

TV FICTION CLASSICS

MAGAZINE

"DRESSING UP" COMPLETED

A sickly young man goes to live with his aunt—
their little dress-up game turns serious.



VOLUME 45 — PART TWO OF TWO

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TV FICTION CLASSICS

MAGAZINE

Volume 45

DRESSING UP **COMPLETED**

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EDITED BY:
SANDY THOMAS
CATHY LOVE
PART TWO of TWO**

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DRESSING UP COMPLETED

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"Having breasts is like having your heart walking around outside your body."

PART TWO OF TWO

**“DRESSING UP”
COMPLETED**

By: D. Crease

When I awoke again, the burning, itching pain had returned, but it was not as intense as it had been during the night. While I had been getting myself dressed in my feminine finery for some time, my Aunt Peggy helped me that morning.

After my bath, she came into my room and said, “Good news, Monica, Dr. Proctor has an opening this morning and she can see you. We had better hurry, we have to be there in less than an hour.”

With the time constraints, she and I moved about in a feverish pace to get ourselves dressed, fed and out the door. Peggy made another application of the soothing white cream to my aching chest. However, to my disappointment, she did not take the time to deeply rub it in as she had done before.

We arrived at Abbie Proctor’s office with just five minutes to spare. As we entered, she took us right in without waiting.

Thank goodness my Aunt used the cream on me before the examination, because I don’t think I could have handled it without its pain inhibiting effect. After explaining my symptoms to her, I laid on my back, with my blouse and camisole off and Dr. Proctor began her exam. With her short, chubby fingers, she started to press down on the bloated area of my chest. As she moved her hand around, I felt sharp, stinging pains. At the conclusion of the examination, the doctor gave both my nipples a pinch. This small act caused them

to quickly engorge and enlarge to a size and shape I had never seen them take on before.

Dr. Proctor moved away from me and made some notations on my medical chart. I was about to put on my camisole when she said, "Oh, Monica, please don't get dressed just yet. There are a few matters yet to discuss you need to have your top off."

Curious, but not surprised, I followed her directions. I listened as she talked with my Aunt. The doctor asked her, "Peggy, I noticed that Monica has some type of salve on her chest. Is that what I think it is?"

"Yes, Abbie," my Aunt replied. "It's a cream I had. I felt so sorry for him. He was in such terrible pain, I just had to do something."

The doctor smiled and said, "Well, I can understand. I'll write a new prescription for the salve. I'll give you five refills. That ought to be adequate." I watched as she scribbled on a small piece of paper.

Finally, the doctor turned to me and said, "Monica, you really have nothing to worry about. Remember, I told you that you may experience some weight gain with the time release medication?" I nodded as she continued, "Well, your weight is being gained all over including in your chest. You'll notice a thin layer of fat under your skin."

"But my chest?" I exclaimed. "How can that be?"

She replied, "The medical literature states that it happens to different people in different ways. The amount of weight gained is undeterminable at this time. That's why we have to take adequate precautions."

"Precautions?" I queried. "I still don't understand, Abbie."

"It's nothing, really, dear," she said, nonchalantly, "We just have to make certain that you avoid stretch marks and loss of muscle tone in your chest while the medication is effecting your system. To do this, I advise you to consider wearing a brassiere all the time."

"A what?" I exclaimed.

Peggy entered the conversation and explained, "A brassiere, Monica. A bra. Really, you shouldn't be too

upset, dear. After all you have been wearing one with special padding every now and then. Besides, I think it will nicely enhance the feminine persona you're displaying."

I was dumbstruck! Not only was I wearing women's clothing everyday now, but I had to start wearing a bra; not just for show, but because I really needed it! Before I was able to object, Dr. Proctor told me to be silent. Raising my arms, she examined the sutures.

"Hmmm," she said, with a vague connotation. My heart beat was racing. I was feeling anxious at not getting my two cents in. Then she announced, "Well Monica, it's a good thing you came in today. I think I'll wait a week before removing the stitches. Everything looks pretty good but I want to make absolutely sure the incision is fully healed before we do anything else."

After leaving the doctor's office, Peggy and I made a bee line for Conner's Department Store. It just opened when we arrived. Soon, I found myself in the "Juniors" department with my Aunt was telling the saleswoman that I needed to be fitted with a "debutante bra."

Although we were in the store for less than an hour, it seemed like forever. I don't think I was ever more embarrassed in my entire life. After my chest was measured, I was fitted with a variety of bras, some with and others without padding.

As the clerk settled the garments into place, the "molded cups" of each frilly brassiere were carefully positioned over my sensitive swollen nipples. The clerk smiled. She was an expert at helping the underendowed while waiting for development of their female breasts. Each bra was designed to enhance progression by focusing attention towards the bodice and exaggerating the obvious feminine frailty of the wearer.

It was very strange to look down at my chest and see my own flesh actually pressing outward in the small, soft and delicate fabric cups of a brassiere.

"You'll learn to really like it," Peggy whispered.

By the time we left, Peggy had bought me at least a dozen bras in a variety of styles and colors. She also took the opportunity to purchase matching panties.

I wore one of the new bras out of the store. My Aunt insisted that I start to protect my skin as soon as possible. After replacing my blouse, I smoothed out wrinkles and checked my reflection in the store's three way mirror.

Suddenly, I saw our saleswoman standing behind me. She was all smiles, as she said, "Deary, that new bra looks smashing on you. It does wonders for your figure. Enjoy them while you can, though."

Then she nodded her head in Peggy's direction and exclaimed, "By the looks of your aunt, you'll grow out of these bras into a 'B' cup in no time at all!" That was the last thing I wanted to hear!

Our last stop before returning home was Owen's Pharmacy. The drug counter was way to the rear of the store. Mr. Owens was a kindly looking, older man with a full head of white hair and a pair of reading glasses balanced on the tip of his nose.

My Aunt smiled and said, "I have a prescription that needs filling, Mr. Owens."

The elder pharmacist took the small piece of paper from Peggy and stared at it from behind his reading spectacles. After a few moments, he asked, "And who may Monica Duncan be?"

Peggy cheerful smiled at Mr. Owens. Then with an overly dramatic twist of her extended arm, she pointed to me. The pharmacist responded and said, "Ah! Well hello, dear. You must be Peggy's niece. My wife told me about you last week when you were here for some makeup. She said that you were a pretty little girl, but I can see for myself now."

I blushed a beet red as the older man showered me with compliments about how I would grow into a real beauty. "We don't have many girls in this town and none as cute as you. The girls around here just don't take care of themselves," he mumbled.



I blushed a beet red as the older man showered me with compliments about how I would grow into a real beauty..

I knew he was just being nice, but it bothered me. There I was, being talked to by a man as if I were a teenage girl. My new bra cups holding up and giving feminine definition to my distended puffy chest felt odd. It was so unnerving. I wanted to yell, "I'M NO GIRL, STUPID! CAN'T YOU SEE? I'M A BOY!"

Finally, Mr. Owens stopped his flirtatious behavior and went to a back shelf for the prescription. When he rang it up on the cash register he suddenly stopped.

"I almost forgot, Monica. I have to see some sort of picture I.D. There is a new law in Colorado that requires all purchases of prescription medications to be accompanied by legal identification. It bugs the heck out of me. I've been a pharmacist in this small town for over 40 years and know just about everyone. Damn, if a state inspector ever drops in and catches me dispensing medicine without checking, they'll pull my license."

I had no identification. At least none as "Monica Duncan." All I owned was my old high school I.D. card with my freshman picture on it. I had taken driver's education in school and had passed the written exam, but I got sick before I had a chance to take the road test. I didn't have a driver's license.

Peggy explained that I had no I.D. because I had just come to live with her only a few months ago. As a result, Mr. Owens accepted "my guardian's" driver's license as a substitute.

After handing me the jar of salve, he said, "Listen, young lady, you follow the directions for this medication. I taped them to the outside of the jar. Also, the next time you come in to refill it, you better have yourself a photo I.D., okay?"

I automatically lowered my eyes and replied softly, "Yes sir."

He then gave me a knowing wink and said, "You feel better now!"

I was in a foul mood the next few days. The constraint of my bra bothered me, but not because it gave me a feminine profile. I was getting used to that, having used artificial padding there before. It was because the padding was no longer needed. It was me! My chest; my skin; my sensitive fatty tissue!

The upside to it was when my Aunt would apply the creamy salve to my tender chest, which soon became a ritual. Peggy would caress my chest with the medication at least three times a day. The fresh batch was much more potent than the previous salve my Aunt used on me. It was so soothing and her technique gave me such a wonderful feeling in the deepest parts of my body. I was always sorry when she finished.

But when she finished, the cool dry air made it sink into my skin quickly. Not only was my bra more comfortable, but I was also able to touch my chest without pain. Two days after I received my prescription, I noticed my skin around my chest was softer and more pliable. My nipples were a rosy, dark pink.

Peggy had gone into town to pick up a parcel from the post office while I stayed at the house to work on billings. I was still in my melancholy mood, but upon her return, all my troubles seemed to disappear. My modeling photos had arrived!

I was so thrilled, I lost control of my emotions. As my Aunt sat behind her desk and began to open the large 11 by 14 inch envelope, I found myself hopping and lightly clapping my hands in glee. Although I was securely wearing my bra, I felt my chest move as I bounced, so I tried to refrain my animation.

The photographs came out exquisitely. My slender fingers and hands and beautifully manicure nails were the perfect backdrop for my Aunt's stunning pieces of jewelry. Peggy was so impressed that she announced, "We must begin photographing the other pieces as soon as possible." I, for one, couldn't wait.

Peggy and I set up the rear studio for the rest of the layout. This time, we draped large pieces of matted velvet against a six foot high and four foot wide screen. Before we were to shoot, my follow-up appointment with Dr. Proctor arrived.

On this visit, I came with Peggy into town, but I went to the doctor's office alone. My Aunt was at the beauty salon and I was to meet her there after my appointment.

After the sutures were removed, Abbie Proctor examined my chest again. She pressed and touched it as she did before. She also used her tape measure and inscribed her findings in my chart.

As I was replacing my bra, I asked her, "Is there much of a change?"

Smiling at me, she replied, "Well, I dare say we've fattened you up a bit. Primarily in the hips and your bosom, dear."

"Bosom?" I said to myself. Guys have chests, women have bosoms. Just because I wore a bra didn't mean I had a bosom, did it?

"I feel fat," I said.

"And healthy," the doctor added, "for the first time. I must say you glow. Many pregnant women get the same glow." It was true, I really had no idea what feeling healthy was like. As for the last comment, I knew I wasn't pregnant!

I was ready to leave and meet Peggy at Mitzi's, when Dr. Proctor said, "There is one more little matter I have to take care of for your Aunt." I was asked to sit in a chair, while the doctor momentarily left the room.

Upon her return, she was carrying some strange looking contraption that resembled a laser gun used in an old "Flash Gordon" movie. Placing her hand behind my ear, the doctor positioned the gun's tip on my earlobe and pulled the trigger. She did this twice; once in each lobe. It smarted a bit. When she told me to take a look at myself in the mirror, I was astonished to see that I now had two lovely gold stud earrings in two permanent holes in my ears.

I was amazed as I caressed them with the tips of my long pink fingernails. As I looked at myself in wonder, Abbie explained how to care for my newly pierced ears.

She warned me to wait a week before I wore long or oversized earrings. All I could think of was the perma-



found myself hopping and lightly clapping my hands in glee. Although I was securely wearing my bra, I felt my chest move as I bounced, so I tried to refrain my animation.

nency of the two little holes. This was the most feminizing thing done to me yet, or so I thought.

By the time I met up with Peggy at the salon, she was almost done having her nails polished. However, Mitzi was ready for me. As I entered, both my Aunt and Mitzi "Oooed" and "Ahhhed" over the set of pretty gold studs in my freshly pierced ears.

Again, my below the shoulder hair was given a hot oil treatment. Then she began to color my hair. This was the first time it was colored professionally and she said it would only be a touch up.

For some reason, Mitzi wouldn't let me see my reflection until she was done. As I sat beneath the drier, she redid my nails and returned them to the two tone French manicure they had several weeks earlier.

Finally, she made the last pass through my luxurious mane. Then she asked me, "Are you ready, dear?" I nonchalantly replied that I was. With a flick of her wrist, she spun the stylist chair around so I would face the mirror.

"Oh my!" I softly exclaimed when I saw my reflection. My hair was not styled any differently than before. In fact, it was only braided and my bangs were combed straight down, but it was the color. Now, it was totally black. In fact it appeared to be blue/black.

Stuttering, I said, "It's, it's, it's..."

"It's beautiful, Monica," Peggy interjected. "If I didn't know better, I'd say you looked like a young Indian woman, but better. Your skin is so clear and white, it's almost alabaster."

"Why did you color my hair so dark, Aunt Peggy," I cried. "I liked it with those brown highlights."

In a correcting tone of voice, she replied, "You are learning to be a model now. Changing hair color is something a model must do from time to time to give herself the right look for a layout. As a matter of fact, it's a relatively small alteration compared to what many models have done nowadays."

"Oh," I meekly replied. I didn't dare ask what other changes were considered "big."

Peggy continued, "As you know, the jewelry layout is done in black and white. The black hair will let you blend into the matted velvet background to give the photos a more striking appearance."

Her explanation made perfect sense to me. As we left the salon, I couldn't wait to get back to the house and start my next modeling assignment.

However, when we arrived home, I was disappointed. Peggy said that we had to postpone it for at least a week. Since I was to wear many earrings that were long and dangling, I had to wait until the holes healed. Without the ability to dive back into modeling, I started to think about how weird all this was. I again became despondent about my feminized predicament.

My melancholia grew to where I had little motivation. In fact, I seemed to lose my interest in everything, even fashion magazines and those exciting romance novels.

I felt strange. Doing my hair and make-up every day became a big chore. I had to be reminded to shave my legs and I hated the confinement of the restraining lingerie, specifically the gaff. I longed to let it all just "hang out."

After a couple days of me moping around, Peggy called me into her office to talk. "I just feel lost, tired and fat!" I moaned, running my hands down my fleshy hips.

"I think I know what's wrong." She opened her purse and removed three audio cassettes which she placed on her desk.

"Dear," she said, forcefully, "We have to do something about your lack of motivation. You are healthy and the little extra weight looks good on you."

"I wish I could go home and see Dad and my friends, but not like this," I added.

"Things cannot always go your way all the time. Your Dad is busy sacrificing for you and I need your help here."

I crossed my arms in front of my chest, bowed my head and listened to Peggy as she went on, "I stopped

by Abbie's office today. She gave me these tapes for you. They're motivational lectures. However, unlike the ones that are hawked on cable television, these take no effort to listen to, because the message is delivered subliminally.

"All you'll hear are sounds of wave crashing on a rocky beach, soft breezes whistling through large oak trees or easy listening instrumental music. Best of all, they won't cut into our busy schedule. You listen to them at night, while you sleep. It works on your subconscious. Before you know it, you'll be back to your bright and cheery self!"

I picked up a tape and examined it. The title simply stated, "Pacific Ocean Rhapsody." It had no table of contents as to what the nature of the lecture was about. The other two were entitled, "Oak Opus II" and "The Softest Symphonic Strings."

Although I had doubts and misgivings about the success of the tapes, I told Peggy that I'd give them a try. Later that evening, after she combed out my hair, she brought the three tapes to my bedroom.

"Let's see," she said, as she laid the cassettes next to my nightstand lamp. "I think you ought to try this one first."

She handed me the one with stringed instrumental music. I told her it was okay. As far as I was concerned, it didn't matter which one it was.

Peggy placed the long playing cassette in the automatic reversing recorder on my dresser and hit the play button. The room was immediately filled with the sounds of soft violin music. It was slow and melodious. Then, my Aunt had me lift my satin nightie so she could apply the prescription salve to my expanding chest.

The combination of the light music and Peggy's ministrations made me drift into a deep and delightfully sound sleep. The last thing I recalled before I losing consciousness was my Aunt's voice, softly saying, "My, they are so soft now..."

When I woke the next morning, the tape was still playing, but what really surprised me was that I felt different. I couldn't put my finger on it. I felt more



*I stretched my arm out then made my wrist limp and said
with a pout, mocking disappointment,
"Oh Peggy, I don't want to get up."*



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alive, more motivated, perkier and unexpectedly more feminine.

I didn't get out of bed right away. Instead I stretched beneath my cotton sheets and wished that they were satin instead.

Time seemed to have no meaning that morning. Finally, Peggy came into my room. When she saw that I was still in bed.

Peggy asked, "Monica, dear, do you know what time it is. It's nearly 10:00 a.m. I've already had breakfast. Let's get going, sweetheart. We have much to do today."

However, I didn't move, I didn't want to move. I was having too much enjoyment laying in my bed. Responding to my Aunt, I stretch my arm out then made my wrist limp and said with a pout, mocking disappointment, "Oh Peggy, I don't want to get up. Can't I just stay here and read. I don't know why, but I feel so, so, precocious today."

I didn't comprehend the devilish grin on Peggy's lips. She insisted, "I'm sorry, dear, but we must get going. I need your help. We must make the final adjustments to the studio set. Within a day or two, you're back to being my model, again."

After I heard that, I sprung to my feet and hurriedly got dressed. So different was my outlook that morning, I didn't get upset at the sight of my enlarging chest. In fact, when Peggy applied the salve, I could swear that it seemed to grow right before my eyes.

Over the next few days, we did our modeling session with the rest of Peggy's jewelry design collection. I was enchanted by the feel of the long, dangling hoop earrings in my pierced ears and marvelled at the way my long, black hair provided a sensual and alluring backdrop for such stunning creations.

I was again dressed in the black turtle neck sweater and black stretch pants. This time, my hair was brushed out to hang loose, in beautiful, flowing black tendrils.

Peggy did my makeup for me. She shadowed my eyelids a dark, smokey grey. My long lashes were enhanced with midnight black mascara, while a matching liner accented my emerald green eyes. In order to create the contrasting backdrop she desired, my nails retained the two tone manicure, while my Aunt painted my lips with the opaque white lipstick we bought at the pharmacy. I swear, I fell in love with my highly erotic and sensual image the moment I saw my reflection in the mirror.

During this time, I continued to listen to the tapes Dr. Proctor provided for me. In the evenings, I couldn't wait to turn in just to hear the first few sounds as I drifted into a wonderful, deep sleep. Although I never remembered my dreams, I intuitively knew that I was having them.

The more I listened to the tapes, the more yielding and ladylike I felt each morning. In turn, my outlook on life changed. I was no longer worried about anything---even though I was gaining weight in my chest. In fact, the fourth day after I began the tapes, I actually referred to my chest as my "bosom." It gave me a funny feeling and I couldn't figure out why I said it.

Changes in agility came with the change of attitude. I had long before mastered the overlapping model strut and had incorporated it into my everyday walk. While I performed it naturally, with few to no flaws, there was still some stiffness and uneasiness in my gait. However, I soon detected the stiffness melt away. My limbs became more flexible. They flowed rhythmically as I moved. Before long, I was actually gliding with every step I took.

Keeping my knees and ankles tightly pressed together as I sat became more than just a stylized technique to maintain my illusion of femininity. Now it became an absolute necessity. Also, the ease with which I femininely crossed my legs at the knee increased. When I did cross my long, slender legs, it actually appeared like I had but a single limb. I didn't know why, but I was in dreadful fear of exposure if I didn't sit these ways.

Before the tapes, I did an adequate job at applying my makeup. I was familiar with the basics and if I needed additional help, my Aunt was always available.

Now, I seemed to spend long hours in front of my vanity mirror. I wouldn't leave until I was fully satisfied that my appearance met the exceedingly high standards that Peggy set for me. This practice cut into my work with Peggy. She didn't mind, in fact, she encouraged me to practice and perfect my cosmetics techniques.

Soon, I was on a tight schedule. Peggy explained that it was necessary to keep me focused on my work. By the end of May, I never felt more focused in my life. All I needed was to be pointed in a direction and I would work steadily and without detractors until the job was done.

One evening during the first week of June, Peggy was giving me my salve application as I laid stretched on my bed. I was enjoying her ministrations because I was laying on a set of new, pink satin sheets she purchased for me from a well known lingerie catalogue.

The burning and itching in my chest had long ceased, however, I thrilled having Peggy rub the creamy salve on me.

Although the pain had ended, new and different sensations evolved throughout my upper torso. Several weeks earlier, the area below my nipples and areolas started feeling differently. It was as if my extra weight gain was forming into a small, floating bag of loose gelatin. At the same time, that area had become enlarged so it extended several inches from my chest.

My initial reaction was fear when I first realized it. I thought I should see Dr. Proctor immediately. But this occurred at night, right before bedtime. Peggy said that she would call the doctor first thing in the morning.

By the time I awoke, my mind had changed. I was shocked at the size and shape that my chest was taking on.

As I lounged on my shiny new satin sheets, I looked at my growing chest protrusions. Peggy referred to them as "breasts." This was not an exaggeration. They were genuine breasts, albeit small ones. I had recently abandoned all my training bras in favor of ones with larger cups. Although I preferred slightly padded bras for better comfort and looks, I completely filled a full sized AA cup without any difficulty.

There were other changes in my body as well. Yet, since I listened to my motivational tapes, religiously, I not only didn't mind them, I thrilled at these new developments. Moreover, my Aunt started to instruct me on exercise techniques to keep my blossoming body in tip top shape.

Every morning Peggy and I did stretching exercises. I was told that flexibility was very important. It lessened the chance of physical injury, especially when wearing high heel pumps. This was followed by more exercises. I watched and participated in a low impact aerobics video at least an hour a day. Every evening, I performed my breast cupping exercise. She said this was very important, since my bosom was still developing. It prevented sagging and helped to maintain their "pert" look and feel.

I maintained my high complex carbohydrate and low fat diet. Every day it seemed that my waist line was getting smaller and smaller and my narrow hips seemed to expand outward at the same rate. Before long, things were indeed noticeable. I achieved a slender waist, a tummy as flat as a board, soft rounding hips, and a well defined and very firm fanny.

When I visited Dr. Proctor, she measured me. I was told that my new, natural figure was a 34-24-34.

Peggy rubbed the last of the salve on me. Then in her sweet voice, she said, "Monica, dear, it's time you go into town and refill your salve prescription. The jar is empty.

Sitting up, while I slipped on my creamy peach silk baby dolls, I asked with a desperate pout, "Will you get it for me, Peggy? Last time, Mr. Owens said that I would have to show some identification and I don't have any."

"I'm sorry, dear," she replied. "It's time you start to expand your horizons. Being cooped up in this house or having to tag along with me won't do you any good. You're a nicely developing young lady and summer is just around the corner. You need to be out and about to experience what life has to offer."

I didn't understand the meaning of my Aunt's statement, but I soon found out when the two of us left the house to head into town the next day.

As I headed for the passenger side of her four wheel drive vehicle, Peggy said, "Come here, Monica. I know that you drove driver's ed. Let's see what you can do now."

I nearly froze with fear. High school seemed such a long time ago. Ever since Peggy started me on the motivational tapes, I had lost interest in keeping in touch with Dad. While I did answer his weekly letters to me, in edited detail I might add, I never bothered to call him on the phone. Since Dad could hardly afford a large telephone bill, we never received long distant calls from him.

However, my insistent Aunt was not about to let me wiggle out of it. She made it plain that I needed practice driving to pass the State road exam for my driver's license. As incentive, she reminded me that I would have no more salve until I bought it myself. To do so, I needed a photo I.D the driver's license would provide.

They say once you know how to ride a bicycle, all you have to do is get back on one, even after years of not riding. To my pleasant surprise, I found it the same with driving a car; or in my case, a four wheel drive vehicle. The only minor difficulty was maneuvering around the mountain roads.

I did so well, in fact, I felt confident enough to go for my State test just two days after I got back behind the wheel. Peggy let me use her vehicle.

That morning, before we headed to Alcazar, the county seat, for the exam, Peggy made sure I "dressed for success." She took the liberty to lay out my attire for the occasion. As we left the house, I was wearing a short, red spandex mini skirt, a red and white striped

HIGHV



*The tester couldn't keep his eyes off my never ending legs.
Moreover, on more than one occasion, I caught him
stealing glimpses of my bosom..*

tank top and matching red pumps with three inch heels. My hair was allowed to hang loose and I wore a pair of Peggy giant gold hoop earrings. With my bright red polished fingernails and matching lips, I looked like a tart, sexy teenybopper.

Needless to say, I passed my licensing exam. Although I made a few minor errors, it really didn't matter. Peggy's plan of action worked like a charm. The tester couldn't keep his eyes off my never ending legs. Moreover, on more than one occasion, I caught him stealing glimpses of my bosom, since my Aunt insisted that I wear a push up bra to add "pizazz" to my ensemble.

After I passed the test, I was so excited, I couldn't wait to get my picture taken and receive my license. However, Peggy halted me. She wanted to make sure that I conveyed the proper image on the photograph. After all, it would be with me far longer than my sexy image in the mind of the examiner.

I changed my face to tone down my eye shadow, mascara and liner and replaced my lip color from fiery red to subtle pink. Peggy helped replace my spandex outfit with a more appropriate high necked white cotton blouse with pretty flowered silk scarf.

Since it was only a head and shoulder shot, I changed to a pair an acid washed blue jeans, but I still had on my red pumps. Yet the jeans did nothing to hide my developing, sexy curves. And the heels, just added to my feminine slant of posture.

Once I had my license in my pretty little hand, I strutted out of the testing center letting it all hang out. Boy oh boy, did I ever make heads turn!

Peggy saw what I did. While she got a kick out of it, I was nonetheless admonished to watch myself. She said, "As your femininity continues to grow, dear, you must learn to control it. What is acceptable with some people is unacceptable with others. For example, two of the three examiners are men. They were raised to be macho. If you had been alone, without me, you might have found yourself being asked out by them. Some guys have trouble accepting no for an answer."

I took her words to heart and made a mental note to continue this conversation later. I realized that while I was feeling and appearing more feminine, I had still much to learn about being a female.

As we pulled into the driveway back at the house, Peggy said, "Monica, I need your help with something in the garage."

I didn't take her request as anything out of the ordinary, she used the garage as a storage area for office supplies. I assumed she needed a hand bringing something into the house.

When we opened the double doors, my mouth fell open. Inside was the cutest little convertible I had ever seen.

Peggy smiled and stated, "Don't just stand there catching flies, dear. Get in!"

I was flabbergasted. "You mean, this is for me?" I exclaimed.

"It sure is, at least while you're here," my Aunt announced. "It was delivered here this morning while we went to the driving test center. It isn't new. In fact, it's over 20 years old; however it's been totally rebuilt from the inside out. The previous owner told me that it's a classic and will appreciate in value with time. I bought it as an investment, but you are free to use it anytime." Then with a huge smile, she exclaimed, "Isn't it a dream?"

I got behind the wheel and backed the car out of the garage. I was better able to see just how lovely it was in the bright Colorado springtime sunshine.

One of my boyish hobbies had been cars. I was into learning about every type, make and style of automobile ever made. While such masculine preoccupations seemed far away and distant now, I still appreciated the beauty of the car I was going to drive.

The car was sky blue, with a white vinyl interior and white rag top. I was so enthralled by this fantastic gift, I couldn't contain myself as I repeatedly squealed and giggled with girlish excitement.

Peggy got into the passenger seat beside me and we took it for a quick spin. After I lowered the top to let

the sunshine in I backed it out of the driveway and we headed down the road.

Driving my new car was easy, thanks to the power steering and power brakes. After a quick spin down the mountain side, we headed into town. I was going to purchase my first refill of my prescription salve.

Walking into Owens Pharmacy, I was aglow and it showed. Mr. Owens saw me and his face lit up in a wide, friendly smile.

As I approached the drug counter, he exclaimed, "Well, who do we have here? If it isn't my most beautiful and lovely young customer. How are you today, Monica?"

"Just fine, Mr. Owens," I replied, still unable to contain my silly giggling. He must of thought I was nothing but a hair brained female.

After a bit of flirting, which I now engaged in quite naturally, the pharmacist refilled my prescription. I got a tingling feeling all over as I thought of the wonderful sensations I would soon have, now that I had a full supply of this wonderful salve again.

Peggy waited for me at the front of the store. However, she was positioned to see me hand my new driver's license to Mr. Owens for his inspection. As he looked at it with exaggerated care, I fluttered my long, dark mascara coated eyelashes in bashful embarrassment.

As I headed back to Peggy, she stopped me and said, "We need one more thing while we're here. The sun's rays are very intense in the mountains and you'll need extra protection; especially if you're going to drive with the top down, which I know you will every chance you get."

When we finally walked out of the pharmacy, not only did I carry my jar of salve, but I wore a pair of black framed sunglasses, with the darkest lenses. They were an oversized style popularized by the movie Risky Business.

A couple of weeks later, I went to town alone for a checkup with Dr. Proctor. Peggy had some errands to run in Denver; however, she was still home when I left.

After the appointment, I called to see if she was still home. No one answered and I assumed she had left. I left a message on the answering machine, letting her know that I wasn't coming home right away. Abbie had invited me to lunch and I didn't want Peggy to worry if she returned and I wasn't home.

Abbie and I did some shopping at Conner's Department Store after lunch. During my examination, she noted that my breasts continued to grow and suggested I get some larger bras, adding, "I had no idea your body would respond so thoroughly to the medicine, but you are HEALTHY."

"That's what matters the most," I said, like it didn't matter that I had breasts like a girl.

I bought more bras in a variety of colors and styles; and in a size 34 A+ cup! Everything I was doing was unconventional. I had never thought of being female, but I had poured right into a girl's existence. It couldn't be this easy to just become a girl, could it?

When I walked into the house, I was surprised to see that Peggy had yet to return from her errands. The small red light on the answering machine was blinking to indicate there were messages.

After I rewound the tape, I heard the initial greeting on the recorder. This greeting was recorded by me. I had pretty much taken over the clerical duties in my Aunt's design business and Peggy thought it a good idea to have my voice on the answering machine. Having a secretary answer the phone gave the appearance that her business was much larger than it actually was.

It had been a while since I initially recorded the greeting. When I did, I had progressed with success in my voice training. One would hear a soft, high, feminine sounding voice stating: "Hello. You've reached Duncan Designs. We are terribly busy at the moment; however your call is most important to us. After the beep, please leave your name, the company you represent, the time you called, and a brief message. We will return your call as soon as possible. Thank you and have a wonderful day."

There were a couple of business calls from clothing manufacturers in New York and Hong Kong. After

writing down their messages, I listened on. The next message; however, made me sit up and take notice.

It was the one I had left earlier. A cold chill raced up my spine as I heard it. I rewound the machine to play back the greeting, and then fast forwarded it to replay my message. After doing this several times, I placed my hand on my chest to feel my racing heart.

At first, I thought I was wrong; but the more I listened, the more I was convinced I was right. When I recorded the greeting, I believed my voice sounded feminine, but when I compared it to my current voice, it sounded very effected; as if I was using a falsetto. Now my voice projected a very high, soft soprano tone. It resonated a very natural, feminine quality that I woefully lacked in the previous recording.

I still couldn't believe what I was hearing. To make certain this was not a fluke, I dug up my old voice training recordings. They were numbered, so finding the latest one was easy. It was the one that Peggy was so pleased with that she said I didn't need to continue training. I recorded the answering machine greeting after I made this tape and shortly before Dr. Proctor implanted the time release medication under my arms.

I listen intently to fifteen minutes of my feminized voice as I read an article from a fashion magazine, entitled, "What to Look for in a Boyfriend." Then I turned the tape deck on "record" and read the first few pages of the book nearest to me, one of my romance novels.

I couldn't begin to describe my feelings as I compared the two very different voices emanating from the tape deck speaker. All I could think of was, "My, how I had changed!"

Peggy didn't arrive back home until quite late. While waiting for her, I anxiously paced throughout the house, how greatly my voice had changed was eating away at me. Sure, I was gaining weight in my chest and hips, while losing it in my waist, and I was wearing a bra now because I needed to. But these changes caused less concern than the way my voice now sounded.

When my Aunt walked through the front door, I planned on scolding her and placing the blame for the way I now spoke squarely on her shoulders. However, I broke down and cried like a baby as soon as I saw her.

"Oh, my goodness, what's the matter, dear?" Peggy said, with genuine concern.

Although I tried, I couldn't get the words out of my mouth. I simply blubbered as tears streamed down my face carrying thin, flowing rivulets of black mascara and eyeliner.

Peggy held and comforted me as if I was a small child. After some time, I regained my composure and we talked about my changed voice.

She listened to me and seemed very understanding. After I finished expressing my concern and fears, she gave me a loving hug and said, "Oh my, you have changed! I doubt if you have anything to worry about. After our little game is over, we'll just train your voice to speak as you did before. We still have the old tape, you know. I don't see a problem at all. You learned feminine inflections so quickly, you'll re-learn the masculine ones just as easy."

Her words were comforting, yet they didn't explain why my voice continued to change without additional training. Nevertheless, I accepted the explanation. Then I joined her in her bedroom, where we spent the rest of the evening preening each other's beautiful heads of stunning hair.

At breakfast the next day, my worries of the previous night seemed a vague memory. As usual, I played my motivational tapes the entire night and slept to the sounds of soft string music. I hadn't used this particular one for several weeks, favoring the ocean sounds and gentle breezes. Whenever I became especially upset about some aspect of my feminine training, the string music recording, more so than the other two, put me at ease.

Peggy was already at the table when I arrived. Her face brightened with sudden excitement, then she ex-

claimed, "Monica! I have the most wonderful news! I forgot to tell you last night."

"What is it, Aunt Peggy?" I said, echoing her enthusiasm.

"Well!" she said, as she sat up and held my hands in hers, "Yesterday, while I was in Denver, I stopped by a local modeling studio. The owner is a good friend of mine and I have helped him with modeling layouts in the past. Anyway, when I told him about you, he offered the use of his studio to put together a complete feminine photo portfolio for you. Isn't that terrific!"

After a night of motivational lectures, I was feeling especially feminine. I felt a tingling in my feminized body as I cooed, "That is marvelous, Peggy! When can we start?"

"I thought we could go to Denver early next week. In the mean time, we need to work on your modeling poses, getting them down pat, and put together a wardrobe for you to wear. It'll take at least three days to get all the photographs we'll need. I need to make reservations at a local hotel," She stated in her businesslike manner.

Needless to say, I worked like a person possessed for the next four days. We covered everything I had to do to have a successful modeling shoot.

Peggy packed a large wardrobe trunk with all of the designer fashions I would wear for my sessions, along with my cosmetics and other sundries. She neglected to pack my three motivational tapes.

As we left the house, we found a large package by the mail box. It was addressed to me and the return address indicated that it was from my Dad. We had to get on the road so I simply put the package in my room and would open it when we returned later in the week.

When we arrived at our hotel, we unpacked the few articles of clothing I needed to wear around town, and everything else was taken to the modeling studio. I was excited to be in Denver. It wasn't a large place, as cities go, but it was the biggest place I had been to, since leaving Pittsburgh some ten months earlier.

At the studio, Peggy introduced me to the owner, Jack Billings. He was an older man; however, he was very handsome, with his full head of salt and pepper hair which he wore in a fashionable pony tail that complimented his Italian styled clothing.

During the introduction, Jack told me that he and Peggy went back a long way. He use to work in New York and was one of the first photographers Peggy appeared before when she started her modeling career. Several years ago, he returned to his home town of Denver, where he set up his studio. Since then, he had launched several new models who were having very successful modeling careers in Los Angeles, New York and in Europe.

I took an immediate liking to Jack. He was soft spoken with a very gentle manner, but once we began to shoot, he was all business. His professionalism was evident in the way he directed me to stand, walk and pose. I imagined that he was one of the best in the business.

His studio was fully equipped with all the latest in photography equipment, backdrops and layouts. He even had a full time hair dresser and cosmetologist on staff to style my hair and do my face and hands. Although I was very fond of Mitzi, these two were the best I had experienced.

For the first two days, we did still photography and video shoots that centered around modeling outfits and hair styles while strutting up and down a mock runway. In between these sessions, I did hand, and leg modeling poses.

On the third and final day, I was scheduled to do backdrop modeling. I had been taught by my Aunt how to flirt with the camera, and I couldn't wait to do it.

Everything went well during the morning session. I wore three different outfits and Jack had nothing but praise for me and the way I projected a fresh and enticing image onto the camera. He said that I was much better than some so called world class models he had worked with.

Lunch was at a trendy restaurant with many people mingling around. I couldn't help admiring the hand-

some men with their strong muscles, heavy walk and forceful comportment. I caught one of them smiling at me and I smiled back childishly, shaking my curls like a little girl. I felt childish, innocent and trusting. He smiled again and I smiled back. His chest puffed up and I realized that my acknowledgment had made him feel more manly.

I suddenly became depressed. I wasn't supposed to admire masculine skill and ability, I was to have it. I blushed a deep red and lowered my eyes. These changes were all so horrifying. I felt naked in my little, lightweight print dress. Other men looked at me, adding to my confusion. I had the most awful feeling in the pit of my stomach.

"Would you like anything else, Miss?" the waitress asked, startling me.

I shook my head, noting for the first time her little sexy waitress outfit with it's short ruffled skirt and top cut low on her enormous breasts. She wore gaudy gold earrings that grazed her shoulders. I was suddenly aware of my pert tender curves cupped prissily in a lacy push-up bra. I had breasts. I didn't want to admit it, but I had warm, soft jelly-like mounds of a fleshy bosom.

Like coming down from a narcotic high, I was appallingly aware of how different I was from men and their manliness. I felt sick to my stomach and couldn't finish my lunch. I wanted to be like the men around me, not the object of their admiration.

That afternoon, nothing felt right as I was dressed in one of my Aunt's designs. To create the proper illusion, Peggy taped my growing bosom, to push it up and outward. Then she slipped a strapless bra on me. The outfit consisted of an off-the-shoulders, long sleeved blouse in a creamy white rayon. It was styled to resemble a peasant blouse, but more severe, such that it tapered to mold to the torso while the neck line plunged to show off lots of cleavage. The blouse was matched with a loose fitting woven skirt in a floral tapestry design.

I stepped into the skirt and fit it just right around my waist before zipping up the side. I pulled up the

hem and pulled down the tails of my blouse. Shimmering cream colored nylons and three inch cream colored pumps completed the ensemble.

With the blouse on it appeared that I was much better endowed than I actually was, with the tops of my breasts displayed prominently and a deep valley of cleavage between them.

Once I was fully clothed, hair styled in a dramatic sweep and face made up with an exotic look, I stood before a full length mirror to check my reflection before heading to the next shoot. As I looked at myself, I felt that queazy feeling well up in my stomach again, and a cold sweat beaded on my forehead. Feeling dizzy, I returned to the vanity table chair and sat down.

"What's the matter dear?" my Aunt asked with deep concern. "Jack is calling for you. This is the last day and we still have several outfits for you to model."

With fear in my voice, I confessed, "I feel all wrong, Peggy. My chest, is so, so, big! I look like a woman. Something is wrong. I'm supposed to be pretending to be a girl, but I look like I am a girl; a real girl!"

Putting her hand on my shoulder, she tried to comfort me. She said that my breasts only looked large because of the taping and push up bra I was wearing.

"It's not just the bra, Peggy. It's all of me," I exclaimed with desperation. "Even before I put the bra on, I could tell that my chest appeared so big, my hips so wide, and my waist so small. Look at my big nipples! I'm worried, Peggy. It's as if I'm turning into a girl and I'm scared!"

It was indisputable that my upper body was fuller, separated by a narrow waist from the rich deposits of fatty tissue rounding my hips and buttocks. I had the shape of a young girl, a figure showing the promise of being splendidly suited to conceive, preserve and nourish a child, obligations I could never keep.

As if a faucet was turned on full blast, I began to weep, long and hard. Peggy held me in her arms, but despite her attempts to comfort me, I continued to cry furiously.

Jack came to the dressing room after the hair stylist told him what was happening. Looking at Peggy, he asked her, "You mean Monica is. . .?"

Peggy put her finger to her lips and said, "Shhhhh! Don't worry Jack, Monica will be okay. Give us a few minutes to straighten everything out."

Finally I regained my composure and my makeup was repaired. With a very sheepish smile, I returned to the studio for my afternoon sessions.

Despite Jack's inherent patience, I was unable to follow his lead. My movements were stiff and tight. My ability to flirt girlishly with the camera was nonexistent, and I felt self conscience in the revealing clothing.

Not willing to give up, Peggy re-clothed me in conservative pink slacks, high necked white silk blouse and royal blue blazer, and a pair of pink flats. Even in clothing in a men's style, I remained uncomfortable. Moreover, my discomfort adversely affected my photo session. It got so bad, that Jack had enough and called it a wrap.

Peggy had planned for us to stay in Denver for another night before driving back to Tabago; however, she changed the itinerary because of my erratic behavior. I was either weeping uncontrollably or squirming about, complaining that my chest was too big, that my bra was too tight, and generally how dreadful I felt looking so much like a girl. I hated my rounded hips and swollen breasts.

As soon as we pulled into the driveway, I bolted for the front door and ran to my bedroom, locking the door behind me. Peggy knocked repeatedly on the door and begged me to open the door. However, I was so distraught, I only laid on my satin sheets and cried in despair.

Eventually, Peggy gave up and let me alone with my sorrows. Eventually I stopped weeping and went to my bathroom and washed, taking special care to remove all the heavy makeup I had worn that day.

After combing as much bounce out of my hair as I could, I tied it back in a simply pony tail. As I reentered



I had the shape of a young girl, a figure showing the promise of being splendidly suited to conceive, preserve and nourish a child, obligations I could never keep.

the bedroom, I surveyed my feminine finery and said to myself in animated disgust, "Just a game, huh!"

Then my eyes caught the package Dad had sent. I immediately sat on my bed and opened it.

To my surprise, it contained clothes, boy's clothes! There were two pairs of dress pants, one grey and the other khaki, four oxford button down business shirts, two white, one blue and the fourth ecru. Several pairs of wool socks, boxer shorts, undershirts and a pair of black dress shoes, with a kiltie tassel finished out the package.

Looking further in the box, I found an envelope addressed to "Marc." I was embarrassed for having to take a moment to think who "Marc" was before remembering it was me. It seemed so long since anyone called me anything but "Monica."

Opening up the envelope, the note read:

Dear Marc,

I hope you're having a wonderful time with your Aunt. I recently got a small bonus at work and I thought that it has been quite a while since you had some new clothes. With all the fresh air you've been breathing, I'm sure you're old appetite returned to you. I ventured to guess that you ought to be your old self by now, so I bought you these new clothes, based on how you were before you got sick. I really enjoy getting your letters, especially since you've learned to type. It will come in handy when you go to college. I'm looking forward to hearing from you soon.

Love, Dad.

P.S. Tell me how your new clothes fit!



The shirt was terribly ill fitting. Not only was it many sizes too large, I saw my large budding mounds and nipples push against the two layers of cotton material.

I reread the letter several times, and with each reading, I cried a little more. I didn't understand why I did, I never got so emotional over a letter from Dad.

Finally, I put the letter in my nightstand and decided to try on my new clothes. Ever since that afternoon, I had an overwhelming urge to wear men's clothes again. The package Dad sent could not have arrived at a better time.

I disrobed as quickly as I could, however, I couldn't bring myself to hurry too fast. I feared I would cause my nylons to run if I did.

Choosing the gray slacks and one of the white shirts, I started to dress. The new shirt felt as awkward as a blouse felt the first time I wore one. Again, I felt the buttons were on the wrong side.

When I was fully dressed, I looked at my reflection in the full length mirror, where I experienced a horrendous despair at what I saw.

The shirt was terribly ill fitting. Not only was it many sizes too large, I saw my large budding mounds and nipples push against the two layers of cotton material. The undershirt I wore was so rough and scratchy, it caused my hypersensitive nipples to itch terribly.

Then there were the pants. There was so much room around the waist, I felt I could fit two of me in there. Yes they were too snug in through my hips. The seat was stretched so much by my fanny, it looked like the seams were about to pop!

I couldn't believe the way the shoes just didn't fit. While the heavy socks made my feet perspire profusely, the loafers fit very loose and slipped with ever step I took. Moreover, they seemed so heavy; it felt as if they were lined with lead weights.

These individual observations were minor in comparison to my overall appearance in these clothes. With my long, black hair, thinly plucked eyebrows, traces of mascara and lipstick, as well as my long pink fingernails, I looked like a young, attractive girl, pretending to look like a boy in her brother's clothes. I was

so devastated, I turned from the mirror in an emotionless daze. I was ruined!

Without thinking, I unlocked the door and wandered through the house, aimlessly, as if I was in a trance. The methodical "thump, thump, thump," made by the ill fitting shoes as they flopped against the Mexican tile floors provided a cadence to which I marched along.

I ended up in the den where Peggy was with Abbie Proctor. Both looked at me in my pathetic condition and shook their heads in unified concern and despair.

With tortured sorrow, I lifted my arms and exclaimed, "Look what has happened to me, Aunt Peggy. Look at what I have become. I'm a freak, a monster, a boy with tits and a girl's body! What will happened to me?" Tears flowed freely.

Peggy stepped up to me and held me close as she brought me o sit with her and Dr. Proctor on the sofa. She looked at me, and said, "It's all my fault, dear. I forgot to bring your motivational tapes with us to Denver. As a result, your mind reverted back to your old way of thinking."

I was even more confused and started to cry. As I did, I didn't see Dr. Proctor move behind me. The last thing I remembered was someone pulling down my pants and a sharp needle thrusting in my buttocks.

I had no idea how long I slept, it could have been hours, days, weeks or months. When I woke, I was in an unfamiliar room with my hands secured by leather straps to the side of the bed I laid in. Once I gained by bearings, I realized I was in a hospital room.

The room was empty, except for the bed, a television set, and my cassette recorder, which was playing the stringed instrumental motivational tape. I couldn't sit up, yet I was able to tell that there was bandaging on my face and my chest. However, I was feeling much better than I felt before falling asleep. In fact, I had a deep, satisfying feminine glow within me.

No sooner had I sighed and began to enjoy these feelings, than my Aunt entered my room with Dr.

Proctor and another woman. Peggy was wearing a simple plaid skirt and white blouse while the other two women wore white hospital lab coats. Dr. Proctor was carrying my medical file I had seen in her office.

“Hey sleepyhead, how are you doing? We were worried you’d never wake up,” my Aunt cheerfully exclaimed.

In a soft, gravelly voice, not more than a whisper, I asked, “Where am I. I don’t remember going to a hospital. That’s where we are, isn’t it?”

Smiling, Dr. Proctor said, “Indeed you are in a hospital, Monica. When you were admitted over a week ago, you were experiencing a terrible adverse reaction to the time release medication. It was necessary to make some adjustments. As a result, the implants were removed and a new set were put in.” With a sly, knowing expression, she stated, “I’m confident that what happened to you before will never occur again.”

“Over a week ago!” I whispered in disbelief. “Why have I been here so long? It only took you a short office visit to put the first implants in. Why are my arms bound and who is this other person?”

The other woman in a lab coat walked to my side and began to gently stroke my hair. Despite my initial concern, her ministrations felt nice and relaxed me.

“Monica, my name is Dr. Earl, Susan Earl,” she stated in a very comforting bedside manner. “While you were in the hospital, Dr. Proctor and Peggy consulted with me. It was decided that a few minor surgical procedures should be performed to help you in your new career.”

While my mind told me to get excited and react to her statement, my emotions told me to stay calm and not be overly concerned. I asked Dr. Earl, “What type of procedures, doctor?”

However, she didn’t get a chance to respond. Peggy interjected herself in the conversation and said, “Don’t worry your little head about that right now, dear. You need your rest. We’re going to leave you now, but I’ll

be back a little later. I have a very nice surprise to show you.

Then Dr. Proctor picked up a syringe from a medication table and injected its contents into an intravenous tube already in my arm. Before I knew it, I felt groggy and fell asleep.

I woke later to find Peggy sitting by my side. She was reading mystery novel, but when she saw my eyes open, she quickly put it down and gave me her undivided attention.

"Hi, doll face," she softly said in a loving tone, "Did you sleep well?"

I let go a deep sigh and replied, "Yes, yes I did." I could still hear the sweet sounds of the soft strings playing in the background as I asked her, "Why am I in a hospital? Why has it been over a week since I've been here? What are these bandages for?"

Peggy gently patted my head and quietly said, "I'll tell you in just a moment. Before I do, let me show you something I know you'll just love."

She went to the other side of the room and picked up a large, black bound folder. She stood beside my bed and opened it to the first page. "Oh my goodness! Aunt Peggy, it isn't my portfolio, is it?"

"Indeed it is, Monica," she replied, "It is your portfolio. After you were admitted to the hospital, I called Jack Billings and explained a few things to him. He was a real sweetheart and worked feverishly to develop your photographs. He even arranged them in a professional portfolio."

I was so thrilled! Not only did it have the best shots from our modeling sessions, it also had the photos taken when I modeled Peggy's jewelry line. Additionally, actual magazine pages were inserted. Taking a closer look, I saw that they contained the photos of my hands modeling the jewelry. This added bonus made me swoon. I had actually been in print!

As Peggy turned the pages for me, said, "After Jack processed the photos, he and I discussed them over the phone. Despite the fact he works out of Colorado, he's

still one of the top fashion photographers in the world. Agencies around the country not only follow, but depend on his advise when they sign new models to contracts. I can't begin to name the famous world class models he has discovered in his lifetime. Suffice it to say, he knows exactly what he's talking about."

I found myself in a quandary at what Peggy said about Jack Billings. What did this have to do with me? When I asked her, I got the answer as to why I was in this hospital bed.

"Jack strongly believes that you have what it takes to be a very successful, world class model, Monica," she stated insistently. "Having been in the business for as long as I have, I readily agree with him. I know you had a bad spell in that last afternoon session, but if you look at those photos you will see that, despite the negative attitude that overwhelmed you, you remained highly photogenic and displayed that fresh, playful look the camera loves."

As I examined the photos, I agreed with my Aunt. No sooner did I come to this realization Peggy said, "This is why you're still in the hospital, dear. Even though you have the inner look, both Jack and I agree that successfully compete, a few minor adjustments had to be made."

Peggy began to stroke my hair and softly continued, "Plainly put, Monica, as your legal guardian, I approved for you to have some minor plastic surgery. It's not irreversible and that which is irreversible only makes you look better, either as a woman or a man."

I was getting very nervous. My heart was racing as my quickened pulse pounded heavily in my throat. Gaining as much self control as I could, I begged, "What kind of changes, Peggy? You must tell me, what kind of changes?"

Just then, Dr. Proctor entered the room. As I pleaded with my Aunt to tell me what she had done, Dr. Proctor injected another dose of the sleeping potion into my I.V. tube. I immediately fell into a deep sleep with my pleas still on my lips.

ARE YOU A WRITER?



ARTIST?
OR JUST A
"GAL" WITH
SOME IDEAS
OR SCENES?

SOME OF THE
BEST IDEAS
START WITH
SOMEONE JUST
SCRIBBLING
DOWN A FEW
SCENES TO A
FANTASY?
I'D LOVE TO SEE
THOSE AND
MAYBE EXPAND
UPON THEM.

SEND THOSE
THOUGHTS TO:
SANDY THOMAS
P.O. BOX 2309
CAPISTRANO
BEACH, CA
92624-0309

The next time I awoke, I was no longer in a hospital bed. Instead, I was in a large, overstuffed chair in the same hospital room. When I regained consciousness, I glanced down at my feet and saw that I was wearing a pair of white and navy blue oxford pumps with three inch heels.

As I drew my eyes upward, I noticed my silky smooth, shapely legs were encased in a pair of sheer white nylon stockings. By the feel, I could tell they were secured by a belt and garters.

Around my thighs, I wore a navy blue tropical wool knit skirt with half inch wide stripe an inch above the hem. And as I extended my arms, I discovered that below my hands with brightly polished red fingernails I wore a matching long sleeved top, with half inch wide, alternating white and navy blue horizontal stripes.

My Aunt was standing at the opposite end of the room as I reached up and felt my long, thick hair tightly braided down my back. There was something else I felt as I raised my arms to place my hands behind my head. It was odd, but something heavy was weighing on my chest.

Peggy must have sensed my confusion, because she reached out and silently motioned for me to take her hands. As I did, she gently pulled me to my feet and walked with me, arm in arm, to a mirror on the bathroom door.

Before reaching the mirror, she moved behind me and placed her hands over my eyes. Then she said, "At the count of three, I'll remove my hands. One, two.....three!"

"Oh my!" I softly whispered in sheer amazement. I now saw the few "minor adjustment" made to my "facade" that Peggy had mentioned. To my astonishment, I had momentarily forgotten about the plastic surgery when I awoke on the chair until she removed her hands from my eyes.

"Well Monica, I am very impressed. You look absolutely striking!" Peggy stated with exuberance.



As I looked thru the pictures, Peggy began to stroke my hair and softly continued, 'Plainly put, Monica, as your legal guardian, I approved for you to have some minor plastic surgery.

I had to agree. As I stared at myself, the first thing I saw was my hair. It was longer than it had ever been, however, it was back to its original dark brown shade.

Next, I concentrated on my face. It was more beautiful than it had ever been. Whereas my natural delicate features were still there, Dr. Earl had added to their softness through rhinoplasty. Gone was my full, masculine nose I had inherited from my father. In its place was a small, slightly upturned button of a nose with tiny, slender nostrils and a softly rounded tip.

I had inherited my dad's small cleft chin. In my masculine life, I always considered it an asset, but now it was gone; removed by the skill of the plastic surgeon's scalpel. What remained was smoothly rounded, with just the right touch of definition.

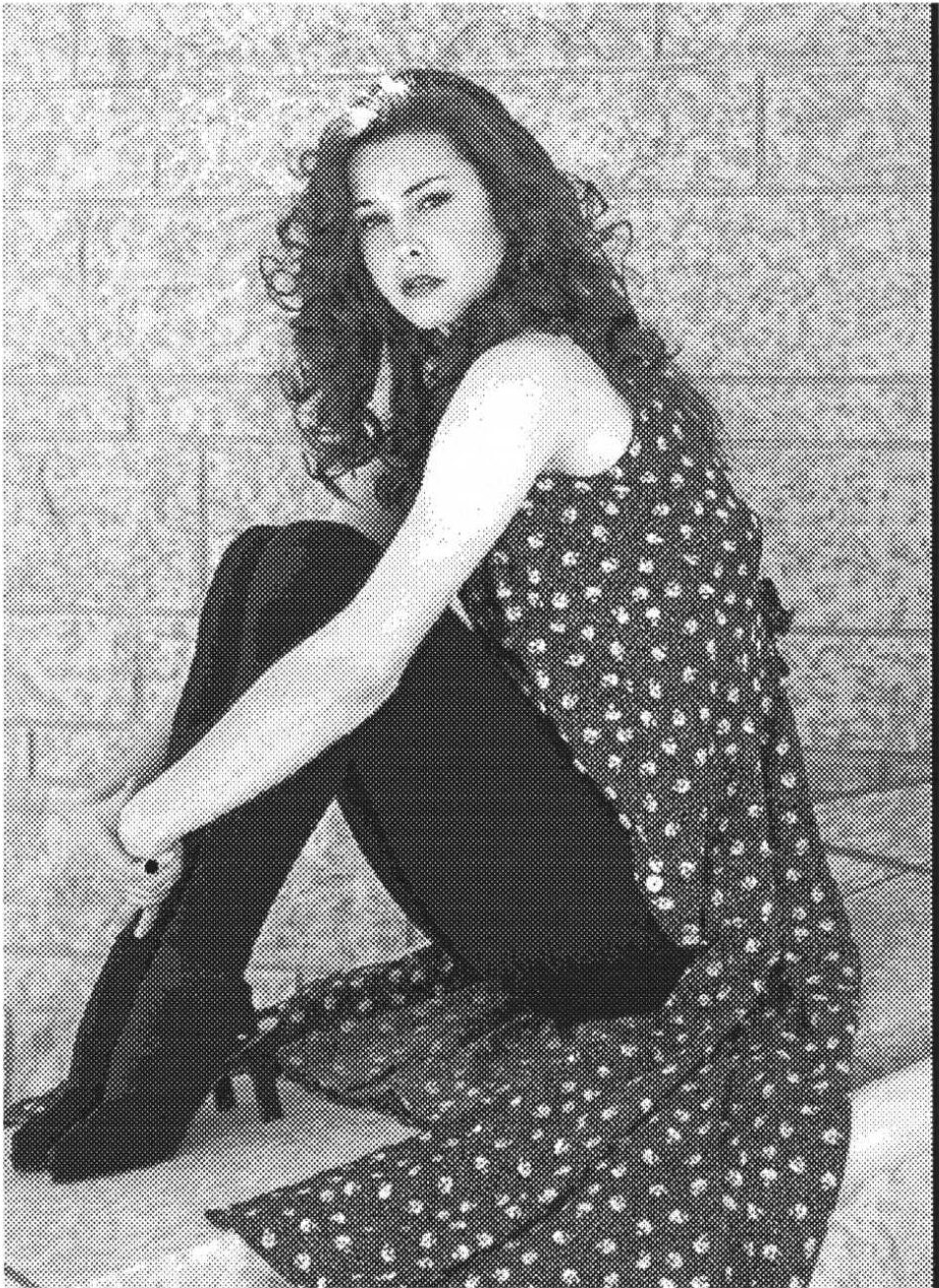
I stared with great intensity at my facial transformation. I delicately touched Dr. Earl's handiwork with the tips of my manicured fingers, all the while denying that it was actually real.

My concentration was broken by the sound of my Aunt's voice saying, "Isn't it lovely, dear?" Turning in her direction, I saw her gorgeous face smiling brightly at me.

When I returned to my reflection, a shuddering realization overwhelmed me. My face now looked just like hers! It was Peggy's face, except mine was more youthful and naturally glowing. Gone was all resemblance to my father. Even under the closest scrutiny, anyone would believe that Peggy and I were sisters!

So much was happening, the shock of my new appearance was minor in comparison. Regaining my bearings, I began working my way down from my chin. I noticed that my slightly visible Adam's Apple was gone, leaving my neck femininely smooth and slender.

The most remarkable change was what lied below my neck. It was the biggest change, in more ways than one. Now I understood what was causing the added on my chest. Sitting on my chest were two very pronounced breasts. Gone was my prepubescent profile. In its place was a very womanly reflection. Placing my hands to my bosom, I cupped and fondled my new attributes.



These pictures were the last vision of who I was. Gone was my full, masculine nose I had inherited from my father. I had inherited my dad's small cleft chin. . .In my masculine life, I always considered it an asset, but now it was gone!

There were reports in the news of the dangers of silicone breast implants. Not only were there fears of their leakage, but even the most successful operations were apt to leave the recipient with little to no feeling in the breast area for several years after surgery.

Much to my amazement, I actually had feeling. They were intensely sensitive, even to a light brush through two layers of clothing.

Turning to Peggy, my eyes lit up, as I continued to fondle myself. Seeing the astonished look in my eye, she said, "They're not what you think, dear. Dr. Earl abhors silicone implants. She used a new type, made of natural human fatty tissue. Not only is it safe, in the unlikely event of leakage, but they are much more natural feeling to the touch.

"Also, she used a new technique, which she has perfected. Instead of making the incision below the breast and destroying all the nerve tissue there, she made a small cut under your arms. It was done when Dr. Proctor replaced your time release medication. The rest is history; glorious and stunning history."

I continued to cup my breasts through my knit top and bra. I was still speechless, however, Peggy must have been reading my mind. The next thing I knew, she was helping me pull my striped top over my head.

Standing behind me, she unhooked the clasp of my bra as I watched my new breasts pour out of the cups in all their glory. Not only were they bigger, they were much bigger. So were my nipples, measuring the size of a dime in width, and my areolas, which eclipsed the size of a silver dollar. Yet with all this enhancement, my breasts had a very natural wide, firm shape. Even without a bra, they bounced and jiggled freely, while maintaining lift and separation. Touching their naked flesh sent erotic, piercing shock waves throughout me. All I could do was emit a slow, soft moan.

Peggy allowed me to enjoy my new pendulous breasts for several moments. In fact, I think she enjoyed watching me more than I enjoyed playing with myself.

Peggy finally said that Drs. Earl and Proctor were waiting for us in their office and that we best hurry.

Peggy picked up my bra to help me put it back on. She purposely flashed the tag to show me the size. I was now the proud possessor of a 35 inch bosom which was housed comfortably, but snugly, in a B+ cup!

As I examined myself, I was certain that I had not gained anything in my waist, hips or fanny. In fact, Peggy told me that my hips remained an even 34 inches; however, my waist had narrowed some and now measured barely 22 inches around.

As she assisted me with my bra, explaining how I must insert each breast into the larger, more substantial cup, concern overwhelmed me, quickly rising to the level of fear.

As soon as I felt the clasp of the bra tighten in place, I placed my hands on the waistband of my skirt and jerked it below my knees. In a mad rush, my hands enveloped my groin as I searched feverishly for my manhood.

In the mirror, I saw Peggy smiling. I thought she was either laughing at me for being a fool or had me altered below the belt as well.

Once I got my French cut, white silk and lace panties off, I could find no trace of my manhood, nor could I detect my gaffe. I was certain that she had ordered my sex change operation.

However, once she regained her composure, Peggy placed her arm around me and said, "You have nothing to worry about, Monica. Everything is still there, it has only been skillfully tucked where no one will find it."

"Wha... what do you mean?" I shuddered.

With a giggle, Peggy replied, "Dr. Earl perfected this little technique. It works in a similar way to your gaffe. The only difference is you can stay this way for months at a time without exposing the real you.

"Dr. Earl secured your manhood in place using a special surgical tape. The tape is water proof and the adhesive will last for months. Moreover, it can only be removed with a special solvent."

"A catheter was run from the end of your urinary tract, between your legs to the area where a woman's would be. All the handiwork in hidden by the special

tape. Your reproductive organs are right where they were when you wore the gaffe, only much more secure and inconspicuous.”

“Why does it appear that I have a woman’s sexual organs? I didn’t have that when I wore the gaffe,” I whined.

My Aunt calmly explained, “That, my dear, is known as an “Artificial Womanhood.” It’s only for show being completely nonfunctional. However, it will avoid unnecessary embarrassment which would be quite awful if my plans for you go through.”

I didn’t ask her what her plans were. I was too mesmerized by the contours of my newly altered body. Once I was dressed again, I marvelled at my reflection. The mostly solid knit skirt molded to my luscious curves, accentuating my small waist, shapely, slim hips and undulating fanny. The top, with its many rows of blue and white horizontal stripes, created the illusion that my substantial bosom was much wider and more pronounced than Dr. Earl’s skilled hands had made it. The longer I gazed, the more enthralled I became. I don’t believe I ever appeared more womanly or felt more feminine!

With gentle prodding from my Aunt, I broke off my incessant narcissism, touched up my makeup and followed her from the hospital room. As we walked arm in arm down the hospital corridor, I swooned with thrills and chills at my greatly enhanced femininity. The feelings must have been electrically charged because Peggy glanced over at me with knowing and understanding smiles.

We finally ended up at Dr. Earl’s office. Upon our entrance, the two doctors broke off their conversation and looked at me!

“Monica, you are absolutely stunning!” said Abbie Proctor, as she walked over and gave me a sisterly kiss on my cheek. “You’ve come a long way in a very short time and I’m so proud of all your accomplishments.”

Dr. Earl came over and asked me to lift my arms. As I did, she said, “I’ve done this exam on you umpteen times while you were unconscious. I just want to make sure that everything is where it’s suppose to be.”

I felt her skilled hands reach below my knit top and unhook my bra. No sooner was it undone, than her palms and fingertips methodically kneaded my newly enhanced breasts.

The scene was most peculiar and the sensations were tingling. The more she kneaded, the hotter and more stimulated I became. I thought I felt my manhood engorge beneath its newly created and well secured housing. Within a matter of seconds, the pressure was becoming unbearable.

With just as much skill, Dr. Earl moved her hands back and re-hooked my bra. With a big enthusiastic smile on her thin lips, she said, "Perfect! Simply perfect. Monica, your breast implants couldn't fit any better. They're secure and you will have no worry about leakage. The job I did on you even surpasses the one I did for your aunts."

"The job you did on who!?" I exclaimed. I wasn't certain I had heard her right.

It wasn't Dr. Earl who replied, instead it was my Aunt. In a calm and cool voice, she explained, "Dr. Earl is correct, Monica. I had my breasts done two years ago. I, like you, have the new fatty tissue implant; not the ones made of silicone or saline solution. That is why they look so natural, even when not supported by a bra."

"Remember my old modeling photos you saw in my portfolio?" Peggy asked, in a reminiscent tone of voice.

I told her that I did; however, I did not understand their significance to the current conversation. Just as I replied, Peggy walked to an end table beside the office couch. She came back towards me, carrying what I remembered as one of her portfolio volumes.

"Take a look again, dear," She kindly insisted. Taking the large folder from her, I began to peruse the pages. I began to understand what she was trying to tell me, and I understood her statement about how models had to adapt to changes in fashion and looks.

"My goodness, Peggy, you were flat chested in these pictures!" I exclaimed with wonderment. "You've been

retired for over two years. Why did you have implants?"

"Semi-retired, dear," was her earnest reply. "I still fly into the fashion and modeling centers when they need a mature looking model, not too old, but not too young either. Mostly, I'm used to model business women's wear. Occasionally, I'm in a family shot, depicting a mother with adolescent children."

More of Peggy's confessions would have to wait. Both doctors wanted to talk with me while I was in the office. First, Dr. Earl spoke in a professional manner, "Now Monica, there are a few more things you must be aware of concerning your feminization."

Taking a seat, I automatically sat very erect, kept my thighs pressed tightly together, and elegantly crossed my beautifully sculpture legs at the knee.

She stated, "Your body is still developing, dear. While your current breast size fills a B+ cup, it is highly probable that there will be more growth over the next few months. Dr. Proctor told me that you began your estrogen therapy in late March of this year. Based upon the dosage your body has been consuming, you will reach complete development by Christmas; which is less than three months away."

I really became confused. Words began to race about my weary mind. Estrogen? Development? Growth? March? Christmas! Christmas was in late December. If it was less than three months away, I must have slept the entire summer. This hospital was at, it had to be October already!

Even more disturbing was her statement about therapy. I looked at Abbie Proctor and asked, "What type of therapy did you give me last March? All I remember was that time released medication for my respiratory ailment."

Abbie Proctor put her hand on my shoulder and sat down beside me, taking my hand in hers as she did. As if begging for forgiveness, she said, "I'm terribly sorry, Monica. I didn't mean to deceive you. It was the only way to make sure you had a sufficient supply of estrogen in your system to make your transformation pos-

sible. I dare say, what a magnificent transformation it has been!"

"Estrogen! What is estrogen?" I ignorantly asked.

Aunt Peggy injected herself into the conversation and explained, "Monica, estrogen is a female hormone. It is the chemical responsible for the development of secondary female sexual characteristics, such as large breasts, narrow waist, full and curvaceous hips, and a rounded derriere. It's been six months since you received your first injection and the time released dosages via implants beneath you armpits. Just look at the results. You have a magnificent body with perfect feminine form. Any real woman would die to look as you do now. You're about to embark on a very promising modeling career. The income you will realize is beyond your wildest expectations. Don't fight the changes, dear. Flaunt them!"

My mind was in a whirl. Although I was seated, I felt dizzy. Just as I was getting the gist of the incredible information my Aunt told me, Dr. Earl began speaking again. You see, dear," she said compassionately, "All of this was done with your best interests in mind. Your Aunt Peggy is very sympathetic to your situation and has the unique ability to relate to everything you are going through."

As an afterthought, Dr. Earl said, "Oh, by the way, estrogen is not the only female hormone being released into your system. After I completed your breast augmentations, Dr. Proctor implanted a new dosage of progesterone. While estrogen continues to affect your physiological make up, progesterone affects your state of mind and your bodily functions. Don't be surprised if you find yourself thinking more like a woman with feminine thoughts and ideas.

"We can dispense with those cumbersome motivational lectures, Monica," Dr. Proctor announced. "After all, the subliminal messages fed to you were to make you totally feminine in thought and outlook; to help you adapt to your bodily changes. We had a little scare when you and Peggy returned from Denver. Now the tapes aren't necessary. The hormones will ensure you maintain your femininity all the time."

As soon as I opened my mouth to respond, Dr. Earl said, "With progesterone, you're going to experience discomfort the last five days of a 28 day cycle. This means that you are going to have a pseudo period, just like a real girl."

"You mean I'm going to bleed from my groin every month?" I asked in total disbelief.

Abbie Proctor let go a short laugh and said, "Oh no, that's quite impossible. Even if you had a sex change operation, you couldn't actually menstruate. You will feel all the pain, bloating and irritability of a menstrual cycle, but since you don't have a uterus, nothing else can happen."

"Wow!" I exclaimed. "At least I have that going for me. I can save money on sanitary pads!" Everyone in the office got a good chuckle from my self deprecating statement.

We continued to talk about my changes and further developments I ought to expect. Peggy explained why I was kept sedated for three months and apologized for that. She said it was done with my best interest in mind. If I had been awake to see all the changes, there was fear I would rebel and possibly hurt myself.

I learned that because my manhood was well hidden beneath and between my legs, over time it would experience atrophy. In fact, when I told Dr. Proctor that I had felt it get hard earlier, she explained that it probably didn't get very big, and very soon it wouldn't be able to engorge at all.

I found out that there was a considerable likelihood my breasts would become even larger. Dr. Earl explained that my bosom circumference would remain the same, at 35 inches, but I probably would be filling a C cup bra before the end of the year.

I should have been furious. I had a mind to contact the authorities to have these women arrested for forcibly transforming me into a woman. Yet, I felt quite differently.

I guess I had become far more female than I had ever been male. Females are creatures of emotion, and emotionally I loved what I had become. I marvelled at

my curvaceously feminine body and adored my new and improved womanly facial features. I was so overcome with joy and happiness, I threw my arms around each conspirator in my transformation and gave each my warm and tender affection and gratitude.

Drs. Earl and Proctor remained behind when Peggy and I left the office. Once in the bright sunshine, I discovered that I was in Tucson, Arizona and had spent the last three months in the University hospital.

As we walked through the parking lot to the rental car, I quickly became accustomed to my new proportions and how they effected the manner and style in which I moved. I also found myself undergoing a crash course in the ogling and mesmerized attention of men. Still I thrilled in my femininity with every stare and every wolf whistle I received during our short walk.

The attention on our plane trip back to Colorado was no less intense. All the men Peggy and I encountered were perfect gentlemen. Peggy whispered to me on more than one occasion that devoted attention was one of the many privileges that came with being a very attractive woman.

I was exhausted by the time we arrived at Peggy's house. Although I slept the entire summer, I felt ready for another three months of shut eye.

That evening, we resumed our nightly ritual of combing and preening each other's long, luxurious hair. As Peggy did mine, I appreciated that it was returned to its original color. Now that it hung well past my shoulder blades and inching toward my narrow waist, it never looked better with its dark brown color and glinting highlights.

Peggy tucked me into bed before she retired herself. I had to use the bathroom facilities right before she did. While I had to use the toilet since I first starting wearing silken panties, it was still strange having my member invisible and not available to touch.

As she pulled the blankets tightly across my sensitive bosom, she leaned over and gave me a deep and provocative kiss. She turned off my bedside lamp, and whispered softly in my ear, "Tomorrow, my dear, will be the first day of the rest of your life!"

I awoke early the next morning. As I raised my arms in a morning stretch, I felt that I had been reborn. Indeed, it was the first day of the rest of my life.

Peggy was dressed and drinking coffee at the kitchen table. I too was dressed, wearing a tight fitting yellow ski sweater, black turtle neck pullover, a pair of form fitting black stretch pants, and moderately heeled black pumps.

An array of brochures were in front of Peggy on the table and application forms. I poured myself a cup of hot Java, kissed my Aunt lovingly on her cheek, and took a seat beside her.

"What are these, Peggy?" I asked with a growing feminine curiosity.

Smiling Peggy said, "These are part of my plan. Actually, it isn't so much my plan as it is our plan. I've always seen a lot of me in you, dear. If I had the opportunity to receive the advantages that are now available to you, I'd be independently wealthy."

"You mean all of these papers have to do with modeling?" I queried.

"More than just modeling, Monica," Peggy replied. Pointing to two stacks of papers, she said, "This one is a contract for advanced modeling and feminine decorum lessons at Jack Billings' studio."

"What's the other one for, Aunt Peggy?" my excited, quivering voice asked.

With a proud smile, she replied, "This, my dear, is an application for participation in the Miss Mountain Top Beauty Pageant!"

I couldn't believe my ears; a beauty pageant! Just the sound of it sent tingles down my spine.

Moving my chair closer, we read the application together. It was a very involved document. There were so many rules and regulations for a simple contest.

The major rules included the following: Every contestant had to be between the ages of eighteen and twenty one, single and never been married. A clean bill of health was required. There were three basic modeling requirements; costume, bathing suit and evening wear. Those who reached the final five must give a

short address to the judges. Finally, on the bottom of the last page it stated in bold type, **"IF ANY APPLICANT WILLFULLY OR KNOWINGLY MAKES A FALSE STATEMENT OR MISREPRESENTATION, HEREIN, THAT APPLICANT WILL AUTOMATICALLY BE DISQUALIFIED AND LIABLE TO THE PAGEANT PROMOTER FOR ANY AND ALL ENSUING DAMAGES."**

We read and reread the entire document very carefully. Both Peggy and I noticed that no where in the application's detailed five pages was a requirement that the contestant be female!

Peggy looked at me with a wild gleam in her eyes. As I watched her, I felt my heart racing with excitement. "Well, what do you say, dear?" she asked. "You will make an exquisite beauty contestant, Monica. This can be your chance to launch your modeling career with a whirlwind of high profile publicity."

I was at a loss at her statement about publicity. I asked, "But Peggy, this is just a small local contest. I don't see how it can launch anyone's career."

Peggy gave me a knowing smile and replied, "Well gorgeous, you're right, it is just a local contest. It's open only to applicants who live within the surrounding seven counties in Western Colorado. To tell the truth, no one will pay attention to Miss Mountain Top. But, you'll change your tune when I tell you that Little Miss Mountain Top competes in the Miss Southwestern U.S. contest next winter!"

I felt my breath taken away as I listen to Peggy tell me of the spoils that go to the victor. Miss Southwestern U.S. was a big deal. This was a contest that could launch big modeling jobs, not to mention all the perks that come with being a winner. This year's winner had already made the cover of several big fashion magazines.

This is what I wanted. To follow Peggy's footsteps was becoming a passion with me. We talked more and then we completed the application for the Miss Mountain Top Beauty Pageant. I carefully and gleefully signed the document. To be perfectly honest with the

pageant officials, I used only my first initial, applying as "M. Duncan."

About two weeks later, a letter addressed to "M. Duncan" arrived in the morning mail. I didn't think much of it, after all, my Aunt was Margaret Duncan and much of her correspondence was addressed similarly.

During our morning coffee break, Peggy went through the mail. As she was reading the many letters, invoices and bills, I busily filed my long, luxurious fingernails, getting them ready to polish in a new shade of pink.

"Oh my word!" Peggy exclaimed with delight. "Monica, this letter is for you. It's from the pageant officials. They've accepted your application and you'll be representing Tobago in the upcoming Miss Mountain Top contest!"

Despite my nervous excitement, I read the words as carefully as I could. This was so unreal. I was actually going to be in a beauty pageant! We got to work on my wardrobe immediately. The contest was only seven weeks away and there was so much to do.

Peggy called her customers that afternoon and extended the deadlines for her designs. She explained that she was just hired to put together a beauty pageant wardrobe and didn't have much time to complete it. Her customers understood. It was advantageous to have their designer's fashion creations featured in a beauty contest, it gave them extra prestige. However, Peggy didn't tell them it was only the "Miss Mountain Top Beauty Pageant." I venture to say, if they knew they wouldn't have been so lenient.

We worked feverishly. Peggy went through an entire artist paper pad on drawings for my bathing suit, day attire, and evening gown. I added a few suggestions which my Aunt readily used in her designs.

Five weeks later, we finally completed the design and making of my contest outfits. We couldn't make a definitive choice so Peggy and I made three outfits for each category. We believed it would be easier to narrow

the field down once the outfits were made so I could model them.

They were all so wonderful and ultra feminine in style, I couldn't select just one. We agreed to hold our choices off until the night of the contest. That way, we could see what the other girls were wearing and then I could pick something to set me off from the other girls.

Dress designing, fabrications and fitting were overlapped with my professional model training at Jack Billing's studio. Every Thursday, Peggy and I drove to Denver and stayed the long weekend. I received the most intensive and highly critical training that any model could go through. Peggy even mentioned that she never went through anything so grueling when she was modeling full time.

The hard work paid off. After six weeks, everything about me had changed. My walk was smoother and more graceful. I naturally glided across the floor with every step. I learned to position myself in various poses to not only display my outfit to the greatest advantage, but also to highlight my voluptuous figure and my stunning face.

My public speaking voice was improved. In my soft, feminine soprano tone, I was able to convey and resonate concepts and ideas thoughtfully, logically and concisely.

I had become the ultimate picture of feminine beauty and culture. Even Peggy was mystified that I had not been a female all my life. I was spellbound as well. It was difficult for me to believe that I had been a boy a little over a year earlier.

The day of the pageant arrived before I realized it. Peggy and I drove to Neeland, Colorado, the town where the contest was being held, a day early. We checked into the small hotel designated for the contestants and their families to stay during the festivities.

After checking in to our rooms, Peggy and I went to see the sights of the town. Everything was a glow in the spirit of the big event. Every storefront had signs that read, "Neeland Welcomes the Miss Mountain Top Beauties."

During our walking tour, we ran into a few of the other contestants. At first I was worried. It's one thing to appear as a woman in society, it's quite another to prove I was a "superior woman" to these most attractive females.

"I can't do this," I whispered to Peggy.

"You can do anything a girl can do," Peggy said, "and you can do it better if you really try."

There was a girl from Alcazar. Her name was Juanita Estavez. She had very long natural blue black hair which was darker than mine had been when it was colored. Her features were authentic Mexican American, yet they were not as strong as Chicano women tend to appear. They were soft and delicate.

We gave each other the twice over, as we sized up our respective competition. These girls were so delightfully feminine and pretty, but now so was I. They were just "more experienced as girls," Peggy told me later.

Once that small bout of feminine rivalry was over, we settled engaged each other in the friendliest of conversations. As we chattered away on a park bench in the town square, two other contestants joined us. One of the girls was named Anna Pierce. She was from a very small ranching town on the Colorado state line. The other girl's name was Amy Eagle Feather. She was from the Pueblo Indian Reservation and a true Indian Princess in ancestry as well as physical beauty.

All four of us got along famously, and in a short period of time, became friends. I was accomplished at talking fashion, make-up and hairdos, but I got fidgety when they talked about boys. That was something I knew everything and nothing about.

The next morning, I woke with a terrible case of butterflies. Nothing seemed to settle my nervous stomach. Peggy understood what I was going through and suggested I hum a nice melody to put my anxiety at bay. To my surprise, her idea worked and soon I found myself gleefully preparing for my big night.

Our hotel was filled with contestants and their families so every hallway and corridor was Pandemonium.

I was to report to Conference Room "A" on the main floor of the hotel at ten a.m. I was to dress in a conservative skirted suit and be photographed by the pageant photographers.

When I arrived with Peggy, I was happy to see my newly made friends from the day before. Juantia, Amy and Anna and I gathered around one another and exchanged girlish embraces and small kisses. We were so giddy, we all giggled with feminine excitement.

The outfit I chose for the photo session was a basic suit ensemble consisting of a light rose pink jacket with two inch wide lapels and slightly padded shoulders, and a matching skirt with highly styled one inch wide pleats all around. The suit material was a very light-weight wool flannel. I matched it up with a slightly off-white silk shell and matching nylons. My jewelry was Peggy's creation. Silver dominated in my small hoop earrings, delicate necklace, thin bracelet, and exquisite brooch.

The photo session was teamed with an impromptu press conference. There were a few reporters from the home town newspapers of the various contestants. However, one reporter was from a big Denver newspaper. I felt very fortunate that I was one of the few contestants she interviewed.

Peggy was within earshot of the questions and answers I took and gave to the reporter. Afterwards, she came to me and showered me with kisses. She said, "You were simply marvelous, Monica. Your feminine poise and womanly confidence are among the best of the girls here." I swear, I blushed a color to match my suit after she said those sweet words to me.

Shortly after the photo session, there was a luncheon for the contestants, during which we all stood up and introduced ourselves each other. There were 35 contestants in the pageant making an array of beaming beauties. As each girl stood up to introduce herself and say a few words, I became concerned that I was woe-

fully lacking in my ability to even place in the contest, let alone win.

As these concerns entered my mind, I got a rush. I couldn't believe I actually thought like this, after all, under my clothes, makeup and surgery, I was still a boy.

At 6:00 p.m., we were led from our hotel to the Neeland Civic Arena for the contest to begin. The bus that took us there was a buzz with the nervous chatter of girls discussing their hopes and fears of the night's festivities. I joined in and maintained a highly animated conversation with Juanita; flashing my glamorous pink fingernails about with every excited sentence.

Peggy was already at the arena. She assumed the role of my matron and began to get me ready for the contest. As I sat in front of my vanity in the cavernous dressing room, she leaned over my shoulder and softly whispered in my ear, "You're the best looking one in the bunch, Monica. You're going to knock them dead!"

The first round of the pageant was the "March of the Contestants." Since this was a small, local contest, we weren't required to wear costumes; instead, we wore elaborate dresses.

Some of the girls went all out and wore ensembles that were stunning, but actually hid their beauty instead of enhancing it. However, that wasn't my case. Since I had three dresses to choose from, I selected a simple, but stunning, navy blue and white number. It was silk and cut tightly to elegantly display my curvaceous figure. As I marched down the runway in my four inch navy pumps, the crowd went wild in their applause for me.

Despite the excitement and appreciation of the audience, I maintained my professional modeling demeanor and deportment. I had a wide, toothy smile and added an extra wiggle in my walk which was not lost on the appreciative crowd.

The end of the "March of the Contestants" produced the first phase of the pageant as well as the first round of "cuts." During a brief pause, the judges placed their votes and a team of local accountants did the tabulations. Peggy was helping with my one piece swim suit

as the results were announced to the contestants in the dressing area.

“Miss Templeton, Miss Pueblo Reservation, Miss Drysdale...” were the first three names announced by one of the pageant’s staffers. I had not heard my name, but I was happy that Amy had proceeded to the second round.

The staffer continue, “...Miss Neeland, Miss Alcazar and Miss Tabago...” I was in! Peggy threw her arms around me and showered me with kisses. However, there was little time to savor this minor victory. We needed all the time we could spare to dress me in my swim wear ensemble.

In all, fifteen girls made the second round. Besides myself, Amy and Juanita made it. I was sorry that Anna was not chosen. I thought that she was the best looking girl there.

The swim suit I wore, although not a bikini as they were prohibited, was extremely daring. The color was a soft, subtle pink but nothing else about it was subtle or soft. The neck and back lines were deeply plunging to fully display my round, soft shoulders as well as my full bosom and deep, cavernous cleavage. The waistline was snugly tailored to accentuate my hips. The legs were cut in the “French” style, which displayed my long and shapely legs to their greatest advantage.

The wolf whistles and applause I received as I strutted down the runway in my swim suit sounded as if I would bring the house down. Yet, two other contestant got similar receptions.

Miss Neeland, known to me as Barbara or “Barbie” Austin, received a rousing round of applause. I think it was because she was the home town girl. She was a natural light blonde, with baby fine hair and a cute button nose. While she was attractive, she didn’t have the glamorous look. Yet, she made up for what she lacked in physical looks with her magnetic personality. Everyone simply loved Barbie.

The other contestant that received loud applause was my friend Amy. With her dark hair in a classic Indian braid, she glided down the runway in the most

exquisite white swim suit I had ever seen. I wished I had worn something like it.

Instead of being notified in the back room about who would advance, the fifteen of us were lined up along the stage. The Master of Ceremonies, a handsome, middle aged gentleman, announced those be advancing to the third round.

It was difficult to maintain my composure during this phase of the contest. It seemed that the entire world was looking at me as the names were being read.

I was nearly ecstatic that I was picked to continue. There were ten of us, including Amy. Unfortunately Juanita and Barbie didn't make it.

Peggy once again showered me with kisses. Along with her adoration came some urgent advise. As she put my hair up, she said, "This is where you must really shine, dear. I know you can do it. I've seen you many times before. Just remember, play to the audience and the judges, but be subtle about it. If you are what I know you can be, you'll be the winner!"

As I entered center stage, along with the other nine semi-finalists, a warm glow came over me as I watched the audience wildly applauding. The nine other girls wore long, shimmering evening gowns. In contrast, I wore a short cocktail dress ensemble of shimmering gold lame that glistened in the bright lights of the arena. Wearing matching three inch pumps and smokey nylons with golden threaded highlights, I effortlessly glided the runway as if I was walking on air.

The thrill of the event put me in a state of euphoria. I was one with the crowd and nothing distracted me.

I lined up at center stage with the other contestants and awaited the judges decision as to who would advance to the final round, I was in a perfect state of bliss. For the life of me, I didn't hear the M.C. read my name, let alone the names of the other three finalist. He walked up to me, placed his strong, muscular hand on my shoulder, and said, "Miss Tabago, Miss Tabago, you've been selected as a finalist, my dear. Do you hear me, Miss Tabago?" I came out of my trance and quickly regained my composure, taking my place with the other

finalists on an elevated area of the stage. To my delight, Amy also advanced to the finals.

There was no time to savor my advancement with Peggy. I remained on stage as I readied myself to receive the question put to me by the M.C. The answer to this usually vague and inconsequential inquiry determined who would be crowned "Miss Mountain Top."

The four of us were placed in a sound proof booth. Then one by one, we were removed to be asked the question. By chance, I was the last to be questioned.

The other three stood to my left, smiling and silently wishing me luck. The M.C. engaged me in some small talk, which I responded to like a pro. Finally, the question. In his low, resonate, baritone voice, he asked, "Miss Tabago, Colorado, if you were the last surviving woman on earth and upon finding the last surviving man, what would you do?"

I was absolutely blown away by this question. I honestly thought that I would be asked what would I do if elected as the first female president or something like that. My initial reaction was to silently laugh to myself. The notion was quite humorous and I quickly thought "Not a whole heck of a lot. Maybe play gin rummy or something like that." However, that was not my answer.

Instead, I took a few moments to gather my true thoughts, my femininely inspired thoughts, as the M.C. reread the question. Then with my answer in mind, I proceeded to say, "If I was the last surviving woman on earth, together with the last surviving man, I would devote myself to him. Together we would work to begin humanity anew; maintaining traditional family values and the values of our great nation, so that our children would grow up to be healthy and happy and repopulate the earth respecting one another."

The applause after my brief address was deafening. I received a standing ovation from the crowded arena, as well as, affectionate kisses from the other three finalists.

A matter of ten minutes or so felt like a lifetime as we awaited the judges final decision. We four were so

giddy and excited, we had no control over our emotions. Then came the moment of truth.

The M.C. introduced last year's Miss Mountain Top. Her name was Gloria Cole and she was to crown this year's winner. As she took her position beside the make-shift throne, the M.C. announced the names of the third and second runners up. With just two names to go, I was still in the running and a bundle of nerves.

The band played a loud drum roll as the M.C. said, "And now, the first runner up is....Miss Tabago. The Winner is, Miss Pueblo Reservation, Amy Eagle Feather!"

I threw my arms around Amy as we cried tears of joy and happiness for each other. Although I was only second, you would have thought I had won the entire thing.

When Peggy and I returned to home the next day, I was still riding on a cloud. All the excitement and pageantry was still in my memory. I received so many calls of congratulations, I thought the phone would never stop ringing. It didn't stop for the next three days!

After two weeks, everything died down and returned to business as usual. Peggy was mildly disappointed I didn't win, but she was nonetheless thrilled for my accomplishments.

Things didn't return to normal as much as I expected. With the clamor and preparation for the contest, I had neglected my correspondence with Dad. This lack of communication must have concerned him greatly.

It was a quiet Monday afternoon and Peggy and I

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were taking a coffee break and catching up on our fashion news as we read the latest issue of Vogue. Suddenly the phone rang and Peggy answered it. I should have been alerted when my she told who ever was on the line that she would call back, then took down the phone number. Without a word to me, she left the kitchen and locked herself in the office.

A half hour later, Peggy emerged with a terribly worried expression on her face. Immediately concerned, I asked her, "Is something wrong, Peggy? You look as if you've seen a ghost."

"I wish it was only a ghost, Marc, I mean Monica. Come on, we don't have much time. Clear up the kitchen and straighten up the office. I'll pack a bag for both of us. We must leave for Denver within half an hour."

I became more than concerned, now I was frightened. I had never seen my Aunt loose her sense of control before. Also, she had not called me Marc since I began to wear lip color in place of lip balm. I acceded to her requests and she went to the bedroom to pack.

After cleaning the kitchen, I went to the office. As I began to straighten things up, I noticed the piece of paper my Aunt wrote the phone number on. Out of both and deep concern, I dialed the number.

It was a number to a public telephone located at the Denver International Airport. I wondered who had called?

A few hours later, Peggy and I checked into a small motel close to the airport. As the manager directed us to the room, I found that we would have separate, but adjoining rooms. That was strange because whenever we travelled we always shared the same room.

Then the strangest thing of all occurred. As I opened my suitcase to hang up my clothes, I saw that it was filled with the clothes I had brought with me from Pittsburgh. The balance consisted of pants, plain blouses and bulky sweaters.

As I placed the clothing in the drawers and in the closet, Peggy entered my room through the connecting

door. With a nervous expression on her face, she asked, "Is everything put away, dear?"

"Yes, Peggy," I replied. Then I asked her, "What's going on? Everything is so hush, hush and the clothes you packed just don't fit me anymore."

"You mean your old boys clothes, sweetheart," she asked as she looked around the room, "Just try and see if you can fit into them, again. If you can't, I packed a few other pieces of clothing that will probably fit, but do it now!"

I didn't want to get into an argument with her. I removed the long wool skirt and peasant blouse I wore and searched through the clothes Peggy had packed for me.

The first thing I picked up was a new bra; however, it was not like the ones I had been wearing. The tag read that it was a "minimizer bra." Once I had my arms through the straps and fastened the hook in the back, I noticed it did wonders to reduce the size of my plentiful bust line. Yet, it could not totally deplete my bosom's fullness and roundness. A casual observer would never mistake me for anything but an attractive woman. Despite the effect it had on my shape, it hurt something awful!

The constriction became so painful, I had no choice but to remove it and put my regular 35 "C" cup bra back on. It was much more comfortable. Besides, I absolutely loved the size and shape of my breasts.

As I rummaged through the clothes, looking for something half way feminine to wear, Peggy barged through the connecting door with a small bottle in her hand. I was still in my underwear at that moment.

With anxiety written all over her face, she said, "Oh good, you're not completely dressed yet. Pull down your panties. I need to check something out."

Not wanting to argue, I did as she commanded. To my surprise, Peggy began to feel around my artificial womanhood. After telling me to sit on the edge of the bed, she proceeded to apply the foul smelling liquid to my groin with a damp cloth towel.

Slowly, but surely, her ministrations resulted in the dissolution of the surgical tape and special adhesive that held and hid my manhood up and between my legs. After about twenty minutes, the solvent removed the last vestiges of the latex material that added to my disguise over the last several months.

“Hold still dear, I don’t want to injure you. What I’m about to do may hurt a bit, so brace yourself,” my Aunt warned me. I felt quite a bit more than a “wee” bit of pain as the catheter was carefully removed from my urinary tract.

“Okay dear, you can stand up now. Hurry up and dress. We have so little time left!” she announced as she left me alone in my room.

I was still reeling from painful discomfort after her little operation. I remained seated on the bed for several minutes before I had the strength to rise.

When I did, I got a shock that equalled any I had experienced since I came to live with my Aunt. There, between my tender, shapely and femininely smooth thighs was my manhood, or was it? I recalled what it looked like before it was hidden away. Now it appeared to be a far cry from that. Now my maleness could best be described as being minuscule. It was so small, I had to look very hard to notice it was still there. Also, my “family jewels” were all but gone! All that was left was the fleshy sack that use to contain them!

While my initial reaction was to become upset and bothered, I soon relaxed. In fact, I even felt relief! I was now a feminine creature. Between my lovely thighs were the left overs from a previous existence. I had come a long way in a very short time and I was satisfied that “Marc” was pretty much gone. I was Monica now and I couldn’t see myself being anyone or anything else.

With a sense of purpose and inner strength, I pulled up my panties, making certain to manually push my manhood up and between my legs. Surprisingly, it fit snugly and securely without any pressure or pain.

I proceeded to find something to wear from the mass of clothing Peggy threw into the suitcase. In the end, I dressed in a black polo shirt, women’s cut khaki

chinos, a bulky yellow cardigan sweater, yellow and black argyle socks and the black penny loafers Peggy had given me when I first arrived at her home.

I was annoyed to discover that there was no cosmetics to be found. I considered asking my Aunt for some of hers, but with all the weirdness happening, I figured she intentionally “forgot” to pack them.

Fortunately, I found the basics in my big, oversized purse. I pulled out a tube of lipstick and a container of mascara. The lip shade was the bright glossy red Peggy gave me to wear in lieu of lip balm. I quickly colored my lips and used a little bit of lipstick as a substitute for blush. Then I applied a thick coating of mascara to my eyes.

Completely dressed and looking quite pretty, I gathered my hair into a long ponytail and fluffed up my long bangs. I knocked softly on the connecting door to my Aunt’s room. When the door opened, Peggy looked at me and smiled broadly. Her expression translated to, “My goodness, you look absolutely lovely, dear.”

However, her words contradicted her looks when she said, “Why aren’t you wearing the other bra I packed for you? Can’t you figure out that there is a reason for it. And your face! You’re wearing makeup. You’re not suppose to wear makeup. Now get...”

She never finished her diatribe on me. I was saved by the ringing of the telephone. Peggy answered it and as soon as she said “hello,” all the color drained from her face. Her words became very shaky, as did her hands. After listening long and hard, she said to the person on the other line, “Very well, I’ll meet you in the lobby in five minutes.”

After three tries, Peggy finally returned the phone to it’s cradle. She carefully checked her makeup, slipped on her high English riding boots, grabbed her purse, and left the room. However, this was not before she turned to me and admonished, “Under no circumstances are you to leave this motel room. Do you understand me?” I meekly shook my head in compliance as she slammed the door behind her.

All alone, I turned on the television, but could find nothing interesting to watch. Since living with Peggy,

TV had been out of my life, so to speak. After turning it off, I found a romance novel in my purse.

Ever since leaving the hospital in Tucson, I had become more and more involved with these types of stories. In fact, I often got so lost in them that I actually thought of myself as the heroine, as she was swept off her feet by her handsome hero, while he fought the evil villain.

As I read the story, I lost track of time. Little did I realize that Peggy had been gone for well over an hour. My concentration was interrupted by the sound of loud voices in the hallway outside my motel room. One of the voices was Peggy's, while the other one was familiar, but I couldn't remember where I had heard it before. I heard the door to Peggy's room open and slam shut, followed by a sharp click, as the connecting door between our rooms was locked from the other side.

Peggy and a man, were fiercely discussing some hot and volatile topic. However, I couldn't hear what was being said. The longer I waited, the more anxious I became. Over and over again, I wondered, "What in the world could be happening in there? Who was she with and what they were talking about?"

Worried about her, I could wait no longer. With a very determined and firm hand, I knocked loudly on the connecting door. Suddenly, no noise came forth from the room. It was as if my hand had silenced whatever was going on. However, there was no reaction to my knock either.

I was becoming very nervous. I found the strength to knock again. I was about to knock a third time when the door swung open and Peggy stood there with a wide eyed, almost apologetic, expression on her face.

I sensed that there was another set of eyes staring at me with great intensity. Turning away from my Aunt, I immediately froze with fright. The only movement I made was to raise my slender hand, with its brightly polished pink fingernails, to cover my surprised, opened mouth.

I heard a cry of utter disbelief asking, "Marc, is that really you?" It was Dad!! Although I tried to respond,

I simply couldn't move a muscle. I stood frozen in painful anguish and sorrow.

Dad slowly approached me, his eyes blurred with tears. He stuck out his powerful hand to shake my hand. A look of confusion cleared his eyes as he shook my hand in what appeared to be bewilderment. I could feel tears begin to well up in my eyes as I lost all control over my emotions.

Seeing my long mane of dark chestnut brown hair and feeling my long nails, he asked, "Can't afford a haircut up here?"

With my lips trembling and knees shaking fiercely, Dad turned to Aunt Peggy, then back to me. The confusion he had expressed now turned to indignation as he scolded, "Margaret, how could you do this to him! I give you guardianship over my son and he looks like the long lost Howard Hughes. I gave you my trust. The least you could do is give him money for a haircut. I'm good for it you know!"

He examined me more closely and saw my arched eyebrows and other unmistakable signs of femininity. "Gawd, he looks like a girl. Are those girl's clothes? Have you been dressing him like a girl?"

I was becoming confused and bewildered, as well as nervous and upset. Whatever ability I had to control myself was gone. I ran over to the bed in Peggy's room and threw myself upon it weeping uncontrollably.

While I cried, I didn't hear the conversation that went on between Dad and Aunt Peggy. However, I soon felt warm, soothing hands caressing and comforting me. After a while, my eyes cleared up, but I was emotionally drained.

With the three of us on the bed, Dad gave Peggy an intense stare. Apparently it meant something because my Aunt replied, "I didn't mean any harm. It started out as a little game between Marc and I. But the game expanded and became much more serious. The moment I set eyes on Marc, I saw a lot of me in him. Look at how healthy he is?"

"Really, Margaret? The joke is over now. Marc get out of all that silly padding and stuff. I want to see my son again," Dad stated in his no nonsense tone of voice.

I could see Peggy's lips trembled in nervous excitement and I found myself reacting similarly. Time stood still. Then Dad said again, "Come on you two, let's get going. We don't have all day. Don't you have any men's clothes?"

Peggy still didn't respond, so I did. In a softly feminine, but excited voice, I managed to say, "No, and I can't take it off, Dad. I've gained a lot of weight. What you see is all me!"

Dad's eyes showed his total disbelief. "NO!" he said gawking at my figure. I don't know why, but I didn't stop there. I felt a need to show him it was true, so I rose slowly from the bed and efficiently opened all my clothing until I was clad only in my bra, panties and socks.

I released the band holding my ponytail together, allowing my long tresses to cascade in soft, silky waves about my back, shoulders and bosom. Dad's eyes appeared as if they would pop right out of his head and his mouth hung open in utter astonishment.

"Oh my!" Dad exclaimed as he slowly walked toward me. With an outstretched hand, he placed his brawny fingertips upon the soft flesh of my breasts. As he did so, he watched in amazement as my substantially large nipples engorged through the gossamer material of my bra.

"How? This is worse than you being sick," Dad stated slowly and flatly.

I felt lower than I ever had in my life. I wanted to throw my arms around my father and cuddle in his loving warmth. As I moved toward him with open arms, Dad moved away and said, "I'm sorry Marc, or whatever you call yourself. I need time to understand this!"

Despite the hurt and rejection I felt, I understood and appreciated Dad's feelings. There was not a lot more said and a lot of emotion shown. All the emotional trauma of Dad's surprise visit wiped me out. I

was a bundle of nerves; very feminine nerves. I returned to my room and immediately fell asleep.

The next morning, the three of us met at the motel coffee shop for breakfast and then got in Peggy's truck for the long ride back to Tabago. Back at the house, we continued to talk. There was yelling, anger and stubbornness from each of us. However, there was a greater amount of love, support and respect.

Dad spent the rest of the week with Peggy and I in Tabago. At his suggestion, I dressed in the male clothes he had sent me. It took me a long time to get dressed, I was use to looking as good as I could. I pulled my hair into a ponytail and even penciled in my eyebrows to their former shape. I really wanted to try for my father.

Male clothes and pants felt so odd since I rolled my hips when I walked. I hated the heavy shoes and everything was too big in the wrong places.

"Well?" I asked entering the room with as much of a swagger as possible.

Dad shook his head. "You are a boy, but no one would ever know it," he said.

"Maybe you should see him the other way," Peggy suggested. "Honey, go change into that new outfit we bought last week."

Before long I was standing in front of my father in panties, bra and smoky nylons and my new conservative knit dress. My hair flowed in soft curls, and my make-up was flawless with a transparent shade of lipstick even a father shouldn't object to.

"He does make a stunning woman," Dad acknowledged seeing how the dress clung to my jutting breasts and how my hips flared into long, straight, pretty legs. Turning to me, he asked, "Do you understand what. . .say. . .showing off your legs does?"

It was a stupid question, but I understood what he was asking. "That has nothing to do with it. I'm just being pretty, dad. That's all."

When not discussing my future, Dad and I took rides into the mountains and into town. It was very different being with him now. Before, I was his son and he



Male clothes and pants felt so odd since I rolled my hips when I walked. I hated the heavy shoes and everything was too big in the wrong places.

treated me as one. Now consciously or subconsciously, he treated me like a daughter and I responded to his chivalrous behavior. I never felt so close to him.

I don't know why I was so worried. In the end, Dad fully accepted me for what I had become. All the anger and animosity he had for Peggy seemed to wane too. We were one small, happy family again; closer than I ever recalled us being.

Dad returned to Pittsburgh while I stayed with Peggy a few more months. We were in the process of finishing the latest designs for her line of summer wear and she needed my trained eye and welcomed my comments and suggestions.

I did return to Pittsburgh a couple of months later. Both Peggy and I flew to join Dad for Christmas. Dad explained that Marc recovered from his illness and had joined the Merchant Marines. Monica was simply Peggy's daughter. Peggy and I were careful when speaking around the neighbors. I always called her "Mom".

My illness was a matter Dad insisted I take care of. He made a special appointment with Dr. Petis. He was totally blown away by my transformation but he promised that it would never leave his office.

After a brief physical exam he announced that I was completely fit and healthy. My respiratory ailment was something I simply grew out of. The dry Colorado mountain air accelerated the process as well as the female hormones. Dr. Petis explained that my particular ailment was found exclusively in young men. The estrogen worked to feminize my body, but it also inhibited the flow of testosterone, the male sex hormone. As a result, my body developed an immunity to the disease and I was totally cured.

The positive effects of estrogen were beginning to be noticed and the doctor's agreed that some day men would take estrogen for many reasons, notably for male afflictions such as heart disease and baldness.

Peggy stayed at Dad's house until after New Years. She insisted that she had to return to Colorado and welcomed me to join her. She said, "There will always be a place for you in my home, my dearest Monica."

I chose to stay with Dad. He and I had a lot to catch up on as father and daughter.

Dad and I did rebuild our relationship, and it became better than it ever had been. We shared feeling, wants, and dreams we never could exchange as father and son. Over time, he fully accepted me as his daughter.

I learned a lot about being a woman from him; actually, as much as I learned from Peggy. Dad was inherently a better teacher and being male all his life, he knew how to treat a woman.

The most remarkable thing was that Dad had always wanted to have a daughter. That possibility seemed out of the question after Mom died, at least until I arrived back from Colorado.

When Peggy departed, my estrogen implant was about to expire. Abbie Proctor sent Dr. Petis my charts from my transformation. He was our family doctor and he put me on a maintenance plan. I was the proud possessor of an open prescription for "Premerin" pills. They were the same hormone formula I had been taking, only not such a large dosage.

Along with the prescription, he advised, "If any druggist should raise an eyebrow, just tell him you have a woman's problem. That will shut him up. Actually, your chemical make up is the same as that of a woman who has had a hysterectomy."

I maintained a close correspondence with Peggy and really missed her now that I was over 2000 miles away. She often encouraged me to pursue a career in modeling. She would write, "There is no way that you'd command any less than \$1500 an hour, with looks like yours!"

I loved reading things like that, but my modeling interests had waned. When I first left Pittsburgh, I was despondent because I couldn't join my friends at college. Now I wanted to go.

Dad couldn't afford to send me so I enrolled at a local junior college and got a job as a waitress in the evenings. It was tough with school and all, but worth it, especially with the tips I received. There was some-

thing quite special about being a very attractive woman.

With the money I made at the restaurant, I paid my tuition, books and even had enough to redecorate my room at home. Gone were my baseball and football posters, and in their place were lace curtains, canopied bed, white dressers and, of course, a matching vanity table and mirror.

After two years at junior college, my grades were good enough to get a scholarship to the State University. The summer before I left for school, I took a short trip to Phoenix where I met Peggy. We had a wonderful time together.

The weather was hot and dry, so I couldn't resist sunning myself at the pool of our resort hotel in Scottsdale. In the ten days we were there, I really got a fantastic tan. If my waist length hair hadn't lightened a bit, I would have looked like an Indian princess!

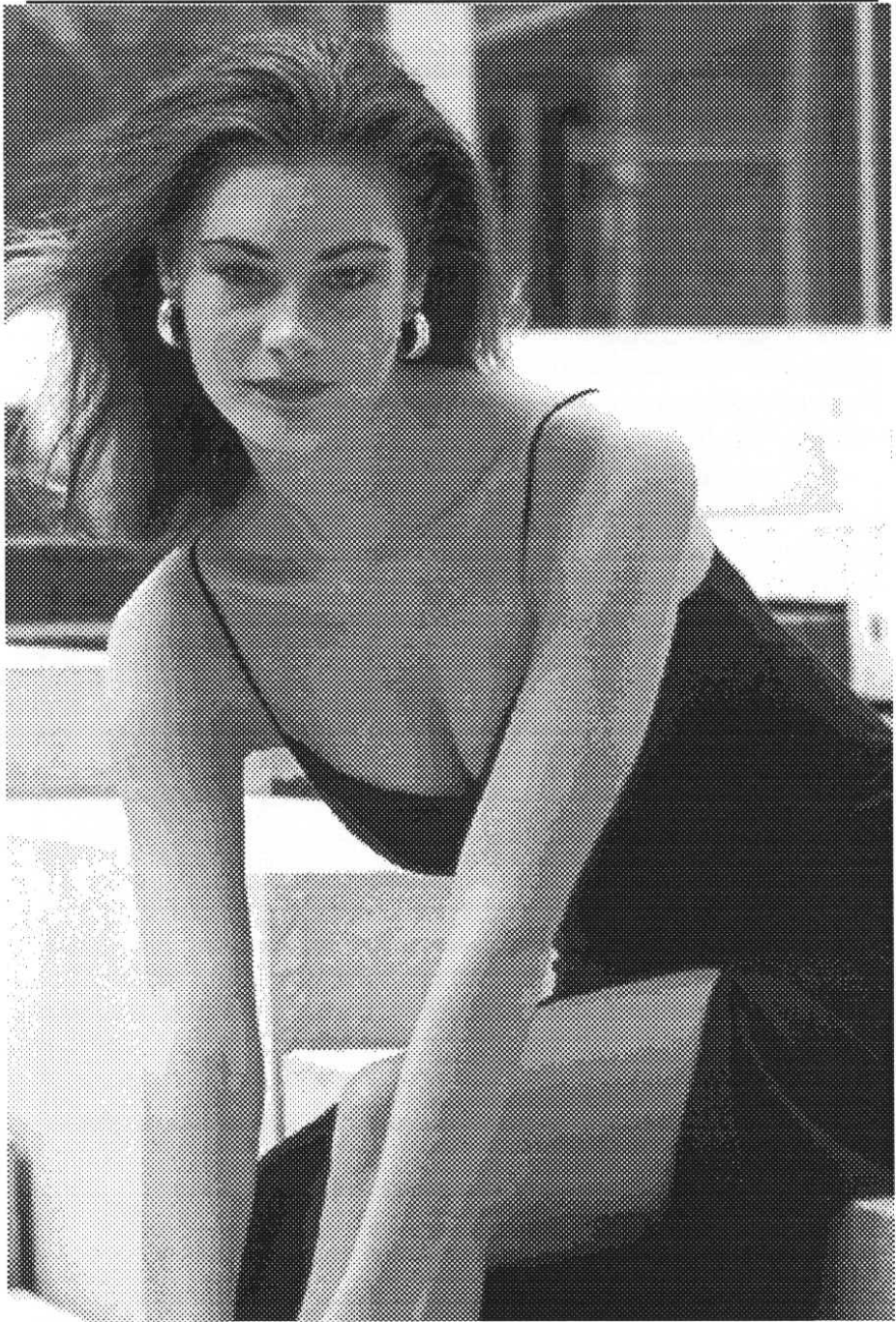
However, sunning and shopping weren't the main purposes of my trip. Peggy joined me in paying a visit to Dr. Earl. After a complete examination, she happily announced that my implants were in perfect order and she detected nothing that would ever cause them to weaken or puncture.

While I was there, I had her fit me with the same womanhood facade she used the first time she worked on me. After all, I was on my way to college. Living alone as a woman for the first time in my life, I didn't want to be socially inhibited. Once it was in place, I thrilled in the feminine smoothness of my front profile. I even began to wonder what it would be like to be completely functional as a woman!



REWARD!!

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*My face and figure now reflected who I'd become
and the dreams of what I wanted to become..
I could hide it no longer!*

At the University, I majored in Fine Art, concentrating in Fashion and Designs. I took advantage of everything a large university has to offer. I went through sorority rush and was chosen to pledge at the most popular sororities on campus!

My two years at State U were filled with fun, excitement, happiness and joy. I never had a better time in my life! I was fully accepted as a beautiful and intelligent woman. I dated my share of handsome young men and went steady for a while! But that is another story. No one ever questioned my gender or the sex that I outwardly appeared to be.

I graduated with honors. Dad was very proud and threw a small party for me. All the neighbors were there, as well as several of my sorority sisters and guy friends from college.

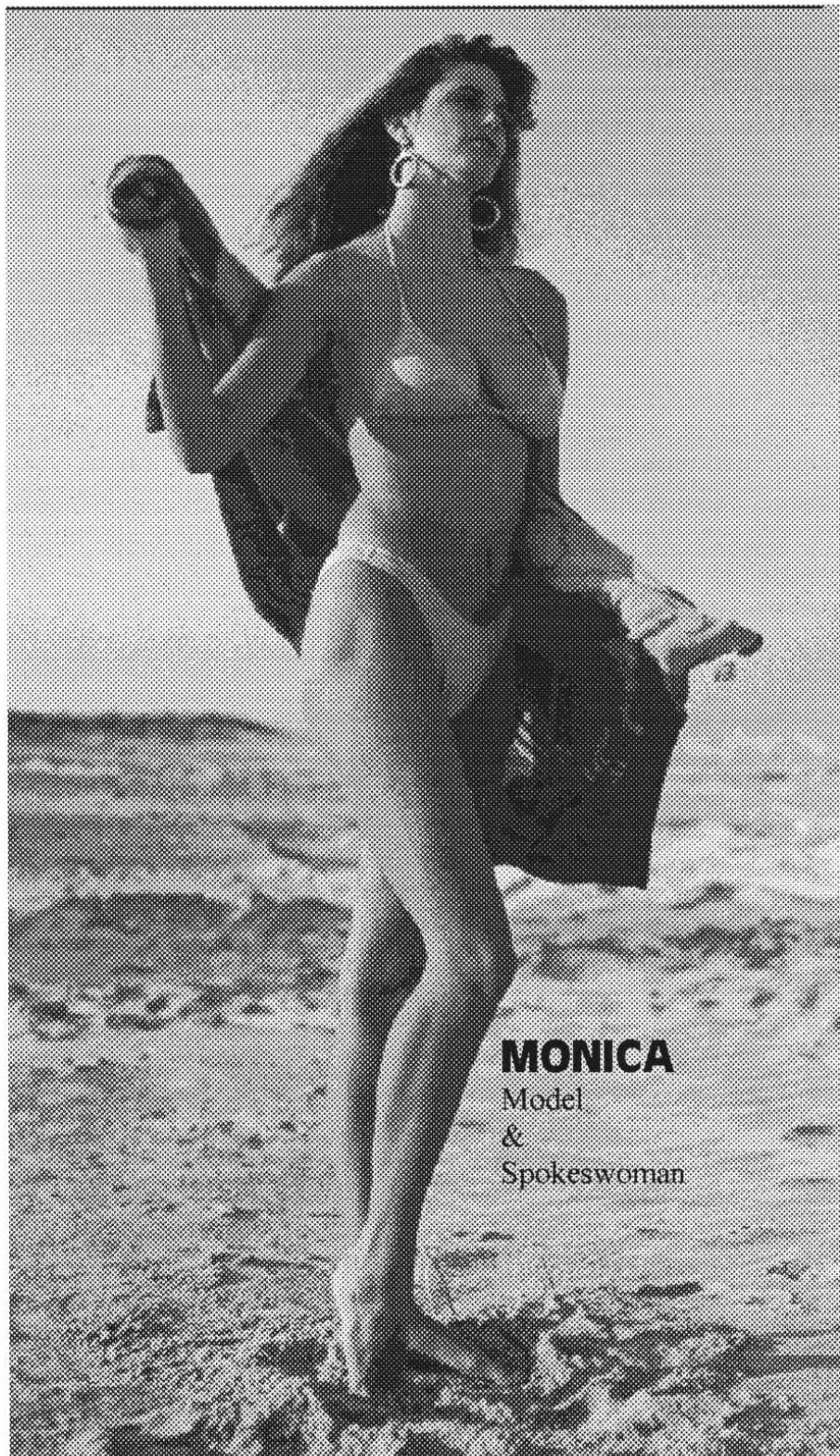
As the party was winding down, Dad said I had a phone call. To my pleasant surprise, it was Peggy. She congratulated me and told me that I would be getting a big surprise in the mail in a couple of days. I thanked her and gave her my love.

My surprise arrived the very next day. And what a surprise it was! I had not gotten a job right after I graduated, but somehow Peggy pulled some strings with one of the biggest design firms in New York. Could you believe it, they wrote and offered me a job, sight unseen, simply on Peggy's recommendation!

It's been a year now and I'm happily living in New York. My job is the best I could ever have dreamed it to be. I have a wonderful apartment in the Village that I share with my two cats, Marc and Mike, and sometimes with my boyfriend, Doug.

Doug is a young, up and coming attorney with a big Wall Street firm. We've dated for several months. As our relationship became more serious, I had a long talk with Dad and Peggy on a three way conference call.

Afterwards, I knew what I had to do. I broke down and told Doug all about myself; from the beginning to the present. I was ready to receive his wrath once I finished. He has a terrible temper. Although he was always kind, loving and gentle with me, I have seen him exhibit it on others.



MONICA

Model
&
Spokeswoman

To my astonishment, he placed his arms around me and hugged and kissed me. He said, "Monica, I thought you were going to break up with me or something! Believe me, these things can be corrected, if they must be. But just so you know, sweetheart, I love you just the way you are!"

I was so happy, I couldn't stop crying! I still have my adorable and adoring boyfriend, and we are closer than we ever were before, if you know what I mean. And I must say, the feeling is simply out of this world. No wonder they call it ecstasy!

Just last week, Doug and I returned from a short trip out west. We drove his new sports car and you know where we went. That's right, Tabago, Colorado.

Peggy looked as ravishing as ever. She was really impressed with Doug and complimented me on my "good catch."

Her sly little comments sometimes made me blush.

One afternoon, Doug took a drive alone to see how far he could push his new car along the winding mountain roads while Peggy and I stayed at her place. During our time alone, we discussed my life and the topic of Doug came up. She was glad to know that I told him the truth and he accepted me unconditionally. The topic of sex reassignment surgery was broached as well.

I honestly told Peggy that I was not sure how I felt; however, I was leaning more towards it every day. The more time I spent with my loving boy friend and the more intimate we became, the more I wanted to give him all I could possibly give. Peggy understood and encouraged me to take my time. I will.

After our talk, we took a stroll through a beautiful flower garden she planted along the side of her house.

As we held hands and walked, I raised my free hand into the air and watched the bright light of the afternoon sun reflect off my long, shiny pink fingernails. I relished the feeling of my full breasts as they pressed against the fabric of my tight fitting, sleeveless, turtle neck pull over. I swooned as the gentle summer breeze caused my long, silk print skirt to swirl in the wind.

The sweetness of my lipstick and the jiggling of my long, pendulous earrings gave me erotic goose bumps all over my soft, feminized body.

As all this was happening, I fondly recalled this marvelous place and how wonderfully it changed my life for the better. As I walked along the garden path, I took long, deep and invigorating breath!

THE END

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