



Reluctant Press presents:

En Femme 4 Life

Norman Way



A 'HER TV' E-BOOK

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Reluctant Press TG Publishers

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EN FEMME FOR LIFE

By Norman Way

....The skies over Germany, April 1945

The bombers had dropped their loads and began turning back to their base in England. The pilot brought his fighter around to take up position behind the last bomber. He looked up at the clear blue sky above him and thought of home.

That same blue sky was over Iowa too. They would be getting things ready for the spring planting. He wished he were there to help his parents. He knew he would be home soon. The German resistance had been light. A few scattered puffs of ack-ack dotted the sky and only a couple of fighters had risen to meet them. They were quickly dispatched by his squadron mates.

Germany didn't have much left to fight with anymore. It would all be over in a couple of months. There would be celebrations and then the task of winding everything down so they could all go home. Factories would re-tool for civilian production and everything would return back to normal. The world would be at peace once again. Another "war to end all wars" would be over.

There was a loud bang from the left engine of his P-38. The rattle of bullets hitting his airplane jolted him back to the present. He had been caught daydreaming, the cardinal sin of any pilot in wartime. He banked left. The controls were sluggish. The left engine began belching smoke and fire.

With one engine gone and sluggish controls he knew he wasn't going to make it back to England. His radio sputtered static and then went dead. The fighter began to bank further left so he unbuckled his harness and opened the canopy. The cold air rushed at him as the fighter rolled over and he tumbled into space.

One thousand and one, one thousand and two, one thousand and three, he counted to himself and then pulled the ripcord. The chute opened and jerked him upright. He looked around to see another P-38 on the tail of the German ME-109 fighter. He watched the trac-

ers bouncing off the German plane. Soon pieces of the tail came off and its' engine started smoking. Glancing to his right he saw his P-38 slam into the ground near a small village. There was an immediate orange flash and soon a column of black smoke rolled its way skyward.

Below him he saw the ground coming up fast. He adjusted his chute hoping land in an open area just to the left of a patch of woods adjacent to a farm. His chute snagged on the limb of a tree and he found himself dangling about eight feet above the ground. He waited a few minutes to stop swinging and collect his thoughts.

He knew he was about a dozen miles from the small village. It wouldn't belong before the Nazis would be out looking for him. With his survival knife he cut himself down. His left leg landed between two large roots but his right leg hit one of the roots and slid off. He felt a twinge of pain in his right ankle but managed to run into the woods. After about fifty yards or so he stopped and sat on a stump.

He took off his right boot and rubbed his ankle. It was still a little painful but not swollen. He sat for a few minutes to catch his breath. After he put the boot back on he stood up and began walking in the direction of the farm he had seen from the air. It was late afternoon and it would be getting dark soon. He wanted a good view of the layout of the farm before it got dark so he hurried to get to the edge of the woods.

The trees thinned out a little as he got closer to the farm. He stopped just short of the tree line. He sat down and took off his right boot again. His ankle was still sore though there was still no sign of any swelling. He massaged the ankle as he rested and then on his boot.. He stood up and walked the last few yards to the edge of the trees.

He watched a young girl herding several cows back to the barn. Except for several bomb craters in the open area between him and the farmyard it appeared that everything had remained unscathed since the war had begun.

The girl smacked the rear end of the last cow and it ambled towards the barn a little faster. She stepped behind a small shed, out of view of the house. After setting her switch against the shed she pulled up the skirts of her dress. Holding the skirts up with her left hand she slid her panties half way down with her right hand. Then she held a penis in the right hand and began urinating.

The pilot was startled at this sight. He watched as the boy in girls clothes finished and pulled his panties back up, then smoothed the skirts of the dress out. Picking up the switch he ran after the cows and followed them into the barn.

The pilot stood still for a few minutes trying to comprehend what he had just seen. The coming darkness reminded him he needed a place to hide for the night. He decided to head for the shed. Going into the barn to the hayloft might disturb the cows or other animals and that would only draw attention to him.

He made a dash for the back of the shed and stood there for several minutes. Peeking around the corner he could see no one in the house so he ran quickly to the front and went inside. He was just inside the door when the cold muzzle of a shotgun pressed against his neck.

"Turn around please," said a voice in perfect English.

The pilot did so. The pressure of the gun muzzle lessened as an unseen hand removed the pistol from his holster and his knife from the sheath. The pilot said nothing as the pressure of the gun muzzle tightened once again.

"Please walk slowly to the house,"

The pilot began walking. At the back door a stout woman in a white apron opened it and stepped aside. He entered with the farmer right behind him.

"Sit at the table please," said the voice behind him.

The pilot did so and then turned around to see the man that had captured him. A short man with a large beard was holding the shotgun in his arms instead of having it pointed at him. At the stove the woman had filled a bowl with some soup. She placed it in front of him with a spoon.

"Eat. The soldiers will be here soon," said the man.

The boy in the dress peeked around the living room wall as the pilot took his first mouthful.

"The war was lost a long time ago," the man began. "We tried to get to America when Hitler first came to power but it wasn't long before it was too late. Bombs in one of your raids killed my daughter. The German army is recruiting everyone on two legs, eighty-year-old men and children too. I put my son in his dead sisters' clothes so when they came here they would not take him."

"I understand," replied the pilot. "I am sorry for your family's loss."

The pilot was about to say something else when he heard the sound of a motorcycle coming down the highway. A look of fear came over the farmers' face. He lowered the shotgun at the pilot.

"I have to turn you over to them. If they find you here we could all be killed," said the farmer.

"I know, here take this," said the pilot as he gulped the last spoonful of soup and stood up.

From his wallet he withdrew his money. Then from his flight suit pocket he folded a wad of German marks over it and handed it to the woman. He walked out the front door with his hands up and the farmer close behind him.

They were halfway down the entrance road when a motorcycle with a side car pulled off the road and parked near the front gate. Right behind it a small truck with several soldiers in the back came to a stop, blocking the front gate.

A German officer got out and began walking towards them. Two soldiers jumped out of the back of the truck with their Schermeiser machine pistols at the ready and followed him.

The farmer and the pilot stopped as the German officer raised his hand in a Nazi salute.

"Heil Hitler!" said the officer in a loud voice.

The farmer shifted the shotgun to his left hand and repeated the salutation but in a much softer voice. The pilot stood still as the two conversed in German. Shortly the German officer stood in front of him with the pilot's pistol and knife stuck in his waistband. He jerked his head towards the truck. The pilot began walking with the officer behind him and the two soldiers bringing up the rear.

At the truck the pilot climbed in the back and sat down with one soldier on each side of him. The officer got in the cab. The motorcycle with the side car spun around and headed back the way it had come with the truck following a moment later.

The farmer walked back to the house. His wife stood at the front door with the boy in a dress next to her. As the farmer reached the top step the sound of a single pistol shot split the air. The woman pulled her hands out of her apron pockets and covered her mouth to stifle a scream. The farmer looked down at his feet then back up at her.

"Not soldiers," he said softly. "SS"

The woman and the boy in the dress turned around and slowly walked back into the house with the farmer close behind.

In the kitchen she washed the bowl and spoon. From her apron pocket she removed the wad of bills and counted it out on the kitchen table. In the middle of the American money was a 3"X3" snapshot. She gave the bills to her husband and then walked to the living room.

She sat down in a large stuffed chair next to a small table. She opened her bible, placed the snapshot inside, and then closed it again. The boy in the dress watched as she covered her face with her hands and began to cry.

The earliest memories I have of my childhood in Iowa can be summed up with two words starting with the letter "c". That's "cold" and "corn". I remembered being bundled up in so many clothes that I could hardly walk. The summers could be beastly hot. Sometimes almost suffocating with high humidity

Farm work is 24/7. Work begins before sun up and continues after sun down. There is no age barrier or affirmative action here. There are no job descriptions either. As soon as you can walk and talk you have work to do. Everybody works, everybody eats.

There is an old saying, "Everybody likes to eat but not everybody likes to hunt." On a farm everybody hunts. No matter how young you are it starts with chores. I was too small to help with the outside work so I was assigned to do household chores. I did the cleaning, helped with food preparation, doing the dishes, changing of bed linen and towels as well as the laundry.

When school started I was up early doing a few chores and after school I did a few more before tackling my homework. It seemed like an endless cycle that left little time for the things that I wanted to do, but that was the way things were and you just had to suck it up and do the best you could.

The summer I turned thirteen my mom's cousin's daughter was getting married and we were all invited. With farm work there was no such thing as a day off or a vacation. Mom would take me to the wedding and we would come back the next day. It was a 250

mile drive so she decided we would stay overnight in a motel, check out the next day, go to the wedding but leave the reception early and drive back home.

A week before we were due to leave mom got a phone call. She kept glancing in my direction as she talked. I remember her exact words were: "Oh he will be glad to do it. Nobody has to know and it will just be for one day."

I wondered what she meant by that. Before going to bed that night she came into my bedroom with a measuring tape and asked me to undress. I didn't ask any questions as she measured my chest, waist and hips. She wrote down the measurements and then looked inside one of my shoes and wrote down the size.

I lay awake for awhile that night wondering why she telephoned my measurements to her cousin. I had never been to a wedding before so I thought perhaps there was some special outfit that I needed to wear.

The drive took us five and a half hours. Our old car's air conditioner quit working about halfway there. By the time we arrived at our motel we were as limp as wet dishrags. Mom called her cousin to let her know we had arrived safely and then we went next door to a burger joint and had our supper.

It was a little after seven when the desk buzzed our room. Mom answered and a few minutes later her cousin was at our door with a large box. I was watching TV as they chatted and then mom introduced me to her cousin Nora. Nora grinned at me as she shook hands with me seeing something about me that apparently I was not aware of.

"Ok James, now listen carefully. I know you may not like this but sometimes we have to do certain things to benefit everyone, just like everyone has to pitch in on a farm. The girl who was going to be the flower girl in the wedding party was injured in gym class and won't be able to be here. You will be taking her place. Please get undressed so we can see how the dress fits you,"

I was very surprised at this but stripped down to my underpants. Nora opened the box and took out a garment she called a petti slip and held it up by the hem. I put my arms thru the straps and she slipped it over me. After she adjusted the straps she looked me over. Both her and my mom seemed satisfied with the way it fit me.

Next she held up a purple chiffon dress. She unzipped it and slipped it over my head. Mom zipped me up and they both looked me over. Nora used pins to tighten the fit. When they were satisfied they helped me out of the dress and petti slip. The shoes were a little loose but with some tissues stuffed in the toes the black patent leather Mary Jane style fit me well enough to walk in. The gloves were a little big but they would suffice.

Nora repacked the things in the box and I got dressed. Mom walked her to the door. Nora wanted us at the house about eleven thirty as we had to be at the church at twelve thirty for the one pm ceremony. Before going to bed that night mom explained the ceremony and what I was supposed to do.

I lay awake for a while. The top of the petti slip was a soft slippery material and felt good against my bare skin. The stiff netting of the skirt had a picky feeling but it flared out the chiffon dress nicely. The chiffon material of the dress and the gloves also felt very good. I hoped I would do everything right tomorrow afternoon.

The alarm clock went off sooner than I expected. We got dressed and went out for breakfast. We watched TV for a while and then it was time to go. We checked out and drove to Nora's house.

Nora invited us inside and took me directly to one of the bedrooms. It was a beautiful house and superbly furnished. Inside the bedroom I saw the garments on the bed.

"Undress, put on the lingerie first and I will help you with the dress," ordered Nora.

I put my clothes on the chair and walked over to the bed. The panties were purple as well with black elastic. They felt good as I pulled them up to my waist. The purple ankle socks were next, then the petti slip. It seemed to have fit better than yesterday when I had first tried it on. I walked to the door and let Nora back in.

"Go over and sit at the vanity please," she asked.

I sat down on the small stool smoothing the skirt underneath me with both hands like I had seen girls do.

"Look at me and tilt your head back," she instructed.

When I did she brushed some pink powder over my cheeks and then with a small brush applied pink lipstick to my lips.

"Press your lips together please," she asked.

I did so and she began combing my hair over my forehead to form bangs. Next she pinned something she called a fall to the back of my head and gave me the appearance of having long hair. The last thing she did was pin a purple satin bow just above my bangs. She put the shoes at my feet. I put them on and buckled the instep strap.

"Okay, now the dress," she said.

I got up as Nora unzipped the dress. She slipped it over my head. After zipping me up she adjusted the hem over the petti slip. I put on the chiffon gloves and we walked to the door. When mom saw me her mouth dropped open.

"Oh my God!" she exclaimed. "You are absolutely adorable! No one will think you are anybody but Sandy our flower girl!" she said.

"I agree," said Nora. "Now you have a seat and watch some TV while your mom and I get dressed,"

I said nothing as I made my way to the living room. I had some apprehensions about this for sure but it was too late for me to do anything about it. When the women returned we went out to our cars and drove to the church. Nora took me into a small room where the bride and bridesmaids were.

"Oh Sandy don't you look gorgeous," cooed one of the bridesmaids.

"Thank you," I replied.

"Now Sandy," smiled Nora. "Do you have any questions about what you have to do?"

"No, but lets go over it one more time," I answered trying to sound like Sandy.

Nora explained the ceremony and reassured me that I would be fine. The organ music started and we got in line for the procession. I took a deep breath. Everyone would be looking at me. I had to do this right. Taking my place in line I walked out the door.

The ceremony went off without a hitch. After the pictures we went to the reception hall and had dinner. At the table mom had whispered to take smaller portions in my mouth, chew slowly, and sip my beverage.

“You know,” she smiled. “Just like a girl would.”

The bridal party had been served first so after we finished mom took me back to Nora’s house. After removing my makeup with some face cream she helped me undress. I put on my male clothes and she put everything back in the box and left it on the bed.

The drive back home was long and it was after eleven before I finally got into bed. I thought about the way I had looked. For a short time I had been a pretty girl. I had gotten some looks from the boys my age at the dinner. I also thought about the way the panties and the chiffon dress had felt on my skin. It had been an enjoyable experience. It was a hard thing for a boy to have to admit but I enjoyed being a girl, even if only for a day. I closed my eyes and saw the reflection that young girl in the vanity mirror. Maybe I should have been a girl. I fell asleep and dreamed of panties, petticoats, and filmy dresses.

The next day life on the farm continued. My mother never said anything to my dad. We got some of the wedding pictures in the mail a few weeks later. After looking at them mom glanced at me kind of wistfully and then put the pictures away. She had wanted a daughter but after several miscarriages and giving birth to me the doctor suggested no more kids.

When I turned sixteen I enrolled in drivers’ education. My dad felt it was time for me to learn to operate the tractor and other farm machinery as well. I never liked being around machinery. I liked the quiet of the household chores.

I listened to my father explain each piece of machinery and soon became as skillful as he was though I dreaded it each time I had to drive or operate any of the machines we had. I would have much preferred being in the kitchen helping my mom or doing the other household chores.

When I was six I had been given pedal operated John Deere tractor for Christmas. I was still short for my age so my dad had to fasten two wood blocks to the pedals so I could reach them. I knew that was an expensive toy so I pretended to be thrilled driving it around the house most of Christmas day.

After chores in the summer I would occasionally drive it around the farm yard but it spent more time in the basement than anywhere else. I was very grateful for the hard earned money they had spent though it wasn’t something I had wanted or even liked.

In our family there was no such thing as “women’s work and men’s work” Everybody pitched in to do what had to be done. There was no discussion you just went and did it. Apparently in some families kids could do anything they want, maybe they had a union or something. I only knew my dad held up his pants with a two and a half inch leather belt and I didn’t want that thing to come off unless he was changing his clothes.

I was a junior now and went to a large high school. I stayed out of any extra curricular activities like most farm kids since I had responsibilities at home and didn't have the time for these activities or the means to get to and from them like some of the other kids from more affluent families did. I had no real interest in sports or the various clubs any way.

It was in January just after school started again that a new girl transferred in. We had English and math together. When she first saw me she did a double take. Later she was talking with some of the other girls and they all glanced at me briefly, then they looked away.

Her name was Sandy Huxley. She was a tall, broad shouldered girl and the starting center on the girls' basketball team. It suddenly dawned on me that she was the girl I had replaced at the wedding four years ago. I wondered if she was telling everybody what I had done. I felt a pang of apprehension. Would everybody in school now start calling me a "sissy"? Was I going to be teased unmercifully? I decided not to worry about it, after all that was four years ago.

That Friday as I sat in the back of the bus I was thinking about her. I hadn't thought about dresses in a long while. I got up to get off at my stop when I noticed a magazine on the seat in front of me. It was a prom guide. For some reason I grabbed it and stuffed it in my notebook. At home I took my books upstairs and put the magazine under my mattress.

Later that night I finished my homework and dug out the magazine. I paged thru it and couldn't help but admire all those beautiful dresses. The girls had perfect hair, make up and wore high heel shoes. Some of the dresses looked like they were made of the same material as the dress I had worn at the wedding. Others were made of shinier materials like satin or taffeta. I read and re-read the descriptions of the gowns. There were also articles on hair styles and make up.

I became fascinated and wondered if I could look as good as they did if I were made up and dressed like that. I had been drawn to taking that magazine and now wishing that I could dress myself up like that. But why would I? I was a male. What would draw me to want to dress and act female? I put the magazine back. Later that week when no one was around I ran it thru the shredder a few pages at a time.

Late in February we were at the mall on a Saturday afternoon. There was a bridal show in progress. Mom stopped to watch for a few minutes. I stood behind her and closed my eyes, imagining myself in one of those satin gowns. A voice behind me spoke in a soft voice:

"Guess they had all the flower girls they needed, right?"

I turned to see Sandy Huxley with a grin on her face.

"Uh, well I ..."

"Oh relax, I am just teasing you but I must say you do look fabulous in a dress. I work part time at Penney's. You should come over some time and I could get you outfitted for a party! Let me know if I can help," she said as she smiled broadly, then turned and walked away.

Mom had that wistful look on her face again as she and I left the show. She was very quiet on the drive home. I had a hunch she was thinking about having a daughter to someday be dressed in all that elegant, feminine finery.

School continued and I was looking forward to finishing the year. Occasionally though I found myself thinking about those dresses. I became more aware of the way the girls at school fixed their hair and did their make up. I wondered what it was like to be dressed and made up like a girl all the time.

It was in mid April that the cold weather finally broke. Farmers were happy that they were going to be able to get into the fields a little earlier this year. Ethanol production had raised the price of corn so everyone was hoping for a bumper crop this year.

In math class Sandy whispered to me as we sat down.

"See me right after class."

I nodded and the lesson began. Math was the last class of the day. I wondered what this was about and I found it a little difficult to keep my mind on my studies. She had been cool towards me except for that remark she had made at the mall when mom and I were watching the bridal show.

The bell finally rang and we got our homework assignments. As the class vacated the room Sandy blocked my exit. She had a smile on her face.

"I know you are busy with the farm work and all," she began. "I need your help with some things around the house. Mom's gone for the weekend. I'll make some pizza and we can watch a movie together when you are finished. Here is my address. It's not far from where you live. Come by tomorrow afternoon around two."

"Sure, no problem," I said as I took the slip of paper from her. I wondered what she had meant by "things around the house." I knew her mom and dad had divorced. Presumably something needed fixing.

On the bus ride home I recalled how she had stood in front of me when she had asked me for help. She had talked in a more authoritative manner than she usually did when talking to me. It wasn't like she was asking me to be there, more like she was telling me to be there. Not really intimidating exactly but I found I had liked her take charge attitude.

I told my parents where I would be and left the house in mom's car arriving at Sandy's at ten minutes to two. I was about to reach for the bell when she opened the door and invited me in. I followed her inside to the kitchen.

"The faucets here and in the bathroom drip quite a bit. I brought up a tool box from the basement and there is bunch of washers in the small box on the table. If you need anything else just let me know."

I nodded as she went back to the living room. It was a simple job really. I had seen my dad do it twice. I shut off the water, drained the faucets, removed them, replaced the washers, squirted some lube on the shafts, replaced the faucets, turned the water back on and turned them on and off repeatedly .

I took the tools and washers into the bathroom where I repeated the same procedure. In no time at all I had them working properly too. I came back to the living room and told Sandy I was done.

“That’s great. Now I need you to replace some lights. I’m not very good on a ladder either I’m afraid. There is a package on the dining room table with four fluorescent bulbs in it. Please replace the two over the kitchen table and then we’ll go down the basement and replace two down there.”

I opened the package and took out two bulbs. I stepped on the kitchen table and removed the plastic housing. After removing the two old bulbs I installed the new ones. Sandy turned on the light switch and they both worked so I replaced the cover. I left the two old bulbs on the table. I picked up the tool box and washers as she grabbed the two remaining lights. I followed her to the basement and using a small wooden stepladder I replaced the two bulbs in the laundry room’s fixture. She turned them on once and then shut them off.

“I’m so glad that’s done,” she exclaimed. “Mom bought this in a kind of a hurry. We have been lucky so far as nothing major has gone wrong. Now let’s go back upstairs, you can leave the tool box and washers on the shop table.”

She picked up the two old bulbs and went upstairs while I put the tool box and washers back. I went upstairs to the living room. She had deposited the four bulbs in the recycling bucket on the front steps.

“Now I just need your help with one other thing,” she smiled again. “Have a seat at the kitchen table and I will be right back.”

I took a seat at the table. She returned shortly with a white shoe box. She picked up a bottle of pink nail polish as she took her seat across from me.

“Open this please,” she said as she handed me the bottle. “This sprain has hampered me from doing a number of things and it is a real bother.”

I had noticed the small bandage on her right hand at school but hadn’t said anything. I twisted the cap loose and set the bottle down on the paper napkin she had unfolded and put on the table. She placed her hands in front of me, palm down on the napkin.

“Will you do them for me please?” she asked. “Start at the back of the nail and brush forward.”

I could hardly refuse so I unscrewed the top and brushed off the excess liquid. I was very careful as I applied the pink polish to each nail. When I finished her right hand she held it up and blew gently across the nails to dry them. I was surprised that I accomplished it without a single smudge or smear. I finished the left one and she blew across them too as I replaced the cap on the bottle.

“Oh don’t close the bottle just yet, we’re not done,” she said.

I looked up a little surprised as she stood up and then carefully grabbed her chair and placed it on the table in front of me. Using another chair she stepped on it and got on the table, then sat down in front of me keeping her fingers spread and waving them around to air dry them.

"In the white box there are some spacers. Please put them between my toes and then apply the polish the same way you did before."

I did as she asked and shortly I was looking at ten very pink toenails.

"You are very good," she said quietly. "You took your time and did it right. No mess, no clean up afterwards. You should be a make up artist and or a nail technician. Your small hands make you ideally suited for it."

"Well I don't know. I haven't made any career plans yet but I heard that most of the men who do that are gay," I answered.

"True but your skills come first, not your sexual preference. Please go into my bedroom and bring me the blow dryer on my vanity."

I capped the bottle of polish and put it back in the white box. I returned shortly with the dryer.

"Plug it in behind you. Use the low heat and low fan setting please."

I did so and began drying her toenails. After about fifteen minutes she said:

"Enough."

I shut it off and unplugged the cord, then wrapped the cord around the handle. I removed the spacers from between her toes and put them and the bottle of nail polish back in the box. I took the box back to her bedroom. When I returned she was putting the pizza in the oven.

"Let's go in the living room and have a drink," she suggested.

I followed her and sat on the couch while she went to the mini bar.

"What would you like?" she asked.

"A soft drink please. Whatever you have," I answered.

"Oh come on, how about a beer?"

"Okay."

I wasn't sure about drinking alcohol as I would have to drive home. My experience with alcohol had been limited to a beer at home and then only during the summer cookouts.

She came around and handed me the glass as she sat down next to me. I was sitting close to the arm of the couch and she had sat very close, almost as if she wanted to pin me there. She held her glass of beer in her left hand and had snaked her right arm behind me as she sat down. I took a quick gulp of my beer as she looked more intently at me.

I hadn't been alone with a girl before. I am sure she sensed my apprehension as she smiled and took a sip of her beer. She had that look on her face. Like she knew she was in charge and no matter what she had in mind she was going to have her way. We chatted about school for a while and then the oven timer went off. She handed me her glass.

"Fill this up and I will cut the pizza," she said on her way to the kitchen.

I went to the bar. After I topped off both glasses I made my way to the kitchen. The pizza was on the cooling rack and she began cutting it into slices. I put her glass down in front of the chair nearest to her and then took a seat at the table opposite her.

She placed a piece of pizza on a paper plate and slid it across from me. She sat down with hers and we began eating. She licked some tomato paste from her fingers and stopped briefly to inspect her nails.

"You should reconsider, my nails look very nice."

I didn't say anything as I chewed my pizza, just nodded my head. We ate a few more slices and then finished our beer.

"Now for the movie," she smiled as she got up.

I followed her back into the living room and sat on the couch next to her. I had no idea what movie she had selected but I wasn't quite prepared for what I saw.

"Undercover Sorority Girls" was a low budget rather stupid movie about two police cadets who dress like college co-eds and live in a sorority house while looking for drug dealing. It was the usual farce without much plot or story line. The first part dealing with their female sergeants' task of getting them feminized and outfitted with a feminine wardrobe. The second part dealt with their misadventures in the sorority house as well as fighting off the advances of male students. I was glad when it ended.

Sandy had been silent throughout the entire movie. She turned to me and said with a smile:

"Would you like some more beer?"

"No thanks," I replied. "I'm good."

She grinned as she said "Me too." And then she leaned over and kissed me. She pushed herself hard against me and then we broke. She took my hand and led me to the bedroom.

"Hurry up and get undressed," she ordered in a firm voice. "I have something special for you."

I began taking my clothes off as she walked to her dresser. She opened the drawer as I kicked off my shoes and removed my socks. I slid my pants down as she turned around with a grin and held up a pair of pink panties.

"Put these on NOW," she said in a more authoritative tone.

I slipped off my shorts and put on the panties. I found myself liking her take charge attitude as I put on the pink filmy top she tossed at me. She looked me over and then led me to her vanity. The blonde wig was next. Finally she picked up lipstick and pushed it hard over my lips. I pressed my lips together without being told to do so.

"Alright, now you look so good!" she squealed.

She was out of her clothes in no time and soon we were locked in an embrace. She forced her tongue inside my mouth and I found myself getting hard as she pushed me back towards the bed. We stopped momentarily as she got a condom from the vanity drawer and then she slid my panties down to put it on.

She took me fast and hard. I felt the strangest sensation. The cool softness of a girls' nightgown against my skin combined with my lipsticked mouth meshing with hers. I was flooded with a warm feeling of femininity. I felt so wonderful, so girly and delightfully feminine, that I couldn't believe it. Once inside of her she guided me until we climaxed. Despite the surge of masculinity that comes with a male climax I also had a gloriously feminine feeling as well.

We lay quietly together for awhile and then we started again. She handled me like a sculptor would mold clay. I just followed her instructions and we climaxed again. We lay there in each others arms for a while and then she propped herself up on one arm and with one finger pushed some of the wig hairs away from my face.

"You should have told me you were a virgin," she said quietly. "I thought by now you would be more experienced. I just love feminine boys like you. It's like having a girlfriend and a lover all in one. I mean you are almost more girl than boy you know. You pass so easily. I'll bet if you were in a dress and wearing makeup we could go shopping anywhere without anyone knowing you were a guy. I still can't believe that's you in the wedding picture as a flower girl. Do you ever cross dress?"

I shook my head no. The thought had not crossed my mind because of the fact that I was home and had no where to keep a feminine wardrobe despite my increasing interest in doing so.

"Well I think you should. I can tell how



much you enjoy femininity. If I were you I would live 24/7 in dresses since you look so good. That's why you should consider becoming a make up artist, nail tech or skin care tech. Not here in Iowa of course but in some larger city where you could make some decent money. Come on, lets' take a shower."

I got up and took off the wig, then placed it on its' foam head. She used cold cream to remove the lipstick. While she adjusted the water I removed the condom and flushed it down the toilet. She placed a pink shower cap on my head and we stepped inside. The needle spray felt good. We soaped each other. I almost felt like giggling in a girlish fashion as our two slippery bodies embraced. After we rinsed off we stepped out of the shower and toweled ourselves dry. She pulled off the pink shower cap and went back into the bedroom. From the vanity drawer she pulled out a tape and measured my chest waist, and hips.

"I want to buy you some things now that we are friends," she said with that grin again.

I smiled too but said nothing as we got dressed. As I walked to the door she caressed my butt and said:

"I want to see you again but give me time to get some things together, ok?"

"Ok," I answered as I walked out the door.

There were a lot of things on my mind as I drove home. I went upstairs and thought about what she had said. She had been right of course. I was a feminine boy. I knew just how good I looked in that pink nightgown, pink lipstick and blonde wig. Yet at the same time I had become a man. I had enjoyed the way she had taken charge and manipulated me. She had been the aggressor, though not in the masculine sense of the word. I had been submissive AND feminine in every sense of the word plus I had loved every minute of it. I wanted to see her again too but exactly what was our relationship going to be?

It was the first Friday in May when Sandy sat down next to me in math class. She was all smiles.

"Mom's going to be gone all day Sunday. Why don't you come over early, say around nine-ish?"

I smiled and agreed to see her then. I had no idea what she had in mind or what was going to happen but after the last time I could hardly wait. The class dragged on and finally I could go home.

Friday night I couldn't stop thinking about Sunday morning. Saturday seemed to drag on forever despite being busy all day with farm work. I told my parents I would be seeing Sandy again the next day. Neither of them said a word.

I arrived at Sandy's house a little before nine and she took me straight back to the bedroom. She wasted no time in pulling my sport shirt over my head as I unbuckled my pants. Once I was naked she held out a white panty girdle. She grinned as I pulled it on. Next I put on a white bra and she closed the back hooks. After stuffing the cups with two small rubber balls she adjusted the straps. Next I put on a pair of sheer panty hose. The pink peasant blouse and denim miniskirt fit almost as if they were made for me.

"Okay my sissy boy, now I want you to sit at the vanity and do what I tell you."

I took my place, smoothing my mini skirt as I did so. She held up a small wood block around which she had wrapped a piece of fine grade sandpaper. After brushing the peach fuzz from my face and neck she opened a jar of cold cream.

“Use two fingers and smooth the cream over your face and neck to sooth your skin.”

When I finished she held out a small pallet of pink blusher. I opened it and picked up the brush inside.

“Start at the center of your cheeks and brush outward in a circular fashion.”

I followed her instructions and then did the other cheek. Next she handed me the lipstick. I applied a thick layer of the creamy stuff to my lips and then pressed my lips together. I turned the lipstick down and replaced the cap. She placed the cosmetic items and my wallet in the purse. I slipped into the four inch wedge heel shoes and fastened the straps. I put on the wig and she fastened a small pink bow at the top.

“Perfect!” she grinned. “Now stand up in front of the mirror on the closet door.”

I walked easily in the high heel wedgies over to the closet door and saw a pretty girl staring back at me.

“Now tell me you don’t pass easily,” she laughed as she slipped the strap of my purse over my shoulder. “I seemed to have guessed right about sizes too. Now let’s go shopping!” she squealed with delight as I walked in front of her to the door.

My heart was pounding as I waited for her to back the car out of the double garage. I opened the door on my side and smoothed my skirt as I sat down. I swung my legs in and fastened my seat belt. She backed out of the driveway and we were off.

Arriving at the mall she parked a good distance from the door.

“It’ll give you some practice walking in those high heel wedgies,” she said with a smirk. “And don’t forget to shorten your stride a little.”

We entered the mall and walked almost the entire length to a large women’s department store located at the far end.

“Why didn’t you park at this end,” I asked as we entered the store.

“This will give you some practice walking in those high heel wedgies,” she repeated with that same smirk. “As well as learning to walk modestly in a mini skirt,” she added.

We went straight to the lingerie section. Sandy declined the clerk’s assistance for help and then proceeded to explain about women’s under garments and hosiery. We went over to the clothing section where she held various dresses and skirts up against me to see how they might look on me.

She declined another clerk’s assistance as we left that department.

“When you have had a little more practice cross dressed we will come back and you will try on some of those things for me.”

Stopping at the cosmetic kiosk she turned to me.

“Take out your lipstick and touch it up please.”

I looked in the large mirror.

"I don't think I need too, my lips look ok to me," I replied.

She dug and elbow in my side,

"I know, but I want to see you do it here in public," she said in a stern voice.

I took out the lipstick and re-applied some more of the makeup and then replaced it in my purse.

"There. Now that wasn't so hard was it?" You looked quite girly and feminine when you did that. Remember I've already told you how much I like sissy boys. When you do things like that it really turns me on. Now come on let's go."

The customer next to Sandy left with her purchase and Sandy declined the cosmetologist's offer of assistance.

As we walked back down the mall I caught my reflection in the windows of the stores and was not only amazed at what I saw but felt thrilled at being out in public "dressed" and of course able to pass myself off as a female.

We stopped at Penney's located at the other end of the mall. Sandy introduced me to her co-worker Judith as "Jamie", her cousin from Des Moines. The woman smiled as she extended her hand and I gave her a limp, girly handshake.

We all walked over to where the prom dresses were displayed. Sandy held up a couple of the dresses against me and then we went over to the high heel shoe rack.

"We have a great selection this year, have you girls been asked to the prom yet?" said Judith.

Both Sandy and I shook our heads but Sandy added "Not yet anyway but the prom is still almost four weeks away."

I would have loved to try on some of the dresses and especially those high heels. They looked almost impossible to walk in as they appeared to have about five inch stiletto heels.

"Time for lunch," said Sandy and I followed her out of the store.

We went back up to the café court and had a salad and a diet soft drink.

"You are doing fine Jamie girl," she giggled as we sat down. "Of course I would just love to take you to the salon and see you with your hair in curlers under the dryer waiting for your pink nails to dry."

"Not today girlfriend," I said as I held up one hand and pretended to examine my fingernails.

We finished lunch and Sandy drove me back to her house. Once inside we went into her bedroom. I no sooner had taken off my wedgies when she had my skirt unzipped and slid it down to my ankles. She quickly pulled my pink peasant blouse over my head and tossed it aside. I slid my panty hose off as she got a condom out of the vanity drawer. She undressed while I took off the panty briefer and my erection sprang forth. She placed the condom on me as I unhooked my bra and let it fall to the floor. She grabbed me, kissed me hard and then tossed me on the bed. For the first time in my life I found myself giggling with joy. Just like a girl, you might say.

Afterwards we snuggled close together. The only sound in the room was our breathing.

"Jesus," said Sandy in a soft voice. "I didn't know sex could be this good."

"Me either," I replied. "But then I had no experience to draw on either."

She giggled again.

"You make a wonderful submissive partner. I doubt if you really would enjoy being the aggressor in lovemaking. You enjoy your femininity too much to be in the usual assertive male role."

We were silent for a few minutes and then she asked a question that took me by surprise.

"Have you thought about hormones?"

"Well no. I don't want to change my sex. I mean that's the first step towards that isn't it?"

"Well yes, but it would make your skin much softer. You may even develop sizable breasts though it may inhibit your ability to have an erection."

"I would need a doctor's prescription for that. I know there is stuff for sale on the internet but I would be afraid to take it because you can't be sure of the purity or source."

"I agree but I think you should at least consider trying it for a while just to see what the results are."

She turned to me and kissed me hard again. Later, after we showered and dressed, she put away my "girlie things" as called them. I checked my face in the vanity mirror to be sure I had removed all the makeup and then drove home.

School was winding down. I was busy on the farm with the planting and I hadn't seen Sandy except for one Sunday night when she took me to Penney's near closing time. We had a great time for about forty minutes as I tried on several prom dresses and high heels. I found it to be a heavenly experience. She took my picture as I posed like the girls in the magazine I had looked at months before. It was hard to take off the last dress and pair of heels. On the way home she made a very adamant, almost impassioned plea.

"You have got to find a way to spend your life cross-dressed. It would be a shame for you to spend your life in male clothing, at least that part of your life when you are working. Have you thought anymore about getting into the beauty business or maybe fashion design where you could be cross-dressed both at work and at home?"

"After what I have experienced so far it sounds like a wonderful idea. But right now I just don't know."

Back at her house I had just undressed and removed my makeup when I heard a car pull in the driveway.

"Mom's home early, quick get dressed in to your male clothes."

I must have set a world record as the both of us managed to get to the living room as Sandy's mom came in the back door. I heard her put grocery bags on the table and then open the refrigerator door. Sandy handed me a soft drink and sat on the couch next to me

as her mom came into the living room. I stood up as we were introduced and she went back to the kitchen. I stayed for just a few more minutes and then went home. That had been too close for comfort. In the future I knew we had to be more careful

I did not see Sandy for almost two months. Just after the seed was in the ground we had a good down pour but since then there had been just enough rain to keep the crops from withering. It didn't look like they would be "knee high by the fourth" as the old saying goes. I had hoped to see her over the Fourth of July weekend but her mom had the weekend off and they were traveling to see relatives.

I kept busy, on a farm that isn't difficult. I found myself thinking more and more about what she had said. I fantasized about being cross dressed or "en femme" as she had put it, all the time. I had enjoyed using make up as well as being dressed up and had become adept at doing her nails and makeup too.

Her idea of a career making other people look good sounded better than anything I currently had in mind. I certainly wasn't on planning on taking over the family farm one day though I had never said that to my folks. I would be a senior this fall and still had plenty of time to decide what I wanted to do.

It was in the middle of the month when my dad was late coming in for supper. I walked out back and heard the tractor running just inside the machine shed. I found him slumped over the wheel. I shut off the tractor and ran in the house to call 911. When the ambulance arrived it was too late.

The funeral was very nice. There were a lot of people at the service. Sandy and her mom were at the visitation. In addition many people had stopped by the house to leave food. It was a very difficult couple of days.

The next week we got the thank you cards out and the insurance settled. Everything transferred to my mom of course. He had a small life insurance policy and after the funeral expenses were paid mom still had about twelve thousand dollars left. She had it put in a savings account for me at the bank.

I was in no position to run a farm so my dad's brother hired two men for the field work and maintain the equipment. The corn crop was still in doubt and there were a lot of prayers for rain. If there was to be a crop, bumper or otherwise the rain had better come soon.

I wasn't able to see Sandy because of the funeral and my additional responsibilities on the farm but I did make a date with her the last Saturday of the month. She said she had a surprise for me. I was very busy with things around the farm so I hadn't given much thought to what it might be.

I got to her house about four pm as she had requested. In her bedroom I undressed and she used wax strips on my legs. I put on my bra, panty briefer and panty hose. The hose felt so good on my smooth legs. At the vanity I brushed the peach fuzz from my face with the sandpaper, then applied blusher and lipstick. After she placed the wig on my head she attached a pair of long earrings to my ears and pinned the little pink bow to the top of my wig.

"Now the surprise," she giggled. "Stand in the middle of the floor and close your eyes."

I did what she asked not sure of what to expect.

"Open now please," she squealed with delight.

When I opened my eyes she was holding the royal blue satin prom dress I had modeled for her at the store. She unzipped it and took it off of the hangar.

"I got a terrific discount as it is a closed out style," she said as she slipped it over my head.

I turned around. She zipped me up and then placed a pair of black patent stiletto heels at my feet. I slipped them on and twirled around.

"You are absolutely gorgeous," she said with a grin. "Lets' go out to the bar and have a drink."

Following her instructions I walked in front of her, though a little gingerly at first. The five inch stilettos fit me perfectly and I found walking in them proved to be no problem.

Taking a seat at the bar I crossed my legs in girlish fashion as she went behind the bar to mix me a drink. The satin dress felt so good on me and I knew I looked good. She grinned as she handed me a glass filled with pink fluid.

"A pink lady for my sissy boy and straight brandy for me," she laughed as she pushed the button on the stereo behind her and then came around the bar to sit next to me.

"I am still amazed at how great you look," she said as she sipped her drink.

I took a small drink from my glass and found it to have a fruity taste but just a hint of whatever "kicker" she had used. She set her glass down and reached for my hand.

"I know you like soft, quiet music so let's dance," she said.

"How about may I PLEASE, have this dance," I teased as I withdrew my hand.

She grinned as she stood up.

"Hi gorgeous sissy boy, may I PLEASE have this dance?" she asked in a most polite tone of voice.

"Yes you may," I answered as I set my glass down and we walked to the middle of the living room floor.

I turned to face her and held out my right arm with my hand dangling at the wrist. She took it firmly in hers as my left arm slipped around her right shoulder. We embraced each other as her right hand pressed against the small of my back. The music was dreamy as she moved me slowly around the floor.

I closed my eyes as danced. When the music ended we went back to the bar. I smoothed my dress as I sat down and crossed my legs again as I picked up my drink. She grinned again.

"You do that just like a girl. You are delightfully feminine in every way. PLEASE tell me you are going to follow my advice about a career en femme?"

I took a sip of my pink lady and smiled at her coyly.

“Well I just don’t know really. I mean you have me almost convinced but a girl should be careful about a career choice. If she chooses wrong there may not be many second chances.”

“A “GIRL” should be careful?” “If “SHE” chooses wrong?” she said with mocked surprise. “Oh my, just listen to my little sissy boy here. You are actually talking like you were a female. Are you thinking about becoming a girl for real?”

I took another sip of my drink. I knew she was secretly pleased at my feminine behavior. I was thrilled at the charade I was in and reveled at acting the way I did. I set my drink down, uncrossed my legs, and stood up, smoothing my dress as I did so. With one hand on my hip I twirled around once.

“So you think I could make it as a girl?” I asked.

She downed her brandy and stood up. Without a word she swept me off my feet and carried me towards the bedroom.

“SANDY!” I screamed and pretended to protest by kicking my legs as she carried me off like some prize she had won at the fair. My high heels slipped off and my satin prom dress soon joined them on the floor with my lingerie not far behind. She was out of her clothes almost as fast and soon we were on the bed.

Later as we lay panting next to each other she propped herself up on one elbow and looked at me.

“For a quiet submissive sissy boy you sure can behave like an animal,” she grinned.

“I behave like an animal? What about you? You ply me with alcohol, sweep me up, carry me in here, practically ripping my clothes off and then pin me to the sheets. Are you in heat or something?” I asked.

She said nothing for a minute then pressed her mouth firmly over mine. Minutes later we were once again locked together. Later after I removed my wig and makeup we showered. I got dressed as she picked up my clothes and put them away.

She made a pizza and we ate like we had been starving. I don’t know if it was the sex or the alcohol, maybe both. At the door she kissed me on the cheek with that “satisfied” look on her face which I presumably had too. She patted my buttocks before closing the door behind me.

That night I thought about a lot of things. I was positive I didn’t want to be a girl, yet the thrills of dressing up and behaving like one couldn’t be very well explained either. I loved being the submissive partner. I loved my femininity even more. Sandy and I had become a perfect match. I closed my eyes and slept like the proverbial log.

The next week the weather forecast had a bright spot. We would be getting some much needed rain but it was coming in the form of a severe storm front that was covering a half dozen states. We were all keeping an eye on how the storm was going to track. Even with the satellites and computers the experts could sometimes be wrong. In farming as in life, except for death and taxes nothing is for sure.

By Wednesday it looked as if the more severe weather would be to our north. The western sky had begun to turn ugly by ten am Thursday morning. I drove into town to get

a part for the tractor. As I was about to leave the parts store the sirens went off. The wind picked up and you could hear the hail banging on the tin roof.

The counter man signaled me to come with him. The two of us, another clerk and their machinist went down some old wooden stairs to a small basement. The lights went out and the clerk turned on a flashlight. Above us the hail, rain and wind sounded like World War Three.

We sat there until the storm had subsided and then by flashlight the four of us walked upstairs.

The rain was still coming down but it was now more of a mist. I ran to the car and put the part in the trunk, then got in. I started the car and after turning on the wipers I turned on the radio. There was just music, no news.

I drove out of the parking lot to the street. After a short distance a large tree blocked both lanes so I carefully backed around and headed in the other direction. Several miles later I turned off on a little used country road. I headed north hoping to connect with an east-west road that would lead me back to the main north-south road once again.

The country side looked like a war zone. There was debris all over the place. Power lines were down, and several massive trees had been uprooted. I drove slowly and finally found my connection to the main highway. Several miles later I turned east once again and headed for the farm.

The rain had stopped as I turned down the entrance road. My stomach turned and I felt like I was going to be sick. The barn, machine shed and the house were gone. The corn storage silos were still standing but the two large trees near the house had been ripped up and tossed away like toothpicks. Everything had been flattened as if a giant hand had swept the earth clean.

The closer I got to where the house used to be the sicker I felt. I left the car parked on the road and walked to where I saw the overturned tractor. One of the hired men and my mother were both underneath it.

It appeared that both of them had been running for the house when the twister hit. The front of the tractor had hit mom in the head and pushed her head first into the mud. The big rear wheels struck our hired hand squarely in the back and pinned him in the mud as well.

There was no point in checking them for signs of life so I walked over to the foundation of the house. Most of the contents of the basement had been sucked out and blown away. The house was in pieces and its contents scattered all over creation.

There was no time to cry so I began to pick up stuff I could use. I found my moms' purse and dug out her cell phone. I notified the Sheriff's department of the deaths of my mother and the hired man. I located the strong box she kept in the basement. With the keys in her purse I found the right one and opened it up. There was a deed, insurance papers, a car title, my birth certificate, the checkbook and some cash. I closed the box and locked it again. After putting it in the trunk of moms' car I got a small box from the remains of the machine shed and set out again to sort thru the rubble.

The first thing I found was half of the model airplane I had built when I was ten. My great grandfather had flown one like it in WWII. He had been listed as missing in action near the end of the war. It took almost a year before his body had been returned. I had put it together with great care and it was sitting on the fireplace mantle next to his photograph. The smashed picture frame and his picture weren't far away. I removed the picture and placed it in the photo album I found a few yards away

I kept looking until it was nearly dark. I saw a squad car pull in behind mom's car on the road. I waved to the officer and began walking back towards him. I set my box down near mom's car. We walked over to where the two bodies were lying under the tractor. The deputy made a radio call and in about thirty minutes an ambulance pulled in behind the deputy's squad car. I got the jack from the machine shed rubble. We put some fragmented plywood in the mud under the tractor. I placed the jack on the plywood and we were able to raise it enough to remove the bodies.

"The Northtown Motel is putting some people up for a few days. You might check them out," said the deputy.

I nodded and went back to mom's car as the squad and ambulance left. I drove to the motel and found they had one room left so I took some of the cash from the strong box and paid for a month's rent. I didn't feel like eating so I took a hot shower and went to bed.

The month of August was the longest month of my life. I bought some clothes, arranged mom's funeral and got a local attorney to get the legal matters taken care of. Once I had title to the property and mom's car I put the farm up for sale as is. There was no point in trying to rebuild it. I rented a dump box and the other hired man and I spent several days picking up the smaller pieces of debris. The rest would be left for the new owner to do as he wished. My attorney started proceedings with the insurance company to get a partial settlement since I wasn't going to rebuild the house or other structures.

I rented a small furnished apartment near school and got my utilities hooked up. I transferred all the legal papers and my car title from the strong box to a safety deposit box at the bank. After funeral expenses and legal fees I had about six thousand dollars in my checking account and another three thousand from mom's strong box stashed in the back of the freezer.

I was fortunate to have enough to get by on until the farm sold. I had lost about ten pounds throughout my ordeal. I was sleeping better but I wanted to get things "over with and done" once and for all. I wanted to see Sandy of course but not until things were settled.

I registered late for school and found myself sharing English and US history with Sandy. The storm hadn't damaged any homes in her neighborhood but her and her mom had spent several hours in the basement. She didn't say anything to me about coming over and I was glad because I just had too many things going on at the time.

After the first week of classes I received a large envelope in the mail. It was from Sandy and inside was a catalog from the Heartland Academy, a private school just outside of Des Moines. Sandy had placed a note inside: "I know things have been rough for you but check this out. We'll talk later. S"

I opened the booklet and read thru the course descriptions. They offered courses in cosmetology, electrolysis technician, nail technician, skin clinician, beautician-barber, massage therapy and fashion design. Several programs could be combined to obtain multiple certifications according to state standards. The school had an excellent placement record. Most of the graduates who were doing well had moved out of state to either New York or California. The tuition was very steep but finances would not be a problem for me.

By the end of the first quarter I had a settlement from the insurance company which I used to buy a CD. The realtor had only two appointments to look at the property. The housing market was in the toilet to begin with and though things appeared to be turning around I wanted to be rid of the farm ASAP. My dad's brother had his hands full with his own farm and didn't want to buy another one to either work or rent it out to someone else.

I saw Sandy the weekend before Halloween. She had noticed my weight loss and insisted I come over to be measured for the Halloween costume she was buying for me. I arrived at her house about six and we went directly to the bedroom.

"The weight loss looks good on you," she commented as she measured me. "I know it has been a stressful time for you but I hope you can keep it off. I want you to keep your girly figure."

She patted my buttocks when she finished. I got dressed and we went back to the living room. I sat down on the sofa and she went to the bar to get the drinks. Sitting down next to me she handed me a soft drink and slipped her arm around my shoulders.

"So have you thought about what you are going to do in the spring?" she asked.



"I read the booklet over. I think you are right about what you said. I am certain I would enjoy making people look good as a makeup artist. With the additional training for nails and skin care I would have multiple skills or maybe with the right job I could use all three," I replied.

"I can just see you now in a makeup studio. Pink blouse, skirt, and heels, making all the ladies look good. Maybe even a few guys like your self too," she said with a laugh as I sipped my drink.

"What about you?" I asked.

"I'm torn between fashion design and massage therapy. I like the possibilities of both though the road to the top in fashion design is long and hard. If I was going to start my own line it would be even harder. Massage therapy would probably mean I could get a job almost right away, despite the economy. The baby boomers are at retirement age and are beginning to have health problems so this skill could be in very big demand. It would also be much easier to eventually open my own studio. In fact as a makeup artist and/or nail tech that would be an option for you a little further down the road of course with some experience working for someone else."

"I agree. It would be nice to have my own business though there are pitfalls there too."

"Have you thought anymore about staying en femme while in school or afterwards?"

She had that grin on her face as she had asked me that.

"I don't know that for sure just yet. I am tired of going back and forth. I wouldn't want to be one thing at work and one thing at home."

"I know. That's why I think you should forget about trying to be two people and resign yourself to the fact that it would be easier to be Jamie 24/7 than James 12/7 and Jamie the other 12/7. I mean this way you would certainly be much happier. It wouldn't take much effort on your part. You walk effortless in those high heels. Your femme persona is perfect and when dressed you look better than 90% of the females out there. You might have to work a little bit on your deportment but if you were always in a dress or skirt that shouldn't be a problem. Are you going to see anybody about hormones?"

"Not yet. I will have to re-locate to go to school and then re-locate again for a job so I think I should put that off until I am settled."

I jumped a little as mom's cell phone in my pocket vibrated. I set my glass down and dug it out. The message on the voicemail was from the realtor. I wanted to call him right back.

"Excuse me a minute, it's from my realtor and I want to return his call."

She nodded as I called the number. He said he had a low ball offer and wanted to know what I thought. I replied to make a counter offer and then named a figure. He said he would convey it to the client. I hung up.

"I want to get home. If they accept I want to get the papers signed right away,"

"I understand. Remember to be here about four next Saturday for Halloween," she reminded me.

"I will," I replied and left the house.

I didn't hear anything all week and it kind of bugged me. This buyer didn't hesitate to low ball me but when I made a counter offer it was like maybe I had insulted him. By the end of the week I felt maybe I should call the realtor but decided not to. The ball was in the buyers' court, let them decide I thought.

At a quarter to four I parked in front of Sandy's house and walked to the door. I didn't know what she had in mind but if it didn't involve a dress, makeup and heels I was going to be sadly disappointed. I pushed the doorbell and the door immediately opened. My mouth dropped open as I looked at her in a black suit, white shirt, black tie and highly polished black shoes.

"I am all set now get that cute butt of yours into the bedroom and we'll get you dressed!"

I walked quickly ahead of her. Once in the bedroom I stripped putting my male clothing on the bed next to the lingerie she had laid out. I put on the black bra with inserts, black panty briefer, sheer panty hose, and took my seat at the vanity. Red rouge and bright red lipstick were first. Then she showed me how to use eye makeup. I hadn't done this before so I took my time applying the shadow and eyeliner. She had to help me with the long false eyelashes. After some bright red press on nails were firmly in place she placed a new black, shoulder length wig on my head.

As much as I was already accustomed to looking good the addition of the eye makeup and the brighter lipstick really made a difference. She went to the closet as I stood up and came back with a black velvet puff sleeve mini dress.

"Every girl needs one of these," she said with a giggle. "I got in on sale and with my store discount it was a real bargain."

She unzipped it and I put it on. She zipped me up and then went back to the closet for my pumps. I stepped in the black patent leather five inch stiletto pumps I had worn with the blue satin prom dress. I twirled around once and she smiled her approval. Last she fastened a single strand of pearls around my neck and wrist, then placed my make up in a clutch bag and handed it to me. I walked over to the full length mirror and was truly amazed at the reflection I saw.

"Okay, enough time admiring your self girly boy, let's go.

"Where are we going?" I asked as I took her arm.

"A very nice restaurant of course," she answered. "Only the best for my sissy boy girlfriend," she added.

I took her arm and we walked to the door. She put on a man's hat and then slipped a black wrap over my shoulders. In true gentlemen's style she opened the front door for me. At the car she did the same. I sat down and swung my legs in just like a lady would.

Riding to the restaurant I couldn't get over how dreamy I felt. I was relaxed and felt very secure in Sandy's company. The last three months had been stressful to say the least and now everything seemed so calm and peaceful. Once again I found myself thinking over what Sandy had said about living as Jamie 24/7 as opposed to twelve and twelve.

After parking the car at the restaurant she was very quick to come over to my side and open the door for me. I extended my arm with my hand dangling at the wrist. She took it

firmly in hers as I got out of the car. I smoothed my dress as she shut the door and we walked to the front of the restaurant. The only sound was the click of my stilettos on the sidewalk although I felt as if I were walking on air.

Inside the hostess showed us to our table. It was a unique experience to have some one hold my chair while I smoothed my dress underneath me as I sat down. Sandy had the man thing down pat.

I put my purse down on the table and looked over at her as she took off her hat.

"Penny for your thoughts, girly?" she asked with that smug look on her face.

I reached for my water glass and my long nails clinked on the glass. I spread my fingers a little, gripped the glass and brought it to my lips.

"Careful sissy boy don't spill anything. I wouldn't want people to think my date is a ditz, even if it is Halloween. By the way, remember to sip your beverage like you do at my place, and don't wipe your mouth, blot. You don't want to smear that beautiful lipstick."

As she grinned I took a gulp of water and made like I was going to spit it across the table. After swallowing it I set the glass down and simply replied "yes dear."

The waiter approached to take our drink order and left us a menu. I opened my menu and my eyes nearly bugged out at the prices.

"Pricey place, dear." I teased. "I hope your credit is good as I would hate to spend the rest of the evening washing dishes."

"Not to worry my cash flow is good," she replied. "I wouldn't want you to spend four hours doing dishes, especially in those five inch stilettos."

The waiter brought a pink lady for me and a soft drink for Sandy. She raised her glass to me and winked as she took a sip.

"Trying to get me drunk again?" I teased again.

"No," she answered and then added. "But that plan turned out pretty well the first time didn't it?"

I took another sip of the pink lady and smiled back at her.

"Yes it did as I recall," I answered and then turned my attention back to the menu.

We placed our orders and had another drink. The seafood salad was first rate. I was unaccustomed to classy food or places like this. I thought about how my system was going to react when it had been used to meat, potatoes, and other home cooking on the farm.

We finished our meal and dessert. Sandy motioned for the check and made a motion with her finger around her lips. I had forgotten a lady always touches up her make up before leaving the table. I opened my purse and ran the puff over my cheeks. After I added a generous application of lipstick I replaced the make up in my purse and stood up. Sandy left a tip on the table and then came around to slip the wrap around my shoulders. I took her arm and we walked to the cashier up front.

Outside I felt sad in a way as we walked to the car. Shortly Cinderella would have to go back to being a Cinder-fella again. Sandy opened the car door and I got inside. There

was no conversation on the way home but once again I found myself dreaming of a 24/7 feminine lifestyle.

Back inside the house I went to the bar. Sandy fixed me another pink lady and after pouring herself a brandy came around to the other side of the bar. I sat down and crossed my legs, but hiking the hem of my dress up a little higher as she sat down across from me.

She took a sip of her brandy and then set the glass down. She reached over and slid her hand up my lower leg to my knee. I stopped her at the knee with my free hand.

“Easy boy, I’d like to finish my drink first.”

“You are a lucky girl, the wax strips keep you girly smooth a long time. Your lack of hair is going to make you a low maintenance kind of girl.”

“Thank you, I think that’s a compliment,” I said as Sandy put her drink down and took me by the hand.

Much later as I lay exhausted on her bed I looked at my little black dress lying on the floor, the black five inch heels closer to the door way and my lingerie in a heap next to the bed. If I should have been a girl was I a lesbian? If I did take hormones how would I look? What other effects were there? Is it possible for me to be two people, one male and one female? I was getting tired of the charade and wanted it to end. There had to be an answer. Maybe I should see a professional and find out.

“Mom will be home in about forty minutes so let’s get you cleaned up,” said Sandy as she crawled over the top of me.

She helped me remove the make up and then she hung up my girly clothes as I got the shower started. Later as I got dressed she looked at me in a different way.

“When I said “penny for your thoughts” at the restaurant you didn’t answer. You looked happy then but much sadder now. Is anything wrong?”

I tucked my shirt in, zipped and buckled my pants.

“I am tired of this Sandy. I mean, despite what happened recently with the storm and all, I feel I am living two lives, one for you en femme and another one as a male the rest of the time. It is getting me down and I feel like I have to do something soon or go crazy. I am thinking about getting some professional help.”

“I understand and I agree you are doing the right thing. Do you want to cool things for a while?”

“I think so. Just give me some time to sort things out, ok?”

“Sure, that’s fine with me.”

We had no more conversation as I put on my socks and shoes. I left the house and drove home. I had difficulty going to sleep that night. I certainly had enough alcohol, maybe it was that big salad. Maybe I just couldn’t stop thinking about the conundrum I was in.

If there was a solution it was probably what Sandy had said initially. Find a means of working where you could live and work en femme. A happy contended life was better than going crazy trying to be two people or live two lives, each one completely independ-

ent of the other. I had three quarters of the school year left and a farm to sell. Hopefully that would be accomplished in due time so I could concentrate on living my life the way I wanted too. I closed my eyes and finally drifted off to sleep.

November was a difficult month. My counter offer was rejected. I did make several trips out to the farm just to see how things were. Dad's brother checked it also once and a while. I had been hoping my counter offer would be accepted as I didn't want to give the farm away either. I was at dad's brother's house for Thanksgiving which made things a little better.

I hadn't felt any better as I was still sorting things out. I did get some information off the internet site about some professionals who specialized in helping people like me. I planned to wait until after the second quarter holiday break before contacting one of them.

I got a six month membership in the local health club. I took my frustrations out on the stationary bike and the treadmill. I continued to eat healthy and the weight I had lost stayed off. By the end of the month I was sleeping better. I also had a flatter stomach and evidently my buttocks had a more pronounced curvature. Sandy had brushed them as she walked behind me one day at school and grinned with the comment "nice buns".

December came in with a good snowstorm. Dad's brother plowed out the entrance road and just enough of the barn yard for the realtor and a client to turn around in. School was progressing well and I was making good grades. Sandy was always pleasant and she continued to give me my space. When school let out for the two week holiday break I thought about calling her but decided not too.

I continued to search out information on the internet at the public library. Sometimes I would encounter a "blocked request" message indicating the website I had requested was an adult only website. I did gain access to several non-porn sites which described transvestites and transsexuals. From the information I was able to look at I appeared to be the former not the latter. I decided to take the bull by the horns and called a clinic in Des Moines to make an appointment.

That night after a shower I stood naked in front of the mirror on the closet door. My legs were still pretty much hair free. With both hands I pushed up my breasts a little. Maybe Sandy was right about the hormones too. I wondered if my body would eventually have soft skin just like hers. The girls at school all had different size breasts. Just how big mine would get was another question. I made out a list of things to ask the doctor at my January appointment.

Christmas at dad's brother's house was very nice. I asked that no gifts be given. I did insist on splitting the cost of the Christmas dinner though and they agreed. I stopped by the farm on the way back and everything looked ok. Now if only the New Year would just bring a buyer.

The realtor said there would not be much moving over the winter months so I wasn't about to keep my hopes up. I had used my insurance settlement on the buildings and equipment to make the mortgage payment. I would be safe from foreclosure for awhile yet. I had been living off the money from my mom and dad's life insurance and funeral proceeds. I still had two thousand in cash from the strong box for any emergencies.

The week of my appointment the weather was going to be bright & sunny but cold. I had a one pm appointment on a Tuesday with a Dr. Thaddeus Braden. I skipped breakfast and left my apartment about seven am. After gassing up the car I headed for the interstate. The drive was not unpleasant as it was the same route mom and I had taken when we attended the wedding where I was the flower girl.

I arrived at the clinic about twelve thirty and went inside. I used the restroom in the lobby and then checked the directory. I saw his office was down the right hallway. I went back to the car and turned on the radio.

Once again I rolled things over in my mind. Sandy's words kept ringing in my ears. A fifty-fifty stressful existence or a 24/7 happy one, those were the only two choices. I had come here to get some answers. I shut the radio off. It was now or never. I got out, locked the car, and walked inside.

I walked down the hall to Dr. Braden's suite. After checking in with the nurse at the desk I took a seat and filled out the required medical forms. A few minutes later Dr. Braden came out of the inner office. He was a short, stocky balding man with thick black glasses. He spoke with the nurse for a minute. After picking up my medical forms he came over to where I was sitting.

I stood up as he introduced himself and then I followed him back to his office. I was very nervous as I sat in the leather chair in front of his desk. He took his seat and then looked up at me.

"So exactly why did you come to see me," he said quietly.

I took a deep breath and began spilling out my life story. I began with my experience as the flower girl at a wedding, my role reversal relationship with Sandy, my dad's sudden death and the storm that had taken my mothers' life and destroyed the family farm. I concluded with my moving to my own apartment, continuing with my schooling, putting my relationship with Sandy on hold until I could get some professional help. He made some notes as I talked and when I finished he looked up at me.

"You have done very well for yourself young man," He began. A lot of other kids would have most likely been basket cases by now but you have a good head on your shoulders and you should be proud of the way you have handled yourself."

I nodded with a quiet "thank you", and he continued.

"Now then, it is obvious that you derive great pleasure from cross dressing as well as your relationship with your girlfriend. In the studies of fetish behavior there has never been a clue as to exactly what causes the desire to do this only that the person either wishes it would stop entirely, or they want to live cross dressed all the time. How do you feel about it?"

"Well I love being dressed and being submissive. I think I would like to live this way all the time. I like the fact that my girlfriend is assertive and is the dominant partner in our lovemaking. I enjoy being feminine but I don't think I want to be a girl. I don't think I am crazy either."

"Of course you are not crazy. In fact you are very mature for your age. You take your responsibilities seriously as well as your relationship. I can tell you right now that there

are THOUSANDS of men all over the world that cross dress part of the time. Some do this with the knowledge of their wives or girlfriends others without. There are also some who live and work as women even though they have no desire to become one. None of them is in any way "crazy". Now is your current relationship your first sexual experience?"

"Yes."

"Have you ever been with a male or had the desire to have sex with a man?"

"No, absolutely not. I can't even imagine that."

"Okay. Well I can tell you right now that from what you have told me you are probably not a transsexual. A sex change is not what would be in your best interest, at least not for now. However I must point out that your feelings of femininity will probably never go away. You will always have this desire to cross dress and be the submissive partner in your relationships.

You have been fortunate in this regard to have met someone who understands you and is completely comfortable in being your dominate partner. Many cross dressers spend their lives trying to find a woman who is willing to role play and accept the fact that your desire to be cross dressed and as feminine as you can be is not an indication that you are gay or sexually abnormal."

"What about hormones. My girlfriend said they would give me a more feminine appearance."

"That they would, however in addition to developing some enlargement in the breast area you would eventually loose your ability to have an erection. There is also the possibility you would have mood swings and sometimes, although rarely, there maybe the danger of blood clots. This had been an infrequent occurrence among some transsexuals, most of whom had been taking their female hormones in pill form as opposed to getting monthly shots as is the more common practice today. I see by your medical form you won't be eighteen until June, therefore I could not prescribe anything for you without parental consent and since they are both deceased I would need consent from your guardian."

"My dad's brother has temporary guardianship until I turn eighteen in June but I am not going to bring this up with him. I'll wait until I am of age so I can get the hormones without anyone knowing."

"That's fine but I would need to see you several more times before a prescription could be written. Your time is up for today James. Please pay at the desk and make another appointment three months from today. Continue your regular routine and maintain your current relationship."

"Actually we are in a cooling off period as I wanted to get some counseling about this. We are still friends and everything but I kind of wanted to sort things out.

"Perfectly understandable James, take all the time you need. Remember, you are NOT crazy."

"Thank you doctor," I said as I stood up and left the office.

I paid cash at the desk and got another appointment in late March. I stuffed the card in my wallet and put my coat on. As I sat in the car I felt a great sense of relief. I drove to a

burger joint near the interstate connection and ate a big lunch. After gassing up the car I drove home. The trip back seemed to take less time than the trip over there, maybe because I was feeling much better about seeing the doctor.

Once school started again I had less time to think about my situation. Near the end of the month I asked Sandy to meet me at a pizza place near the mall. We talked about the things my therapist had covered and she was very supportive.

"I still think you should give hormones a try. You have beautiful skin but I would like to rub up against you not a pair of small rubber balls," she teased.

"I am having mixed feelings about that even though I would love to see the results," I added.

"Any chance you could come over for a Valentines drink on Saturday, the fourteenth?" she asked.

"I guess I could. I know it's been a while since we've been together. I do miss my girl things. I just wanted to see the therapist first. I feel much better about having gone to talk with him."

"Great. Come by about six. Mom works a twelve so she won't be home."

"Will do," I answered. She gave me a big smile as we got up and left the restaurant.

That night I thought about our upcoming date. I had missed being able to express my femininity very much. It seemed like a very long two weeks before I found myself knocking on her door. I was somewhat anxious yet at the same time I was looking forward to being dressed and made up even if it would be for just a short while.

When Sandy opened the door I saw she was dressed casually in a t shirt, jeans and sneakers. She quickly ushered me into her bedroom.

"Be quick girly, as you know I don't like to be kept waiting, especially when you have a new outfit to model for me," she said with that wide grin again.

She left the room quickly and closed the door as I walked over to the bed. I undressed and surveyed my new "outfit" as she put it.

On the bed was a red satin bra, panty and garter belt set with a pair of sheer stockings next to them. I put them on and sat at the vanity. After I applied red rouge and a thick layer of bright red lipstick I slipped on the black wig. She had pinned a huge red satin bow in the middle of it. The long, red press on nails was the last thing. The reflection I saw in the vanity mirror was unbelievable.

Next to the lipstick was a small bottle of perfume. I removed the cap and held it up to my nose. It was very sweet and smelled like strawberries. I hadn't worn perfume before because I was afraid of the lingering scent but I threw caution to the winds this time and scented myself behind each ear.

I opened the white box on the bed and held up a bright red sheath dress made of a stretchy, shiny fabric. I managed to get it on and found it was a very tight but nearly perfect fit. Thru the eye of the back zipper was pinned a large safety pin with a long shoe lace tied to it. I reached behind me and brought the shoelace over my shoulder, then pulled the

zipper up. After removing the safety pin I placed it inside the box and took out a pair of plastic five inch heel stiletto sandals. I sat down on the vanity chair and put them on.

My feelings of femininity had returned when I had put on my lingerie. The wig, make up and sweet perfume made me feel even better. Now as I stood up and walked across the room in those stilettos I felt more female, more womanly than I had ever felt in my life. I stopped at the full length mirror and nearly gasped at what I saw. I turned and walked out to the living room.

As I entered the living room I placed one hand on my hip and wiggled a little more as I walked up to her. There was soft music coming from the stereo speakers again. Her face brightened as I sat down next to her and crossed my legs. "Hi sailor!" I teased

The very short hem of my dress rode up to expose the tips of my garters. She placed my pink lady in front of me as I tugged girlishly at the hem of my dress. She let out a low wolf whistle.

"You like?" I asked as I set my drink down and got up to twirl around in front of her.

She took a drink of her brandy and shook her head with a grin.

"I guess I know how to shop for you girly boy," she said.

"Actually I would like to talk to you about that. Apparently those internet sites you bought this on don't sell plain dresses or skirts do they?"

"If they did I can't imagine why I would buy you something like that when you look so good in this one," she answered.

I grinned at her as I stood close to her and said "I take it you didn't order the pole either?"

"Too expensive," she laughed as she shook her head no and took another sip of her brandy.

I walked away and began gyrating around a few times then returned to my stool and sat down.

Once again I tugged modestly at the short hem of my dress as I crossed my legs and grabbed my glass.

"You know you probably could make a lot of money in one of those jiggle joints," she teased.

"Thinking of pimping me out to one of them as my agent?" I asked.

She laughed again. "Well no, at least not to dance."

I pretended to appear miffed as I put my drink down. I placed both hands behind my neck and with my arms wide I thrust my chest out. The two small rubber balls in my bra cups stretched the fabric for all it was worth. I grinned at her.

"What do you think a girl like me is worth?" I teased.

"Current street value or indoor market?" she shot back.

I stifled my giggle and hopped onto her lap wrapping my arms tightly around her neck.

"How about indoor market value as of right now today?"

"Priceless", she grinned and leaned in to kiss me hard.

With our lips locked together she picked me up and walked over to the couch where we worked up a helluva sweat. She was a strong, athletic girl and there was no way I was going to pry myself loose from her grasp. After a short while we came up for air and she picked me up again.

"What do you say we adjourn this informal discussion and move to more comfortable surroundings?"

She kissed me hard before I could answer. Once in the bedroom we broke again and she put me down.

"I'm glad you agree girly boy, now lets' get you unencumbered."

She had me out of my dress in no time. As I unbuckled the straps on my red plastic stilettos she cleared off the bed. My lingerie soon joined my dress and shoes on the floor. I lost track of time. When you are in heaven you don't need a watch. Or in love either I guess. It was after midnight when we got up. I took off the wig and removed my makeup then I joined her in the shower. There was no conversation as we dried off and got dressed. After an experience like that nothing was left to be said.

Once again I had to leave Jamie in Sandy's bedroom and James had to go home. I was completely fulfilled but there was still a certain hard to define emptiness about the whole



thing. I had thoroughly enjoyed our banter and role play that precipitated the most glorious sex a man could imagine. I had to admit that whatever it was going to take I was going to find a way to live as Sandy had said: Jamie 24/7 not James 12/7 and Jamie 12/7.

I stopped for gas on the way home and then went into an all night drug store and purchased a small sample bottle of after shave. I splashed myself good when I got home to sure there was no lingering odor of the sissy sweet perfume I had scented myself with earlier.

Sunday I read the paper but couldn't get interested in much of anything. I had resigned myself to a course of action and the only thing left to do was to get started.

That night I re-read the booklet from the Heartland Academy. Make up artist, nail technician and/or skin clinician seemed to be the right thing for me to do. I was doing my own make up as well as Sandy's nails so I was pretty confident I could do anyone else's too.

The rest of February was a colder than average with a couple of dustings of snow here and there. One storm brought just over four inches of snow in one blast but dad's brother had the farm plowed out the next day.

School was going smoothly and everybody was looking forward to graduation and of course the warmer weather. My realtor checked in and said there had been no calls about the farm but things were sure to pick up after the snow was gone. They always did, he said. "Nobody looks for anything in the dead of winter anyway," he had said.

By St. Patrick's day a warm front had moved in and most of the snow had disappeared. I celebrated a day late with Sandy. She drank some green beer as I sipped my pink lady. She had me wear green eye shadow to match my green lipstick as well as the green satin sissy bow on top of my blond wig. I wore a baby doll nightgown with dark green satin panties and a light green chiffon top with my black five inch stiletto pumps. After parading around the living room I sat down next to her.

"I take it a nightie is cheaper than a dress," I mused as I sipped my drink.

"Not necessarily," she answered back with a grin. "But as long as the desired results are the same it doesn't matter much to me."

"Spoken like a true cad," I retorted and set my empty glass on the end table.

I hopped in her lap and crossed my legs as I kissed her hard. While I kicked my legs girlishly she carried me into the bedroom and we began to steam the place up. When I got home later that night I knew for certain I was never going to live any other way. As I got into bed I looked down at my male underpants and wished I had the green baby doll to wear to bed.

The last Saturday in March I was in Dr. Braden's office for my one pm appointment.

"Has anything changed since we spoke last?" asked Dr. Braden.

"Sandy and I have resumed our relationship. High school is going ok and I have decided to attend a trade school to become a make up artist. Sandy will be studying to become a massage therapist. After school and relocation I attend to live cross dressed full time. I am not sure about the hormones just yet though Sandy did mention it once."

"I see. It sounds as if you are pretty well grounded. I'm glad to hear about your educational plans too. You have an excellent plan for your future and your present is very stable. Those are good things. Is there anything else you want to talk about?"

"Well no. You mentioned before this is something that is probably never going to go away. I guess I have to just learn to enjoy it rather than try to find some means of fighting it. Obviously I cannot continue to live one life at work and one at home. It is pretty stressful vacillating back and forth. Once I finish school I want some stability in my working and my personal life."

"You are exactly right James and you will have that too. Now that is all for today. Make an appointment to see me once more before you leave for school."

I left his office, paid the bill in cash at the counter and made another appointment in early June. Driving home was much more enjoyable. I felt like a weight had been lifted off my shoulders.

The girls' basketball team had lost in the semi finals. Sandy thought they were sure to go all the way but it was not to be. She had already received several inquiries from small colleges and had declined all of them. I suggested she reconsider since she would be getting a free ride for four years. She just grinned at me and patted my buttocks as we walked out of class. "Other plans, other plans," she had said.

The snow was completely gone by the first of April and the realtor had several showings. Things were looking up. We both attended a higher education open house in the gym and talked with the rep from the Heartland Academy.

The middle aged woman with whom I talked never batted an eye when I asked about the make up, nail and skin courses. There was no deadline for filing an application with a deposit since this was a private school whose courses were ongoing throughout the year. There was still room for me in the class beginning July 7th though Sandy's course wouldn't start until the 14th. Sandy and I both sent our apps with our checks in the mail that day.

By the end of April I had a decent offer on the farm. After all the fees, commissions, other costs and paying off the mortgage I was left with a little over twenty thousand dollars. With the life insurance and funeral proceeds from my parents' death and the balance that was left from the storm settlement I had a total of a little less than forty thousand dollars in my account. That was more than enough to get me thru school and relocate to where the good jobs were. I was quite relieved to get this over with so now I could look forward to getting on with my life.

I continued my workouts at the health club and had lost a couple of more pounds. Sandy seemed more enthralled at my more developed buttocks. I felt very good and I was sleeping much better. All in all I thought perhaps I had turned a corner in my life and now there was clear sailing ahead.

The high school prom was scheduled the third weekend of the month. On Friday after class when I asked her she looked at me funny.

"You mean you want me in a dress, makeup and heels to go with you in a suit and a tie? I don't think so! I have a private prom party all planned for you. I even have your

dress and shoes picked out. Just be at my house Saturday the 27th at 6pm and I will get you ready for the evening."

"Of course dear," I said with a smile. So much for ever thinking there might be a "regular" male-female relationship.

We took our final exams. I was glad to be rid of high school. I wanted out of here and the cold of Iowa in general. I would have one more winter to endure and then Sandy and I would be free to head to a warmer climate.

On Saturday I read the new comer guide to the city of Des Moines and the Heartland Academy's class schedule. As much as I was looking forward to seeing Sandy at our "prom party" the day seemed to go too slowly.

I took a hot bath and shaved my body. Standing naked in front of the mirror I saw my girly body and imagined it with breasts. I was certain it would please Sandy but the potential side effects of the hormones did bother me a little.

At ten to six I pushed Sandy's door bell and the door quickly opened. She was wearing the same suit and tie she had worn at our Halloween date. I stepped inside and she closed the door. Quickly she ushered me into the bedroom where I began to undress.

She watched me step into the pink bra, ruffled panty, and garter belt set. The pink seamed hose felt good on my freshly shaven smooth legs. I sat at the vanity and applied pink blusher and a thick layer of bright pink lipstick. The blonde wig and a larger pink satin sissy bow were next. Finally she attached the long earrings and added a quick squirt of perfume behind each ear when she finished.

"I forgot to get some pink press on nails. I can't wait to see you with your own nails in pink nail polish and I think you would feel more feminine if your ears were pierced," she added as I got up.

At the closet she held out a short pink petticoat and handed it to me. I stepped into it and brought it up to my waist. She had a big grin on her face as she took my dress off the hanger. It was not a prom dress at all. It was a pink satin, puff sleeve mini dress adorned with tiers of ruffles and a row of little pink bows along the hem and one large one at the base of the zipper.

I had seen them on the internet. They were labeled "sissy dresses" by the companies that carried them in their inventories. I put it on and she zipped me up. After she helped me adjust the hem over the petticoats she stepped back and looked me over.

"If you're not the prettiest sissy boy on the planet I don't know who is," she said with a giggle. "Now get your shoes on."

She placed the pink high heel sandals at my feet and I stepped into them. After buckling the straps I twirled around in front of her. I was feeling so very much alive as I walked in front of her to the living room. I couldn't resist giving a little extra swish and sway as I walked prompting her to giggle once more. I turned to face her at the bar.

"Is there anything else that would make this ensemble more complete?" I asked with a smile.

"Yes of course but I left the dainty purse on a gold chain in the closet as we won't be going out tonight. I want very much for you to let your nails grow as well as letting your hair grow out. Those open toe heels would be better if I could see your pink toenails. I can't wait to see you at the beauty shop with your hair in curlers getting your nails done," she added with a grin.

"So that is what you meant by "other plans"," I said.

She nodded as I held up my right arm with my hand dangling at the wrist. Taking it firmly in her left hand we came together with my left arm sliding over her shoulder. She assumed complete control as she moved me around the room. I loved every minute of it. The soft music, my feminine apparel, and being held in her strong arms gave me a tremendous feeling of warmth and security. In addition to the fact that I had never felt so gloriously feminine in my entire life as I did right now.

The music stopped and she led me back to the bar. I smoothed my skirt as I sat down and crossed my legs. The pink satin dress and my lingerie felt exquisite on my smooth shaven skin. I felt like I was living in a dream world.

"You look like you are in seventh heaven," said Sandy as she set my pink lady in front of me.

"I am," I replied as I took a dainty sip. "Of course I have you to thank for that."

She grinned as she came around the bar. She sat down opposite me but not before sliding her hand up my lower clean shaven leg to the knee before I pushed it away.

"Sissy smooth and sissy sweet, just the way I like you," she said as she dipped forward to catch a whiff of my perfume.

"Yes I know. I can't wait to get school over with and start working so I can keep myself that way," I replied.

"In due time sissy boy, in due time," she said. "By the way have you decided whether or not you are going to start hormones?" she asked.

"No. I have another appointment to see Dr. Braden a month before school starts. Maybe I will start then," I answered.

"I also wanted to ask you about housing arrangements during the time we are in school. If you don't mind I would like to live separately. I think it would be easier on both of us since we both like to have our own space from time to time."

"I agree completely and that goes for wherever we relocate to as well," I added.

She took my hand and let me out to the middle of the floor where we began dancing again. I closed my eyes and thought about this relationship as well as what the future would bring. For right now I was happier than I had ever been. I didn't want to lose this special thing between us as there was not much chance that I would ever find it again.

Each of us found a small apartment near the school and moved in. The move was tiring but once both of us had settled in we felt better. Neither of us had any furniture so it was not expensive. We celebrated with dinner at a steakhouse. I had a week before starting classes so Sandy and I drove around the area getting familiar with it.

My appointment with Dr. Braden was at the end of the week. I arrived early as usual and was admitted to his office. He looked up from his paperwork and I sat down. He pushed several files aside and then we began.

"So I trust your move went well," he said.

"Yes. I am pretty much settled in and can't wait for school to start," I answered.

"Since there have been no changes since we last spoke I believe there is only one last order of business and that is hormone therapy. You look very fit do you want to start this treatment?"

"Yes. I discussed it with Sandy. I guess I would like to see what the effects would be and whether or not this would enhance our relationship."

"Your relationship, as you put it, is heterosexual at the moment. Your development under hormones may change that into more of a quasi-lesbian relationship. Is that what you or Sandy want?"

"Well I am not sure. It has been wonderful up to now. If things would get better that would be great but I guess there is only one way to find out."

"Do you think you are a lesbian, but with a penis?"

"I don't know that either. If things don't work out I can always quit."

"True. Please go in the other room and get undressed. I want to examine you before I prescribe."

I did so and after a brief physical exam he made some notes on my medical form, then he gave me my first shot.

"This will get you started. I want to see you once a month and then we will go from there."

I got dressed and went out to the counter. I paid for the consultation and my initial shot of hormones. Driving home I thought about what the doctor had said: "a lesbian with a penis". It seemed an odd way to describe myself.

Maybe I should be a woman. If I was really a woman then the reason I found no attraction to men was because I was a lesbian. Sandy and I had a heterosexual relationship though it was in essence a role-reversal one. She was the dominant party and I was the submissive one. I liked it that way. A sex change operation would change that drastically. I decided to talk to Sandy when I saw her again.

On Sunday we met at a pizza place for lunch. She was enthusiastic about my starting on hormones. We both agreed to have a "wait and see" attitude. Our order came and we dug in. As we left she caressed my butt again and said "I can't wait to see what you look like with boobs!"

School began and with our different class schedules we did not have very much time for each other. Sandy began working part time at the local Penney store. I had transferred my health club membership to the local club to continue my workouts though I was certain it wouldn't be long before I could no longer shower there.

The courses were intense and by the time the first quarter was over about a third of the class had dropped out. The class I was in had twenty four students and now we were down to sixteen. Of those there were three other males.

At the end of July I saw Dr. Braden again. I could not see any difference in the way I looked but he assured me that it would probably take another three months or so before I would notice anything.

Halloween was a wild weekend. After classes on Friday Sandy told me to be at her place around eight. When I inquired about my costume she just gave me that smirk and said she had something "appropriate" picked out and I was going to love it.

I showered and shaved myself before going over to her place. I was wondering what "appropriate" meant in her mind. I half expected another "sissy dress" but this time she outdid herself with something more "adult", as she put it. When she saw the expression on my face as we entered her bedroom she laughed out loud. Her only comment was "Hurry up slut, you know how I hate to be kept waiting!"

I undressed. I put on a black bra, black panty with pink ruffles, and garter belt. The stockings were fishnets of course. At the vanity I used bright red rouge and lipstick. I did up my eyes and put on long false eyelashes. After attaching long earrings I squirted myself with some perfume that was not only very sweet but must have been very cheap as well. The black wig had a huge red bow at the top. I placed it on my head and then attached a set of long red fingernails. The red satin blouse was sleeveless and the black leather mini skirt was more of a micro skirt. A pair of over the knee red patent leather spike heel "hooker boots" really completed the costume.

I stood in front of the mirror and struck a pose. Appropriate or not here I come I thought to myself as I walked to the living room. I sashayed into the living room and sat down next to her. I couldn't help giggling.

"Looking for company?" I asked in a soft husky voice.

Sandy put down her brandy. "I dunno. How much is this going to cost me?"

"Considering what you have invested already not a whole lot," I said with a smirk. "Mastercard, Visa, or American Express?"

She handed me a pink lady and shook her head.

"What have I got myself into? I've created a monster!"

"Yes but this monster provides you with creature comforts."

"Creature comforts? Now that was a good one," she laughed.

I set my drink down and stood up. I walked seductively around the small apartment living room. Instead of sitting next to her I sat on her lap and ran my fingers thru her hair.

"Okay buddy. You either get this party started or send me home," I said as I wrapped my arms around her neck.

She grabbed me around the waist and kissed me hard as she pushed me down on the couch. I closed my eyes enjoying her aggressiveness and entered my dream world again. We came up for air. She grinned as she picked me up, carried me into the bedroom, and unceremoniously dumped me on the edge of the bed.

She unzipped my boots, pulled them off and tossed them aside. Grabbing my arms she pulled me upright and kissed me hard as she unzipped my skirt. As it fell to the floor she unbuttoned my blouse, pulled it off and tossed it aside. I stepped out of the mini skirt. After unhooking my bra she placed her hands under my nipples and pushed up.

"I wish you'd hurry up and grow this bigger so I could play with them," she grinned and kissed me again, sliding the garter belt and panties down to my knees.

When we broke again I unhooked the stockings, slipped them and the rest of my lingerie off as she undressed. Stepping over the pieces of my costume on the floor she placed the condom on me and we were soon joined together on the bed.

Later when the only sound in the room was our breathing she traced around my nipples with her finger. With one hand she pushed up under each nipple as if trying to gauge what size my breasts might become.

"Were you expecting a set of hooters in just a few weeks?" I asked plaintively.

She shook her head. "Well no, not exactly. I just thought there might be some noticeable changes by now but I guess not."

"I trust this relationship is not going to depend on whether or not I get boobs big enough to suit you?"

"Well the thought of being able to see you jiggle naturally did cross my mind, and of course the more jiggle the better, with or without the addition of implants" she laughed as I pushed her hands away in a seemingly upset fashion.

I was about to object when she used the term "implants" when he mouth closed over mine and she pushed against me again. I felt myself getting warm as well as erect as we held the kiss for the longest time before we broke apart.

"Oh my, you are a little flushed! Is that a blush I see? Maybe those hormones are starting to work after all!"

We coupled and again time stood still. Much later as I sat at the vanity and removed my makeup I couldn't see any difference in my skin texture. Dr. Braden had said it would be some time yet. We dressed, ate pizza and drank our diet soft drinks. At home later that night I felt my breast area while in the shower. I could not detect anything different.

School continued. The department that taught electrolysis gave free treatments to any student so I had been getting rid of my wispy facial hair a little at a time at no cost to me. I saw Dr. Braden for my monthly shots. My breast area had become a little sensitive and now I could see in the mirror a very subtle change in my skin texture.

I was invited to my dad's brother's place for the Thanksgiving Holidays but declined citing the fact that I was doing volunteer work here at the homeless shelter. The Christmas holidays came and went with my staying in Des Moines rather than go to visit relatives. Dr. Braden said I was progressing normally. I had just the beginnings of a slight rise in my breast area after four months. Sandy of course insisted on a close examination of my "buds" as she called them.

I met Sandy after work one night in January just before school started up again. She elbowed me with a wink as we passed the display of prom dresses and high heel shoes in the window. We had subs and a diet soft drink for supper at the mall's café court.

"You have about five months of school left and I have four. I think you should start letting your hair grow out. As much as I like you in those wigs I would really enjoy putting your hair in curlers. In another three months I think you should let your nails grow as well as get your ears pierced. I think those press on nails are ok but I would like to see you with pink finger and toenails."

"I suppose I could do that. I would like to interview as a male but if hired I would want to then work and live en femme."

"I will graduate a month before you so I will be able to help you when you "change over" shall we say."

I nodded and finished my soft drink. I looked at the short nails on my hands and imagined them to be long and pink like the false nails I had been wearing.

We caught an early movie and then left the mall. That night I thought about the change over period. I wasn't sure exactly how was I going to go about this. What would the employer say if I interview as a male and then show up for work en femme? Would it be better to interview en femme and be up front about everything? I had a restless night.

School started up again and our class was down to twelve students. I was earning good grades and my skills with make up and nails had not gone unnoticed. The students in electrolysis had made short work of my peach fuzz beard and the new laser equipment made my legs look great. Even Sandy was impressed as one night she slid her hands from my ankles to my thighs.

By the six month my hormones had made a visible difference. My skin had more of a feminine sheen to it. My face had a more feminine look and my breasts had become a little enlarged. Another three months and I would probably have to start wearing a bra. Sandy was enjoying it more than I was.

We were close to graduation when Sandy received good news. Her mom had won a two week trip for two to Europe in a contest drawing.

There was a month between her graduation and mine so the two of them were going to leave then. I went with her to get pictures taken for her passport. After she got the forms filled out and mailed them in I bought lunch at the mall's café court.

"I'm glad you have a chance to see Europe. You mentioned once you had some distant relatives over there right?"

She nodded. "In Germany. There are some of mom's relatives. They have never been here and we were never there. As long as the trip and hotels are free I thought it would be great to look them up. Money is still a little tight though so I'll have to watch my spending."

"Oh I don't think so," I said as I reached into my pocket and pulled out a wad of bills.

"I know the stuff you bought for me was expensive and though we both derived pleasure from me wearing those outfits I want to give you this for your trip. My parents' death and the sale of the farm have left me some money and I want you to have this."

She looked a little startled as she took the roll of bills from my hand.

"This is very generous of you. Thank you very much."

She put the bills in her purse and we finished our lunch.

The closer we both got to graduation the busier we became. Because I was combining two programs into one we seemed to have less and less time for each other. Sandy was working part time at Penney's too.

It had been a month since we were together. I dropped by on a Sunday night. I had seen Dr. Braden the previous day. I now felt some tightness in my chest and my nipples had become more sensitive.

Sandy immediately made me take my shirt off. She looked me over carefully and shook her head.

"Your skin is getting softer but there is only a slight change up here," she remarked as she placed her hands on my chest. I like the way your face looks too."

We talked about her upcoming trip. Both she and her mom had received their passports. The company who had sponsored the contest sent them their tickets and hotel confirmations. They were very excited about seeing Europe. I left as we both had early classes on Monday morning.

The next two months dragged by very slowly. I had to shampoo my hair more frequently since it had



grown out. It was still too short for curlers so I was somewhere in between. No one in class had said anything about it or my longer nails either.

Two more shots from Dr. Braden and now I was definitely beginning to sprout. I continued my workouts at the health club but showered at home. I would be finished with school soon and then I would begin by transition to 24/7 en femme. I would be at a real crossroads and I hoped I was making the right decision. If I was wrong at least I could stop getting shots as opposed to going thru surgery and being unable to return to my male state.

Sandy and I attended a job fair a week before her graduation and three weeks before mine. We both got second interviews the next day with the same company. Bay City Services was based just south of San Francisco though they had branches in several states. The company provided people trained in a variety of skill areas to a large client base.

Its' primary focus on the west coast was sending make up artists to work with movie and television production companies as well as theatre groups. Their medical division provided nurses, nurse aids, surgical assistants, and of course massage therapists

The woman who interviewed us was from the Minneapolis office. Both of us were going to ask about a warm weather assignment. She explained she would be happy to send me to the location of my choice. As the interview was about to close I sat back down again and looked straight at her.

"A few minutes off the record please," I asked.

She smiled at me with a sort of knowing smile. "Of course, what is it?"

"Sandy Huxley and I have been together for some time. We would like to be together as we have a lot in common so if both of us could be hired for the same area it would be great."

"I don't see a problem with that at all, anything else?"

"Well our relationship is a little different," I said with great hesitation. I took a deep breath and began again.

"I enjoy having Sandy as a dominant partner. In fact I enjoy the submissive role very much that I would like to live and work cross-dressed. Would that be a problem?"

My heart was pounding in my chest as I waited for her to respond. Her face displayed no emotion as she spoke quietly.

"That would not be a problem at all. Come dressed the way you please, live the way you want. We are a West Coast company that firmly believes in our employees' right to live their lives to the fullest. Just be sure you report to your assignment on time and do a good job for us."

I am sure she saw the relief on my face. Without another word she reached down in her purse and produced a lapel pin. It was a silver shield with two raised letters and an ampersand between them. I looked closely at it and saw the letters were "S&M". She grinned as she put it back.

"For obvious reasons I don't wear it when I am working. Thank you for coming James. You and Sandy will be hearing from us shortly."

I stood up and shook her hand. Once again I had that feeling of a great weight being lifted from my shoulders. I slept very well that night and felt good about my future for the very first time.

Sandy graduated, took her state exams and two weeks later was on a plane for Europe with her mom. I finished my courses and took my state exams several days later. I knew I had passed them but had to wait for the results to come by mail.

I got a postcard from Sandy the day my test results came back. I was now certified for make up and nails. She and her mom were enjoying their trip. They would be leaving England for France and Germany in the morning.

I spent the next week getting things in order for the move west. A letter of hire arrived from Bay city Services and I assumed Sandy had received one too. We had to be in San Francisco to start work the first week in June. My apartment was furnished so the only thing I had to move was my clothes. A fellow student's brother was going to buy my old car. I could hardly wait for Sandy to get back.

I saw Dr. Braden for another shot and he gave me a reference for a doctor in San Francisco. I was at a point now where I felt fully confident about transitioning. My peach fuzz beard was gone and the last laser treatment at the school made my legs look great.

I received a letter from Sandy two days before she was scheduled to be back here from her trip. "Photo: Do Not Bend" was in black letters on the outside. She described in vivid detail all the wonderful sights she had seen. The visit with her mom's distant relatives had been very cordial and they all had a very good time. They had emailed all the photos to her mom's computer. Once Sandy had re-located her mom would send us a copy of the file.

At the bottom she had written a P.S.: "I know you built model airplanes as a kid so I thought you might like to have this. It was found in an old German bible belonging to a distant relative of mom's.

The photo was between two small pieces of cardboard. It was faded quite a bit. You could barely make out the face of the young man in the flight suit standing next to the nose of his airplane. The logo on the nose of the plane however was still clearly visible: "Hawkeye Express".

I was more than just a little stunned. My pulse jumped as I came to the realization that over the span of almost sixty years there was this sudden and surprising link with my family's distant past. It took me several minutes to calm down.

I got up and walked into the bedroom. From my bottom dresser drawer I took out mom's old photo album I had salvaged from the storm. I placed the small picture next to the 5"X7" photo of my great grandfather that had been on our fireplace mantle. I would have a real surprise for Sandy when she got back.

The newcomers guide to the bay area I had ordered came in the mail and I spent the afternoon looking over the brochures and in particular the rental guides. I had most of my saving left so after moving expenses there would still be enough for any emergency that might come up.

When Sandy returned we busied ourselves with getting things ready for our move west. We put off getting my new wardrobe until we were settled out west. We had a combined one day garage sale to get rid of the stuff we didn't need and then donated what was left to the local thrift store. My closet and dresser drawers were nearly bare by the time we finished.

Our first night together since her return was not the best. I was barely able to sustain an erection long enough for us to enjoy intercourse. Despite my sensitive nipples I enjoyed the feeling of her breasts on mine. I was at a point where my hairless body was nearly as soft and as feminine as hers.

Afterward we sat on her couch and she put a DVD in her machine. We watched as two women performed oral sex on each other. I had reservations about it but Sandy just grinned and said:

"Don't worry my sweet sissy boy. You have done just fine so far."

She led me back into the bedroom where she sat in the edge of the bed with her legs spread. I kneeled down in front of her.

"Close your eyes, remember the video, and follow my instructions," she said.

I did exactly that. It wasn't long before she let out a sigh.

"Lick me clean girly boy, just like you saw in the movie," she ordered

Like a happy puppy I was only too eager to please my master. When I finished I opened my eyes and looked to her for approval. She ran her hands over my smooth beardless face then tilted my head up and kissed me on the forehead.

"Time for our shower," she said with a smile.

We put on our pink shower caps and got under the hot needle spray. After we soaped each other up she massaged my budding breasts again. After our rinse we dried off and got dressed.

"I'm sorry," I began. "That wasn't very good."

She put her hand over my mouth.

"It's ok, your still my girly boy in training, remember? I love what the hormones have done to your body. Your skin is almost like mine. I like the feeling of your breasts on mine too. They are going to get bigger you know. Then I will have a pair to play with just like you do with mine!"

I laughed at her joke but later that night I began to wonder about my development. Would I miss my erections and the ability to penetrate a woman? Would Sandy be satisfied with just oral sex instead of intercourse? I lay awake for a while and then went to sleep.

Two days later Sandy called me and said she had two tickets for the commencement exercises at the University of Iowa at Ames. A classmate of hers had a brother who was graduating and they had two unused tickets. We were invited to the party afterward but we were going to skip that as the time for our departure to the west coast was getting close and we wanted to finish up with our packing.

We left Sandy's place about eleven thirty for the one pm ceremony. I wore white foundation garments, sheer hose, a lacy pink camisole and half slip under my frilly pink "sissy" blouse, black skirt and my black pumps. The blonde wig, sans the sissy bow, along with pink lipstick and blusher completed me.

We arrived just before the ceremony began. After the opening music the dean of students stepped to the podium.

"Ladies and gentlemen of this graduating class I extend my heartfelt congratulations on your achievement. It is with great pleasure that I introduce this year's commencement speaker. He is an Iowa native son, an honorably discharged veteran of the U.S. Marines. He served in the landings at Inchon, Korea where he earned the nickname "Hammer'em Hawkins" and was decorated for bravery with the Silver Star and the Purple Heart. Following his discharge he returned to Dubuque where he opened his first donut shop. Today he presides over a corporation of eighteen hundred shops in this country and nearly three hundred in other countries around the world. Please welcome Mr. David Hawkins!"

The audience applauded politely as Mr. Hawkins made his way to the podium. The broad shouldered man with a gray crew cut walked straight and tall but with a slight, barely noticeable limp. He wore a sharply tailored double-breasted suit that showed he was still in great physical shape.

He turned smartly to look over the graduating class. His clean-shaven face still bore the pock marks of the shrapnel wounds he had received in Korea. He had no notes and did not grab the sides of the podium as he looked over the crowd. His face displayed no emotion as he waited for the polite applause to die down before beginning to speak.

"There was a very devout Christian man who died. When he opened his eyes he found himself at the gates of Hell instead of the gates of Heaven. The Devil opened the gate and said "Get your ass in here, grab a shovel and get to work. Welcome to Hell!! The man began to cry. "What's the matter with you, didn't you hear me?" asked the Devil.

"I don't belong here," blubbered the man. "I have been a devout Christian man all my life. I never lied to anyone, I never cheated anyone, I never stole anything, I never smoked, drank, or used drugs. I was faithful to my wife who helped me raise a family, though my employer never treated me very well or paid me very much I gave him an honest days work for an honest days pay and every week for forty years I put ten dollars in the collection plate on Sunday. I was promised eternal salvation in Heaven. I don't belong here!"

The devil looked him right in the eye and said: "BUDDY THEY LIED!" Now get your ass in here, grab a shovel, and get to work. WELCOME TO HELL!"

The speaker paused for a minute to let the smattering of laughter die down. Then he began again.

"To this graduating class I say only one thing. For the last four years you have been sitting on your collective asses while some professor has filled your head with what can be best described as "a lot of crap". They told you about this great job you were going to get, how you are going to make all that big money and that you were going to go out there to change the world and make this university proud of you. Well kids, guess what? THEY LIED!! Now get your asses out there, grab a shovel and get to work. WELCOME TO HELL! Thank you."

With that Mr. Hawkins took a step back from the podium. He did an about face, took one step back, turned smartly to his left, walked back to his chair and sat down.

The auditorium was in stunned silence. Then the applause began. It became a deafening crescendo. The class rose to its' collective feet and began whistling and stomping their feet. The whole place rocked while Mr. Hawkins sat there impassively. Finally the dean got up and walked to the podium. He put his hands up and it was still several minutes before the place quieted down so he could introduce a local minister who gave the benediction.

As we filed out of the building I couldn't help but think of how I, and no doubt many others who were there, wished we could have heard that speech at our high school graduations let alone after college.

The ride back was shorter than the drive to the university.

"In a hurry for some reason?" I asked with a coy expression on my face.

Sandy just grinned and shortly we pulled in to her driveway. Once inside I plopped on the couch with the paper.

"Too late for lunch, too early for supper," I said as she sat down next to me, holding a brandy in one hand and handing me a pink lady with the other.

I took a sip as she ran her free hand up my leg to the hem line of my skirt.

"Careful," I cautioned.

"I'm always careful," she answered. "I can't get over how sheer and lovely your gams are. If there is a god I am completely mystified as to why he gave you a penis. You definitely should have been a girl."

I folded the paper and set it aside. She took a gulp of her brandy as I sipped some more of my pink lady. I put my glass down and scooted over on her lap, wrapping my arms around her neck as I did so.

"Enough alcohol, doctor what do you say we adjourn to the exam room so you can find out just how smooth, girly and sexy the rest of me is?"

It was like dangling a steak in front of a dog that hadn't been fed in a week. A girlish squeal erupted from me as she scooped me up in her arms. Several giggles later I was standing naked by the bed as she also got undressed. She held me close and the pressure of her breasts on mine got me more excited than I had ever been. We kissed and held each other for the longest time as our tongues explored each others mouths. When we parted she bent down and French kissed my breasts. I was getting really steamed now and soon we were enjoined on the bed. Later as I got out of bed she gave me a good smack on the butt.

"Exam complete, now please get the shower going so I can clean up for the next patient," she said.

"Yes doctor," I replied as I headed for the bathroom.

After our shower I heated some left over chicken and potatoes she had in the fridge. After we ate I glanced in the small mirror over the sink as I did up the dishes. I missed seeing my pink lipsticked mouth and pink roughed cheeks. My hair was just about long

enough to be styled. The wigs fit a little tight but I wanted to wait until after our move before getting “the works” as well as a new wardrobe.

That week we began to get things together for the big move. We had a one day garage sale and what we couldn't sale we donated to a local thrift store. With both of our cars sold we shared a rental for the last couple of days before our flight from Minneapolis was due to leave. Both of us had furnished apartments so the only thing left was our clothes.

We would each bring one suitcase on the flight. My “girlie stuff” as well as some bedding, towels and a few other miscellaneous things had been boxed up and placed in a rented storage area. A friend of Sandy's would UPS them out to us once we got settled. We spent the last two nights in adjoining motel rooms after vacating out apartments.

I had almost been counting the minutes until we could drive up to the Minneapolis airport and get aboard the plane that would take us to a new life leaving the cold of Iowa behind us for good. Now that day was here at last. We checked out of our motel and stopped by our apartments to check the mail and turn in our keys. At the post office we had our mail forwarded to Sandy's mom until we could get an address.

The drive to the airport seemed to take forever. Despite the warm day I wore a light jacket over my sport shirt as I was starting to “show” a little. Sandy was very amused.

“I'll have you back in your bra and panties in no time,” she laughed.

We turned in our rental car and checked our bags. Following the security check we boarded our flight. By some miracle we actually took off on time. The in flight movie was some shoot-em-up that I didn't care for. I fell asleep, not so much from being tired but more from being stressed out I guess.

We got a rental car and drove south of San Francisco to a large motel complex where we rented separate rooms for a week. After a light supper we both went back to our rooms. Once again I had no trouble falling asleep

That week we both found small apartments in the same ten unit building and got our utilities hooked up. The local mission store was a cheap way to initially furnish them. It was nice to have a place to finally call home. We both took and passed our California certification and driver license tests.

Our stuff arrived by UPS and after everything was put away Sandy took me shopping. The thrift stores provided me with inexpensive jewelry and accessories. The selection of skirts she picked out seemed to run more in the mini skirt style than the more popular pencil skirts. When she was finished my closet and dresser had enough of a “girly” wardrobe to get me started as well as my “outfits” as she called them for “playtime”. I wanted to have some jeans but Sandy was quite adamant. “No pants for you girly boy, just skirts and dresses from now on.”

The finishing touch was of course my all expense paid trip to the local beauty shop for a perm, manicure, pedicure, and of course to have my ears pierced. When we got back home Sandy began boxing up my male clothing.

“Would you like to kiss them good by?” she asked as she held up my remaining pants, a pair of black slacks and a pair of jeans.

“No thanks,” I replied, but wondered if I would miss them.

At Penney's the clerk had given Sandy a complimentary discount as a former employee when she had purchased my foundation garments and hosiery. I was much more comfortable wearing a bra now that my breasts had gotten bigger.

Despite the fact that it had been a stressful couple of weeks I found California to be warm and wonderful. We turned in our rentals and both of us leased new compact cars. Sandy took me out to eat. My little black dress and pumps never felt so good. I felt as if I were living the American dream. She took me home and at the door kissed me hard. I pushed her back coyly.

"Sorry, I have to be at work early tomorrow morning for orientation. Save it for the weekend," I grinned.

She pretended to be put off but left. That night after my first perfumed bubble bath I had no trouble getting to sleep in my baby doll nightgown. Everything seemed just so right.

The next day I put on a frilly white blouse and tucked it in my plain black skirt. I wore three inch heel leather pumps and limited my makeup to pink blusher and lipstick.

I reported to work about fifteen minutes ahead of time. At the desk I introduced myself as "Jamie". The girl did a double take and then crossed "James" off her list and wrote in "Jamie" as if it were nothing unusual.

I waited a few minutes in the outer office and then was admitted to a back room where I was measured for a pink pantsuit, pink blouse and pink flat shoes. Following an hour of orientation regarding scheduling and a map of the area where the clients were located I went home.

Several days later I came back to try on my uniforms and shoes. Everything fit perfectly. I was given my work schedule for the month and couldn't wait to get started.

It had been less than a week since I had gone totally "en femme". To say that I was comfortable would be a drastic understatement. I could hardly wait to get up in the morning and "get dressed". I was eagerly looking forward to starting work.

I made an appointment to see the doctor who had been referred to me by Dr. Braden. After a brief exam I received another shot. I was enjoying my femininity even more so now that I had breasts. We both would have different schedules so it was going to be a while before Sandy and I could get together again.

After my first week on the job I found it to be everything I had hoped it would be. Applying my skills I had already garnered compliments from the two clients I had been assigned to which made me and of course the agency very happy.

I was feeling better than I had ever felt in my life. I wasn't real sure what I was going to do down the road. My new doctor said I would eventually reach a point where I would have to decide to become a female or remain a male. I was still able to maintain my erections and had become more proficient at giving oral sex.

Sandy called and said she had received a package from her mom containing some prints of the pictures that had been taken in Europe. I told her to come over Friday night. When I asked what I should be wearing there was a pause as she giggled and then came the reply: "Something pink of course."

I spent another enjoyable week at work. I stopped off at a wine shop on the way home and purchased a bottle of blush rose'. I was all powdered, perfumed and in my pink sissy dress when she rang my bell.

Over the next hour we consumed the wine as she told me about the trip and looked at her pictures. When she finished I reached over to the end table and picked up my mom's photo album.

She had a puzzled look on her face as I opened it up and said to her: "I have quite a story for you too!"

THE END