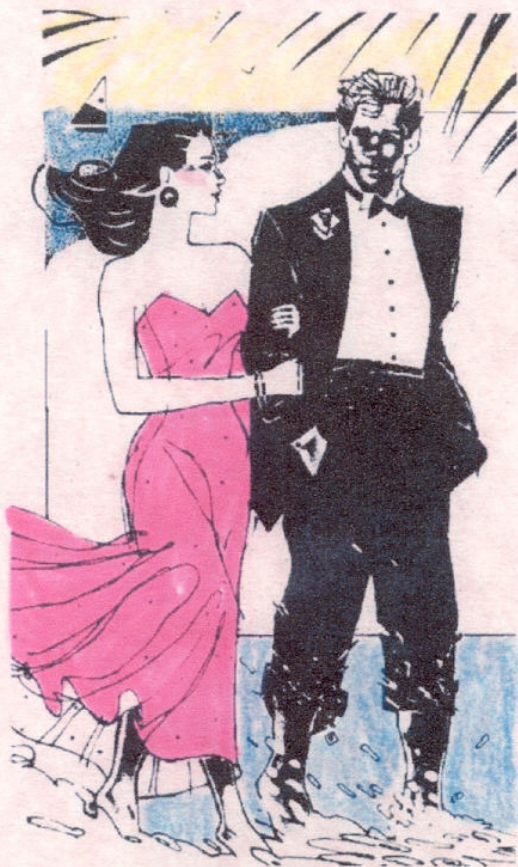


TV FICTION CLASSICS

"DRESSED TO DANCE"

Due to an accident,

*Dave has to fill in for Jessica
at a dance contest.*



Volume # 16

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TV FICTION CLASSICS
MAGAZINE

Volume 16

“DRESSED TO DANCE”

BY

Laren Wood

&

Sandy Thoams

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“DRESSED TO DANCE”

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**“Men have few roles they can play,
that’s why men copy women.”**

DRESSED TO DANCE

BY Lauren Wood and Sandy Thomas

CHAPTER I

Pete and I have known each other for about three years. We met at Eastern University. Pete's four years older than me having served in the Army for three years before starting college. He was a lucky guy, his family had millions, and when he turned twenty one, a trust from his grandfather on his mother's side (a fast food tycoon) laid a cool million in his lap. And that was only the beginning; every few years he would be getting a few MORE!

Since earning a living was not going to be a concern, Pete took classes and found hobbies that he could get involved in; dancing was his latest interest. Before that it was motorcycle racing before that sky diving; he even had his own plane. You get the picture---a dare devil with money and mind. He wasn't afraid anything.

I graduated from high school at age seventeen and went on to college. As sophomores, we'd been in a couple of classes together since both of us were psychology majors. Despite the difference in our ages, we became friends quickly and began spending quite a bit of time together. We often studied together and hung out at the student union snack bar with several other mutual friends. I lived in the dormitory and I hated it. It was noisy, small and dingy. As we prepared to start our junior year, I complained to Peter and he suggested that I move in with him. He owned an apartment building and lived in the biggest apartment. Pete said, "I won't even charge you rent, Dave---I don't need the money." That was enough for me, I moved in the next day.

During our acquaintance, Pete and I had become best friends and were virtually inseparable. However, the relationship is similar to the "odd couple" concept, as shown on the popular television series. We are as dissimilar in appearance, interests and personality as two people can be; apparently opposites do attract.

Pete is big, about six feet two inches tall and weighs just over two hundred pounds, athletic and looks it. He has blond curly hair and has a heavy beard, but wears only a mustache. He didn't spend much on clothes, tending to have a kind of

rumped appearance. Pete was still considered by most to be very attractive in the classical "all-American boy" kind of way.

I, on the other hand, could not be more different in appearance. First, I am relatively small, only five feet seven and weighing only one hundred and thirty-five pounds. I am un-athletic looking, being thin and soft. I have dark brown hair which is straight and which I wear rather long. This is not to say that I am unattractive, I am just unremarkable in a refined European way. Another striking difference between us is that I am very meticulous, almost immaculate, while Pete is a slob. This is the difference which accounts for the "odd couple" analogy.

Our personalities are also quite different. Pete is outgoing and talkative. He strikes up conversations with strangers and seems to have an extraordinary number of friends and acquaintances. He is happy-go-lucky and seldom seems to take life seriously. I would too if I didn't have to worry about \$\$\$.

In contrast, I am extremely serious minded. I weigh carefully the consequences of my actions and take my time in making up my mind. I am also rather shy and introverted, although friendly when approached by others.

Likewise, our interests are as dissimilar as can be. I enjoy intellectual pursuits, and an avid reader in many subjects. I'm an excellent student and expect to graduate with an A average for all four years. The only major shortcoming of my rather planned and stable existence is that I have not yet made up my mind as to what I want to do after graduation.

Pete, while intelligent and rich, was not a particularly good student, although almost certainly he could be if he applied himself. He spent most of his time socializing. Surprisingly, when he gets involved in something, Pete totally involves himself into being the best. Money being no object, he had the fastest motorcycle in the state, and made a record sky dive that almost killed him.

I guess that must have scared him a little because shortly after he developed a much safer interest in ballroom dancing. I credit myself for this interest since my mother and father owned a dance studio upstate and I had danced since I was old enough to walk. I even worked as an instructor during the summers in high school.

I took him to a dance contest with a few people I knew and he loved it. He quickly signed up for thousands of dollars of lessons and soon he and his regular partner, Jessica, were entering contests around the area. I loved watching them practice and they often asked my help. I'd show them the

moves, sometimes taking the boy part with Jessica, other times taking the girl part with Peter.

Our "odd couple" relationship was most evident in our personal lives. As far as the apartment goes, I took the "Felix" role. That is, I did most of the cooking and most of the cleaning up. I also assumed responsibility for decorating the apartment. Pete is the beneficiary of this arrangement as he does little around the house. He is the "Oscar" character. That was okay with me, I was saving hundreds of dollars a month by living in Pete's place.

Pete lead the way socially and sort of overpowered me with his personality. Pete gets pretty much what he wants. I didn't mind this, in fact, I'm pleased to be able to do what I can for Pete. Especially since he was so generous and paid the way. Not only with me, most of his friends also enjoy his generosity. He'd say, "I was lucky enough to be 'born' with it, and you're lucky enough to have me for a friend.

He was always doing nice things for people. Fixing someone's car, taking a group out for an expensive meal, etc.

I tried to repay him by keeping the apartment clean, I even did his laundry sometimes. Pete often said that if he ever gets married, he hopes his wife will be as good a housekeeper.

Pete's apartment is a nice one, very classic. It was quite expensive but in just the two years he's owned it, it's doubled in value. He had the golden touch. We didn't talk much about money; to Pete it was a boring subject and only figures in his bank account and a hassle around tax time.

Our social life was focused mainly around a small group of five people besides ourselves. Jessica, Pete's regular dance partner. Beverly, who lives downstairs from us, is attractive, twenty-five and owns a dress shop which Pete bought for her.

Both Pete and I are close to Beverly, but neither of us had been romantically involved with her. Pete occasionally talks about how much he likes Beverly but I guess he didn't have the nerve to "start something." Beverly also helps Pete with his dance contests. She sort of serves as his 'agent', making arrangements, helping with costumes; that sort of thing. Her boyfriend Ron and two students, Cathy and Susan, round out the group. Besides Beverly and Ron, none of the others are paired off but all have casually dated each other at one time or another.

For the last few weeks, Pete has been very involved in his preparation for a dance contest that he and Jessica signed up for. A national ballroom dance contest with the state finals in Boston. He and Jessica had spent a lot of time practicing.

Since Jessica had a job, she had been unable to practice as much as Pete would like. Pete even offered to pay her a salary to quit her job and dance with him full time. She loved her job and declined.

As a result, I had been helping him out by serving as a sort of proxy partner while Pete practices around the apartment. Pete says he can't practice well by himself, without a partner, and no one else had been available. I knew the dance routine quite well, probably as well as Jessica.

Since I shared Pete's interest in dancing, my odd participation, dancing the girl's part didn't seem so odd. I wanted him to win as much as he did, and he was obsessive about winning.

CHAPTER II

The day before the contest a minor disaster struck. It was a disaster because Jessica was involved in a car accident on her way home from practice. It was minor because she wasn't hurt too badly. But she did break an ankle and was out of any dance contests for the foreseeable future. The call came while Pete, Beverly, and I were relaxing over a glass of Lafayette Rothchild 1963.

After Pete assured himself that Jessica was really going to be all right and started thinking about the contest, his reaction was frustration that it was over as far as he was concerned.

"Well...that's it for the contest," he moaned. "It's obviously impossible to get another partner by tomorrow night."

"Tough luck," I agreed, "but at least Jessica wasn't hurt badly. It could have been a lot worse!"

"Since I won't be dancing tomorrow, we might as well get drunk," said Pete, as he poured the expensive wine into each of our glasses. He was clearly very disappointed.

For the next few minutes we were silent. We just sipped our wine while Beverly and I tried to think of ways to console Pete. I wished I still had contacts and knew some dancer. I should have known to tell Pete to always have a 'backup'.

After a while, Beverly's eyes locked onto me. She just stared at me, the hint of a smile beginning to turn up the corners of her mouth. She was obviously getting an idea.

"It's too bad it wasn't you Pete, Dave could have taken your place. He knows all the routines...wait a minute," she finally murmured, "Why can't Dave take Jessica's place?"

"Sure, sure," said Pete, poo-pooing the idea. "It's customary for ballroom dancing to be done with male and **female** partners."

"Just hold on," urged Beverly. "Dave knows the dance routine, right?"

"Yes, but that's not the problem. I need a girl partner!" answered Pete, beginning to get a little impatient. I remained silent unsure what she was leading to.

"Pete, what you need is a partner period, that's what I'm getting at," continued Beverly. "Look at Dave. He is small..... why, I bet he could fit into Jessica's costume. With a little padding and a little makeup, I bet he could pull it off."

Pete stared at me too, in silence. I on the other hand, was not.

"What are you talking about Beverly," I practically shouted! "No way. I can't possibly pretend to be a girl in a dance contest! You have got to be kidding! Right?"

"Do you know the dance routine?"

"Yeah," I said.

"Could you do it as far as dancing is concerned," she asked?

"Probably, but . . .," I stuttered.

"Then I guarantee that I could make you look 'female' enough to pull it off," Beverly said firmly.

I laughed since she had to be kidding, but I was at a loss to argue. I couldn't believe she appeared to be serious.

Pete said wishfully, "I really would like to compete. Jessica and I had a real good shot at winning.....but winning isn't all that important. I'd spent so much time practicing, I never guessed that something like this would happen. If Dave *was* a girl, it would probably work but I can't imagine just putting him in a dress would make that possible."

"You never know. What if I could make him passable?" asked Beverly, trying to make the whole thing sound more achievable.

"What do you think, Dave? Will you give it a try." asked Pete? "If you get caught, it would be a great joke. Give Beverly a chance. I'd really appreciate it. Please? It's only one night."

What could I do. Pete gave and gave, never asking for anything in return. He was asking for a favor. I owed it to him to at least try though I was sure it wouldn't work.

I said, confident it wouldn't work, "Well... I suppose we could try it, but I still don't think this will work..."

"Don't worry about that," Pete cut me off. "I'm sure Beverly would love to help you. You really don't need a dance costume as such. It's really more like a formal party where we do our dance routine, so all you need to do is wear an evening dress. I'd really appreciate it if you would do it. I think it will be a lot of fun for both of us," Pete almost pleaded.

"OK, if you really want me to, I'll try, but I'll go only if I think we can pull it off. I'm not sure how much fun it will be. It's easy for you to say that all I have to do is wear a dress, it's not you wearing it. But I'll give it a try for you," I agreed.

"That's great!" said Beverly, "I'll be happy to help you with your clothes, but we better get started. The contest is tomorrow night and I really don't think you'll fit into Jessica's dress, so we have a lot of work to do. Let's go down to my apartment."

Pete added before we left, "Beverly? Money is no object. Spend what ever you need to make him passable."

When we got there, I asked again "Do you really think this is a good idea?"

"I think it's a great idea," said Beverly enthusiastically!"

"What do we have to do?" I asked.

"I'll be happy to help you" said Beverly, "but I want you to agree to do absolutely as I say on this. I know what I'm doing when it comes to dressing as a woman and you certainly do not!"

"You're right about that," I said. "OK. I'll do as you say."

That settled, Beverly told me to take off my outer clothing so she could take some measurements. When he had done so, she measured his waist, chest, neck, hips, feet and several other areas, writing each one down in a little notebook.

"I can get most of the things you will need in my own shop," said Beverly, "but even at cost, it's going to be at least \$500. You'll need a dress, underwear, shoes, a bag, everything. Yes, at least \$500."

"Five hundred dollars," gasped Dave! "I don't think Pete would want to spend that much on this thing."

"Look," said Beverly, "Any woman in a contest like this would spend at least that much for the things she would need. I don't see how you can expect to do it for less. Pete bought Jessica that beaded dress...that cost \$1800.00. Five hundred is just to see if you can do it."

"All right, all right! I agreed to this," I said. "Go ahead and get the things I'll need. It won't break Pete. I just hate to see money wasted. Do me a favor; please try to keep it to a minimum. It's only for one night."

"I won't make any promises; besides we can take back some of the stuff if you don't wear it," smiled Beverly.

Back in my apartment, Pete had continued to drink and was feeling good. He was a little sloppy but gushed on and on about having a friend that would do *this* for him. He crocked, "Dave, I'll make it up to you...I promise."

At noon the next day, I went down to Beverly's apartment. The first thing that happened was quite a surprise.

"To start, take off all your clothes" commanded Beverly.

I meekly stripped down to my underpants and Beverly led me into the bathroom.

"Can't I even see my dress," I asked?

"No," answered Beverly! "First things first."

Beverly handed me a tube of depilatory cream.

"Let's get started by getting that hair off your legs and body," she said.

"Wait a minute," I cried, in some confusion and alarm!

"Isn't this going a little far for a dance contest?"

"Not at all," said Beverly. "Take my word for it, you'll feel far more comfortable if you go all the way on this. You'll look like a girl instead of looking like a half-assed guy in drag."

"But I will be a guy in drag!" I whined.

What difference does that make," said Beverly, beginning to get a little angry. "You agreed to go. You agreed to do everything I say. So let's go, no more backtalk! Besides, it will be a great experience; you will learn a little about how the other half lives, so to speak."

"OK, OK! Don't get excited. It's no big deal. I'll do it. If the truth be known, I am kind of interested really. And I really like dancing....What do you want me to do?"

"Ah, that's better," said Beverly. "I really think you will enjoy yourself. The clothes I got for you are beautiful and I think you really do have the potential to be a very lovely girl."

I blushed a deep red.

"See what I mean," continued Beverly, not letting up. "You look very pretty with some color in your cheeks.... Well, let's get busy; as I said, we have a lot to do if we're going to do this right."

With that, she picked up the depilatory cream and said,

"Here, smooth this on all over your legs, right up to your waist. Just leave your pubic hair. Also on your chest and arms, particularly in the arm pits. Let me help. You do the top, I'll do the bottom."

Beverly began smoothing the fragrant cream onto my legs and rear. I seemed to have no choice but to put it on my chest, arms and my arm pits. In about five minutes, virtually my whole body was covered with a thick layer of pink, sweet smelling cream.

"OK, now just let that work for about ten minutes," said Beverly. "In that time, it should take all the hair off and give your skin a good softening. After that, take a quick shower

to rinse it off. Don't bother to really bathe, you can do that later. Meanwhile, I'll get us some lunch."

While I waited, Beverly put a record on the stereo and set the table for lunch.

After the ten minutes, I jumped in the shower and had a good hot rinse. The cream flowed off my body along with what little body hair I had.

My body looked and felt somehow different and the feeling was certainly not unpleasant. While drying off, I stroked my legs and felt how smooth and soft they now felt. I was struck again by how pleasant it felt. It felt nice to rub my legs together, they glided over one another. Crossing my legs also felt very comfortable. I lifted my arm and it looked naked, somehow no longer masculine with no hair in the arm pit, but it looked good.

At that point, Beverly knocked on the door and handed in a floor length nylon robe - one of hers. I put it on without thinking and Beverly came in.

"Now, one more thing," she said as she took shaving materials from the medicine cabinet. "Use these to shave your face as close as you can, but be careful, no nicks! When you've done that, rub this cream into your facial skin." She handed me a jar of Estee Lauder facial softener and went back to the kitchen.

I shaved using her Lady Schick razor. My beard was very light anyway, just a few whiskers on chin and upper lip. After that I rubbed the softener into my face, following the instruc-

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tions. When I was through, my face was as smooth and soft as the rest of my body.

By this time, it was a little after one o'clock. I walked into the kitchen, but on the way, I couldn't help marveling at the feel of the light robe passing over my now hairless body as I walked.

"It's a good start," said Beverly, as I walked into the kitchen and sat down at the table and unconsciously crossed my legs. I had decided to adopt a wait and see attitude, while attempting to reconcile the conflicting feelings that this whole experience was beginning to engender. So I said nothing but, "What's for lunch?"

We had quiche and salad, along with iced tea. The conversation was mostly about how school was going for me and about what was happening on the soap opera All My Children which all our friends followed almost religiously, except Beverly, who was usually working when it was on and needed to be brought up to date occasionally.

When we had cleared away the dishes, Beverly said "Let's begin phase II of your transformation, shall we?"

"Why not?" I answered.

With that, Beverly took out a jar of green colored clay-like cream.

"Look at me!" she commanded. She began to apply the cream to my face, on my forehead up to my hairline, around my eyes and mouth and down to the tip of my chin.

"This is a facial masque," she explained. "You need it to close the pores in your face. It gives just the right look to your skin. Not too dry, not to oily. Leave it on for about thirty minutes.

Beverly then got out a manicure set and a couple of bottles of stuff that looked like clear nail polish. She had me put out my hands and she went over them with various tools: pushing back and trimming the cuticles, etc.; then evening off each nail with a file. She attached a little device to one nail and began painting on the clear liquid. After a couple of minutes, it hardened and served to extend the nail like a false fingernail. She then filed this new nail until it was shaped into a fairly long and beautifully tapered feminine fingernail. She did each nail in turn. When she was finished, you couldn't tell that they weren't Dave's own nails. She then, to my objections, carefully painted each nail with two coats of plum-red colored nail enamel.

"Now, don't touch anything until they are dry," Beverly directed.

I was too dumb-founded to say a word. While my fingernails were drying, Beverly attacked my toenails, shaping them slightly and applying the same color polish.

Throughout this entire time, I had been virtually silent while Beverly chatted on about her store, the new dresses she'd just gotten in, about what she was wearing to the contest and things like that. As time went on, I began to get worried about each change in my appearance. Then Beverly would commence to do something else, setting me back anew. I seemed to be thinking and reacting in slow-motion, while Beverly was moving at the speed of light.

I sat there with my heart racing. "This isn't a costume party. If it gets out everyone will think I'm a sissy or something. I think I should call the whole idea off," I told her.

"Too late now," Beverly laughed, "It's too late now for Pete to get his entry fee back. If I can make you believe you can get away with this, will you do it?"

"Okay."

At this point, she took the masque off my face, slowly peeling it down in one piece from my forehead. When it was off, my face felt a little tight but looked and felt even smoother than before. The skin looked soft and there was not a trace of beard visible.

"Now, one more thing. Look at me!" commanded Beverly. As I did so, she took tweezers and carefully plucked my eyebrows. She shaped them into graceful, feminine arches just like those you would see on any covergirl in *Glamour* magazine. I began again to protest she shushed me saying, "Don't be a chicken; you said you were going all the way with this."

"But what will I do when I go to school and places like that? People will think I'm weird or something!" I cried.

"No one will even notice," she replied then laughed. "And if they do, I'm sure they will think you look very nice. If you're worried about it, you could always dress like a girl when you go to school too!"

That shut me up. I continued to burn for a while. But when I looked in the mirror, it was tough to stay angry. I had to admit, I was beginning to look better and better. I was starting to get a funny feeling. Already, with just this new softened skin and with my long fingernails, I was beginning to feel different. Beverly showed me how to hold my body differently and to move differently. My wrists held looser and to use my hands in a more feminine manner.

I had a greater awareness of my body and the sensations running through it. I couldn't say I was feeling feminine because I didn't know what that felt like. In any event, I was

starting to lose my hesitancy towards Beverly doing these things to me. Instead, I was beginning to look forward to what she would do next.

It was about 4:30 in the afternoon. They had to leave for the contest by 7:30. Beverly said, "We had better get on our horses if we are both to be ready by then. Now, I want you to take a bath."

She began drawing the water and poured in a heaping portion of bubble bath beads.

"Get in there and just soak for about half an hour," ordered Beverly, pointing to the tub. "This will relax you, soften your skin even more and make you smell luscious. Meanwhile, I'll run up to your apartment and take a shower. One other thing, I want to condition your hair with this." She handed Dave an unmarked bottle with a pointed top. She carefully applied the conditioner to his hair and even some to his eyebrows. "Don't shampoo your hair until you are finished, then just part it in the middle and leave it wet."

So I got into the tub. The water was very hot and the air was full of the flowery fragrance of the bubble bath. For a while, I couldn't stop thinking about what was happening to me. I was starting to get a headache. But it felt so calming to just lie back and empty my mind. Beverly was right, this would definitely make me feel better. Why fight it? Beverly was my friend, right?. She wouldn't ask me to do something that would make a fool out of me....

I must have dozed because the next thing I knew, Beverly was knocking on the bathroom door.

"Time to get going," she called. "You've been in there for almost an hour."

My headache was gone. I quickly pulled the plug on the tub, sat up and used the hand shower attachment to rinse off. I wet my hair and washed it using the shampoo she had given me. The lather was thick and smelled just like the bubble bath. I washed it twice, following the instructions. The second time I let the lather stay in my hair for five minutes "to add body". I rinsed it off and as I was getting out of the tub, Beverly came in and handed him a towel.

"Here," she said, "dry yourself off. Mmmm, you smell good!"

When my skin was dry, she brought out a box of dusting powder with the same scent as the bubble bath and shampoo. Using a big puff, she dusted my whole body with the scented powder. She handed me another towel and told me to wrap my hair in it. She showed me how to do it in a turban-like arrangement.

"OK, put on your robe," she directed, handing him the nylon garment.

Beverly looked great. She had obviously bathed, done her hair and put on her makeup. She was wearing a revealing negligee over her stockings, bra and panties; and she was wearing her shoes. But, looking at her, I didn't have my usual reaction to seeing a rather scantily dressed woman. Rather, I looked at her underwear which was very attractive and sexy, and wondered if I would be wearing the same kinds of things. I felt both panic and anticipation at the thought.

I walked over to the mirror. I blinked, unsure that I was seeing correctly...my hair was blonde; a light sun-light blonde, a color I'd never seen on a boy. A moan slipped out, "Oh no, what have you done?"

"Nothing that can't be changed back tomorrow. Your hair needed to match my hair piece. First, let's see what we can do with your hair," said Beverly, distracting me as she guided me into a seat at her dressing table and unwrapped my still wet hair. She turned me so I was facing away from the mirror saying, "From now on, no more mirrors until we are finished. The next time you see yourself, you'll see the new you!"

I moaned again, "I can't do this..."

"No more complaints, 'blondie', or I won't dye it back tomorrow. I can just see you going to school like this! Now say you like it!"

"What?"

"Say, 'it's darling,' and keep your voice high and soft."

I blushed, "It's darling."

My hair was fairly long. She began by spraying styling mouse in it. She then took out her blow-dryer and brush and began to work on it.

"I think it's long enough to catch in back," she said, when my hair was about dry. "That will probably be the best style for dancing." She had kept it straight, now she brushed it straight back on top and at the sides and caught it together in back with a rubber band. It was just long enough. She brushed it smoothly back so that it was quite close to my head.

She then took some bobby pins and pinned the little pony tail that was left into a kind of circle around the elastic. Beverly then produced a hair piece which was shaped into a bun and was the exact shade of my new hair. She attached this to the back of my head with more pins, completely covering the gathered hair. I began to get that funny feeling again. I was apprehensive wondering what I looked like, but was also beginning to feel nervous again. I felt like the situation was getting out of control, that I shouldn't feel good

about this. But after a while, I began to relax again. I wanted to go on.

"That should give you no trouble for the whole night. I've pinned it quite securely. Now for your makeup," said Beverly, feeling the smoothness of my face. "Your face is just right. You'll look great!"

Much to my surprise, I hoped she was right.

Without any more delay, Beverly began on my eyes. First she curled my lashes with a lash curler. Then she took out a pair of false eyelashes.

"These will give your eyes a bigger, softer look. Look at me and close your eyes," she ordered, and began to attach the lashes to my eyelids. She was meticulous and the lashes were very good ones; so, when she was finished, she said. "You can't tell where yours end and the new ones begin."

Next she took a jar of foundation and rubbed it into my face using a small sponge, blending it in at the hairline and going right down to the base of my throat. She explained that this gives the face an even color. She spent considerable time blending the makeup into my skin so that you couldn't tell where the makeup left off. When this was done, she went back to work on my eyes.

First she applied a coat of mascara to my eyelashes, both upper and lower. For this she used a little brush like a toothbrush and a cake of black material. She then used a spiral mascara brush to apply a second coat and to curl the lashes. She used a tiny little brush and, using a deep violet liquid, she shaped my eyes by drawing a fine line at the base of my lashes.

On the eyelids, she started at the inside corner of my eye and worked out, on the bottom she started about in the middle and worked outward, joining at the corner. Next she applied eyeshadow, using still another brush. She used three colors to still further define and accent them. On the lower portion of my lids she used a plum color, sort of half way between red and purple. In the creases she used a deep violet, much darker than the plum. She blended these two carefully. Finally, she used a much lighter, almost white, shade of violet to highlight the area from the creases to my rows. Again, she carefully blended the colors.

"One last thing," Beverly said, as she took a black eyebrow pencil and expertly added the finishing touches to my brows.

"Well, that takes care of your eyes. I think you'll be pleased," said Beverly. "But no looking, not until we've finished. The effect will be much better. There's not too much more to do."

She took out a compact and blotted my forehead, nose and chin with face powder to reduce the highlights. She used a rather large brush to smooth and buff the finish. She used still another brush to apply blush to my cheeks. She used a plum color, similar to the shadow, and brushed it in a triangle running along my cheekbone up to my temple and down in front of my ear.

Next came my lips, but instead of using a tube of lipstick which I had seen women use, Beverly used a tiny brush to apply lip color from a little pot. She first colored the outer edges of my lips with, once again, a plum shade. Then she filled in with a slightly lighter, but very glossy shade. With that Beverly was finished.

"Hold on just one more second," she said "and close your eyes." With that she took a small aerosol can and sprayed something all over my face.

"OK, that will set and protect your makeup. All you should have to do is freshen your lipstick now and then. While I'm at it..."

She took another can and sprayed my hair with hairspray.

"What a knockout!"

I can't describe how I felt. Even though I couldn't yet see myself, I somehow felt pretty. Maybe it was internal, but I know I felt it. I now definitely felt feminine. My body felt feminine to touch and to look at. My movements felt feminine and my persona felt feminine. I didn't know what to do. Should I call the whole thing off? My mind, in a rising panic state, told me yes; but my body said I like this feeling, let's go on with it. Was I going crazy?

"What about my voice?" I asked, looking for an excuse to stop. "How will I be able to talk like a girl?"

"You won't have any trouble with that," laughed Beverly. "People expect to hear a woman's voice when they see a woman, so they hear it. Believe me, when they see you, they'll be seeing a woman!"

Hearing that, I blushed deeply, but I couldn't help but feel flattered. I really must look pretty. I began to get impatient to see myself.

"But if you want to be sure, just talk softly and higher in your throat, rather than deep in your chest. You don't have a deep voice anyway, so that should do the trick. In fact, I want you to practice by talking that way from now on."

"Like this?" I asked softly. "My name is Dave."

"That's right, but we'll have to do something about your name. We can't have a pretty girl named Dave, now can we? How about if we call you Holly?"

I didn't know what to say, so I just nodded and became Holly.

"Now, we'd better get dressed," she said. "It's getting a little bit late." It was six o'clock.

We went back into the bedroom and Beverly walked over to the closet and took out two or three bags from Saks.

"I have lingerie at my store, but Saks has the sexiest underwear in town!" Beverly winked at me and I'm sure I blushed from head to toe. She also had a couple of other bags, the contents of which I had absolutely no idea, nor did she immediately enlighten me.

"I've got a head start on you," she said, "so let's get you started. First, you'll need to put on your pantyhose." She opened one of the bags and took out a pair of hose with the name "Givenchy" on the package.

"These are the finest stockings you can buy. They are very sheer, yet are quite durable, so they'll hold up during your dance routine." She held them up for me to see. They were sheer to the waist and had very little color; only a very light, shiny violet hue. These beautiful gossamer stockings represented, to me, the quintessential feminine clothing. There is no equivalent masculine article of clothing. Beverly showed me how to roll each leg and told me to step in, one foot at a time, and then stretch them up and on. I took off my robe and sat on the bed, completely naked. My normal modesty virtually forgotten in my eagerness to get the pantyhose on.

Sitting on the bed, I slipped my foot into the first leg and, pointing my toe, gently unrolled and stretched the sheer nylon up and over my knee. The feeling generated by the nylon gliding over my newly softened and hairless skin was indescribable. I was suddenly very envious of the beautiful sensations women exposed their bodies to virtually all the time.

I then rolled the other stocking onto my leg to just above my knee. Then, standing up, I pulled the panty portion up until the waist band fitted snugly, just above my belly-button.

"Wait a minute. We're going to have to do something about that!" exclaimed Beverly, pointing at my crotch. Indeed, my genitals formed an unsightly bulge which ruined the whole effect of the nylons.

Beverly said, "Well, I guess it will be alright once your dress is on. But I'm afraid it might show while you are dancing in a tight dress."

Suddenly, I found myself determined that everything would be as perfectly feminine as possible, including this.

Beverly looked at me and said, "You should be able to push your maleness up into your body and they would stay there without much discomfort. Try it." She turned her back.

"No, no!" I said. "I think I know what to do." I pushed my pantyhose down to the middle of my thighs. Then, taking each sphere in hand, I slowly forced them up into my abdomen from where they had descended. No problem, but it felt odd. I took my soft maleness and pushed it back between my thighs. That done, I pulled my pantyhose back into place. This arrangement was more than satisfactory, my front looked, for all intents and purposes, just like Beverly's pant's crotch. I again got that strange feeling in my center. I had the almost irresistible urge to cross my legs.

"That looks great!" said Beverly, "But will you be able to dance like that?"

It was uncomfortable. She added, "I'm sure you'll get used to it after a while."

I just nodded to indicate I was fine.

Beverly opened another bag and produced a one-piece, strapless undergarment, a sort of combination body briefer and teddy.

"Because of the cut of your dress, you'll have to wear a strapless bra arrangement. It could be tricky," explained Beverly.

The garment was made of sheer white stretch nylon, with pretty lace inserts at the top of each high cut leg and between the cups of the attached bra. Beverly explained how the briefer would work. She said that it would not be tight over my hips, because I didn't need it there. But it would be very tight at the waist to shape my figure into more feminine curves.

"The bra might be a little uncomfortable," she said, "because it has to be very tight for two reasons. One, because it's strapless and has to stay up on your chest. And two, because we want it to push up the flesh of your chest so that it takes on the appearance of breasts and a cleavage. The bra has an underwire structure which will force the flesh into the right shape. One other thing, it has a snap closure at the crotch, so you will be able to go to the bathroom if the need arises."

"OK, put it on!" she ordered.

Without hesitation, I stepped into the leg holes of the panty portion and pulled it up to my waist. Doing this locked my genitals into their new, concealed position. Just as Beverly had said, it fit smoothly over my hips up to my waist. It

was tighter there, nipping in my waistline a little, but still, it was not unbearable. The leg holes were cut relatively high and made my legs almost appear to start at my waist. Another effect of the briefer was to raise my rear-end a little; giving it a more rounded, girlish appearance.

Now I pulled the bra part up around my chest. It had two hook-and-eye closings at the front. The bottom portion of the cups were made of shiny satin finished nylon. Beverly showed me what to do next. As I grasped the flesh of my chest in my two hands, as if cupping my breasts, she hooked the bra closed. It was very tight where it passed around my chest, just under my actual breasts. Then I fit the cupped flesh into each bra cup. The underwiring molded this flesh into the shape of a woman's breasts, small but nicely shaped.

"I have one more thing which will add a little in that area," said Beverly, picking up still another bag. "These are what you would call falsies, but they're pretty sophisticated." They were soft half-breast shaped wedges which were designed to fit in the bottom half of each bra cup. The effect would be to further push up the flesh. Doing one at a time, I lifted the flesh already in each cup and inserted the falsie underneath.

It was uncanny. I now appeared to be generously endowed with perfectly formed breasts which were almost overflowing the top of my bra. The overall effect of the garment was to mold my body, quite comfortably, into the shape of a woman's body. I had a flat smooth front, rounded hips and bottom, a nipped in waist and beautifully shaped breasts. I couldn't believe it! And somehow, the whole thing stayed in place even when I moved around.

Beverly then handed me a pair of ladies shoes. They were silver sandals with a network of narrow leather straps at the toes, with a single delicate strap securing the heel and passing around just above my ankle. They had narrow heels about three and one half inches high. They appeared very delicate and pretty. I quickly put them on and stood up. It felt strange to stand on high heels, but when I took a few tentative steps around the room, I had no trouble with my balance. That was a relief, since I would have to dance in heels for the first time.

"You're a natural!" enthused Beverly. "You move like you were born wearing heels. I don't think you'll have any trouble dancing in them. I must admit, that was kind of worrying me."

The tensions created by the shoes made my legs look wonderful. They were long with small feet, thin ankles, with soft rounded calves and thighs.

Everything felt and looked great. I felt comfortable. I had not yet fully seen what I looked like in the mirror, but what I could see made me think the overall effect would be good. I was fascinated by my flat front! Already, I found myself moving in tune with the way I felt. I did this unconsciously, but since I looked and felt feminine, I acted appropriately. As I walked around the room, my body swayed in a feminine walk, my posture became better and more femininely erect, and when I sat, I crossed my legs automatically. When I became aware of these actions, I felt like a fool and a weirdo. I wasn't a girl and didn't want to be, but when I looked down at my smooth front, there was nothing there to indicate that I was a boy. I tried to stop my feminine movements and mannerisms, but I couldn't. My appearance seemed to dominate my mind and my bodily control. I was becoming more and more anxious about ever getting involved in this thing. What was happening to me? But.... I had to act like I looked.

Beverly interrupted my mental conflict by saying it was time for us to put on our dresses. It was a little before seven. She walked over to the closet and took out two beautiful dresses. Holding one out to me, she said "I hope you like it."

"There's only one way to find out," I said, knowing full well that I did, "and that's to try it on."

"One more thing" said Beverly, handing me a half slip in white satin finished nylon. "Put this on first."

I stepped into the slip and pulled it up around my waist. It flowed gently over my hips and hung straight, almost to my knees. It had lovely lace details at the hem and inserted just in front of my right hip. It was beautiful, but even more meaningful, it was the first time I had ever worn a skirt. I felt as if I were somehow symbolically abandoning my masculinity. This thought didn't seem to bother me as much as I knew it should have.

"You better hurry!" urged Beverly, as if reading my mind. "Pete and Ron will be here to pick us up soon."

So saying, Beverly dropped her own dress carefully over her head and then help me with mine.

"Be careful of your hair," she ordered, as I put my head into the dress as she held it. It floated down over my body and she zipped it in back.

"Now, why don't you have a look at yourself," she said, as she opened the closet door. On the back was a full-length mirror. "What do you think?"

My feelings as I looked at myself for the first time were indescribable. I was stunned. Looking back at me from the mirror was a breath-takingly attractive girl. Her face, hair, figure, clothes and bearing all gave visual testimony to her

complete femininity. As I watched, she turned and displayed the back of her beautiful dance dress, looking at me all the while. Then her hand, gracefully tapered with pointed, well-tended nails, reached up and touched her hair, her cheek, then dropped to her side, hidden from view in the folds of her skirt. The gesture was utterly feminine. Her face was beautifully and dramatically made up for an evening out, her hair worn up in a rather formal style. Her neck was long and slender, her bare shoulders and arms thin and pretty, her bosom soft and rounded.

As she moved again, brushing imaginary wrinkles from her dress, I realized that I was looking at myself. I couldn't believe it. Prior to this day, I had never considered myself in any way effeminate or weird in appearance or gestures; but looking at myself in the mirror, I could not understand why people hadn't assumed I was a girl wearing boy's clothing all my life. There was nothing in my appearance or behavior that even hinted at my true gender.

"You are beautiful!" said Beverly. "Just lovely! You'll be the belle of the ball."

"Do you think so?" I asked, wanting it to be true. "Dressing this way, here in your apartment is one thing, but going out in public and dancing in a contest is quite another. I don't know...." I mused, wanting to doubt the reality of what I was seeing, but also wanting to be persuaded.

"Don't be silly! You can see and judge for yourself how pretty you are. Why not let yourself go. Don't fight it, go with your feelings. It's a lot of fun to be a pretty girl at a dance. You'll be the center of attention. In any event, how do you like your dress?"

"Oh, it's nice, I guess," I said, although in reality, I thought it was gorgeous. It was made of very light knit type material in a very pale pink color. It was knee length and left my arms and shoulders bare. The bodice was rather tight and displayed a fair amount of the tops of my new breasts, as well as cleavage. It was styled to give the appearance of being tied in front, the ends of the mock knot were draped over each shoulder and then joined in back to form a panel which fell to the hemline. The cut of the dress was such that the waist was slightly narrowed and my body subtly defined, although the skirt appeared to hang almost straight down from the bodice. The skirt was quite full and moved sinuously when I moved. It gave the impression of weight, yet the fabric was like air and clung to my new found curves. To walk in this dress was a sensual delight, dancing in it would be spectacular. I couldn't force myself away from the mirror. I

felt compelled to pose like a model, to see how I looked in different positions and to feel the dress move over my body.

"You need some jewelry," said Beverly, "and then you'll be perfect. I didn't buy any for you, but you can wear some of mine. I have just the right things." She rummaged around in her jewelry box for a little while and came back with a handful of things. She handed me a pair of clasp type earrings. "Put these on," she said. While I did that, she went back to the closet and produced three more bags.

I struggled with getting the earrings straight, but finally managed it. They were circles of white china with a pattern of small diamonds running around the outside. They sparkled prettily when I turned my head. They looked very nice on my relatively small ears and were easily seen due to my hair style. Beverly also gave me a matching bracelet, a white china bangle with a spiral of small diamonds. I squeezed it over my wrist, then put on a diamond cocktail ring which fit perfectly on the ring finger of my right hand. It set off my hand beautifully.

In the larger of the two remaining bags was a shawl. It was long and was knit from ivory colored yarn with occasional silver threads interwoven. It had tassels along each end and looked very expensive.

"Put this on when you go out. Like this," said Beverly, as she draped the shawl over her shoulders and inside her elbows. The tassels fell almost to the floor.

"It's not very cold out, but you'll need something to cover your shoulders." She tossed the shawl on the bed. "Also, here's your purse." She produced a fairly small, flat clutch bag in silver. In it she put a white lace handkerchief, a small silver compact, the pot of lip color and the keys to my apartment. "You won't need any money, Pete will pay for everything. Just one more advantage of being a girl."

I didn't say anything, but laughed lightly, struck a seductive pose and batted my eyelashes.

"That's it!" said Beverly. "Now you're getting into the spirit!"

I didn't know what to say, so I pressed on with the joke. "I hope he likes me," I said ironically. We both laughed.

"Now, I just have a couple of finishing touches for you," said Beverly, opening the last of the bags. From it she took a box about five inches square.

"Open it" she commanded.

Inside was an exquisite silk lily. It was in the same shade of pink as my dress and looked so delicate as to be indistinguishable from the real thing.

"Oh! It's beautiful!" I gushed, taking it from its box. Was that me talking? It had a very narrow green felt ribbon attached to the bottom of the blossom.

"Hold out your left arm," said Beverly, taking the lily. I did as I was told, and Beverly tied the flower to my wrist. She tied a delicate bow on the underside.

She then took a small spray bottle of perfume from her dressing table and sprayed me generously with the lovely scent. She sprayed my wrists, including the flower, my neck and the tops of my breasts. She then dropped the bottle into my purse.

"OK, you're done. How do you feel?"

"Very strange," I said, "like I'm in a dream. But a beautiful dream, I can't deny that!"

"I really think you can win the contest!" said Beverly.

At that moment, there was a knock at the door.

CHAPTER III

"That will be Pete and Ron" said Beverly. "Would you let them in Holly."

I hesitated for a moment. Dressing up here in Beverly's apartment was one thing, but presenting myself, dressed as a girl, to a man; and then going out to a dance contest was quite another. I couldn't move, feeling paralyzed with fear and indecision. Indecision as to whether I wanted to go through with this. I had never anticipated the implications of what I would go through when I agreed to this. And fear that if I did, I'd make a complete fool of myself, or perhaps more frightening, I wouldn't. This state lasted only a minute, the flutter in my breast notwithstanding, I was going on with it. So I patted my hair into place, straightened my skirt and said to Beverly:

"Do I look all right?"

"You look lovely, but a smile wouldn't hurt."

My heart pounding with anxiety, I put on my best smile, opened the door and stepped back to let them in.

It was Pete and Ron. They walked in. When Ron saw me he sort of sucked in his breath, then let go with a loud wolf whistle.

"Hubba, Hubba! Who's the new chick in town?"

Again, and not for the last time, I blushed from head to toe and lowered my eyes. But I recovered quickly and, smiling all the while, did a quick pirouette to show them my dress.

"Gentlemen," said Beverly, "May I present Holly."

When they said nothing for a few seconds, I said, "Do you like?"

"You look terrific!" exclaimed Ron. "I never would have believed it possible for you to change so much. But the question is, can you dance?" he joked.

Pete said simply, "You look very nice."

Again there was silence for a few seconds.

"We better be going" said Beverly to Ron. "We'll go in separate cars, OK? Let's give these dance partners a chance to get acquainted" she smiled.

"See you at the contest" they called as they quickly went out the door. "You look great, Holly!" said Beverly one more time as she left.

When they had gone, I said to Pete, "I could hardly have people calling me Dave tonight, not looking like this....So, we decided on Holly. Do you approve?"

"Very nice. It fits you much better than Dave, I'll have to agree. I'll try to remember to use it."

I was much less self-conscious now, and I was beginning again to fall naturally into my feminine role. I again turned around to display my dress.

"Do you really like me like this?" I asked, smiling.

"Well....what can I say?"

"Tell me the truth" I said softly.

Well....This whole thing was partly my idea.....And you really are quite beautiful.....But the important thing is how you feel about it." Pete said hesitantly. He was clearly a little uncomfortable with this situation too.

I was silent for a while, thinking about the implications of the question and trying to frame my answer.

"At first, I didn't want to go through with it," I said pensively. "But, as Beverly began to do things to my face and body, to make them smoother, softer and prettier; I began to appreciate the feelings I was experiencing more and more. At several points in the process of getting ready, I almost panicked and quit. But each time Beverly encouraged me, and I was able to overcome my apprehensions. And each time that happened I felt a little better about the whole situation and a little more committed to going on. But I guess I'm scared as hell! I don't think I should be liking this."

While I talked, I was walking around the room unconsciously practicing some dance steps, occasionally checking my appearance in the mirror. Pete stood by the door, taking it all in.

"When I finally saw myself in the mirror, I was stunned." I continued. "I couldn't believe I could change so much. Every feature that was less than perfect from a masculine standpoint added immensely to my feminine attractiveness.

As a girl, my shortness became almost the reverse, my skininess became slenderness, my un-athletic build became girlish softness and delicacy. My face is pretty, my waist narrow, my hips and bottom nicely rounded and my legs beautifully slim and tapered. That, along with my quick adaptation to graceful movement, makes it impossible for me to turn my back on this experience.

"I'm going to enjoy myself the way a beautiful girl would enjoy herself at a dance! Especially," I said, looking at Peter, "with a handsome man as my escort!"

Now it was Peter's turn to blush then he joked, "Maybe I'll get *lucky* tonight!" It was my turn to blush. I don't know where my behavior was coming from. It just came out, as if it were there all the time.

"Shall we get this over with? Here . . . be a gentleman," I coached, putting my wrap into Peter's hands. He held it up and I put the shawl around my shoulders and picked up my purse. Peter held the door for me, just as he would for any date, and I preceded him out into the corridor. This scene was repeated at the front door to the building, but this time I took my first step into the outside world as a girl. My previous resolve began to fade and I felt nervous hesitancy, but also exhilaration. Instinctively, I took Peter's arm and held it. He looked uncomfortable and unsure how to behave towards me, but he forced a smile, then guided me to his car, opened the door and handed me in.

As I slid into the car, my skirt rode up exposing my nylon clad thighs. I couldn't help but notice Peter looking at them with obvious appreciation. I was very unsettled and so was he, but I was flattered for some reason. When I got in, I arranged my skirt while Peter got in behind the wheel, but I continued to feel excited by Peter's attention to my appearance. I was beginning to think of myself as attractive in a feminine way, but I was far from comfortable with that thought. I didn't quite know how to deal with the obvious sexual implications of his attention and my reaction to it.

As we started the ride to the ballroom where the contest was to be held, I sat comfortably, with my legs crossed. I looked at myself as we drove. My dress was arranged carefully with the lower half of my body outlined by the soft fabric of my skirt. My legs and feet, clad in the delicate sandals, were visible below the hem. I could see my painted toenails through the sheer stockings. Although I was pleased with what I saw, my nervousness began to return. I grew more and more anxious the closer we got to our destination. I kept saying to myself, "What am I doing? What am I doing?"

About half way there, I began nervously asking Peter how I looked over and over again. I checked my makeup and hair several times in the vanity mirror on the sun visor. I had a tremendous feeling of weakness and helplessness. I was on the verge of panic.

"I can't go through with this! I just can't do it!" I finally cried. "What will people think of me when they see me dressed like this! They'll think I'm strange or crazy! My life will be ruined! I don't think I can even walk, let alone dance! What am I doing here?" I was on the verge of hysterical tears.

"Easy does it," soothed Peter, pulling the car over to the curb. "You look wonderful! I'm not worried about this and you are going as my partner you know! So calm down. People won't think anything about you other than that you are an exceedingly beautiful girl; which you can see by looking in the mirror." There was silence for a few moments.

"OK? Are you feeling any better? Trust me, this is going to be a super night. You won't regret doing this. Quite the contrary, my guess is that this will be the start of something big for you. But as Confucius said, A journey of a thousand miles starts with the first step, so you have to calm down, relax and get to the contest before you can begin having fun. Now, can you make it? Remember, you are lovely. No one will think anything else."

I was beginning to get hold of myself by this time. I didn't understand everything Peter had said, but he was reassuring and was beginning to convince me that I did look like a pretty girl and that what I was doing wasn't that bad. All this I took in silence, but my fears were abating somewhat; and by the time we arrived in the parking lot, I was once again on a reasonably even footing emotionally. At least I thought I could walk, we would have to see if I could dance.

However, once again, when the car was turned off and as Peter was about to get out to open my door, I began to panic. I couldn't get out of the car. I couldn't take that first step on my journey.

"I can't do it! I thought I could, but I can't!" I cried, tears beginning to form in my eyes.



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"Now, let's not go through this again," said Peter, trying hard to maintain his composure. "We've been through this already. You can do it!"

As two pairs of dance partners walked by, laughing nervously on their way in, he said, "Look at those girls. You certainly are prettier than they are, and I'm sure you can dance better too!"

"I am?" I asked with doubt in my voice. The girls appeared slim and attractive to me.

"I'm quite serious" answered Pete. "Compared to them, you're like a flower among the weeds."

I couldn't help chuckling at this overblown metaphor, but I resolved, once again, to go on with the masquerade.

Peter left me no further time for thought. He got out and opened my door. With one last check in the mirror, I slid out of the car. Once again I held Peter's arm for support. I checked and straightened my skirt, smoothing away imaginary wrinkles. Then, taking a deep breath to quell my anxiety, we walked towards the door. I whispered, "Hope this doesn't backfire."



I was barely conscious of my surroundings as we walked in the door. We were immediately inundated by the hubbub of activity. I looked around dazedly, responding only to the general activity, not to individual people or events. My movements felt wooden and uncoordinated. I didn't even realize it when Peter took my wrap from my shoulders and checked it in the coat room. There were several knots of contestants along the corridor as we walked in. I was glad I didn't recognize any of them and had great difficulty even looking at them, for fear they would see through my disguise. We came into the ballroom itself. It was huge, big enough for several hundred people; and it was full. The room and the people in it were dazzling. There were three rows of gleaming chandeliers hanging from the ceiling. There appeared to be scores of immaculately set tables, arrayed on either side of a central dance floor where several couples were warming up.

Peter was looking for the check-in table when we saw Beverly and Ron threading their way through the crowd towards us. Seeing them brought me back to my senses and calmed my rising panic.

"Hi!" said Beverly. "Glad you made it. We were beginning to wonder if you had backed out."

Hi yourself" said Peter. "Yeah, we had a little trouble on the way, but we made it."

"We've got a table down near the dance floor" said Ron. "After you have checked in and get your instructions, why don't you join us."

Beverly said to me, "I can't get over how good you look! How are you holding up?"

"Pretty tense," I answered, "but so far, so good. I can't believe I'm doing this. I must be crazy."

"A couple of glasses of champagne and you'll be fine" said Beverly; then she and Ron returned to their table.

Peter found the check-in point. He registered us and told the officials that Jessica had been hurt and that I would be replacing her. He got our instructions, a dance number and was told that we would go on at about 9:30, right after the couple from Lowell.

We arrived at the table set for eight, right next to the dance floor. Sitting at the table, along with Beverly and Ron, were Courtney and her date Phil, and another couple, Bill and Janet, who I had met several times. I almost turned and ran, I was so nervous at meeting people, especially someone I knew. But, before I could do that, Beverly once again took charge.

"Courtney and Phil, Bill and Janet; you know Pete, don't you. And this is his new dance partner Holly," meaning me.

"Nice to meet you" we all chorused. I felt sure someone would recognize my voice as a man's.

"Hi, Holly," said Janet. "You look very nice, and your dress is gorgeous. Good luck tonight!"

I blushed and mumbled, "Thank you."

With that, everyone took their seats and light conversation began easily for everyone but me.

Meanwhile, I couldn't believe what was happening. Obviously, Janet, who I knew fairly well, didn't even recognize me; and certainly accepted me completely as a girl. Maybe this was going to work out after all. Tomorrow we'd all laugh at this.

"Let's have some champagne," Peter said to me. "How are you doing?"

"Much better!" I said, "but I could use something to drink."

As it became obvious that no one thought anything was out of the ordinary about me, I began to relax more but still unsure of what might happen. After a couple of glasses of champagne, my nervousness was only getting worse. I was scared to the point where I was beginning to wonder if I could even "walk" out on the dance floor. I knew this was going to be the most embarrassing night of my life.

Before I knew it, it was our turn to dance....

The announcer said, "Introducing couple number 18, from Boston, Massachusetts; Holly and Peter."

Peter stood and held my chair. I trembled as he guided me out onto the floor for my real moment of truth and we started into our routine, albeit stiffly at first.

After our first turn which sent my skirts flying, the audience applauded. I told myself...you are a girl tonight and we soon got into the swing of things. Peter held me firmly and quite close and guided me through the steps. I was so busy trying to remember what to do and following Peter's strong lead, I quickly forgot the situation I was in. We whirled around the floor, my skirt alternately clinging to my body then flaring out as Peter spun me around.

"You dance very well," I teased, finally able to smile.

Peter squeezed me lightly and laughed.

"Thank you, and so do you."

All my hanging around the dancing school hadn't prepared me for this. But it all seemed so natural...

We did a combination of dances to music that a D.J. friend had pieced together. We started in a formal ballroom dance stance and quickly went from Fox-trot, into a waltz, then it picked up into an American Tango. The crowd applauded when we cut into a Cha-Cha then smoothly into a Mambo, and on queue back into the classic Fox-trot. The music changed tempo and into the East coast Swing which included underarm turns, side passes and tuck-ins. If that wasn't enough, We started the West coast Swing, a more sophisticated style that included throw-outs, sugar pushes, whips, hitch kicks, swivels and yoke vamps. The audience, mostly dancers went wild. I hadn't heard applause for the other contestants. The thought of winning spurred me on.

Then the finale, into a slow and slinky "Dirty Dancing" that I'm sure fed the fever of every couple in the ballroom. We sensuously swayed against each other, as if we were attached at the hips.

We must have done well, because when we finished the applause was the loudest. I'm sure it was louder than for any other team. As we listened to the clapping, Pete held my hand and said, "We've got to take a bow." As he began his bow, it seemed perfectly normal for me to drop into a curtsy, as if I'd done it all my life.

When Pete and I returned to the table, the men all stood and Peter again held my chair for me as I sat. I was moved by these actions. They made me feel good, these little exhibitions of attention. I felt almost like a "star". One of the men came up and said, "Pete, where did you find this hot number,"

referring to me. I blushed but knew that was my "role" for the evening..

As a result, I became more committed to acting in flirtatious manner. I was very excited by the contest and the applause. Outside, I was calm and serene but on the inside I was still scared to death. I knew that my persona had to appear entirely feminine. My role change had to be complete and unconscious, even though our part of the contest, the reason I was doing this, was now over.

As the other couples performed, my apprehension continued to grow with each passing minute. As it became clear that we might win, I found my personality changing. As a man, I was rather quiet and introverted, but as a girl, I was self assured, calm and outgoing; smiling and engaging easily in social small talk with both men and women, whether I knew them or not. Obviously, I was enjoying myself. The wine flowed freely. Soon I was absolutely glowing from the compliments, both personal and on our dancing. All my years of dancing as a man had never gotten me a portion of what I got with my new found "femininity".

I continued to be the beneficiary of all the little courtesies and attentions accorded an attractive girl; the men stood when I left or returned to the table, helped me with my chair and opened doors for me. All of which I found quite pleasing and accepted graciously. In addition to this, the men I talked with often flirted with me, asking me out on dates or for my telephone number, flattering me on my dancing, my appearance and sexiness. I was so caught up in my role, I took these things as the normal course of events and was not put off at all. I even led them on a little.

As Beverly had predicted, I was enjoying being a pretty girl at a party.



After all the contestants had danced and as we awaited the results, I was thinking about the future. What was I going to do after tonight? Clearly, I liked what I was doing and was beginning to contemplate if I'd ever do it again.

At that moment, that thought seemed perfectly reasonable.

"Would you like to freshen up, dear?" asked Beverly, interrupting my musings.

"How ever did you guess! I've had to go for quite a while, but didn't quite know how to handle the Ladies Room."

I picked up my purse and we weaved through the crowd towards the rest rooms. I caught the eye of many a young man, smiling back at each.

"You look like you're having a good time," said Beverly as we walked.

"I am. I wouldn't have believed it possible, but I'm having the time of my life. I love it! I love the way I look and feel, the clothes I'm wearing and I love the attention!"

"You must be drunk," laughed Beverly. "Where is the boy who didn't want to shave his legs or pluck his eyebrows?"

"I guess I am a little tipsy, but I do feel wonderful. We were great! I don't know why I've changed my attitude so much. I never realized girls had it so good!"

"One night out in skirts and 'she's' ready to have babies," teased Beverly. "There's more to womanhood than silky dresses."

We reached the door to the Ladies Room and, without a pause, I walked into one for the first time. I went into a stall and, with some difficulty, managed to go to the bathroom. It was a rather involved procedure, what with the underwear, pantyhose and a skirt. When I finished I joined Beverly at the row of sinks in front of the mirror. I watched what Beverly did. I checked my face, freshened my lipstick and patted my hair into place, just as if I'd been doing these things all my life.

"Doesn't Pete look handsome tonight?" asked Beverly quietly, while she did the same repairs.

"Yes he does....And so does Ron. For that matter, most of the guys look great," I replied and, after a pause, "...and so do the girls, I guess."

Beverly looked at me oddly, but I was too busy primping to notice or to think about what I had said. When I had everything set to my satisfaction, I took out my bottle of perfume and freshened my fragrance as well.

"Mmm, that smells nice, don't you think?" I asked with a put on girlish tone.

I think Beverly was a little thunderstruck to see me acting so completely like a girl. I had definitely handled the Ladies Room alright. On the way back to our table several men stopped me to ask if they could dance with me later. "Maybe," I said flirtatiously, then batted my eyes at them. With the high heels and drinks I caught myself swinging my behind in a most unboyish fashion.

Beverly said on our way back to the table, "You've become quite the little 'cutie pie'. You better be careful. You might learn the hard way what happens to girls who tease.

I blushed..

In actuality, about this time, a little voice in my head was saying "This isn't right!" This almost hyper-femininity was

my way of convincing myself that what I was doing was right, since these feminine actions made me feel less susceptible to discovery. There was still my mental discomfort over the strangely pleasant sensations. The admissions I was making to myself and to Beverly, was again short-lived.

We made our way back to our table. The men were off somewhere and for the first time, the three girls and I were alone together. We made small talk, chatting about each other's dresses and hairstyles for awhile. After a few minutes, the conversation turned to men, the kind of man each liked and so forth. The girls all made comments about how their own and each other's date looked. I had no idea girls talked about men in such 'sexy' ways.

I was learning more about girls by being one for a night than I'd learned all my life. The conversation was about men but each girl talked of how this or that "man" made them feel...inside. Men made them feel feminine.

At first, I didn't participate, but when Janet asked me directly what I thought of a particularly handsome man who was walking by, I said shyly but as a joke, "He's a hunk!" Then added, "His eyes are adorable."

Janet rolled her eyes and said a bit drunkenly, "Eyes, hell. Look at that lump . . .he could make me squeal."

"Me too," I said looking at Beverly.

I think he heard me because he looked right at me and smiled, causing me to blush furiously. I found myself really feeling something. I suddenly realized that I was reacting, albeit mildly, to a man. He made me blush and feel spooky inside...was this what girls felt?

The boys returned to the table. At that moment the master of ceremonies began asking for our attention. It was time to announce the winners. I really hadn't thought much about winning, I had practically forgotten that's why we were here. Peter, on the other hand, wanted to win badly. He was very nervous as we awaited the announcement.

They started by introducing the two couples who came in third then second. It wasn't us.

Finally, the announcer was ready.

"The winning couple, who will be asked to represent New England in the national ballroom dancing finals at the Plaza Hotel in San Francisco three months from tonight is . . ." he fumbled with the envelope, "I knew it. Holly and Peter, from Boston. How about a big round of applause for Holly and Peter!"

I was in a complete daze as Peter jumped up and led me onto the floor to accept our trophy and prize money (\$500.00)

and to receive the applause of the audience once again. Peter bowed and I curtsied as the cheering seemed to go on forever.

Afterwards, it seemed like everyone present came up to offer us their congratulations. I had never smiled so much in my life. Afterwards there was free dancing and almost every man wanted to dance with me. Up until then, Peter was the only man I'd danced with. For the next hour or two, I felt obligated to dance with different men. I learned quickly that men are all a little different with a different style. I guess I'd never had any occasion to think about it before. There were the hard bodies, intellectuals, hunks, and shy ones, each with their own way of wooing a girl. Some I instantly liked and some I hated. My feet were sore by the "last call".

The party was over and it was time to go home. We were reluctant to break the spell. It sure was fun to win.

Eventually though, Peter and I said our goodnights to our friends, especially to Beverly and Ron. He got my wrap, helped me into it and we walked out to the car.

"Brrrr" I shivered. "It got a lot colder out."

Peter put his arm around my shoulders and drew me close as we walked. He smiled and said, "We did it!"

We rode in silence for the first part of the trip home. Both of us were reflecting on the events which had so far transpired that evening. I know I was, and I'm pretty sure Peter, was at a loss as to what to do next. The party atmosphere began to fade, now that we were alone in the car, away from the victory celebration and the noisy crowd. The fact that I was still a little drunk could not sustain my high mood. A little bit of depression began to set in.

I sighed, "I'm feeling so good! It's a shame this lovely dream has to end at all." I was trying to maintain the party feeling. I stretched languidly.

"I know what you mean," said Peter. "It sure was fun to win, wasn't it! We were great. I didn't want to say anything before but you are a better dancer than Jessica. Are you surprised that you enjoyed yourself so much?"

That question got me thinking about the day's events. I thought, "How could I have changed so much? Was I going crazy? Was I weird? Why did I enjoy dressing like a girl?" Upon reflection, the whole thing made me feel both guilty and ashamed. My feeling of depression began to grow deeper.

"I'm a fool for doing this!" I exploded, my masculinity trying to reassert itself. "What am I doing walking around looking like a painted clown, wearing a dress and dancing with a man? I must be out of my mind!" I plucked at the hem of my dress in frustration as tears began to form in my eyes.

"Look," said Peter. "Up till now, I haven't expressed my feelings on your transformation. So far, I've just followed my instincts. But now, I feel I have to say something, I have to tell you as your best friend. I think you were made for the feminine role. You are small, naturally beautiful and graceful; all characteristics which are feminine. You make a better looking girl than you do a boy. What's more, you seemed to like looking and feeling pretty! Like the beautiful clothes you're wearing! It's obvious. Best of all, you are a natural dancer. Did you like the attention men paid you tonight?"

"I liked winning. I felt like a 'star' but I now feel queer dressed like this."

"Get this through your head, there is nothing wrong with feeling that way. There is nothing wrong with being a little different from most people, especially if it's fun for you. You are what you are, after all! Heck, if they ever found out they'd probably give us another trophy. If you want to try it again, I think you should not fight it or feel guilty about it. You were so much more outgoing and friendly tonight. I'm sure our friends loved the you they saw tonight!

"I don't want to do this again," I said softly.

"Why don't you admit it to me and to yourself, you enjoyed tonight. I did too. I think you better accept this fact, because I think you're going to want to do this again someday. Believe me! I'm not trying to force you to do something you don't want to do, but just give you permission....."

This speech sent my roller coaster emotions soaring again. Back at the apartment, I looked in the hall vanity mirror and saw my face, framed by long, attractively styled hair; soft deep blue eyes, topped by narrow gracefully arched brows; and my full, brightly colored lips. I looked at my hands and saw slim tapered fingers ending in pointed, shiny nails. I looked down at the tops of my softly swelling breasts, visible above my beautiful dress draped around my soft, curved body. Then I looked over at Peter.

I sort of half sighed, half shuddered and had to admit to myself, my boyhood was pretty dull.

Peter drove home the final nail. "Hey, cheer up, we have the 'Finals' to think about!"

CHAPTER IV

When I woke up the next morning, the events of the last evening seemed like a dream. After all, here I was in my own bed, wearing my pajamas. It must have been a dream. But, as I became more fully awake, I knew it had been no dream! There was definite and tangible evidence of that. The dress and lingerie I had worn were on the chair near the bed. My

nails were still polished like jewels and my body was still smooth and hairless. It was a sensual experience to stretch between the sheets, even in my male PJ'S. No.....it was no dream!

I heard the sound of dishes tinkling and the murmur of conversation coming from the kitchen. Someone must be out there with Pete. I was a little reluctant to leave my bedroom and face Pete and whoever else was out there. I felt foolish. Today, what would they think about my rather perverted performance? and my actions? I was going to get teased to death. Well, I could get the polish off my nails and my body hair would grow back. Everyone would forget soon enough. So I finally got up, put on my robe and walked barefoot to the bathroom. As I looked at my face in the mirror, I thought I still looked like a girl. There were small traces of mascara on my lashes and a little color left on my lips. I washed my face and carefully removed the remaining makeup, then went out to the kitchen.

Pete, Jessica and Beverly were eating breakfast. Jessica had a big cast on her left ankle and a pair of crutches leaned against the wall. They stopped talking when they saw me approaching and broke into broad smiles.

"Here she comes, Miss Boston," sang Beverly, causing me to blush deeply. But I remained silent and began poking around, making myself some breakfast.

"I hear you were fantastic last night!" said Jessica. "Thanks a lot for taking my place."

As I sat down at the table, Beverly began talking about all the plans that had to be made to get ready for the dance contest finals in San Francisco. She talked about renting better practice space, making hotel reservations, getting costumes and on and on... It was only after she had gone on for what seemed like an hour that I finally said, "Why are you making all these plans? Jessica can't possibly be recovered in time for the San Francisco contest. It's only a couple months away."

"Oh, we weren't thinking about Jessica, we were thinking about you!" said Beverly, matter-of-factly. "It's all decided. You did so well last night, you simply must dance again in the finals. We've already told the contest officials and the newspaper people. We did that this morning. It will be much tougher there, so we'll have to work very hard to get you ready. But, we all can help."

"Wait a minute!" I practically screamed. "Don't I have anything to say about this? Pete, how could you even think about this?"

Pete was looking down at the table. "Based on what we said last night, I thought.....Won't you please do it?" he pleaded. "I thought you were so good and had such a wonderful time, that you would want to go. I'm sure we could win!"

"He's serious alright, we all are," interrupted Beverly. "It would be a major letdown for all of us if, after winning last night, you refused to go on to the finals. It would be like winning the lottery but not collecting the money! And it wouldn't be fair to Pete."

"What about getting another partner?" I asked, beginning to feel trapped.

Jessica jumped in at that point. "It's much too late for that. The way to prepare for the final is to start from where you are now and build on that. It would be much too late to start at the beginning, with a new partner and still have any chance of winning. Besides, you were so good!"

I hesitated.

"I can't do this. What about school? The next semester is starting soon. Besides, I need a job to pay my tuition. I wouldn't have enough time to practice."

The girls looked at Peter. He nodded and spoke, "Dave, I know you are having some financial problems and, of course, I would help if you needed a loan."

I knew he would, but I was too proud to ask.

He continued, "The girls and I thought of an offer I doubt you can refuse. Here goes. If you allow the girls to get you ready for the contest, I'll pay all the bills. On top of that, in payment for the next three months, I'll pay your tuition and living expenses until you graduate. That's not a bad offer for giving up one semester, is it?"

I was shocked by his offer. He was always so generous, but this was too much. He obviously wanted to win badly. I stuttered, "Gee, that's an awfully good offer."

Jessica said, "Tell him the rest."

Peter said, "You aren't the only one who will gain. There's the prize money, \$20,000.00. Half of whatever we win, is yours. Even second place is \$7,500. I've offered the girls my half of our winnings to split for making sure you are perfect. Nobody can lose. Everybody wins."

I couldn't think of any rational arguments in this truly irrational situation.

"So, it's settled, right?" said Beverly, more as a directive than as a question. Without giving me time to respond, she began to list off the things that had to be done.

"You will have to go on a diet, let your hair grow, and get some leotards and tights. Then practice, practice, practice; and on and on. I was wordlessly drawn into this planning process and while this was going on, Pete made his exit, unnoticed by anyone. He didn't want to be around when Beverly made her final planning proposal. I was too stunned to participate in the discussion, but neither did I put up a big argument. I had missed my best opportunity and there was no stopping Beverly now.

After a while, Beverly put the finishing touch on her plan.

"You know what would help the most?" she asked rhetorically turning to Jessica. "I think he should live as a girl all the time while preparing for the contest. That way, he can get fully into the role. Wearing girl's clothes full time will help him to develop graceful movements and proper carriage. I'm sure it would help his dancing too!" She said all this more to Jessica. To me she said, "You'll be practicing almost all the time anyway. You might as well make high heels your everyday shoes."

Jessica said it sounded like a very good idea to her.

To me, this idea was no crazier than what had already been suggested. My only response was a rather half-hearted, "What about my school friends and work?"

"Oh, don't worry about that," said Beverly, moving in for the kill. "You can easily take a quarter off and still graduate when you are supposed to. You won't have to worry about tuition and living expenses anymore."

The discussion phase was over at that point. It was now time to implement the plan. Before I knew it, I was sitting alone at the table wondering what I had done to deserve this. Jessica had gone home and Beverly left to go shopping. Before she left, she announced, "Take care of anything you can't take care of as 'a girl'. As of tomorrow, you will be spending three months as 'one of us girls'."

That day, I walked around as if in a daze. It took most of the day to make arrangements to be out of school for the next three months. I gave some vague excuse. Since I was such a good student, I had no real trouble, but there was a lot of leg work. Around 4:00, I headed home to my apartment, not really knowing what to expect, but expecting the worst.

When I got home, I was again met by Jessica and Beverly. They had supper waiting for me, which was nice. But they started right in on me the second I walked in the door.

"OK," said Beverly, once again taking control. "Here is your daily routine beginning tomorrow and running through the contest. I've written it out for you." She handed me a paper with a schedule that left little free time.

Beverly said, "As you can see, you are going to be a very busy 'girl' for the next three months. In addition to that, you are going on a very strict diet. You need to lose about fifteen pounds. Remember, you must 'look' and 'dance' great to have any chance to win in San Francisco."

"Is all this really necessary?" I whined.

"Yes, it is!" Beverly replied more sternly. "It is absolutely necessary! Now, why don't you take a bath and get to bed early. Tomorrow we start in earnest and you'll need a good night's sleep. Make sure your body hair isn't growing back. If you need it, I left some depilatory in your bathroom.

I was so depressed about events that I didn't feel like eating and decided I didn't have the strength to argue. I was getting a headache. As before, I found it easier to just go along. I went to take my bath.

I took off my clothes and ran my hands over my entire body, feeling my smooth skin for any stubble. I found none. As I drew my bath, I remembered how wonderful I had felt after soaking in the bath the other day. So I added some bubble bath, took two aspirin and hoped that my headache would go away. My life was becoming a constant headache it seemed. After a few minutes in the tub, however, I did begin to feel better and by the time I got out, my headache was gone. I dried myself, again marveling at the soft, smooth, silkiness of my skin. It was all like a dream. This couldn't be really happening. No, I couldn't spend three months as a girl. I wrapped a towel around my waist and walked into my room.

Beverly was waiting for me. "I bought you some pretty nightgowns, but you don't have to wear one tonight.... if you don't want to. But remember, tomorrow you must begin your preparation for real and full time." I slipped between the sheets nude, grateful for at least a little relief from my growing ordeal. Beverly tucked me in like a child and kissed me on the cheek. "Good night, princess. Sleep tight," she whispered. Get your fill of 'boy dreams' tonight."

CHAPTER V

I woke to gentle but persistent pressure on my shoulder and to a voice calling "Holly, Holly, wake up sweetheart. It's time to get ready." The room was blurry...where had I heard that name before?

The shaking of my shoulder became firmer. Finally, I focused and opened my eyes and stretched, enjoying the sensuous feeling of the sheets on my hairless skin.

"Breakfast is ready" said Beverly, as I sat up. She handed me a pair of pink lacy panties and a frilly pink negligee to

cover myself. "Come on onto the kitchen. We have to get started."

"Oh God," I thought to myself. It was beginning.

After visiting the bathroom and adjusting the negligee as best I could, I followed her into the kitchen.

At my place at the table was a tiny bowl of cereal, two strawberries, one piece of toast and black coffee. "You call this breakfast!" I complained. "I'll starve to death if this is all I get to eat!"

"Nonsense, dear! Girls always have to watch their figures you know. And I told you that you have to loose some weight. We have you on the Chrissy of Beverly Hills diet. This is all you get till lunch. You will also take some vitamins and appetite suppressants; so here, take these before you eat." She handed me three different pills and a glass of water. I swallowed them without comment.

After breakfast, what there was of it, Beverly led me through the steps needed to get ready, explaining once again that this must be done daily until the contest.

"You must learn to live in a girl's body and think with a girl's mind if your dancing is to become believably feminine," Beverly explained. "That's the only reason we are doing this. If you live in girl's clothes, deal with having a bosom, walking in heels, having long hair, nails. etc.; it will all be perfectly natural by the time of the contest. That way, your dance movements will be absolutely natural and you'll look super in your costumes, no matter how revealing they are. If you can do that, learn your routine and execute it well on the night of the competition, you can win."

"That easy, huh?" I asked sarcastically.

"Shhh... Let's get started."

"First we need to work on your figure. So you will have to wear this waist cinch for a couple of weeks anyway." She had me take off my robe and panties and began placing a latex and satin garment around my middle. "This will be very uncomfortable at first, but you'll soon get used to it. She had me raise my arms over my head as she tightened the laces in back, crushing my waist in the process. "I want your waist down to 25 inches now and 22 inches by the contest." Since I had a 30 inch waist, I didn't see how that was possible. Apparently it was, because after considerable pulling and grunting and pain, Beverly seemed satisfied. I could barely move.

"GAWD," I moaned, "I can't wear this for three minutes let alone three months."

"You'll get used to it. OK, now your underwear." She handed me a tiny pair of white panties. Putting them on, I

found they were a very tight thong bikini made of spandex. After I had tucked away my male equipment, these panties barely covered anything, especially my rear end. They just held me so that my front was girlishly flat again. Next came a white bra with built in padding. Once again, I had the shape of a girl (to my intense discomfort).

"Before you dress, let's do your hair and makeup." With me in bra and panties, Beverly went to work on me, much as she had the day before yesterday. By 8:45, every trace of masculinity had once again been erased. My face had been artfully made, with pink as the dominant color; my nails redone in pink and my hair carefully brushed into a cute feminine style. "From now on you'll have to do this mostly yourself," said Beverly. "So I hope you have been paying attention."

She quickly had me slip on some white tights, a pink and white leotard, pink leg warmers, pink and white Reebok sneakers and a pink head band. Then she tied a pink sweat-shirt around my shoulders.

I couldn't get over my feminine shape including my crotch! I looked like a girl again, this time one who was perky and ready for a workout. Beverly whisked me out the door and drove me the short distance to the small studio Peter had rented for practicing.

As it had said on my schedule, Jessica was in charge of my morning practice. Pete was nowhere to be seen.

Jessica explained that during the mornings, I would work on aerobic exercising, stretching and flexibility, posture and general graceful movement. We would not work on our dance routine at all. That didn't mean I wouldn't dance however. After having me loosen up a little, Jessica immediately got me into an aerobic dance routine to music. Due to her injury, it was hard for Jessica to demonstrate what she wanted so she was using a video. I quickly got the hang of it. At first I was very uncomfortable, trying to work out in a corset with my genitals tucked between my legs. It hurt! I begged to loosen the corset, but Jessica had no mercy and I soon was numb to it. I worked out for almost an hour without stopping. Jessica constantly correcting every unfeminine move I made. Since I wasn't very athletic anyway, this didn't happen that often.

She let me take a break for a few minutes and then, after changing to ballet slippers, we went right into stretching and flexibility exercises. She had me touching my toes, doing crude splits and using a ballet bar trying to get maximum flexibility into my body. Another short break and she had me doing ballet movements to improve my gracefulness. She had

me working on arm and hand movements, pointing my toes, running short distances gracefully and other such things. These were all designed to make my movements more completely and unconsciously feminine.

At first, I didn't like any of it, especially the overtly feminine ballet; but after a while I was able to get into it and in the end, actually enjoyed the workout. Before I knew it, it was noon.

We went home for lunch, which was as meager as breakfast- only a small salad, cottage cheese and iced tea (no sugar). I also took some more pills. After lunch, I was able to rest, but not for long. I had to freshen up and change my clothes from the skin out. This time I wore lacy white panties and a matching bra, also I wore a matching garter belt and nude stockings. My dress was a red, high necked, figure hugging knit with a full skirt. I wore matching red pumps. My muscles burned from the morning exercise. I guess I was really out of shape. At 2:00 it was back to the rehearsal hall.

In the afternoon I was to actually practice the dance steps with Peter. He met me at the studio.

"OK, I want to use the same routine in San Francisco that we used here in Boston. We will add a few flourishes and try to make it more dramatic, but basically what we want to do is get the routine perfect by constant practice. You should be able to dance this routine in your sleep when we are through."

First we walked through the steps, and then we danced the routine at a slowed pace with no music. Finally, we went through the routine several times at full speed and with music. As he had during the competition, Pete lead quite firmly. This was hard work. At first I didn't like Peter touching and holding me rather intimately which is necessary while dancing. But again, it didn't take long to get used to it. After a while, I didn't think about my bizarre situation, that I was dressed completely as a girl and was dancing with a man; I just thought about getting the steps right. By the time 5:00 came around, I was dead tired and my feet were absolutely killing me.

"That's the day!" Beverly announced then added, "Com'on, I've made an appointment across the street for you."

"What kind of appointment," I asked.

"With a doctor friend. He's going to give you something to make your skin soft."

"Skin soft? You mean some kind of lotion?"

"Just come along, he'll tell you about it." Beverly grabbed my arm and we went across the street to a medical building.

As we sat waiting for the doctor, I said, "I don't wanna..."

Beverly interrupted, "Shhh. The doctor already knows what we are doing. So don't be embarrassed."

The doctor knew Beverly and was quite aggressive in his manner. "Hi, Beverly, this must be Dave . . .you're right, he makes a sweet looking girl." I blushed. He asked me a few questions about my health and took my blood pressure. "Healthy!" he announced, then added, "We just need to add a few curves." He prepared an injection.

I recoiled at Beverly, "What's he mean a 'few curves'?"

"He's going to give you an injection to make your fat tissue grow around your hips, thighs and buttocks giving it a rounded shape. It's only until the contest."

"But I'm already on a diet?"

The doctor returned with a 'shot' in hand, saying, "You can diet all you want and never change the basic shape of your body. This will." He pulled up my skirt and pulled up the bottom of my leotard and swiftly injected the contents into my hip. "There," he said. "I want to see you every week, at this time."

I was a little freaked out and more so latter when Beverly admitted that I was now inoculated with FEMALE HORMONES

Pete drove us back to our apartment. There was a note from Beverly advising me what I could eat. Naturally, I was left to prepare the meal while Pete took a shower. Since I had always prepared the meals anyway, I didn't think anything of this but it had been a long day and I was looking for a break.

While we ate, Pete and I talked about our routine and what he had done at school that day. I listened dutifully. Not once did we ever talk about the fact that I was sitting there wearing a dress, nylon stockings, high heels and makeup. Despite the fact that this was only the first day of my new role, it seemed it had already become perfectly normal and not of sufficient interest to warrant discussion.

After supper, I cleared away the dishes and cleaned up the kitchen. "Just like any good wife." I thought sarcastically. I was tired and sore. Just then, Beverly arrived to put the finishing touches on my day.

She chirped cheerfully. "You look like you the survived the first day OK. In fact, you look great!"

"Well, I don't feel so great. I'm sore, exhausted, and worried about what that doctor gave me."

"Just relax, take off your shoes." she said. "Sit down. Let me get you a glass of wine, but you can only have one. Calories you know."

I sat down on the couch, tucking my sore feet under me as I did so and rubbing my aching legs. Beverly handed me the wine. Just then Pete breezed by saying, "Holly, I'm going out. Don't bother to wait up. I'll see you tomorrow at practice."

Beverly and I chatted a little while we drank our wine. But I really couldn't concentrate, I was so tired.

"Why don't you get your makeup off and get into the bathtub," Beverly suggested. "It will make you feel a lot better." She walked me into the bedroom and helped me out of my dress, hose and waist cinch. I was so tender! While the tub filled, she showed me how to carefully remove my makeup using cold cream and eye makeup remover.

I slipped into the tub in hopes of restoring normal function to my body.

It helped a lot! After about twenty minutes, I felt much better as I got up and began to dry myself. As if on cue, Beverly met me at the bathroom door. She carried a white, full length nightgown, heavily trimmed with lace and a matching peignoir and a clean corset and panties. I protested but she helped me into them. I didn't want to wear these things to bed but she insisted saying, "You'll thank me later." I needed a break from my forced feminization, at least for the night, but I was too tired to argue. All I wanted was to go to bed. I dazedly moved in that direction.

"Wait a minute!" chided Beverly, seeing my intended destination. "You have a few more things to do before you can go to bed. You need to brush your hair and you can't just go to bed without attending to your face." She sat me at my dressing table and began to brush my hair vigorously.

"We're going to have to get you a trim." she said as she brushed out my rather long hair. "But that can wait for a while. Here, you do this." she directed. "I have a couple of things to get. We want your hair to be shiny and pretty, so brush for a good twenty minutes anyway." I of course complied.

Next, she had me go to work on my face, using cleansers and moisturizers, to get off all the makeup. "You have to clean your face carefully or your complexion will suffer. You wouldn't want to get wrinkles, would you?" She was especially thorough around my eyes, putting all kinds of creams and oils in that area.

At last she was finished. She gave me a couple more pills and I took off my peignoir and laid it at the foot of my bed. I

practically fell between the new satin sheets, gathering my nightgown around me. I was asleep before my head hit the silken pillow.

I dreamt restlessly that night about being invisible. No one could see me or hear me.



For the next few weeks, my activities were virtually the same everyday. Mornings, Beverly kept me in pretty exercise wear and in the afternoon, beautiful, but simple dresses. I was always flawlessly made up and my hair was carefully styled. For a while the only thing that changed was that I no longer got sore as my body adapted to the exercises. I lost weight and I became used to wearing girl's clothes and applying makeup. Of course, my dancing became much better as well. I soon stopped worrying about my situation. You can get used to anything they say, so it didn't take long for me to become accustomed to my turnabout life.

During this time, I saw very little of Pete. Except during our afternoon sessions, he was usually elsewhere. It was clear he didn't appreciate the sacrifice I was making. He didn't say anything about it, but I could definitely sense it. He was off running around looking for parts to a 1960 Austin Healey he was rebuilding. He had a new hobby and naturally I couldn't help. I might break a nail.

As a result, I spent all my time with Beverly and Jessica who missed no opportunity to speed me on my feminine way. We talked about everything, with them both providing me with advice on how a girl should act in every situation. Jessica once giggled, "Dave, it's strangely exciting watching you become more feminine and understand what we girls have to go through."

Every week I went back to the doctor and had an injection. My skin did seem softer.

At the end of the first month, several things began to happen. Most important, I began to notice changes in my body. While I had lost quite a bit of weight, I didn't seem to be getting leaner. In fact, the opposite was true. My waist was much slimmer but the rest of me seemed to be getting fatter, at least softer. Even my chest area was getting soft and puffy and my nipples were very sensitive. I had these flat little bumps under my nipples that made them stick out and they hurt most of the time, almost swollen like they might burst. I assumed this was due to the injections and wearing a bra all the time. I asked the doctor and he said, "That's perfectly normal. Your breasts are developing fat tissue and will get fuller like your hips."

"Not too full," I said. I was actually beginning to jiggle a little when I walked. He just laughed.

Another thing that happened was that I began to get emotional quite easily. Like that Pete wasn't acknowledging the sacrifice I was making. He wasn't paying enough attention to me. After all, I was doing this for him, wasn't I? Why wasn't he spending more time with me? I needed him to help me through this whole crazy business. However, I couldn't bring myself to approach him on it, I was too embarrassed. Maybe he really thought I was a pervert for doing it. I guess I was bored.

I did tell Beverly how I felt though. I now told her everything about how I was feeling. It helped a lot. She said, "All work and no play . . ." She knew exactly how I felt and that maybe she could think of a way to make things better.

A few days later, Beverly offered an idea to solve my problem. I needed to get out more. This idea sent me back into total panic about dressing and acting like a girl. Beverly's idea was for me to begin dating---men.

"In fact, I know just the guy," she said, taking charge of my life once again. "His wife just died and he's lonely."

But I wasn't going to sit still for this. No way! I went into a lengthy tirade along the lines: What was she trying to do to me? First it was dressing up for one night, then it was dressing up all the time, now she wanted me to go out on a date with a man! What next? Was she trying to turn me into a girl? And on and on....

When I was finally finished, Beverly acted as if I hadn't said a word. She went right on talking about this guy she had in mind and about setting up a date. She said she would take care of everything.

For the first time, I was truly angry with Beverly. I simply was not going to stand for this. In fact, I decided to ditch the dance contest and everything. Money or no money, I was going back to being a man!

Over the weeks since this whole thing began, my closet and drawers had become filled with dresses, hose, lingerie and shoes. As these things had appeared, my male clothing had been removed to make room and disappeared who knows where. But I still had a couple of pairs of pants, two shirts and a pair of sneakers. They would have to do.

I removed my dress and stockings and all my underwear, then went into the bathroom and cleaned off all my makeup. Next, I put on some boxer shorts which fit tightly over my hips. I put on a shirt and buttoned it up. I was surprised to find that, even without a bra, there were two rather obvious

bumps pressing against the front of the shirt. When I pulled on the pants, it was difficult to get them over my fleshy hips and bottom, and once I did, the waist was much too big. I left my shirt untucked to try to hide that fact. White socks and sneakers finished the outfit. I walked over to the mirror to check the results. What I saw was a girl wearing men's clothes. My face looked like a girl's, even without makeup. I tried to muss my hair, hoping that would help, but it was no use. What was happening to me? Could I ever be a boy again? It sure didn't look like it in the mirror! How could this have happened to me? I laid down on my bed and cried myself to sleep.

CHAPTER VI

Beverly arranged the date for the following Friday. My little rebellion had accomplished nothing and I was back into my "normal" routine, again resigned to my fate.

"The fellow's name is Jim Martin," said Beverly. "I'm sure you'll like him. He's an attorney and quite well off and lonely since his wife died recently. Beyond that, he's very handsome and, most important, fun to be with."

"Wonderful. What does 'fun' mean?" I asked, unenthusiastically.

"You will have to take a day off from rehearsal this week. I think it's about time you have your hair cut. I'll make an appointment for you at my salon. Mario always does my hair. I think you'll love him! You also need a new dress for the occasion, so we'll have to go shopping."

"I can hardly wait," was my sarcastic reply.

Beverly made my hair appointment for Friday afternoon. We spent the morning shopping for a dress. After trudging into what seemed like every store in town, we finally found a little black dress with a white 'V' neck collar that Beverly just adored.

"Oh! You'll look gorgeous in this!" she bubbled. "He'll have trouble keeping his hands off you."

At the beauty salon, I found out that Mario was 'in' on our little secret. Beverly had told him, saying "Only your hair dresser *knows for sure*." I was beet red.

Mario didn't seem shocked and gave me the works, fussing over me for hours, whispering, "Oh, you make a lovely girl, darling," and, "I have just the cut to highlight your beautiful face. Your date will *never* suspect you're a boy," and other things like that.

He only cut my hair a little, creating bangs in front and balancing off the rest, just short of shoulder length. Then he styled it in such a way that it was very fluffy and sort of wild

looking. It seemed to stick out at the sides in fluffy curls. To restyle it, all I really had to do was shake my head. I had to admit, it was really quite girlishly pretty.

While that was going on, a girl was working on my fingernails. She soaked them, shaped them and then polished them with several coats of a deep rose color. After that and my hair were all done, Beverly asked Mario to do my make-up as well. For another hour Mario created a dazzlingly beautiful face, using all the magic of makeup techniques. He was very pleased. It was only Beverly, Mario and I in a private studio so Mario gushed on and on, "You are an angel! My masterpiece, darling! You must come in and tell me all about your date." But that wasn't all. He kept saying things like: "Your face is so much like a girls." and "Darling, you must let the front part of your hair grow a little more. All the girl's magazines are showing long curly bangs." and to top it off, he added, "It would be a shame for you to ever be a boy when you can look like this! You are going to have the boys swarming."

"Thank you," I said, then added, "I guess."

He held up a mirror. My pouty red lips, and dark dramatic eyes created a new look for me . . . that of a sensuous young female. A female who was confident in her sexuality and conjured images of feminine solicitation; desire.

Mario squealed with delight as we left, I'd never felt so feminine. We got home about five.

Jim was to pick me up at eight o'clock for dinner then afterwards some nightclubbing. About six, Beverly told me it was time to get ready.

Despite being delighted by Mario's make-up magic, I was still not happy about going out on a date with a man. A man I'd never met and a man who definitely didn't know what he was getting. But Beverly, as usual, directed almost my every move. She made me feel this was somehow important to my development and winning the contest. I didn't see the connection but she selected my lingerie and kept me moving, *not thinking*.

And what she selected!!! For my underwear, she had me squeeze into a black lace bustier which displayed my body to feminine perfection, concealing almost nothing. She handed me a tiny black lace thong panty which held my male parts out of sight but otherwise covered little. Black nylon stockings attached to the bustier's garters and four inch black pumps completed the picture.

This outfit was so wholeheartedly provocative, I couldn't believe it. Why did my underwear have to be so sexy? Was Beverly expecting me to be seen without my dress?

"You want to have on nice underwear in case you get in an accident," she said with a chuckle. "That's what your mother would say, besides, you want to feel sexy don't you?"

And the dress! That did little to improve the situation. It was a classic little, and I do mean little, black dress. The short skirt was three tiers of black taffeta from a slightly dropped waist. The body was black velvet which clung to my body like a second skin. It was off the shoulder, with a white taffeta shawl-like collar running around my shoulders and fastened with a diamond pin at the rather revealing bodice. The dress was designed to display, not cover the wearer, which in this case was me! A simple diamond choker and earrings were the only accessories.

"You're adorable!" gushed Beverly when I was dressed and smoothing a rumple on my slip. "Jim won't be able to take his eyes off you."

I blushed at her conclusion but I had to admit, I did look exquisitely feminine. I liked that, but I didn't like the reason I had gotten all dressed up. I wasn't at all comfortable about this dating business.



The surprising thing about my date was that it went very well. The first thing that shocked me was that he was much older than me. I should have put two and two together, knowing that he'd been married. In fact, he had a son and daughter in college. Oh, Jim didn't look forty-two and didn't seem it either. Jim and I hit it off from the moment he arrived to pick me up. He was very handsome with just a touch of gray, but that's not why we got along. We just found conversation very easy from the beginning, and we had lots of common interests: dancing, movies, books, music. He was also charming and a perfect gentleman, not coming on too strongly and clearly indicating his appreciation of me.

Since I was wearing a beautiful and tantalizing dress, I unconsciously but naturally assumed the role of a coquettish young woman during the evening.

We went to dinner at an expensive and intimate French restaurant. Jim ordered for me, he appeared to be trying hard to impress me. He was impressive and worldly. The meal was wonderful. When he paid the bill, I enjoyed the fact that I was having this wonderful evening and Jim was paying for it all. After dinner we went to a nightclub for a couple of drinks and dancing. We sat in a small booth and continued our easy conversation. By this time my fears about going out with Jim were almost completely forgotten. In all honesty, I really wasn't thinking about that, I just found it nice to be

out of the house. I even liked Jim and enjoyed being with him. These were my thoughts as he moved ever closer and his conversation became more intimate, asking me about what I wanted in the future: husband? children? etc. I think he felt a little guilty dating someone as young as I. I had to assume that he thought I'd be interested in "young studs."

There was a trio playing quietly. Jim knew about my dancing and asked if I felt like taking a busman's holiday. In other words, would I like to dance? I said, "Yes", and we danced several numbers. The fact that I was used to dancing with Pete eased what might have been a frightening situation, that is the intimate physical contact with a man expected during dancing. With all the training, I knew all the right dance moves to be exciting during the fast numbers. Jim watched as my dress twisted and floated around my legs as I swung my hips to the music. Jim shouted above the rock music, "WOW, you are good!"

Then came the slow songs. A medley of love songs from the 60's. "My favorites," Jim said, then commandeered my hands and pulled me tight against his chest. We danced close, his hand fondling the back of my dress, his fingers diddled with my bra clasp and the hem of my panties. My skirt drifted across my silken legs and I could hear the rustle of my dress. The pressure of Jim's hand at the small of my back caused a tingly feeling as the front of my dress rubbed against the rough front of Jim's wool jacket. My tension was gone and I permitted myself to be lead through the dance.

About midnight, we headed back to my apartment. As we were driving home, I began to worry about how to handle Jim's moves when we got there. What would he expect of me? Would he ask to come in and try to get me in bed, or just try to kiss me goodnight? I decided that a kiss was a small price to pay for the nice evening, so I was prepared for that.

At my door, Jim remained a gentleman. He told me that he really liked me and asked if he could see me again. With some reservations, I agreed. He then held me lightly and kissed me. At first it was just a light brushing of our lips, but he slowly turned it into a passionate kiss. I found the demanding pressure of his lips on mine to be bewildering. I didn't kiss back but being passive was an attractive trait in females. I almost wanted to ask him to come in but didn't. I knew and I'd pushed the limit already. He gave me another quick peck and said goodnight. I went in, with the strange taste of maleness on my painted lips.

Jim called the next morning to tell me how much he enjoyed the evening. I tried to be 'cool' to him but he got me laughing and asked me out again. I saw Jim several more

times during the second month of my transformation. With each date, I was more comfortable than the one before. I found I really liked going out with Jim and looked forward to being with him. I often hoping he would call.

Beverly told me how Jim loved his wife and knew that no one could ever take her place with him and his children.

During this time, I forgot about Pete's coolness; I practically forgot about him entirely. I began to look to Jim for companionship and comfort if I was troubled. It was strange. I thought of Jim as a friend, like the friendship I had with Pete. It was different though, deeper, and closer. I knew that I was deceiving him and probably myself. Jim most likely wouldn't give me the time of day as a boy. But as a girl, he loved being with me. He told me that I reminded him of his deceased wife. He hoped that I didn't mind going out with someone his age. I didn't.

I was happiest when I was with him or even when I was scheduled to see him. He continued to be physically undemanding while we were together, so there was no crisis along those lines. He thought of me as a "nice girl" almost like a daughter. We did engage in long goodnight kisses which were increasing in length and sensuousness. I didn't look forward to these "goodnights", but most of the time, I didn't consciously think about our relationship as one between a man and a woman. I thought of Jim as a friend, a very good friend.

By the end of the second month, the changes in my physical appearance had really accelerated. The most obvious change was my breasts. I didn't know why, but by this time, I sported a rather large nipples and a soft fleshy bosom. I wore a bra all the time and sometimes no padding was necessary. I completely filled a push up 36B bra. The rest of me had changed as well. My measurements were a trim 36-24-34.

Something was happening to me. As I became more comfortable in my daily existence doing feminine things, I became more passive in my nature. I was happy to just exist, the burning male drive flickered as my maleness atrophied. I knew that my inhibited male drives were fading when I realized that I was more interested in Beverly's dress or lingerie than in her.

I tried to understand all this. You perhaps can not understand how different my life had become. There is a big difference in living as a man and living as a woman. As a man, I just lived my days focused on male stuff, mostly focused on that single act, that *reproductive pleasure of minutes*. They say men think of sex six times an hour. Living

as a girl, I learned was much more complex. The atmosphere of femininity was filled with complex feelings and sometimes discomfort. There was the suffering of just wearing heels, corsets, plucking eyebrows; fortunately I didn't have to worry about the real pains of womanhood; menstruation, defloration, pregnancy, child birth, lactation and other female pains, all of which are part of fulfillment as a female. I was accepting many discomforts as I accepted femininity.

The more I accepted femininity, the more pain I was expected to tolerate. I found myself wearing higher heels, tighter corsets, in general making myself attractive as a female. Mario and Beverly, both encouraged any change toward greater femininity.

These changes didn't bother me at all. In fact, I was quite happy that they were making me more and more attractive. I wanted to be pretty.

My sexuality was changing too. As a boy, I spent many hours looking at girl's legs, breasts, and curves. Now when I wanted to see legs, I simply looked in the mirror. If I wanted to see panties, I pulled up *my* dress.

I found myself wanting to share 'the girl in the mirror' with Jim. It was like I was saying, "Jim, *buddy*, have I got a girl for you." I fantasized about what it would be like if Jim caressed "her" body more intimately. I wanted "her" to feel his hands on "her" breasts, "her" thighs, all over "her". It was like I was a spectator.

This scared me at first. It felt almost deceitful that I would want a man to embrace my femininity. It was a dangerous game I was playing. Jim was a big powerful man, while I was now a frail, soft boy haunted by the dread that Jim might hurt me if he found out.

I continued to go out with him. My heart pounded madly when he treated tenderly me like a young girl. Jim had lots of money and began to buy me expensive gifts. A thin gold watch was first. I tried to give it back but he wouldn't take it. He said, "I like being with you and I want to thank you for making a bad time in my life better. You could be going out with boys your own age and not wasting your time with an old fuddy duddy like me." Little did he know. He talked of his wife often; he was such a devoted man.

After that, I accepted his gifts. He loved taking me shopping for clothes. I think he wanted me to dress in the style of his departed wife. One night he insisted on taking me to his house on the bay. A traditional Cap Cod house with lots of pictures on the walls. He showed me the house, pictures of his children; a large portrait of his family hung above the fireplace. His wife did look a lot like me. His

children were grown and away a school. He was so proud of them.

He showed me his bedroom. My heart began to pound as I feared an assault, but none happened. He opened the door to a room off the bedroom and then I realized why he'd brought me there. The walk-in closet was his wife's; full of her clothes, coats, shoes, etc. I had an eerie feeling knowing that she was deceased. Jim walked over to the rack and pulled out a black satiny evening gown. He said, "This was her favorite, she wore it the last time we went dancing before her auto accident. Would you try it on?"

I saw sorrow in his eyes, how could I refuse. He handed it to me and left me in the closet. I looked around, there were clothes racks ten feet long on both sides of the closet and a large wall mirror on one end. I hung the dress on a clothes tree and unzipped the long back zipper on my dress, then removed my slip. I lowered the black billowy dress over my head and shook my head swinging my long curls back into place. It fit snugly around my hips and zippered at the side. The deep v-neck of the dress fit tightly pushing up my natural cleavage. The dress fit perfectly. I slipped on a pair of her black satin high heels that seemed to go with the dress. They also were exactly my size.

I felt faint, a rush of realism stuck. Here I was standing in a man's house wearing the dress of his deceased wife. And worse yet, it fit perfectly from the narrow waist, full hips, showing the curves of my shapely legs. My nipples hardened and were pressed firmly outward against the satin of the dress.

Jim called from outside, "Can I come in?"

"OK," I said softly.

He opened the door and took a deep breath, "You are beautiful!" Tears came to his eye. "You look like she did fifteen years ago. I miss her so . . ., could you . . . maybe, wear that tonight?"

I smiled, "Sure." What could I say?

I wore the dress home that night. Jim's goodnight kiss was different. Husbandly.



The next day, a van pulled up at my apartment. The delivery man said, "These are for you. Sign here." I looked out and they were unloading 18 wardrobe boxes of clothes. "What?"

"Oh, here," he said, handing me a letter.

I opened it and read, "Dearest. Since my wife died, I hadn't been able to enter her closet. Last night I realized that

life goes on and I know that she would want me to start a new life. My daughter only wanted a few pieces of her jewelry and these clothes were much too expensive to give away. I want you to have them because you look so lovely in her clothes. Please, take them and keep what you want and find a good home for the rest. I would love for you to wear them (if you want) when we go out. Love, Jim."

That night, when Pete came home he about died laughing. I yelled at him, "Jim's wonderful, leave him alone!"

Pete apologized and offered me the extra bedroom to store the clothes. He asked, "What are you going to do with them."

"I don't know," I said. "I guess, wear them . . .for a while."

The next morning I started through the boxes. Pete was at school and I was all alone. As I opened each box, I realized that they contained not only clothes, but the identity of their former wearer. I had inherited a woman's life: her collection of clothes, jewelry, lingerie, shoes, everything. I was even dating her husband.

I sat on the floor wearing only a pastel blue night gown and panties. The room was ghostly quiet. It was like I was in a secluded garden, the trees were boxes, filled with colorful dresses, skirts, blouses. The small boxes were like flower boxes filled with bouquets of lingerie: colorful bras, panties, slips, nylons and more. They were now mine and I was expected to wear them.

My rationality was drifting and it caused me to blush at my thoughts. I pulled out a pair of high top nylon panties in pink. They had a silky lace trim along the elastic top and leg openings. I looked around as if someone might be watching and slipped off my panties and slid on her's. They were more satiny smooth than mine and fit snugly around my waist. "Wow," I said to myself. I took a matching pink bra and put it over my promising peaks. The cups were still loose but not by much. I wondered if I could ever fully fill this intimate gear of hers. I spent the day trying on nearly every piece of her clothing, wondering what she felt like in each.

Bizarre as it seemed, I liked them. It was like I was making friends with the clothes or more eerie yet, making friends with the ghost of Jim's wife. I slipped on a tantalizing evening dress with tiered skirt that played around my smooth knees. A curious thing happened. It was as if she was there, saying, "Oh honey, you'll love that little number. Try my high heeled silver sandals with that." I'd looked down and there they were. I didn't remember even pulling them out of the box.

I caught myself looking at her picture and trying to look like her. I tried different make-up and hair styles until I

could match 'her' look in each picture. Her clothes were becoming my clothes: my lingerie, my skirts, my dresses, my high heels, my earrings, my life.



Jim called me often during the week, and wanted to see me every weekend. I often spent hours planning my outfits for our dates. It was like I was a doll. There was that album of photos of Jim's wife and I dressed as she was in the pictures. I was dressing up "to make his wife live" for Jim to go out with. I was haunted by the look in her eyes. Her personality, her mood, her spirit. When I first "nailed" the look a frosty chill came over me. I looked at the picture. I could have been a picture of me, but it was of a wife, a mother, a woman, yet I felt what she felt. Even the little things such as the calculating flash of my frilly pink lace slip and how the extra ruby gloss on my lips appeared to "make Jim's night". It was bizarre, but I enjoyed making him happy.

My friendship with Beverly and Jessica had also changed. Now that we had so much in common, we talked for hours about clothes, hairstyles or dancing. I was even surprised myself at how easily I'd fallen into girlish habits. I always looked well-groomed with my hair fixed in a attractive fashion with a meticulous feminine dress. I liked the way my hair bounced around my shoulders.

I went to see Mario often. We became friends, he loved hearing about my dates with Jim. One day he pointed out, "Darling, you were meant to be a girl. Look at you. You have all the natural feminine traits, like looking in the mirror patting a loose hair in place, and fixing your skirt so as to not get it wrinkled. Look at you."

In the mirror, I sat with my hands folded demurely in my lap, my nyloned knees pressed bashfully together, my hair curled and my blouse swelling outward from my bosom. Mario was thrilled by my feminine actions. He even colored my hair to the exact shade of Jim's wife's. Jim was thrilled.

Jim was happy and only occasionally became moody. Not about his wife anymore. No, he was concerned about me. He'd say, "You shouldn't be going out with me. I'm really too old for you. You should go out with some younger guys?"



It was then I noticed how much I'd truly changed. I'd been so busy. Anyway, I got out of the shower and looked in the mirror. "Oh my gawd," I thought, "I have titties." Boobs, knockers, melons, tits, whatever you want to call them, I had them. Not large, but unmistakably my chest belonged to a

girl. Cone shaped, full nipples sitting on distinct spongy mounds. They proudly pointed out from my chest, the pertly erect nipples a rosy pink. What had I done??



About a week before the contest, I decided I wasn't going back to school right away. It just didn't seem that important to me anymore.

When I told Beverly about my decision, she wasn't surprised, but asked what I did plan to do.

"Oh....Maybe I can find a job as a dancer. I don't know what I want anymore. I guess I can wait until after the contest to think about it. I'm so confused, I recoil at Jim's attentions but wish I could do something for him. He's been so nice to me."

"That sounds reasonable," said Beverly. "But don't you think you're putting too much importance on your relationship with Jim? After all, he doesn't even know you're not a girl! Don't you think he will have to find out sooner or later? I'm surprised you've been able to keep the secret this long. And when he finds out, what do you think will happen? Will he accept you as a boy? Will you continue to live as a girl? You better think about that a little."

"I don't know," I muttered. "I'm afraid of something . . . actually *everything* that could happen." If Jim accepted me, I was afraid. If he didn't, I was afraid. My anxiety grew with each moment. What little male substance that was left in me would dissolve if Jim accepted me. I knew he wouldn't accept any less than full-blown femininity from me. I was unsure I could perform.

Beverly smiled and said confidently, "Let your instincts make your decisions."

CHAPTER VII

Finally, it was time to leave for San Francisco. Beverly and I would fly down together and meet Pete, Jim, Ron and Jessica, who decided to fly later.

Jim had suggested that, no matter what the outcome of the contest, we should go on vacation right afterwards. He had suggested Hawaii (He and his wife had honeymooned there) and I had rashly agreed. The reservations were made and we would be leaving directly from San Francisco. I saw on the reservation slip that he had requested the same suite that he had on his honeymoon. I knew then that I had filled a void in his life as no one else could.

I had no idea how this trip would work out. There was no way I could hide my true sex from Jim when we slept together

and he had booked only one room in Hawaii. He would just have to understand, that's all! Either he was my friend or he wasn't! If he was, he would accept my minor faults, even if one of those was that I was really a male.

I just stopped thinking about it and prepared to make myself look as much like his wife as possible so he couldn't forsake me. I did a lot of shopping in the last week before the contest, buying nightgowns, bathing suits, everything I would need.



The dance finals were no longer very important to me. I had too many other things on my mind. Especially how Jim would react when he found out the truth. Beverly tried to ease my apprehension.



In the contest Pete and I danced the Lambada, a sexy dance that makes 'dirty dancing' look like a fox trot. Lambada (translated means "the whip") started in the wilds of Brazil where it was once illegal. It's a combination of salsa, meringue, tango, where we dance like we are attached at the hip. The audience went wild when we started its "quick-quick-slow" rhythm with lots of gyrating, erotic backbends, and hip swirling.

Then we changed tempo and into a dance called the "Vogue" where you wave your arms around like a helicopter trying to take off. Voguing isn't a very sexy dance and I think we lost the audience.

We finished second in the contest. Not bad, considering. I was no longer interested in helping Pete's ego and Pete was now "into" old British cars. I realized that he was just a rich kid who thought he could buy anything and anybody to entertain himself. He'd been using me, caring little how all "this" might affect me. I was no longer interested in his 'money', I'd found a new life. I started out as a surrogate partner for Pete then found pleasure in that role with Jim.

The next day, Beverly drove Jim and I to the airport. I was so excited about the trip, I could barely contain myself. Beverly and I again exchanged kisses and hugs.

"Have a wonderful vacation!" said Beverly then she took me aside and whispered, "Should I say 'honeymoon'? How are you going to tell him?"

I felt confident. My white tight skirt clung to my shapely hips, showing off my high tight buttocks and smooth tempting thighs. I had on white high heeled pumps and sheer nude

colored stockings that displayed nicely my delicate calves and well turned ankles.

"Oh, I know everything will work out fine. Thanks, for everything!" I said with real emotion.

As Jim and I took our leave to go to the gate, Beverly couldn't help but notice the obviously well read copy of Brides magazine sticking out of my tote bag.

Beverly had a puzzled look on her face then a smile began to form. I heard her yell as we boarded the plane, "Anything is possible!"

THE END

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“Don’t I know that!” said Holly



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