

EVIE'S LADIES

By Evie Kay



ILLUSTRATED BY BRIAN DUKEHART

A 'SPECTRUM' NOVEL

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"LADIES' NIGHT"

By Evie Kay

"Well, what're you staring at?" Phyllis Barnes laughed. She had caught her husband staring at her, as she put her make-up on for an evening out.

Larry Barnes, still looking at her intently, replied, "I can't help it, Phyl. It's because of the dramatic difference. I can always watch you make yourself up. You're already pretty, but you look positively boyish comparing before to after you've put on make-up!"

For a split-second Phyllis was startled by Larry's perceptive observation. Then, a thought hit her and she laughed again, saying, "It's no big deal. I bet I could even make *you* look just as beautiful."

"Well, I certainly don't know about that," Larry laughed.

By now, however, Phyllis was intrigued by this new idea. "Awww, c'mon.

"Watsamadda? Afraid 'little Dickie' is gonna turn into a pussy?"

"No, of course not," Larry said quietly.

"Then sit." Phyllis arose to offer him her seat at her dressing table.

"Oh... okay," Larry was resigned and sat, if only not to appear cowardly to his wife. "But, if you make me into a clown and then laugh at me, I'll..."

"Hush, baby," she replied, "you're going to have to beat the guys off with a stick, when I get through with you."

"When did you last shave?" Phyllis asked, running her hand lightly over his chin.

"This morning. I didn't have to shave again to go out tonight. Do you want me to shave again just for this?"

"Not really. I was just curious." Phyllis felt Larry's face again and smiled inwardly. "Mmm, nice and soft. Just the way I like my women," she joked aloud. "Your face is perfect!"

Phyllis then proceeded with her cosmetic transformation.

Seeing that her husband had a fair skin that did not betray any beard shadow, even after almost a full day, she was glad that she did not have to begin with a base make-up for covering it. She worked swiftly with blush, mascara, eye shadow, eye liner, and lipstick before Larry might have second thoughts and complain.

Upon completion, she could not resist giving Larry quick spritzes of perfume on his neck below and behind each ear.

"Hey, what's that for?" he complained, smelling the feminine fragrance.

"See for yourself, sweetheart," was her reply.

Larry turned to face the mirror only to find that his image in it was surely beautiful. As he prolonged the look, his boxer shorts begins to tent.

Yet, even before this, Phyllis had removed the only things she had been wearing. By the time she removed this singular piece of her husband's clothing, his cock was standing fully erect, just waiting for her.

She wasted no time going down on Larry. Indeed, it was not until she began sucking... since he was so strangely enamored with the mirror's reflection... that he truly realized what she was doing.

Starting to breathe heavily, Larry asked, "Uh, Phyl... you still wanna go out? This may not go down right away."

She stopped her action to look up briefly at her fully made up mate and replied, "Fuck it! Let's eat in," she grinned at her beautiful companion. "I've already got hot tube steak... and you've got steamed clam comin' up!"

The next thing either realized, they were in bed, having sex face-to-face. Phyllis was absolutely in love with Larry's 'new' face. The couple did not go out that night.

Early the next morning, Larry went into the bathroom and was almost startled by the woman he saw in the mirror.

His lipstick was gone leaving a definite rosy blush on his lips, but his eye make-up was still potently femininizing his eyes. The rest of the make-up was either faded or smeared, but the vision vaguely but definitely remained, even with the tousled hair and minute stubble, enough to recall the original picture in his mind's eye.

Suddenly, behind him, he heard, "H'lo, good lookin'."

"Oh. Hi, Phyl. I, uh, I've got to get ready for work. How do you get this stuff off?"

"I could freshen it for you, sweetie. We could call in and go another round in the sheets."

"Another night like last night, and I might really be sick."

"You didn't enjoy yourself?" she said, a little worried.

"I didn't say that.

"Last night was almost too good. But to do it again, now? Gawd!"

"I'm glad you're not worried about your 'macho pride'."

"Huh? Where'd that come from?"

"Well, let's face it. Last night you did something for me that was way out in left field. We both enjoyed it, and life goes on... right?"

"Ye-eah... sure..."

"What I mean is, another guy would've gotten all bent outta shape... and for what? I love you, honey." She emphasized her last remark with a hug.

"I love you, too, Babe."

"So! When can we do it again?"

“Again?”

“I'd like to feel what I felt last night, again.

“Are you saying you don't?”

“No,” Larry replied meekly. He had to admit to himself that somehow their sex last night was uniquely fantastic.

“Look, Larry, I'll make you a deal...

“Once a week. Same night each week, so I can have something to look forward to. That's all.”

“You mean, only have sex once a week?”

“You can stop clenching your balls, he-man,” she laughed. “If you should feel 'so inclined', I'll be there, Baby. Just give me what I want... on my night.”

“What is this? Some secret fantasy?”

“Lar-ry! If you're gonna take it apart, to see what makes it tick, it's not gonna be fun anymore.”

“Okay, Oh-kay!

“Deal!” Larry said with a smile. “ And now... Show me how to get this stuff off. I am not in the mood to see who has the longer lashes, me or my secretary.”

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During the next two months, the weekly make-up-for-sex outing became an established official ritual, enough so that she taught Larry how to do his own make-up in the interim.

She then realized that Larry already had reasonably long hair for a man, and so she officially added a new wrinkle. While it was short enough to avoid possible note, there was indeed enough for an assured feminine style. She then did a little bit more with his tresses than she had since that very first time.

While Larry was at the mirror applying make-up, she was also busy.

“What're you doing?” Larry asked, the warm red lipstick poised above his half colored lips as he looked up at her in the mirror.

“Don't mind me. You just pay attention to making yourself look hot for me,” came the reply, even as she quickly grabbed handfuls of hair. With brush, comb and hair spray, she teased, fluffed and curled Larry's complete head of hair, giving him a definitive feminine hair style.

Phyllis had deliberately raced, already knowing ahead of time exactly what hairdo she would be able to make of Larry's hair. When he was finished, so was she.

Larry's ardor was doubly renewed with this new picture and he was seemingly impatiently horny.

After a night of torrid lovemaking, She said that she would teach him, but each week Larry would have to do up his hair himself, as well.

“Whoa! Time out!” Larry exclaimed. “I already come home on your 'Ladies' Night', as hard as a rock, in anticipation of the great sex we have these times. You have been wonderful, Babe, to service me otherwise, until then.

“Still, honey, I know what I'm really doing here, and the hair business is just a bit much. I allowed the hair spray from the start and you've fiddled with it each week. Last night, you really made something out of nothing. Now, you want me to do it to myself...

“Unh uh. Nope, that's it.”

“But, Larry...”

“No buts! That's it, I said. Any more, and we call the whole deal off.”

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The next Ladies' Night, they had sex, but it was not the same. Larry was charged up enough upon making up his face, but when they got into bed, Phyllis... for all intents and purposes... just lay there, deliberately.

Larry asked, “What's the matter, Babe?”

She said, a little sadly, “Honey, you do look beautiful tonight. You've really gotten my lessons down well, but, I dunno. I guess I got spoiled.

“Last week, with your hair really done up, to go with the face... I just couldn't get enough of you. This hair... just doesn't do it for me.”

Larry was able to read between the lines, and he queried, “So, what d'you want, Phyl? Do you really want a lesbian affair?”

Ready for this response, She quickly grabbed his cock, and replied, “Does a woman have one of these'?”

Larry laughed at that.

She then said, “Do you feel threatened?”

“You've given me the hottest night of the week.

“Larry, you... are my lesbian girlfriend.”

“Am I really asking a whole lot for one night a week?”

Larry was mellowing after being praised for his insinuated sexual expertise via his penis. He did feel concerned, after the fact, but he also realized that nobody knew their business, as it was their private bedroom business, and it was just one night a week.

“How soon can you teach me to do a style that suits me best?” he asked...

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The next Ladies' Night, they were again in bed. This time, to make up for last week's recalcitrance, Larry even tried to imitate a female voice to go with his new hair style.

“Oh Baby, I'm so hot tonight,” Larry cooed, in a horrible falsetto.

Phyllis could not catch herself and she laughed at him.

“Am I really that bad?” said Larry, in his normal voice. Without waiting for a response, his feelings were already hurt.

She knew that he would be upset, a split-second before she chuckled, since even Larry could see that the voice was poor. But her laughter had been unstoppable. So now, she began to be ever so helpful.

“Oh no you don't. You're not gonna spoil my night over a simple throat problem, girl! C'mon, talk to me, lover, but let it come soft and easy. Don't force it.”

It did not happen immediately, but she got him to talk softly, almost breathlessly sexy. Although not exactly feminine, Phyllis actually became turned on by Larry's honest efforts, and, in turn, so was Larry.

And so, it began anew... one more time. Each week, the voice got better and better as on and off Larry practiced when he knew he was alone.

With practice his soft voice became authentically feminine, and ultimately took a left turn, becoming squeakily cutesy-sounding. This was due to Larry wanting to go the extra mile because he felt that the soft voice was too soft, that he could only speak it in whispers. So, in accomplishing his original task, he went for an unmistakable womanly timbre.

Experimenting once the feminine timbre was achieved, he had gotten a conversational voice that could be spoken in a rather normal volume. Not wanting it to go to waste, Larry turned it on as soon as he sat at the vanity to make up his face, to talk about his day or whatever.

Frankly, Larry thought the voice sounded a “little bimboesque”, as he called it, but he liked it.

And apparently, when she finally heard it, so did Phyllis, so much so, that after hearing it for awhile, she eventually had a new name for her lover.

“C'mon, Laurie. Time to cool your girlfriend down, lover,” she said. “Is your dildo buckled on tight?”

Larry was about to say something about the name, but then he got distracted by her query. “My what?” he chuckled, in his cutesy voice.

“Your cock, baby. I see that it is now, dangling from your crotch.

“Laurie, sometimes you make me wonder if you're pretending t'be a brainless bimbo. Honestly, Honey, you'd forget your head if you didn't have me!”

“Laurie?” even he giggled girlishly now, at this.

Understanding Phyllis' line of thought now, 'she' played along with 'her girlfriend'. For some unspoken reason, as it was not originally planned, Laurie was now getting a real kick out of portraying a stereotypical “brainless bimbo”.

It made for yet another night to remember.

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When their anniversary was about to arrive, Laurie decided to give a particular gift to Phyllis... in honor of Ladies' Night...

To begin with, he bought a long ebony fall to attach to his own raven tresses. His own hair was (while full, usually matted down) fairly past his neck by now, but that was it, and so he decided to go this 'extra mile'.

Since it was yet early October, he had bought the hair piece under the guise of it being part of early preparation for a Halloween party at the end of the month.

Confiding to the sales lady that since they were about the same size, it was his wife's idea that they go as "sisters" to a costume party. He also told her that because of its diversity, it was not an easy thing to agree to. Since it was going to be in fun, he wanted to show his willingness to go along, if he could be shown how to weave the long fall into his own hair. With his humility striking the right chord in the sales person, it brought out her own willingness to assist him; accordingly he learned all she could show him.

He arranged to arrive home particularly early on the day of their anniversary, and, having done his hair for himself, he dressed in Phyllis's sexiest outerwear as well as undergarments, along with high heel shoes.

The fall had been the only other thing planned. Being pretty sure that he could work it in with the clothes, to really capture the patented "bimbo" look. Although now expert with make-up and his own hair, Larry had not really thought about anything fitting him. Especially, the shoes.

At first, the extra height of the shoes overwhelmed him as he stood for the first time only to immediately sit back down.

Yet, due to his resolve, it proved to be only a temporary setback, and he was soon walking, shakily but walking nonetheless. Even more fortunately, everything seemed to fit.

Larry then got really ambitious in wanting their anniversary night to be quite extra-special.

Removing the dress he had chosen, he was able to complete the picture by also being able, with tape and pulling skin, to create a respectable false bosom. Once perfected and accomplished, the deep cleavage showed over the top of the low-scooped neck of the short dress.

With all that Larry had done so early in the evening, he knew that this would indeed be a special night. However, what made this anniversary night truly unique, was that it did not fall on the designated "Ladies' Night."

With everything in place, "Laurie" then, if you will allow a bit of understatement, surprised Phyllis when she arrived home from work.

"Hey, baby! Surprise!" Laurie exclaimed.

She greeted Phyllis with her eyes properly ringed with dark eyeliner and lips heavily reddened and glossed, along with her other make-up. The extra hair closely framed

her face, as it trailed well down her back and flowed over her impressive-yet-ersatz bosom.

Then, Laurie added with disdain, "Your husband isn't gonna be home all night, the bastard!

"Imagine him forgetting your anniversary!

"But since he's not gonna be here, I thought I'd take a chance, coming over before Ladies' Night, so we can par-tay!"

Because of her extra long hair, the obvious boobs, and the heels and dress, it took a while for Phyllis to recognize her. The only thing Laurie had previously worn for the Ladies' Night was make-up, hair spray and perfume. Listening to this woman but not immediately recognizing her, Phyllis was startled, and almost panicked.

But hearing the words, "Ladies' Night," she stopped, that was a secret between she and Larry.

At that, although he looked remarkably different, when she also recognized her clothes, Laurie's voice itself was recognized, and she finally knew who for sure who it was. And noting all of Laurie's physical accomplishments, not least of all being able to fit into Phyllis' things, she was now very pleased.

Ironically, she had forgotten their anniversary. But after a night of fantastic sex, the next day she went into her private savings in order to buy Laurie a complete wardrobe of 'her' own, as Phyllis' anniversary gift to her husband.

It was a limited one, yet versatile, with which Laurie would be able to mix and match. With Phyllis obviously knowing that Laurie could wear her things... despite the original promise of Ladies' Night... it seemed important to Phyllis that Laurie should have at least some things to call exclusively hers.

When Larry received his anniversary gift, Phyllis was again pleased. She had been so excited to get everything for her 'girlfriend' that she did not take into consideration the possibility that he may not appreciate it... since everything was feminine... until the last minute. However, it was a groundless fear as Larry warmly thanked her for her thoughtful present.

Ladies' Night being only two days away from the anniversary, it was decided to officially change it to more than Larry just acting like a woman for sex with Phyllis. It was mutually agreed to be a full-night affair, with Larry becoming Laurie the moment he came in from work, and culminating well after dinner... with sex, of course. There was no squabble this time from Larry, as he was very proud of Laurie's accomplishments.

Therefore, instead of being Laurie just prior to bedtime on Ladies' Night, he was grateful, being surprised by the earlier gift, that 'she' now had a small wardrobe of her own. Something of everything a woman wears, except sleepwear, for once they got in bed, the whole purpose behind Laurie's existence was for sex, and bedclothes were always hampering such activities.

That week with the anniversary, the next night with Phyllis insisting that Laurie try on everything, to assure the right fit... [being properly done up now, complete with wig,

make-up and bosom.].. and the third night being Ladies' Night, Laurie had unwittingly been in evidence, the longest she has ever been, with the bonus of sex, every night.

If Larry had not been aware of this, Phyllis certainly had. Yet, not wanting to push things, she waited to see if Laurie appeared a fourth night in a row.

Larry had been very pleased with his success as Laurie, but he did not consciously register the frequency of his feminine counterpart that week. The anniversary was one thing, but the rest?

Sincerely knowing how much Laurie meant to Phyllis, it was very logical to get made up as Laurie to try on her new clothing the next night.

It was at that time, as Laurie modeled her own sexy underwear at Phyllis' insistence, that she learned how to tuck her cock away in her panties in order to appear fully feminine while wearing almost nothing. After all, she was feminine, and had even been able to display cleavage the night before.

Why not make it look as if she had a pussy, too?

So, when she suggested that Larry become Laurie immediately when he came home on the third night, Ladies' Night, he didn't mind his decision to dress up completely. He had been thankful that his impulsive anniversary act did not fall flat, for she had indeed been taken with all of his efforts on her behalf in repeating Laurie's complete feminine image.

Phyllis wanted a fourth night, a "night after" Ladies' Night, and he was inclined to, but neither broached the topic during the day, and, thus, when she also said nothing, that evening, nothing happened out of the "ordinary", but it remained like an unspoken cloud that hung above them both.

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Then it happened.

One night, weeks later, Larry came home in a particularly good mood. As always, he got home before his wife. Feeling the way he did that night, Larry automatically went into his special section of the closet, and became Laurie.

However, upon completion, he took a moment to admire Laurie in the vanity mirror. She had added another nuance of longish, highly polished stick-on false fingernails in a vivid red. With all of the other accouterments, this seemed to make his fingers instantly longer and more slender, very feminine, leaving absolutely nothing else as a possible masculine vestige about him in the glass.

Then, it hit him and he was visibly and noticeably shaken.

One of Larry's earliest fears had surely risen to the surface.

A couple of months had passed since Ladies' Night had been initiated. Now, however, Larry had come to the realization that the limit had not only been reached but breached! To his horror he found himself totally into getting completely dressed up in his own feminine things, on that night.

What night? It was a night that was *not* specified as Ladies' Night, nor did he have any other valid excuse for a celebration.

And, of course, as he was gazing at this woman in his mirror, it was at that very moment that Phyllis came home. Entering the bedroom as Larry caught himself, she saw Laurie at the vanity.

"Hi, Laurie!" she said, warming up quickly to what she saw. "Baby, are you as hot for your lover as you look?" Her enthusiasm almost dripped from her words; she was ecstatic because she also knew that it was not Ladies' Night.

Finally, after a pause in which Laurie looked back and forth between Phyllis and the image in the mirror, Larry answered in a low masculine voice, "Honey, this has got to stop."

Not flinching on hearing her husband's voice instead of her girlfriend's, she was nonetheless crestfallen. After her own pause, during which she looked into his so beautifully made up eyes, she then countered, "Why? There's nothing wrong. You look perfect.!"

"That's just it! I *am* perfect!

"Look at me! There's no trace of a man! At this late date, I even got my fake boobs to jiggle!"

"But, baby, I love you this way. The better you are, the more I love you..."

Larry's anger then multiplied. "And that's it, isn't it?"

"We've had sex otherwise, but hell! I've even been holding back, approaching you less and less those other times, deliberately waiting for Ladies' Night when I could really get off!

"Do you know, I could almost swear that I get multiple orgasms!"

"Well, that's good... isn't it?" She asked sheepishly.

"No, dammit, it isn't!

"I'm a *man*! Not a *woman*!

"We don't have sex like normal people anymore. We've really become a couple of lesbians here!"

Phyllis suddenly got tired with all the yelling. "Honey, I *am* a lesbian," she quietly proclaimed.

"Huh?" Larry's ire was stopped cold at this.

"When we got married a year ago, I married you on the rebound from a lesbian relationship. My lover was unfaithful to me and was callous when I caught her in bed with another woman.

"It wouldn't've been a big deal, ordinarily. We often had other women over and it then often developed into a three-way or even an orgy. Other women didn't matter, as long as we loved each other.

"But this was different. This time, I was made to feel as if I was visiting. That I wasn't my butch's bitch.

"I was deeply hurt. But having nowhere to go, I abided by the new rules... what with my being 'replaced..'. and I was thankful; that she still let me live there. So, I began going out among others, and, in that process, I met you.

"As a lesbian, unlike some, I was not a man-hater. You had caught me when I was most vulnerable. If you recall, , we got it on in bed that very first meeting. You really turned my head, made me a bisexual.

"I was so glad that we were able to meet again, you not thinking that I was some loose, easy slut. You were even sensitive to my needs and continued to be so. Our love became concrete, and we eventually got married.

"The night so many months ago when I started the make-up deal, it was fun, pure and simple. But seeing you as so feminine, my old feelings for women were stirred, and your cock was an added plus.

"We continued to have regular sex, as the mood hit you. But I began to live for Ladies' Night. This time, I was the butch and you were my femme. I love you, but I found that I couldn't give up my love for women.

"It would no longer do to just be made up, because the greater percentage was still male. I got greedy, wanting both, a woman with a real dick, in bed. So, I planned to make it a gradual change. The next step was your hair, giving you an authentic hairdo because I had gotten away with it, but only somewhat, for weeks.

"But when you added the voice on your own, I was ecstatic. And when you accepted "Laurie," I was beside myself.

"On our anniversary, when you bought the fall and we totally completed the picture by dressing you in my things; I felt myself privileged, indeed. It was one night that I really loved you. Because what I wanted to do, you had already done... for me.

"Yet, I had tunnel vision. I couldn't see how it was affecting you..."

She then hung her head in silence. Now, her husband justifiably picked up the conversation.

"Honey, you know I own my own business.

"That's how, on the mornings after Ladies' Night, I had been able to take my time to undo everything. That's how come I'd be fully dressed for you by the time you came home, on those nights. I can make my own hours.

"But, at the same time, it didn't occur to me. Now, I know.

"Because of all this, I was beginning to receive odd looks. I didn't know what was going on. But with your confession, I know now that with your coaching me for Ladies' Night, I finally caught myself making subconscious moves that could be attributed to femininity, whether my people realized it or not."

By then, as her traits were recalled, "Laurie's" voice and not really Larry's was already automatically 'on'. She had deliberately spoken in a masculine timbre for a moment, had only said one sentence, but after Phyllis had spoken, when it came for Larry to speak again, it then came out "Laurie".

What was more, Laurie had been through a range of emotions with her voice and it stayed in one place, throughout. Laurie caught her stockinged legs crossed. That her lengthened, fake-nailed hands had been lightly waving, patently femininely. Even her exposed bosom was heaving in her anxiety. She touched her throat in shock.

When this was realized, Larry's original good mood was completely gone. As he took inventory, everything was even starting to turn Laurie on. Her femininity was always a personal turn-on that enabled her to be submissive to Phyllis' every sexual whim on their special night.

But, being upset, Larry now purposely fought for dominance. He wanted to be angry. He wanted to be Larry. Uncrossing his legs and forcing his masculine voice to the fore, he then repeated emphatically that it all had to stop.

Without another word, Larry disrobed, and, upon removing his fall and make-up, he took a hot shower, redressed in masculine attire and left the house. All this time, Phyllis watched but said nothing. She realized that he was upset and did not want to take any chances on making him angry at her.

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Larry stayed out all that night and went straight to work the next day. He came home as usual after work, but it was a while afterward that he realized that it was much too late for Phyllis not to be home and he began to worry.

After more hours of worry, he found that he could no longer stay awake. Going to bed, Larry finally discovered a note from Phyllis, where he could not miss it, next to his pillow.

In the note, She explained that she could not change, bi or no, she was who she felt she was... basically, a lesbian.

She loved him and his cock, but she just could not do without a woman's love. She boldly admitted to being his teacher, showing him not only how to love a woman, but also how to make love like a woman.

Yes, the reason why Larry had been able to act so womanly, even unconsciously, was that under Phyllis' subtle tutelage, she had quietly been teaching him how to act in a subtle feminine way, even before they had gotten into bed. Once Laurie was there for an entire evening in attire and appearance, 'she' was submissively feminine in bed. Laurie had willingly allowed Phyllis to be the dominant one in the sexual relations on that special night of every week.

Significantly, Ladies' Night had perhaps been created way too soon in their marriage. They had only been married a few months when it had all begun, but she had always considered herself a lesbian. In loving Larry, had this not happened... or happened well down the road of marriage... such a concept of a Ladies' Night more likely would never have come to mind.

She have thought when Larry had made the remark about her being "boyish" that fateful night, that she had betrayed herself, something she had not intended to do. But, when Larry had proved willing to be made up, she had swiftly conceived that she could have her cake and eat it, too. It was because it was early in their wedded rela-

tionship that Larry wanted Phyllis to know that he did love her. So, in assuming that it was just a game, he did not want such a trivial thing to start an argument. And so it went.

As she had admitted early on, she surely had made him her lesbian lover. It had been her hope that Ladies' Night would become "Ladies' Nights." Indeed, not as a regular fixture during the week, but every night of the week. If not for sex, then for Laurie to be her definitive female partner while having that particular masculine 'advantage'.

Since Larry apparently could not handle what she had done, she... in shame... had left him.

With that, Larry did not get angry, but cried at his loss. A decidedly, if not assuredly, feminine act. He cried himself to sleep. The next morning, Larry called in to work, telling his secretary that a problem had come up that he could not talk about and that he would not be in, probably for several days... or more and that he would "keep in touch". He knew the company could run almost indefinitely without him being constantly there.

At first all he did was mope around the house. Then several hours later, he decided to get cleaned up and took a shower, washed his hair, and shaved.

Then, he reached into his dresser drawer and proceeded to don a pair of panties and a bra. In so doing, he naturally tucked his cock away to make a flat crotch, and, manipulating his chest, he also recreated a feminine bosom. Each action fulfilling the natural need for it's respective lingerie.

After he glanced at the makings of Laurie in his mirror, it began to snowball as he put on his fall, taking time to carefully draw parts of his own hair through it as he had been shown and had also ordinarily repeated. When it was undetectable, he took brush and comb and expertly styled the whole mass into a feminine hair style that flowed easily over his shoulders and down his back. On that first night, the anniversary night, he had done a fair job of doing so, but since then, she had shown him several other ways to style it, all of which, as now, were utterly and almost devastatingly feminine. But that was what he wanted to achieve even now.

Despite having some clothing that belonged to Laurie, he deliberately chose clothes of Phyllis' that were sexually revealing. Before putting them on, however, he double-checked to make sure that his cock was firmly and securely tucked away and that it looked realistically as if he has breasts. He then stood in front of their full-length mirror, admiring his totally feminine figure, from head to toe, clad only in panties and bra.

Truly and deeply loving Phyllis, he found that he dearly missed his wife even in this short time. Yet, while also feeling in his heart that she was gone for good, Larry's mind had become fixed upon completing his transformation into Laurie. However, the plan he was formulating as he dressed was not as much to become Laurie as it was to physically search for his wife in *her* world. Frustration, however, sneaked in without warning, as he suddenly realized that he did not know where to look. He then rationalized to overcome his frustration by forgetting his immediate search plans, but yet finishing getting dressed as Laurie.

And so he gave in, and, in spraying perfume all about his feminized form and hair, Larry became Laurie, through and through.

Oddly enough, this day was also Ladies' Night, and at the appointed hour, when Larry would usually have arrived just, happened to be the time he had begun his transformation ritual, almost as though through force of habit. Because of Phyllis' absence, however, Laurie merely stayed dressed, and, having been taught to be female once dressed, she automatically carried on as if she had always been female, maintaining with surprising ease the female mindset she had learned.

She fixed herself a small dinner and then kept busy with little things around the house or just watching television. Then, when it was time for bed, for the first time, she dressed in Phyllis' feminine night-wear, a lacy teddy that night... something that had not been bought for Laurie... and went to sleep wondering again where her Phyllis was and if she could really be hers.

The following mornings, the only masculine thing Laurie did, was to shave her face, as it was deemed necessary. Oddly enough, she did not consider it strange to have lathered her face, in order to remove stubble. In the meantime, she had not undone the fall... only tied it into a makeshift ponytail as she shaved and thereafter appropriately combed the whole mass for style and respectability... and to make herself beautiful for the day.

When it came to relieving herself, Laurie dutifully sat upon the toilet bowl without a second thought, yet another subtle idiosyncrasy taught by Phyllis early on. In bathing, Laurie showered, again being careful to protect her hair, while not ever giving her 'erroneous' member a second thought.

In time, when she found that certain items of food were gone or low, she went shopping. There was no trouble, because she not only looked feminine to all she met, but she sounded feminine as well. Laurie is a woman that people... men... want to meet. Indeed, it is her attractiveness that intimidates their boldness in starting an introduction. It is almost as if Laurie is possessed by some unknown feminine entity as she also went window-shopping until... something caught her eye.

A dress.

It was a red, clinging affair in the bodice, with spaghetti straps. The torso was empire-waisted, the bottom being flounce-skirted with three tiers.

Going inside to see if they had it in her size, she was delighted when she found that they did. After trying it on in the dressing room, she bought it. Not only that, she also bought a pair of very high-heeled crimson shoes to match.

When the weekend came up, she remembered an appointment. She did not quite recall what it was, only that she wanted to look her best, as all beautiful women do.

So, she wore the new dress that she had bought. Knowing that her regular bra would spoil the dress' design, she was artfully able to re-create her bosom in a strapless bandeau bra of Phyllis'.

The doorbell finally rang, and behind it was Larry's best friend, Jim Daily. He had come over to watch the "big football game."

Jim obviously didn't know that Phyllis had left Larry. So, when the door opened and he saw Laurie standing there, he also knew that this was not her. Yet, as Laurie looked so radically different from Larry, Jim, being Larry's closest friend, still was able to guess but was full of trepidation, "Larry?....."

After four days of being completely female around-the-clock, with this being his best friend and the seeming exposure, Larry rose to the fore, as not his, but still Laurie's voice unexplainedly blurted out, "Yeah?"

Abruptly, catching himself too late, everything fell into place in Larry's head, even as Jim let himself in, shutting the door behind him. Although totally and utterly mortified by now, Laurie was frustrated as to how to react to her own unmasking.

"You look beautiful, baby!" Jim said, nevertheless.

With that compliment, Laurie's personality instantly overwhelmed Larry's in relief, and she quickly became comfortable instead of confused and embarrassed. Her vanity unexplainedly yet swiftly accepted the compliment, as Jim had not given her a reason to become Larry completely, making Laurie even more complete.

Still, as she was about to be mortified, with her initial frustration over how to handle her exposure, Laurie could not stop the tears that were already on their way.

While not understanding her tears, Jim saw a weeping woman and quite naturally hugged Laurie to comfort her as he led her to the sofa. Feeling very comfortable in the embrace, she faced him and he wiped away her tears with a finger.

As they were sitting very close, face-to-face and as a way to thank him for his acceptance, Laurie kissed him. Jim, still seeing only the very feminine Laurie, got into the kiss, which quickly turned into a necking session.

Laurie was now holding Jim tightly as they continued to kiss. She was starving for the intimacy that she would have gotten by now from Phyllis. Meanwhile, Jim, not understanding what was going on, let everything fit his own agenda, and eventually took one of Laurie's hands, and eased it onto his crotch. Of course, she felt the throbbing contents inside.



When the latest kiss was broken, Laurie clearly knew what Jim was hinting at. Yet, seemingly in the power of the femininity that Phyllis had impressed on him and which had been growing, there was no problem.

Used to having sex regularly, and with it being denied her for a number of days past... especially "the night"... Laurie was actually quite horny, and with Jim's intimate contact, she was also feeling quite female.

As Jim was her counterpart, there was no discussion of possible erroneous values. An unconscious rationale now surfaced. If Laurie could be a lesbian for her wife, surely she could be a woman for her best friend, a man.

Laurie then willingly unzipped Jim's pants, and took his member out. As Laurie wrapped her hand around it, feeling it's heat, she also felt a warmth inside herself. She beamed a big, happy smile to Jim and as if she had been doing it often, she easily leaned over and gave Jim a thorough blow job.

Afterwards, her lips shining with Jim's ejaculate, she sat up and kissed him again. Then, she said, "I want you, baby.

"Fuck me. I need to feel your meat in my hot pussy."

The football game had long been forgotten by the both of them. Although he was drained, Jim was also still sexually hungry, thanks to Laurie being a very beautiful and welcome turn-on... and more.

So, in answer to Laurie's request, he completely disrobed. Having been over to the house many times, he knew where the bedroom was, and proceeded to go there.

There was no precedent for what Laurie was feeling, save that she had gone through many positions during a night of love with Phyllis. As this was only the beginning of such a night, Jim had been serviced, and now, it was rightfully her turn. So, all Laurie saw for the moment was the still fat yet semi-limp cock that she wanted inside her. She then obediently followed her paramour into the bedroom.

Once over the threshold, she began stripping. Doing so, had Jim at full mast in the no time, as Laurie got down to only her underwear.

Then, pulling just her panties off at this time, neither was concerned that she also had a cock, albeit between her legs and not immediately free. Still, Jim told her to stop right there. Furtively, he looked at the dressing table and found what he was looking for, a jar of cold cream.

Obtaining it, he and Laurie necked once more, as they eased themselves onto the bed. Upon landing on the covered mattress, he opened the jar. Once properly greased, Laurie was thoroughly and lovingly fucked.

Between the cream and her willingness, despite the tight confines and the virginity of the situation, Laurie completely enjoyed the sensation, Jim uniquely faced her front, as he entered her rear. With her legs wrapped around Jim's back, Laurie had unwittingly been made to feel totally female.

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Days passed and flowed into weeks. Laurie Barnes and her new lover, Jim Daily, were still together (though not living together), even going out, as Jim continued to seemingly treat her in every way as the female. To any and all, they appeared to be a man and a woman.

At night, they were indeed lovers, as they even came to “trade” blow jobs. Yet, although Laurie was a recipient of oral sex, only she was fucked. She did not even hint at, much less penetrate her lover.

In complete sexual liaisons or simply receiving head, Laurie referred to her member as her “clit,” and her ass as her pussy. Despite the fact that her clit was somewhat 'in the way' when they fucked, it was ignored. Jim always took her as she now insisted on, facing him... as he had unwittingly that first time... regardless of it being her only sexual point-of-entry down there.

For the time being, Larry's company was running itself, they having been forewarned of his absence, although it had not been thought that he would have been away this long.

It was now over two months since he first called about his “problem”.

As far as Laurie was concerned, the business was virtually forgotten. Having money in the bank and making prudent withdrawals, her only concern was how to be even more feminine... that is, more attractive... for her lover. Indeed, since Jim made no demands on her maleness, she tried to be as female as possible for him. Then, one night, Jim took Laurie out to a 'special' place. Laurie could not help but notice people of the same gender embracing and fondling each other openly here.

“Baby, I know you said that you wanted to surprise me,” Laurie remarked, upon being seated in a booth, “but, uh... isn't this a gay bar?”

Jim says, “This is my surprise, sweetheart.”

“We've been getting along so well these past few weeks, there has been no one else but you. So, since we do have a relationship going... even better than before... I felt that there should be no secrets between us.”

Feeling very warm behind this, Laurie smiled, “And what big, bad secret have you been hiding from me, you naughty boy?”

“Well, I love you, Laurie.

“Larry and I have been friends for years. But thinking that he'd been so straight-arrow all this time, it had been the only thing I could never tell him.

“But ever since that first night that I met you, baby... as you are now... well I've never been so happy.

“When we make love, it seems so natural to face you. I did it from the start just to please you. You merely laid there on your back that first time and I didn't want to move you. When I tried taking you from the rear later and you wanted it from the front, I went along then, too. By then, it just seemed... right.

"I don't mind the drag, it's all worth it, to be able to freely express myself with you. Knowing that, at any rate, you're bisexual, and that you love me, too."

This revelation was like a massive, stinging slap to Laurie's face, and it caused her to start crying.

She had thought that Jim genuinely cared for her as a woman. Laurie sincerely felt totally feminine, as she never fully acknowledged herself as a male anymore, even if she still did have to 'freakishly' shave her face every day.

As Jim had never questioned her femininity, Laurie had found it very easy to stay female and to strive for femininity, even with the other adjustments she had to make, such as regards sex.

Laurie had purposely played female to the hilt, now truly wanting to be a woman for Jim's love, needing to be loved... period. And as Jim had begun to speak, she had been thrilled to discover that he loved her, as this declaration completely filled the gap of losing Phyllis. However...

"You-you're gay?" Laurie got out between sobs, as she was surely crying now. "You never wanted me... as a woman?"

Jim almost laughed, finding the thought ridiculous. "Well, yeah," he acknowledged about himself.

"Aren't you?" he added numbly, now unsure of his lover.

He now learned the true reason why Laurie was so upset. She hurriedly unbuttoned the top buttons of her blouse, to almost completely display her chest.

Laurie was not wearing a bra.

Her breasts were real.

Since they could do it in one appointment, in a doctor's office, Laurie had been able to talk a doctor into believing that she was a real woman with a flat chest. She had gotten breast implants.

"Didn't you notice how I deferred almost everything to you?" Laurie asked. "Yet, in the couple of mornings when we were first together, I would be the first to be in the bathroom, so that you would never see my diminishing stubble.

"Didn't you even wonder, or were you that preoccupied?

"It was one of the few flaws I had left, and I wanted to be better... for you. Having had the electrolysis done soon thereafter, my bosom was naturally next.

"It was done today, to be your surprise tonight, in bed.

"I-I was thinking about my pussy next. A-a real one, just for you..." she trailed off.

Laurie wanted to make herself into more of a woman. Only to heartbreakingly find that although he did not "mind the drag," Jim wanted a man. With this final realization, full sanity returned to Laurie.

Not Larry. Laurie.

Jim quickly got the point.

Thinking that he was wrong to confess now something that he had thought was already apparent, he was at a loss. He tried to comfort Laurie but found himself sorely wanting.

The gay bar was to have been an easy place to admit Jim's true self, for the record.

He knew that he had been taking Laurie for granted, yet, not to this degree. As it had been to officially note his bent, instead of bringing them closer together, it only served to sever their relationship, irrevocably. As lovers... and friends.

Distraught, Laurie went to the ladies' room. In there, Laurie was recognized... by someone else.

"Laurie? Is that you?"

With tissues still near her eyes, dabbing away tears, Laurie also recognized the familiar voice.

"Phyl?!" she exclaimed as she finally saw the speaker.

The next thing either realized, Phyllis and Laurie were embracing, jointly crying in each other's arms.

She said, "Oh, I'm sorry, baby. I've missed you so much."

"Why did you leave me?" Laurie cried, with huge tears rolling down her face.

"I didn't want to leave you. I just felt that I had no choice.

"I did change my mind about it all, but once I committed myself, I just didn't have the courage to go back. Not knowing if I would be accepted back, even though I had left most of my things."

Laurie explained, "Since you've been gone, I've been crazy without you. Really crazy!"

"Because you've been gone, I've been trying more and more to be like you. As if it was a way to get you back."

"What are you doing outdoors? In a gay bar, of all places?" She asked, after a momentary silence. She felt she had to ask because although Laurie had previously had outerwear, she and Laurie had never gone out.

"You remember my buddy, Jim Daily? Well, he caught me, not only as Laurie; he caught me at my lowest point.

"Well, talk about déjà vu, huh?" Laurie then swept her arms about her, as if in presentation of her feminine self.

Laurie then said, "I needed someone so badly, and he accepted me so quickly as myself..."

"We stayed together and... I-I fell in love with him. It was so easy. I mean, I was already his best friend!"

"Since he did accept me, we became lovers. So, for him, I tried to be the best I could be, as a woman.

“Little did I realize that since he knew me as a man, even though he treated me as a woman, he realistically wanted me as a man.

“Jim is gay. Is the joke really on me or what?”

Looking at Phyllis now, Laurie noted Phyllis' masculine mode of dress with long leather slacks, silk shirt and corduroy jacket, along with her now very short haircut and no make-up. Laurie asked her what she was doing here.

She explained that she and her new lover came here regularly. “I *am* gay and this is a gay bar, after all,” She half-joked.

When Laurie heard of Phyllis' 'lover', she began crying again, saying that she loved Phyllis and did not know what to do next.

“Oh honey,” Phyllis then said, “that's something that seems to be going 'round,” referring to Laurie's latter remark. “I had left because I thought that you hated me for what I was and for what I had done to you, especially when you didn't come back that night nor the next morning. So, taking the day off from my job, I used it to make my connection for a place to stay and pack what I could.”

“I-I just walked around all night,” Laurie feebly replied. “I didn't know then how to handle what I have been able to do to myself now, so easily. Very early in the morning I wound up at a twenty-four-hour diner. So, I leisurely ate and then went straight to work.

“When I got there, I told my secretary to hold all calls until further notice. Then, I slept for a few hours in my chair in the privacy of my office.

“I didn't mean to be so selfish. It just happened.

“At the time, I even took for granted that you'd be home after work, despite our argument... and then, I found your note.

“I wanted to go and look for you. But at that point, not knowing where you were, or how to look for you, I brought you back... the only way I knew how,” Laurie began to mumble. “But I'm beginning to repeat myself...”

Phyllis then said, “Laurie? I've always loved you, sweetheart. Despite what I used to be... what I am.

“But I just... couldn't... change... what I was. With you mostly willing to fill that gap, life was perfect... for me.

“In this way, I was selfish.

“Still, even though I wanted you as a woman, I didn't twist your arm and demand it. But you have to admit, baby, when you were my bitch... my Laurie... we were good together.

“Between my new roommate and I, it was basically an arrangement of convenience. I needed a quick place to stay. I remembered her as an acquaintance from my old lesbian days, and she took me in.

“We're lovers in name only, merely because we're there for each other, if one of us is in the mood. Not because of any devotion or attraction. In the meantime, because

there were no emotional ties, I didn't know what I was going to do next. The next thing I knew, all this time had passed, until now."

She paused for seemingly the longest time and then said, "Laurie, i-is it possible that you could forgive me?"

Laurie then spread open her then-closed but still-unbuttoned blouse to reveal her new breasts, and asked if she would indeed have 'her'.

Phyllis was overwhelmed by the sight of Laurie's full, ripe breasts. Yet, taking it all as a positive sign that she was wanted and still loved, they embraced again.

Once they broke, she said, "Laurie, baby?"

"Hmmm?"

"Honey, I just thought of something."

"What's that?"

"Well, considering the way that you look now... having prominent as well as probably permanent breasts and being out-of-doors and all... what about your business?"

Laurie knew exactly what she meant.

As if in thought for a moment, she then sported a sly smile, and said, "Larry hasn't been back all this time, and neither has he been to work. He told them that he would be away for a time.

"If you recall, that night before I left the house, I had said something about accidentally being Laurie during working hours? Well, I was stupidly angry... and I was lying.

"Knowing how I felt about being Laurie in the beginning, I was double-careful about showing any nuance of her around other people, much less my job. So, the job hasn't seen Larry swishing around. And since Laurie and Larry are two different people... Well... since then, he sold the business. Half to you and half to your sister, Laurie Layton. While nobody knew that you left him, Larry unexplainedly left you.

"But you're not alone, and he did leave you half his business. You have a more direct share into the profits and can even quit your old job, if you want. Your job was always extra money for you. Now, you can write your own check, instead of Larry's allowance."

She caught on immediately, knowing who Laurie was, that 'Layton' was her own maiden name, and the fact that she was an only child.

Still, she asked, "When did this happen?"

Laurie replied, still smiling, "Just now."

She was compelled to kiss her 'new sister', and in noting that hugging is one thing, Laurie was momentarily taken aback by the very intimate public display. Then, just as quickly, Laurie realized exactly where they were, where any number of couples of the same-sex were embracing and bussing, even though they were in the less-public bathroom. With that, Laurie got into her end of the lip lock.

When they broke away this time, Phyllis stepped back to examine her very-feminine girlfriend.

As she inventoried her mate's hourglass figure, she even noticed that Laurie's eyebrows had been permanently arched. Laurie was physically truly more woman than man.

With this thought, She dramatically noted Laurie's feminine growth. Gathering ideas from this, with concern in her voice, she now asked, "Laurie, baby?"

"Hmmm?"

"I love your tits. The doctor did a good job.

"But I need you to promise me... if you want a pussy, you come see me. If I want a cock, I'll get you a dildo.

"No... more... doctors. Do you understand what I'm saying, baby?"

"Uh huh," Laurie replied, grinning. "You got a deal."

At that, the reunited sisters left the gay bar arm-in-arm, never to return to that place, but to begin to plan their new life, together.

- END -

"LADYSMITH"

By Evie Kay

It was moving day.

Bill Sheridan had been out of work for some time now due to cutbacks at his last job and his relative date of hire. Unemployment checks were down to a precious few, along with his savings dwindling to a point of near-nonexistence. With no solid prospects for work, these things made it quite difficult to maintain his standard of living, even to the point of keeping his present living conditions. As a result, Bill finally gave in to repeated suggestions by his girlfriend and moved in with her.

Tawny Conroy was more than happy to have Bill move in, for she loved him very much, so much that she would do anything for him. This was prompted by his love for Tawny; as in the past, he had treated her like a queen whenever they had been together. Yet, with her popularity as a fashion model, time together had been precious, although special. Therefore, it was Tawny's reasoning that moving in with her would afford them more of such time.

Being one of a select few models that were in demand and highly paid for their craft, Tawny assured Bill that he would be no burden at all.

"After all," she joked, "you'd be keeping the house shipshape and it would definitely be cheaper than hiring a maid service, as I had been doing!"

She knew how spotless he had kept his former apartment, and she had indeed occasionally paid for maid service for hers.

Bill knew that Tawny was also kidding with her remark. Yet, it was the truth that he could not abide a mess. So he would surely be 'pulling his weight' in this aspect, if only in regards to personal cleanliness.

It took quite a while to get everything unloaded into his new surroundings. Fortunately, as she was between assignments, Tawny was there to pitch in, so that Bill would not have to struggle alone with it all. However, later on, before Bill could straighten out his belongings into their proper places in some semblance of order, he had collapsed exhausted upon the living room sofa and was soon fast asleep.

Tawny was still energetic enough to attempt to put everything in what she thought would be its respective place, and so, sure that Bill would appreciate her efforts and confident in the knowledge that, should Bill not care for her placements that he would feel free to rearrange at will, she went ahead and did so. This way, Tawny rationalized, she would alleviate most of the clutter in short order as she endeavored to return the house to normal.

Some time later, Bill woke up to the smells of dinner, wafting in from the kitchen. As he ambled in there, Tawny turned away from the stove, sensing a presence. Seeing that it was indeed her lover, she smiled brightly and said, "Hi there, Bambi!"

Bill just wearily returned her smile with one of his own, as he scratched his head. He then said, "Mmmm, nobody's called me that..."

Then he abruptly stopped in mid-sentence.

Now suddenly fully awake, he curtly asked, "What did you just call me?"

"Bambi," she answered plainly. "That's what it says on your birth certificate."

"How did you find that out?"

"Well, you know that I wouldn't snoop through your things," she cautioned, "but I was putting your stuff away for you and I happened to see it."

"C'mon. I think it's cute."

"Cute? Cute?! I hate it!" he snarled.

"Aww, don't be like that, honey," she playfully pouted, as she walked over to the kitchen table, where he now sat.

Yet, his anger continued to rise. "Why do you think you know me as 'Bill'?"

"My parents also thought it was 'cute' to call their son, 'Bambi', but that name seems always to have been associated with pretty, air-headed female flirts."

"That's all I need with this so-called 'pretty-boy' face of mine, to be known by some fucking bimbo name!"

SWACK!

Tawny had abruptly gotten hot with rage herself. Before Bill could say another word, she had lashed out, with a very hard slap to his face.

"Is that why you hang around me?" she yelled. "Cause I'm an air-headed, fucking bimbo?"

Bill was so stunned by Tawny's ire and activity that his own fury had dissipated instantly. Replaced by tears in his eyes that were only partially brought on by this new accusation.

Meanwhile, Tawny had also calmed down by this subsequent sight, she being equally numbed.

"Ohh, I'm sor-ry, honey," she said, even as she grabbed a dinner napkin from the table to dab his eyes. "It was just reflex. I didn't mean to hit you."

"It's just that I'd really like to slug all the guys who truly deserve it... but I can't. There are just too damn many, and most of 'em come with my job."

"You don't know what it's like, being pretty and having a cutesy name like 'Tawny' and, because of it, having every guy looking at your chest and crotch at the same time... no matter what else you're also wearing... automatically thinking that you're an easy fuck!..."

"Thinking that's all you've got brains for!" she added almost as an afterthought.

"That's what I was saying," he said in a very small voice, almost whining. "Only I'm a man with almost the same problem."

"I've even tried to bulk up or even chunk out. But, as I grew older, I was also further cursed with a slim figure for the most part, no matter what I ate! With my face and figure, if anyone knew my name was Bambi..."

At this, Tawny now said, "Ohhh, I'm really, really, really sorry, baby, but that's why I love you, sweetheart. You're nothing like those creeps I have to deal with, every time I have a gig!" she exclaimed. "Unfortunately, however, a lot of those lechers sign my paychecks!"

After a pause, she slid into his lap and wrapped her arms around him comfortingly. Then, she asked, "How'd you get a girl's name, anyway?"

"Well," Bill began meekly, "my parents never dreamed of the future complications of my name, when they thought to call me that."

"As I was told, my mother was pregnant with me, when she and my Dad saw the movie. Immediately afterwards, they both agreed to call me 'Bambi'. Years later, after I had seen the movie of my namesake, but before I started school, even I had thought that it was really neat to be called 'Bambi'."

"After all, What nobody seems to realize or remember... but I did... was that Bambi was a male that grew up to be a magnificent stag! Bambi wasn't a female doe!"

"But even little children, as I finally entered school, would tease me mercilessly about my name when they got 'worldly-wise' to the way most adults think of Bambi... as the cute baby deer. Forget its real gender!"

"Something that cute in the beginning of the movie was never connected to its definitive adult counterpart, at its end! Therefore, by its earlier depiction, the name became only worthy of beautiful, bosomy girls!"

"The teasing had gotten so bad that I'd come home crying from the persecution. My parents had to make a special trip to school, to have officials there call me 'Bill' from then on. Although they never made my name change legal, 'Bill' trickled down from principal to teachers, to finally, fellow students. 'Bambi' was still on the records, but even my parents called me 'Bill' thereafter."

Not missing anything he said, Tawny asked, "How come it wasn't made legal? Was it expensive?"

"No, not really. They had come up with 'Bill' out of seemingly thin air, perhaps with its somewhat vague similarity to 'Bambi' and decided to go with that, for school. But, as far as the legalities were concerned, I didn't know that until years later, as an adult."

"So why didn't you have it done, then?"

"Well, it was way back when I went from one grade to the next that I also went from 'Bambi' to 'Bill'. Any of the kids that could've continued to tease me... they already being knowledgeable... just happened not to be around any more. I mean, ordinarily, I would've looked out for them. But as a matter-of-fact, they just weren't there,"

to my good fortune. Maybe they just got in different classes or even moved away. I never knew and didn't care. So, new kids only knew me as 'Bill'.

"In later years, I found out the legalities of name-changing by happenstance. But by then, the only one who knew my real name was me.

"That is, until you stumbled onto it." He sighed.

"I never got to be the rugged, manly type of male, though, as I said, I tried. Knowing that my looks would be considered 'cute' on the feminine side even without anyone knowing my name as Bambi, I guess that I've always been subconsciously defensive. Ready at a split-second's notice, to attack anyone making fun of my real name, while on top of everything else, making me derogatory less of a man.

"Since I hadn't had to do it, I guess it all built up, for one explosive moment, just now; I'm the one who's really sorry, Tawny."

Tawny had been a very sympathetic listener throughout Bill's long explanation. That is, until he had made a judgment remark about his true name, in his penultimate sentence.

"Are you saying that being a woman, is less than a man?" she asked as she rose, her mouth now a thin, straight line.

Bill saw that he had made a serious *faux pas* and apologized quickly. "Tawny, please. I can't tell you how sorry I am. You know how I feel about you.

"I never did or thought to do, anything to lord it over you. You and I... we're partners. As a good example, sex between us is what we have in bed, with you taking the lead probably more than me." Bill then allowed himself a moment of humor, adding, "And a lotta times, not only in the bed! But on tables, in the bathroom, in hallways..."

Tawny grinned at this, finally realizing that Bill did not mean any harm. Still, she added, "It's just that I go through this, every time I have a shoot..."

Seeing where this could lead, Bill tried to keep the tempo up-beat as he swiftly countered, "And that's why you gave me a shot to the head! Oww-ch!" he playfully rubbed his still tender cheek.

"Awww, I should've known better, honey. You've always been good to me." She smiled and gently touched his cheek where she had hit him. "I guess my problem's been building in me too, to the point where I didn't think about it; I just did it.

"I sometimes wish I could change my name to 'George' or something."

Bill laughed. "You don't mean that?"

"No-oo, I don't," Tawny laughed. "I've only grinned and borne it, not even thinking of such an idea, until this moment, for your sake. 'Cause actually, I do like my name."

Then Tawny paused thoughtfully. "Y'know, you and I've been going together for three years now. I thought I knew everything about you. Do you have any more dark secrets rattling around in your closet? Hmmm?"

"No. That's it," said Bill, meekly. "I've been lucky.

“On the other hand, with me having a name like 'Bambi', we might never have met. You probably would've shied away from me, thinking that I was some kind of a weirdo queer or something. Maybe, from just finding out my name, you could have made the same mistake everybody else has, and possibly before actually meeting me.”

“Ohh, I dunno. When I first saw you, if you recall, although I did ask what your name was... from someone else before we were formally introduced, it wasn't your name that attracted me to you.

“You're cute. I'll bet you would've made a beautiful girl,” Tawny emphasized teasingly.

“Naaah!” Bill laughed.

Tawny's face suddenly lit up, as if she had gotten a brainstorm. “Wanna see?”

“You're not serious?” Bill laughed again, but this time more like a chuckle.

“C'mon, as a model myself, I know all the tricks! It'll be fun!”

“I-I don't think so.”

“Party poop!” Tawny joked.

Then, after a pause, “Uh, Bill?”

“Yes?”

“I love you. You know I do. I love you now, more than before because we've got even more in common now.”

“We do?”

“Our names, silly!”

“Oh.”

“Well, Bill... I re-eally like 'Bambi'. Would you mind terribly, if I called you that? With a name like 'Tawny', it will make me feel that much closer to you. I'll never embarrass you; it will be just between us.”

Bill said nothing for a few heartbeats. Then, looking Tawny straight in the eye, he said with a smile, “Just as long as you love me.”

“I know what you're saying, honey. And you know I do... Bambi.” With that, she kissed him.

When breaking away, she added, “Oooohh. You even taste better, hon... like you've just been seasoned, deliciously.”

The newly rechristened Bambi blushed and said, “Thank you.”

Dinner was forgotten for a while, as Tawny got her boyfriend to have his own 'taste test', as they savored each other. . . . in more ways than one.

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In the month after moving in, Bill/Bambi proved himself to be an able housekeeper and inventive cook. He found that he had to change his cooking and eating habits from early on, however, because Tawny could not eat the hearty portions that had pre-

viously prepared for himself. Prior to moving in, Bambi had been eating whatever portions Tawny had served when she cooked for him, and she always cooked large portions. Thus he, in time and in turn, also had to discipline himself to prepare and eat only enough, so that there would not be any waste or unnecessary leftovers. He did this by cooking to her preference both in taste and portion size.

To begin with, he raided the kitchen during all hours, that is, until he was caught, missing from their bed at night. Once this had been overcome, he would steal food only when Tawny was not around during the day.

Then Tawny went away for two weeks on a modeling assignment. Now, all by himself, he felt how ridiculous it was to steal food, even though there had been no appreciable weight gain in any event. This acknowledged, he stopped his raids in earnest, finally adjusting to and being satisfied with limited portions and reasonable snacking. After all, if Tawny could live as well as she did on those portions, why couldn't he, or so he rationalized.

With this cut back and his joining Tawny in regular exercising, he began to feel good about himself. It began to show all over his body; however, instead of becoming muscular, by doing the same exercises as Tawny, he grew even more shapely.

"Hi there, Tiger," Tawny greeted upon her latest return. "Gimme a wet one, right here," she said, pointing to her lips.

After he had done so, however, she backed away, with an irritated look on her face, as she rubbed it.

Catching her expression but not her action, he asked, "What? What's the matter? I know it's been two weeks, but I couldn't've forgotten how to kiss. Did I do it wrong?"

"No," Tawny chuckled, "but when's the last time you shaved?"

"Oh boy!" Bambi exclaimed as he touched his face. "I guess it's been a while," he added sheepishly. "You know that it's already been a while, from before you left this last time, that I've been coming up empty, in trying to find work.

"We-ell, because of that, since you've been gone this time, I stopped looking. In the meantime, I guess that although I've kept myself otherwise clean, I neglected to shave."

"How the heck did you manage that?"

"I dunno. Since I moved in, I consciously haven't had my hair cut, as a way to save a few nickels. It has grown like a weed, though. As far as my face, the stubble stayed forever without even growing into an appreciable beard. I just did it. Or rather, I didn't do it."

"Well, march," she said, as she steered him toward the bathroom.

Upon arrival there, as he faced the mirror, she said, "I don't mind your hair long. In fact, I'd like to see you with even longer hair. It... fits you... and nowadays, it is acceptable around reasonable people.

"Besides, that can always be made to look nice, if it's clean and given some body. A little bit of style won't hurt, either." As she said this, looking at his image in the mirror, an idea formed in her head, growing fast and furious.

However, she scrunched up her nose and added, "But I refuse to kiss a Brillo pad!"

"What if I wanted to grow a beard?" he rejoined.

"Do you?" she asked, with a worried look.

"No. Not really," he admitted. "Although it wasn't deliberate... not to shave... I really hate to do it. Period. I really wish that I didn't have to."

"Are you serious?" Tawny came back immediately, her face lighting up.

Slightly taken by surprise at her quick query, Bambi asked back, "Why do you ask?"

"Just answer my question."

"Well, I hadn't given it much thought, but if there was a way that I could get out of shaving, I would," he said in affirmation.

"Okay, then it's settled. Tomorrow, we go to an electrologist."

"A who?"

"An electrologist. Someone who does electrolysis. For permanent hair removal."

Bambi looked thoughtful for a moment. Then, he said, "Uh, I dunno..."

In resignation, she prodded, "Suit yourself. Just make sure you've got those bristles off your face before you come near me."

"It's not that. I think your electrolysis idea is good..." he then trailed off.

She picked up her cue. "Then what..."

"Well, it's the whole thought of everything here," he quickly cut her off. "Okay, yes, I did stop looking for work. I admit it. But I-I-I'm feeling as if I'm a gigolo or something. The way you've been paying all the bills and things like this hair removal deal."

"Hey! Do I have a chauvinist here?" she chided.

"I think you know me better than that," he returned somewhat sourly.

"Well, then. Let's just say that I happen to be the breadwinner here and leave it at that.

"I'm quite content being the 'worker' here, Bambi. Don't you worry about that; however, you *have* been pulling your weight around here. You are taking great care keeping the house beautifully," she said. "Besides, ever since your unemployment money ran out, I have been giving you some spending money. There's a lotta households where the woman is the sole provider and, as such, there's nothing to be ashamed about."

"Awww, I'm not ashamed. But having you explain it to me so sensibly, I do feel foolish."

"Then it's settled. I don't want to hear this again."

“Gigolo, indeed,” she smirked. “Whip out that cock, and it better be hard!”

With his face full of lather, he started to comply by turning around and beginning to pull down his pants' zipper. But she stopped him cold with, “Shave, first!” to which he bowed and then turned back to face the glass. In noting his visage, he also reflected on the fact that this would begin the last of his shavings.

After he finished, he turned to her. She had actually stayed to watch the whole performance. Once more he leaned forward and gently kissed her.

“Mmmm, atsa ni-ice,” she purred softly, appraising their deep kiss.

Then, abruptly, she said, “Now, stay put. I'm gonna wash your hair.”

“But I've gotta get dinner...”

“It can wait. I didn't smell anything when I came in. So I'm assuming that nothing's under the fire yet to possibly burn.

“I want to relax after I eat. So let's get this over with... without all this fussing!”

“I'm not fussing!” he said defensively.

“Then let's get it done!”

Before long, both of them left the bathroom, soaking wet from playing with the water, shampoo, and a sundry of other items used to clean, set and style his hair. He had balked over her use of hair rollers when she was done with everything, but soon gave in. Not too much later, they were eating the meal that he had been interrupted in preparing..

“I feel like an elephant's sitting on my head,” he soon said.

“Oh, stop whining,” she replied.

“Did I have to have this done?”

“You'll thank me later. Stop thinking about it and it won't be on your mind.” She then giggled, having caught her pun.

Hours later, albeit in their underwear, they were both still up, watching late-night television. Sitting on the floor, Tawny suddenly got up and left the room.

After a few minutes, she returned, to sit on the sofa. She then motioned to Bambi, who had also been on the floor, to sit with his back against the sofa, between her legs. As no words were exchanged and he was engrossed in the program, he did as he was asked, without question.

Before very long, armed with the utensils she had gotten up to retrieve, Tawny was quite busy. She took out the rollers in his hair, and then started brushing and combing his lengthy tresses. Meanwhile, he found himself thoroughly enjoying the session as his scalp was being tantalized.

Still, nothing was said about it, and soon, just before the program ended, she was done. Even after the show was over, still, nothing was said. Turning off the television put them completely in darkness. They wordlessly held onto each other as they exhaustedly found the bedroom, to retire.

When morning arrived, she awakened only to find that he had already left the bed for the kitchen. Donning a shortie robe, she went out of her way, going first to the kitchen on her way to the bathroom. There she found him clad in tank top and shorts, whistling a happy tune.

“My, we're pretty chipper this morning!” she commented..

“Yeah.” He grinned at her. “I dunno. I really feel good, and by the way,” he continued, “I do like what you did with my hair. I got a kick out of how it really shines. It was a bit mussed when I woke up, so I dutifully brushed it out as you told me when you put the curlers in. I didn't want to leave my hair as it was, you know, like I had been doing.

“But, uh... well, the way you set it... uh... the way it came out...

“Isn't it a little... full?”

She was ready for this. “And what's wrong with that? A lotta guys wear their hair like that. It's not like your head exploded. You just didn't know how much you had, the way you combed it. You already had it past your neck from months ago, and, after all this time without getting as much as a trim, you now have a nice lengthy pageboy. I just teased it, spreading it out a bit across your shoulders.

“Besides... I thought you said that you liked long hair. Even with trips to the barber, you've always worn your hair long, though not this lengthy; except that, ever since I've known you, it was always matted together.”

He then responded, “I do like long hair.... on women.

“I never thought of having my own hair the way you did it.”

Tawny then got a serious look on her face, as she now countered, “I know what you're thinking, and stop it!

“You just said that you liked what I'd done. So, you shouldn't care so much about what other people think. Just be yourself and act normally. You'd be surprised at how, if you get any looks at all, they'll be of admiration.

“I know that I was surprised, when it happened to me!”

“You?”

“Yes, me.

“I almost had to be forced to become a model. The money was the deciding factor.

“I had to learn to understand that, if I looked good, what's wrong with making money from it? Even though a lot of models... male and female... are into themselves, it isn't a prerequisite for the job!

“Basically, it's the same as anyone making money on an inborn talent...”

“Whoa! Slow down! I'm sold!” Bambi laughed. “Your beauty did attract me. But it's you as a person that made me love you.”

She smiled. “I knew that, but I'm glad to hear it.

“Be back in a minute. Wanna clean up.”

“Okey dokey, I'll be here.”

In a short while, she returned to the kitchen in time for breakfast. Then, over another cup of coffee, she continued on their earlier theme, “After I got done in the bathroom, I called a friend of mine who does electrolysis. Long ago I had a tiny little mustache problem and hairy armpits, and she did a nice job for me.”

“I'll say!” he remarked appreciably. “You must've been something, sporting whiskers!” he joked.

“Okay, wise guy!” Tawny warned. “Watch it!”

About an hour later, the couple had driven over to the house where he was to receive his treatments.

He was introduced to Natalie Everson.

“Hello, Bill,” Natalie greeted. “Tawny says that you want to get rid of your beard.”

“Yeah,” he answered, noncommittally. “It was kind of a joint decision.”

“Then I take it that you'd rather not.”

“Oh no! I'm sorry if I sounded that way. I just meant that if Tawny hadn't had the idea, I probably never would've thought of it.”

“Okay, I just wanted to be sure. Some men's beards are difficult enough to remove, but once it's gone... as electrolysis is meant to be... it's permanent.

“Is there anything else then, besides your face, you'd like done. Armpits, legs, pubic region...”

“You do 'down there?’” he asked, incredulously.

“Of course!” Natalie smiled. “Many models shave there anyway to be able to wear the briefest of bikinis. Others, who don't want to be bothered with shaving and the inherent problems of nicking, razor burn, and such, have it professionally removed.

“And still others get their bush decorated,” she added.

“Decorated?” Bambi repeated.

“Yes. Some merely get their patch trimmed and evened, instead of removing everything, while others get it purposely shaped, like in a heart design... among others.”

“Wow! I never knew your job did all that!”

“Well, not all electrologists do,” Natalie admitted. “But, since I do work with models and a quasi-celebrity or two, I have.”

Bambi now just stared at Tawny, with questions dancing in his head. Part of him wanted to get more than just his beard removed, while another part was afraid to do anything at all.

He was afraid for himself and was still afraid about what “other people” might think, in particular Tawny.

However, she acted as if she could read his mind. She looked him straight in the eye. With a squeeze to his arm, she said, “Do whatever you want, hon... and don't worry about it!”

At that, he went ahead and agreed to not only have his beard done, but to have his arms and legs denuded as well, much to Tawny's smiling approval although she knew it would cost a bundle. She had made an agreement earlier with Natalie that the cost was to be strictly between the two of them, "Bill" was not to know. It was her present in more ways than one.

"I know Nat's broad-minded enough, not to even care," said Tawny. "But I know why you want your arms and legs also done, sweetheart." Directly to Natalie, she says, "He's so neat as he keeps the house clean; it isn't a bad thing to call Bill a 'neat freak'. So, when it comes to his body, I can see that this is a way of keeping it super-clean."

Bambi smiled with pride at Tawny's explanation, because it was the truth. Although he had slipped up with his face, he was doubly proud to realize that she knew him so well.

Yet, when Natalie actually began, he began to get second thoughts from what she was doing.

"Owww!" he cried.

"Now, now, Bill. I can't have you jumping," Natalie said. "This is going to take a while, and quite a number of visits. So you've got to resolve yourself to calm down."

"I didn't know that it would hurt," he almost whimpered. "I thought it'd be like getting a haircut or something."

"It is, hon," Tawny explained, "Only we're talking 'permanent' here. Remember?"

"To do that, it incurs everything Nat's already mentioned... especially that it takes quite a while... if only to make sure that it doesn't grow back. I'm sorry I didn't tell you that, before.

"Still wanna go through with it? You don't have to," she added, all the while hoping that he would continue.

He pondered a bit then replied, "Well, even though I did think it would be easy, and I did ask for more than we had agreed on at home, I didn't know about the pain. But that's why I hate shaving in the first place! My face feels very tender after shaving, and I don't put on after-shave even later because it makes it sting more..."

"I've got an idea," Natalie interjected. "Would you mind taking a mild sedative? You're not the first person to have a reaction to my needles."

"We-ell, I dunno," he said. "Maybe we'd better just do the beard only, after all. I think I can handle that."

Tawny said, "Look. It's still gonna take more than one visit, even if Nat worked all day. But, even though she works out of her home, to be able to work on you for a lengthy time each visit, Nat's got more customer than just you.

"Besides... although it wasn't planned, I really like the idea of you getting hairless almost all over. You don't have any chest hair, as you know I love sucking on your nipples. I was also beginning to like the idea of seeing you with a heart-shaped bush."

"I didn't ask to have that done!" he exclaimed, blushing at Tawny's openness about their relationship in front of Natalie.

"I know," Tawny pouted. "But would you do it? Nobody's gonna see it but me."

Bambi thought about it for a moment, primarily, how it would be not to shave anymore. He also decided that he wanted Tawny to be happy. Then, also remembering that she was paying for everything, he agreed to have everything done, BUT with tranquilizers, sedatives, or whatever else Natalie had.

She had lots of them and, in time, he completed his electrolysis treatments. He often unconsciously luxuriated in his new smoothness, as he constantly touched the bare parts of his shapely body, while not specifically appreciating it as being shapely. He really loved the feeling... or rather, the lack of feeling... of not having to shave every morning.

Meanwhile, as his excess hair had steadily diminished, Tawny instructed him on how to keep his overall denuded skin fresh and soft, with the regimented use of lotions and oils. She also volunteered to giving him regular manicures and pedicures, ending up with a colorful painting of her own nails, but, after his initial reticence, using a clear polish on his.

Ultimately, by design, she managed to have him learn not only to do his own, but hers as well. To this end with her teaching him, the nails on his hands managed to become noticeably longer, but not as long as hers. When he noticed and commented on the extended length, it ended up as yet another argument he was destined to lose, shot down again by his girlfriend. She had won yet another 'battle' in getting Bambi to "look nice for me", to quote Tawny.

It was also during this time that she refused to let him get a hair cut with the result that the hair on his head grew even longer. More teaching got him into even more "androgynous" styles that he could make with his lengthening locks. As vanity slowly grew, he took more pride in what he accomplished on his own, ignoring probable erroneous thoughts from others. As he took to heart her constructive criticism and its inherent discipline, he became less and less concerned about the possible thoughts of people outside. After all, Tawny assured him that he was making the best of his body, always looking his best.

One night, after returning home from an evening out and disrobing to "get comfortable", Tawny made a comment about Bambi's apparel. "I see that you really like the sheer nylon underwear I bought you. I just couldn't resist buying 'em after I saw that they were French-cut, just like the style I like and you appreciate me wearing. I kinda like us wearing matching things.

"I'm so glad you like 'em. Since I bought them, I haven't seen you in any of your old underwear!"

He blushed at her observation, but said, "Well, I didn't feel that I really should go into detail about it, but, since you brought it up, once I wore my first pair of these... well, it just felt... nicer. Not that my other things weren't nice, but, well... you know what I mean."

"Uh, huh," she smiled, as if secretly pleased with herself. "C'mere a minute," she requested.

He joined her on the small settee that was in the bedroom. As he sat, she raised her right foot, so that it resting more or less in his lap.

"Remember this, Bambi?" she asked.

He looked at the finely designed slave bracelet that graced his girlfriend's ankle, a gold chain that contained a stretch of links and metal letters that spelled out "TAWNY."

"Yeah. It was the first gift I ever gave you."

With a bit of sadness he continued, "I feel bad that I haven't been able to get you anything for quite a while, given my present circumstances."

"You haven't been thinking; that's your problem," she replied, a little sourly.

Easing up on her temperament, she went on, "We've had this discussion before, Bambi.

"I give you money for the house, and part of the money is for yourself. You mostly put it back into the house... which I appreciate, I really do... but it's too much! The grocery larder is always full. Even the bar is stocked! We're never at a loss for anything for the house for emergencies!

"This is good. But I have to wind up getting you things you personally need. Little things, like your underwear. But I don't mind. This is not a complaint.

"Still, the point I'm trying to make is that a lot of housewives get the same from their husbands and they get their mates things from time to time out of that same money.

"Get the hint?"

"Okay, Tawny, so we're not married. But our situation's the same."

Ignoring his missing the point and mentioning marriage, a topic far from her mind, she continued, "I don't look for anything from you. To do that spoils the whole definition of 'gift!' But, if I want to, I'm gonna treat you when the urge hits and spoil you rotten... because I love you.

"That's what makes a gift, a gift.

"Now, don't say anything. I reminded you of that by showing you the bracelet you gave me, not to look for anything or show you up, but to give you this..."

At that, Tawny handed him a small white box. Inside, he found a small gold chain with "BAMBI" on it, identical to hers. He beamed at the present and immediately started to lift up his right foot in the same manner as his girlfriend had. However, no sooner had he started than she left the settee and knelt down before him.

"Let me put it on you," she softly pleaded. "After all, you did the same for me, when you gave me mine."

After it was linked upon his ankle, he pointed his foot outward slightly to admire the anklet. As he was doing this, she got an idea and went into the closet.

Getting back to the seat where he was still looking at the anklet, turning it this way and that, she handed him a pair of black patent leather three-inch high heels. "Here... put these on," she entreated.

At first, he numbly took them from her, as if he didn't know what to do with them.

She just smiled and said, "Humor me."

He looked at her with a slightly cocked head and then put them on his feet. He was surprised to find that, although the fit was snug, it was not tight. The shoes were even comfortable. He knew that he had small feet as he had also known that Tawny's feet were also small; however, he never dreamed that his would be comparable to hers, to be able to fit in her shoes.

Although his first reactions were to reject such thoughts, given that they were feminine in nature, his reasonings were rooted in Tawny's long-ago admonition to rebuff them. First, it was about his long hair, then the lack thereof elsewhere. Then, it was the exercises as he worked out with her at home, along with the much-earlier self-imposed diet regimen and the personal grooming. He was constantly being told that he looked good for her.

And that was enough for him.

To this end, he felt compelled, not only to admire the heels, how they looked upon his feet, but to also get up and attempt to try and walk in them.

Tawny was beaming as she watched him wobble in his first steps. "They encourage us models to walk in heels, the higher, the better," she said. "This is the height of my usual 'low heels', although you know that I do have flats and sneakers. Maybe I can get you in a pair of five-inchers?"

At that, he quickly sat down, not wishing to dare wearing any more feminine shoes at that time, if he could avoid doing it without hurting Tawny's feelings. However, as he sat, he had quite naturally crossed his legs in the process. Seeing him do this, she knew that it added to his total picture of a boyish face, puffy pectorals, long hair and panty-like underwear, and it made her very pleased.

Abruptly, she got up while tugging one of his arms and saying, "C'mon, let's raid the fridge for some munchies."

They both headed for the kitchen, and without realizing it... as she held on to him, pulling him along... he was just slightly running in the high heels, without any great difficulty. Being distracted with the idea of food and racing with Tawny while not taking the time to remove the heels, he had virtually forgotten that he had them on for the time being.

After their snack, the duo returned to the bedroom. As he began to bend over, as if to remove the heels, she spoke with a start that made him stand upright.

"Oh, yeah," she said, as if in sudden afterthought. "Don't you dare start up about gifts again, but there is something else I have for you..." She then produced another small box. Bambi opened it to reveal two diamond ear studs.

"What're these for?" he asks.

"They're earrings, silly!"

"But I don't wear earrings!"

"Now, don't get hysterical, but a lot of men do. Even high profile businessmen, I've noticed. Besides, I think you'd look nice with 'em.

"Would you, at least, try them on?" she implored.

"Oh well... oh-kay," he said. But then, as Bambi picked one out of the box to closely admire it, he said, "These have posts. Don't I have to have my ears pierced first?"

There was a moment of silence.

Then, Tawny said, "Uhhh... yeah, they should. I was kinda hoping you wouldn't know that..."

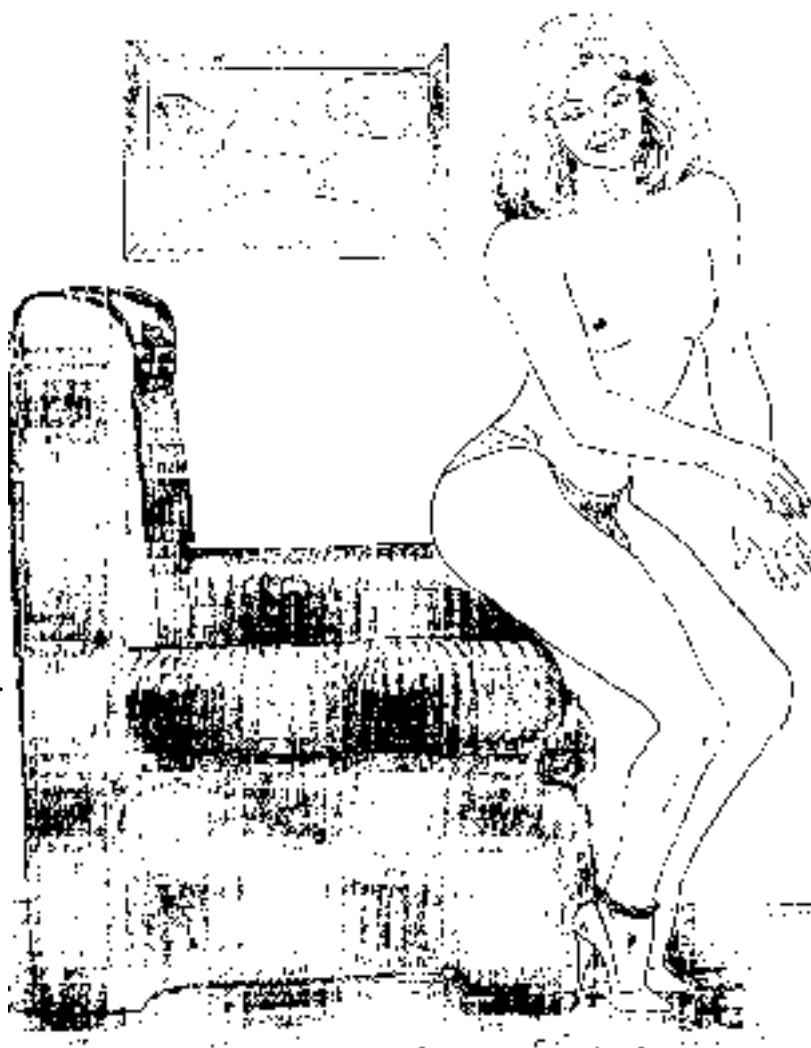
"I, uh, did it last night, as you slept, knowing that you're a sound sleeper," she sighed. "I got up before you this morning and took out the retainers, thinking that I could replace them with the studs without harm to the holes later on. Since it was early, I went back to sleep, finally getting up after you."

He then went to the dresser mirror and brushed his hair back with his hand, to see the tiny holes in his lobes. He felt frustration at this mutilation without his consent, but merely said, "I wish you had asked, before you did this."

"Are you mad at me?" she asked sheepishly.

He looked at her, as she now appeared so forlorn. He knew that she had meant no harm. So, he smiled as warmly as he could and replied, "C'mon. Let's see how they look on me."

As she tried to put them in, she regretted even more her pulling the studs out earlier. It was difficult putting the diamonds in, but she succeeded, and he once again viewed his face in the reflective glass. As he had worn his hair that night... over his forehead and framing his face... there was nothing to be seen until he brushed it partly away from his cheeks. Now his ears were on display and the sparkle of the studs in his ears was almost painfully obvious. On the other hand, he saw that with that sparkle that he made a very attractive picture, indeed.



The only thing, as he admired himself — seeing only the earrings for the moment — was that he did not realize what he truly appeared to be. Yet, before he would have a chance, just in case he would be able to gather his wits, she came around in front of him and quickly placed herself between his legs where she started tugging at his underwear. She was definitely taking matters in hand, even as she had in times past such as these.

And it was yet another evening to remember where her foreplay echoed by him was to tongue the studs in his ears, exciting him more than he could ever have imagined.

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As time and Tawny's desires continued to march along. By stages Bambi became hairless. Then again, little things happened that, for them, added up to a cohesive whole.

Bambi got very sick with a bad cold that turned into a chest cough that in turn turned into a slight laryngitis. As the cold ran its course, what with Tawny having to be away from home extensively on assignments, Bambi doctored himself. As a result, when she returned, the cold had almost left, but not without a lingering inherent raspiness in his throat.

At Tawny's suggestion, Bambi forced himself to speak softer, in order to avoid the raspy discomfort. Before long, the lighter voice became easier to use, without deliberate thought. Therefore, that unwittingly became Bambi's normal voice after the illness had completely run its course. This was also because, once he was well, she would still constantly admonish him to stop speaking so gruffly. Not being able to judge his own voice, he trustingly continued using the lighter timbre until it came without thought.

Another time, while in a hurry and not looking where he was going, he ran into a door.

“YOWWWCH!” he naturally screamed from pain.

Tawny came running into the room and found him leaning against the door frame. “What's the matter?” she asked, as she saw him holding his nose.

“I thig I brog by dose,” he replied, as he gingerly handled his proboscis.

“Lemme see.”

Although his nose was not really broken, she saw that the skin around his eyes beginning to blacken. “It's not broken,” she said, “but oooh! Your eyes are getting awfully dark. Lie down for a while, and I'll look at it again before we call the doctor.”

The doctor was called but he diagnosed it as nothing critical. The eyes remain dark, however. Once she had hung up, she asked, “How do you feel, baby?”

“Aside from a lingering headache... okay, I guess. The doctor said that it would pass, though.”

"Well, the doctor did says that you must've broken a blood vessel. He said that it wasn't serious, although it would have to fade away naturally, returning your face to normal."

Bambi sat up, to see his face in the nearby dresser mirror. "Ugh. I look awful."

Tawny then beamed as she left the bed, to go to the dresser. Upon her return, she said, "Be still, now," as she deftly applied a liquid make-up base to Bambi's face.

"What're you doing?" Bambi asks.

"Just a minute."

In a few minutes, she said, "Voila! Now, look!"

After seeing his image again in the mirror, he remarked, "Hey! It's gone! What'd you do?"

Pleased with herself, she admitted, "I just put on a little liquid make-up. That's all."

"Make-up?"

"Yes, make-up.

"There's no need to get bent out of shape. You didn't know what it was, and you saw me put it on you.

"Y'know, with your blotchy skin, it wouldn't hurt to wear it all the time. Look at yourself again. Your eyes notwithstanding, your whole face looks better..."

Bambi was about to admit that his face did look better, even if it also did in another way.

Before he could say anything, however, Tawny suddenly exclaimed, "Wait a minute! The make-up is great but now you're a bit blah, coloring wise; I have some make-up for your lashes."

She turned, returned to the dresser, and brought back her mascara wand. It didn't take long to begin to brush Bambi's lashes. When he at last found his voice, she said simply, "Hush!" and he quieted down, letting her work.

With this done, Tawny got yet another idea. "Y'know, your lips have been awfully chapped lately. I've noticed it mostly when we get, y'know, intimate. But not wanting to lose the mood, I didn't say anything but just went to, uh, other areas," she grinned.

He remained silent now, knowing it would do no good to say anything anyway, and allowed her to put lip gloss on his mouth. When she finished this time, she stepped back and looked at him to appraise her work. Bambi, however, could not contain himself and broke out into a hearty laugh that strangely came across as a melodic giggle, what with the way he had inadvertently trained his voice.

"You think you're pretty sneaky, don't you?" he said, after his hilarity passed.

Silently, Tawny just looked at the now-beautiful face before her.

Bambi then said, "Well, my fair Ladysmith, am I finally feminine enough for you now?"

Tawny gasped as her mouth hung open for an instant. Then, she replied, “When did you figure it out?”

“Somehow, I gather that you didn't just catch on, just now. You had time to think about this and... dare I say it... you're not upset?”

“No, I'm not upset,” said Bambi preferring to answer the last part of her question first. Then, he opened his slacks and, removing them, he said, “See?”

Tawny looked at his midsection, not sure of what she should be looking for. Then, she noticed.

“*Your* underwear doesn't have *lace* on it! You're wearing my panties!”

“Uh huh... and what else?” Bambi sing-songed.

“Huh?” she asked, looking back at his panties. Then, she saw it. Or rather, she didn't see it. “Your cock's not bulging the material! You did your crotch to look like mine!”

Tawny now got upset. “You meany! How long has this been going on?”

“Uh uh! Don't you dare get mad at me, lady! You just slipped in calling me a 'meany'!”

“Admit it! You've been planning this for months, ever since you found out that my real name was Bambi!”

Tawny started to say something, but the words got caught in her throat. Then, she started crying.

“I'm sorry,” she sobbed.

“Hey, love, don't be. It took a while, but I'm okay.”

“Honestly?”

“Once I found out, I've been getting a kick out of this! This is why I have been wearing your panties recently... and 'properly'... You've obviously wanted me to graduate to them from my own similar-but-masculine style, and to take me beyond!”

Tawny smiled through her tears. Then, she hugged him tightly. “I love you, Bambi!” she said.

After they broke apart, he continued, “Remember 'that day'? We were supposed to go out and somehow... mysteriously... I couldn't find any pants.”

Tawny lowered her head, as she recalled it. In planning the day, she had purposely hidden them.

He continued, “We were supposed to go to the amusement park. After I told you that I couldn't find any pants, you offered me a pair of your shorts. So, I wore them. But then, we 'discovered' that my dick bulged obscenely in them.

“Sooo, you suggested that I wear a pair of spandex panties that you had. They were bikini-style and completely hidden by the shorts, which itself were notably very short. Because of that, you did comment that my legs looked great, and seeing them so bare, I admit that they did, so that was that. After all, my male French-cut underwear was bikini-style, so there was no big deal.

“Anyhoo, because of the shorts, you suggested that in wearing the panties, I could snugly place my 'friend' between my legs without discomfort. A lot you knew!

“Okay, after a while, I got used to it. But at first, it was uncomfortable as hell!

“Still, I was anxious to get to the fun park, so I did it all to hurry up and to please you at the same time. Although we had both seen myself in the mirror in the first place to notice the bulge, in the beginning I still did not pay attention to the complete picture.

“That... came later.

“You had long gotten me to not care about glances I might receive. What with my hair being so long, I didn't care about being looked at. I was wearing a sweat shirt on top, with penny loafers with no socks on my feet, not realizing how asexual these items of clothes were. But at the fun park, when the inevitable stares did occur, I knew then intuitively that something just wasn't right.

“I don't get stared at every time I go out, whether or not I'm with you. So, when you're not there, I have time to assess exactly how I'm being stared at, whether to dismiss it or not, when they're not favorable.

“When looks are deliberate... you know? Double-takes? When you are there, you do seem to sense the looks that might bother me and are quick enough to get my mind on other things.”

As she was about to reply, he cut her off by continuing rapidly, “Yes, I've noticed you, too.

“Anyway, since I knew the different types of stares, at the park I was practiced enough not to give you any cause to be protective. Even though I then noticed a whole other kind of stare.

“A genuine look of appreciation. But not just appreciation, I mean, *real* appreciation.

“The kind of look people of the opposite sex give to each other than that which underlies sexual hunger. And boy, did I notice, because it was at me! But I was able to keep it to myself, virtually ignoring the poor guy who stared at me. I know that it was evil, for I realized that I was effectively blue-balling him!

“You see, at one point, we had gone to the Fun House. You had wanted to play a game of tag. And that was your biggest mistake, if you had been protecting me from noticing 'myself'.

“As you ran ahead and I began to fumble after you... paying more attention to you instead of my way out. Remember how you had to eventually come back for me? You thought that I couldn't find my way out.”

Tawny just nodded acquiescence.

He then continued, “Well, whether I could do it or not, the point was rendered moot by you coming back for me. But... the reason why I had taken so long was that, in losing sight of you, I had found another woman in the mirror maze.

“Me...”

Tawny now looked at him, as if waiting for a negative reaction. However, he just smiled.

After a moment of silence, she finally asked, a little unsure, "You're not mad at me?"

"No," he replied. "After all, didn't I help?"

She wanted to answer positively but was hesitant to do so.

So, he then said, "Yes, ever since my cold and subsequent strep throat, I had been talking much softer, easing the strain on my throat, but continuing even after I was well. Deliberately speaking that way before I was well because it was easier to do, I never dreamed that it had changed my voice into a feminine timbre.

"But from the first moment you knew that it sounded feminine, you encouraged me to continue with your so-called "scolding" my gruff voice. As my throat healed, the softer voice must've locked in and become normal.

"But, again, seeing myself in that maze glass so completely, with all of that hair... especially the way it happened to be styled... my face and legs, I then wondered if the voice really completed the picture.

"Then I recalled the day I began talking softer, how your eyes lit up as I spoke. Your eyes seemed to sparkle and we talked quite often from then on. Although I was always talkative after you would return from a week long or longer shoot, we really got chatty thereafter. But it never sank in until that momentous 'Park Day'.

"You wanted me to continue talking because it had become obviously feminine, at least to you!

"That day at the park had been the first time I had been out in public since I was sick. You made me stay indoors for a while even after I was well!

"That's why I was so anxious to go there, because it was someplace, anyplace outside. I was tired of being inside!

"And honestly... those so-called 'looks-of-sexual-hunger?' At first, I thought they were looking at you!

"After all, you're the highly-paid fashion model! You're paid to be a knockout! And you are, even off-duty!

"Still, even though you're not a household name yet, it's only a matter of time... unless some wise guy spoils it, saying you're a lesbian!"

"Lesbian?" Tawny fairly shouted in surprise, "Me?"

"Easy, honey," he cajoled. "You're the 'Ladysmith', remember? Look at me!

"Because of my figure... well most of it was under a sweat shirt that day, but thanks to eating right and electrolysis, my legs then were just as good as yours. Because of that sweat shirt, I could've had a set of tits that were just as big as yours, as you jiggled in your tee-shirt.

"Because of that, at that time, all those guys were drooling at you... and at me, too!

“You were feeling so superior at getting through that damn maze, you didn't notice me admiring myself, as I had finally caught on. I was looking good... and, without any make-up!

“By virtue of your own talents as a professional model, you had made me a knock-out, too. Hence, my title that I've bestowed upon you of 'Ladysmith'.

“Going out at other times thereafter, you were as affectionate as ever in public. You didn't realize that I had begun to revel in my newly-discovered femininity, even though I continued to wear pants.

“By then, I was very tempted to take out these studs and borrow some of your earrings. But I patiently waited, to see how far you were going to go with that too. Otherwise, as I looked naturally feminine and not swishy, I found it quite natural to feel feminine.

“So, I started wearing your panties, appropriately after 'Park Day'. I even got used to tucking myself away, since I figured out that it was your reason in getting me underwear like yours in the first place.

“I'm surprised that you never picked up that I'd also been wearing your perfume, too! But I guess that in smelling it also on yourself, it wasn't like you were smelling it twice!

“Lately, people were officially staring at us, not just you or me. But you didn't seem to notice. I guess that by now you were getting tired of watching out for me. So, unless I brought the looks up, you didn't either.”

He paused and took a moment to catch his breath and while Tawny remained silent, watching him, not knowing what to say. Then, he said, “You are so much in love with me, and, Honey, I love you so much it hurts! But in transforming me, being so intimately close out in public, it's a good thing we don't have a habit of making out when we are in public!

“You'd be branded as a lesbian by the way I look now; case closed!”

After this, there was a very long silence, in which Tawny just continued to stare at her lover's made-up face.

Then, she said, “I'm mad at you, bitch!”

“Oh, so now I'm a bitch, too, huh?” Bambi laughed.

“You know what I mean! The park was weeks ago! You finally caught on to what I was doing for months, and you were going to keep going on... For how long?”

“Hey! Wait a minute! Time out! Aren't you forgetting something?”

“I just showed you that I was wearing real panties, not your masculine 'simulation'.

“You didn't stumble onto it. You were the one who 'finally' got around to putting on the 'finishing touches' with the make-up, minutes ago... still even then, without outright telling me what you were ultimately up to.”

“Oh,” Tawny replied in a small voice.

Bambi added, “I'm the one who should be good and mad, but... it's... okay.

"It was one thing being teased about my name and being a guy. But now, everything fits and I found out that I do like this.

"I'm not just a guy named 'Bambi'. I'm a cute little bimchette!"

"Oh Honey, I was insane to do this to you," Tawny admitted.

"Yes, you were. But, it's okay. I guess it's also insane to like this, but I do. I can finally be called 'Bambi' outside and feel good about it.

"After all, I've got you and you've got me. What more do we need?"

"How about some nice knockers like mine?" Tawny asked, gently touching his chest. "It can be arranged..."

Bambi looked at his masculinity-inflated pectorals, thinking about them being even more so and in a bra. Then, he said, "Hmmm... you don't care about being a lezzie?"

"I know what you're saying, but nothing lasts forever, Sweets. And although I slipped up in that department, it hasn't hurt me yet. I never thought about that possibility. But... now that I know, I'll watch my ass, like a good little girl.

"I'd like my beautiful, bosomy girlfriend to be just as busty as me and let the world know it, as she shows it. But the world won't be sure that I've gone 'lezzie' until after the business uses me up.

"Being the breadwinner in this couple, I've spent my money wisely thus far. I've got several fingers in several pies that you don't know about yet, but I'll be glad to fill you in.

"If the world thinks I'm gay then, to hell with them! I don't care! Just... like... I... told... you... about... yourself, not too long ago.

"As your Ladysmith, Bambi, you're not getting away from me. You're my creation, my bitch... as they might say... and therefore, you belong to me.

"And I... I belong to you."

Tawny then kissed Bambi in a long, lingering, tongue-entwining kiss.

When they broke, she said, "Okay. Your eyebrows definitely need shaping. Time for a serious make-up lesson.

"Later on, I'm gonna dig up those heels of yours... yes, our feet are both small, but you are a different size. Then, I'm going to get you into a dress and we're going shopping for more shoes, dresses of your own... and among other things, a supply of bras, so we can work on that 'flat' chest of yours until we get it done up right."

"You were serious about that? I'm really gonna get some tits?" Bambi said, wide-eyed.

"Of course, I was, Honey! I want you to have everything you need.

"But you haven't long shown the world that you had a pussy, by virtue of hiding that one helluva clit, Bambi girl!" Tawny smiled slyly. "One step at a time, young woman. One step at a time.

"Your Ladysmith has spoken."

- And the song goes on -

"WHEN THE PARTY'S OVER"

By Evie Kay

BRR-RING-BRRRR-RING!

BRR-RING-BRRRR-RING!

"Hello?"

"H-Hello? Is this the Kendall residence? Is Jesse Kendall there?"

"Speaking."

"Uh, this is ... Zach Reilly"

"Zach? Oh,... Zach! Well, how are you?"

"It's been... what, Jesse? Five years since high school graduation? How's the boy doin'?"

"Pretty good. It's good to hear your voice, Zach. Where y'callin' from?"

"Right here in the city, pal! I'm through wandering 'round the countryside, and I've come back to make roots. I'm trying to find a job and got some interviews already lined up. Been to a few and I'm sorta in between right now; so, I thought I'd give you a buzz."

There was a thoughtful pause on Jesse's end of the line for a brief moment. Then, he said, "Uhhh, Zach... I know that this is all of a sudden, you're not expecting this, when you thought to dial me after so long..."

"But do you feel up to a party tonight? The civic auditorium is throwing an adult Halloween party. I want... I wanna go to it, and I'd kinda like some company; that is,... if you want to..."

"Say no more, pal. Don't know what I'd dress up as, though, on such short notice.

"Uh... think I can get away with being a would-be businessman?"

"That wouldn't be much of an original disguise," Jesse laughed. "But if you can pick up a domino mask at a novelty store, I don't think they'll bar you from entering."

"If you think so, Jesse. It was on a whim that I got your phone number from the operator. It's been five years, and I don't know where you're living now. Give me your address and tell me when you want me. "

It was late evening when Jesse and Zach made it back to Jesse's house after the party.

Because the drinks at the party had been non-alcoholic, there had been quite a few people who brought their own private libations, both to spike their own cups and those of their friends and just about anybody they thought could use a bit of a "jolt". As such, Jesse and Zach had both been offered and received more than enough and had arrived home sufficiently lightheaded. Nevertheless, in spite of the quantity already imbibed, Jesse poured two drinks, only now it was straight liquor, offering one to Zach, who accepted it and promptly downed it, though a bit too quickly. Having quickly emptied the glass, it's potency against the previously diluted ones acted on him like a toppling domino.

He finally removed his mask, this being his only disguise, having otherwise only worn a suit. He sighed at the sight before him, staring as Jesse removing his own tiny mask that had barely covered his eyes. Ever since Zach had arrived to pick Jesse up for the party, he has been mesmerized with Jesse's costume.

No, it had been more than that. Even without the liquor that was now playing with his mind and senses, Zach had been absolutely entranced with Jesse's total image all evening.

Right down to the voice and mannerisms, Jesse had dressed that Halloween night to portray a very appealing and very sexy... *woman*.

With face expertly made up, he was wearing a very realistic, long, auburn wig that ended deep between his bare shoulder blades, Jesse had worn a very tight dress that showed a definite feminine figure that looked very realistic.

The dress was cut at the top to reveal cleavage and apparent breasts. It's hem ended at mid-thigh. Unknown to Zach, Jesse was also wearing totally feminine women's underwear. In a nutshell, there was nothing on him or about him, so to say, that was not feminine.

His bra was obvious, even though it was unseen, if only because of his feminine décolletage. But along with panties, he wore a garter belt that held up thigh-high stockings, the tops of which were barely being hidden under the very short dress. Jesse was also deftly perched upon three-inch, black leather high heeled shoes.

Even though they were back home and alone, Jesse was in no hurry to revert from his total masquerade. He was so dramatically feminine, even his voice was, and remained appropriately perfect, even though the party was definitely over. Zach, knowing who Jesse really was, still couldn't help but be enamored by his realistically portrayed beauty.

Zach recalled that Jesse had been talking in a woman's timbre when he arrived and laughed at this recollection. Because of the way Jesse looked overall, he had originally thought he had come to the wrong house!

Jesse only momentarily reverted to his male voice to convince Zach that he had the right address, but, almost immediately after his explanation of the voice being part of his costume, Jesse changed back to his feminine tone. For the rest of the evening it had remained high, sounding as normal as any woman's would.

With the voice and all else, Zach saw him as a completely perfect woman and was not unaffected.

So, it became very easy for Zach to be attracted to the vision before him. Zach was getting sexually excited. Even armed with the total knowledge of who Jesse was in reality, Zach absent-mindedly took out an obviously firming erection, subconsciously thinking, after all, that Jesse would not mind.

“Do you know you're beautiful, Jessica?” asks Zach.

Almost with a muscular spasm Jesse's head jerked as he stared briefly at Zach. Even as he heard it, the deeper import of the question was not lost on Jesse. Indeed, it sort of capped a night to remember for him.

After all of his practice and drive for high perfection in being feminine at home, he had wanted to go but had been without his partner for his first time a public appearance as an apparently very attractive female, hopefully without flaws. With Zach's unwittingly opportunistic aid in giving him the companionship that he had wanted, he had not only gone out into the great open public, albeit with a mask, but had made it through the evening, thoroughly being the same, being treated by others who took him for a woman, as well as by someone who knew the truth... Zach.

However, the icing on the cake, as it were, was in now being given a feminine name, to form an unexpectedly but thoroughly compelling completeness to the picture he had held almost loosely in his mind. It was loose no longer.

For his own reasons, Jesse had been hoping to prolong his Halloween night for as long as possible, hoping that Zach would not object to what he wore... and continued to wear. Not knowing when or if 'she' would be able to return, Jesse was proud of what he had accomplished and wanted the moment to last for as long as it could. Therefore, with the official introduction of 'herself', “Jessica” surely played along.

“No,” 'she' smiled as she answered Zach's query. “But hum a few bars and I'll fake it.”

Zach grinned in return, “Oh, you don't have to fake it, sweetheart. Whatever you sing, I'm sure will be fine.”

“Why, thank you for the kind words, sir.” Jessica dropped a quick curtsy to him.

Now... wanting it to be more than just in masquerade... in total feminine character, Jessica wagged a disapproving finger, when she saw Zach's exposed penis in the living room's dim lamp light.

Talking directly to his penis, she chided, “Little Petey, you oughta be ashamed of yourself, exposing yourself like this. Have you no pride?”

“A lady like myself likes to see you only upon invitation, not blatantly so!”

The meaty wand seemingly reacted as if it had a mind of its own, as it began to go limp from Jessica's verbal barrage.

But Jessica seeing this, came in very close and said, “Awww, baby. You were wrong, but I didn't mean to hurt your feelings,” and playfully bent down and gave the head a kiss.

As if revitalized from this, the rod stiffened anew.

"That's my honey! I still love you," Jessica playfully cooed, and impulsively began kissing it repeatedly.

The excitement of the evening, the liquor and the stamp of approval by Zach went to her head and she simply got carried away. Jessica's own tongue eased out, and, in addition to licking, she ended up sucking it.

Zach didn't say a word, enjoying it all, as she brought him to a glorious fruition.

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"Rise and shine, sleepyhead!"

Zach was awakened from sleeping on the sofa.

"Sleep well?" the familiar voice spoke again.

As he came to full alertness, Zach was just dimly aware of where he was. Shaking away the nocturnal cobwebs, he almost did not recognize the voice that was talking to him.

When Zach focused his eyes on who had awakened him, he was inwardly disappointed upon clarification, that it is Jesse in male garb who had done so. Zach then wasted no time in getting himself together. He thanked Jesse for the "use of the sofa" for sleeping and was gone.

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Better than a month later, Zach returned to the house, unbidden.

"Hey, Jesse! How's the boy?"

"I'm okay. What brings you to this neck of the woods again?"

"Well, I finally got a place of my own... and a job! While I haven't worked for 'im too long, I've got a chance to make some 'brownie points'. I'm treatin' 'im and his wife to one of the fanciest restaurants in town."

"Sounds great. So, why're you telling me? I mean, I am your friend. But this hardly qualifies me as having a 'need to know'."

"Well, I'm getting to that." Zach then paused thinking to himself and then continued, "Actually, with his wife being there, I thought it would be sorta 'balanced' if I had someone there, too. But having just recently come back to town, all the girls I knew are either married, or gone."

"Wish I could help you," Jesse said, "but unfortunately, I'm not in the 'blind date' business. I also don't have a clue who to ask for you, either..."

"But you can help, all the same," said Zach, cutting him off.

"How's that?"

Zach then bowed his head slightly. With it still lowered, he looked upward at his friend and said one word, "Jessica."

Jesse just stared at Zach for a moment. Then, "Let me see if I got this straight..."

“You want me... to dress up as a woman... to be your dinner date... to further impress your boss other than by just offering him dinner?”

Zach now raised his head erect and smiled, with an anticipatory look in his eyes, almost pleading.

“You're kidding, right?”

“No, I'm not. You can do it, Jesse!

“If I didn't know it was you Halloween night, I would've sworn you were the real thing, then!

“If you remember, at first, I did think so!”

“Really?” Jesse's head was turned, for a moment, recalling that night. “Naaah! That was because of the party. I couldn't really get away with it!”

“Yes, you can! Come on!...

“Ple-ease?”

Jesse looked at Zach curiously for a second. Then smiling, he said, “Well, even if I wanted to, I couldn't help you out.

“I've got the underwear, make-up, wig and shoes, but the dress I wore then, would not be appropriate for a swanky restaurant. Not unless you want your boss to think that your girlfriend was a slut!

“That's what I was supposed to be that night, as sort of a double costume. To wear that now? I don't think that even I wanna be known as a tramp!”

“Look, if you say you'll go, I'll even pay for the dress!”

“Huh? You will?”

“Yes,” Zach stated plainly.

“We-ell, I dunno. I've never gone out shopping for women's dresses before.” He had wanted to but had never really dared.

As if understanding the import of the comment, Zach then added, “Look, even though we went to a masquerade party on a Halloween night, I'll admit that it took guts to do that. It wasn't the type of costume a guy would normally wear, regardless!

“But hey! You were so good, nobody knew that you weren't an ordinary female, dressed up just for the occasion!

“Like you said, it was a disguise within a disguise, and nobody ever knew! Even though I did figure you to wear some kind of a deal to give you tits, it didn't dawn on me until I thought about those breasts that you must've worn a complete set of ladies underwear too!

“So, in order to shop for a dress, I'll bet that if you just wear the stuff you had on then along with jeans and a shirt, you'd still pass, especially once they've heard you speak.

“A lotta good-looking girls dress that casual, to go shopping. You know that!”

With Zach offering to pay for a brand-new frock, suddenly, Jesse was very tempted.

Deep down, Jesse had wanted another reason, another excuse, not just to dress up and be a woman but to do it in public, not to let his newfound “social transsexual” talents atrophy. He knew that he was good. But it was for a greater scrutiny that he had to perform now... or rather, “Jessica” had to.

Not being able to move around at a moment's notice, as at the party... to escape, as it were... Jessica, at a relatively close dinner table, could possibly be discovered as a phony. Too, at the party, such as it was, any flaws that were discovered could have easily been overlooked because it was all in fun.

No, as Zach's date, Jessica would have to be perfect. Yet, knowing all of this, Jesse could not resist the challenge.

“Okay, I'll do it,” he said. “When's the party?”

Zach explained when and where the party was and so a date was set for next Saturday to go shopping. That would also give Jessica another five days to perfect her look with whatever dress they got.

Jesse had dressed in his lingerie with an appropriately baggy T-shirt and a pair of what he thought were sort of neutral jeans. As he put on his make-up, he smiled at the woman in his mirror. When the knock came at the door and Jessica opened it, Zach smiled approvingly at the feminine image of Jessica, and then they went off.

Jesse had fun at Zach's expense, trying on dresses and twirling, often letting the full skirts brush Zach's face as he sat waiting. Though Zach was ready to buy the second one that Jessica tried on, she was not satisfied until she had tried on at least ten and in three different shops. To boot, in the last one, she also managed to get a pair of three inch heels that matched the dress and “threw them in” so that Zach paid more than he had originally planned.

But, Jessica said that she now had the proper outfit and could now go on a “date” with Zach, his boss and his wife.

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At dinner, Zach got blatantly affectionate in his effort to impress his new employer that he had a close relationship with Jessica.

When they had received cocktails while waiting for the meal, Zach had put his arm around Jessica's shoulders. Given the propriety, it was acceptable, for his boss' benefit.

Then, the arm slid to her waist. Still all right, but since it could not be seen, for anyone's benefit regarding their supposed closeness, it was unnecessary.

Finally, Zach's hand went even lower, and to where he was constantly caressing Jessica's rear. The sensation was not unpleasant, but under the circumstances, completely inappropriate, as it was not for any onlooker's benefit. Zach's guests, had they known, might have thought that action was too intimate for such a public place, particularly amongst company.

As it was, it made Jessica squirm as if she had an itch she could not scratch.

Jessica, having succeeded to a point as a female... close up and for a lengthy period of time to the same individuals... was determined to continue being so, despite the fact that Zach seemed to be overplaying his part. He did not wish to give Zach a cross stare, as they were apparently supposed to at least be lovers, but he had never said that Jessica was to play his wife. So, in retaliation, Jessica even went so far as to sneak pinches to his leg, but Zach refused to stop.

Ultimately, Jessica's movements of shifting about in her seat caught his boss's wife's attention. She had thought that Jessica had to go to the ladies' room, but was too embarrassed to say so, possibly being intimidated by the strangers Jessica had not so long ago been introduced to.

So, the boss's wife graciously decided to give Jessica an out by saying that she had to go, and asked Jessica if she would like to join her.

Jessica did so, thinking it was only to get away from Zach for a moment.

Once in the ladies' room, the boss's wife confessed to Jessica why she had asked her to join her. Since Jessica did not really have to relieve herself, she sheepishly realized her faux pas and was humbled. But before she could begin to worry about being unmasked, the boss's wife had more to say.

She was very kind and now purposely recalled that Zach's arm had been lower when Jessica had begun her squirming. She correctly assumed that Zach had been taking unfair advantage of her. She told Jessica to be more assertive, "Don't ever let a man get the upper hand... or in this case, lower hand... if you can help it, sweetheart.

Then she added with a wicked smile, causing Jessica to smile in return, "If you ever give him control, he'll never give it back,"

The woman would never know that she was giving a man tips on how to be more of a woman. A fact that made Jessica relish her feminine role, even more.

The women returned to the table, and Jessica lovingly gave Zach a peck on the cheek before sitting. But each time he attempted to return his arm to her back, Jessica artfully brought it back to Zach's side, strengthened by a newfound confidence, knowing that it would be alright to be overt in front of her company, without reprisal from the guests.

She did not have to do it often, and each time it was done, his boss seemed not to care.

Jessica and the wife, almost immediately each time thereafter, shared secret smiles.

Each for their own reasons.

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About two weeks later, Zach again came by the Kendall house. After being invited in, he boldly asked Jesse for a second, or should we call it a third date. Zach said that

Jessica was “needed” for a company outing, especially since she has already been established as his girlfriend.

“Are you out of your mind?” Jesse shouted, vividly recalling their last outing. “I did this once with you, as a favor. But now...”

“If I knew someone else, I'd ask her,” said Zach, “but I've been busting my butt... after kissing up to my boss, to give me the job I have now... to prove that it was worth it to him. It's left me with precious little time for socializing. As it is, this is just a couple weeks later after he met you and I'm asking you at the last minute, so you can see my problem...”

“C'mon... just this once?”

“I really shouldn't.

“I mean, I was able to pull it off the last time, and it was under very close contact, sitting at the same table and all,” Jesse said, “but I thought I was gonna die, when his wife wanted me to join her, to go to the bathroom,” he lied.

“Are you kidding?” Zach said. “The way you looked, the way you moved, the way you talked... when you did leave, my boss asked me if we could trade!

“You've gotten him hot and it was already hard for you to keep your hands off me!”

“You didn't, remember? My butt was black and blue the next day,” Jesse noted, tersely. “When you brought me home, I didn't let you get out of the car, I wanted to get away from you so much!”

“Oh?”

“Yeah!”

Then, thinking a bit, Zach recalled his actions. “Look, I'm sorry. You were so beautiful, I-I was proud of you. I-I got carried away. Please forgive me.

“C'mon, don't make me go stag. Wadyasay?”

Nothing was said for a moment, and then Jesse said, “Ohh Hell, I guess so; why not?”

“Great!

“And you don't have to be fancy this time, with a dress. Just jeans and a t-shirt's fine. Like when we went shopping.”

“If it's for a picnic, I should have at least a pair of women's sneakers, but I only have a pair of high-tops. Hardly feminine apparel,” said Jesse.

“We-ell, you don't need sneakers. Not really. A lotta girls wear heels for even casual occasions these days I've noticed.

“Sides,” Zach smirked, “heels makes you look real sexy in jeans, I noticed, from last time.”

Jesse could not help but smile at the compliment, and said, “Jessica turns you on, huh?”

Zach did not say anything. He just stood there with a blank expression on his face.

Then, Jesse said, "Okay. Wait here. I'll go upstairs and change."

"Uh... Jess?"

"Hmmm?"

"Do y'mind... if I watch?"

Although the request came as a surprise, Jesse gave in. Secretly being excited to 'perform' yet again. Even though Zach would see how everything was done, possibly spoiling the illusion.

Shortly, they were upstairs in a rather feminine bedroom. Zach thought this was curious. But, as Jesse began his transformation, Zach was dazzled by it, and the oddity of the room was swept from his consciousness. He was now more interested in the product-to-be.

Since Zach desired to see it all and due to the fact that Jesse and Zach had seen each other naked in high school showers years before, Jesse boldly stripped down nude, but just for a moment. Almost as soon as he became nude, he quickly donned a fresh pair of panties, quickly drawn from a dresser drawer.

Having done so, relatively swiftly, Zach hadn't realized how efficiently the article was put on. As it was drawn over his hips, Jesse swiftly manipulated his genitalia, tucking his penis between his legs after pushing his testicles up into his abdominal cavity at the same time. When he was done, the panties made his crotch appear to be as flat as any female's. Donning a padded bra, he again efficiently maneuvered a rather pliable, fleshy chest, to quickly appear as if filling the bra to capacity.

Before putting on any more clothing, Jesse went to a dresser that was filled with what Zach thought was a vast variety of make-up, overflowing to its top which also had other feminine items of jewelry and even more make-up. With rapid motions he put on long fake nails using a super glue with an accelerator so that each nail only took seconds to expertly attach. Then he quickly put on a simple, daytime make-up including a bright red lipstick that Zach found rather, uh, stimulating.

Again, although it could be questionable for a man to have such things, his thought was just as quickly replaced as before by his amazement at other things. By now, Zach was thoroughly captivated with Jesse's expertise in changing his masculine image into that of a familiar feminine beauty even though the end results had already been seen before on both Halloween and on their dinner date.

Jesse then went to a closet, and from a shelf, took down a foam head bust on which was the auburn wig he had worn before. He removed the wig and placed it carefully on his head. Opening a drawer he retrieved several small items which he applied to his wig. Zach saw that they were hairpins, being used to secure the wig, this time against any possible errant winds.

Jesse didn't know exactly where they were going, for, despite it being a warm southern climate, it was, nonetheless, late January, after all, and the wind could get particularly strong. He wanted to be positively sure that the wig stayed on to avoid any embarrassment, not to mention the possibility of losing the hair piece altogether.

Jesse had done this rather quickly in front of a mirror, and as an afterthought, he decided to add yet another coat of lipstick as a final touch. Once done, he looked at Zach, and after giving him a broad smile, Jesse licked his lips. This unexpected forwardness of a rather seductive action causes Zach to jerk again.

Jesse caught this, and, with a little laugh, said, "Like what you see?"

Zach hearing her now feminine tones could not help but purposely take in the complete picture of her in bra and panties. Just like that, Jesse was completely gone and Zach could no longer connect Jesse with the person before him.

There was only Jessica.

Instead of getting up to get the t-shirt and jeans right away, Jessica went for her high heels; however, not wanting to wear them on bare feet, she went into another drawer and pulled out a slender garter belt and a pair of sheer, silky stockings.

She noted how Zach seemed to react to this apparel.

"I don't really need these, but they make me feel sexy!" Jessica coyly explained.

After latching the belt around her waist, she wantonly, but carefully, gathered and then rolled the filmy material up her legs. Passing the garter tabs through the insides of her panties, she deftly fastened them to the tops of her hose to hold them tautly up. She watched as Zach followed every move of her hands. It was all for Zach's benefit, but Jessica was shortly done.

Then, with Zach still following along, she left the room, with heels in hand, going into another bedroom that seemed to be a bit more to Jesse's masculine taste. There Jessica located and put on a male shirt and jeans that she deemed were suitable for the outing. But, even as she donned these mannish items of clothing, she left enough buttons open on the shirt that her chest showed not only the lumps and the outline of her bra beneath it but also, again, an obvious cleavage. When dressed, she slipped on her heels as yet another mark that now she was unmistakably a woman.



When they started to go back downstairs in order to leave, She asked Zach to wait for her at the foot of the stairs. In a few minutes she joined him, carrying a small clutch purse into which she was still putting her pocket items. Her purse was like a final seal of femininity.

Even before they had left the house, Jessica had already found it a big kick to again portray a woman, this time without needing every single bit of feminine paraphernalia to make it obviously so. Yes, even as they left, she knew that she could easily be one, even without that sure identification, a dress.

To Jessica, it was her ultimate challenge, to be female in outer masculine wear. The outer clothes were Jesse's, not hers, and although she had worn this combination of clothing before, it had been for a relatively short time, long enough to buy a dress and bring it home. Only when she had gotten back, she had shucked these clothes to immediately wear that lovely and quite fully feminine dress.

Now, as before, the only thing notable outside of wig, make-up and heels, were the two protrusions on her chest and the lack of one in her pants. Jessica knew that she still spelled "f-e-m-a-l-e." Thus, she expected to be treated as a woman, doing the impersonation with a man who knew the truth and still wanted Jessica as she was. This knowledge was also a thrill to her.

Before they got on the road, Jessica couldn't help but note a huge basket that sat between them in the car.

"What's this?" she asked.

"Oh! That? Well, uh, it's food..."

"The picnic is a 'bring-your-own-basket' deal. The main purpose of a picnic is to get to know each other in more sociable surroundings," Zach answered glibly. "I even brought a camera to take pictures of women that I'd like to get to... uh... know better... uh... later. You know what I mean.

"In a way, I'm doing it for you. To, uh, let you off the hook. The next time I need a date, it'll be with someone with a... y'know... a 'working' pussy?"

Understanding his reasoning's, Jessica suddenly got an idea to be playful to the contrary.

"Uh huh, I see! You're planning on dumping me!

"I'm not sexy enough for you. You're gonna use that camera for more pussy. You just gotta find a big-titted bimbo with a lemon-puckered cunt, probably to fuck right there, when nobody's looking!" Jessica huffed in a pout.

"Jessica?" Zach asked, totally stunned. "You can't be jealous... are you?"

Staring straight ahead with her arms crossed under her fulsome but fake breasts, Jessica now appeared to be definitely angry. Then, she slowly turned to face Zach, with a big grin on her face.

"No. Of course not!" she laughed. With a pat of her hand that once again sported long, painted, false fingernails on each of her fingers, she reassured him, "But would

you have me act any other way, when you go off shooting your camera, leaving me alone? After all, as you said, I am established as your girlfriend, honey.

"I'm just getting in some practice for later when you do run off and other people see you taking other women's pictures and flirting with them. Abandoning poor little me."

After that, Jessica stretched over the basket and gave Zach a peck of a kiss on the cheek since he had looked so perfectly helpless behind Jessica's false anger. It had made her happy beyond belief as it had let her revel, once again, in being a female. However, when they got to the picnic site, no one was there.

Absolutely no one.

Zach tried to plead innocence, even stating that it could have been possible that he had been given the wrong place. Yet, if he had been, he had no idea where else it could have been.

"Well," he said, "instead of searching picnic sites all afternoon and quite possibly never finding my people, wadyasay we have our own private picnic, right here?"

"Quite frankly, I worked hard on this feast, and I'm hungry now!"

Getting no argument from Jessica, they settled down to eat.

After a bit, while talking about 'old times', Zach asked, since there were not any 'other pretty girls' to take pictures of, if Jessica would oblige. Tickled by the idea, she agreed, and a couple were taken as is, in some rather rudimentary poses. With a self timer, he even got several "stock shots" of the two of them together.

Then, Zach suggested, "Hey! Since it's just us here for as far as the eye can see, why not pose for some really sexy shots for me?"

"We-ell, I dunno," Jessica answered, even without knowing exactly what Zach meant by "sexy shots."

"Aww, c'mon. There's nobody here, and we can see for miles if someone's coming."

"It'll be just for a gag. C'mon... be a sport."

After thinking about it for a moment, Jessica entertained the idea of seeing herself as a scanty-clad, provocative female, with the pictures as keepsakes. She liked the idea of being able to have them, for times when she could not dress up. Zach would not always be around, and so far, she had only been the complete woman for him as the man. She agreed.

In compliance, she then gradually stripped to her underwear. As she got into posing this way and that, at Zach's direction, his camera, all the while, clicked away.

As the pictures got steadily more and more enticing, Zach continued to also offer verbal encouragement. "Okay, baby, tilt your head down, but look up at the camera. That's it.

"Peel your panties off now, but keep your legs together. No pussy shots yet.

"Now... show me some ass.

"That's it! High in the air!

“Now, turn around. Make love to the camera, sweetheart. Pucker those lips and give a kiss.

“All ri-ight!

“Okay, take off your bra and cup your tits in modesty. Come on, I know you don't have much, baby. But you can do it. You can fake it to look like you've got D-cups!

“Now, move an arm across your chest and bring the other hand down to cover your pussy, babe. Lemme see some tongue, as you wet your lips, too.

“Ooooh, ye-e-eah... got it!”

Ultimately, Jessica got down to wearing only gartered stockings and heels.

In the meantime, Zach had maneuvered her surreptitiously, with natural distractions, as he hid her underwear and panties. With her still ignorant of any ulterior motive, he even had Jessica facing away from the camera in some shots. As she dutifully held the position upon command, Zach quickly stuffed her few remaining things in the picnic basket, out of sight.

Finally the roll of film was finished; the last picture taken. Having moved away from their original spot as the pictures progressed, Jessica suddenly found that she could not readily find her discarded clothes.

Asking Zach for help, he quickly located her bra. Jessica took it and became preoccupied with reforming her bosom therein. She thought that since he had found this, Zach would have the rest waiting for her when she was done fixing the bra.

Yet, all he had for her was a rock hard cock.

Thinking that she had gotten him excited and that he wanted a blow job, Jessica still refused to be bribed for her clothes.

“What the hell's going on, Zach? Where're my clothes?” Jessica demanded.

“You get me all worked up and ask what's going on, sweetheart?” Zach was even stroking himself as he spoke. He had already stripped to the waist, his doffed clothes behind him, out of Jessica's reach.

Zach then forced himself upon her as he quickly twisted an arm behind her back in order to hold her in the position he wanted.

Zach wanted her ass, not her mouth this time. And, it seemed that her lack of willingness was not going to be an issue.

As they struggled, he said, “You're really beautiful now, but you always did fight like a girl.

“Don't you remember? This is how we got to be friends for so long.

“Way back in school, you couldn't hack my picking on you, so you called me out. We met after school, so you could punch my lights out. Only thing... after a few minutes, you knew that I was winning.

“But before I could finish you off, you went limp and stopped cold. You begged me to be friends, wimping out for real. Saying that it wasn't worth it, to be enemies. I couldn't just slug you with you just lying there. So, we did become friends.

“Well, babe, we may have gotten close then... but we're gonna really be close now!”

By this time, Zach had Jessica's legs spread. Still, she was struggling to avoid penetration from the rear.

Zach then growled, “Hey! Cut this shit right now, sweetheart!

“If you don't stop, we'll see how far you're gonna get home dressed... or should I say, 'undressed..'. as you are!”

Once again after so many years, Jessica knew that she was “outgunned”...

Though I know that some of you would be dying to know, in detail what happened, well, you will just have to use your imagination. It did not bode well for Jessica, for she found out more about being a woman than she really wanted to... And painfully too.

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More time had passed and the “picnic” was a painful memory as Jessica got her life more together than she had ever thought to. She came to realize more of what and who she was. And then, out of the blue, once again Zach boldly showed up at her front door.

To his happy surprise, it was Jessica that opened the door, not Jesse. She was wearing low heels, a short full skirt and a deep-scooped-necked peasant blouse. There was also a new feature, as she was wearing hoop earrings that passed through her pierced ear lobes.

“Hey, babe,” was his opener. “Ni-ice outfit.

“It does my heart good to know that we've got a rapport going. For you to anticipate me now, before I get here.”

“The hell I am!” Jessica exclaimed angrily. “I am going out, but not with you. Ever!”

Zach was not going to take “no” for an answer. Yes, he had come to take her out, but he had also prepared for her refusal as he blocked her closing the door in his face.

“I got something that might change your mind, honeybuns,” he said as he then forced his way past her, inside. Jessica closed the door as Zach dug into a pocket to produce a handful of photos.

They were the photos that were taken the day that Jessica had been raped by him.

As he held them, Jessica was allowed to note that the first ordinary ones seemed not to be her. They were the near-pornographic ones, in varying degrees of nudity. Even so, she noted that there was a special one on the collection.

It was from before everything turned sour, when it still was supposed to have been in fun and a gag, before she had been instructed to remove her bra. It was, however, with her wearing only her stockings, garters and heels. Zach's photo clearly showed Jessica using her long feminine fingers to frame her healthy, yet flaccid, cock that was obviously attached to a beautiful woman's body, in a full-figure pose.

“What's going on, Jessica?”

“This masculine-sounding voice was not Zach's. It came from the living room.

Footsteps were then heard, heading for the foyer, where Zach and Jessica were standing.

With a sigh, Jessica introduced, "Beck, this is Zach Reilly."

Quickly thinking that Beck was competition, before Jessica could give in to any ultimatum of his, Zach no longer made it a matter of her having a choice. He boldly handed the photos to Beck.

Zach laughed wickedly as he strolled into the living room, while Beck perused the photos. Sitting on the sofa, he called out with a chuckle. "Hey, pal! I wouldn't get any romantic idea's about Jessica, here.

"In case you don't know what I mean... 'she' is really a 'he!'" He was now almost leering at her.

Both Beck and Jessica walked into the living room and joined Zach upon the expansive sofa, one on each side.

Instead of Jessica getting upset by Zach's startling revelation, she calmly stated, "If anyone is gay here... as you seem to be implying, dear Zachary, it's you!

"When you stop to think about it as you no doubt have many times, Zach, you raped me... remember? Before that, during your 'business dinner', you were all over me then, too..."

"Hold it! What about Halloween night?" Zach jumped up, countering with an accusatory finger. "Sure, I took it out, but you had my dick in your mouth, sucking it for all the juice, baby!

"Willingly!" she admitted. Although she had been too high, she had indeed known what she was doing that night.

"But I did it, not feeling gay... not wanting you as a man desiring another man... but being totally 'feminine', emphasized by my successful portrayal of being a women at the party.

"Even before that, to be honest! Dammit, I knew I was good as a woman. Before the party I had not proved it by being in public, which was why I wanted to go in the first place!

"Still, even then, it hadn't occurred to me, to call myself anything. No matter how good I was, all of it was for that one night! You were the one that named me 'Jessica!'

"I didn't tell you to call me anything other than my real name! Even as far as that, I said nothing at all! When you called me 'Jess' at the party, no one even blinked as it could've been short for 'Jessica!'

"I felt smashingly successful at being accepted as a woman without having a pussy, and then you cemented it firmly by giving me the womanly name that I had not even thought of using! It was like a final seal on my authenticity, and you gave it to me!

"As to what happened thereafter? Well, I hadn't even dreamed about sex! I thought that my play acting was going to be taken in fun. Maybe you didn't expect me to carry the masquerade on way after the party, but you dragged your cock out of your pants. I did not go in and get it!

"I might've been dressed like a slut that night, but I had no intention of seducing you.

"I hadn't seen you in years, Zach! You could've been anything from a milquetoast to an axe murderer.

"So, you didn't have to even 'let' me kiss your dirty dick the first time! You *knew* who I really was!

"With me having had a good time as a woman that night, sure, it was way out... off base... unreal... anything you wanna call it. But it was you that gave me the idea of doing anything else with you, by taking... your... damn... prick... out!" A look of distaste formed on her face, but she continued.

"As I said, it started just as kisses. You could've stopped me at any time but you enjoyed it all, without complaints. Granted, you may have been surprised in the beginning, but don't you dare pretend to put the blame on me, now!

"You did not push me away!"

Jessica took a moment to catch her breath before saying, "You want an admission of guilt? Of willingness? I'll give you an admission!

"You see this outfit? It belongs to Becky, my lover, who shares this house with me.

"When she finally saw me as a woman, she got me to be able to wear anything she had. So, in a way, I lied when you wanted me to go out to dinner, about me not having anything to wear except that slutty outfit for Halloween. Even though deep down, I did want to do it again." She became calm, almost resigned but did not stop speaking her mind.

"Call it whatever you want, Zach. As long as I had no real excuse of my own, I never wore anything from her closet, until you had assaulted me.

"By that time, before it actually happened, you made me feel, ironically, even more of a woman! I felt that I was enough of a woman that I wouldn't even need a dress to be a woman!

"Hell, when you began taking dirty pictures... with the exception of the cock picture that I thought was gonna be strictly for a gag... you even made me feel feminine while almost wearing nothing at all!!

"It had been the only thing to be able to keep me going. To continue to really want to dress up more, on a regular basis, despite the fact that you raped me!

"It's funny. As good as I am, it had been all planned to be for just... one... night. One flight out into the outer world to see what being a woman in public was like and then back into my cocoon.

"Sure, I felt that all of it was going to be wasted since I thought that I would never have a reason to do it again. I... had... to... have... a... reason!

"Only now, due to you, my priorities have changed!

"After you raped me, I guess I should have run from being a woman, as far and as fast as I could.

“But, although you knew my true gender, I was the woman I appeared to be, and up until that last time, you treated me as such. And, about that last time... I have to admit, even though I had been violated; that bringing up past history to be able to really rape him, you didn't totally rape Jesse.

“As far as I was concerned, being feminine, you raped Jessica.

“You raped a *woman*! You raped *me*!”

Zach tried to answer but she went on before he even got one word out.

“I'm proud of what I am, and this is what I want to be! I am the woman you named me... Jessica!

“But I'll be damned, if I'll be a woman, just... for... you!”

Jessica trembled furiously after this, but she said no more. Silence now prevailed for several moments over the trio like a leaden weight. Zach had taken back what he had wanted to say and, although the jaw was moving, nothing seemed to be coming out.

Then, before he did get his mouth in gear, Beck spoke up. Smiling, the handsome man said, “Well, uh, Zach...

“Y'see, I knew all that. Jessica is a total woman when she gets all dolled up, as I've discovered. And she's told me all about you.

“So, as long as Jessica doesn't punch your lights out, I won't go to sloppy seconds. She told me how she couldn't fight you in school, but I'll be more than happy to finish for her.

“And, if she wants me to, I will finish it. . . . Believe it.

“But I think that there's something you should know in order to set the record completely straight...”

At that, Beck unbuttoned his shirt to the waist, to reveal a bandaged chest.

“I won't have you guessing, my friend,” Beck said, and then continued with a yet much lighter voice. “I've been Jesse's girlfriend for some time now, from even before we moved in together.

“My real name is Becky. Becky Sharpe. The 'Becky' Jessica just mentioned, in case you didn't catch it, as being the lender of the clothing she's wearing right now. For appearances sake, this bandage is tightening my boobs flat against my chest, and you'll just have to take my word, for me having a pussy.”

As Beck rebuttoned his shirt, the masculine tone returned as well, and he continued in an eerie calm. “Apparently, whenever you came by, you were never here long enough, for me to show up. I had just missed you, the morning after the Halloween party, and my girl Jessica always left me a note saying where she was, even when you took her out on a moment's notice.

“It had been my idea for Jesse's party wear.”

At that, Zach's eyes really widened.

Beck continued, "Y'see, Zach, I'd been an undercover cop for a long time. But I've been promoted and it is no longer necessary to keep it a secret. Letting that information out to a dunderhead like you could have been deadly in my line of work. But, it's on to other things at the precinct now.

"In that line of work, being female, I'd have to dress up as all kinds of women. From a hooker to a rich broad to a bag lady, just to catch the bad guys with their pants down, sometimes, quite literally. Hence, the appropriate clothes.

"However, my job, being far from delicate, has worked for me so that, although I might be able to look like an empty-headed bimbo, you... don't... wanna... mess... with... me," Beck hissed, barely inches from Zach's face.

He went on. "Sometimes, having to play an air-headed frill all day long, I'd come home ready to out-macho any man that dares to take me for less than I am!

"Jesse loves me and understands that I'll have my moments. I'm also more or less in charge where he works, and so he also welcomes my taking charge at home, feeling relief at not having to carry the ball here too, although we just live together, for the time being.

"When the party came up, I had the bright idea for us to switch roles, totally. I was going to do it myself, anyway, but felt better if Jesse came as my opposite. I thought that Jesse didn't jump at the opportunity, but did it out of the fun of the occasion... and love for me. I did not know at that time of Jessica's inner drives and that she had been practicing for one helluva long time before then.

"Because of what I can do, I have what you might call 'professionalism'. I can't afford to take half-measures, if I want to make sure that a bust is gonna stick.

"If my police partner and I failed as a team, speaking for myself, I made damned sure that I didn't blow my cover. With my end of the deal, being 'inside', being trusted in a female undercover role, I could die just for spite on top of everything, blown cover or not!

"So, I take great pains at personal success.

"Anyway, because of this, even though it was only gonna be for one night, I wanted Jesse perfect, right down to the voice. Even as my voice was not the same on every job, along with everything else, according to the part I had to play.

"The costume party was public and since at this particular party unmasking was not going to be mandatory, it was gonna be a private little game that we were gonna play. A test... to see if we could stay there as long as we wanted, and make it home undetected, as far as our true sexes were concerned."

Now, Jessica spoke up.

"By the day of the party, I was positively giddy. I knew how to perform so letter-perfect that I was really looking forward to the party almost just to show off. As the day drew nearer, I wanted to go badly, to show just how much of a woman I could be. I can't expect you to know what it's like Zach, but I was finding myself and found that I also wanted to succeed for Becky too. She had only seen me in bits and pieces, while still assured that the whole product would be workable. Only I knew exactly how good

I was, but I was a little insecure with this knowledge because I didn't want to be fooling myself.

“However, Becky pulled a last-minute duty she couldn't get out of, and I was heart-broken. I had perfected an image that I found almost addictive but didn't know what I would be able to do with this 'talent' in the future.

“Then, you called, Zach.

“So, that all of what Becky and I had worked for wouldn't go to waste, especially to be able to enjoy it with someone who knew the truth in case I *was* able to fool everyone, I asked you to come with me.

“Now you know what was behind the invitation. It wasn't gratitude to you but a chance to vent my desires that had grown so strong over this period.

“Still, because of the party... call it vanity or whatever... I was so good that I felt that I was *too* good.

“The early part of the evening, some guys were making eyes at me. I easily went into the ladies room as Beck told me to if I had to go, in our preparing for the night. The other women didn't think anything of it. Some complimented me on my hooker outfit. One even wanted to borrow it, to turn on her husband!

“So, without unmasking myself to everybody, at the party I spotted a clique of several of my friends and told them who I was. It was after you left me to get some punch. What made me do it might've been the punch I already had, it had been generously spiked by passing party-goers. Whatever the case, I had been so impetuous, I hadn't even thought of being condemned for my efforts polished by the expertise of Becky. Fortunately, I lucked out and got only praise.

“What about coming out in broad daylight, for the other two times you came by?

“Okay, the first time I put up a mild fuss. But it was a sham. I was also calling myself 'playing it safe' against possible derision from you. Just in case you were pulling my leg about that dinner.

“But, after all, you had asked me. The last time, the argument was not about dressing up, but the way you treated me!

“Anyway, at the party someone commented that I was so good, that I could easily get hooked on continuing to dress up in women's clothes, doing it well after the party was over, maybe constantly, if not all the time. Maybe one of my friends knows all about this first-hand. Not all transvestites are as brave as I am.

“Anyway, I dismissed the comment,... then. Sure I had enjoyed the dressing for myself and for Beck, but I hadn't really planned on making it an occupation. But... as you can see, Zach... Jessica not only lives but is here to stay, even if it is only after working hours, in some part unwittingly, thanks to you.

“I know, I'm repeating myself. But I want it to stick in your beady little mind that even though I was good at the party in every aspect...

“Even though I invited you to share my successful masquerade there...

“Even though I told others...

"I never dreamt of keeping this up, had actually given it up though I remembered your conferring that name, 'Jessica' on me. I couldn't really forget that, but was successful in down playing it.

"But then... you came back a second time. Not wanting to be with your '*ol' pal*, Jesse...

"You wanted 'Jessica' again, all the while knowing what she really had between her legs!

"You were the one who helped discipline her, for Jessica to teach herself how to be a woman, not with layers and layers of feminine clothes to hide her masculinity, but how to be female with relatively little. That was what it felt like to go shopping.

"Then it went further with your boss. I had to be a lady for a longer time closer up. You'll never know how much I learned from that encounter.

"But Zach, I'll never be yours, because you're an asshole and a bastard!

"You always were a bastard, even in school. I tolerated you, just so you wouldn't use your fists on me. Only now I wind up wanting to use mine on you.

"I thought we had become friends towards the end of school. I thought that you had truly changed from the bully you were. But after graduation, you didn't stick around to build up a genuine friendship without the barriers of a school yard or a classroom to keep us always seeing each other's faces.

"When you did come back that night, after all those years, I admit it; my hopes were renewed. Why did you call me that day? Did you need a patsy to stick it to, just getting back in town?"

Zach again made motions to answer but again was cut off before he could even utter a sound.

"Never mind! It really doesn't matter!

"Y'know, Zach? When you stopped being a bully, you were a pretty decent guy. No wonder you treated me right as a woman. You were *acting* civilized!

"I gave you head that night, partly being high, but partly as a way of saying thanks. Even though your action was absolutely childish... taking your cock out in the first place... I recall myself making it conveniently adult. That maybe I had two friends, my best girlfriend and a guy friend to share this with. It really came to a height, moments before, when you named me 'Jessica'.

"She was a woman I had not expected to see again. But as long as you were enjoying her company, I wanted to make it worthwhile. A very daring 'Bon Voyage, Jessica'. See you... maybe... next Halloween!?"

"Because, while Beck and I would've surely have had sex that night, by you coming out of the blue, you made it special. From the time you saw me again after all these years, you didn't laugh. You didn't say, 'What the hell are you doing, looking like a woman?' You took me at face value, even when I dropped my voice, to show that you had the right house.

“But I don't... and never have... wanted you any other way, because Beck is my whole life. I love him with my whole heart and soul.”

Jessica Kendall had truly become the total woman, even if she was not one physically. She had given herself to intense emotion, not wanting to keep herself in check, as a man would. Now, she was on the verge of tears, although none had fallen from her glassy eyes.

As silence prevailed, Beck jumped in now. “With my cop connections as well as the influence of others she met at the party, who know and approve of Jessica, I wouldn't think of trying to spoil what we've got going here, Zach.

“In our love or our cross dressing.

“From what I understand, since your boss's wife thought that Jessica was born a woman, it seems that she would definitely not approve of your actions, should she find out about who's ass you were *really* fondling and about your *so-called* 'picnic' for her husband's company. Jessica told me that she had even given her tips on how to defend herself... from you! It seems to me that with little effort at all on our part you might even be out of a job. . . anywhere in this town!

“Me alone, I can make your life hell. Count on it or call my bluff, please. I re-strained for Jessica's sake.

“I love a challenge!” Beck then grinned wide and it made Zach shiver.

“I think you'd better go now and get out of her life. Don't you ever show up here again or even think of contacting Jessica, hear?!

“I've got your pictures that you so graciously handed me. If you've got more and you know what's good for you, you'd better destroy 'em. Think of what the vice squad would say if they found them in a search for 'variant personalities'.

“Or, if you'd like... since you like 'boys' so much... use them as a guide, to get your own 'boyfriend'. You might make a real cute young thing yourself, if you get my drift. Come around again and you must might find out.”

Benumbed by it all, without a word, Zach stiltly walked to the door and on out. As he was leaving the house, Beck walked behind him to lock the door. Returning to Jessica, he saw tears roll down her once warmly blushed cheeks. Even though her ordeal was over, she was down, depressed. When asked, she said as much, not wanting to go out as they had planned.

“He didn't have to be a bastard! He didn't have to be! Why couldn't he be nice for a change?” she cried. “If he'd been a good friend, I could've been the one to offer him a job.

“But no! After the party, I guess I wasn't pretty enough, then. He didn't even stick around long enough for me to get a chance to offer him a job!

“He only kept coming back, resorting to his schemes, finally even trying to blackmail me, and for what? For my ass!”

Then, Jessica's face blanched, with a sudden realization. “Oh, Lord! Who knows?

"If he hadn't gotten me angry the night we went out to dinner... if in my anger, my guard hadn't already been up... he might've raped me then!"

"It's okay, honey. Take it easy. I understand. You know I do," said Beck. "But let's not be too hard on Zach Reilly."

"As I said when we started this, and it was overly-repeated to him, regardless of how much work we put into 'Jessica..'. not realizing that you could get hooked on doing it more... I was honestly looking forward to having 'her' for one night. As you told Zach, we never even named her!"

"But, thanks to Zach, as you said, I'm glad she's 'here to stay'."

"I love you, honey."

Then, Beck unlatched his loose-fitting slacks to reveal a belted dildo, sticking partly out from his boxer shorts. "I was gonna save this as a surprise for later..." he said.

Before Beck could finish, he caught Jessica's flinch, as she immediately recalled her violent rape. Without words, Beck knew that she was reacting to the penis itself, as he did not have one of his own. He comforted her with a gentle touch, and then said, "Easy. Take it easy, baby."

"Remember? We have no secrets. You told me all about Zach and what he did."

"I, above all else, know how it feels for a woman to be raped. Thank God, I haven't been. But I've met more than my share who have, through my job."

"I've been told their experiences many times, the brass thinking that it would be easier for them to talk to me, instead of a male cop. And those women told me exactly how it was, in very graphic detail, just what it was like. Because of that, even though you can't get pregnant... because I love you, because it was personal... I was able to feel for you, what Zach had done."

"Remember, baby? When I came home, you still couldn't sit straight. You tried to doctor yourself, but I had to help even more, being able to really see how Zach ripped into you."

"Still... not to take anything from you, sweetheart... where there was a wrong way to enter your 'pussy', there is a right way, when there is love."

"I want you to live again. That's why I was ready with this," Beck said, as he patted his 'tool'. "It's past time and I want you to live again. For yourself... and me."

"Come on, baby. Let's go upstairs, so I can show my Jessica the 'right' way."

"From now on."

"Forever."

- END -

“TEACHER, TEACHER”

By Evie Kay

“Joe? Joe Preston? It is you!”

Joe Preston was startled at first, in hearing his name called out of the blue. Joe is a young man of modest height, with a full fluffy head of slightly-curly sandy-blond hair that tickled past the back of his neck. He beamed a happy smile at his inquisitor.

“Oh, hi, Ms York!” Joe now chuckled, in meeting his ex-high school teacher as he was cutting through a supermarket's parking lot on foot. “I almost didn't recognize you outside of the classroom. In fact,” he now realized seeing her in casual pants and blouse instead of a dress, “I've never seen you outside the classroom!”

“Well,” countered Cecelia York with a playful smile, “teachers really are people too. We get out into the world, eat food and everything! That's why I'm shopping now!”

“How've you been?”

Joe's mood abruptly detoured a little sadly, “Well, things could be better. It's been more than a year since graduation and I'm still looking for work.”

“I'm sure you'll find something,” she comforted.

Brunette Cecelia then flipped her long hair off her chest, as she started to brace herself to push the heavily laden grocery cart to her car. Leaning into the metal wagon she began to move her long legs forward. Then, as if feeling the weight of her purchases for the first time, she said, “Uh, Joe? Although it's been a while, I seem to remember that you don't live too far from here...”

“Yeah. I just happened to be taking a shortcut home, going through this parking lot.”

“Well, I only recall because being your homeroom teacher as well, I did have access to all of the home addresses. Because we got along so well, you and a few others I still remember. I'm only bringing it up now...”

“Well, as you can see, I've got a lot of groceries and I really could use some help with them. I'm not too far away but I brought the car because of the quantity that I've bought. If you don't have to get home right away, I really could use a hand.”

“Say no more! I'll be glad to help!”

“I knew there was a reason why you were my favorite student!” Cecelia laughed.

They quickly loaded the car. They continued to chat lightly, were in the vehicle and soon at Cecelia's house. “I guess you're wondering why I've bought so much, since it's just me,” Cecelia said as they began unloading the groceries.

“No, not really.”

Knowing that she did have quite a bit, Cecelia replied, “You are a dear. But really, I'm on a sabbatical and I've only a monthly check to get by with. So, I buy non-perishable bulk groceries all at once. Mostly canned goods and things that can be frozen, so that nothing is wasted. As it is, everything is heavy. So, I really am glad to have bumped into you.”

“You know,” she said in afterthought, “you're not my student anymore and you're an adult now. Still, I hope that I'm not speaking impulsively. But we've always gotten along... I do miss our friendship.”

“Well, Ms. York,” Joe blushed from the praise, “since school is behind me, I don't see how there would be any trouble to renew it.” Then, seriously and sincerely, “It was always nice to be able to relate to you.

“You got me through some rough days in my last year of school as I prepared myself for adulthood and the world. You knew that I turned eighteen long before my classmates. I just never knew how to approach my folks on a lotta things but somehow, I could always talk to you.

“To be honest, I hope that I'm not being cruel, but I haven't given that closeness we had any thought, after I took off my cap and gown for the last time. But again... truthfully? I liked the way I could always approach you.

“What with my having just turned twenty, I really hadn't had a close friend before or since, and you always gave me a good feeling, after our little chats. But you were my teacher then. Because of that, it was like a wall between us that I dared not cross. Still, that was a subconscious realization, if anything.

“Now... uhhh... I-I know that you really can't ask anyone to be a friend, but since you've brought it up... I'd really like to continue being your friend.”

Cecelia just enigmatically smiled for a moment and then as if getting an idea, she said, “Joe... y'know, in being honest myself, I never really made any other friends at school.

“My students were my job and my energies went into helping them get an education. Because of the sad state of educational affairs, I was determined to give my people my time and not just make it a job, if you follow me. Sometimes, I had to butt heads with fellow teachers having that stand. Hence the lack of camaraderie amongst co-workers.

“But still, you and I... well, everything I taught, you listened to... and learned. You, among a select few others, made me proud to be a teacher.”

After a pause Cecelia said, “Listen... I have an idea. Do you have anything important to tend to at home that I'm keeping you from? You did say that you were using the parking lot as a shortcut.”

“I did say that, but no. I wasn't really in a hurry to get home to do something. My Mom works very hard at 'having a career' ever since Dad died a few years ago, and won't be home for hours. After another dismal day of job-hunting, I was just thinking about crashing until dinner time.”

“We-ell, I exercise daily so I don't lose this gorgeous 'figger' o'mine,” Cecelia joked, as she runs her hands from below her bust to her hips. “Feel like doing some with em?”

“Sure.”

Some moments later, after having left Joe in the living room, Cecelia returned, having changed from a camisole and capri jeans into a spaghetti-strapped leotard that had impressively molded her shapely figure. At this time, she gives a butterfly-sleeved leotard to Joe and without a word... already seeing her wear one... he meekly took it, and swiftly headed for the nearby bathroom to don it, saying, “Be right back.”

Cecelia had not expected him to change before her but she would have suggested that he use her bedroom. However, Joe had moved so quickly, by the time she realized the situation, the bathroom door was closed.

As she had been preparing her VCR and Tv for the exercise video, the next thing she knew, Cecelia saw Joe come out of the room. He quickly did a pseudo-ballet stance on his toes, waving his arms outward playfully, as he said, “Ta daaa!”

At this, in scanning his hairless body, Cecelia noted that she had unthinkingly given him a leotard with a sweetheart front that has molded cups. Still, there was a good reason why she had given him this exercise wear, it having a certain unique part in it's design.

For now, however, since Cecelia readily saw that Joe tucked his middle out of the way... in the crotch instead of letting it bulge in front... making it uniquely smooth, she then rationalized, “This won't do. I'll be right back.”

Cecelia returned with a flimsy, non-supporting bra. “Would you mind terribly if I filled these?” she asks, touching one of the leotards molded cups. “It looks awful to have you wear it so empty.”

Although taken by surprise with the sight of the delicate breast holster, Joe took it all as a game, even as he had the leotard. Since he knew that the article of clothing he already wore was indeed feminine, he just shrugged his shoulders and acquiesced.

“Since the leotard is already supportive, the bra is to securely hold everything in place. If I merely stuffed your chest, tissues would be flying everywhere as we worked out!” Cecelia exclaimed with a laugh, as she stretched the lycra material of the leotard past Joe's shoulders and off his arms so that she could properly attach the bra around his chest and back.

Upon finishing and putting the leotard and bosom in proper place, she added, “Unfortunately, although I have several different kinds of 'tards, they all have sweetheart fronts. I bought 'em deliberately with the molded cups and underwires so that my boobies wouldn't start sagging from all of my jumping around.”

As she completed her handiwork, Cecelia even created believable cleavage out of Joe's bosom. She said with a smile, “Now you look like you're supposed to. Thanks for being a good sport about this.”

“Hey, that's what friends are for!” Joe reminded.

Soon enough, they were exercising to a video tape's instructions.

Yet every now and then, Joe couldn't help but note and was summarily amazed over how his own "bosom" indeed jiggled to his exertions.

Afterwards, he readily admitted that it was fun to exercise with Cecelia.

She then invited Joe for another session as she does it regularly about every other day, and he accepted.

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Yet, upon his return, Joe forgot about bringing his own exercise wear.

Cecelia said that it was okay. That is, if he did not mind wearing what he had before.

"C'mon, it's alright," she added. "Besides, it makes me feel more comfortable sharing things with you... and it is just us."

Because of the friendship and that it is 'just them,' Joe really did not mind and with yet another type of leotard with the specified front, he was even taught how to mold his own feminine bosom. "C'mon, 'Josie,'" Cecelia playfully chided then, "let's see if you're really as big as me!"

"Okay, 'Cece,'" "Josie" rejoined with a laugh.

Changing his former teacher's first name in familiarity, even as she had feminized his. And when he was finished, he indeed did his teacher proud, as he did a good job in re-conforming his chest to fit the bra and leotard. Making it appear as she had done days before, with slight cleavage.

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As the last time two days ago was at the end of the previous week, for the next session the following week, there was a surprise.

Even though Joe did bring his own exercise togs, Cece... as she now even insisted on keeping her new nickname... had brought him a wig of his own. For exercise times, also wearing the bra and leotard that she already has chosen.

"In order to be completely properly outfitted."

Joe indeed was very surprised by this further feminization. But since she had told him that she had bought the wig just for him, along with the fact that he already wore two different women's leotards, his amazement quickly disappeared. Even as his own wear was abandoned for hers, in considering that Cece had gone to the trouble.

Still, as close as he had felt with Cece in school, now, he does feel warmer toward her. Yet, this inner warmth was not openly acknowledged.

Nevertheless, he knew that she was a true friend. At least, that she wants to be. Indeed, he felt that Cece somehow really needed one and therefore welcomed what she had to offer.

But Joe has not realized that the wig he is now accepting upon his head is a very expensive one. It had the appearance, feel and flow of real hair as it rests on his head, moving with his pate, as it cascades down his back and chest.

Cece had gone all out for her new best friend.

Cece proceeded to comb the lengthy sandy blonde hair piece with Joe's own, making the whole appear as one. All the while, showing "Josie" every step of the way how it is done, so that "she" could do it for "herself" next time.

Because, again, no one had seen them for embarrassment's sake, Josie goes into it for the company, and yes, the fun.

As she was shown how to adorn herself via a mirror, indeed, with the hair, Josie began to really see her feminine beauty for the first time. Yet, in being with Cece, she was not bothered by it, even being complacent with her new look. By the third week, another present was bestowed, removable false fingernails. Thereafter, make-up was even introduced, all done swiftly before exercise time.

Joe could not presume any rationale as to why Cece had added this measure. All he could think of was that he had accepted the wig and did look nice in it. As he was shown how to make it and his own hair as one, Joe felt very accomplished when he did it for 'herself.'

Yet, as noted, upon this 'triumph' of making his fingers looking femininely slender with the pseudo-fingernails, it was then Cece wanted to show him "how to look even nicer," with make-up. At this, he assumed that if he can look this good in just the hair piece, what would it hurt to try the rest?

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At the end of this third week of exercise, from being made up cosmetically two more times, Josie was asked by Cece to stop the last session a little early.

"Y'know, Josie..." Cece began, "you've been a really good sport about all I've done to you. Especially with allowing me to put make-up on you and teaching you how to do your own face the rest of the week. You really have a beauty about you that's very appealing. With make-up, you look very pretty.

"Josey, honey," Cece says haltingly again, but this time as if using the term of endearment with deliberate hesitation. "I guess what I'm trying to say is... well, you make me feel very good, us together. What I mean is, in letting me 'change' you like this. It really wasn't planned.

"But, y'know, ever since that day weeks ago when you wore my suit so 'properly,' I know you did it as half a gag and half to make me feel comfortable. But from that, I just had an idea and I ran with it, seeing that you were letting me."

Cece then impulsively kissed Josie lightly on the lips. "Josie, as I've never done anything to hurt you, embarrass me you or just plain make fun of you... Josie, I'm a lesbian," she then announced. "I've always liked... no, loved... women. Yet another reason why I didn't make friends with my co-workers at school.

"I didn't exactly hide it. I did try to find a lover in my new surroundings, when I had first moved here and knew no one except people I worked with. But while nobody blew the whistle on me, my sabbatical...

"Although it was due, it was optional. I really wasn't going to take advantage of it so soon. However, I was 'strongly advised' to take it, as a 'cooling off' period. It was only then that I realized that I was openly displaying myself in a world that wasn't

ready for me. They had 'endured' enough of my seduction of the same sex when my sabbatical gave them a graceful... and possibly, kind, I like to think... way to tell me that my choice of sexual partner wasn't appreciated but that my teaching methods were still respected.

"So, being thankful that I still had a job to come back to in a year... that paid me for my sabbatical, well... I took the hint, and took the 'extended vacation.'

"Finding you as an friend... made it even easier .. you were my breath of fresh air. Maybe even I could like men eventually. But instead, I found myself torn between liking you and women at the same time.

"As you had accepted wearing my feminine leotard, a germ of an idea grew. While honestly, it was not cognizant, as to my ultimate purpose. Then, as you were having fun with me, the feeling of kidding around was merely returned. As each week passed and you accepted more of my manipulations, I felt even more so about you, because I knew that you were doing it for me. But seeing how naturally beautiful you are, it finally hit me.

"I'm attracted to you, but I was not accepting you as a man. I was making you into my girlfriend.

"I'm sorry." Cece ended her monologue with eyes full of tears.

"Cece?" Josie now said, lifting up her "girlfriend's" lowered head, with a finger under Cece's chin. "I told you that I liked being your friend... and I meant it.

"That first week, I knew right away that I was wearing a woman's leotard. So, yes, in fun, I purposely wore it the way a woman would, down below. When you went further almost immediately thereafter with the bosom, sure, I was surprised. But since I felt that I started it, I went with it, because I already liked you.

"Y'know... you're a very attractive woman. The guys in school were always making double entendres and outright lewd remarks behind your back. For all I knew, they had seen you after-hours. Doing little things like shopping, in other similar things, like those tight pants and a filmy blouse, as I had weeks ago.

"Well, while I did appreciate your beauty, the thing that enabled me to see you as a person rather than a sex fantasy, was my doing what I was supposed to... learning my lessons. You thereafter appreciated my efforts in showing that I was listening to what you taught. We became respected friends as a result, by showing yourself as a person who could listen to me.

"I told you that I didn't have any real friends myself, so I was glad to find you again, weeks ago. Like you just said, you didn't do what you did, to make fun of me... even as you kept adding on... and that made easier to enjoy. Whether it was subconscious on your part or otherwise, I saw what was going on with my eyes wide open. I know that being a guy, I could've freaked out and maybe avoided you like the plague as I began looking like a woman!

"Still, after it was all said and done, earlier this week, when you first made me up... After I got over the surprise of your wanting to do it to me, I was amazed at how pretty I looked. I was feeling good about the dramatic difference.

"Sure, I kept it to myself, but later I began looking forward to 'being pretty' again. When you began teaching me as early as the next visit to do myself, I felt challenged to see if I really could be as accomplished. You were a good teacher as by this last period of the week, I had done myself well enough for your approval.

"Cece, what I'm trying to say is... if you'll let me, I'd be honored to be your girlfriend."

The tears that hung heavily in Cece's eyes finally fell. But they were accompanied with a smile of happiness, as she tightly hugged her "new girlfriend."

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The next week, Joe found a note tacked on Cece's door. As a preventative against just anyone happening to read the missive, in deliberate tiny letters, she wrote in a not-too-cryptic note:

Josie - Had to run out for a minute. If you look for the key to your stomach from the rear, hen it'll be on your toes."

With a smile Joe then found the key under a mat at the outside of the kitchen door, at the back of the house.

Letting himself in, he grew restless quickly. Finally, Joe went on to change, thinking that Cece would not mind. All made up and with the VCR and TV going, having the tape in play, he started to exercise on his own, and that was when she returned.

Everything as regards exercise for a woman had been done by rote all these weeks according to the video's instructions and had been performed excellently. However, once the music stops, so to speak, Josie is just a man in drag.

Cece playfully chided Josie so as not to hurt her feelings and immediately showed her even more things of feminine grace, posture and demeanor. Although she had obviously turned the equipment off prior to beginning with Josie, before it could be realized, Cece did not resume any exercise with her girlfriend this day. Instead it was all spent in making Josie more feminine.

From this point on, without it being specifically noted, Josie was not only surely molding her body into feminine contours, but she was also learning how to be a woman.

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The weeks pass seemingly swiftly, were largely due to the fact that the every-other-day exercise sessions are anticipated eagerly by Joe Preston. He cannot wait to be Josie. Yet, what was more, after each exercise lesson, Josie now received intensive instruction in how to be "herself."

Still, at first, he acknowledged that it made him closer to Cece, wanting sincerely to be her friend. Especially knowing that she felt more comfortable with the same sex.

Yet, in Cece's declaration of being a lesbian and the fact that they were getting more familiar with each other in the feminine sense as Cece continued to teach Josie female

ways-of-being, there had not been any sexual overtures on either person's part aside from numerous hugs and quick pecks on cheeks, in friendliness.

So, this leaves only one true option for Josie's; "growth" that has to be acknowledged. That she wants to be female... for herself.

In time, as weeks grew into months, Joe would enter the York home and with barely a greeting to Cece, he would immediately retreat into Cece's bedroom, only to exit as Josie.

Sometimes... depending on which way Cece had dressed for the activity... they would both be also wearing two piece bathing suits instead of leotards, due to the warmth of the ongoing temperate season of the southern area. As with the leotards, the bra cups of the suits were also molded and underwired, as per Cece's original reason regarding her bosom.

As Josie wanted to appear as feminine as possible, being that the exercises had already helped, she endeavored even more so with this exposure of skin, to make a more shapely... womanly... body.

Even so, as Josie's skin was more bare, her overall femininity was equally as blatant. With the opening she had given Cece that pivotal day of exercising alone, as Josie was constantly being advised as to what a woman does, she dutifully followed through on that advice.

Josie went, to go beyond being able to imitate a woman actually be feminine. Even in the way Josie spoke.

Before long, Josie could "switch on" her personality along with her wear of the day... right down to proper intonations of her voice. Now, there could be no mistaking Joe for Josie... or vice versa.

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Then again, mistakes were made, regardless.

"Uhh, Cece? Can you use a roomie?" Joe dropped by Cece's house one weekend, between exercise visits, to ask this curious query.

"What's happened, Joe?" Cece asked, instantly picking up on his depressive tone of voice.

Upon giving him entrance, they both sat down upon the sofa, and Joe began. "Well, you remember three nights ago, right after we met for exercises...

"You had me trying on a couple of your outfits and dresses for the first time and time just flew by, once it was discovered what you had guessed. That I could now... if not before... get into almost all of your things. Even your heels, and there's no way I know that exercise can shrink your feet.

"Anyway, I was finally in one dress and we had gotten to talking afterwards for quite a bit and it had gotten late. So, without thinking, I just changed into my jeans and sweat shirt and rushed home.

"I never told Mom about you, I'm sorry. My doing exercises with you or us being friends. Just like I couldn't approach my folks about a lot of things as I grew up, Mom

steadily didn't have time for me. What with work and all being top priority, her only priority. Any family closeness we should've had, just isn't there.

"So, I just figured that she wouldn't understand. That it still would be a 'teacher-student' thing to her, even though I'm not in school anymore. Even though we're... you and I... not very far apart in age, she might even have a problem with the 'older woman-younger man' thing.

"While I had presumed all those things, I really wasn't prepared for what really happened."

Seeing Joe pause as if dramatically on purpose, Cece asked, "And that was..."

"Well, even though I had redressed properly, Mom was home before I got there. It was then that I realized that I hadn't done a thorough job in my haste. When I got there, I greeted her and she looked at me as if I was a man from Mars.

"No... more correctly... a woman from Mars.

"What with my own hair having grown past my neck even more than it was when we started these past months... while not being styled, still having worn the styled wig you gave me, in exercising... in my hurry, although I left the wig off back here as usual, I hadn't removed my make-up.

"Mom saw how 'perfect; it was... making my face feminine... even through my un-styled hair, and threw a fit. She instantly assumed that I was gay. She got very defensive, saying how ashamed she was of me. Worse, 'how it would look, having a gay son,' to quote her.

"She went on about how hard it was for her to find a job and equally if not more difficult, to work her way up the corporate ladder, to make the big bucks. That all 'they' needed as an excuse to demote or maybe even fire her, was to know that she had a gay son. She said that things are hard enough with myself not having found a job, and that 'this' was 'obviously' the reason why!"

"Without mentioning your name, we argued as I protested that I wasn't gay. That you... as a woman... had done this in fun to me. Although that was the truth in the very beginning, the way things were, it wasn't the thing to say that you had taught me how to do myself since then!"

"Anyway, she wanted me to stop the 'ridiculous lie' about a woman putting make-up on me and for me to give up my 'boyfriend.' That if I didn't do so, I would have to leave. I was old enough to be on my own anyway, so I would really have to get out. So that there would be no association with me, in order not to be a threat to her job. I didn't say anything to you about this, even though I met you again two days later because I knew that it was my fight.

"But the third day... tonight... was the last straw for her, as I refused to give you up as my boyfriend. Although I didn't make the same mistake twice in leaving here with make-up on... she was still insisting that a woman wouldn't've made me up so well 'in fun' and that you were not 'my boyfriend.' I could've affirmed my side by giving your name, thus making you real and believable to her.

“But now, it was something more than just the 'student-teacher,' 'older woman-younger man' thing. I just refused to give you away by name so frivolously and part of the reason why was the reason I just said.

“That although you did do my face, that was months ago. I'd been doing myself, ever since! The other part was that she would've seen through that as a lie... even as she had... despite it being one of relativity and not that you were a guy and associated it as the latter, all the same!

“So, I now knew that my mother would from then on harbor her suspicions. I was now and forever gay in her eyes, whether I gave up my 'boyfriend' or not.

“Family loyalty, it seems, had died with Dad. We had drifted that far apart.

“Because I knew that I wasn't gay and that I had no boyfriend, it may have been easy to simply say, 'Okay, Mom. I'll give him up.' But honestly, that would not have been that. You are a good teacher and I am a good learner. It was you who got me to graduate on time, even though I had other teachers for other subjects.

“Everything's easy when you care about what you're doing. I know that I look, act, and even sound like a woman now when I want to.

“When I came home made up, I was very feminine-looking and not ashamed of it. It was attractive and not gaudy. Yet, nonetheless my face was not that of a man wearing make-up. It was a woman's face. You made sure that it was, the first time and I concurred when I did myself thereafter. Thus, passing people on the street on the way home, no one called attention to me. I guess that I just looked like a woman in man's clothes, if they took the time to identify what I wore, as well. But even then, my jogging attire was androgynous.

“Mom was quickly very uncomfortable with my face and my masculine voice coming out of it, but I wasn't about to turn on my other voice to match the face. That would've really sent her over the edge. On the other hand, to take the time to remove the make-up and argue my point thereafter would've been fruitless also, because she had already seen the face. It upset her so much, she continued to see the face for two days thereafter. Even though, of course, I had removed the make-up after we had been argued out that first night.

“Still, there are no regrets about what I've done. It was then that I finally discovered that what we had as mother and son had disappeared. If, indeed... not that I think about it... it was lost then and not for a long time already. I refuse to believe that my face was the breaking point.

“I knew that my Mom had given the job full focus in order to bring us back to the lifestyle we were accustomed to, before Dad died. I just didn't see how the long nights and working weekends took her away from me so totally. For it to become the lifestyle that SHE was accustomed to. Shutting me out.

“To the point that she didn't want me anymore. Just... like... that.” Joe got choked up and began to cry heavily.

After a few minutes of comforting him, Cece said, “You could've told me this yesterday when we met, sweetheart. Or even the day before, after the first argument. Then,

I could've come over and your mother could've seen that I wasn't a guy," she tried to joke.

"Mom wouldn't've believed you," Joe rejoined, as he wiped a hand across his face. "She was already so firm in her opinions, she would've said something like I paid you to come to my defense.

"And after all, remember what I just said? In telling her the absolute truth about you, my Mom would've been able to tell that I was really lying, just like with the make-up. Because relatively speaking, she was right in the first place... you are gay. Even if you are a woman."

Cece could not reply to that.

However, she did say, "Well, honey, I wasn't prepared for a roommate, but I'll be more than happy to take you in.

"But... wait a minute."

She then looked about Joe. "Did you leave it outside? Where's your belongings?"

"Well, the keepsakes that I have were just there. I outgrew them a long time ago. About my clothes and necessities, I really wasn't given an opportunity to pack, when it came right down to the moment when Mom got absolutely serious about my leaving the house. Otherwise, I would've held out for the longest... while being able to prepare for the negative, like packing... hoping to make Mom understand the truth, without anyone getting hurt.

"I was even escorted to the door. Mom most likely will even change the locks. I can't go back now. Soon enough, I won't be able to go back later because of the new locks. Having nowhere else to go, I came here."

Cece then thought for a moment, before saying with a smile, "Well, it's a good thing you're my size... Josie!"

Josie got her own hair styled now, and wears feminine clothing full-time, borrowed from Cece. As the days pass, Josie Preston completely abandoned her masculinity, so that she would not betray her present self.

There is a thought that although no one who knew Joe before would recognize her as him, perhaps even Josie's own mother would also dismiss her as another face in the crowd. Primarily thinking that Joe had otherwise gone to a stereotypical homosexual lifestyle and this person could never be him.

Josie missed her time as a man only because it was what she was, without regrets. However, as she learned to be a woman for Cece... to be her counterpart in loyal friendship... Josie embraced womanhood openly, also without regrets.

Meanwhile, Josie has also been tutored by Cece to finally have a job, after all, as a teaching assistant. As Josie, not Joe. With Cece's backing, "Josie Preston" legally got a job as a woman.

Soon enough, Cece's sabbatical year was over. The duo both got to work for the new school year in the fall. Cece's principal is satisfied with her 'new outlook,' as she

is no longer 'a woman on the prowl' as a notable lesbian. As she had successfully kept her sexual preference from her students, Cece York now does so with her co-workers.

Ironically enough, she has been surely celibate all the time that she had renewed her friendship with Joe and has continued to be so with Josie. Josie had endeavored to be a true friend to Cece and sexual relations never were an integral part of the equation.

Still, the more time they spent together as house mates, although it was platonic, they were drawn ever closer. And normal desires are yet there, though dormant for the time being.

At the end of the day, they greet each other warmly, expressing to one another the fun and or foibles of the day. In times of the latter, they are surely there for each other, having a shoulder to lean on, to commiserate with. It has been a month that has passed since the new school year.

Cece declared that it was a time to celebrate not just Josie's new job but that she had done so as a female at yet another school, on her own. So, they went out as two women decked to the nines.

Josie had bought a midnight blue dress with an abbreviated hem and plunging neck that had a bolero jacket with puffy lacy shoulders. It was very dressy and she was planning to save it for a special occasion, never dreaming that it would come so soon.

Wearing her own hair in bouffant-style, she had long had her ears pierced, to now wear opulent bangle earrings that flash and flicker against her neck. On her feet, were black stiletto heels with silver tips, that noisily clicked with every step.

Not to be outdone, Cece wore a strapless, three-tiered red dress that almost exposed the entire wealth of her bosom. In three-inch red heels, her legs are encased in smoky black seamed stockings. Were a dramatic touch, Cece wears the length of her hair to one side of her bosom. With the rest of her facial cosmetic achievement, notably her lips



shine with gloss, as if extra wet and hungry.

In fact, the two were both admired in this restaurant. Josie was very tempted to take her girlfriend on the dance floor, but decided that it would not do for two attractive women to be seen dancing with each other. At least, in this establishment.

Still, at least another person had the same idea as Josie. As far as wanting enchanting Cece York as a dance partner.

“Good evening, ladies,” a dapper young man approached their table.

Facing Cece, he said, “You and I would be the talk of the night, if you would accompany me on the dance floor.”

Cece smiled politely but said, “I don't think so. I don't want to leave my girlfriend alone.”

“Oh, I'm sure it'll be alright. In fact, once they see me grab you, there'll be another right behind me, for her,” he said.

“Thank you, but no,” Cece insisted.

But having already taken her hand, Cece was suddenly yanked up from her seat, almost falling into the man's embrace.

He then immediately grabbed her rear, breathing hard in her face.

Cece was immediately able to tell that he had too much to drink and she was frightened for other reasons as well.

At that moment, however, Josie was right there.

“Listen, honey,” Josie addressed the man as she rose, “my friend is very shy. On the other hand, I'm always hot!”

Attempting to ease Cece from his firm grip, Josie caused the man's hold on Cece relax, as Josie now kissed him. For a moment in eternity, the kiss lasts as Josie eases her tongue into his mouth. Yet when he does the same, she bites his tongue... hard.

Making a sound between a gargle and a groan of pain, the man is torn between helping himself and wanting revenge. The mental tug-of-war is decided when he begins to see blood drip on his shirt and he staggers away for help.

The crowd began to stare at the commotion but no one seems to be able to ascertain exactly what was going on.

Still, wisdom tells Josie and Cece to depart with haste. After quickly paying their check, it is not long before they are home.

“Well, you certainly know how to party!” Cece said sarcastically, as they ride home in the car, trying to make a joke.

“Would you rather he take you, right there on the floor?” Josie spat back.

“Josie... are you upset with me?” Cece asked, surprised.

Josie did not answer.

Cece then pulled the car over and turned the ignition off.

“What's the matter, baby?” asked Cece, facing her friend.

Josie said nothing, but abruptly, she is upon Cece in a serious lip lock. Although taken by surprise for the second time in the past half-hour, Cece relaxed and got into her end of the kiss.

"I'm so glad you didn't bite my tongue," Cece said when they parted.

That made Josie laugh. But quickly getting serious, she said, "I love you, Cece."

"I was wondering when you were going to tell me that!" Cece remarked.

Unperturbed, as if not hearing her, Josie went on. "Cece, I know you're gay and all. But I can't help it. I do love you."

"I know. I've known for awhile," Cece smiled and her eyes sparkled via the lights of the night. "Why did you take so long to tell me?"

"Huh?"

"Are you or are you not my girlfriend?"

"Huh?" Josie repeats, still not comprehending what Cece means.

"I love you too, baby. I guess I always have... despite my belief that I might never be able to love a man. That guy tonight scared me to death because I don't like men. But as far as you're concerned, I don't love a man entirely, do I?"

Making the question rhetoric, Cece continued, "I really missed you when you graduated. You, the person, not the male. Your gender had nothing to do with it. But I forgot you on purpose, because of the teacher-student thing. Still, it wasn't love then, anyway.

"Meeting you again better than a year later, I grabbed at a straw... our exercising... to keep you, then... as a friend. But I was still a lesbian. Afterward, I was torn between wanting you wholly as you were and yet wanting you even more what I was making you to be.

"I felt bad that the only thing I could think of in an effort to keep you, was my making you more feminine. But every time you came back, I did it more and more. And for that, I loved you... and loved you more and more.

"You brought both of my worlds into one. At that, my affection for you became indescribable! With you as a woman, I didn't want anyone else!

"But I couldn't just tell you how strongly my affection had grown. I had to hear the words... from you.

"You told me that you were comfortable with my changing you. That you liked wearing everything I loaned you, until you bought your own things. That you liked being female. Everything was falling into place but I had... to... hear... the... words. Do you understand?"

"I love you too, baby.

"Will you promise to be my girlfriend... forever?"

Through glassy eyes of happiness, Josie nodded, "Yes!"

- END -