
DARLING  
MAIDSERVANT



*Simon Wentluke*

Co-Ed's Darling Maidservant by Simon Wentluke

# THE CO-ED'S DARLING MAIDSERVANT

By

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## **Chapter I**

### **Katherine**

It was not love at first sight. I had always been attracted to feminine women and Katherine was anything but. She was, and is, fiercely beautiful, like a powerful wild predator, a great panther, is beautiful, and well-muscled from lengthy daily workouts but without the bulkiness of steroids, and nearly devoid of fat. Katherine was even more impressive nude and at rest in bed than she was on the basketball or volleyball courts where she earned her varsity letters.

Not that she rested much or allowed me much rest those first times she took me into her bed. She moved as she did in competitive sports, lithely, like a wild lioness, teasing her prey and then pouncing. As she dominated her teammates and her opponents in sport, so she dominated me in bed. And I loved it.

But there was nothing feminine about her, at least not in a frilly, cutesy manner, the way her muscles shone as they bunched and twisted visibly as she writhed with pleasure above me. She wore little makeup and dressed in elegant, expensively tailored clothing of severe cut. No frills, no ornamentation.

Even Katherine's hair was short, cut in a no-nonsense auburn bob that was only slightly longer than mine when we met and far shorter later, after she encouraged me to grow mine and to pamper it into lustrous blond waves.

So she was not my type: admirable from afar but not especially appealing. In fact I was actually turned off from the start because she was probably six inches taller than me: a giantess, for I am five foot 10 tall enough to make the high school basketball team in my little northern Canadian mining town, but not, as it soon turned out, even for the second-string freshman squad in university.

So I became a team manager. This meant hobnobbing with

Katherine and her teammates since the men's and women's teams traveled together on road games.

I was an excellent team manager. Everyone said so. I was the eldest of four; my siblings were all sisters and, since my mother died giving birth to the youngest, I took over many motherly chores, the cooking, laundering, dressing, even the shopping. Until Sharon, my oldest sister, reached 15, just before I left for university, I even took my sisters, each in their turn, shopping for clothes and other female necessities. Our relationship was and remains very close. More than once one of them would say to me gratefully, "You are like our mother to us."

So I was used to taking care of adolescents, which is what many athletes tend to be emotionally whatever the chronological age, taking care of their clothes, their gear, their tantrums.

One time both the women's b-ball managers begged off a road trip and their coach, June Pendergrast, asked me to fill in, on top of my regular duties with the men's team. I handled it so well the women gave me a standing ovation on the team bus as we returned to town from the airport.

Privately, they begged the coach to make me their full-time manager, as both the so-called regulars were proving decidedly unenthusiastic or competent.

So I took over. In fact, it was easier for me than working with the men: I knew girls. Girls I could handle. The trick was to agree with whatever they wanted, whether I meant it or not. Also to not take offence at their impatience, petulance and childishness.

I swiftly arranged for "drops" both at home and away where I could collect items for cleaning or repair and leave items I had finished with without having to intrude on their change rooms. Not that they didn't invite me, teasingly, in, saying I was just one of the girls as far as they were concerned. The women reported that their clothes, including

their frilliest underthings that occasionally slipped into the wash with their uniforms, had never been cleaner or softer.

Katherine used to spend as much time with the men's team at the pub after games as the women's. Not because she liked male company so much as to meet her need to dominate.

On one such bar visit on the second or third away game, after she had held center court with a mixed crowd from both teams, about politics, sports and life, for half an hour, I ventured a comment of my own.

I was criticizing her position. I could see her grinning in a feline way almost literally licking her chops as she waited her moment to counter attack when her expression underwent a subtle change, a softening into one of warmth and interest so strong I could almost feel it on my skin. Disconcerted, I stuttered to a conclusion and ordered another beer. She kept her peace and I did the same as the general discussion broke into private tete-a-tetes. As I chatted with my neighbor I could feel Katherine's gaze on me like that of a heat lamp.

## **Chapter II**

### **A Plan is Born**

"You know Dale, our manager?"

"Yeah?"

"The little cutie, he stood up to me at the bar last night. We were arguing about women's role in politics and so on. I never noticed how adorable he is."

Katherine was having breakfast with her roomie Melanie. The table they sat at was littered with the ruins of previous meals and the kitchen itself was a similar mess. In fact, the whole apartment was in

perpetual chaos. Katherine, Melanie and the third roomie, Anne, were all rich, only-children accustomed to servants or mothers cleaning up.

"Well I noticed," said Melanie. "Were you thinking of asking him out? He's not really your type."

"My types have been disasters. Too much like me. Always competing with me," said Katherine.

"Hmmm. I see what you mean. I've had that too."

"Anyway, I'm not so much thinking of asking him out, as asking him in."

"Explain."

Katherine gestured at the mess.

"Girl, what we need is a personal manager."

"Of course we do," agreed Melanie. "And Dale..."

"Would be perfect. He already has a track record."

"Wow! I like the way you think, girl. Um, do you see Dale moving in or?"

"Not at first. For starters some light dating to hook him and then "Servitude! I like it. Very nineteenth century!"

## **Chapter III**

### **Seduction**

The next morning, I checked for messages from my landlord, and was given a small cream envelope with something hard inside. It was a fiat disc of chocolate wrapped in gold foil and a cryptic message: "Dale, I think you are sweet than this."

Unsigned. A deliberate ploy to intrigue me? Or was the donor too shy to state his or her identity? Oh yes, though I was not gay or bisexual, I had inherited enough of my mother's outstanding looks to attract some members of both species.

I guess I suspected Katherine from the start, because of a certain electric charge I felt in her presence, a warmth of regard.. The game continued for a month: I received a single rose, a scented card of a smiling cat holding a canary in its mouth, and finally, a heart-shaped locket with the message inside, "Wear this for me until we meet."

Both the cat and canary card and the peremptory tone of the message gave me a shiver down my spine, but I did as I was told, doing my best not let anyone see I had on such a feminine thing as a gold locket. Though I occasionally dated a co-ed classmate in English 101, I had no steady girlfriend.

And when my regular dating partner, Sandra, detected the locket under my shirt and insisted on reading its contents, she was incensed. She dropped me on the spot. But I didn't care. Somehow to find myself the target of romantic foreplay felt intoxicatingly mysterious and adult.

Suddenly, she was there, sitting across from me in the cafeteria, looking down at me, smiling as sweetly as a tigress can. She held out her hand. We shook. "Hi, Dale," she said, looking down at her lap with a charming attack of shyness "I guess we've never actually been formally introduced. Call me KT."

"Uh, hi, I'm Dale. Dale Embry," I said.

There was a long pause. Katherine betrayed all the symptoms of gun-shyness. She summoned up her courage and blurted: "Are you wearing my locket?"

Automatically I clasped it through my T-shirt. "It's right here. Um, thanks. It's ... it's nice."

"It's real gold, you know," she said, and then rolled her eyes. "Gosh, what a stupid thing to say. Well, there you go, Dale, I think

you're so cute that you've got me saying stupid things." She blushed. I blushed too.

"You're doing fine," I offered, thinking, this is like a romantic comedy, only I've got the girl's lines. I was just a freshman, straight from the boondocks, and here I was being wooed with flowers and love notes by a big girl on campus big in every sense of the word.

As we gazed across my lunch tray at each other I realized she was actually quite good looking once you got past the muscle tone: wide set green eyes under gracefully curved, trimly tapered brows, a sprinkle of freckles across a straight, longish nose, full, sensuous lips, and a small square chin.

"Like what you see?" she asked smilingly. "There's more." And she blushed again, charmingly. And I was charmed. A part of me had misgivings over how I as the male should be taking the initiative. And there was the whole issue of the height difference. Guys were supposed to be taller than their girlfriends, not half a foot shorter. It was okay as long as we were sitting down but

"Let's go for a walk," she said, rising to her feet.

"Uh, okay," I replied.

And so we strolled to my next class really, Katherine was *walking* me to my class like a guy walks his girlfriend through the crowds of other students, to a more secluded route along a creek, with the sun shining warmly upon us. We talked about where we were from, what our parents did, how we got along, the basketball teams' prospects, and Katherine's physical injuries. She showed me some vulnerability that wasn't part of her public persona, crying about her father's recent death and reaching out to grasp my hand when she did so. We walked like that for the rest of the way.

The relationship moved slowly forward: I think we were both impatient but basketball schedules, then volleyball for Katherine as well, kept intruding. Not until October did Katherine invite me to her

apartment for a drink after an evening practice. Her roommates had conveniently gone elsewhere. It turned into our first sexual encounter.

I was no virgin, but she made me feel like one the way she played the aggressor throughout and the sheer animal ferocity of her lovemaking. And an hour after we went to bed, she was all over me again. And then one more time in the morning.

After that, we were an item. We met for lunch and dinner, going Dutch or with Katherine, whose family was very well off, paying the shot. We went out together with her friends afterwards to pubs when we weren't studying, which we also did together. Her friends were all female jocks, some of whom had boyfriends, some not. They were fun to be around, a trifle intense, but hearty laughers and loyal friends when someone was in need. They were also confirmed practical jokesters, not something we had every engaged in my little northern high school.

For a while, we even did our laundry together, until Katherine changed a course that took up the time slot. So I carried on doing her clothes for her. It was a little embarrassing to be folding her flimsiest underthings upon the table in the Laundromat (her apartment had its own laundry room of course, but I couldn't use it by myself) and I certainly attracted some curious looks from the other patrons. Once, when I was methodically spraying the crotches of her underwear with stain remover before washing, a brassy blonde of about 30 looked over my shoulder and said with only a touch of mockery: "I like your work, honey. You can come home with me and be my wife any time."

I froze in mortification, absolutely unable to say anything, until she patted me on the back and said, in a softer tone, "That's all right dear, sorry to tease you. You get on with it," and moved away. I saw her occasionally in the same place after that. She always gave me a friendly smile, which, after a while, I took to returning.

"Hello."

"Hello, is that Dale Emory's place? This is his sister Sharon."

"Oh, hello Sharon, this is Dale's girlfriend, KT Kelly."

"Wow! KT Kelly the basketball star?"

"That's me. Sharon, Dale isn't here right now, can I take a message?"

Katherine heard whispering on the other end of the line and then a younger girlish voice.

"Hello, this Tricia, Dale's middle sister. Tell Dale we miss him and we love him. Does he have to go to university? We need our mother!"

"Your mother, Tricia? Did I hear you right?" There was another spurt of whispering and Sharon came back on the line. "Tricia shouldn't have said that. But Dale, well, he's been like a mother to us since our real mother died. I don't know if he told you that but our dad's away a lot and Dale did all the cooking, laundry, took us shopping for clothes, even went to parent-teacher meetings. I've had to step in and fill his shoes and it hasn't been easy." Suddenly Sharon was crying and Tricia was joining in.

Katherine was touched. After a decent interval, she said, "Ah, Sharon, I guess I knew a little of this. And I know Dale misses you. I'm sorry it's so hard for you."

"You sound like a nice person," sniffed Sharon. "Are you taking care of Dale?"

"I'm trying."

"'Cause I know he misses us. He said so in his letter. He said he never realized what a close family we were until now. Now he says he's lonely living in his boarding house, even though he's got a girlfriend. I guess that's you."

Katherine thought about the conversation for a long time afterwards.

## Chapter IV

### Hooking the Fish

One Saturday morning when I was alone in the Laundromat, Katherine called me up on my cell phone and asked me to walk over to a sports store, which had called with a pair of runners she had ordered.

When I returned, I discovered the laundry bag containing all my clothes had been stolen. Luckily, Katherine's were untouched. My rent money, left inadvertently in my shoulder bag, was also gone. I must have been wearing a long face when I delivered her laundry because she asked, "What's wrong Dale? You look like you've lost your best friend, and I thought / was your best friend."

It was a good point: I was catastrophizing over the loss of my clothes and rent. But it was far from the end of the world. I still had Katherine. What I didn't have was any money to replace what was stolen not and pay my own room and board.

I explained all this to Katherine. True to form, she had the solution: "Move in with us. You spend half your time in my bedroom anyway and there's a spare room for your stuff since Maria quit school. You could cut your room and board and earn money cleaning up after us. As for clothing, Maria left all her clothes and all she ever wore were jeans and T-shirts. I bet you'd fit into it fine." This was probably true, I realized. Maria, who had quit abruptly after her boyfriend dumped her, was my height and build, approximately.

"Shouldn't you check with your roommates?"

"Sure I will but they'll go along. They were just joking that we could use a servant around here." I wasn't sure I liked the sound of that but Katherine had laughed when she said it.

"But one guy living with three girls..."

"Come on Dale, we live in the 21st Century. Look at how well you've done with our team. And you've already had experience with your sisters, you told me. We can adapt to gender differences. We're all adults."

And so it was decided. I became the mascot/servant for Katherine and her roomies Anne and Melanie, cleaning up after them, occasionally cooking, and getting a break on the rent.

Wearing Maria's clothes had provided some initial problems, though. She had a far more extensive and feminine wardrobe than Katherine had realized. There was for example, an extensive collection of lingerie. Initially I balked at slipping on her slinky expensive panties, until the three girls prevailed on me that no one would see, and that the alternatives were going without underwear or cutting into my minimal spending allowance. And, anyway, didn't they feel nice?

They did feel nice, I thought privately, too nice. I had felt the allure of female clothing when washing my sisters' but I had suppressed the feelings as illicit. Now I asked myself, was it just how soft and smooth they felt against my skin, or was there an extra payoff because I was inside the underwear of the other gender, doing something secretive and forbidden?

Interestingly, wearing Maria's underwear didn't give me an erection, but they did send erotic currents through my groin on a pretty steady basis. It was kind of distracting really.

Another thing: Maria's wardrobe ran heavily to tight jeans with a narrower waist than I had and of course a higher crotch.

"We can tailor them out at the waist and so on," said Melanie, a third-year basketball player with a Home Ec major, curly brown hair in a tight ponytail, and a knockout figure. Needless to say, she was over six feet tall. "But it would be easier to take you in."

"How do you mean?" I responded suspiciously.

"Well, over the long-term, you reduce your waistline through

exercise: no problem there since as a team manager you can attend the same morning fitness class we all do for free. But over the short term you need a waist cincher."

"A what?"

"A waist cincher. It's a foundation garment that will bring in your waist to where it needs to be. I think I've got one I can loan you."

And that was that: I was now one of three males in a noon aerobics class with 30 females, and proud owner of a 28-inch waistline thanks to the strictures imposed on my aching body by Melanie's cutely pink but unrelenting waist cincher.

I'm saving money, I'm saving money, I told myself when it caused me cramps in my gut. I repeated the same mantra when Anne came up behind me when I was cooking dinner one evening and slipped a lacy apron around my newly-slenderized mid-section.

"No point in soiling your pretty jeans, Dale," she said. "You need to wear it whenever you are doing chores from now on, don't you think?"

Since there was no other apron, and since no one would see me and so on, I complied. It too was pink, but with violet ruffles around the edges and the shoulder straps.

I needed the apron. The house was filthy. It took me a solid week taking every spare moment from school and the b-ball team to wash all the dishes, clear out the garbage, dust and then wash the walls and floors that first time. The bathroom was worst of all. It took a day all by itself.

The girls were effusive in their praise. The job description seemed to grow daily as one or another of the three would come up to me and very sweetly request some new task, which would quickly become a routine. I didn't really mind. It was what I was used to at home. In fact, I was happier.

One evening after making love, Katherine rolled over and faced

me. "You know love, you hurt me when you were fingering me just now. I think you must have a split nail or something."

"Oh I'm sorry," I replied, mortified. "What can I do differently?"

"Well, it was no biggy. I loved what you were doing. But why not get Melanie to show you how to care for your nails. I keep mine short so I'd be no help.

Melanie was only too happy to instruct me in nail "hygiene" as she called it. Indeed, she instructed me in general hand care, since I was handling so many cleaners, she said. I now embarked on a daily regimen of rubbing lotion into my hands to counteract the toll taken by my household activities.

Moreover, I did such a good job filing and trimming my nails (I am a very meticulous person by nature) Katherine had me do hers as well. I would do it in the bedroom while she answered her phone messages. She had to keep them short for basketball but I got them shaped into graceful ovals, and found some nail strengthener to help them survive the game. She even asked me to pick out the colors for her. I had gone all through the color business with my sisters so she came to rely on my judgment in such things.

The other girls got wind of this and soon I was doing their nails too. Many an evening there the four of us would be, lounging around the fireplace in our filmy sleepwear, drinking hot chocolate and gossiping about team romances and spats while I did their nails.

Did I mention that, early on, they persuaded me to wear Maria's nighties? My objections drew the usual rebuttals: "No one would see, blah blah. What else is there for you to wear? It makes us feel so much more comfortable," and, of course, "But don't they feel so nice?"

They did feel nice. Not that I let the girls know, but I loved how they floated onto my body each evening, as light as the wind, clinging softly to my belly, my hips, my fanny and thighs, sitting on my shoulders like a caress. I adored the seductive grasp of the elasticized

panties that came with each nighty as I drew them oh-so slowly up my calves and thighs. And of course, the only slippers Marie had left behind had at least two inches of heel. After losing the battle of the nighties I caved rather easily on the slipper issue. At first these stretched the muscles along my shins and gave me cramps in the calves, but I got used to them. They sure made my legs look shapelier and I wasn't sure that was a good idea. But who would see them, after all?

To kneel at the feet of these three hot babes, painting their fingernails and toenails in glistening exotic hues, was a delightful experience. They soon accepted me as a friend and confidant. In a way I suppose this was not surprising. I had played just this role with my sisters. Maybe I knew how to be a confidant better than my three roomies, who were all single children.

We talked as I had with them, playfully, about female things. I found it easy to slip back into the old speech patterns, the gentle cajolery, and even, after a while, the open exchange of feelings.

I felt so happy and at peace during these evenings that I forgot about how femininely I was dressed.

One evening Melanie examined her gleaming nails for a moment and then shifted her gaze to me. "You know, Dale sweetie, you have the same coloring as me."

The room suddenly went silent as the other two girls stopped talking and looked our way.

I felt a tightening in my chest.

"Okay," I said.

"This color would look great on you too, wouldn't it Dale?"

"Well, yeah, if I were a girl I suppose."

"No, no, colors are just colors. They don't have a gender," she chided. "They'd look good on you, period. Especially now that you are taking such good care of your nails."

"Well, let's say that you're right, hypothetically. But guys still don't wear nail polish so I don't."

"But just once in a while for a lark. After all, nobody would need to see them outside these walls. And we'll never tell, will we girls?"

Two heads gave negative shakes in unison.

"I mean look at you Dale. In your sexy nighty, soft lacy panties, and your two-inch mules. Why fuss over some nail polish? You know what, you won't even have to take off the toenail polish in the morning. Who's going to see it?"

Somebody at the gym for the morning workout, I thought, but didn't bother protesting. One of the three would have the answer for that too.

So grudgingly I brushed the peachy shade onto my finger and toenails (fitness class had rendered me quite flexible enough to do my own toes). My sullenness retreated before the steady, slow trickle into my inner being of luxurious sensuality as each successive fingertip was transformed into a liquidly gleaming talon.

"Wow," said {Catherine, when I held my dry but glistening nails for her inspection. "Come to bed this instant, young lady." Anne and Melanie hooted, but it was a friendly laugh. Still I felt a little humiliated about Katherine's reference to me as a woman and the way she led by my soft, beautified hand, our painted nails complementing each other I noticed, to the bedroom.

There she attacked me with an excitement she hadn't shown for weeks (there had been a certain routineness creeping into our sessions lately). She asked me to leave on my nighty and spent some time caressing me through it. It felt great all over but, surprisingly, my nipples in particular responded to this treatment. They had been feeling tender lately and sensitive to cold weather, which made them stick out. Now they distended even more as KT fondled and sucked on them, sending jolts of tingly pleasure out in all directions through my body.



My manhood especially resonated agreeably.

After that, rather than arguing with they're pleasant but insistent nagging, I simply wore toenail polish all the time in some peach or dark red color. On my fingers, I often let them "experiment" on me with a color. That was taken off the next day, only to be replaced for the next day's classes, at Katherine's insistence, with a transparent coating for "protection."

"It will make them stronger and less likely to split or snag," she said. "And we won't have that problem with you hurting me inside my you-know-what."

Hard to argue against that.

## **Chapter V**

### **Changing Him Softly**

After moving in with the girls I also soon fell into their routine of regularly shampooing and conditioning my hair. Soon it had become full, soft and gleaming like burnished metal.

Katherine urged me to let it grow out, saying she liked it better long and since I had, she said, such lovely, blond hair why not make the most of it.

"Well, because I'm a guy," I said.

"So guys shouldn't take care of their looks?"

"Sure."

"Don't you like how sweet your hair look now that you've been taking care of it so well?"

"Well, yeah. 'Sweet' isn't the word I would use, but..."

"You know," she said, running her hands through my hair and sending tingles down my spine, "you don't appreciate how good you have it. I only wish I could grow my hair long, but it gets in the way on the basketball court. It seems so unfair for you to have such beautiful hair and not make the most of it. It's like ingratitude to Mother Nature." She huffed from the room. The topic never came up again directly, but I decided, reluctantly, to let my hair grow. Katherine noticed and never missed an opportunity to reinforce my acquiescence in this regard, constantly paying me compliments on my hair, as did the other girls.

And I must admit, I couldn't help but enjoy both the compliments and the neat way my hair looked, especially as I was brushing it dry after shampooing and conditioning it. It would start out dark with water a golden brown and then gradually lighten as I brushed it into blond. It gave me a giddy tremor in my abdomen. I wondered what it would look like streaked: My eldest sister Sharon had got her hair streaked and I had much admired it.

But there was a problem. I hadn't said it to Katherine, but I was worried at how feminine I looked: what with my tight pants and my glistening, through uncolored fingernails it was only a matter of time, I feared, before someone mistook me for a girl.

I guess the people who saw me most often, my classmates, didn't notice because the changes to my appearance came so gradually, like my lengthening, softening hair. My fingernails too were lengthening since Melanie insisted that I must never clip them but only file them, and I think the stuff she had me putting on them to strengthen them also made them grow faster. Anyway, I couldn't keep up with the file so, like Topsy, and my hair, they just grew.

My classmates never said anything, though when we stood around before or after class talking, I thought some of them were kind of, you know, give me appraising glances. When this happened I would sometimes break into a nervous sweat and my knees would tremble.

One day in November when I was vacuuming the living room I

was feeling quite hot and distressed in Maria's jeans and long-sleeved T-shirt. The jeans were tight and binding at my crotch and knees. The shirt's rough material irritated my soft, sensitive nipples, which seemed more prominent than I remembered for some reason. Even the flesh behind them seemed fuller than I remembered. What's more, I had to constantly brush my flowing blond locks from my eyes. I was silently cursing my circumstances, which had not provided me with the finances to buy my own clothes. What with the rent the girls charged, books and living expenses, I was barely getting by. Nor could my dear dad help, what with three girls to feed.

Anne, who had been sitting demurely in the sofa reading a newspaper, looked up at me, her brow creased. Anne was a second-string center: tall, of course, slender, blue-eyed and red-haired, and a slightly reserved, businesslike demeanor. She was, in fact, a third-year business administration student. "Why don't you change out of those jeans? Surely Maria must have something in her closet that's cooler."

"Other than tight jeans, only dresses."

"So wear a dress."

"Oh come on," I moaned. "Nail polish, frilly aprons, long hair, hasn't this gone far enough?"

Anne ignored my complaining tones. "Come on Dale, let's go look." She took me by the hand and led me unresisting to Maria's room.

She quickly fished out a simple green shirtwaist dress, sleeveless and low in the back. "Try this on, Dale. No, wait a sec." And she rummaged through a drawer to pull out a diaphanous slip. "This first."

"But..."

"Honestly, Dale. Would you rather suffer and sweat that be comfortable? Is your masculinity so insecure?"

When I started to answer she put a finger to my lips and smiled sweetly. She was hard to resist when she smiled. "Strip," she

commanded." Everything but the waist cincher."

I did, my hands trembling. It seemed like I was crossing some Rubicon. Or maybe I was just changing into something cooler, that nobody but my roommates would see?

"Say, Dale, you might as well be cool from the skin out and put on panties too," she said, removing a pair of mint-coloured panties from the chest of drawers. It matched the mint-green slip, but was edged with white lace at the waist and leg openings ... "You wear them at night already so no more macho bullshit." Obediently I slid into the panties, trembling at their delightfully silkiness, and then let the slip drift down over my shoulders. The dress came next: it felt a lot cooler than the jeans and heavy T-shirt.

"There, isn't that better?" pressed Anne.

"Yeah, I guess so."

"Oh you. You look cute, you know." Anne leaned forward and gave me a brief kiss full on the mouth. It was quite sensual. She had left some lipstick behind on my mouth. I could taste it. She dabbed it off with some Kleenex. "There. Back to work," she said, a mischievous glint in her eyes telling me she had enjoyed the kiss as well.

I returned to the vacuuming in considerably more comfort. Anne had been right. It was much cooler and more comfortable in a dress than in heavy, binding and rough-textured jeans. The slip helped the dress to slide easily over my body when I moved. I felt vulnerable and exposed nonetheless, with my thighs constantly brushing each other to remind me how open I was to the air down there.

My hair was still in my face, though, and Anne noticed me brushing it out of my eyes with some exasperation.

"Here honey," she said, "hold still." She stood so close behind me I could feel her thighs and nipples against my legs and back, and I felt her gathering my hair into a pony tail and sliding something around it.

Good, I thanked Anne and worked my way through the apartment. In Melanie's room I glanced at her closet mirror and saw myself for the first time. "Uh! Melanie, I didn't see".

Of course it was me not her. On second glance I didn't look at all like Melanie, but I did look like a girl like a slender young woman, actually, with long and lovely legs, shimmery blonde hair gathered in by a red velvet bow. I turned off the vacuum and pirouetted on my heels, arms akimbo, as I had seen girls do, and saw that aside from my fiat chest, I was quite presentable. In fact, I looked like

Sharon, my sister. With a sudden jolt of grief, I realized I looked like my mother. I collapsed on the carpet and hugged myself, recalling her warm embrace, and cried.

That was how Anne found me, sobbing, gazing at my reflection in the mirror, missing my mother. She knelt beside me wordlessly and hugged me. "There, there, Dale," she said over and over. "Want to talk about it?"

I explained about the reflection.

"Oh, poor boy. I should never have made you put on that dress."

"No, no, it's okay," I sniffed. "It was good to remember my mother."

"Hmmm," said Anne. "You want to remember her even more?"  
"How's that?"

"Well, why don't I make you up? Maybe we can get you looking just like her?"

The idea had a strange appeal. It felt both darkly, sweetly forbidden and somehow appropriate and healing. I nodded.

"C'mon then," said Anne, leading out of Melanie's room. "Do you have a picture of your Mom? I produced one from my wallet. "Wow," she said. "I can see where you get your beauty oops, sorry. I mean your good looks." She took me to her room and sat me beside her

at her vanity.

She ran her finger along my cheek and said approvingly, "You don't shave every day, do you?"

"Uh, no, for the last month or so it hasn't been as often."

"That's a good thing. I'm going to wash your face with cleansing pads first."

"My face is pretty clean," I protested, already regretting my decision to go along with her scheme.

"Hush," said Anne. "Watch what turns up on the pad. She scrubbed my face, energetically in some places but with great gentleness around my eyes. "You have lovely skin," she said. "Do your sisters share that?" Since Katherine's conversation I had told about my relations with my sisters to Anne and Melanie in the evening sessions.

"Uh, yes, we all have our mother's complexion, I guess." I sniffed as I remembered her.

"Lucky for you. And do you get your long eyelashes from her too?" She was spreading a cool fluid on my skin now foundation, she said. " They are to die for, you know."

"Yes, I suppose. I wasn't paying that much attention to her appearance. She was just, you know, my mother."

"Uh huh. Watch how I'm blending the foundation evenly with my fingers."

I watched, but I didn't know why I needed to. I sure wasn't going to do this myself.

"Now I'm adding some lighter color along your jaw line to soften. See?"

"Mmmm," I replied.

"Here, "she squeezed some cream onto my fingers."You do it on the other side." And so it continued, with me essentially doing half my

face. Anne asked me questions about my mother as we went along, swiftly blotting up any tears this induced. They were healing tears, but also distracting ones. I did not notice the overall impact of the process, just the details.

"I'm going to remove a few hairs from your eyebrows now," she said. "Just to neaten them."

"Oh, no, "I said. "People will notice that, won't they?"

"No, I don't think so," she said reassuringly, as the tweezers in her hand hovered over my face. "Not consciously, anyway."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean the difference should be too slight to register with people consciously. But their subconscious will notice and they will feel differently towards you."

I pondered that while she moved down one brow and then the other. It felt like they'd been reduced to thin lines but when she let me look in the mirror it was as she said, a barely discernible tapering at the outside ends and thicker at the insides. My insides melted into a sweet liquid at the sight. I looked even more like Mom and Sis!

"You can do them next time," she said, but you must be careful not to overdo it."

"Huh. What makes you think there will be a next time?"

"Oh Dale, "she said. "If this works out the way we want it to, you may enjoy seeing your mother again some other times too, no?"

"Hmmm. I suppose."

"Sure." she soothed. "Now let's darken the brows a little. We'll use this mascara and brow wand." Again she did one and I the other. My brows seemed to come to life, bringing elegance and character to my face my mother's character.

Anne studied the picture of my mother. "Hmm, maybe a little

eyeliner can't hurt. This is the hardest part," she warned. "Watch carefully. I'm using a light brown because we're trying for makeup that doesn't look like it is makeup. You can't see the makeup on your mom but you know it's there because of the way her features are well defined."

With painstaking slowness she ran a tiny narrow brush along the upper and lower lids of my left eye.

"Could you do my right as well?" I said softly. "I don't think my hand would be steady enough to manage that."

"Sure, sweetheart," she said. My heart jumped at this new term of endearment. After the eyeliner she let me apply mascara to both my upper lashes. How exquisite a sensation this was as my lashes grew darker, longer and lusher with each stroke. What was happening to me? I wondered. Surely this wasn't how a man should be feeling. My hand shook so badly the mascara wand fell from my fingered.

"Oops," she said, stooping to retrieve this instrument of my feminization. "I'll do your lower lashes."

I watched in growing consternation as my eyes were transformed into seemingly enormous, shadowy orbs of mystery, their warmth accented by the lush, dark fringe of lash and liner that rimmed them. The light grey tinting on my lower lids only enhanced the effect of womanliness.

Instead of lipstick Anne produced another small bottle of liquid with a screw-out applicator. Under her precise instruction, I forced my hand into steadiness and spread it onto my lips, following my natural contours exactly. "Your lips are already full and ripe," she said approvingly. "You're a lucky girl."

I blushed with embarrassment but also excitement. Would I be sexy? Anne now insisted I turn away from the mirror until she completed the finishing touches. There seemed to be an infinite number of these but she wanted me to get the "full effect," as she put it.

She had to apply blusher, for example, two shades- one above and one below my cheekbone. And powder to keep everything in place.

Then she unpinned my hair and made an effort to shape it about my head with brush and hairspray to look like my mother's. She brushed some of the locks of hair that had been in my eyes forward again, then cut them off above my eyebrows. "Bangs," she mumbled cryptically.

And she rummaged in a drawer to emerge with a pair of dangly gold earrings that she screwed onto my lobes.

I was practically panting with excitement and dread now but she still was not done. She made me pirouette before her. "Aha!" she cried. "Just one last touch. You'll love this. Now don't peak, honey. Oh, this is so exciting, isn't it?" She ran into another room as I softly breathed a "yes."

In her hands when she returned were two soft, droopy flesh colored mounds. "Breast forms, deary," she grinned. "Bend over." I did so, allowing her to insert them into the soft cups of my slip and adjust them. "They'll do for now, but obviously you'll need a bra for going out."

Who was going out? Who cared? I just wanted to see myself. I rolled my shoulders and experienced the weight and touch of the breast forms. They were insecure and I found myself wanting the brassiere. Oh what was happening to my masculinity when I wanted a brassiere to feel better about my breasts?

"Oops, one last thing," she cried. "Heels." And so it was on three-inch heels I teetered on Anne's steadying arm to the full-length mirror in her closet.

My mother! I gasped and would have collapsed but for Anne. "It's her," I gasped. "I'm her!" But as I examined my reflection I saw there were subtle differences, a narrower face, a slightly stronger jaw and longer nose. But the same luminous, expressive eyes, the same full, sweet mouth, the same shimmering blond hair, and full bosom.

I saw that Melanie had captured my mother's intense eyes by leaving such thickness in my eyebrows at their inside tip, and darkening these deeply.

I turned this way and that as I explored this new identity, luxuriating in my newly acquired beauty and my affinity for my beloved mother, even as alarm bells went off in my head, warning of the risk to my maleness.

I gradually dawned on me that I could be a babe! A sexy fox. I wasn't yet. I looked like an attractive but serious college student, a young woman who wanted to look good but was not trying to attract men yet. Nonetheless I felt my manhood straining against its silken confinement and pressing out the material of my dress. Surely this wasn't right to feel this way?

And then Katherine and Melanie burst through the apartment door, crying, "Yoo hoo, we're home!"

I panicked, looking at Anne with desperation in my eyes. "Don't worry," she whispered. "I'll talk to them. Just relax."

She left the room. I heard voices faintly from the kitchen, but I heard the thudding of my own heart against my feminized chest even more.

Anne poked her head in the door and said, "It's okay Dale, I've explained about your mother. Why we did it. They're cool with it. They both want to see you. Come on out."

With my blood pulsing in my temples I walked hand in hand with Anne into the living room. There were Katherine and Melanie, smiling expectantly.

Their expressions turned to astonished delight as they took me in. Encouraged by their speechless admiration, I let go Anne's hand and did a little pivot so they could see me in profile.

"Oh my gaaaaawd," shrieked Melanie, her hands to her face.

Katherine rushed up and planted a lingering kiss on my mouth. When we broke for air, she said softly, "You are beautiful, Dale, just beautiful." She held me at arm's length and grinned. "You'd better redo your lipstick. Great color for you, by the way."

Once the girls had gotten over their shock they seized on the notion of going out for coffee, all four of us, with me still in the dress. "Oh, no, no." I said. "I've gone along with these little dress up things because we always agreed nobody would ever see them but you three."

"But that was before we realized how convincing you are as a girl," said Anne seriously.

"Yes dear," added Katherine. "You don't have to worry about anyone connecting the beautiful woman you are right now, with Dale the arts freshman."

"D-do you really think I'm beautiful?" I said, fearing the answer.

The three women buried my resistance with the strength of their affirmations.

"Don't worry, honey," said Anne. "Only your voice could give you away at this point. We'll do all the talking. I'm sure we can work on the voice."

"Why would I want to work on my voice?" I asked.

"Oh come on, Dale! You've just begun to explore this connection with your dear mother. You aren't going to stop."

I had no answer.

The girls insisted I change to go out, and from the skin out. Maria's chest of drawers yielded a matching peach bra, panties and garter belt set that Melanie said was "just too chic to ignore." The bra felt constraining but oddly comforting. With the breast inserts sitting inside I now had a female body from top to bottom. The sight of my fetching image in the mirror roused disturbing memories of the pubescent boy stealing glimpses of his mother through the crack in

doors.

Katherine showed me how to put the garter tabs under my panties. "That way, you can drop your panties in a hurry."

"Like when your boyfriend wants to feel you up in the elevator" chirped Anne.

"Like when you need to take a leak," said Katherine with a big wink to Anne.

But Anne's remarks had stirred up another nightmare: boys! "Omigosh," I shrieked. "What will boys think of me? Will they read me?"

The women exchanged a meaningful glance. I didn't know why at the time, but it was because I had spoken in such a girlish way, as if I weren't a boy myself.

"Nobody will read you, honeybun," said Melanie. "But every guy will lust after you. Now let me show you how to put on stockings."

"Ooh," I moaned, biting my lip. "I don't want boys lusting after me." I trembled as Melanie rolled up shiny stocking into a ring and slid it up my leg.

"Don't worry. We'll protect you," said Anne. "Three varsity basketball broads can handle any rude guys. Now you do the other leg."

I obeyed. They showed me how to fasten the stockings to my garter belt. The frisson of the stockings rubbing against each other gave me a half-erection, which I tried to conceal by holding my hand in front of it, to the women's cool amusement.

"That reminds me," said Anne. "That outfit will go perfectly with Melanie's peach nail polish you both like so much."

I had never said I liked it. But what was the point of arguing? After all, I *did* like it. It was a good color for us blondes.

While I applied the nail color the others disappeared to their own

rooms to change. Normally they would have stayed in their own jeans or khaki pants but "in solidarity" with me, Katherine said, they would "spiff up."

Left alone, brushing the familiar color on my gracefully lengthening nails, I reflected with dismay on the direction my life had taken. I couldn't say it had happened suddenly. Events had been transpiring for some time leading me down a pathway of femininity. I decided I would do this one thing go out with my roomies and then put my foot down. I giggled as the thought occurred to me: would it be more effective if I put my foot down wearing high-heeled shoes?"

Well, I was wearing three-inch heels that day when I left the apartment with the other-sorry the girls. Along with a red skirt and white sweater over my peach underwear and white slip. There had been a debate over whether I needed a girdle to restrain my manhood. But Katherine had won the day against the girdle by taking my testicles and pushing them into a cavity in my body I had not known existed, then tucked my penis between my legs and pulled my panties up tight. We rode elevator down with a middle-aged couple named Samuels, from the floor above. As always, they asked us about how the team was doing.

"And where is darling Dale?" asked Mrs. Samuels. "Such a nice boy to keep your house clean for you."

"Yes he is," agreed Katherine. "He said he was too busy cleaning to come."

"Ah," smirked Mrs. Samuels, a short but exceedingly buxom and shapely woman with salt and pepper hair in pixie cut. "He'll make someone a great wife someday. You should nail him down."

Everyone laughed except me. I blushed deeply. As the others chatted I felt a soft insinuating hand squeeze my right buttock. Was Mr. Samuels feeling me up? He was right behind me so I couldn't see him. But wasn't Mrs. Samuels right beside him. Was *Mrs.* Samuels feeling

me up? I stood still, enduring the exploring fingers as they tweaked the soft flesh at the bottom of the cheek, then proceeded into the crease between my two buttocks. Now I wished I had worn that darn girdle. So this is what it is like being a woman!

I was quite flustered when, an eternity later, we finally left the elevator. Once on the thin carpet of the lobby and then the hard pavement outside, I found it much easier to walk in my heels, and experienced for the first time the seductive click, click, click as I took many tiny steps in them.

The cool November air swirled around my upper thighs as I walked, kissing my skin through the thin cover of the nylons. The soft material of the slip coiled about my thighs as I minced out to the sidewalk. Melanie told me to watch her as she entered the car. Aha. I saw the trick was to press my knees tightly together, swivel onto the edge of the car seat, and swivel my clenched legs together into the car. It went smoothly and Melanie applauded. "You're catching on almost too fast, girl," she giggled. I blushed with pride.

"Dale, you need to practice talking like a girl before we get there," said Katherine. "But maybe it's time to change your name to something more girly."

"Yay," said Anne. "How about, mmmmm, Cynthia, no Tiffany?"

"Too vapid," said Katherine. "Theresa?"

"Dawn?" chimed in Melanie, "Denise?"

"Dalinia?"

"That's it!" they chorused in triumph.

"Uh, do I get a say in this?" I ventured.

"Nope!" they agreed. "Dalinia it is. Linny for short," said Anne decisively.

My voice was far from convincing from drilling on the drive to the restaurant, so the girls decided I should have bronchitis and follow

their lead. Fine with me. I was so nervous now I was shaking all over. In the car Katherine and Anne hugged me in a sandwich for two whole minutes, crooning encouragement.

"Okay, I'm ready," I said brightly, bringing a final kiss from each of them. The restaurant and its approached were crowded that afternoon. I felt the hot eyes of many virile males burning into me as I minced only a trifle awkwardly into the restaurant. How ashamed I was to be attracting such lustful looks! Yet a little part of me was proud. I tried to ignore it.

As I sat I remembered how I had seen my sisters do it time and again, and swept my skirt toward my knees to prevent it from bunching under my thighs. I noticed an approving glance exchanged by Melanie and Anne and felt a tingle of pride. What was happening to me that I should be proud of such a thing? "Good girl," I heard Katherine whisper and the pride increased.

It was like I was a secret agent or alien invader in disguise: observing the scene through fresh eyes. Now I was painfully aware of the males, the nerdy ones, the hunky ones, the boys, the men, and of which ones were aware of me. So many signals being exchanged. I tried to make my own glances neutral, and quickly moved on when I made eye contact. But much to my shame, I felt a stirring in my panties and again wished I had worn the girdle.

The women were all looking too. I had the sense of a roomful of laser beams crisscrossing with sexual energy, range-finding beams, message beams, and reconnaissance beams.

"Earth to Linny, earth to Linny, come in over," chanted Katherine. "Time to order."

I remembered my voice and pointed to the superburger.

"Oh no," said Katherine. "We girls all need to watch our waistlines. The Caesar for our pretty friend here," she instructed the leering waiter. Was he really leering at me?



For the three women, the visit to the restaurant was an eye-opener too. They had advanced their plan to feminize Dalinia in such tiny increments that they had not noticed the changes in him.

Now, completely en femme for the first time, they were amazed and delighted to see how authentically girlish he behaved. He had been hampered by lengthy nails now for more than a month and handled his cutlery with deft a gracefulness that was completely feminine and affected not only his hands but how he held his wrists and arms as well.

The way he now habitually brushed stray locks of his shiny blonde coiffure from his pretty face or shook them back with a delightful twist of his head was also utterly girlish.

They could only attribute the way he sat forward in his chair, balancing upright, his nyloned knees squeezed decorously together to subconscious imitation of their own postures. They became aware that they themselves had taken in far more of the mothers' or schoolmarms' admonitions regarding proper decorum, and now projected it automatically. So now, it seemed, did Dalinia, the victim of three months immersion therapy. How delightful. They would be sure to get an A in their empowered sexuality course.

The crowd in the restaurant was university types. I noticed a buxom blonde holding forth to a admiring circle of students at a nearby table. The blonde looked up suddenly and caught me staring. I blushed and lowered my eyes. A few seconds later I looked up through my mascara-thickened lashes and saw she was staring at me boldly, while continuing to talk to her friends.

Her powerful gaze mesmerized me for several seconds, finally tearing myself away only when Katherine asked how I was enjoying my salad. I answered her and tried not to look at the blonde, who I now realized was beautiful. Of course I did look, and she often caught me at it, never failing to smile at me. Was she attracted to me as woman? Or

had she made me ask a guy? With a start, I recognised her: it was the brassy woman from the Laundromat.

When her party left, I poked Katherine and asked who she was.

"That's Doctor Kink," she laughed. "Interested?"

"Oh, I've seen her at the Laundromat. Why Doctor Kink?" "You are interested, aren't you? Better stay away from her, dearie. She's a professor of alternative sexuality. Rumored to be a bondage mistress on the side."

In fact, Prof. Helene Mansbridge or "Dr. Kink," was an ardent feminist, who taught a second, more advanced course through the women's studies department, called "empowered sexuality, for women only." And who would be surprised to learn that Katherine, Anne and Melanie were among her prize students?

Before the significance of Helene's lessons had made their impact, Katherine had merely intended to turn Dale into a willing servant. But the course urged women to enslave men sexually, turning them into tools for their pleasure. Dr. Helene revealed several motivational routes that men might be led to this end: one of them was feminization.

"All men are fit only to be our slaves," instructed the beautiful Helene. "And the sooner they all are the sooner we will put an end to violence and war. But only a few are suited by their natures for feminization. First you must find them."

Katherine was beginning to believe Dr. Helene. Dale was not merely malleable. He was actually fated to be womanized. It was surely in his genetic makeup because he was taking to it so easily, naturally. He was one of the special people. As the other girls observed Dale's swishy gestures and demeanor, they had become convinced of the same thing. They had no need to feel guilty about what they were doing to Dale. In fact, they were doing him more than a favor. They were freeing him from male bondage and allowing his inner femininity out.

"Dalinia, honey, it's noisy enough in here for you to work on your femme voice, don't you think," suggested Anne sweetly. "

She was right: nobody would pick my attempts at a higher, softer voice out of the hubbub. And I did want to join in the discussion the other that is the three girls were having about the team and the league.

"If you say so," I lilted. "I think Mandy Mellows is still your best bet at center..."

As the conversation continued I grew more relaxed and my voice did as well, so that it took on the more musical pattern of speech the women were using. But I was unhappy with myself for falling so readily into feminine manners. I resolved to get out of skirts and panties, well, skirts certainly, and makeup, and stay out, starting tomorrow.

"Why not try to keep it up with the voice right till class on Monday?" suggested Melanie. "It's coming along so nicely. Then you could really nail it, and get into your mother's persona whenever you needed to."

It had never occurred to me I had any such need. I did not think I would want to dress up as her ever again, even though the idea of maintaining some link to my mother, did appeal. But I was worried about my masculinity. Surely there were better ways of honoring her memory.

On the other hand, I had learned better from my sisters than to openly oppose willful females. Better to nod and smile agreement and then work quietly to move things in the way I preferred them to go. In retrospect, of course, this was not the best approach.

But at the time I elected to keep up with my efforts to raise and soften my voice, taking pride, as I have said, in doing it right, true to my perfectionist nature.

So I kept up the voice imposture the rest of that day. Of course, the girls urged me to stay made up and dressed up as well. So I did,

grudgingly, but secretly enjoying the swish of the slip against my nylon-swathed thighs and even taken some wry satisfaction in the way my arms would brush against the lateral fullness of "my" breasts and the way these plumped up and down beneath my sweater whenever I moved. I even got a kick out of how the muscles alongside my shinbone were aching from being stretched by my high heels. I chided myself for these pleasant feelings. But after all, another voice whispered, it was only for today.

At day's end I removed my makeup as they did, with different creams for the face and eyes, with a sigh of relief. But then, giving in to their insistent nagging, I replaced my makeup with yet other creams to sink into my face over night to keep it soft.

That night Katherine and I lay curled up together, she in pale aquamarine baby dolls, me in a sleeveless, transparent peach runic and matching harem pants that went nicely with my toenails.

I dreamed of having breasts and of a man, a boy actually from my English class, fondling them as we swam together in the pool. A boy I had only spoken to a few times! I awoke feeling guilty to discover I was folded inside the curve of Katherine's powerful body, and her taut arm draped over me, and she *was* fondling my nipple and cupping and stroking the plump flesh behind it.

It was sending the most sensational feelings through my body and I could feel my maleness uncurling within its silken prison. Interestingly, both my nipples were responding though Katherine was caressing just one. They tingled with pleasure and seemed grow thicker and longer under her touch.

Actually, I was feeling a little self-conscious about my nipples and uh my bosom, lately. At first the nipples had expanded in diameter until they were the size of silver dollars, and then the nubs had extended outwards like thimbles. Lately it felt like a mass of spongy material was building up between my nipples and rib cage.

And now, as Katherine's fingers played with them, they felt more fleshy than I remembered, like they had soft, jiggly mass of their own independent of the flesh on the rest of my chest. But it was all so sensual I set aside my misgivings and luxuriated in the pleasant feelings flooding my body and mind, wriggling my plump fanny around within the angle formed by Katherine's sculpted abdomen and thighs.

"Dalinia?" she whispered. I winced at her use of my feminine name but responded, also whispering, "Yes, KT."

"Will you do something for me?"

"Sure, darling."

"Uh, this is hard to say but..."

"Go ahead," I urged, rolling over and facing her in the darkness.

"Well, you haven't been getting it, you know, up as much as you used to."

"Well, I'm up now," I teased, "thanks to you. See?" And I took my hand from my chest and placed it on the bulge of my panties.

"See that's just it," she replied. "When it's up, it's not up as much."

I felt ashamed. But I had suspected this myself, that my dickie was smaller both in its dormant state and when erect.

"Ah, what do you want me to do about it?"

"Well..." I heard her fumbling in her bedside table... "I was wondering if you mind using this," and she pressed into my hand the unmistakable shape of a male penis. I dropped it on the bed in my surprise, issuing a soft gasp. We both hunted for it, giggling and found it at the same time. It was so lifelike, and, shamefully, much bigger than my own had ever been. Was this what it took to satisfy a woman like Katherine, I wondered.

"So does it strap on?" I asked sadly. "How exactly do I put it on?"

"Urn, it's a two-ended one," she said enthusiastically. "Neither of us puts it on, you see." More fumbling from her side of the bed as she hunted in her drawer again. Now she took the dildo from me and did something to it in the dark. Was she *lubricating* it?

"You see," suddenly she grabbed my hip and rolled me over on my belly. "Now you kneel," she instructed, and I complied, my body trembling and my mind reeling with anticipation. I heard a long sigh of pleasure from Katherine and felt her hand grasp my right cheek. Then something hard and cold with cream or grease nudged my anus.

"You see," breathed Katherine, "it doesn't go on anyone. It goes *in* both of us." And in that instant the dildo pushed through the taut mouth of my anus and into my body.

I cried out more with fear than pain.

"Shhh," commanded Katherine harshly. "You don't want anyone to come, do you? It will hurt at first, but then it gets better."

I certainly didn't want Melanie or Anne to discover us like this, so I decided not to protest, but waited with dread and truth be told excitement.

After a moment I felt the dildo slide painfully in even further, so that it pressed against something inside that was like a button, an erotic button that made me forget the pain. Then it slid past that deeper: oh! How could it go so far? I felt like I was being split down the middle.

Then she slid partly out. And in. And out, pushing that button each time. My body was beginning to respond treacherously, by following the dildo as it was withdrawn, as if to hold onto it longer. Katherine pulled it all the way out and then held it just pushing apart the lips of my anus. I gathered myself and pushed backward with all my might, swallowing the diabolic instrument up to Katherine's pubic bone. She half grunted and half purred. "Mmmm. Do that again, Dalinia."

I withdrew and advanced again. I sensed that Katherine was

doing the same, so that again, we met, my fanny and her belly, somewhere along the slick length of the dildo. She reached out and fondled my nipples again, and again exciting bolts of lightning ran through my body. She shifted her position so that the dildo pressed again against the button inside me. My excitement increased. I was panting now. "Yes, yes, yes," I chanted. Katherine was no longer doing me. I was doing myself now as I moved back and forth on this fabulous magic wand.

Just as I was about to come, Katherine reached down and lightly grasped my maleness. It was enough. Suddenly, I let loose an eruption of cum into her hand and collapsed. Carefully she slid the dildo from me and bade me to roll over. She held out her hand, wet with cum, and told me to lick it clean. Shamelessly, I did as she said. It was warm and sticky but not unpleasant. Where was this leading? I wondered. But Katherine banished these unpleasant thoughts by licking and stroking my nipples. Sexual sensation rocketed through, to my surprise, because, usually, once I was done I was done. Now I found myself writhing helplessly as I enjoyed a second, extended series of orgasmic spasms, at once less intense yet more fulfilling than usual.

When I was recovered I realized KT had been sitting on the edge of the bed, watching me with a satisfied grin on her face.

"What?" I said.

"You're lovely you know," she replied. "Who would have guessed?"

I lay in bed, my anus aching, my body still occasionally twitching with an aftershock of pleasure from KT's lovemaking. My mind was in turmoil as I reviewed the strange turn of events. Were my roommates sincere in their desire to help me get in touch with my feelings for my mother? This goal seemed worthwhile to me and consistent with what I was learning in Psych 101, though I had never heard of this method. But what did I know, a country boy from the North?

Seeing my mother spring to life in the mirror had been heartbreaking. But now I had an easier time remembering her. I felt her presence, felt her watching over me. Had she ever done it the way I had with KT, I wondered. I pressed my fanny into KT as I wondered what it would be like to be penetrated that way by a real man; or for that matter, to have a vagina and be penetrated by a real man.

No! No! I mustn't think such things. I pulled away from KT and slipped from bed. I padded softly to the bathroom, aware of how my fanny and cheeks swayed with each step and how the two new plumpness's on my chest jiggled in unison.

I slipped out of my harem pants and top and regarded myself in the mirror. Even without makeup I almost appeared to be a girl! Or a boy with washed-out, indifferent looks. With a sinking feeling I saw how unmanly my body contours were. Why had I never noticed before? My hips were as wide as my shoulders tapering into full, soft thighs, and my high waist was much narrower than I had realized. Facing the mirror you couldn't see anything funny about my chest, but if I turned sideways or even angle-on to the mirror, the girlish fullness of my chest was evident. How could I maintain my masculinity with a body like this, I thought despairingly?

I considered going to see a doctor but rejected the idea. I was too ashamed of how my body looked; what's more, my family had an ethic about privacy and toughing out illness.

I resolved to redouble my efforts in the morning aerobics class and sweat myself back into shape.

I donned my harem pajamas and, feeling suddenly cold, especially my nipples, returned to the bedroom for a luxuriously soft, translucent blue, floor-length night, and slid into a pair of fur-lined slippers with two-inch heels. Mmmm ... nice.

I went the kitchen to make myself a cocoa, observing with mild annoyance that someone had left dirty dishes in the sink. I mixed myself

the drink and while waiting for it to microwave I cleaned up after my roomies, humming happily. Absently I slipped into my lacy apron and then, after my blonde hair cascaded forward over my face when I bent over the dishwasher, I tied my hair in a ponytail. As I reached behind my head I noticed how the twin hills of soft flesh on my chest were lifted and pressed against the blouse of my pajamas.

## Chapter VI

### Mrs.Samuels

As I minced softly about the apartment straightening things out with one still elegantly colored hand while I sipped my cocoa with the other, I saw a small square envelop peaking under the door.

It was addressed to me. No stamp- obviously from someone in the building.

It read:

*My dear beautiful Dale:*

*How very nice it was to see you in the elevator. Oh yes! I recognized you, Dale. And I congratulate you. You make a wonderfully attractive and feminine woman. We really must talk about what is going on for you, don't you think? We wouldn't want your little secret to get out among your first year class at the university, would we?*

*So please call on us, or rather on me, since my husband has gone abroad on business this very morning. At nine. We have so much to discuss. And do be dressed and made up as the prettiest woman you can be a little more conservatively than yesterday though. It is Sunday, after all. And we are going to church!*

*Louise Samuels*

Omigawd! What a disaster, I fell into the sofa in the living room, my head reeling. What if she told his classmates? The more I pondered, the more it seemed I had no choice. I had been looking forward to getting out of female clothes for. But now I would have to put them on again for Mrs. Samuels. What was she up to? I wondered. Whatever, it would have to be over by 1 pm, when I had to be at the Phys-Ed building for a b-ball warm up for a game that night.

I didn't want my roommates to see me dressing up again. It might give them totally the wrong idea. So I decided I would do it right now, at three in the morning, and leave the apartment before they woke up, take the car to an all-night diner or something, and a change of my male well Marie's clothing.

Quietly, my heart thumping in my bosom, I went to Marie's room and selected what could have been her own Sunday goin'-to-meetin' outfit, a gray two-piece suit with a pearl blouse. Was there a more conservative color than gray? I didn't think so.

I had worn my cincher the night before but had left it off for bed. Now I inadvertently put on my underwear without it, so that when I slid the skirt up my shimmery-nylon covered legs and over my half-slip, to my surprise it was only a tad tight. I could bear it without the cincher if I watched what I ate, I decided. It must be a bigger size than Marie's other outfits for me to fit in it *au natural*.

I put on my makeup, just foundation and lipstick along with mascara on the top lashes and my eyebrows. And here was a new persona no longer the sexual adventuress of last night, the fox hot to trot, but a demure and modest churchgoer, her sensuality restrained but evident.

Vainly, I released my hair from its pony and brushed it out, experiencing warm delight as it coiled springily beneath my brushing. Maybe a little blusher, I thought, and felt a surge of physical feeling as I applied some cream-based blusher with the tip of my finger to each cheek. My nails were still painted peach, I realized. That would not

work this morning and, besides, it was losing its shine.

I was too nervous to remove the peach so I just painted a new color, a pearly pink called spring sunrise, right over top. After powdering my face I slipped on my blouse, added a pearl necklace as an afterthought and rummaged through Marie's closet for a purse to match the suit. I had to settle for an off-white number, into which I hurriedly stuffed my wallet and key chain. A pair of jeans and sneakers and a T-shirt I jammed into a carryall back, and a pair of gray Mary Janes I carried in my hand. I was a bundle of nerves.

The town was dead at five am as I looked for an all-night diner. None of the few people on the road gave me a second glance. The diner I found on the highway was different. It was half-full with truckers and they definitely gave me a second look. Not only was I the best thing they'd seen in day, but I looked like I'd stepped out of a different movie.

I primly sipped my coffee and nibbled girlishly on my donut as I wondered if I could recapture my imitation girly voice from last night in this quiet diner without detection. So far I had fooled the rough-looking redhead behind the counter. My thoughts turned to Mrs. Samuel. What was she up to? My body temperature surged as I considered my future at the university if she revealed my dressing up antics. They just had to stop.

"I haven't seen you here before, have I," said the only other customer seated at the counter, interrupting my thoughts. He was a thirty-something truck driver, dark, handsome, with a day's growth of beard on his strong chin.

I blushed and looked at my coffee for a moment, then decided the lesser of two evils was to respond, rather than freeze. I turned and smiled. "No you haven't. It's my first time."

His eyes showed no surprise or puzzlement. I had passed! I felt a surge of satisfaction, almost giddy. I managed to maintain a guarded conversation with the man. Appropriately cautious for a conservatively

dressed woman accosted in a diner, but in my case doubly appropriate as a male masquerading as a woman. I had no story prepared for myself and had to make it up as I went along.

I demurred graciously when Jake, the driver, asked for my phone number.

"Oh well," he grinned good-naturedly. "Can't blame me for tryin'.

"Not at all," I smiled back. "And you can't blame me for saying no."

As I returned to the apartment building for my confrontation with Mrs. Samuels, I replayed the conversation with Jake and the combination of self-consciousness I had felt because of his interest. Few girls had ever shown this kind of interest in me as a guy. As I recalled his piercing blue eyes I felt a tiny trickling feeling from my groin. Omigawd, was my dick oozing precum at the thought of Jake?! I realized guiltily as I pulled up to my building that my conversation with Jake had banished all my concerns about Mrs. Samuels not only while it was going on but for 10 minutes afterwards. What was going on here? I decided I would see Mrs. Samuels, but I would immediately defy her.

"Oh hello Dale, do come in," said Mrs. Samuels, smiling warmly. "Do come in. My, how becoming an outfit and how lovely a young lady you make."

"Uh, Mrs. Samuels, I don't want you to get the wrong idea."

"Do sit down, honey," she said, leading me into her expensively appointed living room all polished wood and leather. "I'll fix the tea."

"Uh, Mrs. Samuels."



"Now Dale, I want to hear all about your dressing as a woman. Are you planning a sex change? That would certainly work. No one would ever guess if they didn't know you?" She continued to chatter on from the kitchen, not letting me get a word in edgewise until she returned with the tea service, also in Scandinavian modern style.

She sat beside me on the sofa and put her hand on my nylon-encased knee, and caressed it gently. "Mmmm. You are so lovely, my dear. I am so looking forward to our day together." I was suddenly sharply aware of Mrs. Samuels' robust bosom, her youthful skin and enchanting eyes. She may be middle-aged but she was a fox! "Ah, that's just, it Mrs. Samuels."

"Do please call me Louise," she said.

Louise, I don't really think I should be spending the day with you. I have lots to do and I really must get back into my own male clothing to do them."

"Then why are you here, Dale?" she asked, her voice neutral.

"Well, out of politeness, Louise."

"You don't need to take the care you have to look totally womanly just to be polite."

"Okay, I dressed this way because you told me to."

"Exactly, so I suggest you continue to do as I say or I will surely inform the student newspaper and the regents of your cross-dressing activities."

"But why, Louise?"

"Because I don't want to see your potential as woman wasted. It is a rare gift you have. And because it amuses me. And finally, because I can. Now this is how the day shall go..."

Louise informed me we would leave shortly for church (The

Temple of Hera) where we would meet her friend Theresa Holbeck, a fashion designer and have breakfast after the service. Then we would go to Theresa's studio.

"Ah, Louise, I have a basketball practice I must attend at three o'clock."

"Very well, we shall bring you to the university in time for that," she promised. "Now," she added, putting down her tea, "let us go to church."

Louise praised me for my ladylike entry into her car, but in the drive to church she offered gentle advice about walking. Clearly, I was still a little clumsy on heels. "Take smaller steps," she said, "and hold your elbows close to your ribs. Let your wrists relax too."

I didn't see myself as having much choice. I would have to be the best female I could be just so that my life could return to normal.

The Temple of Hera was a modernistic building of concrete and glass, with a hint of classical Greece in the row of columns along the front. It was set in the middle of a park like lawn in a quiet, and wealthy old part of the city.

Before we left Louise's BMW she made me touch up my makeup. Though I sighed petulantly at this, I could see she was right: I was a bit faded.

"Do you have a sissy name?" asked Louise as we left the car. "Or do we stick to Dale? I suppose it could be a girl's name."

"Urn, my roommates call me Dalinia," I admitted.

"Dalinia, I love it," smirked Louise as she took my hand.

We met some of Louise's friends among the congregation. Nobody gave any sign they suspected my true gender. Which was just as well. Everyone on their way into church was well-dressed, and ranging in age from twenties to fifties, mostly. And all were women. The Temple of Hera, of course. Hera was the Roman version of the

earth mother goddess.

The interior was indirectly lit. There were pews arranged in an amphitheater style like many churches, about an altar but there were no images. In large fancy lettering behind the altar were the words, "Bless the Goddess. Obey the Goddess."

The service was pretty pedestrian, some sonorous intonations of prayer, burnt herbs and candles on the altar, and an esoteric sermon about the inevitable supremacy of the "Feminine Principle." My mind wandered. I relaxed and became more aware of many sensations with which my feminine attire was bombarding me. My earrings tickling my cheeks, my skirt compressing my waist, my budding nipples pressing against my blouse. Louise held my hand in hers through much of the service. I saw other women holding hands. I looked down and found it hard to distinguish between hers and mine. Both were delicate, smooth, soft and tipped with elongated, brightly lacquered nails. I felt as if I were imprisoned in femaleness.

After the service we met Louise's friend Theresa and followed her to her design studio. Theresa was a tall, graceful ash blonde in her forties, a retired model.

She showed us drawings of her new line. They were fascinating: long flowing swaths of material worn over what amounted to little more than underwear. Very exciting, but it would need someone with no fat to model it.

"So," said Theresa. "Ready?"

"Huh?" I responded.

"It's time to model these for me," she said. "The dressing room is back here."

"Wh-what?" I asked, turning to Louise.

"Of course, she's ready," she said. "This is why I brought you, Dalinia. You have the perfect figure and look to model her latest

fashion line for a big ad placement she's bought in Vogue. But one of her usual models just got pregnant, the stupid bitch, and another ran off to Thailand to discover her inner child.

"But-but I don't I can't..." words failed me. It was as if my life could go no further. I saw only a dark, wide chasm opening before me...

I was lying on a couch, looking up at an unfamiliar ceiling.

"There you are," I heard the soft insinuating voice of Louise Samuels. Her sexy face appeared above me and she gave me a kiss on the forehead. "You gave us such a start, fainting like that, Dalinia. Anyway, now you are awake and so let's get on with the modeling shoot. The photographer will be here soon so we must get a move on."

Groggily, I rose to my feet, unsteady until I adjusted to the heels.

"Photographer?"

"Yes, honey, for the photo shoot of Theresa's new fashion line you agreed to model for her."

"I don't remember agreeing to."

"Yes, dear, just before you fainted. And we're ever so grateful. You pitching in for Theresa in her hour of need and so on. "She was leading me to a door marked "dressing room." Waiting there with a fixed smile on her face was Theresa, yes, I remembered now how her two regular models had left her in the lurch. But why was I oh yes, I had just the right figure.

"But isn't my body too well, masculine?" I stammered hopefully.

The two women exchanged glances.

"No dear," they both said at once, then broke down in giggles. I joined in as I stepped into the change room. "Your figure is ideal. My look is very butch this year. Now please strip dearie."

I felt very shy and must have moved too slowly for them. "Don't

worry," reassured Theresa. "It's just us girls."

I blushed hotly at this comment, but was soon out of my dress, slip bra, etc.

Self-consciously I covered my genitals and budding nipples with my hands. The two women smiled.

"Here," said Theresa, handing me a flesh colored garment something like a jockstrap but with a flat cup. "It's called a gaff. It will keep you snug down there so no unfeminine bulges show through the dresses."

I looked at the two women staring expectantly at me. Had I agreed to this? I seemed to have little choice. Well, maybe if I went through with it they would see how masculine my body was. Delicately I stepped into the gaff and drew it up my...

"Stop!" cried Louise.

"How could we have missed it?" laughed Theresa.

"What?" I cried, alarmed.

"Your legs of course, dearie," said Theresa.

"They've got hair on them," said Louise. "Not much but..."

"It's gotta go."

The two women took me to the bathroom and stood over me as I shaved as much of my body as I could. They did the rest. It was the most humiliating experience I had ever experienced, yet oddly thrilling. When I thought we were done, Louise produced a little electric shaver and trimmed my pubic hair into a tight little "V" coming up from my genitals. By creating a distinct edge to my thatch she made it look thicker and darker and more womanly, I realized, with a flood of shame.

Now I was ready for the gaff. It felt tight going up my cool, bare legs, but it felt viselike once Theresa tucked my dickie between my

legs, then took hold of the waistband in both hands and pulled up. It hurt so much it took my breath away. My testicles were alarmingly and painfully compressed into my body. Gradually this subsided into a dull but bearable ache.

"Uh, will this do any permanent injury to me down there, Mrs. Samuels?" I asked.

She looked questioningly at Theresa who responded: "Oh, I shouldn't think so Dalinia. A man with a lot of equipment 'down there' as you put it might suffer significant harm, I suppose. But you don't have much to deal with do you honey." At this she stroked my powdered cheek with her taloned fingers in what I took to be consolation. Somehow I wasn't consoled.

The gaff left me with a long, smooth curve from my navel to sphincter: to all intents and purposes a woman. And an empty void between my legs where I was accustomed to feeling my manhood hanging. Nothing to interrupt the soft swish of the different slips I put on over the next two hours, as the clingy material swung between my denuded thighs.

The photographer, a burly, bearded bear of man in his thirties with intense brown eyes and blond hair, guided me patiently through various poses and facial expressions. He was lavish with his praise and encouragement. I found I was enjoying the experience.

I put on outfit after outfit from the slinky matching panty-bra sets on out to the coats. Swimwear and sun wear: the outfits were for Snowbirds from Canada and the northern USA to wear while holidaying in Mexico and such.

There was one thong so skimpy I had to change into a special gaff that was just marginally narrower than the thong itself. It compressed me so absolutely that no one could have thought it possible anything but female genitalia could survive beneath the tiny black strap of the thong.

Dress after skirt after swimsuit reinforced in my mind how easily and completely my manhood had been reduced. Meanwhile Theresa's tops cunningly made the most of my full nipples projecting from their modest mounds of flesh by offering teasing glimpses through see-through or gaping bodices.

"Almost being able to see a woman's breasts is far sexier than being able to see it," advised Theresa. "It is the way to really capture a man's interest."

I blushed at the suggestion I would want to capture a man's interest. I was a man myself, wasn't I? As I tried to hold onto that thought, I looked involuntarily in a mirror that was part of the current photo set and saw a lovely, sexy, young woman. Hastily I tore my eyes away.

Almost reluctantly I realized it was nearing time for the practice.

"No problem," said Theresa. "It was great of you to help me." She gave me a soft, sensuous kiss.

Rick, the photographer surprised me by giving me a kiss too. Full on the lips, too. It didn't last very long, however. It happened so suddenly I didn't have time to avoid it. But the taste of his mouth lingered on mine for a while. I suppose I should have been disgusted, but actually it was kind of sweet, because *he* had been so sweet, I guess.

Anyway, I realized I had left things too late. I needed to get to gym first because it was my job to unlock it. The coach wouldn't show for another half hour, giving the girls time to change and warm up.

"Change in the car," advised Louise.

"What about my makeup?" I was beginning to get teary.

"Don't worry, dear," she said. "You can unlock and then duck into a washroom to take it off." I realized she was right: I could use the coach's washroom since she invariably showed up twenty minutes after the players.

So I changed as Louise drove me to the gym. I went along with her advice and didn't try extricating myself from the feminine underwear, garter belt and nylons, just left them on as I changed into jeans and T-shirt. "Oh no," I wailed. "I didn't pack my runners. We've got to go home first. But we don't have time." I was nearly hysterical. When had I become so emotional?"

Louise was calm. "What size do you take in ladies?"

"Um, ten."

"I've got some flats in the trunk," she said. "In nine. You'll be able

to squeeze into them. They don't look too girlish."

We stopped long enough to get them out. They weren't too bad, brown leather, but not completely flat. They had narrow, one-inch heels and were narrower than men's shoes, and exposed my nylon-clad skin at certain angles.

Louise came with me into the gym, saying she wanted to watch the practice. It made me nervous but she had a hold over me now.

The hallway was dark leading to the dressing rooms. Great! I was first. No one would see me with my makeup still on. I fumbled for the key in the darkness, Louise beside me.

The key turned and I pushed open the door.

"Surprise!!" The whole team, including the coach, were gathered inside, grinning goofily. "Happy Birthday Dale" signs adorned the walls. Their happy expressions turned to puzzlement, then consternation as they came to grips with what they saw before them.

"Dale?" asked the coach. "Is that really you?"

"He's gorgeous," one of the girls said.

Suddenly everyone was talking, laughing and jostling forward to get closer to me. I turned to flee but Louise blocked the doorway.

Katherine was beside me. "Don't go, honey. This was meant to be. It's Dalinia's birthday. Get it?"

So I stood, blushing furiously, surrounded by the team as they gave me nothing but positive feedback for my transformation. I realized how little my change of dress had done to masculinize me. The jeans were narrow-waisted and plumped out at the fanny and hips, fitting my own contours perfectly. My body had gradually assumed the dimensions of Marie's. The T-shirt could not conceal my two fleshy mounds jiggling in their lacy brassiere cups. And of course my face was still made up like a fashion models, as were my fingernails. I stood in lady's shoes and when I moved my shaven, nylon enthralled skin snowed at the ankle. Any attempt at an explanation was useless. I let Katherine tell them that I knew about the surprise birthday party she had planned, and had dressed up as a surprise for them, a surprise coming-out party!

"Are you gay, Dale, or should we call you Dalinia?" asked one girl.

"Why, are you thinking of making a play for her?" responded Katherine. "Don't bother. She's mine." Everyone laughed but me.

"Does this mean you can come into the dressing room with us now?" asked another girl. "That would be fine with us, Dalinia."

"Let's get on with the practice," said the coach. "We've got a big game tonight. Dale, ah, Dalinia, could I see you in my office."

The girls chorused out melodramatic "uh ohs" and jogged out to the gym, some stopping to give me a hug or a kiss.

"So ah, shall I call you Dalinia?" said the coach, after we had both sat down.

"Yes, I guess, when I'm dressed like this."

"Is it just dressing or are you, um, getting a sex change?"

"Oh no!" I cried. "This is just a-a..."

"Well, you're beautiful," she said, making me blush. "Very convincing, Dalinia. But I'm a little at sea about how to treat in terms of your managerial duties. Some of the girls have already suggested you could come into the dressing room now since you are one of them. And of course we both know that would make your job a lot easier for you and everyone else."

"Yes but ..."

"I'm concerned about the privacy issues, the liability issues," she went on. "I'm going to consult the university's legal department. Would you like to be admitted to the dressing room?"

"Ah, sure," I said. "It would make my job easier." But I was thinking of all those firm, curvaceous bodies naked before me. Wow!

I didn't bother removing my makeup after that. Why bother. I didn't have the proper creams and soft pads so I would only make a mess of it and probably injure my soft skin too. Coach found me a pair of women's sneakers and sweats and I went about my duties as if everything was normal. Louise watched from the stand, a curious smile on her lovely face.

I heard two of the players whispering during a break, "He even moves like a girl." What did they mean by that? I wasn't trying to move like a girl. Could wearing girlish underwear, a garter belt and nylons and a bra, make me move like a girl?

I resolved to make my movements more masculine after that. But later. For now I would have to move with the flow.

The alarm sounded, waking me from a sleep troubled by intense dreams in which I was a woman, not merely dressed as one. No, it wasn't the alarm it was the phone. Blindly I stumbled down the hall towards it.

"It's for you, Dalinia," said Melanie. "It's Coach."

"Hello, uh Dalinia?"

"It's me, Coach." I stood shivering in my baby-dolls.

"Have you decided if you want to-ah-go ahead and be let into the dressing room as a woman?"

"Um, I guess so," I replied, thinking, what am I getting myself into?

"Well, our legal department has said that you can do that as long as you sign a statement declaring your intention to get a sex-change."

"But I'm not" I protested.

"I understand that. It's just a legal formality. Oh, and you have to get a gynecologist to sign off as well. I've arranged for you to see Dr. Mansbridge."

"Is she related to the professor?"

"They are the same person," said the Coach. "She has a little practice for university women. She's ready to see you this morning at 10 if you want to pick up the papers at practice. Oh, and you'd better dress as Dalinia."

## **Chapter VII**

### **The Appointment**

So there I was, in my gaffe, a simple pink panty-and-bra set, a modest green skirt and gray pullover, and dark blue tights, silver pendant earrings and basic makeup, click-clicking across campus on three-inch heels, drawing admiring leers from all males passing by, on my way to the university clinic where Dr. "Kink" Mansbridge was "in."

I had already endured the whistles and good-natured razzing from the basketball team at practice, mostly along the line of how they were all being shamed into dressing up more. It hadn't been too bad because it was both friendly and sincere: they really did think I looked

good.

So did Dr. Mansbridge. "You make a very convincing young woman, Dalinia," she said. "I suppose you remember me mistaking you for one in the Laundromat months ago?"

"Yes I do, doctor," I replied nervously.

"So this was already in the works then?"

"I guess you could say so."

She leafed through the papers I had signed hastily at the Coach's office. "These all seem to be in order. I need to ask you some questions." She proceeded to ask me about my childhood and about when I first showed signs of puberty and so on. This was a little embarrassing because I not developed body hair until just a year or two earlier and still showed little on my face or chest. Finally she finished the sheet of questions and said, "I'll have to examine you first before I sign too. Please take off your clothes. All of them."

I was embarrassed for this attractive woman to see me exposed as a man in women's clothing, especially women's underwear. But I did as commanded, my hands shaking nervously.

When I was done I couldn't stop my hands from drifting up to cover up chest and the other to cover my genitals. She smiled and said, "How charming, my dear, but of course those are the parts of you I most need to see."

Grudgingly, I let my hands fall at my sides. "Lovely shade on your nails," she said. "It goes nicely with your lipstick."

"Thank you," I said, blushing.

"Did you pick it yourself?" she asked, as she squeezed the skin on my belly and my arms.

"Yes."

She continued to squeeze and prod, occasionally making notes

on a clipboard. Then she repeated the process with calipers. I was aware that there was a layer of fat over my body I had not seen before. And there was even more fat on my hips and buttocks and of course my chest. When she kneaded my nipples it sent Shockwaves of pleasure through me and the nipples distended. She stroked my penis and again I felt the pleasure but, strangely, did not grow erect.

"Interesting," she said. "I think you are one of those people whose male and female hormones is in almost perfect balance, explaining your lack of chest and facial hair while producing plenty of pubic hair, which both men and women have. And of course why you couldn't build up muscle mass despite your efforts with weights.

"Bend over the desk," she said. When I did so she thrust a gloved and lubricated finger into my rectum and poked around. It felt good but a different kind of good. She removed her finger and said, "Stay there." A second later I felt a small sharp pain in my buttocks.

"What?" I cried, and turned my head. She was injecting something into me from a hypodermic needle with a huge reservoir.

"Don't move," she instructed harshly. "You'll break off the needle."

"But what is that?"

"Hormones of course," she said. "That's what you came for, according to the papers you gave me. This is a large dose of hormones to start you on the road to womanhood."

"But-but"

"Hush now, Dalinia. You'll be fine in a second. There was a hefty sedative in there too."

And sure enough, my panic left me, allowing my mind to examine rationally my new situation: a big dose of hormones somehow seemed not to serious a problem.

"When will I see changes?" I asked.

"In your case, immediately.. Your body should respond by countering with more masculine hormones. But some of this injection should reduce that effect. You can put your clothes back on, dear."

"Why in my case?" I asked, lazily slipping my gaffe up my smooth, soft legs.

"Because you are already started on the road. Clearly you are one of those rare individuals who is poised at the balancing point in their hormones. We all produce both masculine and feminine hormones and fairly recently I'd say your own mixture has already shifted in favor of the feminine. This will just hurry you along."

"Could somebody have been feeding me hormones?" I asked clinically.

"Oh no," she lied, though I didn't realize it then. "What is happening to you is natural. And kind of wonderful, don't you think?"

"Hmmm." How could she think I believed that/ I should have looked at those documents Coach had given me to sign? Hadn't she told the doctor this was just a pretext to get me into the dressing room?" How long will it take for these hormones to wear off and for me to normal?"

"What is normal?" she asked. "What you return to and when will depend on how your body reacts."

"Now let's get you out of here, Dalinia," she said smilingly. "Your friends are waiting for you."

My friends? I had come alone, I thought groggily. But there were Katherine and Melanie, beaming happily at me. They packed me into Katherine's car.

"What is going on here?" I said. "Dr. Kink or whatever you call her was just supposed to sign my papers and she injected me full of female hormones. Now what's going to happen to me?" Somehow I couldn't work up much indignation. Guess the sedative was still working.

"Why honey, you're going to become more and more feminine, of course," Katherine replied sweetly.

"Your breasts will grow, as will your hips. Your waist will narrow, your hair will become more lustrous and thick," added Melanie.

"It's what happens to all us girls when we reach puberty," said Katherine.

"But I'm not a girl... I'm a... "

"A girl, rapidly becoming a woman," said Katherine. "Take a look at yourself."

I didn't have to look. I knew what she meant. I could *feel* what she meant feel it in the tautness of my nylons against the arched muscles of my calves and the snug grasp of my pumps on my painted toenails, in the constant brushing of my upper arms against the outer curve of my nubile breasts, in the sweet taste my lipstick and the ever-present scent of my face powder.

But I did not want to be a woman; despite the pleasure these changes gave me. It was all so confusing. How could I escape what these designing women had apparently planned for me, especially now that my body had been filled with female hormones?

I resolved that I must escape their clutches. I must move out and live on my own? What about my job as team manager, which I had to perform to fulfill the terms of my athletic scholarship? I decided I would have to keep that up, and dress in unisex clothing more or less as I had been. Maybe I could put on makeup in the gym washroom each morning and take it off before heading for my classes. Was there something I was forgetting?

My scheming was interrupted as the car pulled to a stop in front of a beauty salon. "Here we are," said Katherine. She got out and came to my side of the car, with Melanie beside her.

"I'm not going in there," I protested weakly. The drug had left me with little will to resist. They opened my door and led me into the salon. A lovely attendant my own age sat me in a reclining chair and arranged a flowered cape over my body. I couldn't help noticing how my small breasts tented the slick fabric of the cape.

"Hi, my name is Sarah," she said sweetly.

"Ah, I'm Dalinia," I replied. "Dale for short."  
"You're here for the works, right?"

"Urn."

"That's right, the works," cut in Katherine.

The next two hours passed in a sort of a haze. My hair was shampooed, treated with a stinky liquid and then twisted onto rollers. While my hair set, my nails received a full manicure. Then the beautician attacked my eyebrows with some kind of device, which was quite painful, and left me with two narrow, delicate arches, which made my eyes seem much larger and more vulnerable. However, she left them thick at the inside edges like my mother in the picture, giving me an intense and serious look.

Sarah explained what she was doing as she did it in a soft, sweet voice conveying how lovely she thought I was and how much lovelier I would be when she was done. Of course this filled me with dread for it seemed it was merely making it harder for me to escape encroaching femininity.

"Now we're going to do your eyes," said Sarah, brandishing a long, slender tube. She pulled it apart and instructed me to hold my head very still. She proceeded to apply eyeliner to my upper and lower lids. When she was done, she said, "There, that should be good for a month or so."

"What!" I cried softly.



"It's indelible, Dale," she said. "It will wear off only when your skin wears away."

I groaned inwardly as she brushed out my hair. I realized she had streaked it with auburn highlights. I was now a golden blonde. My hair had been wavy. Now it was a mass of curls falling softly from a part to one side. That left a few bangs falling over my eyes. I brushed them back. After a few seconds they fell forward. Sarah grinned mischievously at me. I realized this would quickly develop into an automatic girlish gesture I had seen in so many of my co-ed classmates.

With the permanent eyeliner, my eyes appeared sensually inviting. It was very, very sexy.

Numbly I followed Katherine to the car. I resolved to carry out my plan: to move out as soon as I could. In the middle of the night I arose and experimented with makeup to see if I could cover up the eyeliner. After much trial-and-error I achieved an acceptable result, then removed it.

The next day I went to practice but skipped my classes. As much as I enjoyed Katherine's sexual attentions, I was determined to find my own room. I located a basement suite in a rundown part of town. What was I going to do for the deposit they wanted? My monthly stipend from my father would barely cover food and essentials, let alone some new clothes.

Then it came to me: surely I was owed something for the modeling. I called up Louise.

"Certainly we owe you something for the modeling," purred Louise's voice. "Why don't you come over tomorrow night? Are you free?"

"Yes, but can't you pay me today?"

"No can do, Dalinia. It's Theresa who has to pay you and she's in

New York finalizing the ads. But your pictures turned out very well, dear. Congratulations. You are a natural model. You should get more work out of this when the spread appears next week in *Beautiful* magazine.

My pictures in a leading ladies' wear magazine! Omigawd!

"Dalinia? Are you there?" inquired Louise worriedly.

"Ah, yes, I'm just...stunned."

"Well, I'm sure we'll sort it all out tonight. Shall we say seven?"

I held off on packing and continued en femme that day. That night, at dinner, which I as usual cooked, I sensed something portentous in the air. The three women were looking at each other nervously.

Finally, Katherine spoke. "My darling, there's something we wanted to discuss with you now that you are becoming female."

I didn't dispute this because I figured that tomorrow I would be moving out. "Okay," I said.

"Well, I don't think we should be sleeping together. We want you to move into Maria's old room."

"But why?"

"It looks wrong. I don't want anyone to get the idea I'm a lesbian not that there's anything wrong with that."

"But you've always said appearances shouldn't matter when you were dressing me up." I don't know why I bothered arguing but it just seemed so damn inconsistent. And even though I was planning to move out, I was hurt. I still had feelings for Katherine.

"It's not just appearances," she said. "I don't feel right about sleeping with you. I don't sleep with women. The thought of it is creeping me out... I still love you, Dalinia," she added hastily, reaching across the table and touching my wrist. "But as a girlfriend." The other women chimed in with similar words of support. I was shocked. She

and her friends had made me so feminine I was unattractive to them sexually. This only confirmed my resolve to move out the next day.

I told them I needed to go for a walk. It was true but it was also only an excuse to get away to Louise's. I was in such a state I left the dishes for them. I slipped on my red pumps and sashayed to Louise's apartment.

Theresa Holbeck was with her. "There is just one thing we wanted to you do before paying you," she said, smiling hopefully.

"Um, and what's that Theresa?" I noticed both she and Louise were wearing elegant eveningwear revealing ample bosoms and dramatic makeup to match.

"Well, Dalinia, there is a charity party tonight to which the city's bright and beautiful will be invited including many of the movie stars working in town," she replied.

"It's a perfect opportunity to showcase Theresa's designs. We want you to come and wear one of her latest outfits," interjected Mrs. Samuel. "This outfit." She held up an emerald green leather pantsuit. Its top was a bustier, laced together in front and back. It looked like it would expose a lot of flesh my flesh!

"Absolutely not" I said, trying to sound forceful. It came out softly instead, the way I had been practicing, with a tentative uplift on the "not." No wonder they smiled and ignored me.

"Here," said Theresa, taking my coat, "Let me help you out of your clothes very nice by the way. We don't have much time."

I guess I needed the money so desperately for rent I complied meekly. Theresa tsk-tsked when she saw I wasn't wearing the gaff but quickly fished another out of a wardrobe bag she had brought. I pulled it up my naked, hairless legs and snuggled it into position.

The women surveyed my crotch silently for a moment. "Nope," said Theresa. "These pants will be very tight. I've already adjusted them

for you. You've simply got to be more compact." And with that she grabbed my gaff fore and aft, while Louise did the same but on both sides. "Now," said Theresa, and they pulled upwards.

What pain! I doubled over in agony as my testicles disappeared into my body and my penis was squeezed flat. The women waited patiently for me to recover. I looked down at myself: my groin was perfectly smooth and empty, a grotto a flat, feminine curves.

The pants went on right over the gaff. And then the bustier. It was so tight once they had laced me into it until my breath was again taken away that it pushed the flesh on my chest upwards, creating the illusion of two female breasts, with just the top of my aureoles peaking above the cups. I shook my torso and saw these mounds jiggle like real, if nubile, breasts.

The outfit was so constrictive Louise had to slip my feet into my shoes four-inch green pumps that would have me towering over all the women and most of the men at the party, surely making me stand out like searchlight. I blushed in anticipated embarrassment and excitement.

Theresa made me up in the same dramatic fashion as she and Louise had done. Louise replaced my earrings with long abstractly-shaped silver pendants and hung a matching necklace around my neck. It nestled in the dark valley between the two pale hillocks of soft flesh on my chest. I was not a fox nor a junior church lady but a sensual sophisticate. I felt a stirring within my loins and realized I was turning myself on. How weird!

"You like yourself like this, don't you?" purred Louise, linking her arm with mine in front of the full-length hall mirror.

"Yes" I sighed. "I-I can't help it. I look so sexy. It blows my mind. But this can't be good. I need to be a man again."

"Don't worry," she replied, giving me a kiss on my rouged cheek. "You can be whatever you want to be." She handed me a pearl-colored

handbag heavy with unseen contents. We headed for the door but I tripped after two steps, catching myself from falling only by grabbing a chair.

The two women shrieked with amusement. "Oh, dearie," said Louise. "I guess you are not ready for four-inch heels yet." She ran and got some two-inch pumps that matched my top. I caught myself wondering as we took the elevator down to the parkade that my legs would not look as elegant in these, but they were certainly easier to manage!

It was raining lightly when we emerged from Theresa's BMW at the Hotel Vancouver, where the gala charity ball was being held. Two uniformed doormen stepped up smartly with umbrellas to see us under cover. Another drove Theresa's car to a parking garage nearby. For me it was a dazzling introduction to a different way of life.

Theresa led the way to the ladies room where we touched up our makeup. A full-length mirror offered me my first good look at the "whole" me. I gasped with dread as I saw how impossibly high the crotch was on my skin-tight pants. The slot between my sleek inner thighs declared bluntly that no ugly masculine appendage could possibly survive there.

As we entered the well-lit hall I was blinded by camera flashes as the photographers from the two daily papers took pictures for their gossip columnists.

The columnists were right behind them, asking for my name apparently they already knew who Theresa and Louise were and for details on our outfits. Our arrival in three of Theresa's latest daring designs set off a buzz of excitement among the large crowd. These stood in clumps chatting, cocktails or wine glasses held delicately, flirting, primping, and flaunting their elegance, fitness, and plastic surgery.

I felt myself pale and my knees weaken with shyness. "I love your outfit," gushed a sexy, heavily-made up brunette in her late thirties

who looked familiar. "Celeste, Honey," she said, taking my hand in hers. Of course, the veteran film actress who was in town filming a thriller.

"Thank you," I stammered. "I'm Dalinia Embry." I introduced my companions and explained, "Theresa is the designer of all our outfits tonight."

Celeste asked for Theresa's card and invited all three of us to join her party, which were sitting at a table draped with white linen munching on desserts.

Celeste introduced us. There was a short, worried- looking man in his fifties who turned out to be director Darren Storch, another, younger actress, named Dominique Sun, and Sean Dunn, a tall, sinewy, serious-looking man in his mid-twenties who I had read something about being the next Brad Pitt. We fell into pairs and I ended up with Sean, who I quickly learned was not especially gregarious and who kept glancing nervously at my cleavage.

"Urn, so how do you like Canada, Sean?" I asked.

"Well, I like working here. It's a beautiful city. I don't much like Canadians, though." He finished this obtuse remark with a smug smile as if to say, "There, you silly bitch, make small talk after that."

After a few moments I replied with the first thing in my head: "Oh isn't that interesting? Because while I like your movies and will probably continue to do so, I find I don't like you personally at all!"

He blinked with surprise, then grinned. "I'm making an exception in your case right now. I like you already. And if you'll come flying with me tomorrow I might change my views on the rest of Canadians."

I must confess, I hadn't even thought of him as good looking until he smiled. But when he did, it was like a heat beam shot from his eyes through mine into my body. I felt my nipples knot and my groin tingle with heat. Omigawd, what was happening to me? I blushed and looked down at my glass, at a loss for words.

"Oh what fun!" exclaimed Louise, laying her hand on my wrist. "You can wear some of Theresa's casual wear. Where will you be taking our Dalinia, Sean?"

"Oh Dalinia hasn't said yes yet, so..."

I felt everyone's gaze turn to me. I raised my head and looked in his eyes again, and again felt this astonishing heat. "Oh-ah-sure. That's very nice of you. Where will we be flying?"

He had a boat moored beside a hot spring on the western shore of Vancouver Island, Sean explained. Darren had a boat there too. We would take a float plane from Burrard Inlet and would nine be a good time to pick me up?"

My brain whirled. Suddenly I was on a date with the next Hollywood star! Boating off Vancouver Island. Sean proceeded to monopolize me for the rest of the evening, dancing with me through the orchestra's wide repertoire, asking me insightful questions about my childhood and plans, and regaling me with stories of his own experiences in Hollywood.

He turned out to be charming and likeable. And he was very taken with me or with the woman I was pretending to be.

So were others. Many women and not a few men asked me who my designer was. I gave them all one of Theresa's cards from a supply in my purse. But at least one producer, two directors and three modeling agents asked me to send over my portfolios.

Sean's attraction became increasingly apparent as we continued nipping away at our drinks and he became more physical with his affections, leaving his arm around my waist after the end of dances, touching my forearm to emphasis points when chatting, our faces pulled together, at our table, and rubbing his cheek softly against mine while we danced.

Part of me was aghast, frankly. I wasn't gay and initially I felt some repulsion at dancing with a man, even one as charming and

good-looking as Sean. But part of me was noticing and appreciating his qualities, enjoying being held in his strong arms, being the focus of his deep blue eyes and of his thoughtful intellect.

At first, I felt as if I was floating above myself, thinking of how appealing a real woman would find this or that about Sean: his small but firm chin, his graceful dancing, his generosity of spirit, his sparkling wit. Then I realized I had gradually slipped from that lofty position into my own feminized body and was enjoying all those things as if I were that woman!

Oh, how had it come to this? I asked myself as Theresa drove us back to the apartment building. How was I going to move into my new place tomorrow now that I was spending the whole day sailing?

When we were about halfway home Theresa reached under her seat and pulled out a large brown envelope, which she tossed on my lap. "Take a look at that, sweetie."

It was hard opening it with my long nails but I managed finally. Inside was a glossy fashion magazine. My heart beating rapidly, I leafed through it until good gracious! There / was: but it was a sensual, sexual, totally womanly I, lounging languidly in Theresa's revealing costumes, gazing soulfully into the camera, her skin smooth, her hair flawless, her eyes mysteriously deep and shadowy. This person's waist was narrow and her hips curvaceous, her legs long and graceful, her lips full, and wetly ripe.

It was too much. To my mortification, I endured a series of dry orgasms as I sat there, not in my penis but in the area between it and my anus, a new experience for me. My whole body shuddered with unwelcome pleasure as I realized just how convincingly, erotically female I appeared.

Back at our apartment Theresa slipped a perfumed envelope into my purse and the two women bade me goodnight.

I stumbled into my apartment, which was dark, and into my new

bedroom. I sat on my bed and looked at the envelope. I realized I had to be careful opening it so as not to tear a finger nail so I rummaged amongst Maria's things till I found a paperknife. Inside the envelope I found, not money, but a note:

*Dearest Dalinia:*

*After consulting with your roommates I decided it was not in your best interests at this time to put any large sum of money into your hands. They have advised me that you are in a state of high emotions due to the changes you are undergoing in body and psyche changes of which we all approve but which nonetheless make you excitable and perhaps incapable of good judgment.*

*Lovingly yours,*

*Theresa*

So that was that. I could not leave. Until I could raise some money, I must play the role. Meanwhile, my body would feminize. And to top it off, tomorrow, at least, I must go sailing with a handsome movie actor.

The thought of this was terrifying. Nonetheless, I carefully removed my makeup, took a long warm bubble bath and cleansed my skin with the appropriate creams. I was surprised to realize that though the idea of a date with Sean was scary, it was not disgusting. I was worrying about all the things a real girl would worry about. Could I be pretty enough? Would he make a pass at me if I were? Did I want him too? What would I do if he did? What should I wear? And so on.

I realized I needed help. Late as it was, (after applying the necessary night cream to my face and hands of course) I knocked on Anne's door and shared my night's adventures.

"Sean Gunn, wow! I just saw him in *Life's Pursuits*. What a dreamboat!" she gushed. Seeing my concern, she gave me a kiss on the cheek. "Don't worry Linny, dear. I'll alert the others. We'll get you up an hour before he comes and prepare you. Let's put your hair up and then

get some sleep."

Relief flooded me. I knew I was in good hands. After Anne helped me with my hair, I slipped easily into sleep, my soft, clingy baby dolls caressing me fondly.

## **Chapter VIII**

### **The Date with Sean**

The outfit they selected for me was a long, off-white beach gown over a striped green low-necked pullover and a red miniskirt. On my unstockinged legs (which therefore had to be shaved anew) were matching red sandals and toenail polish. Over my cascading blonde curls a bright red straw hat and in my long, red-tipped fingers a gold bag holding a skimpy black bikini. The last item had necessitated a bikini shave of my public region. I had lain in embarrassed nudity on my bed while Katherine had wielded not only a safety razor but also an electric trimmer. Now I had a neat, feminine V down there above my diminutive manhood.

"I don't think we need the gaff any more do we?" Katherine asked sweetly. She gently lifted up my dickie in the crook of her baby finger, partially covered its lead with her peach-tinted fingernail.

"What a big clitty Linny has!" exclaimed Anne, clapping her hands.

"It's almost as big as my five-year-old nephew's dick when he had a stiffy," agreed Melanie. I cringed in humiliation. It was smaller than I remembered. Was it evidence of what Dr. Mansbridge had been saying?

"I bet it will grow bigger if Sean Gunn sucks on it," suggested Katherine. Now she grasped my manhood just behind the head with the gracefully tapered nails of her thumb and index fingers "What do you

think of that, Dalinia? Close your eyes and imagine Sean taking your clitty in your mouth, come on, do as I say!"

Grudgingly I closed my eyes but I tried in vain not to think of Sean's sensuous lips. Pleasure rippled through my loins and set fire to my nipples. Miserably, I realized my dickie was growing in Catherine's grasp.

"Oh my," she giggled. "Linny is quite excited at the thought of getting a blow job from Sean Gunn, aren't you Linny?" I just sighed.

"Aren't you Linny?" she persisted, digging her nails threateningly into my dickie.

"Y-e-e-es," I grunted.

"Good, then," she said. "A little flesh-colored tape should suffice to hide you clitty."

Once dressed I had to submit to a barrage of instructions about how to behave on a first date.

"It's okay to let a boy kiss you, especially if he's treated you gallantly and not taken advantage," advised Melanie.

"But if he tries to *take* the kiss then you have to be firm and make it clear he can go no further, even if you enjoy it."

"Well, I'm sure I won't enjoy it," I said, as I carefully applied by lipstick. "What kind of eyeshadow should I use?" "Hmmm. Let's see," said Katherine teasingly. "A seaplane ride and a sailboat I'm not sure there's a shade specifically for that..."

"How about a touch of gray on the outside of the lid?" said Anne. "And darken your brows and just do your upper lashes."

"You may want something more dramatic for the evening," added Melanie helpfully, "so be sure and take your kit along."

I was ready! Before I had a chance to catch my breath the buzzer went off from the lobby. "It's Sean!" I cried. "Oh, I can't go through

with it."

"Sure you can," said Anne comfortingly. She held my shoulders and directed me to the hall mirror while Katherine unlocked the door and yelled into the intercom, "C'mon up.!" He was on his way up! And in the mirror I beheld the beauty who awaited him. My knees trembled as I realized what a knockout I was. How lovely, how womanly, how enticing. How would he keep his hands off me?"

The knock. My roommates pushed me giggling towards the door. I blushed as I opened it. Sean looked so handsome and manly in a muscle shirt, short and sandals that displayed the lean but superb musculature in his arms and legs, and the soft golden hairs that covered them. Was his chest as hairy? I wondered.

"Well, Dalinia, uh, are you going to ask me in?" he grinned. "You look gorgeous by the way."

"Oh, sure, please come in Sean, and meet me roommates." I did the introductions and waited nervously as my friends gushed over my date. I felt a flood of gratitude for their help.

Soon we were speeding through the misty morning streets of Vancouver to the seaplane dock. A trifle unsteady on my high-heeled sandals and preoccupied with holding down my robe against the wind, I needed Sean's strong arms to guide me up the short stairs into the seaplane.

We rumbled across the waves of the Sound and into the air, swiftly crossing the Strait of Georgia and over the forests and snow-capped mountains of Vancouver Island to its jagged west coast. Sean even let me fly the plane a short ways, then took over to bring it down in slow, wide curve into a sheltered, gemlike bay occupied by a single white yacht.

Sean skillfully anchored the plane as a small motorboat set out our way from the yacht. Inside it, in captain's hats and sunglasses and little else, were Dominique and Darren. They cried out gaily in greeting

and invited us aboard. Again, at both ends of the short journey in their boat I needed Sean's able assistance. And on the chilly, spray-splashed ride itself, I instinctively cuddled against him for warmth and protection.

Oh what was becoming of me? I was turning into such a sissy and I was enjoying it. For the first time I really acknowledged how good it felt to be held by a manly man like Sean, how safe, how right and natural and, yes, how feminine!

The day passed like a dream. The tensions of the night before were gone. Everyone was witty and sophisticated as we went ashore and climbed over some rocks to the hot springs. My friends told exciting Hollywood gossip and laughed at my own tales of growing up in the British Columbia north woods and of basketball.

Sean was gallant and gentlemanly. According to my friends this meant he deserved a kiss at the end of the evening. I began to anticipate it with fear but also with excitement. We swam in the pools and I saw Sean, Darren and several crewmembers eying me lustfully. From Dominique I saw jealousy beaming my way and I overheard her whisper resentfully, "I'd kill for those narrow hips."

We lazed in the sun and at Dominique's urging I reluctantly removed my top to tan my shoulders. I saw, however, that it was too late to prevent the telltale marks of my bikini top on my back and chest. Next, while the men went fishing, she banished the leering crew to the hot pool and removed her suit entirely.

Again, I felt myself unable to refuse her orders to do the same. Something about passing as a woman made me so passive. Nervously I carefully lay on my tummy, my maleness taped firmly, invisibly, between my legs, my testicles pushed into my groin. How strange and sensuous it was when Dominique began to rub sunscreen all over me from the heels of my feet up my calves to my plump fanny, and on to my back and shoulders. I did the same to her. When I rubbed the cream between her upper thighs she moaned with sexual pleasure.

"Careful," she purred. "Our boyfriends are near. We don't want to get involved in anything we can't finish quickly." Was Sean my boyfriend? I felt a delicious tingle in my loins and my nipples at the thought. Oh God, I thought, my body is betraying me? Can Dr. Mansbridge be right? Were my hormones already taking me to womanhood even before her injection?

Happily, before it came time to roll over, another, bigger yacht pulled up, an old-fashioned one with a lot of wood finishings. There was a large party aboard from Vancouver's movie crowd and they immediately invited us over for a dance in our swim gear.

A dance? In this revealing outfit? I remembered I had to put on different makeup for the evening and insisted on returning to our own boat, which had just returned. When Dominique realized what I was doing, she cattily commented: "What a glamour puss!" But she redid her makeup too! We also brushed out each other's hair. She had lovely nearly black locks that fell in soft waves to her shoulders. "You have beautiful hair," I told her. "It really shines in the light."

"Thanks honey," she replied, impulsively giving me a sisterly hug. "I guess we girls have to stay together."

So I found myself dancing, not just with Sean, but several other Hollywood hunks, all in a state of near nudity. Sean's chest was as appealing hairy as his arms. As for the others, one in particular, a huge sturman named Nick, was quite aggressive with me, pressing his well-endowed masculinity into the empty void in my bikini bottom where mine should have been. He suggested we go outside onto the deck for fresh air and was so persistent I went along. I had been drinking and anyway because of my high heels and revealing swimsuit felt strangely passive and weak.

We stood against the railing and I was acutely conscious of the moonlight highlighting the plump tops of my budding breasts. And of how Nick's gaze appeared transfixed by them.

"You sure are beautiful, babe," he said, in a gravelly, yet oddly attractive growl. "We should get it on. I have a cabin. Let's go there." and with that he proceeded to push-pull me down the deck.

Paralyzed by some kind of feminine passivity, I was too embarrassed to cry out, but weakly whispered my protests. "No Nick, I don't want to. No, No."

Alas, in vain. Then, suddenly, there was Sean, seizing the much bigger Nick by the shoulder.

"Butt out, pretty boy," snarled Nick, still holding my arm. "Let her go, Nick," said Sean calmly. "She isn't interested."

"The hell with that," roared Nick, and he took a powerful, if unbalanced, swing at Sean. But Sean ducked and grabbing Nick's brawny arm, twisted it hard, causing the bigger man to squeal in pain. "Stop, stop," said Nick.

With order restored Sean asked Dominique to ferry us back to our yacht. As he helped me up on deck I stumbled against him. He held me in his strong arms. I was very conscious of his strength and of the comfort I felt to be so firmly, yet gently held.

"Thank you so much for taking care of Nick that way," I said softly. He smiled down at me: his deep blue eyes shrouded in shadow, his lips parted in a smile. An image of those lips encircling my dickie flashed involuntarily in my head and I must have shuddered.

"What?" he said.

"Nothing," I replied, slipping from his grasp. "Are we staying here tonight?"

"We have to," he replied. "I'm not licensed for night flying."

"I'll show you your cabin."

It was a sweet little room, quite clean and neat, with tasteful pictures on the wall and a trimly -made bed with a brightly coloured comforter atop it. Suddenly both Sean and I tried to enter at the same

time and found ourselves in each other's arms again. This time it happened. Without thinking, we were kissing. Hard. It felt like a jolt of electricity ran through me and the roar of a waterfall rang in my ears. My lips burned like fire and my nipples and loins ached with desire. I press against him as my mind reeled. What was I doing? This was all wrong! I was a guy, not a girl, not a gay!

But as our groins pressed against each other and Sean's tongue penetrated my mouth with hot urgency, I felt my will surrendering to the moment. It felt to right, so paramount.

"Oh Linny," he groaned. "You are so lovely. I want you so bad!" Want me for what? I thought. Surely he wasn't just wanting to get on base. He was talking about stealing home! And that could not happen.

Yet here I was being pushed onto the bed in Sean's cabin, his hot breath on my cheek. His hands softly stroked my breasts through the bikini top, his knee pushing my nude legs apart and squishing my tiny cockup into my groin. How could I stop this juggernaut? Some advice from Anne popped into my head: I must satisfy Sean without letting him get to my home plate.

He was already undoing my bikini top, however, and now his mouth was on first one engorged nipple and then the other. What heaven! How my body glowed like a banked fire that someone had just taken the bellows too. Sean and I were both cried and groaned as we clawed and stroked and kissed each other. Would I be able to implement my plan before I was entirely undone? I had to try. Taking the initiative I pulled his trunks down. What a magnificent organ; it seemed to glow with inner heat, it glistened with fluid and throbbed insistently.

"Oh Linny," he cried. "Would you?"

I knew what he meant: what I would have wanted in his place. I looked at his manhood and reflected a moment on how much bigger it was than mine had ever been. I leaned forward and licked the fluid on the tip with my tongue, then proceeded to give Sean the blowjob I

would want for myself. To my surprise it wasn't disgusting at all. He tasted good and I felt proud that I was bringing him such pleasure: I could tell from his groans. When his noises grew more feverish I knew he was close and stepped up the friction. Suddenly, his penis seemed to expand and then my mouth was being pumped full of sticky, stringy cum. I gagged and swallowed. Sean sat back with a soft, happy groan. And here I was, all excited. He didn't seem to care. Still, I felt happy to have satisfied him. In a second he was snoring.

I slept in my own cabin that night. At first I was beside myself with sexual tension and guilt. Unable to sleep I rummaged through the purse the girls had given me. There were condoms to remind me to practice safe sex next time. There was also a battery powered butt plug. Hmmm, I thought. I tried to slide it into my anus but it stuck. I lubricated it with saliva and tried again. It slipped in just fine and felt just fine too. Images of Sean's mighty priapus flooded my head causing a series of dry orgasms to shake my groin. I just touched my penis and suddenly exploded. The pleasure was so intense I cried out. After removing my makeup and applying my facial cream, I slept.

The next morning Sean flew me back. Neither of us spoke. His charm had vanished and so had my vivacity. The trip seemed endless. The girls were all waiting for me at the apartment for the "debriefing" as Melanie put it. I told them I didn't think I'd see Sean again

"Why ever not?" demanded Katherine.

"Because why would I want to go out with a guy? I only did it this time because I was kind of forced into it."

"You were huh?" commented Melanie dubiously.

"And anyway, he doesn't seem interested in me now that" I stopped there, blushing.

"Now that what?" hooted Katherine. Did you really do it with him? What about?"

"I gave him a blow job," I admitted. And then added, "he seemed

to like it."

"I'll bet he did," said Anne. "But then the jerk was done with you. Well isn't that just like a man?"

The others agreed. It was one of the tests of a jerk, they said. Most men failed. "When you get a guy who wants to stay over, at least he's worth looking at," said Melanie.

"Well, I'm just waiting for these hormones to wear off. I'm not looking for male lovers," I insisted, with a toss of my curls. The girls said nothing but exchanged a meaningful glance.

## **Chapter IX**

### **School Days**

The next day school routine resumed. There were morning and evening practices, which I attended as a girl, but in unisex sweats, little makeup, and my hair in a ponytail.

In between I went to school, after removing my makeup, tucking my hair inside my toque, reducing my bosom as best I could with a couple of too small t-shirts under a bulky sweater.

Every once and a while the toque got too hot for inside and I thoughtlessly pulled it off, letting my golden curls cascade down to my shoulders. Then I would sense some mood change from the people around me, consternation or amusement, would realize my mistake and as casually as I could, replace my sweaty toque.

One day as I left class a group of girls I knew slightly were whispering as I went by. One called out: "Oh Dale, could you come here, we've got something to show you."

Unsuspectingly, I joined them as they peered at a magazine. It was me! In Theresa's fashions.

"Is this your sister or something, Dale?" asked one of the girls. "She's gorgeous." The girls all waited for a reply. I could tell they had at least considered the alternative.

"Uh, yeah," I said, after waiting too long. "My sister Sharon. Uh, she's a model." (I groaned inwardly)

"We can see that," said another girl. "She sure looks a *lot* like you."

"She sure does," said the first girl, whose name was Maureen. "I bet with a little makeup you could look like her."

"Yeah," giggled a third member of the group. "You could be a model too." The incoming professor pushed us out of the classroom that point and I made my excuses and fled. But the girls did not let it go. They would ask me how my sister the model was doing and show my picture to other classmates, commenting on how much I looked like my sister.

As well, they took to joining me for cross-campus walks between classes, and to inviting me to lunch, coffee and even nights out. Most I rejected but since they were sweet enough about it, and attractive, I went along sometime and got to know them. They even stopped teasing me and treated me well like one of the girls, I'm afraid. Without anyone saying anything, it seemed to just become understood that the girl in the pictures was probably me and that was okay with them.

One day Maureen said to me: "It must be uncomfortable holding your breasts down like that and it certainly isn't good for them. Why not just them you know hang out. Held up by a bra of course."

"Wh-what do you mean?" I stammered.

She looked me straight in the eye, smiled in a motherly way as she touched my cheek. "You know what I mean, dear. They are getting too big to hide, you know."

She was right, they were growing. Katherine and Anne had taken

me shopping just after Remembrance Day to buy me A-sized brassieres and by December I had to return for B-cups. I had to wear a clunky coat unfastened at the front all the time at school to conceal my bosom.

At home I automatically donned a housecoat and flowery apron when I got home and usually put on makeup too rather than face my roommates constant nagging. The fact is, I was coming to enjoy trying different looks and matching different makeup schemes to various outfits of Maria's or my roommates.

One evening I was home alone, wearing some slinky lounge wear when Anne and Melanie bustled in with a third woman I took to be Katherine. I remained in the living room reading some school text, my hair in curlers and my smooth-shaven legs fully gleaming between the folds of my diaphanous gown, and the tops of my breasts cheerfully exposed.

"Oh hi Dale!" gushed Maureen, grinning at me from the kitchen door. Putting her head coyly to one side, she added: "Or are you Dale's famous sister Sharon?"

I was speechless. Still beaming, she strode in and sat beside me on the sofa. "Don't worry. I don't hold it against you for lying. Your secret is safe with me and every other girl in Psychology 100. We all guessed it, you know."

"I've sort of suspected it, yeah."

Maureen then gave me a big hug and kiss. "You look fabulous, you know. Just fabulous. You should be really proud. And stop hiding your light beneath a basket. Come out of the closet. We'll all help you."

Melanie and Anne joined us in the living room and joined their voices to hers urging me to stop hiding my changing sexuality.

"What we'll do is change you bit by bit," said Maureen. "That dreadful hat will come off tomorrow, but we'll leave your hair in a ponytail. Then the pony will come out, then well put you in women's slacks."

And so it went exactly. By when it was time to go home for Christmas, I was dressed entirely in Maria's outfits, including her casual shoes with pointy toes and one-inch heels, wearing her bra and panty sets under pantyhose, and light makeup. Boys were looking at me curiously as if they were trying to remember who I reminded them of and two even asked me to dances. I declined. I figured the hormones had peaked. I was a C-cup now but could already detect my bust and hips were diminishing. I just had to disguise myself from my family over Christmas and wait for my masculinity to return.

Maureen announced, on the day I was planning to leave, that she would be taking the train partway north with me. So I had to embark en femme, with my male clothing rucked into my backpack. But a boy I had played basketball against from the next town joined us, and he stuck with me after Maureen departed, pouting a little at his obvious preference for me.

I told him I was my sister Linny and that Dale had an Ontario university. He really wasn't that interested in Dale, anyway but in getting to know me better. This turned out to be a pleasant experience. Jeff was a gregarious young man who seemed genuinely interested in me and my thoughts. He was also interested in everything going by the window, in how trains worked, in what women really wanted, in the upcoming elections and in what I thought about all these things. The hours flew by; we ate together, played cards and eventually fell asleep leaning on each other's shoulders.

As the time came for Jeff to leave he became increasingly nervous. His discomfort tugged at my heart. I touched him on the arm and said, "Jeff, what's the matter?"

He grinned sheepishly (did I mention he had a wonderfully engaging smile). "Ah, I'm trying to work up enough nerve to ask you to a dance?"

Without I thinking I blurted out, "Well, have you succeeded?" "Huh?" he asked blankly.

"Have you worked up enough nerve, because you'll have to go in a second?"

"Uh, yeah. Yeah. Linny, would you like to come with me to the Christmas Dance at our community hall? "He paused and then added, "I would like it a lot if you did...because I like you a lot." With these last words he reached out and held my hands and looked me straight in the eye.

My heart melted. I blushed and looked down, gathering my thoughts. This was all wrong. I wanted to end my femininity, not perpetuate it. It would be dreadfully complicated. I had nothing to wear. How would I escape detection? Would I have to meet his parents? Gradually my thoughts slipped from outright detection to calculation. How could I even consider it? And yet I was considering it because I had just enjoyed myself totally for half a day's train travel with Jeff and already I liked him very much.

"Look," he said, "why don't you think about it? I'll call you in day or two."

"Okay, Jeff," I said. "I'd really like to come, but it's kind of complicated."

"I understand," he said, looking crestfallen and thinking I guess, that I had a boyfriend back home.

"Sooo," I finished, not wanting to part on this note,, "We're the only Embry's in the phone book." His face brightened instantly. With an awkward handshake he shouldered his backpack and leapt off the train.

## **Chapter X**

### **Another Date this time with Destiny**

I only had 15 minutes to change now and I had to wait for five of

those minutes until the men's was free and no one in sight so I could duck into a toilet stall and change into my tight t-shirts, bulky sweater and corduroy pants. I kept on my panties and my hose because, frankly, men's underwear and my trousers both felt too rough against my cream-softened and shaved skin and, anyway, nobody would see.

I used alcohol pads to remove most of my makeup and did the rest at the sink, finishing just as the conductor called my stop. I tucked my hair up into my toque as before and disembarked. Waiting for me in the station was my father and three sisters, all beaming happily. We hugged and kissed and shook hands and cried.

"You don't usually cry," observed Sharon, thoughtfully. "Maybe missing the basketball team has been good for you. You don't seem nearly as macho."

"I was thinking the same," said Dad. "I was thinking how I'd never noticed before how much you take after your mom."

"He *does*," agreed Peggy. "He does, he does. I bet if Dale let his hair grow he'd look like her even more."

In a matter of moments the inevitable happened. My toque was batted off my head and my blonde hair came tumbling out. A pregnant silence filled the car. Clearly the resemblance was even stronger now. My father almost drove into a snowdrift he stared at me so long.

"Urn," I ventured, "how has the team done this year?" The others eagerly seized on this gambit and the rest of the drive home proceeded in awkward conversation about sports. I did my hair up in a male pony as soon as I could and joined the family in various social and shopping functions. They seemed to get over it. But that night, I took a bath and as I emerged from the tub I heard a rattling sound from the door and saw the hook lifted from the eye by a kitchen knife pushed between the door and jamb.

The door swung open to reveal my three sisters. Their mouths fell comically open. I instinctively tried to cover my breasts and

genitals.

"You've got breasts," said Peggy.

"You-you-you are turning into a woman, aren't you Dale?" said Trish.

"My God," said Sharon. "You're beautiful."

Then they were all talking at once, happily and excitedly. They wanted to know why and they wanted me to know they supported me.

"We always thought you made us a wonderful mother," said Trish, hugging me. "Now you can be a real mother for someone else."

"Let's let Dale uh, do you have a female name-?" asked Sharon.

"Dalinia, Linny for short."

"Let's let Dalinia get dressed girls," Sharon said. "Put something more becoming on, won't you sis?"

So I wore what I'd started out from Vancouver in and joined my sisters. They said that when Dad came home from his service club meeting we should be waiting for him in the living room. We should just let him take me in, so to speak and then answer his questions.

We did it that way and it worked. My father was goggle eyed when he first saw me, and speechless for almost a minute.

Finally, after clearing his throat, he said, "I thought I'd seen a ghost. You look that much like your mother Dale."

"She's called Dalinia," said Peggy tartly. "And she's your fourth daughter."

Dad questioned me kindly and I answered honestly that this was not my wish but rather the result of a hormone imbalance that I was making the best of.

"He's got huge breasts," piped up Peggy. "Linny, will I have big breasts like you when I grow up? I hope so."

Everyone laughed and relaxed. My Dad reiterated what my sisters had said. Whatever I wanted was fine with him. But I suspected he was even more enthusiastic about this than they were, because I seemed so much like his wife returned from the dead.

The next morning I was awakened by the telephone ringing. Peggy knocked at my door. "It's a boy, Jeff, who says he met you on the train," she told me in a stage whisper that Sharon and Trish could hear as they lurked nearby.

"Ah, high Jeff," I said, automatically raising my voice to its feminine pitch, as my sisters gaped. I waved them impatiently away.

"Hi Linny," he said, setting my heart tripping at twice its normal rate. "Have a good sleep?"

"Yes thank you," I replied. "I guess I can come to the dance if you still"

"Great!. Sure I still want you to come."

So that night I went to the dance. But not until Sharon, Trish and Peggy took me to the hairdresser's for a perm, just as I had once taken them. Without any beating about the bush they told the beautician who I was and then left. She showered me with disdain for my sissy ways but when she was done she looked at me oddly and said, in a different tone altogether, "so, ah, Linny, would you like to, ah, go out, sometime over the holidays? Maybe I, um, don't have to tell anyone about this. It could just be our little secret." What choice did I have? We made a date. She gave me a lingering kiss in farewell.

Back home my sisters made me try on dress after dress of my mother's. They settled finally on a simple black dress that hung to calves and showed off my curves. I was thrilled to look so womanly in it but also embarrassed. What if anyone in Jeff's town recognized me?

My sisters made me strip and bathe and shave all over, while protecting my perm in a cap. Then they dressed me in sexy underwear, including garter belt and smoky silk stockings I had never imagined my

mother wearing. They said not a word as I tucked my tiny manhood up into its socket. Nor when I expertly inserted my breasts in the brassiere cups and fastened it behind my back.

They watched admiringly when I did my makeup, though Sharon made some useful suggestions, and I let Trish and Peggy paint my fingernails.

My slip slid enticingly down my body and my dress followed. I stepped into Mom's old three-inch pumps and let Sharon put a gold pendant about my slender neck.

"You're beautiful," said a Peggy, disbelievingly.

Jeff was at the door! It was time. My father slipped a down filled coat of my sister's on me and I opened the door. Jeff looked terrific: huge, gentle, confident, respectful-and did I say handsome. I introduced him all round and swept him out the door.

"Nice family," he said sincerely. I could line up your sisters with dates anytime."

"How about my father," I said ruefully. "He's the one who needs a date." What a strange remark that would have been for Dale to make, but it came so naturally to the lips of Dalinia.

We traded family stories on the drive back to Jeff's hometown. The dance was, frankly, anti-climactic. On the way we decided to stop at a famous or notorious—lookout from where we could see the lights of both communities. I found myself liking Jeff so much I couldn't keep my hands off him. Suddenly I grabbed his face in two mittened hands and kissed him full on the mouth. I saw sparks.

"Wow," he said. "What was that for?"

"You are so adorable," I said. "Are you complaining?"

"Oh no,; he laughed. "I'm thinking the same about you." And he kissed me back. Stars and planets this time. Oh this was crazy, I knew. There was no future in it. But it felt soooo good. I just had to do it. It felt

so right with him.

We kissed and necked and petted for a timeless interval. It wasn't frantic or forced and unseemly in any way. It was me who undid Jeff's belt and let his manhood spring free. And it was me who took his sturdy member between my carmine lips and stroked it up and down.

But it was Jeff who pulled me away and said, "Dalinia, I want to make move to you. I want to go all the way with you. And I want to be your guy forever."

"I-I-this is so sudden, we've hardly got to know each other," I replied. "But I feel the same way. There's just one problem, one big, big problem."

"Nothing can come between us," he said.

"Wait till you hear this. I was born a male," I blurted out.

"What, a male, you're a guy," he said, amazed.

"I was born a guy," I said. "And I'm halfway through having a sex change." It was treason. I know. I was surrendering my chance of ever being a male again. But I wanted Jeff so badly, and as a woman. It felt so right. What could I do?

After a long silence, he replied. "Okay ... which half?" I heard amusement in his voice and ... something else.

"Well, I have breasts and body of a woman, and a set of very small genitals, male genitals."

He pondered this. Finally he said, "Does this mean we can't go all the way?" and he kissed me softly, sweetly, on my mouth and then on my breasts. Oh God I was hot for him. And he was clearly hot for me, his manhood throbbing and burning in my hand.

I slipped down my panties and took a condom from my purse. I slid it over his huge thing, which grew even more. What was I getting myself in for? The condom was lubricated but I took more lubrication from my purse and applied it. Now I sat slowly down on him, arching

my back to ease the entry. I guess I had been well prepared by Katherine's dildo. He slid in me with surprising ease. I was sitting on his lap, my own tiny member standing out straight, its tip moist, his maleness pressing deep into my body. We gazed into each other's eyes and began to rock, up and down and side to side. I slid up almost to the end of him and then back down. And again and again. His manhood pressed against a tender spot within me, triggering jets of sweet pleasure through my loins. He was groaning and sighing as we moved against each other, with each other. I was giggling and crying. He had my dress open and my bra off and he was kissing my breasts.

Oh this was so wrong, I thought, I'm supposed to be a man. I'm supposed desire woman. And here I was, being desired as a woman. Here I was taking in my man, engulfing him, enwrapping him, pleasuring him. I felt the first of a long series of orgasms as Jeff stroked my penis and thighs. My penis looked so small in his powerful fingers. His own penis felt so huge, so firm, so solid within me. I tightened my rectal muscles and Jeff cried out, ejaculating with a powerful thrust into me, triggering my own biggest orgasm yet, as I seemed to disappear into a fire of joy. I black out.

## Chapter XI Epilogue

That was it for me, of course. I was Jeff's woman after that. I stayed at my university only long enough to complete my sex change surgery, and then transferred to his, across town. My roommates all got A-plus on from Dr. Mansbridge for their course work. It turned out that I was their course work, or changing me from male to female was.

As a woman I made the basketball team in my new school and played against my old roommates. Sometimes I won, sometimes they

did. We had good times in the bar afterwards.

*The End*