

A FARMER'S WIFE

By Audrey Taylor



ILLUSTRATED BY BRIAN DUKEHART

A 'NEW WOMAN' NOVEL

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A FARMER'S WIFE

By Audrey Taylor

I'd been to this dance hall three times this past winter and usually had a pretty good time. The band was lively and I even danced occasionally when I got up the nerve to ask someone. And the wine and snacks were included in the cover price of \$15.00.

It was Friday, the end of a long difficult week at Carson's Supermarket. Ever since I accepted the staff accounting position in October, against my better judgment I might add, my boss had grown more and more demanding with each passing day. She wanted me in at 7:00 A.M. now and allowed me only thirty minutes for lunch, watching me like a hawk until 5:00 P.M. She was literally a slave driver and I only stayed because I had this overwhelming crush on her.

She was gorgeous, a stunning brunette with a delightful smile whenever she laughed, which wasn't often enough, and her body was unbelievable. She took up most of my daydreams, but I never could get up the nerve to ask her out, even for a cup of coffee or lunch.

I guess you've caught on by now. I'm not the super macho aggressive type. And anyway, the supermarket is only four blocks from my apartment. Super convenient.

Tonight I was standing around with some guys I'd just met there who were poking fun at the people on the dance floor. Usually I didn't go in for this kind of stuff but tonight I was kind of going along with it, trying to fit in and be friendly. If you must know, I didn't have many friends.

Both guys were currently discussing a tall full-figured gal dressed in what looked like an authentic western outfit.

"Looks like she just got off the farm," Frank was grinning.

"Probably parked her horse right outside the front door," John added fuel to the fire. "Must have made a wrong turn when she hit Oklahoma."

Frank laughed out loud while I was studying the woman, noting how she seemed to hear John's comments. He was so loud.

Her knowing smirk wasn't pretty to see as she was twirled away by her partner. The look stayed with me awhile as I made a beeline for the men's room.

Returning to that spot I was almost relieved that my two companions were gone. I certainly wouldn't miss them.

A slow dance was being played and I glanced around for a dance partner. It was a whole lot easier leading the woman in a slow one, especially someone I didn't know.

"Hi, partner."

I looked over my shoulder and up into the cowgirl's face.

“Hello,” I managed to stammer, feeling instantly intimidated by her size and firm voice.

She was at least a half foot taller than I and had an unusually husky voice for a woman.

“I couldn't help but notice you and your friends making some loud jokes about Oklahoma and horses (*she had heard*). You wouldn't have been poking fun at me?” Her azure blue eyes intently searched for confirmation from my face.

“I'm really sorry,” I apologized, feeling like a heel. “I just met them here tonight and I'm really glad they're gone. They seemed to get their kicks from putting people down, which really isn't my bag. Can we just forget them? They're really not worth thinking about.”

I hoped she'd soften up and let it go.

“You're right, you know,” her deep voice agreed. “I'm here for some fun and I'm not going to let two stupid idiots spoil it. It's a good thing you're not like them,” her face broke into a smile, “maybe you'd like to dance?”

I was right, her face lit up like an angel's.

“I'm used to doing the asking but I'd be happy to accept your invitation.” I mockingly offered my hand with a smile which she took without hesitation, leading me onto the floor.

Her grip was so firm.

When she lifted my right hand and started to lead, I tried pulling away to change our positions.

But she held me fast and whispered, “Honey, try it this way for a while. I'm really so much taller than you. It'll be a whole lot easier for me to lead you around, don't you think? Just relax and give it a try,” she blew in my ear enticingly, distracting me completely.

Her other arm was tightly around my waist as she directed me quite easily around the dance floor.

All I had to do was relax and go with it. Still feeling somewhat foolish, anxious that someone might notice our reversed positions, I slowly relented. Thank God it was dark in here. When I fully relaxed she pulled me even closer and I could feel her full bosom pressing into me as my head rested against her shoulder.

This was fun. Her pleasant aroma enveloped me as we moved around the floor.

She continued to hold me when the music changed. Then we were both doing our separate gyrations to one of the current hits, working up a pretty good sweat.

“Move that ass honey,” she encouraged me.

I couldn't believe my ears.

“What?” I almost shouted in her direction.

"I love the way you rotate your butt. You move so naturally to the music," she was shouting too, embarrassing me totally.

"Yours ain't bad either," I tried moving the focus to her.

When the music ended she smiled as she grabbed my arm and walked me to the bar.

"Where did you learn to dance like that? You're really good," she was reaching for two glasses of white wine and found us seats in the corner.

"I took dance lessons but that was quite a while ago. With this kind of music I find you just have to let yourself feel the beat and go with it."

"Yeah, well there aren't many folks that feel the beat the way you do. You have such a natural sensuality that comes right through." She downed her drink and looked directly in my eyes, "Makes me want to jump your bones."

Her directness was so startling.

"Sorry there's no bone jumping at these dances," I smiled lamely feeling color come to my cheeks once more. I'd never met a woman like this. I was actually being pursued and it felt kind of scary and wildly exciting at the same time.

"Let's cut out of here," her suggestion caught me unawares. "I've had enough of the smoke and all the noise. I'm in town for only a few more days and I'd rather not waste one moment of it."

She stood up, grabbing my hand to assist me, then directed us towards the exit.

"By the way my name's Sarah Miller, but folks just call me Sam, which I prefer. It's from my initials, Ann being my middle name."

"Cool Sam," I smiled up at her, "I'm Carl Ritter. How about a walk in the park? It should be nice and cool outside and it's just around the corner."

I'd taken the initiative once more trying to gain some control over this exciting situation.

She took my coat check from me to get our coats, "No middle name, Carl?"

"Yeah, it's Miriam," I whispered, not wanting to be overheard.

"Miriam, that's such a feminine name?" she queried me.

"It's for my Grandmother," I responded. "She passed away right before I was born and my Mother wanted to keep her spirit alive."

"That's funny, because Sarah is for my Mother who died right after giving birth to me. I was raised mostly by my Dad and took over the farm when he died, it's almost three summers ago. He lost a battle with lung cancer. He was such a heavy smoker." Tears welled up in her eyes as she spoke of him. Her emotions were so near the surface.

It seemed so natural as she helped me with my coat and we left the hall walking into the cool air of the late spring evening. She took my arm and the lead again without missing a beat.

I kind of enjoyed it, having never really experienced this side of the coin. I just trusted her lead and went whichever way she indicated, happily giving my full attention to everything she said.

We walked along the well lit pathways of the park, delighting in each other's company.

It was pleasant listening to her talk about her father and the farm and the difficulties of handling it alone. She was really in search of a partner, maybe a husband if that's how it turned out. Someone who could help out with all the things that needed attention while she was out working the fields. She detested doing laundry, cooking, cleaning and especially doing the bills. Her interest was in the land and making it productive.

"It's a lot of hard work," Sam was saying, "which I really don't mind. The difficult part is making ends meet. And aside from working there's not really much to do around the farm. If you've a hankering, you can go to town, maybe get a little drunk and even find a piece of ass. But that's about it for excitement. It gets kind of stale after a while. All my wild oats are long since sewn and I'm aching to settle down and raise a family."

She pressed my hand pulling me closer to her. Her breast was pressing against my arm.

"I understand how you feel." I'd been dealing with loneliness for a long time. "I was brought up on a farm upstate as an only child and you can bet I went through some pretty lonely times during my childhood. Aren't there any guys in your neighborhood that interest you?"

I couldn't understand why she was so far from home. I felt so comfortable with her and was kind of surprised that no one had caught her yet, although I could see her pushy side and how it might be a hindrance. It didn't bother me at all.

"I've looked plenty, believe me. There just isn't anyone that's caught my eye." She looked at me as her troubled voice continued, "It's a good thing Papa left me a nest egg, cause I've actually been considering selling the place and calling it quits. I just can't seem to solve all the problems, especially the financial ones. I'm sure Dad would kick my butt if he knew I was thinking of giving up on the land. But I feel like I'm kind of banging my head against a wall."

Her loneliness and a sense of desperation came through loud and clear. It took plenty of guts to work a farm all by your lonesome. And she'd been doing it for three years. My respect for her soared.

"Sam, if you don't mind, I'm feeling a little chilled. Why don't we go to my place for some coffee, to warm up a little? We can pick up some Dunkin Donuts on the way."

"Sounds fine to me," no hesitation again, grasping tightly to my arm as she perked up, "lead the way, darling."

Surrounded by the aroma of freshly baked donuts, I was turning the key to my front door and nudging it open to find the light.

Sam closed it behind us and secured the lock before following me into the living room.

“Take your coat off,” I suggested, “and make yourself at home. I'll put some coffee up. Only be a minute.”

I went to put the coffee up and set the table, putting out plates and cups before returning to see how she was doing.

Her boots were off and she was sprawled out comfortably on the couch watching TV.

“It'll be a few minutes,” I said and she grabbed my ass as I passed on my way to the bathroom.

“So cute,” she smiled.

Whew, she was forward. So different from anyone I'd experienced before. I was starting to feel like maybe I should have hesitated about bringing her back here.

When I returned she patted a spot next to her. I sat down tentatively.

She immediately pulled me close and I felt her lips cover mine as she pressed me into the pillows.

She was rather soft and gentle, surprising me considering how rough and tough she appeared to be. I felt like I might fall into her mouth, her lips seemed to melt beneath mine. Her tongue was tasting every inch of my lips and her hand was gripping my behind demandingly.

Her excitement was causing my own arousal as her tongue penetrated my mouth and I found myself sucking on it greedily. It was delicious and I wouldn't let go even when I felt her hand move around pressing against my surging manhood, causing me unbelievable ecstasy.

Suddenly she was loosening her blouse and bra throwing them to the floor before urgently pulling my shirt over my head. I was mesmerized as she pressed her overwhelming beauties to my bare chest. They felt soft and yielding as her lips found me again and I lost all sense of time and space succumbing completely to her passions.

A short time later we were in the bedroom and fully naked rolling around on the bed lost in our mounting passions.

When finally I penetrated her dripping cavern I couldn't control my explosion and bounced a mile high before coming to rest with her tits waving in my face.

She frowned in momentary disappointment and then simply reversed herself on me presenting her warm dripping cavern to my waiting lips.

I ventured out tentatively with my tongue. I hadn't done this very often but I certainly wanted to please her.

She smelled pretty good and I ventured out with my tongue finding her aroused clitoris and slowly followed the trail from there. She moved around on me and I sensed her surging arousal.

I was getting into it, holding tightly to her thighs as my tongue penetrated deeply into her juices listening to the low intensive moans escaping from her mouth. More jerky movements followed as I tasted every wondrous part of her flowering pussy.

She was gyrating wildly, “Oh dar . . ling, don't . . stop.” She stammered forth.

It was difficult keeping my mouth to her as she moved about so frantically, straining against my grip of her legs. My lips greedily slobbered in her wetness. Her clitoris was sucked into my mouth and I ran my tongue over it repeatedly feeling her pressure build once more. She was bucking like crazy and shouting profanities as she finally exploded against me pressing me madly into the bed, drowning me in her hot juices. Her wetness completely surrounded me.

When she finally eased off and laid down by my side it took several minutes for my heart beat to return to normal. She laid half across my body while her lips toyed with my ear.

“That was unbelievable darling. You've got a remarkable tongue. And your buns drive me crazy,” her hand was squeezing them again. “I want you again,” I felt her hand on my manhood as she licked at my ear.

I gently sucked in her nipple rolling it around with my tongue. I felt her manipulating my penis and I felt myself responding again. Unreal. Another first. I was a notorious one shot guy, but Sam was changing my total image.

The way she held it so firmly and took charge, making me feel so utterly powerless was exposing a new inner excitement in me. I was unable to resist her.

She was masterful at it. Her lips replaced her hand capturing my manhood as her gentle sucking had me gasping with pleasure, even while she was positioning her steaming vagina for further attention from my tongue. It was ecstasy. Somehow she was turned around, sitting on me again, burying me deeply within her and pumping up and down, riding me like a galloping palomino.

When our orgasms came almost simultaneously I thought the bed would collapse from our explosions.

Finally we rested side by side.

Two minutes later I was almost asleep when I felt her move the covers over me.

She went off somewhere and I knew nothing of her return.

I was the first to stir, shading my eyes from the sun streaming through the window. I felt her arm across my belly and tried to move without disturbing her, tiptoeing into the bathroom to start the shower.

A few minutes later I almost jumped out of my skin as she pressed up behind me while I was rinsing off. I'd never heard a peep. I felt her hands all over me and soon she turned me around and kissed me passionately. I felt her breasts and hips pushing into me and her powerful arms encircle me. She was enchanting.

Back in the bedroom she made a strange request. “Honey, do me a favor and wear my panties today. I think you'll look great in them and knowing you're wearing them all day when I watch you walk will give me pleasure.”

I had hardly noticed them last night when she undressed. I was so excited by her fierce desires for me, only wanting to please her. They fit rather loosely, while bulging very unladylike in the front.

She ran her hand over my butt voicing her approval.

She had traded with me putting on my jockey shorts which of course were too tight, her hips stretching out the waist band.

We stood together in front of the mirror smiling at our strange image as I stared at her lovely breasts. After we dressed I prepared some breakfast.

“Whoops,” said Sam seeing the kitchen still set from last night, “look what we forgot.” She smiled at me as I removed the coffee pot washing it out so I could make a fresh pot.

“You keep the place so clean,” she noted.

I hate a messy apartment.

“These attributes would sure come in handy at the farm,” she playfully grabbed my ass.

After breakfast including some stale donuts, we went for a stroll outside. We spent a thoroughly enjoyable Saturday together.

She was attentive all day, constantly asking about what I preferred to do.

In the afternoon we saw a movie and then walked through the zoo, admiring the animals while a warm sun baked us pleasantly.

I discussed my job and how I didn't think my career was really advancing.

She reiterated her need for my accounting skills at the farm. “I waste so much time paying the bills and I hate all the stupid records that have to be kept.”

We cuddled in the movies and kissed a lot enjoying the smells and coziness of each other. I was amazed at how comfortable I felt. At one point she opened my fly and played with me through the panties causing me to erupt right there in the seat. Holding tightly to her arm I simply lost myself to her deft manipulation. She held me awhile only releasing me so she could lick her fingers. My stains mingled with hers in the panties.

After our walk in the zoo we returned to her hotel so she could change into something fresh.

I sat in her suite while she showered browsing through some pictures of her property she had brought with her. It was impressive, the house, the large barn and the smaller buildings in the background.

She came in dripping wet with the towel around her waist, her breasts hanging there so enchantingly. She came right over to kiss me, “I missed you, darling.”

Her soft lips were delicious and her fingers were soon unbuttoning my shirt and zipping down my pants while my hands were busy with her majestic breasts. Leaving my panties on, she drew me over to the bed where she lay down beside me tantalizing me with her fingers and lips.

I lay back in pure ecstasy.

When she finally lowered my panties and placed me at her portal I was straining to contain myself. She slowly lowered herself engulfing me and causing my instantaneous eruption. It was earth shattering as I penetrated deeply raising her considerable weight close to the ceiling. The constant arousal all day and the persistence of her wet clinging channel was just too much.

She laid there feeling incomplete until I started nibbling on her nipples.

"I'm sorry honey. The sight of you is just too overwhelming," I let my roving tongue deliver the rest of my apology. I moved down her slick body licking every crevice until her wet forest was rediscovered. Her thighs had gradually separated offering me total access to her pulsating nest. Such pleasure, it's a wonder I'd had so little experience with it in my earlier relationships. She tasted marvelous and I totally lost track of time and her orgasms, refusing to abandon my position.

Finally she pleaded for me to desist and drew me up to lie next to her. She needed desperately to hold me. She kissed my mouth deeply drinking her own sweet juices from my lips. We laid awhile in blissful fatigue, her arm around my shoulder with me nestled up against her breast. She clicked on the TV and we watched an old movie getting under the blankets as the chill in the room started to sink in.

Suddenly she turned it off and looked at me, unable to contain herself any longer.

"Miriam," she preferred using my middle name, "my mind's going a mile a minute. Since last night when I first felt the thrill looking in your eyes, it's been unreal for me." She intently watched for my reaction, "I've never felt like this before. So totally uninhibited and trusting, ready to try just about anything with you."

"Isn't it spooky?" I looked away. "I'm feeling the same way. It's just totally unbelievable," letting my thoughts surface without censoring them. "I'm afraid I'll wake up and find it's only a dream."

"It's really your fault," Sam stared at the ceiling as she expressed some delicate thoughts. "You make me feel so special and enchanting, the way you respond to me so naturally and so accepting. It's astonishing. I just can't seem to please you enough."

I smiled sympathizing completely with her, "Everything about you I enjoy. Your whole demeanor, the way you take charge and how you always check with me before we do something, so concerned with what I want. I love it.

"And our lovemaking," I continued. "I've never experienced anything so deeply and with such abandon. It's overwhelming."

I kissed her neck and ventured to a more sensitive subject, "Do you realize that you haven't once complained about my early ejaculations? You've just automatically found other ways to achieve satisfaction. I can't tell you how relieved I am. It's always been a headache for me."

Sam studied me seriously, "It's really nothing darling. You'll see, once we're together regularly you'll forget you ever had a problem. I'm just so surprised at how well we match up. I've always seemed to bump heads with men, struggling at every turn we made. I thought it was just in my nature. I seem to naturally handle the decision mak-

ing. Dad's influence, I guess. But with you, we haven't had one controversy. Right from our first dance when you allowed me to take the lead, I felt so comfortable with you. We certainly seem to match up well, don't you think?"

"I'm astonished. I've discovered a whole new dimension about myself. I feel such a deep sense of security when you handle all the decision making. It's so strange. Might only be temporary, but somehow I've got this feeling, I don't want to let it go."

"You really think so?" she asked in a doubtful tone.

"I know it's scary, but my feelings have been more intense in the past 24 hours than I can ever remember. I know we hardly know each other, but isn't it amazing how much we've shared in so short a period of time."

I leaned over and kissed her extended nipple marveling at how connected I felt.

Soon we were showering together and she lovingly ran her hands all over my body mumbling about my being so hairy.

"I wish you were smooth like me darling, then I could lick every part of your body without getting hair in my teeth. Want to try it?"

My mind was racing as her hands kept exploring me. I couldn't think of what to say. I was electrified by her suggestion and wondering how it would feel.

"Come on Miriam, I need to get a few things before the stores close," my silence was all the answer she needed.

Five minutes later she handed me a fresh pair of her panties saying I looked adorable in them. It didn't matter that much to me and I needed a fresh pair of underwear anyway.

Soon she was purchasing a jar of depilatory cream plus a cleansing lotion in a nearby drug store. Then we were in a ladies lingerie shop and she bought me several pairs of panties, "which will fit you more snugly," she smiled knowingly at me.

When she bought some matching camisoles and several nightgowns with matching robes in my size I voiced my first objection.

"Sam, don't you think you're going a bit far with this stuff?"

I watched the frown come to her face as she whispered to me enticingly, "I think you'll look adorable in them. I can't wait to see you." She encouraged me, "Try them and if you don't like them we'll forget the whole thing."

I watched her smile return as I nodded my agreement.

With her lugging the bags we grabbed a cab and returned to my apartment. She couldn't wait to apply the hair remover all over my body and kept me standing in the bathroom for ten minutes waiting for the cream to do it's job.

We talked about her farm and the crops she was raising. The house sounded delightful with all the latest conveniences, including a sauna and Jacuzzi. She had a whole barn full of milking cows and of course there were chickens, dogs, cats and even a billy goat, Casper, who hung around the barn, besides the three work horses.

She was growing mainly corn and barley on about 160 acres of developed tracts, a section of her total property which covered well over 1,280 acres. Plenty of room for expansion if she wanted.

“Maybe now you can understand why I could use the help of a partner, a loving one if possible. I have no trouble with the plowing and the farm chores but the house and caring for the animals are just too much. And the bookkeeping is my total nemesis. I avoid it like the plague and when I'm forced to deal with it, I rush through it and can't even get the bank statements to balance.

“Come, I see you're starting to roast (I felt like my skin was smoking). Hurry, get under the water and say good-bye to the old hairy look.”

Watching my hair accumulating at the drain, I lifted my leg and ran my hands over the bare skin, enjoying the smoothness. My chest felt funny as I covered my erect nipples with the fluffy bath towel.

She rubbed me all over trying to dry me while licking playfully at my neck, “You taste good enough to eat.”

Kneeling down she took my pulsing organ in her mouth holding me firmly by my smooth ass, otherwise I might have toppled over.

I felt locked to her, as my pulsating organ seemed to fill her mouth actually puffing out her cheeks a little.

Her intense sucking soon had me gasping my eruption into her receptive lips.

“Delicious,” she said after gulping it down with a smile.

My legs felt wobbly when she released me and then she helped me into the pink nightgown and negligee.

From her own overnight bag she selected something for herself while I rested wearily on the bed trying to get acclimated to my smooth body and the slinky things I had on. Sam obviously liked me looking seductive and it certainly felt pleasant if not a bit weird.

She looked great in her pajamas, much more masculine than my nightie. They hardly hid her luscious curves as I appreciated how her generous breasts ballooned out the top. She joined me on the bed turning on the TV as we propped up the pillows and relaxed side by side.

“I like you this way,” she whispered to me. Like I hadn't guessed. “It really turns me on,” she kissed my neck and started running her hand lightly over the nightgown. It felt so titillating but I was just too beat and soon I felt her lifting the covers, so we could both get under them.

“My little baby's so tired,” she pampered me. “Time for her beauty rest. Good night sweetheart.”

She kissed me gently on the forehead.

“Good night Sam. It's been a wonderful day.”

I turned over and fell into a deep sleep.

Chapter 2 Marriage Proposal

It was cloudy Sunday morning as I felt a tongue licking in my ear and felt her holding my erect penis through my nylon gown. Soon she was clearing the way and absorbing me within her warm moist cavern. What a way to wake up, straining to penetrate into her deepest niche. Her muscles squeezed my manhood and soon she was moving wildly too as she arched her back frantically exploding against me. I loved fulfilling her, and watching her slowly return to earth. She rubbed her hanging breasts in my face and then resumed her slow rotating pelvic motion taunting me to join her in orgasmic bliss.

When I lost it and started erupting she pressed fiercely against me making me wonder if we'd become inseparable. We were one.

"What shall we do today, darling?" she whispered as we both lay basking in the afterglow.

"Must we get out of bed?" I asked.

"Not if you don't want to, Miriam. I'll just spend all day exploring your delightfully smooth body." Her hand roamed over my belly and hip. Her touch was so enticing on my smooth skin. I just lay back and enjoyed it.

Hunger finally got to us, our stomachs growling almost in unison, so we dressed and went to breakfast.

I wore my new panties and the matching camisole, which she insisted on. I really didn't mind, but protested a little lest she think I was succumbing without a fight. They both felt so yummy on my smooth body.

While we sat over breakfast she started in again, "Miriam, I really feel you're the one for me."

Was she really saying this? I sat with my mouth open, barely trusting my hearing.

She went on, "I know this is rather quick but I can't help what I feel. I've never felt so comfortable with another human being. I just say whatever I want to you, feeling I have no need to hide anything from you. You seem to accept whatever's going on with me, without making any silly judgments. I don't want it to ever end."

She took a sip of coffee while looking at me intently. She was quite serious, almost driven, and I wondered if spending two days together with anyone was sufficient time to make a decision as important as this one. I also loved our communication, how it flowed so easily between us. Her directness was so refreshing and I realized I'd never have to worry about what was on her mind. It would be out before I had a chance to wonder about it.

I smiled to myself at how I found myself sharing things with her that I'd never considered sharing with anyone. It was wonderful, feeling so open and free with another human being.

Sam was taking out a small box from her pocket and looked me in the eye once more, "Darling, I know the whole story about this being so sudden and all, but I really haven't got much time and I'm sure I don't want to return home without you."

Her beautiful eyes made me feel lightheaded, “Miriam, I love you. I want to marry you and bring you home with me as my partner for life.”

She opened the little box and smiled at me, “Please say yes and wear this ring with all my love.”

I looked at a beautiful diamond ring.

Her captivating interest in my appearance was such a difficult thing for me to accept. She was actually turned on to me, something I'd never even imagined would happen to me. It seemed so implausible that me, Carl Ritter, a thin emaciated accountant was actually turning on this beautiful woman with my insignificant body. What a sense of power, my self-confidence was soaring in the clouds.

However, I told myself, *'don't be an idiot, this could all end as quickly as it began.'*

Yet here she was offering me this beautiful ring and asking me to marry her. She certainly seemed committed.

I took a deep breath watching the ring sparkle in the light, “It's so beautiful. Don't you think it's a bit feminine? You haven't forgotten I'm the man in this relationship, have you sweetheart?”

I couldn't resist picking it up and studying it more closely. No one had ever offered me such a lovely gift before.

“Miriam sweetheart. Must we be saddled with 'you're the man and I'm the woman' and behave according to all the laws laid down for the last thousand years. What's been so exquisite with us is how we've broken with the conventions and behaved exactly how we felt. Why don't you try it on, and see if it fits. I had to guess at your size, and I'm afraid it might not fit right.”

I lifted it to my ring finger and slowly pushed it into place.

“It looks great,” she was literally sparkling. “Is it too tight?”

“Not really,” I smiled lovingly at her, moving my hand around and watching the reflections of the diamond. How strange, that I should be wearing an engagement ring, and yet I couldn't seem to reach out and pull it from my finger. I left it alone and discussed what was troubling me. “Sam, this is very sudden and I need some more time to consider the whole situation. I do know I've loved the past two days, but your proposal is a very serious one and I need some time alone to give it careful thought. I don't want to jump into something this important without considering all the consequences. When I make my decision I want to be fully comfortable with it.”

I looked in her eyes trying to absorb any hurt I might be causing.

“I love being with you and I want our relationship to never end. It's been so glorious. I need some time to catch my breath, by myself, so I won't be continually distracted by you. I hope you'll understand,” I wanted her to understand.

“Of course darling,” she assured me, disappointment creeping out from her tone. “Take as much time as you need. We'll talk more whenever you're ready. Okay sweetheart?”

I nodded my response, feeling an overwhelming pressure leave my shoulders. I just needed time to digest the whole thing. The ring fit perfectly and looked so lovely.

“While your thinking why don't we take a bus tour of the city,” she suggested. “I've wanted to do that since I arrived here but needed someone to share it with.”

We walked arm in arm from the restaurant and I watched the ring sparkling on my finger realizing how delighted I felt wearing it. I never thought about it belonging on her finger. If she wanted me to wear it, then it was okay. Everything that happened between us seemed so perfectly natural.

The tour of the city was fun. Many places I'd already seen, but her enjoyment rubbed off on me. I tried imagining what living on her farm would feel like, and found myself reminiscing about my own farm experiences as a kid. I'd been quite content in my youth, and felt anticipation of reviving those feelings again.

While we walked around an art museum she mentioned casually, “Miriam, if it's all right with you I'll book an extra airline ticket. I can always cancel it if I have to. This way we'll have a reserved spot for you.”

I couldn't think of any objection.

Great. I had a day and a half to resolve my job, my apartment and all the other million and one things, so I could travel with this aggressive demanding woman, who I only knew for two days, to her farm in God only knows where. The pressure was mounting again.

We ended up at her hotel room, both of us feeling kind of melancholy, a little pooped from a long day and I think a little strained from the close proximity we'd been in for over 48 hours straight.

“Sam, it's time for me to get some time alone so I can consider your wonderful proposal. Why don't we take the evening off. I'll take a cab home and call you in the morning if that's okay with you.”

“That's fine Miriam,” she looked at me lovingly, “but I'd really prefer talking to you in person, not over the phone. Why don't I pop by your place for breakfast.” She watched me nod okay, “Come on sweetheart, you must be exhausted. Let's find you a cab, so you'll get home safe and sound.”

Her protective side was showing.

I could only remember my mother caring for me this way.

We kissed good-by once she'd paid the driver and I just sat back to enjoy the ride home. *Whew, she was so controlling taking charge of every little thing.* I wasn't feeling so positive I could handle it on an everyday basis.

When I was getting ready for bed, I wondered about wearing my new nightgown and the phone rang breaking into my thoughts.

“Hi honey.”

It was Sam.

“Just wanted to know you got home okay. Bet you look yummy in your new nightgown. I can't wait to see you in it.”

“Look Sam, nightgowns aren't my everyday attire. I don't mind wearing them once in a while, but just maybe I'd prefer to sleep in my own pajamas tonight.”

“Don't mind me,” her approach softened at my tone of voice. “You just happen to look exciting in them. You do whatever you like. Just get plenty of sleep cause we've got a big day ahead of us.”

“You too honey.”

I blew her a kiss and hung up, immediately jumping up to try on the black nightgown wanting to understand what she saw in me. As it slithered down my smooth skin it felt so different from my regular P.J.s. Feeling a chill I put the negligee on over it going into the kitchen for a snack. Passing a mirror I studied myself carefully for a moment. I looked pretty silly, but it felt so comfortable that I decided to leave it on for the time being.

Later as I sipped some tea waiting for the late news to come on I started thinking seriously about Sam's proposal.

She was obviously hooked on me. This wasn't just a lark for her.

The glitter from my ring caught my eye (must have cost a bundle) and I wondered again at my acceptance of her strange gift. I definitely felt strange wearing it, but couldn't seem to get myself to remove it. I'd never anticipated anything like this would happen to me. I'd always thought I'd be the one catching the girl and all the stuff that went with it. Instead, here I was being reeled in by Sam.

I enjoyed being with her so much that I had already begun to miss her.

She was such fun to be with. And the loving was so unbelievably satisfying. Was that sufficient to make me pack up and move to a farm in the boondocks. I'd never even considered living with another person. And on a farm no less.

Again my thoughts turned to my childhood and all the fun I'd had growing up on our small farm upstate. Taking care of the animals every morning, helping Mom around the house and handling many of the chores required to keep the place running smoothly. I remember how insistent Mom had been about my getting my daily chores done before I could play after school. She'd been such a stickler.

Not growing very big, Pop hadn't used me much in the fields and I'd kind of gravitated to the house, learning from Mom how to handle all the household duties.

She taught me everything, having unusual patience with me, happy to have someone to pass on all she'd learned over the years.

Soon I was sewing, washing the floors, doing the dreaded ironing, washing the dishes including the large pots and just about anything else you could think of, that was in Mom's domain. I even took up knitting, joining Mom in the evening, proudly completing several sweaters for Dad and myself. I remember how much he really liked his and how pleased that made me.

Sam was right. I would probably fit into the farm situation pretty nicely judging from my experience. But, did I want to go back to a farm? I'd been in the city and in an office environment for almost six years.

This would be a drastic change. I'd been planning to move up to accounting manager soon. In fact I'd just updated my resume and was about to start a new job search.

Well, at least if it didn't work out, I wouldn't be disappointed with the accounting position I'd be leaving. Other than leaving my lovely fantasy boss behind and with Sam around she suddenly seemed insignificant. I certainly felt confident I could handle the record keeping for the farm. Maybe I could really help her turn the economic situation around. She sounded really desperate.

The challenge was slowly sinking in. This was a real chance to make a contribution. I might not get another one so soon. To be in total charge of all the financial matters of a business, I certainly wasn't experiencing that at Carson's.

I was still in a quandary as the late evening news came on and my mind drifted away to the events happening around the world. My own little world seemed so trivial. Somewhere along the way I got under the covers straightening out my nightgown which I noticed had a tendency to ride up.

After the weather I clicked the T.V. off and turned over, falling almost instantly into a deep sleep.

My dreams were filled with several naked women chasing me into a barn, my ring sparkling in the sunlight, having great difficulty escaping in my high heeled slippers and flowing nightgown. My face was made up and I looked so much like a woman.

Chapter 3 What To Bring

My dreams were interrupted by this incessant banging and I pulled the pillow over my head wanting to block it out. What's that noise? Suddenly I sat straight up. It was my front door and someone was making quite a commotion out there. I dragged myself out of bed and pulled on my slippers, noting it was 6:15 A.M. as I made my way to the door.

"Who's there?" a croak came out of my mouth.

"Miriam darling, it's time to rise and shine. Please open the door," Sam whispered which seemed so silly as she'd been making such a racket just a few moments ago.

I undid the locks and cracked the door and she literally swept me off my feet. Her hug caught me by surprise and she carried me inside keeping me in a bear hug for several minutes before setting me down by the bed. I was totally lost in her embrace.

"I missed you so much," she exploded. "I hope you've had enough time alone. Go put some coffee on so we can finish our talk."

"Okay sweetheart," I acquiesced feeling breathless from our hug and the kisses we'd shared, the old familiarity returning immediately.

As we parted she grabbed my ass, "Such a sweet ass."

"Just give me a minute to wash my face and get some clothes first."

She sat at the kitchen table while I put the coffee up to brew and then went into the bathroom. She wanted me to keep my black nightie on. Crazy woman. I washed my face and studied my appearance in the mirror wondering what it was that was so captivating.

Five minutes later I sat opposite her sipping my coffee and started in, "I have no idea how you expect me to leave for your farm on only one day's notice."

She stopped me right there and said she'd help me with everything and if we worked together we could get it done. She'd already gotten my ticket which was waiting at the airline terminal and once I made up my mind she'd handle the rest.

"The critical question is, do you want to be my soul mate?" She looked intently into my eyes willing me to say *yes*.

"It's not an easy decision," I answered. "I did a whole lot of tossing and turning last night going over everything in my head."

Maybe I could work it out as we talked.

"When all is said and done, I keep coming back to one main question. Do I love you and do I want to be with you all the time? Everything else seems secondary to that."

I fidgeted a moment and looked around before returning to her loving face. "I guess the answer hit me when I opened the door this morning. It felt so wonderful to be wrapped up in your arms. I can't believe how my heart soared. I've never felt like this before. I'm not sure if I'm ready for marriage yet, but I do want to give the farm idea a chance, at least for a few months. I think we'll both know better by then as to whether

we're really suited for each other. And I'll be able to see how comfortable I am in the new environment.”

I took a breath and waited.

Her enthusiasm was contagious, “Miriam, you've just made my day. Don't worry darling, you won't regret it.”

She came over to kiss me quickly. “We'll deal with marriage when you're ready.

“Meanwhile let's get you organized. Go get a pencil and paper so we can list everything that has to be done today. Then we'll set up a schedule to make sure it gets done.”

Needless to say we had one hell of a hectic day.

I called work and resigned immediately asking them to send my final check to the farm address, apologizing for the short notice. I went to get cartons for packing up my things, stopping at the post office to have my mail forwarded. We spent several hours going through my clothes, separating them into three piles. More immediate needs went into two suitcases which Sam packed, while the rest of my things I put in the boxes along with some books and a few small appliances I wanted to take along. We filled a number of garbage bags with things I didn't really need anymore and put the bags outside for Goodwill.

Then we brought the boxes to U.P.S. and went to talk to my landlord to settle my account.

She was sympathetic, being a true romantic herself marveling at my ring even while she scratched her forehead trying to understand our arrangement. “The younger generation,” I heard her mumbling to herself. She promised to send my security deposit if she rented the apartment by the first of next month.

I called the utilities and telephone companies having them discontinue service immediately, forwarding the final bill to the farm. Finally I made it over to my bank and closed out my checking and savings accounts taking a pretty hefty bank check with me to open an account in my new neighborhood.

By the time we got to her hotel room we were both dragging. We'd stopped for a quick dinner on the way over.

Our flight was scheduled for 8:00 A.M. so we headed right for the shower. In a fresh nightgown I was soon in bed puffing up the pillow before laying my head down.

A few minutes later when Sam came to bed I was completely oblivious as she wrapped me in her arms.

Chapter 4 Welcome To Farm Country

We had to hurry for the plane considering that we'd both overslept.

Sam couldn't believe it. "I must be getting soft," she commented more to herself.

Once we were settled into our seats I found myself squeezing her hand, feeling the excitement building inside me. I was really doing it. Going off to some God forsaken place with someone I hardly knew, committed to a partnership for at least the next several months. I was getting a chance to make a real contribution to the farm, to make it into a paying proposition for the two of us. I hoped I could fulfill all her expectations of me.

Our connecting flight, a fifteen seater, deposited us at a small airfield still 50 miles from the farm. We found her blue pickup in the parking lot and stowed our bags.

I leaned into her arm as she drove off, heading west.

"Here's where it begins," she pointed out her property line and I was surprised that it took so long, over five minutes until we finally turned into a dirt road leading up to the farmhouse. It was quite extensive and I could see several buildings, most likely a barn and whatever off to the far side.

Once she had the bags inside she pulled my hand enthusiastically, "Come on darling, let me show you around."

She gave me the quick tour of the house and then went in search of Charlie. He'd been left behind to keep an eye on the place while she was away.

I felt pooped, not accustomed to traveling and all the hectic hours we'd spent packing and loving. The farm will be here tomorrow when hopefully I'll feel more refreshed.

While she was away I ventured into our bedroom, a new experience for me, and was impressed by the size of it. Situated in a corner of the decidedly masculine room was a big comfortable bed, which I laid down on for a moment. There were several dressers along the far wall and a large oriental throw rug centered over the oak wood floor. It must have been her father's room all those years. I looked like she hadn't changed much since his death.

I got up and peeked in the drawers and closets noticing a whole lot of masculine clothes still around. I created some room in several drawers of one dresser and began to unpack. Sam had insisted on bringing all my new feminine stuff and I discovered she'd hardly packed any of my own underwear. Marvelous.

I hung up my two suits in the closet wondering when I'd get a chance to wear them again. I went looking for some room for the empty suitcases in the bedroom next door, hoping for some space on a closet shelf. It was all full of hanging garment bags and when I sneaked a peek I discovered a multitude of dresses, most seeming quite old fashioned from what I could tell. What did I know anyway?

After squeezing the suitcases on the closet shelf, I idly rummaged through the bedroom's dresser finding even more feminine finery that certainly didn't belong to Sam. Much too small and certainly too delicate for her taste, from what I could tell. Did Sam have a friend who stayed over? Maybe a sister she hadn't mentioned.

With time to spare I unpacked Sam's suitcases putting most of her things in the hamper. I did find where her things went and finally her suitcase was stashed away too.

In the living room I noticed a large fireplace with an elk's head decorating the mantel. The room looked like it hadn't been dusted in years. A heavy musk scent hung in the air. You could almost cut it with a knife. After struggling with one of the side windows, it finally opened letting the desperately needed fresh air into the room.

That's better, I thought as I walked into the elegant bathroom noticing right away the over sized Jacuzzi that Sam had mentioned. And there was the sauna in the far corner which I couldn't wait to use.

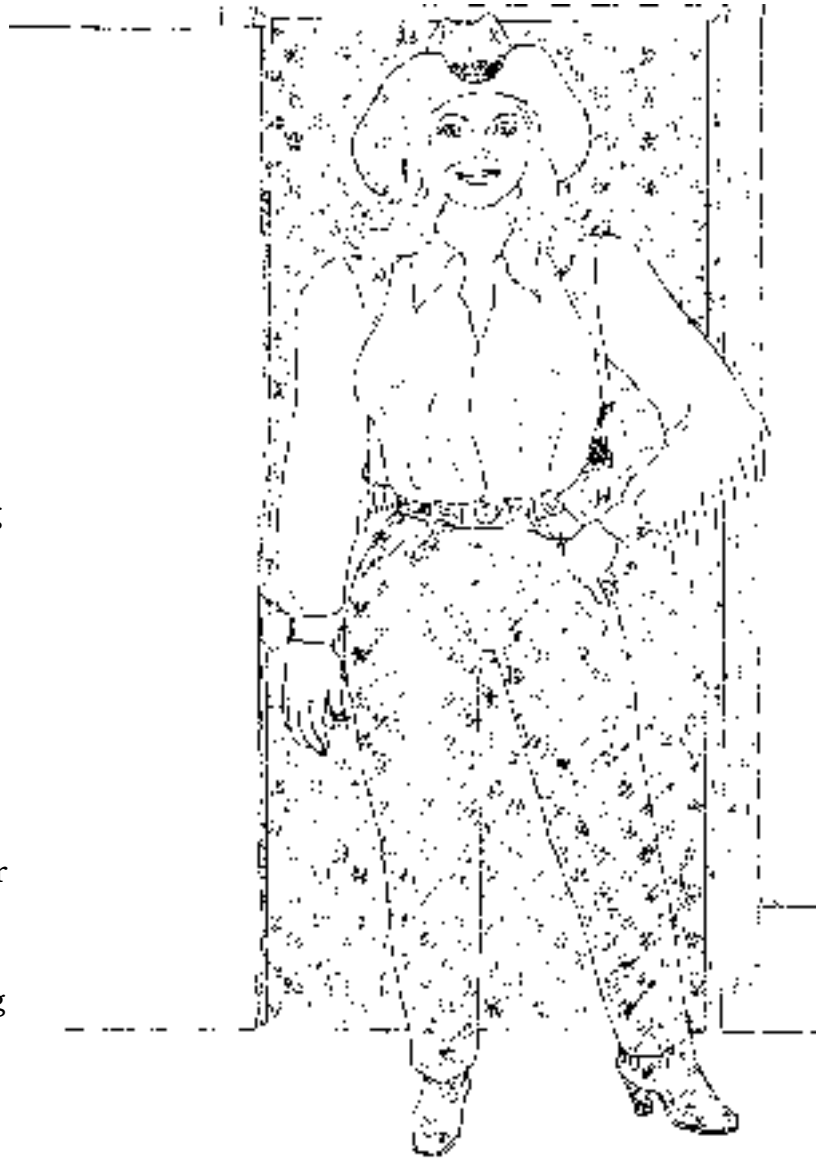
I creaked open the door peering in at the coals and wooden seats. Maybe later Sam would show me how to get it going.

Locating some bubble bath I got the running bath water looking forward to a long hot soak. Easing my sweaty body into the scented bubbles, I could literally feel the tension of the last several days oozing out of my pores. What delicious sensations, I thought as I ran my hands over my smooth body still getting used to the idea. She was so wacky, my adorable Sam. What would she think of next?

I put on a fresh pair of panties (like I had a choice) with a matching camisole underneath a sweat suit, returning to the kitchen in need of a fresh cup of coffee.

This room had to be my top priority. It looked like it hadn't seen a woman's touch in years including Sam, who hardly qualified since she assumed only the masculine chores around the farm. Although I wasn't a woman, I was certainly grateful for the training Mom had given me, as I was faced with quite a challenge. I'd start tomorrow. I couldn't believe how dirty the floor was, wondering what the tiles underneath really looked like. This was going to take plenty of elbow grease. I saw no other way.

I stepped outside for some fresh air spotting Sam talking to whom I assumed must be Charlie, over by one of the barns. He was explaining something to her in quite an



animated fashion. Off to the side the fields seemed endless, row upon row of low level seedlings just entering their prime growing season.

Glancing back I saw Sam coming my way.

“Want to see the farm, darling?” she asked.

“Not really Sam. I just came out for some fresh air. I'm much too beat. Let's do it tomorrow,” I took a deep breath, “It smells so great here. I'd forgotten how different it was from the city.”

She agreed, “I don't know how they stand it. My lungs were crying the whole time. So, what have you been doing?”

“Nothing much. Took a bath and got all the grime off from the trip. Getting a little acclimated to the place. Ah, Sam, when's the last time you swept the kitchen floor and dusted in the living room?”

She put her arm around my waist pulling me along into the house, “Let's see.”

Once the door closed she immediately lifted my face for a kiss. I could feel her arms go around me as I tasted her delicious lips. My heart was skipping beats again. She was already surrounded by the musky farm odors and then she lifted me (her strength almost scared me) and carried me into the bedroom. She did it so effortlessly and I marveled at my position.

I helped her undress so she could bathe and rid herself of the dust and dirt. I ran the water adding some of the fragrant bubble bath after helping her off with her boots. I washed her hair as she soaked while telling me about the animals and how they needed feeding every morning.

She explained how she had loads of things to catch up with and had to be out early the next morning.

“Charlie's gone. He did okay, but most of the real work he left for me. It's not easy finding conscientious help, but at least I can trust him.” She looked at me smiling, “I've got some interesting clothes I want you to try. You know of course your city stuff isn't going to cut it here,” She reminded me.

“By the way, who belongs to all those feminine things in the other bedroom? The closet's full of dresses which I noticed when I put the suitcases away. And the dresser's packed with slinky feminine things, none appear to be in your size.”

She used the shower to rinse off, only answering me when the water was finally shut off and she was using a huge bath towel to dry herself. “You're not going to believe this but all those clothes once belonged to my mother and have sat there all these years. Pa packed them away thinking I'd use them when I grew up. He had no idea I'd be more than a 6 inches taller and over forty pounds heavier than her.

“When I was young I used to love prancing around in her dresses and high heels, trying on all her underwear and envisioning myself as a princess. By thirteen I'd already outgrown them and realized that wasn't for me, not really paying any further attention to them.

“Not until it hit me the other day when I bought you those panties. You're probably very close to her size and might be able to use some of her things. Wouldn't that be something. I'm able to use Pa's stuff even though some things are tight in the hips and now there's the possibility of making use of Mom's things. I hope they don't fall apart the minute you put them on.”

Uh oh, where was this leading...

She stepped out of the tub while I stared at her breasts marveling at how sexy she looked.

“I thought if you didn't mind, we could try on a few things and see if they're comfortable. Wouldn't it be funny, after all these years, if we finally got some wear out of them. Seeing as we're miles from our next door neighbors and hardly anybody ever visits, I thought you might not mind even if you looked a little feminine. You know, I won't mind. In fact I'll probably like you more that way.”

Judging by how she responded to me in a nightgown I had no doubts.

“You're really serious,” my look questioned her sanity. “You actually expect me to wear your mother's clothes which are over 25 years old?”

“Now hold on Miriam.” she was wrapping her hair in a towel and then put her arms into a dressing gown. “Don't get all excited. You haven't even tried them on. They may not fit at all. If that's the case we'll forget the whole thing and get you some things in town. Don't jump the gun. Okay?”

It sounded so idiotic.

“I happen to be a man, darling, in case you're memory has gone on vacation.”

She leaned over and kissed me, “Thanks for reminding me. Could I have forgotten?” her hands checked my crotch intimately. She smiled at me suggestively pulling me into her arms.

“Stop,” I squealed before her robe completely opened and I felt her hands tugging down my warm-ups, grabbing my growing erection while sucking passionately on my neck.

How we found our way to the bed I'll never know but there we were lying side by side our mouths locked together while our hands explored, arousing each other relentlessly. She couldn't wait any longer mounting me frantically, absorbing my throbbing manhood into her quivering nest. Pure ecstasy. We remained motionless, looking deeply into each other eyes savoring our intense intimacy, wanting it to last forever. Her slight twinge was all it took to start our frenzied drive, consuming us totally, bringing us both to staggering heights of pleasure.

Sometime later, our bodies lay entwined as she whispered in my ear while nibbling my lobe, “I'm so happy I took that trip and met you, darling. I can't tell you how delighted you make me feel. I'm just so pleased you've come to stay with me.”

I was sprawled out on the covers hardly able to move a muscle, lost completely in the afterglow. I felt the same way but words wouldn't come from my mouth.

When she started raising my panties up my legs, it reconnected me with the outside world. She dressed herself quickly and went to the other bedroom.

A moment later she returned carrying a bunch of things, "Come on Hon. Let's see if these fit. If they're close we can probably adjust them."

She laid some shirts and pants on the end of the bed.

I sat up adjusting my camisole before reaching for a flowered shirt with two button-down pockets in front. It felt funny buttoning it closed from the wrong side, but what did it matter. I pulled up the levis having to suck in my gut to close the top buttons.

"It's definitely tight in the waist," I explained. "Otherwise not too bad. How do they look?"

"Not bad. They look surprisingly good, certainly not anywhere near their age. She probably hadn't worn them very much."

Sam was definitely pleased, so I just shrugged off the fact they'd been her Mom's things years ago and went to look in the mirror. I actually looked okay, certainly more in line with the styles for the area from what I'd seen at the airport earlier. The colors were a bit bright for my taste but otherwise I didn't feel like I looked all that feminine.

'What the heck,' I thought to myself, 'they're just going to waste in that room and I certainly need some clothes for around the farm.'

I pulled my eyes away from my image.

"They seem fine," I pronounced.

"Great. Why don't you look through the rest of her things when you get a chance and figure out what else fits." She took a deep breath, "Financially, things are really tight until harvest time, and not having to outfit you will sure help."

See, I was already making a contribution.

"We'll probably have to get you some boots in the next few days," she continued. "Mom had such small feet."

I glanced at the boots in the closet, strolling over to examine them more closely. Sam hadn't realized that my feet were also pretty small. I sat down and idly tried pulling one on.

Sam watched me with a smile on her face, as suddenly it slid all the way up. She helped me with the other one, disbelief registered all over her face, then held my hand as I tentatively stood up.

I wobbled a little (the heels were 2 inches) as I looked in the mirror again.

"It's surprising how good they fit," I told a shocked Sam, "but don't you think I look strange in heels. It's not so easy to walk," I commented stumbling about the room.

I thought back to my first pair of boots as a child, the difficulty I had getting accustomed to them.

"I don't believe it," Sam found her voice twirling me around to look at them.

I was taller now but still had to look up to her and she wasn't even in her boots.

“You look terrific. Who cares about the heels? You'll get used to them in no time, and people won't even realize you've wearing them.” She leaned over and kissed me.

When she released me I reminded her I wanted to get to a bank soon so I could open an account. “Each day we wait is a day of lost interest, which really bugs me. I'll also be able to pick up some things for the kitchen when we go to town. We could use some new curtains and dish towels, if it's okay with you.”

“Whatever you say honey,” she was enjoying my involvement, “you're the boss.” Sounded strange, coming from her. I'd never heard that from a woman. “Do whatever you think is necessary in the house. Make a list of your needs tomorrow and we'll go in on Thursday after breakfast.”

“Good,” I was feeling some power return to me. “It'll give me a chance to check everything, maybe even get to review the financial situation. Where do you keep the checkbook and the bills anyway?”

Without a word she took my hand and I trailed after her shakily in the heels as she led me into the den and over to an old desk, “Everything's inside here. It's been awhile since I've checked, so don't get crazy when you see it.”

“I'll do some work on it tomorrow. In the meantime what are we doing for dinner? Is there a supermarket in the neighborhood we can get some steaks at, or maybe some fish if you prefer.”

“There's a country store right down the road. Come on, we'll take the pickup.”

I hesitated only momentarily deciding I looked fine for the country store. Nobody should spot anything amiss, as another peek in the mirror confirmed, even though the heels made me stand somewhat differently.

We were soon bouncing over the dirt road with me clinging to her arm for security. Twenty minutes later we pulled up to an old run-down general store, complete with a squeaky screen door and a jingling cowbell to announce our arrival.

“Hi Sam. When did you get back?” the old lady behind the counter greeted her familiarly.

“This afternoon, Mabel. I'd like you to meet my fiancée,” she turned to me, “Miriam Ritter say hello to Mrs. Mabel Brook,” who smiled at me, showing several gaps in her mouth.

“Hi,” I reached out to shake her hand.

“Welcome to Campbell County, Miriam. Sam's sure a lucky gal to find someone as lovely as you.” She needs glasses too, besides teeth. I'd never been described as lovely before. “Sam wasn't this one of your Mom's shirts? It looks like the type she used to wear. Brings back fond memories of her. She was such a fine woman.”

So much for no one noticing. I'd certainly missed that call.

“Yeah. Miriam doesn't really have the right clothes for this area, so we're borrowing some of Mom's stuff, since they fit so well. He looks great, doesn't he?” It seemed unbelievable that Mabel could remember back that far. “You'd better get some boxes ready. We've got a long list.”

It took us about an hour and Sam had the truck loaded down with four boxes of goodies. She paid Mrs. Brook and we said our good-byes.

“See you again soon, Miriam,” she was so pleasant. “Boy if she doesn't remind me of Sarah,” I heard her say to no one in particular as we were walking out.

Sam's mother, Sarah. Well I was certainly in her clothes.

After we got home and had all the stuff put away, Sam went to the bathroom while I started dinner. She came out and grabbed me from behind. “It smells so good, I can hardly wait.”

“Don't spoil your appetite darling,” I smiled in protest. “But you can try me for dessert later, if you're still hungry.”

I turned around and kissed her putting my arms around her shoulders while she pressed me to her. It was a dream world I never wanted to wake up from.

Finally she released me so I could finish cooking. We dined to two candles flickering and I poured some chilled champagne into two glasses.

“To us and the SM farm,” she toasted and we clicked our glasses, looking at each other lovingly as we sipped the champagne. I adored her face, remembering how her initial frown had almost put me off.

Our dinner was divine. Afterwards we strolled outside awhile watching the sunset. I was beginning to get accustomed to the farm smells. It's amazing how they brought so many childhood memories into my head, giving me a surprising sense of well being. I was not prepared for how comfortable the clothes felt. Strange, that Sam's mother and I were so close in size.

When we finally turned off the bedroom light we were both too exhausted to do anything but sleep. Sam had to be up at 4:30. I felt her hand rubbing my hip gently through the nightgown while I drifted off.

Chapter 5 The Work Begins

By late Tuesday morning I was finally making headway in the kitchen. I took everything out of the closets and cupboards and washed all the shelves with soap and hot water. I had put up new shelving paper we had picked out at Mabel's and filled a load of garbage bags, throwing out some things that looked like they'd come with the house over forty years ago.

I wore another outfit from Sam's Mom, a bright plaid shirt and a pair of jeans with flowery decorations on the back pockets. I hated getting down on my hands and knees messing up the pants but the floor needed a scrubbing badly. As a compromise I took them off hanging them over the kitchen chair.

That's how Sam caught me when she came in a little early for lunch. My ass sticking up in the air while I scrubbed in a corner, my pink panties waving about. I jumped as the door squeaked, only relaxing when I saw it was Sam.

She immediately grabbed my exposed ass running her hand over my cheeks appreciatively. "You look so great like this. Are you going to work around the house in your panties every day? I hope we don't get too many unexpected visitors."

I felt a tingling chill go up my spine.

"I'm trying not to mess up your Mom's jeans. They're just too good for this messy job. What I need is something kind of beat up that I won't mind soiling."

She lifted me up for a quick embrace. She was all sweaty and dirty from being in the fields all morning and was very much aroused as she stroked my buns while her lips and tongue enveloped mine. Soon my arousal was matching hers as her hands held firmly to my nylon panties. Somehow we found our way to the bed totally lost in our passions once again. Her magnetism was impossible to resist.

Afterwards as we lay together I realized I'd have to be careful about going around without my pants.

She offhandedly mentioned to me that there were some house dresses hanging in one of the hall closets. Her mother probably used them for the really messy jobs.

"Right. Next you'll be telling me to have my hair and nails done and maybe put some make-up on because I'm looking so pale. Don't you think this is going a bit far?" I felt a chill at how she continued to suggest I wear more and more of her Mother's things, regardless of how feminine they were.

She didn't seem at all concerned about burying my masculinity, or at least hiding it a bit.

"Honey, it was your pantied ass I saw before. I'm only trying to keep it from freezing when I'm not around. I really don't care what you wear. Since her things fit you so well (lucky me), I thought you might find them more practical for housework. It's no big deal." She went to take a shower where I soon joined her.

Later after dinner Sam sat around over a cup of coffee, watching me finish the kitchen floor, in a pair of shorts I found which served the purpose, even if they had no fly or pockets. They were light violet with sunflowers all over and felt real comfortable

as I scrubbed away at the stubborn dirt. Once the many levels were finally removed succumbing to ammonia and hot water, I put on a new layer of wax trying to bring some shine back to the tiles. Sometime soon we'd have to have to redo this floor.

Sam was impressed. "I can't remember when I've seen the true color of these tiles. They look kind of worn out," mirroring my exact sentiments.

We went outside to let it dry and she showed me around the place. I was certainly ready for a break from the household chores.

I met all the cows and chickens and the three horses who she used regularly. Sam introduced me to Curly, a gray old mare who she thought would be perfect for me if I wanted to do some riding. I hadn't been on a horse in over ten years.

She showed me where the crops were stored, at least temporarily before taking them to market.

We continued walking in the fields while she kept up a running explanation of the crops we were growing, maximizing their yields, pesticides that were needed and other problems that cropped up from time to time. I was impressed how much she knew and how she handled it all on her own. She was certainly one unique woman and I felt inspired to keep up my half of the partnership.

She continually caressed my ass, running her hand over it possessively, every chance she got. I realized how much I enjoyed her interest, smiling to myself as I realized I was exaggerating the sway of my hips to encourage her. It was astonishing how easily I had fallen into a girlish role these past several days.

When she ran her hand over my leg and felt the stubble, she admonished me playfully, "Sweetheart, can't you find the time to keep these sexy legs smooth for me? Stubble is so annoying."

"Darling, I thought you would do the honors. Besides, I've already had enough distractions from my chores. Now you want me to shave for you too?"

The sun was setting as we reached the front door and stood there together, arms entwined, watching the orange ball slowly receding. We felt so connected, with each other and the land.

Later Sam helped me organize the bills and the other farm records. After two hours I pleaded exhaustion closing the heavy ledger for the night. There was plenty more to review and most important I needed to set up an accounting system and check all the bank statements. Probably take me a couple more days before I got it in shape.

I washed Sam's hair in the bath later and spent awhile blow drying it before we hit the sack. My legs and the rest of me were smooth again thanks to Sam and that depilatory cream. I drifted off to dreamland wrapped snugly in her arms feeling totally serene.

Chapter 6 First Trip To Town

When we finally went to town, I had a hard time containing my excitement. It was Thursday morning and I hadn't seen another soul, other than Mabel since Monday. I wasn't used to so much isolation.

Sam suggested I wear my regular cowgirl shirt and jeans which I accepted without further thought. They looked fine and I'd kind of gotten used to them.

I almost forgot to mention that Wednesday morning Sam and I began taking some vitamins that the veterinarian had left to give to the animals. She wasn't sure if it was for the cows or what. Was there really any difference between us and the cows anyway. We were both from the animal kingdom and should work just as well for us. She'd been concerned with my looking so worn out and I'd been complaining about a sore back. It was probably caused by the heavy cleaning I just wasn't used to doing. She massaged me last night before going to bed and it really helped.

I'll be fine once I get more accustomed to my chores around here, I thought.

"I think Janet's ripping me off," Sam had exclaimed. "Ever since she got her vet's license she's been bombarding me with these new drugs for the animals and billing me accordingly. Check it out when you go through the bills and see how much she's been charging me. And I'm having such a hard time getting the stupid cows to take them. I'll talk to her the next time she's around."

I told her I'd check the bills. Meanwhile at her insistence we each took one of these large vitamin tablets at breakfast.

She also got me to try on a house dress yesterday morning suggesting I leave it on for the rest of the day; "To see how you like it. It'll sure save your pants (they were mine now) for better things."

Once I'd gotten over my initial distress and learned how to keep the skirt out of my way, it hadn't been all that bad. The top felt strange, fitting so loosely around the neck and I caught myself glancing down occasionally looking inside as if something was supposed to be there. Most dresses covered bumps in the front.

I'd cleaned out the other bedrooms (there were four in all) and by early afternoon had actually forgotten about the dress.

When Sam came in for lunch, she kissed me passionately, turned on to 'the lovely picture' she said I made. She had to be blind.

We parked near the supermarket in the mall. As I walked around in the boots, I was still having some trouble getting used to the heels. But they fit well and I kind of liked how they looked.

Sam felt I'd be used to them in no time. "You just need to wear them awhile."

I wasn't used to being so tall and having to walk with my back so straight. It caused my rear end to gyrate which wasn't missed by Sam. I noticed her purposely trailing behind me just to catch the action. She was so wacko.

We packed the car with over \$400 worth of stuff. We had two empty freezers at home and she wasn't going to make another trip unnecessarily. At the feed mill we

stopped to pick up our order that she'd phoned in yesterday. I walked around the mill while she checked the order and loaded it. I couldn't help but notice some other women strolling around, their appearance quite similar to mine, starched colorful shirts, designer jeans and high heeled boots. I suddenly felt acutely self-conscious. It's a good thing Sam came over at that moment and said she was ready.

"You look great, darling," Sam said as we started back to the farm. "I'm so happy you're here with me."

"I don't know about these heels. Yours aren't this high, are they?" I moved my leg over to compare boots and she immediately grabbed my thigh.

"Now that's what I like to feel. A soft yielding thigh." She squeezed it gently, slowly running her hand towards my crotch.

When she brushed my crotch I tried to move away, "Honey you're driving."

"So what? Don't you think I can hold your leg and keep this baby on the road at the same time? You just get my juices boiling so quickly."

I looked at her and saw the intensity in her face, trying to concentrate on the road while clinging possessively to my thigh.

I almost succumbed but to save us I finally pulled away, "Honey, wait til we're home. It isn't worth breaking our necks for."

I smiled at my own arousal (her strong desires turned me on too) and I looked forward to getting home quickly. Wasn't this marvelous?

We barely made it to the bedroom and couldn't get all our clothes off before my pulsating erection was captured by her demanding vaginal lips. We were both so aroused that our simultaneous explosion came very soon afterwards. We both laid back rejoicing in our closeness.

"I've never been so aroused by anyone," Sam whispered in my ear. "Just watching you walk around, causes immediate dampness in my panties. It's unbelievable."

I laid there basking in the joys of my love.

Chapter 7 Discovering Money and New Delights

Over the weekend the routine only varied slightly.

We took a break Sunday to go to church. When we went to church we both wore matching shirts and jeans. I was accustomed by now to the boots, hardly noticing the heel anymore. I also didn't notice that only the ladies wore the higher heels; their dresses usually hid them from view.

Otherwise Sam spent most of the daylight hours working the fields while I cleaned the house, cooked, fed the animals and kept up with the record keeping. I set up a system to monitor the costs and got the bank account reconciled after making a lot of adjustments. Sam had forgotten to enter so many checks and deposits that it's a wonder she hadn't gotten in real trouble.

I began to check all the bills, verifying whether they were paid and drew up a list of unpaid items which I wanted to review with Sam when she found a spare moment.

She was right, the vet bills had included a whole lot of vitamins and medication for the animals. We were planning to talk to Janet the next time she came by. Meanwhile we continued taking our vitamins daily, paying no particular attention to the ingredients. Weren't vitamins good for you?

I found a girdle the other day in Sarah's dresser (we referred to Sam's mom that way since Sam was Sam and never Sarah). Since it looked so sturdy, Sam suggested I try it, hopefully to relieve the soreness in my back. It went way up to my waist and ran several inches down each thigh. When it finally was in place I could definitely feel the support to my lower back. I left it on for the day, even though it was uncomfortably tight and later when I took it off to bathe, my back immediately noticed it missing. I decided to wear it a while longer until my back started feeling stronger. Little did I realize how much of a dependency I'd develop for. No one was there to advise me.

I wore the girdle regularly since it also helped with the fit of the jeans, and my back enjoyed the support. It did flatten my crotch area and unawares to me people were having difficulty with my true gender. Sam rarely mentioned it, except that it annoyed her when she couldn't get to me through the tight lycra material and had to wait impatiently until I was fully undressed in the evening. It felt fine to me when she rubbed me there, but she missed holding my aroused manhood feeling the warmth and pulsations.

Sam loved when I wore Sarah's house dresses since she felt I looked adorable in them. They were indeed comfortable and if Sam was so attracted by them all the better. Her strong reaction quite often led to a wild bed scene. It hardly mattered since no one else saw me.

Lately Sam had put on weight, especially in her breasts which had swelled up and were super sensitive. We had no idea why this was happening and I had to be so cautious when I sucked them, if she even allowed me. She'd gotten so moody, sometimes flying off the handle at the least little thing. It was a bit unnerving and started to give me the jitters. Something wasn't right.

I discovered that four bills had been paid twice in the last six months, amounting to over 6 thousand dollars. She couldn't believe it when I told her. She immediately called the suppliers involved and gave them a piece of her mind. They promised to send re-fund checks immediately, apologizing profusely for their oversight (*Sure, just an oversight*).

She hugged me appreciatively, "I knew you would be good luck for me. Look at the difference you've made already. You handle all the payments in the future."

"I'm going back another year or so to check for more duplicate payments." I was feeling so good with the results. "I'm also going to check at the library and compare last year's market prices with the actual prices you received for the crops. Maybe we'll discover some more mistakes. I'm really glad you kept all the records. It's just a matter of sorting through them and straightening them out."

"Don't forget darling, you promised to wash my hair," it was feeling so scraggly.

"Go run the Jacuzzi," she was already zipping down my dress as I started the taps going. I felt the stubble under my arms realizing I'd have to cream them again soon. Keeping smooth for Sam took constant vigilance. Two weeks and already I was getting scroungy.

Sam was ready with the shampoo after I'd slid into the Jacuzzi feeling the hot water invade all my pores. She scrubbed my scalp thoroughly, removing all the dirt before adding conditioner to make it light and fluffy. It had grown out considerably since my arrival more than four weeks ago and I regularly kept it in a pony tail to keep it out of my face. When she finished she left me soaking awhile until she crept in beside me. We lay close to each other playfully exploring one another, making sure no dirt was hidden away.

I loved her full breasts, enjoying them even more since her milk had started flowing. Just last week she'd begun staining her bra cups and I noticed it when doing the washes. She hadn't a clue as to why. It had never occurred before. Could it be from all our lovemaking?

When we hit the bed she mounted me like one of the horses in the stable and rode me until we had both reached ecstasy. She'd been right, I had totally forgotten my earlier ejaculation problem and sometimes lasted through several of her climaxes. We enjoyed arousing each other over and over again, and had added my breasts to the areas of stimulation we both enjoyed. They'd become so sensitive lately, causing me pain even as my arousal grew and I felt myself rising up towards her lips.

"Wow, that feels extraordinary," I whispered huskily. "Please don't suck too hard, they're super sensitive," I managed to get out as she licked the nipple stuck between her lips and watched me groan in agony. She moved to my other nipple, finding the same reaction.

When she finally rolled off me and went to sleep, I lay awake awhile carefully running my fingers over each nipple noticing how large they had become and I actually felt some fluid escaping from the left one. It felt strangely soothing. I was just too tired to consider it any further.

Chapter 8 My, How We've Changed

Janet Cooper visited us quite early and unexpectedly that Thursday morning. She was a wispy blonde, carefully groomed and all business as she examined the horses first, then the cows. She spoke to Sam throughout, "Everyone's talking about your new mate," she looked at me and smiled. "You've really surprised them. They can hardly believe you've actually found someone, and they're just dying of curiosity at meeting him."

"Well their can just wait a little longer," Sam replied. "We definitely have more important things to worry about."

As Janet looked into a cow's mouth, Sam gave her a brief synopsis, "Miriam and I met at a dance last month on my trip to the big city and just happened to fall madly in love with each other. Fortunately he agreed, on some pretty short notice, to come back with me and help me run the farm. Meanwhile we're living together. We'd be married already, if it was up to me."

"That's great." Janet turned and studied my jeans and decorated shirt (I as thankful I'd skipped the house dress this morning), "And how are you handling this hard-nosed lady? Aren't too many gentlemen in these parts that could tame her."

"Well," I searched for the right words surprised by her directness and realized anything I said would probably be around the town by tomorrow. "It's been wonderful so far. It's taken a bit of getting used too, you know living way out in the boondocks away from all the action of the city. But we blend together rather well and that's made the transition easier. I've been spending a lot of time straightening out the record keeping and caring for the animals, not to mention all the household duties." "Quite a change for me, but I've never been happier," I beamed at Sam, "that I can remember."

"That's nice to hear." Janet sounded genuinely pleased. "By the way, you two guys going to the dance on Sunday? The Hickok Handlers are in town and they sure play a mean fiddle. The whole town's looking forward to it."

"Hadn't heard about it," Sam answered, "but if we can see ourselves clear, we'll certainly be there. Haven't seen the Hickok gang since last year. You're right, they're really exceptional."

Janet got down to business, "I hope you've been giving the animals the vitamins I left with you. You know how important it is for them to get all the nutrients and hormones they need."

My ears perked up. Hormones, now what's this all about. Did this have something to do with my inflated nipples and dripping milk?

"I'm really having trouble getting them to take them," Sam answered. "Do you have anything else besides tablets? Maybe something I can put in their water?" she asked.

"Not really. The only other way is by injection and that's only for severely undernourished animals which isn't the case here." She looked at me, "Maybe Miriam can try feeding them the vitamins in their food? You'll find the animals will produce a whole lot more for you. I guarantee it."

She packed her bag, “Well I must be going. By the way,” she handed a large bottle to Sam, “here's the latest formula which is guaranteed to be effective even if you skip a few days.”

She started walking towards her car. Sam went with her and I waved good-by, returning to the house.

So that's why both of us were leaking milk all over the place. It had to be those horse vitamins Sam had insisted we take. I walked inside and started cleaning out the oven.

Sam came in several minutes later.

“I'm sorry honey. I didn't know those vitamins had hormones in them. I'm sorry for causing you so much discomfort.” Sam was feeling bad and came over to soothe me. She'd been so insistent on my taking them every day.

“It's not your fault sweetheart,” I tried alleviating her guilt. Finishing the oven I went to the sink to wash. “It's certainly a strange feeling being a milk producer. I bet there aren't many men who have experienced it,” trying to make light of it.

She came up behind me and I felt her arms encircle my waist as she whispered in my ear, “I can't believe how much I enjoy the taste of your milk. It seems so nourishing. Too bad it has to end.” She put her hands over my perky breasts and gently massaged them, “Maybe if you took a vitamin every couple of days they wouldn't totally disappear.”

It felt wonderful, what she was doing to me, and I could feel my shirt becoming wet. The stimulation was causing me to leak. The sensations were indescribable, 100% pleasure. The soreness had completely disappeared. I didn't know how to stop her.

“We'll see,” was all I could get out, before she turned me around and brought her delicious lips to mine. I melted completely in her arms.

Later, we were laying side by side on the bed with her wet tongue persistently licking at my erect nipples. I was lost in the arousal. Finally, she started to rise mumbling something about getting back to work. “Miriam, you're an unbelievable distraction.”

I grabbed her head, pulling her down to my lips as I clung to her, refusing to part from the passions she'd awoken in me.

When she finally pulled herself free, I watched her dress, completely incapable of stirring a muscle. “I'll see you later, darling,” she came over to me touching her lips to each nipple before leaving.

It was a long while before I was able to sit up and only the call of nature got me moving. With my panty girdle back in place, I stood close to the mirror examining my protruding breasts in detail. They were super sensitive. Stood out at least an inch and the nipples were so much larger than before. The areola area had expanded too and was tender to my touch. Each breast had weight to it as I tested them, lifting them gently.

A drop formed at the tip of one and I caught it with my finger. Tasted similar to Sam's milk. My breasts were truly functioning. I recalled the marvelous feelings I'd ex-

perienced when Sam was feeding at them. Amazing. I certainly agreed with Sam about wanting to keep them a while longer. They were too much fun to say good-bye to, yet.

On an impulse I pulled out an old brassiere from one of Sarah's dressers and put it on. Closing the clasps I carefully placed the cups over my budding mounds. There had soft cotton supports in each cup and felt soothing as my breasts rested in them. The cups were too large but still felt quite nice. Leaving it on I pulled a house dress over my head and went to feed the animals.

I was a little wobbly as I walked over to the barn, having nothing to do with the boots. I gazed down more than once at my dress noticing my small breasts resting so comfortably in the bra. *Who would have thought?*

Sam was still in the barn saddling up Thunder and asked if I wanted to ride with her. "I'm working on the Warner tract," a three acre plot we'd recently decided to add to production after it had laid fallow for several years. "Bring your sewing along and you can sit under a huge maple so you won't get too much sun."

She wanted my company.

"Well, if you'll saddle up Curly and feed the animals while I get my things together," I left without an answer going directly back to the house. I knew she wanted my company bad.

When she helped me up onto Curly I immediately felt the pressure in my crotch and was glad for the girdle.

Sam, noticing my bra simply smiled without saying a word watching me settle into the saddle.

A few minutes later we were trotting along together with me trying hard to remember to keep my knees tucked in. It's amazing how I hadn't been on a horse in more than ten years and yet I was handling Curly without much trouble.

The Warner tract was almost two miles away and by the time we got off our horses, I was sweating. The sun was almost right overhead. Sam spread a blanket out for me and after a



kiss, hitched up the plow to Thunder and started digging out trenches in fairly neat 100 yard rows. I watched comfortably sitting and, darning some of Sam's socks and pants, enjoying the warm weather and the marvelous fresh air. It was invigorating.

It seemed to natural for Sam to be handling all the masculine chores. And just as natural that I'd assumed the womanly chores without so much as a whimper. It just felt right. Our arrangement seemed ideal.

Luckily I'd brought some snack items and drinks, because Sam was over soon enough looking for some nourishment. She sat awhile hanging out, enjoying our close proximity. Several times she leaned over placing some soft sensuous kisses on my lips, almost causing me to swoon.

All too soon she was saying, "I'm not sure this was such a good idea. I love having you around, but I'll never get any work done this way."

"I'll just head home, sweetheart. You have to get this tract planted by next week, so I'd better leave you to it and anyway I've got plenty to do at home. Give me a hand with this stuff."

She helped me on to Curly and smiled when I said, "See you later darling," as she started for Thunder. I let Curly take her time. I still wasn't totally comfortable and certainly wasn't going to hurry.

When I spotted the barn I also saw a red pickup in the front yard. It wasn't Janet, she had a yellow minivan. As I walked towards the house I considered my house dress momentarily, wondering what to do. Too late, the screen door opened and a rugged looking man came down the steps.

"Hi, I'm Pat Connors," he greeted me. "Just passing through and thought you might use some help around here. I'm good with my hands and with most animals."

He was in his early thirties and looked strong and competent.

"Miriam Ritter," I held out my hand. He took it in his and I watched him studying me trying to decide. "You're welcome to a cup of coffee," my attempt at being hospitable as the warmth from his hand came through my arm. He held it a bit longer than necessary.

"That would be nice ma'am," he'd made his decision. *Wrong sweetheart.* "Sorry about barging in, but the door was open and I thought someone might be inside."

I put some coffee up as he sat down by the kitchen table. I excused myself for a moment hurrying into the bathroom to stare at my image in the mirror, smiling at my pony tail and the bra straps showing so transparently through the light material of the dress. No wonder you're a ma'am, you idiot. With no real choice I continued the masquerade, pulling my girdle back into place and returning to the kitchen.

It would take all day to explain otherwise.

"I'm sorry Pat, but I'm pretty sure we don't have any need for help at the moment. You might want to try the McGurdy's place down the road a ways," I added as an afterthought, pouring his coffee and sitting down opposite him with my own cup. "Just make a left when you leave here and you'll spot it on the right maybe five, six miles up."

They came over one day recently to introduce themselves. I'd been in my dress then too and they'd hardly paid me any mind simply assuming I was the lady of the house. I don't know why I continued to be surprised at being taken for a female when I constantly wore the dress and the pony tail, not to mention the bra and girdle and boots. When would it sink in that my image leaned more towards the feminine sex. Anyway the McGurdy's were both in their sixties I thought they might be ready about now for some help. No harm in recommending Pat check with them, was there?

"Thanks ma'am, I appreciate that," he smiled at me. He guzzled down his coffee paying no attention to how hot it was and got ready to leave as I walked with him to the door.

Suddenly he reached for my arm and brought me face to face with him. I tried resisting to no avail as his hands pinned me in place. His face moved towards mine and I noticed his cleft chin right before his callused lips pressed against mine. It happened so quickly, I was totally unprepared. My shock was complete when his arms went around me pressing me tightly against him. I was gasping for air when he released me moments later.

"Thanks again ma'am for the coffee and all," I saw the broad assed grin come to his face. "See you soon."

Not very likely.

Almost in a trance, I watched him walk to his pickup, following the swagger of his hips and then the dust cloud as the truck headed for the road. My mind was in complete turmoil, my heart still racing as I mulled over my reaction. His lips had felt kind of strange and I don't know why but I'd lost my composure, actually pressing my small breasts into his chest while responding to his hungry lips. There had to be something wrong with me.

When the dust settled, I walked back into the house and sat awhile with my coffee trying to calm myself. I finally went back to making the bed and dusting, still thinking of his embrace. I'd felt so utterly helpless and my response had been one of total submission. I not only portrayed a woman but was actually responding like one. If I didn't get back into jeans pretty soon I was going to get into real trouble.

How was I going to tell Sam?

And what was I going to do about the house dresses I enjoyed wearing so much? Hardly anyone ever came to the farm but look what happened when that occasional someone did and mistakenly treated me like a woman. I'd have to be extremely careful not get caught in this situation again.

Thoughts of his firm body and lips wouldn't leave me alone so I let myself dwell on it allowing my true feelings to fully surface so I might begin to deal with them. I was fortunate he hadn't pressed his advantage. What would have happened if he had? I thought of his hands on my ass and even on my breasts. I knew how it felt when Sam manhandled me. I almost swooned on several different occasions as I dreamed the day away.

Folding the laundry a vague premonition engulfed me. I felt I had stepped over an invisible line, a real important one that would have strange implications for me. I breathed deeply some of the fresh air coming in the living room window.

Soon my boots were off and I relaxed with a book on the couch. Noticing some hair on my legs I begrudgingly got up to run a bath. I was starting to accept the necessity for smooth legs. Sam liked me better that way and I rubbed the depilatory cream all over and studied myself carefully in the mirror as I waited patiently for it to penetrate deep into my pores. My perky breasts stood out rather sweetly and I watched the nipples become erect when I thought of them pressed to Pat's chest. I remembered a girl I'd dated who'd had small ones similar to mine and how we'd both enjoyed them to distraction.

Soon I was sinking into the hot bubbly water toying with my nipples as they floated to the surface feeling a strong arousal permeating throughout my body as my thoughts remained firmly on Pat. Perhaps he'll come back and catch me in the bath I thought, my erection getting intense as I grasped it in my soapy hand while continuing to stroke my erect nipples. My climax surprised me, causing a wave of water to splash over the side.

Laying back feeling thoroughly spent, I marveled at the intensity of the experience. I couldn't remember when I'd masturbated last, feeling vaguely uncomfortable with my feelings and somewhat guilty about Sam not being in my fantasy.

When I cleaned up the floor, I went on to clean the rest of the room, finally emerging with a chilled body. Putting new clothes on quickly, I enjoyed the feel of my ultra smooth body. I'd certainly gotten accustomed to it. I wore another bra with uplift padding just liking the feeling it generated in me. When I looked in the mirror the bumps weren't that noticeable under my shirt, but they felt good anyway.

I went to do the bills, spreading them out on the dining room table, trying to settle myself down from the intense day I'd been having. Wading through them I continued thinking of Pat's touch. He was a good looking guy but why was I reacting this way.

Sam came in as I was writing some checks, kissing me on the neck before going in to shower. I finished up and started dinner.

While we ate, we discussed the vitamins. She thought we might take one of the new ones every third day and see if that didn't slow down the effects without completely reversing them. I was willing to try it, not really ready to give up my newly acquired beauties just yet. We took one each before dinner.

"You seem to be wearing a girdle almost all the time, Miriam. Is your back still bothering you? You know how much I miss feeling up your skirt grabbing some ass and you know what," she smiled mischievously at me.

I felt my cheeks reddening, "I'm not sure what the problem is Sam but I went without it one day and by mid morning the strain hit me again right here in my lower back," reaching behind me to show her where it hurt. "I only wear it when I'm doing the chores and at least you have my breasts to grab if you're in a grabbing mood,"

I sat up trying to accent them.

“You're turning into a real hussy (she should only know). If I must accept you in a girdle I will,” her intensity penetrated by whole being. “But you must promise me you'll see a doctor if it doesn't get better soon. There's a good one in town, Dr. Margolies, who's been taking care of our family for years.”

“Let's give it a little more time before rushing to a doctor. Do you mind helping me clear the table, darling,” I reached for an apron to do the dishes. Her hands were all over my ass even while I felt the girdle's support while bending over to scrub the dishes.

We spent the evening reading and listening to country music on the living room couch kind of draped all over each other. This music was growing on me and I'd found quite a collection of books in the den. I was currently engrossed in a murder mystery.

We made love later before going to sleep and I was in heaven as Sam delighted in arousing all my sensitive areas, the old and the new.

I fell asleep in her arms, Pat just a fading memory, the invisible line forgotten for the moment.

Chapter 9 May I Have The Next Dance

“Sam, you can't really expect me to wear this to the dance?” I looked at her with indignation, sitting on the bed in only my girdle and bra.

“Why not. It's Mom's dress and it's hardly ever been worn. And it's perfect for a square dance. Since I'll be taking the man's part that leaves you with the ladies and this is surely the easiest way to inform everybody you're the lady. Remember, the other men must recognize you as the lady if you expect them to swing you around and treat you like one.”

“I'm not going and that's final. You're asking too much.” I remained seated in my pink underwear, pouting. Why had I agreed to go to this silly dance anyway?

It's true, earlier that day I had gone to church in a dress for the first time, but I'd been uptight the whole time, kicking myself for letting Sam talk me into it. Her mother's dress had fit rather well and after Sam had combed out my hair (*I couldn't recall it ever being so long*) I'd just gone along with her when she led me out the door.

She'd offhandedly mentioned that all I needed was some lipstick and rouge to complete the picture.

“Ah come on honey,” Sam's nibbling on my neck brought me back to the present, “you've already been seen in a dress by everyone at church this morning (*thanks for reminding me*). I know you'll have a great time if you just give it a chance. And you know I'll step in immediately if anyone tries to embarrass you.”

“Sam, why can't you see this is going too far?” I turned my puzzled look to her.

“Because I love you and I like to lead when we go dancing. Have you got a better suggestion?”

“Well, why must I wear a dress? Can't I just go in jeans like you? I don't mind you leading, but why do I have wear a dress?”

“Because darling, be realistic, when you're dancing with the other men in the square they'll expect you to relate like a normal female. Jeans will only cause confusion especially when every other lady is in a dress. Besides the men will probably feel strange twirling you around if you appear too masculine. I hate to say it, but a dress identifies a female. Come on honey, at least try it on and see if it fits.”

She was holding the colorful dress over my head waiting patiently for me to raise my arms.

With a deep sigh of resignation I did so, standing up to let it fall down my body.

She straightened it out pulling up the side zipper as I felt it mold to my frame. She pulled me over to the mirror.

There was no denying it looked pretty. If I saw myself at a dance, I'd be interested in being my partner. Why did her Mom's things have to fit so well?

When Sam twirled me around, I felt the hem lifting as it swirled against my nyloned legs. I stared at my face, marveling at how clear my skin appeared even though I hadn't shaved in several days. I'd never had much growth, but it seemed to be diminishing.

My hair hung down the sides of my face and I felt Sam pulling a brush through it trying to get the knots out and finally adding some clips to hold it in place. I definitely looked the lady's part.

Sam was already in her jeans and fancy shirt, whose design matched my dress, and was puffed out significantly by her expanded and flowing breasts. She'd put tissues in the bra cups to help absorb the milk which still flowed, even with our reduced intake of vitamins. I also needed tissues.

Before I could reach down for my boots, Sam was already slowly pulling them on over my nylons. While she was there she bent over and licked my exposed thigh right above the nylons. She peeked up, "All the ladies will be wearing stockings. It adds so much to your appeal when your skirts are flying exposing your legs and undies."

She was committed to my fitting the role completely.

Before I could rise she made me wait a moment longer for the final touch. Lipstick.

She reached for the case and I watched kind of mesmerized as she opened it, turning it until the lipstick appeared and then applying its rosy red color carefully to each of my lips. I felt her fill in all the crevices in my chapped lips.

I blotted them on a tissue, listening to her tell me to be careful of smearing. I watched the tissue get red as I kissed it several times trying to get all the excess off.

"I'm not real good with make-up," she said apologetically watching me stand up and go over to the mirror.

Astonishingly I looked like a member of the female sex, and before I had sufficient time to absorb that fact, she was tugging me along grabbing a coat of her mother's and leading me out into the chilly night.

"Come on darling, we don't want to be late."

I gladly wrapped the coat around me hiding inside while seeking its warmth. I guess it was decided.

The nylons made my legs feel chilly as I huddled in the cab of the truck until Sam grabbed my leg and pulled me close to her.

"Why are you sitting all the way over there? This is our first night out with you as the woman and I want to remember all the details of our evening."

I leaned into her arm as she drove, hoping this would all turn out okay, feeling a bit of terror creeping close to the surface. She could be so pushy. I could only hope I would avoid exposure. I felt my breast pressing into her, knowing they were growing larger every day, as they continued to fill with milk every morning. The flow hadn't decreased at all. I had such a helpless feeling, like a babe lost in the woods.

Finally I decided that if Sam wanted me in the ladies role, then that's what I'd be. If I got into trouble, she'd just have to rescue me. With that resolved I was able to relax and begin to look forward to the evening.

Our arrival at the dance was almost anticlimactic as everyone took me for the lady I appeared to be, praising Sam repeatedly for choosing such a lovely mate. I was

shocked. Not one person thought it strange that she supposedly lived with another woman. I guess they all knew how impossible she could be and just naturally assumed that only another woman could deal with her bossy ways and like it, and take care of the house as I was doing.

After my initial jitters disappeared, I had a delightful time. I was surprised by how easy it was to follow the men whenever they twirled me or led me around the circle. Each had a little different style and it was kind of fun recognizing and adjusting to the differences. I hardly ever made a mistake for there was always some man ready to catch me and head me in the right direction.

I was glad for the nylons and girdle which hid any telltale signs of you know what. With all the twirling, my skirts were constantly in the air and I'm sure my legs and more was on constant display. I could see other women with the same problem but they didn't seem to mind and I soon adopted a similar attitude.

Sam was enjoying herself too, constantly laughing and clowning around. When we took a break along with the band, who were really dynamite, we walked outside to get a breath of fresh air and cool off. Sweat was hanging on our brows.

"You're doing terrific," Sam complimented me. "God, I can't believe how much I adore you and how pleased I am to be here with you. You're handling the lady's part like you were born to it," she smiled knowingly, "and you're causing some definite reactions from the men. I've spotted some watching you slyly when they thought nobody was aware, even as they were twirling their own partners."

She was so enthusiastic as she held her arm around my waist.

"Oh, Sam," I looked at her. "You sure know how to turn a girl's head," I teased. Getting more serious, "Please don't forget darling, underneath all this feminine fluff is a man who loves you like crazy. I'd never do this otherwise. I still don't believe the power you have over me. I hope you'll be careful with my trust."

"You know I will, darling." She bent over to kiss me lightly, and I saw lipstick on her lips when we parted. She tugged me inside, "Come on, the band is warming up and I don't want to miss a single dance."

"Isn't it amazing how everyone has accepted me so easily? And they've all been such gentlemen," not realizing that my luck was about to change.

We joined three new couples who were squaring up. Again I was introduced as Miriam and listened carefully for everyone's name. Everyone naturally accepted Sam in the man's part and I learned some new things like twirling while keeping my thigh pressed tightly to the man's thigh. It's true, they'd never have handled me so comfortably if I'd been wearing my jeans.

Two of the men in the set were on the younger side and I sensed their interest in me immediately. Chuck would hold me a little tighter than was necessary but I said nothing, just letting it pass. Tommy on the other hand would accidentally brush against my breast. When his hand actually came to rest on my right breast as we promenaded around the circle, I gave him a disapproving look even as I felt his squeeze before lifting it away. I'd be happy when this set was over. I wasn't looking for a hassle, but this unwanted attention was cutting into my enjoyment.

Both their wives seemed totally oblivious to it all.

Finally the last dance ended and we all applauded the band and the caller and slowly made our way from the hall. It took almost fifteen minutes for us to get to the car and onto the road home. I was still feeling good, in spite of the unpleasantness, and sat close to Sam loving her contact.

Later in bed we finally dropped off into exhausted sleep but not until our lovemaking had brought us to blissful climax. Wasn't I surprised by Chuck, Tommy and even Pat creeping around in my fantasies.

Chapter 10 Femininity Takes Charge

June's weather was too dry, costing us extra money for watering. We had no choice.

“Thank God there are no insects,” Sam kept saying. I was busy collecting the over-payments she had made over the past two years. Almost \$22,000 in all, and it sure helped make ends meet. She promised me a special present after harvest. I also found that the library had listings of the weekly prices for grains and after checking them for last year I was sure she could have done better with selling her crops. She'd gotten the low price almost every week.

Our regular morning routine found me up before dawn (the bed felt empty without her) and preparing breakfast while she dressed. I usually wore a robe over some slinky nightgown she wanted me to wear and these big fluffy slippers I'd found in her mother's closet. While she ate we talked about the day's activities. I'd already traveled to town myself on several small shopping trips. Always in a dress now that the whole town thought of me as Sam's woman.

“You can't keep changing back and forth,” Sam had cautioned. She was right and besides I was enjoying my feminine role. And belonging to Sam.

My breasts were significantly larger, filling her mother's bras quite well. I'd grown accustomed to them by now, having to milk them every morning or suffer the pressure building up during the day, which generally resulted in sharp uncomfortable shooting pains while leaking anyway, usually staining whatever I was wearing. Sam continued to adore them giving them her constant attention even as I grew closer to her size. Reducing our vitamin intake hadn't really accomplished much difference. In fact I was continuing to expand outward.

Another fact I'd also noticed lately was the tightness in my jeans. I hadn't gained any weight, in fact I'd actually lost a few pounds and even my girdle was of little help.

Sam thought I should try new ones since my regular ones were probably stretched out. Easy for her to say but where did I find the nerve to buy a new one?

I was also using lipstick almost every day as I found it helped my chapped lips considerably. And Sam loved the look and seemed magnetically drawn to me whenever she saw me. I wasn't complaining, completely enthralled by her attention. Subconsciously I was moving in ways she liked and wearing things that excited her.

Her approval had become an important motivation in my life.

Janet came by again last week and was pleased at how the animals were responding to their daily vitamins. I'd been including them in their morning feed, watching them to insure they ate everything. She noticed that the cows were heavier and healthier looking and the horses seemed spunkier and more lively.

Sam was also pleased with me. We were definitely getting more milk from the cows, not to mention Sam and myself.

When Janet came into the house for some coffee, Sam returned to her work, giving us some time alone.

“You seem to be adjusting well to farm life, Miriam,” Janet noted. “To tell you the truth, I was a little apprehensive when I first heard Sam had brought somebody back with her. But the two of you seem so well suited for each other. Tell me, are you really comfortable in those clothes? You look quite good in them, you know.”

How did I find an answer for the dress I was wearing and my hair being clipped on the sides and the hints of lipstick still remaining from yesterday.

“Thanks Janet. It's really strange but ever since I first met Sam I've assumed the passive role quite naturally. Once she took the lead during our first dance, I've simply responded to whatever direction she's taken me. I'm really quite happy with the arrangement. She's unveiled a side of me which I've gotten quite used to.

“To answer your question more directly, yes, I'm comfortable with my appearance. In fact I've started feeling genuinely pleased when others accept my feminine appearance without any hesitation. Do you think I've got a problem?”

She held her coffee cup in both hands carefully studying me, “What you guys have is certainly unusual. But, if it works for you, who cares what anyone else thinks. You're extremely brave to venture into the feminine world that's beckoning to you. You're risking a world of criticism and I'm sure Sam realizes how brave you are.”

“Am I going too far? Do people think I'm a freak? I love being with Sam and it seems such a natural role for me.” I searched her face for a sign of acceptance.

“I've got to tell you, practically everyone around here had given up on Sam ever finding somebody suitable for her. I can't tell you how shocked everyone was when she brought you home. We've never seen her be so caring and attentive to anyone before. She had always been the rowdiest member of the group at Henry's Bar and she hasn't stepped a foot in the door since she's been home. Let me tell you, there are plenty of married men who frequent that place, just to be with the boys and Sam used to be a charter member of the group. That her attitude has changed so completely has the folks around here shaking their heads. They don't care what you look like or wear as long as Sam is happy and settled in.”

I absorbed her words realizing for the first time how much Sam had changed because of me. So I wasn't the only one changing. Sam's commitment brought such warmth to me.

I liked talking to Janet.

“Janet, maybe you can help me with another thing that's troubling me. Sam and I decided to take these vitamins you left for the animals, figuring we're just animals too.”

Her eyes opened wide.

“As you might expect it's had some odd effects on both of us. Initially my breasts only grew slightly and then the milk began leaking . . .”

“Oh no,” she interrupted, “those vitamins weren't meant for human animals sweetie.”

Janet's concern was real. “Now you tell me Sam's been taking them too and she's also producing milk regularly.”

“When you mentioned the hormones in them the last time you were here, we reduced our intake, switching to the new vitamin you left, taking it only once every three days. I hate to admit it but we both enjoyed my breasts and their sensitivity, so we were reluctant to discontinue them completely. We've been taking the new ones for the past month and while we thought our breasts would slowly dry up, we were greatly mistaken. They are flowing better than ever and mine have grown even faster than before. We're not really sure what to do now.”

I looked at her, concern overshadowing any embarrassment I felt, glad that I'd shared it with another person.

“You may have a real problem, Miriam. I had no idea you were taking these vitamins, otherwise I would have forewarned you against it. And the new vitamin you've been taking recently is so much more potent than the previous ones. Maybe ten times stronger. Not only that, but the effects are also longer lasting. Cows who have been on them for six months continue to generate high quantities of milk for long periods of time, even when the vitamins are discontinued. I'm not sure how you'll be effected, but I suggest you stop taking them immediately.”

She looked at me sternly.

“You can be sure Sam and I have swallowed our last vitamin pills. I hope that will clear up our problems soon. What do you think?”

“I'm really not sure. I'll have to check with the company and get more information before answering that question. Meanwhile if you have any other symptoms please see Dr. Margolies immediately. If you don't mind my asking, has it effected your masculine response at all?”

“Well now that you mention it, I've recently had some difficulty maintaining an erection, and I've felt some discomfort like a momentary cramping sensation in my crotch area.”

I couldn't believe I was telling her all these intimate details, but now that I'd opened the dam my anxieties came flooding out. “It will go away now,” I said confidently, not really feeling so sure.

“Well Miriam, I must be going. Thanks for the coffee and conversation.” She looked at me motherly like, “Make sure you take no more vitamins and I'll call you as soon as I have any information from the company. Take care sweetheart. By the way, there's another dance on Sunday and I hope we'll be seeing you there.”

I reached over and kissed her lightly on the cheek, “Thanks for listening. I'm sure we'll see you on Sunday. Sam wouldn't miss a dance for anything.”

I stood on the front step, smiling as she got in her minivan and drove off. My frown returned as I walked into the kitchen to prepare lunch thinking about the vitamins and how permanent their effects would be. It was definitely late to be worrying about it. Just a little.

Chapter 11 From Housewife To Guinea Pig

As I drove into town for my appointment with Dr. Margolies I thought back over the past three weeks since we'd stopped taking the vitamins. The results weren't what we anticipated. Not at all. You see, Sam's breast milk did slow down finally but my breasts are continuing to grow and producing milk like crazy. I have to pump them twice a day and I actually had to make a special trip to town last week to purchase larger brassieres.

I'm actually filling 'D' cups, just like Sam, and I was so embarrassed when I had to bare myself to Mrs. Potts so she could measure me properly. I'd never been seen by anyone other than Sam, but the woman paid me little mind even when my nipples expanded as she ran the tape measure over them. She just went off to find several styles for me to choose from.

I selected a style that felt super comfortable as I looked in the mirror hardly believing these beauties were all mine. When I finished admiring myself I told her I'd take three more in assorted colors.

Then came my tricky question, "Maybe you could suggest a panty girdle that offers good back support?"

"Of course," she responded as she had me remove my own girdle and again carefully measured me while I somehow kept her from realizing my true gender. I'd become considerably smaller and when I tucked myself downward I could actually avoid detection, as I was proving right now as long as I resisted arousal. It was still quite risky. A sign that I was becoming desperate to solve my tight jeans problem. I was having such trouble breathing once I squeezed myself into them. I didn't want Sam to notice how much I was spreading out.

Who was I kidding?

Mrs. Potts returned with several styles and I strained with each one myself, politely declining her assistance.

The beige one fit so tightly and reached way up squeezing in my waist once I was able to get the side zipper shut. Relief was written all over my face as I easily slid the jeans' zipper closed. I could forget about new jeans.

I wore the new girdle home, having difficulty regulating my breathing as I told Mrs. Potts I would probably want several more once I was sure of the style. Needless to say, I called her the very next morning and had her deliver two more in different colors.

Sam was thrilled with how shapely my figure had become and loved to watch me walk around wearing only my new bra and girdle. She adored my full breasts and their sensitivity even while we both wondered what would become of them.

Janet finally called back last Thursday, quite apologetic for the delay.

"Miriam, I'm not so sure you're going to like the news. It seems the new vitamin 'Max-all' you guys were taking, definitely does have permanent side effects. The company has never tested it on a male subject, so they're totally in the dark about the effects and how long they will remain. With women, once the medication was discontinued their milk production usually went on for up to six months. However the

women on the test received much lower doses than you guys had, so there's really no way to predict when your effects will end.”

“Wow.” I was feeling shell-shocked. “Janet, Sam's milk is already showing signs of slowing down. It's me we're concerned about. My breasts have continued growing and there's no sign of relief with my own milk flow. In fact it seems to be increasing. And I swear I haven't touched another pill. It's so scary. What were you saying about the side effects?”

Did she say permanent? I was starting to get a queasy feeling in the pit of my stomach.

“Nobody's really sure. The company's most interested in meeting with you and hopes to set up a program to monitor all the effects you're encountering. You're kind of like a guinea pig and since you've already taken the medication, I thought you might want to consider it. I don't know that you've really got much to lose and I do know they pay very generous fees to their test people. They also take care of any medical costs that result from the tests.”

“What can I say,” my puzzled brain rebelled. Was this really happening to me? At least Sam was recuperating. I was the only headache now. “I guess I have nothing to lose by listening to their proposal,” I ventured.

Janet agreed and said she'd set up an appointment and let me know.

That's where I was heading today.

After an examination by Dr. Margolies, I was scheduled to meet the company representative, a Dr. Evelyn Sullivan, to discuss their proposal.

I'm sure Dr. Margolies had never examined a male specimen like myself as I stepped into the waiting room of his office. I was soon seated in an examining room wrapped in a paper robe, waiting with trepidation for the doctor to appear. I felt like a freak. The nurse had already taken my vitals and completed a long questionnaire about my medical history.

“Hi. I'm Doctor Margolies. You must be Carl Ritter, or do you prefer Miriam.”

“Everyone uses Miriam if you don't mind,” I informed him.

“What's this I hear about you're taking some hormone vitamins by accident? Can you tell me about it?” He sat down giving me his undivided attention.

I proceeded to explain how Sam had first suggested we take the animal vitamins and took the doctor methodically through what had occurred to us as we continued with the new ones, Max-all, a month later. He listened intently until I was through and asked me to reveal my breasts. I opened my robe completely, feeling intensely embarrassed once again.

He contained his astonishment well as he carefully probed all around me, noting how full I was and watching the drops forming as he squeezed them.

Then he had me stand up and did a thorough examination, noting my full rear end. I told him this had occurred over the last month or so.

“It's hard to believe, but I used to be as skinny as a rail.”

He examined my genital area carefully, poking and pressing all around everything. He asked about my sex life and I confessed how difficult it had become to maintain erections.

“They deflate before I'm able to penetrate her vagina. You don't know how frustrating it's become for the two of us. We're waiting impatiently for the effects to disappear.”

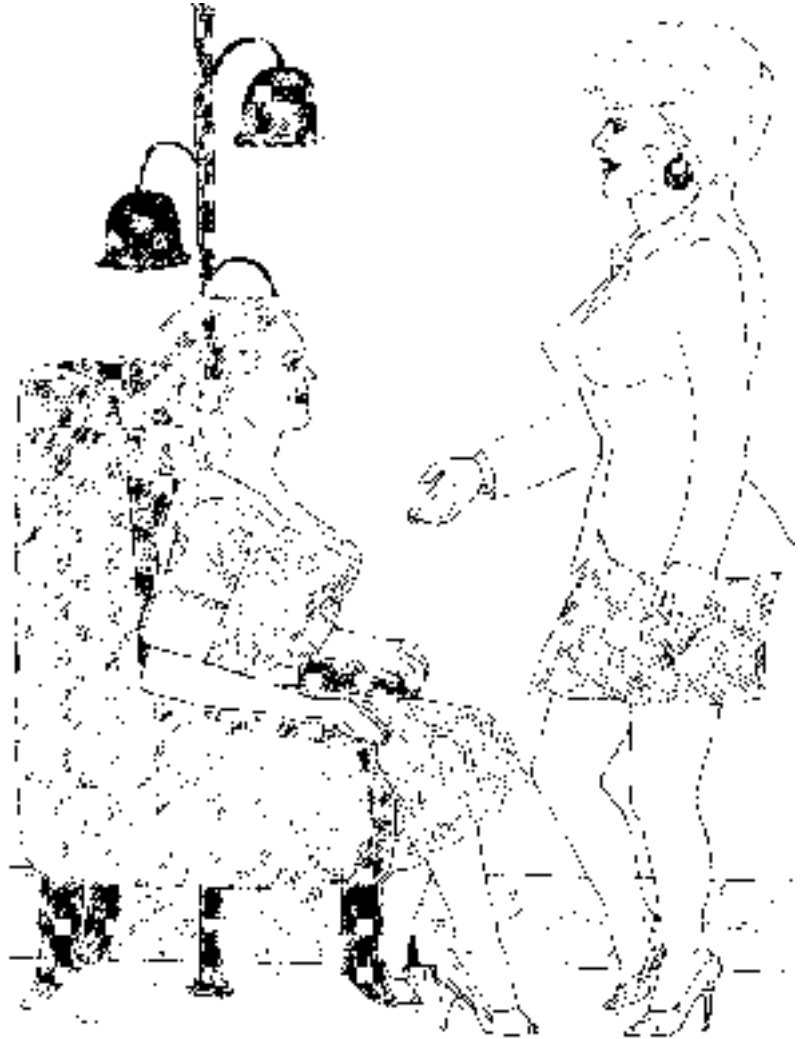
He told me he had met Dr. Sullivan earlier that morning and had agreed to assist her with my program. He'd be examining me regularly and keeping careful records of any and all changes to my physical appearance as well as my mental attitudes. He understood the Max-all I had mistakenly received wasn't really meant for human consumption and certainly not by the male of the species. The company didn't fully understand what was happening to me and he expressed his personal sympathy, telling me it was important to tell him about every symptom I experienced, regardless how small or unimportant.

“It's a good thing folks around here already accept you as a woman, since you'll probably be in the role a while longer.” Dr. Margolies was reaching for positive things to say as he reminded me not to hold back anything from our weekly meetings. He didn't care how embarrassing it might feel. He had to know everything as soon as it happened.

I dressed and sat a while longer while the nurse took several vials of blood to run through a battery of tests. I waited in his outer office while the doctor met with Dr. Sullivan. Maybe ten minutes went by before a lovely blonde looking very professional in a business suit, with a skirt of course, came into the waiting room.

“Miriam Ritter?” I nodded my head. “I'm Evelyn Sullivan, from TQT Laboratories.” She reached out her hand to me. “We're the laboratory that the manufacturers of Max-all use for quality assurance.”

I stood up feeling a bit queasy as I took her hand, “Glad to meet you.”



Her soft hand grasped mine surprisingly firmly, shaking it several times. I had to look up at her in spite of my heels listening to her suggestion that we have some coffee at the diner down the street where we could talk comfortably. And wouldn't you know it, she took my arm and led me out the door. Another pushy woman.

"I've been looking forward to meeting you, ever since I heard of your accidentally taking Max-all. You see I've been the specialist on the Max-all account for over a year now and I feel kind of responsible for what's happened to you. We never considered that people might consume them, although we did use women in the initial test phases."

We crossed the street walking towards the diner.

"I know it sounds foolish Miriam, but I really want to help you recover from all the obvious reactions you've experienced."

"I really appreciate that."

She seemed genuinely concerned with my well-being. She opened the door for me, "I hope we'll be able to reverse every last one of the side effects, but we can't be certain of that."

She looked at the waitress approaching, "We'll need a table for two, in a nonsmoking section please."

When we were seated she went on, "Dr. Margolies reports that you're a normal healthy male, other than the pronounced feminine characteristics that have surfaced thanks to Max-all."

"Well that's good to hear," I answered, feeling somewhat relieved.

"Your breast development is really quite normal," her voice was subdued, thank heaven, "it actually would have been anticipated considering the amount of hormones you ingested. But the other side effects are what trouble me. The growth in your buttocks and hips and the shrinkage of your genitals,"

I was blushing as she casually talked about it, "are not really understood. All the women we tested showed no other significant changes to any other parts of their bodies."

"It seems to indicate some kind of impact on your male hormone levels and possibly an invasion of your reproductive system, which is difficult to imagine. Max-all is primarily designed to stimulate the mammary glands, period."

Suddenly she became aware of how overwhelmed I was, "Whoa, let's back up a minute, Miriam. I'm sorry. I'm getting way ahead of myself."

Relief slowly came to my face.

"Let's order something to eat and I'll explain my company's proposal to you." She smiled at me and then signaled the waitress.

We both ordered salads before she continued a lot more cautiously, "Miriam, I know this has been one confusing time for you. I understand you live with a farmer, a woman named Sarah Miller."

“Yes,” I confirmed. “And I must tell you, Sam's getting crazy about what's going on with me. You see, Sam, I'm sorry that's Sarah's nickname, well she's the one who originally suggested we take the vitamins in the first place. And no matter what I say, she feels totally responsible for everything that happening to me. It's almost funny, because she's more unhappy about it then I am. I just figure that when the milk finally decides who can say that.”

“That's a great attitude under the circumstances,” Evelyn assured me reaching for her water. “I'll definitely need to spend some time with Sam and help her to understand and cope with the situation. It's certainly not her fault. She had no idea how Max-all would affect you. And I'm sure you had some say in the matter, didn't you?”

“Of course I did,” I answered more confidently than I felt.

“In the meantime, let's get to the main reason for my trip. First let me tell you that TQT has authorized the payment of any and all medical costs relating to your accidental consumption of Max-all. That goes for Sam too. There are absolutely no strings attached, and it's entirely independent from my other proposal.”

“I appreciate that,” I responded.

She reached into her briefcase and pulled out an envelope, “I've brought with me a contract for your services, Miriam, which would allow my company and specifically me to study your reactions to Max-all over the next year.”

Whew, a whole year. That's a long time.

“As I've said before,” Evelyn was continuing, “it's very important for us to fully understand the impact of Max-all on the human male. We've had no prior testing and you happen to be an ideal candidate, since you've already consumed a considerable dosage.”

She paused a moment to let it sink in and when she felt I was ready for more she continued, “You'll be paid a generous fee, divided into four payments at the end of each three month segment. I'll have to remain in the area while you're being tested and I'd much prefer to stay near you at your farm if at all possible. If it doesn't create a problem. I'll need to see you on a daily basis. And you'll receive additional moneys to cover my living expenses while I'm there.”

I sat quietly absorbing everything.

“I have to watch you closely during the test period. I must warn you that I'll probably drive you crazy. But you can always tell me to go jump in the lake whenever that occurs. Don't be bashful. I can take it.”

I liked this lady.

“Evelyn, the food's here,” I smiled at her. “Let's eat and give me a chance to digest everything you've presented to me. Do you mind if I look at the contract?”

“Not at all,” she responded handing me the envelope.

I opened the contract and saw on the first page that the company was proposing to pay me \$100K (I choked on a pickle) for my participation in the testing of Max-all over a one year period. There was a lot of legal gibberish but in essence it appeared like I

would have to take full direction from Dr. E. Sullivan. She would be examining the effects that Max-all would have on a human male.

This was going to take some serious thought. Did I really want this lady intruding on Sam and me for the next year? She seemed pleasant enough, but I walked around a lot in my underwear, sometimes just to please Sam. We loved our isolation from the outside world and Evelyn's intrusion would be very difficult.

"You look like your mind's racing a mile a minute," Evelyn had finished and was watching me.

I smiled at her, "I've certainly got a lot to consider. It's not an easy decision. And the generous amount you're paying doesn't make it any easier. I'm not that comfortable with being under someone's scrutiny for an entire year. It's a long period of time to intrude on my private time with Sam which is extremely precious to me. But I do realize I have a problem, or should I say two problems (indicating my bosom) to deal with, not to mention the other changes which aren't getting resolved so quickly. Having the company pay all costs that might be required to fix the situation isn't to be treated lightly.

"Yes," I smirked at her, "you can say there's a lot on my mind."

"You know Miriam, if you're through eating, maybe you could give me a lift out to your farm so I can speak with Sam directly." She reached for her purse and put a twenty on the table.

"I do have to stop at the feed mill before heading back, if you don't mind." I followed her from the restaurant.

"Not at all," she again held my arm while we proceeded to the pickup.

We didn't say much on the way home which was just as well. I had so many things wandering around in my head, making me incoherent. I was glad I'd gotten the new bras and girdles as it seemed they were going to be needed a while longer.

It was already late afternoon by the time I pulled up to the front door.

Sam was there to greet us, "Hi, sweetheart. I see you've brought company," she studied Evelyn as she walked up to the steps.

"Yes. This Dr. Evelyn Sullivan from TQT Laboratories."

The two of them shook hands as I watched them sizing each other up.

"Her company's the one responsible for testing the vitamins we've been taking. They've made quite a proposal to me which I want you to listen to, so you can help me make a decision." I looked at her for a moment and went over for a kiss before putting up some coffee.

I felt her arms come around me for a hug.

"How did you do at the doctor's?"

"Pretty good," her closeness gave me such comfort. "He said I was fine except for the feminine changes my body is undergoing."

“Good.” She released me and looked at Evelyn, “Dr. Sullivan, would you like to sit down and relax a moment until the coffee's brewed?”

“Thanks,” Evelyn answered sitting down at the end of the table. “As I've already told Miriam, I'm really sorry that Max-all has intruded on both your lives like this.”

She continued on, explaining the company proposal and the reason for the testing.

I served coffee while they were deeply engrossed in conversation, and sat down to join them.

Sam was studying the contract carefully while the two of us simply relaxed, already feeling totally talked out.

“You mean you're proposing to continue giving Miriam the vitamins for a whole year. Am I reading this right?” Sam seemed confused.

Evelyn answered without hesitating.

“That's correct. They'll be much smaller doses than he's already gotten. And he'll be strictly monitored by myself and Dr. Margolies. It's unfortunate that this had to happen to you both, but there's no denying that it affords an excellent chance for my company to study the effects on someone who's already dealing with them. Besides paying a large consulting fee we will also correct any effects that remain at the end of the year, at your request, completely at the company's expense.”

Sam just sat there trying to absorb all the details of the proposal and I could see she was feeling strained, “I think we've heard enough for a while.”

I too felt overloaded. “Why don't I make some dinner while Sam shows you around the place.”

“That's a good idea,” Sam was already up and waiting for Evelyn by the door.

When they were gone I got dinner going and sat down to read through the contract carefully. It did propose my taking further dosages of Max-all as Dr. Sullivan prescribed which I hadn't fully appreciated before. That meant I definitely wasn't losing my breasts anytime soon.

The \$100K felt like a winning lottery ticket. It would sure be handy as security in case we encountered any unforeseen problems. Besides, I'd kind of gotten used to having my breasts around, so it wasn't like it was something new. They certainly made my feminine image more authentic. It would just be for a bit longer than I had anticipated. *Was that so terrible?*

They came back laughing, obviously enjoying each other's company.

Sam showed Evelyn her mother's room saying she could bunk down there if she stayed with us. Evelyn was smiling and thanked Sam for the tour. I could see Sam was taken with her, and Evelyn was enjoying the attention. She didn't appear to be someone who lacked attention. She was a very good looking gal with a dynamite body (her suit couldn't really hide it).

Is there a potential problem here?

Was Sam interested in her? Is that why she's always encouraging me to wear my feminine things and responds so positively when I looked my prettiest? This was get-

ting into dangerous waters as I felt the first pangs of jealousy watching Sam hold the chair while Evelyn sat down again at the kitchen table.

“Darling,” Sam came over and put her arm around my waist, “is dinner going to be ready soon? I’m starving.”

She bent over to nibble at my earlobe and I pulled away feeling hurt by her familiarity with Evelyn. Sam reached for me again but I evaded her going to get the plates down from the cupboard. I needed some space to handle these new and overwhelming feelings.

“What’s the matter, hon?” Sam sensed my hurt. “Whatever I’ve done, I’m sorry. Please come sit down and talk to me.”

‘Not in front of Evelyn, you bit lug,’ I thought. God, she was so thick sometimes.

“Not now hon,” I shrugged away from her after putting the food on the table. I felt her grab me as I went by and pulled me to her lap, leaning me over for a kiss. I struggled for the first time feeling so self conscious in front of Evelyn, and finally she let me up and I left the room almost in tears. How could she be so insensitive to my feelings?

I heard them discussing me as I lay on the bed crying softly to myself, feeling so neglected and unloved. I continued to listen to their chatter, as I slowly began to relax from the day’s tensions. I started wondering if I’d ever be without breasts again. I fell asleep and never heard Sam come to bed, after she’d given Evelyn a ride back to town. She woke me momentarily, helping me undress and got me into a nightgown before covering me and kissing me good night.

Chapter 12 Testing Begins

Needless to say, after Sam and I spent the better part of the next day discussing the pros and cons of the contract, I signed on the dotted line. Did you ever try turning down \$100K? Let me tell you, it's real difficult and since it didn't seem like much of anything different than I was already experiencing, we decided to take the plunge. That is, we decided that I should take the plunge.

We also realized that having Evelyn around would put a definite crimp in our freedom, but after a lot of soul searching and tears, we agreed our love would see us through. What had I been jealous of?

That had been over a month ago, and since then I'd had to discuss Sam's growing appreciation of Evelyn with Sam on several occasions. She swore to me it was all my imagination.

"Honey you're my one and only. I hate to say it but you're becoming a controlling bitch."

Great, now it's gotten to name calling.

It was true. I was in a real deep rut. Whenever we made love, my doubts flew away with the wind. But later when I'd notice her eyeing Evelyn, my jealousy would return with a vengeance and slice into my gut adding to my discomfort.

And Evelyn wasn't any help either. Constantly parading around in her underwear, usually some skimpy bra and bikini outfit as if I was just one of the girls while never failing to draw an appreciative eye from Sam.

Meanwhile my own interest was almost nil. I hardly noticed the total disappearance of my masculine desires.

The heat wave we were having encouraged all of us to shed clothes. I too sat around in just a girdle and bra, but I couldn't seem to compete with Evelyn's sexiness. What a strange course my life had taken as I found myself competing with a woman for Sam's attention.

Evelyn had certainly been right. I was already looking for a lake to throw her in. She hung around me all day long, constantly asking questions and examining me whenever she needed to. I sent her to bother Sam when I couldn't take it any more. Then I'd wonder what was going on, and find myself riding out to check on them. What a state I was in. *How was I going to last another eleven months?*

Initially I took 50 mg of Max-all daily and Evelyn would check my breasts regularly for a reaction. Women from previous tests had customarily filled with milk within an hour. It took me close to three hours and she wondered about the delay almost like she had forgotten I was a man.

She increased my dosage to 100 mg in week three, continuing her careful monitoring of me all day long. My milk did flow faster and was quite abundant.

Meanwhile I was visiting Dr. Margolies each week with Evelyn at my side, watching intently as he examined me thoroughly looking for any telltale changes. The nurse took regular blood samples monitoring my hormonal levels and other relevant data.

Evelyn told me afterwards that my estrogen and progesterone levels had stabilized at normal female levels even while my vitamin intake was increasing. My prolactin was very high explaining the heavy milk production I was experiencing. My body was responding just like a woman's. My hormonal levels were rising and dropping as the needs of a baby, in my case, triplets were met. Completely forgotten about were my normal male levels.

Dr. Margolies noticed that my hips and behind were continuing to expand, which I, of course, already knew considering my pants were getting tight again. I knew it wasn't the girdle's fault. He paid close attention to my penis, stretching it out, measuring it, probing around the groin area looking for anything unusual. He was concerned by its size. It was smaller than my first visit. It was difficult to hold and lately I found it a whole lot easier to just sit when I urinated.

He queried Evelyn whether it was wise to continue the testing since it seemed to be having major effects on me. My sexual organs had shrunk considerably and it seemed that the high hormone levels were modifying other parts of my body.

They continued talking while I went to dress. When I returned to his office she must have reassured him for my daily vitamin regimen continued without any further discussion.

“How long will I be taking the medication?” I asked Evelyn this morning as we were walking to the barn. “My clothes are becoming a real problem. They're just too tight.”

“Miriam, sweetheart, it's only been a little over a month.” She held my arm helping me by a puddled area. “The entire test period is for twelve months and the medication must be taken regularly for at least the first six. That's really the minimum period required for research criteria. Usually we prefer to test for longer periods if possible to be even more certain of the results.

“And even when you finish taking the vitamins we'll be monitoring you until your system returns to normal. I suggest you buy some new clothes immediately. The company will reimburse you for all your expenses.”

“Thanks,” I sighed, not really certain what I was thankful for.

“You know I'll be increasing your dosage again on Monday,” she went on even as I mixed the vitamins into the cow's breakfast meal. “Miriam darling, let me be perfectly clear on this. Your dosages will continue to increase over the next five months so I can examine the effects that Max-all will have on your system. It's standard procedure and I'm sure you'll be feeling more relaxed about it soon. I'd love to see your anxiety lessen. I'm confident that everything will work out fine in the end.”

As I fed grain to the cows, she continued unabated, “I'm not sure I told you, but the dosage you both were taking was 500 mg, an unusually high strength, which explains the severe reactions you both experienced. Our tests showed women were completely recovered only thirty days after finishing their ingestion phase. Because of your high dosages, your recovery period will certainly take longer, as in Sam's case, but that shouldn't concern you.”

“That would be fine with me.”

We strolled back into the sunlight, "I have to tell you Evelyn, I've been very moody lately. I've never experienced so many peaks and valleys before. I've always been so even tempered and mellow. And now this morning I began having these severe cramps that finally went away but not before I was almost in tears. I'm not sure I'm going to survive these next five months, much less a full year."

My thoughts jumped to buying new clothes, possibly tomorrow, now that I knew where the money was coming from. My new dimensions wouldn't be disappearing in the foreseeable future.

"Make sure you tell Dr. Margolies about the cramps on Thursday, darling. And the mood swings. What's for lunch?"

"How does tuna sound? Or maybe some leftover meat loaf from last night. It'll take me a minute to warm it up."

"Tuna's fine. I've got to get into town this afternoon for a little while. Would you mind if I borrowed the pickup?"

"I'll do you one better. I'll drive you myself and get some shopping done while I'm there." Nothing wrong with getting my new clothes today, was there?

"Great," Evelyn smiled at me and I leaned over to give her a friendly kiss on the cheek. Somehow at that exact moment she turned towards me and our lips met instead. She tasted soft and delicious as her hand held my head, momentarily locking me in place. When she finally released me and I staggered upright we both broke into a smile at how delightful it had been.

"That was nice," she continued. "I've wanted that for some time now. I can't understand this strange appeal you have for me. Please don't be offended, but being out here without any diversions can be a bit frustrating. And I certainly can understand why Sam is so devoted to you. If you weren't already spoken for...." she left it hanging in the air, but her eyes finished the story. She was definitely interested.

"You're full of surprises," my high pitched voice returned as I looked in her eyes with utter disbelief. "Is this part of the testing procedures?" I asked, trying hard to remember what I'd been doing.

The can of tuna in my hands brought me back and I turned away to open it, my mind in turmoil. Attracted to me? I could feel her penetrating eyes on my back wondering what she was attracted to. I almost jumped out of my skin when her hand came to rest on my shoulder.

"Please don't feel threatened. I'm just having difficulty containing my feelings."

I felt her soft lips on my neck as she kissed me and ran her tongue over my skin. And I'd been jealous of Sam. What a joke. Her hand reached around and gently lifted my breast and I felt my milk leaking while I tried concentrating on mixing the tuna salad. My arousal was mounting rapidly. My breathing was labored as I searched for a way to stop her.

Finally she lifted her head whispering huskily in my ear, "Finish making lunch, darling. The appetizer was delicious. Maybe we'll have dessert later."

Lunch occurred as if in slow motion as my heart rate tried desperately to slow down. I was suddenly acutely aware of Evelyn's presence and her every movement. Her enchanting fragrance was in the air assailing me as I put the salad on the table. My voice seemed lost, unable to find words for the situation. When Sam came in moments later my relief was overwhelming. She wrapped me in her sweaty arms for a warm embrace. I hoped I didn't smell or taste any different as I leaned in her familiar shoulder.

This was getting complicated.

Sam seemed completely oblivious to the tension I was feeling as we sat down to enjoy lunch. We heard about the troubles she was having with weeds and roots on the Parson tract.

Soon she was up and kissing me good-by wishing me a successful shopping trip.

"Get some sexy things, darling," she winked at me before hastening back to work.

I wanted so much to stop her from going but instead I smiled resolutely and watched from the doorway as she rode off.

Evelyn sat close to me as I drove to town, her hip pressing against mine, creating additional heat between us. She was definitely coming on to me. Her hand idly rested on my thigh, her fingers gently caressing the surface driving me to distraction. When I almost missed the turn onto the highway, being a little late with the brake, she finally took the hint and removed her hand, not really wanting responsibility for an accident.

"I feel like you're my creation," she finally broke the silence. "I know it sounds weird but being responsible for your Max-all intake and monitoring the changes and your unusual development has been an inspiring experience for me. Watching you take shape almost like a sculptor with a clay figure. Can you understand my feelings?"

I found my voice, "I'm not a piece of art, Evelyn. Just an ordinary man (was there any ordinariness left to me?), who agreed to test your product because I had previously taken it by mistake. I certainly didn't ask for it and never expected the dramatic



changes that have occurred. I know my feminine appearance has become so authentic that I'd have a lot of difficulty convincing people I was ever a man.

"I only wish you wouldn't forget this isn't a voluntary situation for me. It began without my knowledge or desire. I only responded to your specific request for help after I'd unwittingly overdosed on your silly wonder drug. It's really you and your company who are at fault."

My frustration had been stored up for a long while and it felt good letting it out.

"I also hope you'll remember you're a guest in our house and you'll refrain from interfering in my relationship with Sam."

That should set her straight.

"I'm sorry, Miriam," she stroked my arm gently. "I didn't mean to upset you. Your passivity seems such a typical female trait. I find myself drawn to your submissive nature. It intrigues me and I keep wondering if you were this way before this all started."

"Kind of," I confessed. "I know I responded immediately to Sam's advances and she's definitely the dominant one in our relationship." What was she getting at, I wondered, as I continued defensively, "It's really her caring and desire for me that keeps me happy. I have no problem assuming the passive role especially with her. Is there something wrong with that?"

"Not at all, darling. I fully understand," she moved her attention out the window watching the corn fields and thinking to herself how ideal Miriam was for the role as a farmer's wife. *His mistake in taking Max-all was almost like a goddess deciding to provide him with a voluptuous body to fit the feminine role he had assumed. I'll have to talk to Dr. Margolies later and see what his feelings are.* "Can you drop me here?" we had reached his office.

"I'll find you later at the mall."

"That's fine," I relaxed, knowing no further advances had to be dealt with. Now what was she seeing the doctor about. I'd have to pump her later.

Chapter 13 Relationships Are Always Changing

I kept staring at my rear end, astonished by how full and rounded the cheeks had become and felt an intense self-consciousness overwhelm me. They were so pronounced and so obviously feminine. And my hips seemed especially wide in contrast with my waist which had diminished. Men's jeans didn't have a chance anymore, at least not for the immediate future.

The sales lady, Sally, suggested I might want to try some sweaters with the jeans, handing several to me in the dressing room and left me staring at my profile in the mirror.

I felt a glow, knowing my appearance would excite Sam. I wanted to be desirable for her. An antsy anticipation was starting in the pit of my stomach.

I selected an array of blouses, sweaters and jeans, without even glancing at the price tags, fully enjoying the fact that TQT was footing the bill. I moved on to dresses and skirts as Sally continued to suggest things she thought I would like and made numerous trips to and from the dressing room. She was critical of everything I tried, complimenting me whenever she liked a particular selection. I listened intently to the numerous suggestions she gave me of why each style either did or did not suit this or that feature. I was astonished by how many angles had to be considered. I never realized how clothes were made to accent a woman's good features or diminish her flaws. This was a totally new perspective.

I was definitely enjoying myself.

My discomfort at changing in front of a strange woman passed rather quickly.

Sally showed no hint of recognizing my true identity, allowing me to become totally absorbed in the game.

I found myself almost anticipating each of her comments and looked forward to her frequent compliments.

She was a good sales lady.

Evelyn came into the dressing room while I had on a short navy pleated skirt with a powder blue sweater, "Miriam, that outfit looks great. Why don't you wear it home?"

It accentuated my curves although I was concerned by the snug fit in the butt. There was no mistaking my dynamic appearance.

"If you insist, Evelyn," the compliments had left me glowing. "I hope I don't break the bank at TQT with the bill," I watched Sally packing up everything I had selected and totaling the bill for Evelyn.

We walked out a short time later and I immediately felt the wind traveling up my skirt. I reached down just in time, as a man glanced over trying to catch a peak at my undies.

Evelyn smiled, "Now you can appreciate what a woman goes through every day of her life. Come on, darling, let's get your nails done. I made an appointment."

"Nails? Are you kidding? Mine are a complete mess. And you know how difficult it will be to keep them clean around the house."

“That's why you need to get them done once in a while.” She was tugging at my arm rather insistently while I was distracted by my skirt, failing to understand why women wore them. It was so drafty, and suddenly it dawned on me when I noticed all the men eyeing me as we walked across the mall. I was so conscious of my rear end.

Mrs. Pinkley met us at the door, “There you are, Dr. Sullivan. And this must be Miriam,” she smiled at me as I returned her look. “Come right in. We're all ready for you.”

She led us to a changing room at the rear of the shop where we put on pink smocks while I stole a moment to admire Evelyn's lovely figure before the smock covered her up. There was definite benefits to having your nails done.

Soon we were in separate cubicles where I met Shirley, who started telling me all about her weekend in the sun, before making an excruciating face when she saw my hand.

“Wow, you haven't been here before, have you? Well, let's get started. We'll have you looking as good as new in no time,” she smiled having recovered from her initial shock, “and I'll give you a few pointers on how to handle your cuticles and any chips you get.”

Sure, I thought to myself, and I'll sit around all day in front of the soap operas polishing them. Wouldn't that be appropriate?

I sat back and relaxed, watching her work her magic with each nail after softening them awhile in a warm solution. I was almost dozing off, even with her incessant chatter, when Mrs. Pinkley introduced me to Carol who was there to work on my hair.

“Evelyn suggested it, since you're already here and could use a shampoo. Carol can deal with some of your loose ends and do some styling afterwards. I know you're engrossed in the rigors of farm work but that doesn't mean you can't pamper yourself occasionally, now does it?” I looked up at her and smiled in my semi-comatose state, not that interested, figuring it didn't really matter where I got a shampoo.

“Evelyn's also getting a styling,” she wasn't finished, “so you'll both done about the same time.” Isn't that nice, I thought, starting to doze off again as Mrs. Pinkley walked away.

Carol went right to work giving Shirley a short break while my hair was shampooed and conditioned. It also gave me a break from her voice. At least Carol wasn't a talker, thank goodness, although she did question me about the style I preferred. I left it up to her, telling her I kind of liked the current style only considerably shorter, remembering how the dust and grime got into it so easily.

When Shirley's chatter began again along with the snipping of scissors, my eyes closed and I must have drifted off.

The next thing I knew, Carol was gently shaking my shoulder, telling me she was through and asking how I liked it. I blinked my eyes a moment trying to focus on the mirror, not really believing the image there.

Could that be me? A blonde with a pixie cut and teased curls stared back at me with a shocked expression. I couldn't believe it. I looked so adorable. I glanced quickly

down at my hands to see the sparkling pink nails and felt like I had entered another dimension.

Just then Evelyn appeared behind me. She hadn't changed that much, not anything like my transformation.

I returned her adoring smile realizing what a wonderful lady she was, forgetting momentarily about our earlier situation.

“You look enchanting sweetheart. I can't wait to see Sam's reaction when she sees you.”

I was enjoying my newly discovered femininity. My skirt continued to give me trouble as we returned to the pickup carrying my load of packages.

Evelyn sat close again cozing up to me talking with delight about my new appearance. Her hand rested on my thigh again when I asked, “How did your talk go with Dr. Margolies?”

“It was all about you, you know,” she smiled at me giving my exposed thigh a gentle squeeze. “He's concerned about the disappearance of your male characteristics. We discussed all the changes going on trying to understand what it means.”

Her stroking fingers were driving me insane.

She went on to say, “My guess is you're actually experiencing changes internally, in response to the high hormonal levels being maintained throughout your entire system. Dr. Margolies finally agreed with me, not really sure how it could be happening. He thinks you must have some predisposition towards being a female. We set up an appointment next Tuesday at the hospital in Clearbrook to have some special tests run to try to find out what's going on inside you. We'll go over there together, of course.”

“What about my exam tomorrow?” I was squirming in my seat.

“Rescheduled for next Thursday after the test results are available.” She was beginning to squeeze my thigh affectionately and pressing her warm breast into my arm, “Maybe you can find a spot to stop a moment so we don't have to worry about staying in the lane?” she inquired innocently.

I pulled over at the first available site wanting to avoid leaving the road involuntarily.

She drew me into a soft kiss and I remembered her body from the beauty salon tasting her hot lips and tongue as they pressed against my lips. My excitement had been building all day and I just couldn't resist her anymore.

“You're so bewitching,” she gasped, breaking away momentarily, leaving her breast squashed to mine while her hand squeezed my other breast causing a tingling sensation throughout my body. Sam came to mind momentarily but then her lips were on me again, releasing all my pent up passions. There was no further resistance. Her feverish arousal connected with my own passions as our hands and tongues were everywhere.

Soon she was above me with her lips locked to my nipple. My sweater and bra had been pushed aside, the stimulation driving me crazy as I delighted in the intimate con-

tact of her soft body. A low moan escaped my lips and I held her head tightly engrossed in the escalating arousal she was causing. My explosion against her hip was shattering but she held fast throughout my multiple spasms.

When her mouth finally released me, her lips were whispering in my ear while I looked deeply in her penetrating eyes, "That was delicious, darling. I've wanted to do that for the longest time. You have no idea how sexy you've become," her lips kept nibbling on mine while her exciting aroma assailed my senses.

I could feel her thigh pressed firmly against my crotch giving me pleasure even as I was slowly creeping down from my peak. As my composure returned I continued to gaze at her up close rejoicing in my new found delights at being female. My first climax from nipple stimulation only.

When she finally released me and sat up, I was able to straighten out my clothes.

She helped reclip my bra playfully offering to do it for me every morning. I smiled, "Lots of luck," as I straightened out my sweater and started the pickup and immediately got back on the road wanting to return to the farm quickly.

Thank God Sam wasn't around to greet us. We put all my new things away, and I went to shower hoping to wash away any traces of my escapade with Evelyn. Guilt had penetrated deeply. How could I allow myself to succumb so easily to Evelyn's desires?

I was preparing supper in a semi-daze, when Sam came in and I felt my cheeks blush instantly, my indiscretion seemingly so apparent for her to see.

She stood there a moment just staring at me, before breaking out in a broad grin.

"Wow, Miriam, is that really you? You look beautiful."

I blushed even deeper.

"Your hair looks terrific and that sweater boggles my mind."

She came over and gave me a tight hug before turning my head towards her and bringing her lips to mine.

Our kiss was wonderful and I hadn't realized how much I needed it. I was glad I had worn my new sweater. It was like she was meeting a new me. I leaned into her insistent caress of my breast.

Evelyn was nowhere about and soon Sam was pulling me into the bedroom. She had me undressed in a flash.

We made passionate love as I responded to her without any reservations, only feeling anxiety later at the risks I had taken with Evelyn. That had to end immediately. I couldn't endanger my wonderful relationship with Sam ever again.

Later that evening we went for a walk and Sam leveled with me. She thought I looked terrific and realized for the first time that she was truly infatuated with the feminine creature I had become.

She felt as strongly about me now, if not stronger than she had felt before, hardly able to find any objections with the changes I had undergone. She realized my erections were on an indefinite sabbatical but felt that the new me offered her just as much excitement.

“It'll be fine with me if you never revert back.”

A tear came to my eye as I nestled more closely into her shoulder.

Sam was looking forward to Sunday's dance, since I'd be the prettiest girl there, everyone knowing I was her fiancée. I lifted my ring in the air admiring its glitter. It had always felt right on my finger. Her perspective of me had changed dramatically and yet nothing had really changed between us. She told me how relieved she was I was handling all the paperwork and how the house had never looked so good.

“As a twosome, we can't help but make this farm work. It's a good feeling.”

She fell asleep quickly after dinner, while I laid awake trying to sort through all my tangled emotions.

Chapter 14 Is This Really Be Happening To Me?

It wasn't until five weeks later, when I was milking my breasts one morning, that the cramps returned again with a vengeance. I was doubled over for several minutes in severe pain.

Fortunately Evelyn was nearby and able to get me back in bed, before calling the doctor and arranging to bring me in immediately.

Sam was out of town and wasn't expected back until later, so Evelyn packed me in the pickup and drove very gently trying to make the ride as smooth as possible.

Soon Dr. Margolies was examining me with my feet up in the all too familiar stirrups. Feelings of my vulnerability invaded me, as he pressed all around my abdomen trying to identify the painful areas. When he finally allowed me to dress, I needed Evelyn's assistance to stand up, some dizziness and weakness still remaining.

"You've been experiencing what can only be described as menstrual cramps," Dr. Margolies was seated behind his desk looking at me with sympathy in his eyes.

Evelyn stood behind me and I watched his head shaking, "It's such a rarity for a man, I'm a little unsure what to prescribe for it. I've decided on a pain killer which I normally give to women when this occurs, figuring it should help you as well. Take it every four hours when you have pain. It should subside in the next 48 hours. If it doesn't, call me. When are you scheduled for your next appointment?"

"Thursday, doctor," a smile appeared on my strained face.

"I think we should take some tests," he was looking up at Evelyn. "Let's check the status of all the changes going on. Try and do it before Monday so I'll have the results by Thursday."

"Sure doctor," Evelyn answered without even glancing at me.

It's only my body they're testing. Who needs my opinion anyway?

My original tests had shown I had a shrunken prostate, quite small for an adult male and Dr. Margolies had also noticed a strange pocket of membranes just above my prostate which he couldn't readily identify. This was the area he was concerned about. With the further deflation of my penis and the containment of my testicles within their body sacs, my masculinity had all but disappeared from view. There was hardly anything to connect me to the man who had come here only four months ago.

Thanks to Max-all my feminine curves continued to expand. My rear end had enlarged so much so that it was a constant source of embarrassment for me whenever I was out in public. Both Sam and Evelyn loved it, making fun of my concern, but I couldn't help being aware of people watching the movement of my buns when I walked by. My body had become the focal point for all kinds of unwanted attention. I was totally absorbed by it, hardly paying attention to the individual inside anymore. What a miserable state.

Evelyn suggested we do some shopping to chase away the blues, "You could use some new things, Miriam. Some of your clothes are starting to show the strain again," looking directly at my boobs and hips.

“Not now, Evelyn. I'm much too drained.” *You're no help*, I thought to myself. “All I want to do is relax until the pain goes away.”

“Whatever you say, darling,” her knowing smile alluding to last night's frantic session. It had probably contributed to my current agony. I'd never climaxed so many times in one night. I thought I'd literally burst apart. Why did Sam have to go to Parson City so suddenly, leaving me all alone with this sex starved lunatic?

She leant me support as we made our way to the pickup. Driving back I looked at the scenery reflecting on the madness of this past month. My relationship with Sam had changed so much, ever since good old Evelyn had entered the picture.

After our initial session in the pickup, Evelyn had taken advantage of every opportunity that we were alone. I hadn't been able to deflect her attention, even with Sam's recent promises in my head. Soon I was an eager participant unable to deny how excited I became from her persistent advances.

Sam started to notice my lack of response several times in the evening and pretty soon was questioning what was wrong.

Finally through flowing tears I told her about Evelyn and how I couldn't keep her away. I confessed my undying love for only her, but I didn't know how to handle Dr. Sullivan's demands.

“So that's it,” she held me close trying to soothe away my tears, while wondering how to handle the situation.

I felt truly ashamed and totally unable to cope with all the confusing issues. *Why did Evelyn ever have to show up here in the first place? Things had been so perfect before her arrival.*

Sam confronted Evelyn the very next day going off with her to the fields so they could talk without any interruptions from me.

It seemed like forever until they returned with neither of them mentioning anything to me, leaving me clueless.

When I talked with Sam later I was astonished by the tale that Evelyn had spun so masterfully.

“You know Miriam, it's important for Evelyn to examine your responses to every kind of stimulation so she can properly evaluate your progress,” she explained. “A little horsing around and exploring isn't really a big deal. Try not to be so prudish.”

Her condescending attitude made me want to punch her out.

“If she's really bothering you all you have to do is ask her to stop and she'll desist immediately. She thinks you're having some difficulty adjusting to the new role. She feels so responsible for your predicament and wants to be sure you appreciate all the new experiences available to you. Then you'll be more comfortable with your new perspective.”

She hugged me wanting to reassure me that Evelyn was only trying her best for me.

I applauded Evelyn in my mind as my hands were wrapped around Sam's back. She'd been literally using me for her own sexual satisfaction and had Sam convinced it was only some innocent horseplay and I was at fault for being a prude.

I looked at her as she drove marveling at her manipulation skills.

When we arrived home I was soon sprawled on the couch, with Evelyn scurrying for additional pillows from the bedroom. The cramps were subsiding somewhat, so I just vegged out in front of the television leaving the pain tablets for later if I needed them. My breasts felt so heavy I realized that I had missed my morning milking so I got Evelyn to bring the things I needed.

I sat up slowly loosening the front snaps of the nursing bra I'd begun to wear, smiling as my mother's milk flowed easily into the container.

"You could sure nourish a newborn," Evelyn was also sensing my motherly condition. "Probably twins without missing a beat."

When I was almost empty she leaned over licking the last few drops causing my nipple to involuntarily stand straight out. She licked it again and I had all to do, to get the cover refastened and the other one open before it burst. Again the milk flowed forth filling yet another container before Evelyn licked me clean startling me again with the intense arousal it generated.

"Your breasts give you so much pleasure," she said casually. She had changed into a light housecoat with apparently nothing underneath, while she rubbed against me provocatively.

"I can't deny it. Your touch feels incredible. The arousal is incredible. Does that happen to you?"

"Mine are most sensitive during my menses. Because of Max-all you're almost always experiencing that cycle." She was tying it in with my cramps.

"Yeah, but men shouldn't be experiencing menses." It was still baffling.

"You're right, honey. But you certainly can't deny the emotions and physical reactions you've been feeling. Decidedly feminine, wouldn't you say?" Her hand was gently stroking the side of my breast.

It felt so pleasant. Her question needed no answer.

I was beginning to feel warm and responsive as I looked up into her eyes enjoying her arousal. I smiled and reached up to bring her delicious lips to mine as she settled down on her knees. My discomfort was dissolving. My hands went to her bountiful breasts squeezing them demandingly as she cuddled up beside me kind of squashing me against the back of the couch. Her full length pressing against me was marvelous. I lost myself completely in our rising passions.

I was astounded by the amount of orgasms I was experiencing. Her continual stimulation even after I climaxed just wouldn't let me relax as she kept grinding against me with her sweet flesh, completely lost in her own passions. Was this really me or was I having an out-of-body experience? It was mind boggling.

There was no denying it. I was experiencing sexual pleasure like only the female of the species could feel. Max-all had done it's job too well.

Later over dinner I explained to Sam what the doctor had told me and about the tests I was getting tomorrow.

She was immediately sensitive to my feelings, worried about the cramps and concerned about what was going on.

Evelyn had to assure her that everything would turn out fine. "Miriam's perfectly healthy other than the changes brought on by the drug. I'm sure this pain is only temporary and will soon be gone. He'll feel as good as new in no time."

She was sure the tests would show that everything was fine.

Then what was causing the pain?

Sam and I snuggled closely together in bed, missing each other because of Sam's overnight trip. She caressed my breasts possessively as I cradled my back to her belly.

I slept like a baby hardly stirring a muscle when she awoke and got ready for the new day.

She got her own breakfast leaving me to sleep in peacefully.

Chapter 15 Who's My Partner Now?

God I was having fun.

Jack held me firmly and I could feel the sweat forming on my brow while his arousal pressed demandingly against my thigh, the caller singing, 'Turn your little sweetheart and promenade her home.'

As we strolled around the circle I felt myself pulled to his lean frame, having difficulty restraining myself from seeking closer contact.

I had long ago forgotten about what Sam would see and if she'd be jealous. His firm body had excited me all night long, my erect nipples quite apparent through my gossamer summer dress for all to see. What a sense of freedom, a wonderful release of inner feelings.

Having Jack volunteer to take me as a partner when Sam had been stuck earlier with both Evelyn and myself earlier had generated instant chills. He'd manhandled me all evening giving me a rare moment alone before his arm was pulling my hip to his even as we relaxed waiting for the next dance to begin.

I looked at Sam across the square wondering if she noticed how he effected me. She seemed pretty engrossed in Evelyn, hardly paying me any heed even when I glanced her way.

Marvelous.

Here I was starting to respond heatedly to a man while she's off having a super time with another woman. Not only that but the woman she's selected, is the one primarily responsible for my becoming an insatiable creature.

We were sure far afield from our initial days together.

Sam looked so unusually pretty tonight that I found it hard to concentrate on my own steps whenever her arm was around me. But she'd held Evelyn in that position most of the night, who was currently looking across at me trying to bring her breathing under control.

I watched her full breasts rising and falling remembering just how beautiful they were as I realized I probably looked similar as I was recovering from our last dance. Our smiles showed the kinship we shared, developed over the past six months. We'd become so close as she'd studied every change I went through while I was maturing into a fully functioning woman. Just like a mother hen.

My own arm was currently around Jack's waist as we waited.

He happened to be just one of the most eligible bachelors in town who also happened to own the Bar Q ranch a little ways south of town.

But I was really happy when Evelyn cut in to dance the last dance, allowing me to reunite with my sweetheart. Let Evelyn deal with his pressing needs. I was frightened by my arousal. My panties were soaked and it wasn't from sweat. These feelings were so hard to comprehend, but I couldn't deny them anymore. Evelyn had spent so much time with me, helping me to get in contact with my new feelings and begin to accept them as my own. I still had trouble with it.

Later, on the way home, Evelyn asked me about Jack and I filled her in on everything I knew.

“He loves to talk about his escapades. He's been married twice already and doesn't seem to have a clue as to what went wrong. The first one ran off with one of his cowhands and two years ago his second wife decided to pack it in and took his two kids to California. Got sick of being out in the sticks with only the animals for company.”

“He's not very involved with his lady-loves,” Sam offered. “He never fails to be with the boys on weekends. A wife can get pretty tired of that in a hurry, being alone out there at night waiting for her drunken husband to show up.”

I was sitting between them leaning slightly towards Sam yet bumping repeatedly into Evelyn for the road was rough and the cab wasn't that big.

I was still aglow, remembering the contact during our spins, and leaned over to Evelyn, “He's certainly ready for a woman.”

I smiled knowingly at her, “He could have broken my cherry a couple of times if I had one. It felt like I was making a puddle on the floor I was so unbelievably wet.”

Our shared intimacy allowed us to share almost anything we felt, without hesitation.

“I'd check him out soon, if you're interested. He asked for my number,” Evelyn confided, “but I put him off until next Sunday. Let him ask me to dance rather than my lovely protégé. I might have done too good a job with you.” She smiled at me leaning over to kiss me softly.

I felt myself respond even as Sam's hand grabbed a hold of my thigh possessively. Her lips was so delicious and my all too familiar itch was rekindling.

“Enough,” Sam was emphatic. “I think it's time to call a halt to all outside explorations. I'm taking over full-time rights with Miriam's development, as of now.”

Evelyn hesitantly released me and I gulped a mouthful of air trying to regain my senses.

“What's this about your cherry? Must you joke like that? Have things progressed that far. I can't keep up with the developments.”

I could hear her frustration as she maintained her attention to the road while we looked at one another wondering who should begin.

I spoke first, “Well sweetheart, the doctor's reports have shown that there's definite changes going on inside my body.”

“Yes,” Evelyn jumped in wanting to be sure it was explained properly. “You see Sam, something really unusual is taking place with Miriam. Max-all seems to be acting as a catalyst for some dormant genes inside Miriam that we never realized were there. It's extremely rare in men. These genes have started a process that we can't seem to stop or reverse.

“His complete reproductive system is changing to a woman's. We've tried to intercede without any success. He's already developed a set of ovaries, Fallopian tubes and

a fully functioning uterus, leading to a vagina which is almost fully functional, totally replacing his previous masculine genitalia.

“There's no getting away from it, Miriam is no longer male in any sense of the word.”

I watched Sam's profile, praying she'd be able to accept the new me, yet petrified that the changes would be too drastic for her to handle.

“My deepest hope is that your relationship will not be effected.” Was Evelyn reading my mind? “Please talk to me if you have any questions. I'm truly sorry this happened. We had no idea Miriam was carrying these genes and had this susceptibility.”

As we watched the information sinking in, Sam held her vigilance on the road in silence, so Evelyn decided to continue, “When the vitamins are discontinued three weeks from now, we're not certain what will happen. We don't believe the process will reverse itself, but we're not really sure. This is all new ground for research.”

“Dr. Margolies has written a special paper about this case, and is planning to publish it in the latest medical journals. So far as we know, there are no known cases like this before. Miriam has given his consent to Dr. Margolies and of course all personal information will be handled in the strictest of confidence.”

When we pulled up to the front yard Sam shut off the engine and just sat awhile trying to absorb the shocking news. We left her alone at her request and went inside to put some coffee up.

When she came in a little later and sat down at the table she seemed drained. I could feel her weariness and put my hand in hers wanting so much to make it okay for her, yet realizing she had to reach that conclusion on her own.

“Nothing's changed for me,” I stated softly. “I'm still madly in love with you and want us to continue here on the farm just like before. Raising a family will be more complicated, but I'm sure we can check out the alternatives like adopting if we want. I only know you're the one and only individual that I want to spend the rest of my days with, no matter what. And the nights too. I hope this won't ruin what we've developed these past six months together, but you must be comfortable with me, otherwise it will never work. If you can't handle it, please level with me and I'll find something else to do.”

I finished with almost a sob, deciding to follow Evelyn into the living room giving Sam a peck on the cheek before leaving.

Let her have as much space as she needed to think it through and decide what she wanted.

Evelyn hugged me when she saw me, feeling worried that she'd contributed to the possible breakup of our relationship.

We remained locked together comforting each other until I heard the squeak of Sam's chair and immediately broke away from the embrace. Sam came over to me and took my hand leading me straight into the bedroom, “This involves only the two of us.”

When we were seated on the bed she looked at me and broke into a wide smile. I felt warmth rush through me, feeling instant relief but held off waiting to hear her words.

“Miriam, dear sweet Miriam. I've never experienced anyone like you before and I'm certainly not going to give up on you so easily. Whether you're a male or female doesn't really matter that much to me. I've always kind of treated you like a woman, even suggested you wear woman's undergarments that first time we were together. And got you to wear Mom's clothes, never realizing at the time how I preferred that image of you. I guess you naturally fit that image for me and I encouraged you pursue it. Who am I to complain now that you've assumed the appearance permanently. We find so many ways to please each other, that it's hardly noticeable.”

I could feel how true this was.

She wasn't finished, “What I'm trying to say sweetheart is that I want you to marry me. You've had six months to learn all my bad habits. Seems sufficient time to reach a decision. I know I'm even more certain than before that you're the one I want to spend the rest of my life with you. Do me a favor darling. Before you give me an answer, please put on the black nightie for me.”

My thoughts returned to our second night together even as I started undressing, when she first asked me to wear a nightgown and how she was turned on even though I had absolutely nothing to fill it out with. That wasn't true anymore. I undressed slowly knowing her eyes were following my every movement feeling the build-up of excitement within me as she reached out to touch me when I bent over or passed near her.

Soon I naked and feeling the silk pass over my breasts as it slithered down my body. I strolled over to her and sat in her lap smiling as I leaned over to her mouth and kissed her generous lips.

I was in my lover's arms lost in her enchanting embrace.

It was heaven.

16 Can The Joys Of Motherhood Be Far Behind?

The wedding was a big affair which took place in early November soon after the harvest was in. Just about everyone from those parts was in attendance.

I wore her mother's wedding gown letting it out in several places to accommodate my larger proportions.

Sam was mesmerized as she watched me walking down the aisle on Evelyn's arm. *Wasn't she the right person to give me away, still claiming I was her protégé.*

She went to stand over by Jack when I took my position next to Sam as I caught a brief glimpse from Jack noting his look of desire.

Even while he was dating Evelyn and I was about to be wed, he still couldn't control his wondering eyes. I didn't envy her job of taming him.

I was acutely aware of my arousal, responding to his brazen smile, keeping it well hidden lest he notice and press his advantage. My inability to handle sexual advances made me avoid every situation that might be dangerous.

But tonight I couldn't help it. I was going to dance with every man who asked me. I had to learn to handle it sometime, didn't I?

Sam grasped my hand and I smiled up at her beautiful face as the preacher started the ceremony. Thoughts kept running through my mind even as Sam was placing the ring on my finger and the preacher was pronouncing us husband and wife.

We'd recently discussed my getting pregnant, possibly by the use of artificial insemination, allowing me to experience the joys of motherhood which was intriguing to me.

Sam could of cared less, but was all for it if I wanted to.

That I could actually carry a child inside me, nourish it for nine months providing everything for it's normal development and then bring it into the world made me dizzy with wonderment.

Could you imagine?

As you've probably guessed by now I didn't revert back to a male, not even slightly, and Evelyn was already making plans to extend my monitoring period to cover the entire pregnancy.

She wanted to be closely involved with the birth of a child to a former male and it also would give her the opportunity to explore her relationship with Jack.

I danced with just about everyone at the party, including a slow one with Jack, who without fail pressed his pulsing manhood firmly to my belly whispering in my ear, "Someday little lady, the right opportunity will present itself and our natural instincts will take over."

With a smile he moved himself suggestively against me accenting his point (such a cute pun) and my heart fluttered as I anticipated being penetrated. He was so brash, I just loved it, clinging tightly to his shoulder and wondering if he mightn't make a good sperm donor.

It had to come from somewhere and why shouldn't I get to pick. Somehow I thought I'd have a tough time convincing Sam to let him do it directly. I'd have to talk to Evelyn and see what she thought of the idea, remembering her excellent powers of manipulation. I could certainly see why she put up with his roving eye.

When the dance ended I hoped no stains were apparent from the encounter.

Someone had already grabbed my arm not even giving me a chance to check.

Our honeymoon was ecstatic.

We spent two glorious weeks on the Riviera, sunning ourselves on the beautiful beaches and spending plenty of time in our room. On the beaches we enjoyed going topless hearing the delighted sighs from the men who hung around trying to move in on two attractive women who paid no attention to their overtures.

Too bad fellows, we're already a twosome, although I did notice some real hunks making me wonder all over again.

People might have noticed us spend a large part of the evenings dancing closely to the enchanting music, kissing frequently with passionate delight. Probably wrote us off as lesbians.

I had a hard time swallowing that explanation myself, especially as I had so much interest in men.

When it came time to leave we were both almost in tears, not wanting our wonderful fantasy to end.

But time waits for no one and so we traveled back to civilization more determined than ever to build our farm into a prosperous business so we could raise a family and live in contentment. With new found joy I gazed once more on our home, truly feeling it was mine as well, remembering it's familiar comfort suddenly realizing how I now fulfilled the perfect image of a farmer's wife.