

Final Act



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FINAL ACT

By Jeri Ellen

When someone asks a performer “When did you first realize you wanted to be in show business?” the stock answer is “I can’t remember when I didn’t.” Such was the case with me as well. My parents were fond of saying that they would have started me performing earlier but before you can dance you have to learn how to walk.

Mom had a video of me in diapers dancing in front of the stereo. At that age of course I had no idea what I was doing nor was I in tune with the noise coming from the stereo but apparently I was enjoying myself and it was quite a hit on YOU TUBE.

Shortly thereafter they both died in a car accident. Mom’s sister and her husband adopted me right away. My step dad was a professor of Environmental Studies

and my step mom was a professor in the Theatre and Drama department of a major university in the Midwest.

Neither of them had planned to have a family so they both could build careers as well as have more time for each other. My parents had quite a bit of debt when they died but there was a small amount of money left that was placed in trust for me until I was eighteen.

My step mom was thrilled that I loved performing and both her and my step dad encouraged me to pursue my theatrical interests. I was in several grade school plays and even had bit parts in the local community theatre.

I was eight when a friend of my stepmother asked her for a favor. She owned a small business that sold pageant dresses, petticoats, shoes, and accessories for little girls' beauty and talent contests. One of the girls who had been scheduled to model some of the outfits for a DVD catalog had become sick at the last minute. Because she thought I was "pretty enough to be a girl" she asked if I could take her place. Mom saw no harm in it so she agreed.

The next morning we arrived early at the store. My step mom took me in the back room where I undressed. I put on a pair of pink panties and then a short pink petticoat followed by a pair of pink socks and what the owner called "Mary Jane" shoes. The owner applied pink blusher to my cheeks and pink lipstick to my mouth. She placed a blonde wig on my head and then had me model a variety of short hem pageant dresses.

After that I took off the shoes, socks and petticoats. I put on a pair of knee high nylon stockings and then a pair of three inch heel black leather pumps. The next

group of dresses I modeled were floor length gowns, some with over the elbow gloves. I felt wonderful as I paraded around in front of the camera.

I loved the feel of the pink panties on my skin as well as the way the stiff petticoats flared out the short hem dresses and bounced as I walked back. The feel of the slinky satin gowns was not lost on me either.

The owner was surprised at how well I could walk in the pumps and how disciplined I was in following her instructions as to the proper way to mince and prance about for the camera, almost as if I had been born to do it. She was all smiles as we finished the shoot.

At the end of the day I felt sad as my makeup was removed and I had to take off the last pretty dress. When I put my male clothing back on they didn't feel right. I felt like I should be wearing girl's clothes all the time. It seemed more natural.

The owner gave my step mom a check and she co-signed the release form. On the way home I didn't mention to my step mom about the way I felt when I was wearing all those pretty clothes. I knew I was a boy and should not even be thinking those things. That night I dreamed about participating in a beauty pageant and reveled in my ability to charm the audience as I minced and pranced in front of them.

I continued getting bit parts here and there, mostly with the help of my step mom thru the university. It kept me busy outside of school and I was enjoying the experience. I was keeping myself in good physical shape too. As a family we ate healthy and exercised regularly. I also was enrolled in a martial arts class. I guess mom felt because of my small stature I should learn to defend myself.

For some unknown reason I kept thinking back to my modeling experience. I truly missed wearing such feminine apparel. It was almost as if some hidden desire hidden deep inside of me had suddenly been released I wondered if there was something wrong with me.

My life continued in a most uneventful way. I had become settled into a routine of school and a little part-time work here and there. I still had thoughts about wearing those pretty dresses. When my parents weren't home I would occasionally play the complimentary DVD the owner of the pageant dress shop had mailed to my mom.

I thought my step dad would be upset when it first came and my step mom played it for us. He was more amused than anything else but said nothing. I guess he figured it was just another "show business gig."

The summer of my twelfth year I tried out for a part in a musical. I sang a few bars and danced a little. As I left the stage I heard the director remark "He sings just like a girl". I didn't get the part and wondered if that was the reason. All of my previous work had been as an actor, mostly stand in types or roles without lines or dancing as part of a group.

I entered high school where I earned good grades but was more of a social outcast. Despite being outgoing I was not popular with girls. I was the shortest boy in school, even shorter than most of the girls. They preferred dating athletes or least someone who was taller than they were.

As a sophomore and junior I had roles in the school plays but they were always as a secondary character, never the lead. Once again the fact that I was shorter than the girls who would be playing opposite me was

probably the reason though that fact was never said to my face.

My drivers' license and high mileage Civic hatch-back gave me some freedom. I also got a part time job at the martial arts academy. I would assist the instructors with the new classes as well as some janitorial work. It kept me busy between school and my acting gigs.

As my junior year drew to a close I was unable to get a date for the prom. Mom consoled me and simply said to me "maybe next year". I doubted if I was ever going to be much taller then. In addition to that I overheard two girls in my class comment "... would love to see him in a pink dress and heels" as they glanced up at me from looking at a prom magazine.

That night I lay awake and wondered about those two remarks that had been made about me: "He sings like a girl" and "would love to see him in a pink dress and heels". It seems as if others thought I should be a girl. Those remarks and my enjoyment in wearing the pageant dresses kept me from getting a good nights' sleep.

I passed my finals and was looking forward to having the summer free of my studies. Just before school ended my drama coach informed me that a woman named Sharon Carlson wanted to see me about some summer stock work. After school ended for the day I went to the front lobby to meet her.

She was sitting with my coach and as I approached them she seemed to be looking me over carefully. My coach got up and left as she stood up with a smile and extended her hand.

Sharon Carlson was a tall broad shouldered woman. She had short black hair, didn't wear makeup, and was wearing a plain black pantsuit with highly polished black flat heeled boots. She took my hand and gave me a firm, sort of manly handshake.

"Sharon I am Lester Ray," I said as we shook hands.

"I am Sharon Carlson, and I am very pleased to meet you Lester. Please sit down for a few minutes."

I took my seat next to her as she removed a business card from her attaché case and handed it to me. The front of the card read: "Carlson Productions" between the parted theatre curtains. There was a street address, phone and fax numbers as well as an e-mail address.

"Your drama coach recommended you to me. In addition to numerous other projects I manage a small theatre company. We travel around the Midwest putting on small three act plays. These stories take place during Shakespearian times but we don't do any of Shakespeare's plays."

"When will you be eighteen?"

"My eighteenth birthday is August first," I replied.

"Excellent. You must be eighteen to travel with us. I have all the players I need for this summer but would you be interested in working for me next summer?"

"Yes I would," I answered.

"Good. As I am sure you are aware during those times there were no women in his plays. Women's parts were played by boys dressed as women. In addition in those times everybody, men and women alike, had shoulder length hair. If you were to join the com-

pany you would have to let your hair grow out. Would you agree to do that?"

"Yes of course I would."

"Alright then, from now on until I contact you next May do not cut your hair. I will send you the script you will need to memorize and the contract forms in March. You will not have many lines in each act but I expect you to know them perfectly. Do you have any questions?"

"You said you travel around the Midwest putting on these plays. What are the travel and accommodations you provide?"

"We contract for motor coach services as well as motel accommodations. You are paid actors' scale once a month and are responsible for your own meals & laundry. You will find the accommodations are somewhat basic but we don't put the company up in a dump either."

"Ok," I answered, "count me in!"

She grinned as she stood up and extended her hand.

"Excellent! It was a pleasure meeting you Lester. Have a great summer. I will be in touch."

I stood up and shook her hand. As we walked away I wondered about the next summer. I felt very confident I could handle the roles without any trouble. It certainly wouldn't be any problem wearing a female costume and acting like a woman.

After all, it was just costumes, wigs, and makeup. Just like any other theatrical gig. I did wonder about the way she had looked me up and down as I ap-

proached her in the lobby though. Was it my imagination or was she sizing me up for something else?

The summer flew by. I was kept pretty busy with my part-time job and some small acting gigs including making some TV commercials for a couple of local businesses. I was happy in my life in most respects.

My dates were few and far between. Usually I dated some of the girls I worked with or those in the martial arts classes. It was usually pizza or burgers and then I movie. I still hadn't been intimate with any girl yet and being as busy as I was occasional masturbation had been my only release.

School started and I was back to my studies again. I hadn't made any decision about what to do with my life. As much as I liked acting and performing the road to the big money was a long and arduous one. I wasn't sure I had the stomach to work for nickels and dimes that long before getting a "big break." I did hear from two professors of theatre and drama at different schools inquiring about my college plans. I replied that my step mom was at the local university and I would probably go there.

During the year no one had said anything about my longer hair. My drama teacher did mention to the class about my getting summer work. A number of my drama classmates asked me for details. I felt I had been quite fortunate to land his job as it would be my first real test as an actor and of course it would also be my first "road trip" so to speak which would keep me away from home for about three months.

In March I received the script from Sharon Carlson. I was glad to get it and went thru it the first chance I got. My part was marked with a red "X". By this time my hair was almost shoulder length. I had to spend

more time taking care of it and was now using a conditioner as well as shampooing more frequently. When I looked in the mirror I looked much more like a girl than an eighteen year old boy.

The next several weeks when time permitted I had mom listen as I said my lines verbatim from the script. She coached me a little over some of the parts. I felt very confident that I was going to do well that summer and couldn't wait to get started.

The next two months really dragged. The first week in May Sharon called and asked me to meet her for lunch at the café court of a mall not far from where I lived. When I met her there she smiled as I walked up to her.

"I like you hair. By the end of the month it will be ready for styling. Lets' eat."

I placed my order first and then the two of us walked to a nearby table. The mall was just getting busy and about half of the tables had customers. Another two months and it would be full of kids for the summer playing the machines at the arcade and meeting their friends at the café court for pizza.

"I trust you know your lines," she asked as I bit into my sandwich.

"Yes, in fact I had my mom test me several times. I believe I have everything down pat."

"Good. Now I have a schedule for you."

She reached into her attaché case, pulled out a sheet of paper, and handed it to me.

"There is a beauty shop in the north end of this mall. The manager's name is Clara Hall. She knows what I want done so just be there at the time indicated.

She will also measure you for the costumes you will be wearing.”

“The next three Sundays be at the University Auditorium at the times indicated and we will rehearse. It will be casual of course. You might want to go over your script again to be sure you know your lines and also where you will be standing or moving about on stage. I am very demanding in that regard.”

“The fourth Sunday you should be at the costume shop at the time indicated here. Your costumes will be fitted and small alterations made if necessary. Then they will be picked up and put on the bus. You will be notified where and when to meet the bus. A couple of changes of clothes and your personal items are all you will need to bring with you. Do you have any questions?”

“No, I think you have covered about everything. Here are the signed contract forms.”

She put them in her attaché case and we finished eating.

That night sleep came slowly as I thought about the upcoming road trip. I had no qualms about performing but I would be in close quarters for the better part of three months with people I didn’t know and I guess I did have some apprehensions about that.

The Saturday before the first rehearsal I walked into Clara’s Salon a little before eight pm. She walked around to the front of the salon and pulled the chain to shut off the “open” sign and then closed and locked the doors.

“Come in the back with me please,” she said matter of factly.

I was given a shampoo and a perm. Strange as it may seem I felt very relaxed sitting under the dryer reading a ladies fashion magazine. Later she filed my short nails and then applied a coat of clear nail polish.

When my hair and nails were dry she used a scissor like device to curl my eyelashes. She waxed and plucked my eyebrows, then pierced my earlobes. When she held up a mirror I was surprised to see the face of a pretty girl.

“Okay, take off your t shirt, pants, shoes and socks,” she said.

She waxed my chest, arms, legs and then my face and neck. I didn’t have a beard, just peach fuzz, and very little body hair so the waxing made me very smooth all over.

“Get dressed, you’re done,” she said with a grin.

I put my clothes back on and we walked out to the front.

“Sharon takes care of the bill, have a good night.”

As I pushed the salon door open to leave I thought I could hear giggling coming from the back of the salon. Once outside the mall as I walked to my car the air seemed cooler or was it because I no longer had any body hair?

That night I used mom’s shower cap to protect my new “do”. Standing in front of the full length mirror I was amazed how girlish and feminine I looked. My freshly waxed skin had a feminine sheen to it, just like a girls and of course with my long set hair I could easily pass for a female.

There were lots of butterflies when I entered the university auditorium that Sunday for the first re-

hearsal. Sharon introduced everybody and then we got started. It seemed to be a long afternoon but everything went pretty well. I didn't screw anything up though Sharon corrected the way I said my lines a couple of times.

I was surprised to see several women in the company because Sharon had mentioned that boys had always played the girls' parts in those times. There were three of them. I wondered what was so amusing as they first glanced at me, then looked away as they began giggling.

When I got back home mom wanted to know how it went so I simply said "ok". Neither of my step parents had said anything about my new "look." The next week things went more smoothly though there were still a few bugs. The third Sunday everything went like clockwork. No slip ups, no bugs. Sharon was very pleased and we left the auditorium a little early.

At one pm on the fourth Sunday I reported to the costume shop. A woman named Lucille took me into the back of the shop to a small changing room.

"Undress in there and put on the garment in the box over your briefs, then come back out."

The changing room was actually the size of a closet. I undressed and opened the pink box to find a woman's panty briefer. I put it on over my briefs as she had instructed and walked out to where she was standing.

Over the next two hours I was fitted for several corsets with garters, panties, stockings, petticoats, floor length dresses and shoes of that era. Despite the tightness of the corsets I liked the way the dresses fit me and couldn't wait to wear them for real.

As I moved back and forth in front of Lucille she seemed pleased at my ability to handle myself in a feminine manner. The shoes were a bit tight but they had low, two inch block heels so there was no chance I might stumble in them.

When she was finished she helped me out of the last costume and petticoats. I kicked off the shoes and went back to the small changing room and got dressed. Lucille didn't say another word to me as I left.

It was several days before Sharon called and gave me the time and place to meet the bus. Mom drove me there and I was off on my first real full time acting gig for the summer. The bus trip was pleasant and as Sharon had mentioned the accommodations were a bit sparse but I heard no one complain.

Our first performance on Friday night went off without a hitch as did the matinees and evening performances on both Saturday and Sunday. The dressing rooms were small and I shared mine with the other girls. We had assistance with stage make up which I had never used before.

I was still a bit curious as to why I had been chosen to be one of the "girls" so to speak. If boys had always played the girls' parts in Shakespears' time, why were there three other girls with us and I was the only boy playing a girl on stage?

They all seemed quite amused as I stood still in front of them in my panties and stockings while they tightened the laces on my corset before helping me into my costume though they never said anything to me.

Between shows and after them we were pretty much on our own. I usually watched some TV or

walked to a nearby mall if there was one and browse the stores to kill some time. Sometimes there were people who looked at me funny, almost as if they had never seen a man with long hair in a feminine style. I guess it was more typical of small town folks than those in the larger cities.

At the end of the month we got our first paycheck. I had set it up with Sharon before hand to give me two hundred dollars at the end of each month and direct deposit the rest in my bank. I watched my money carefully, spending most of it on meals. Some of the others had quite a bar tab which I stayed away from entirely.

Halfway thru July Sharon took me aside and gave me a note with the name of a local beauty shop and an appointment time. When I went there the lady took me in the back where I was waxed and plucked again. Once more there was some giggling as I left the shop.

July came to an end and we were paid again. By now the "road" had become a bit tiresome. I didn't think I would want to do it again. I had taken the job just for the experience of working with a theater group. Other than eating at the same restaurant or Sharon's meetings just before curtain we weren't together. If the other players socialized with each other I didn't know about it.

I was getting dressed before our first performance in August when there was a knock on the dressing room door. I stepped quickly into my petticoat and opened the door to let one of the girls in to help me with my corset.

Karen came in with a smile on her face. She helped me into the corset and laced it up tight. When she finished she slid her hand over my panties with one hand

and gave a slight yank on my left earring with the other.

“Nice buns, Lester, you sure keep yourself in good shape.”

I was a bit surprised by her actions and managed to squeak out a polite “thank you”. She helped me with the long sleeved, floor length gown and after zipping me up she winked and left the room. After the other girls dressed we made our way to the stage area.

I concentrated on the performance and everything went smoothly. Later as Karen helped me out of my dress, petticoats and corset she caressed my bottom again.

“I am in 419, just down the hall. Why don’t you stop by after tonight’s show and we can get better acquainted?”

“Sure,” I answered right away though I wasn’t sure if meeting her would be appropriate. Sharon had never said anything about fraternizing with other players so I guess I just assumed it would be ok.

Later that evening I walked out into the hallway and made my way down to room 419. I was a bit nervous as I knocked on her door. When she opened the door she was dressed in a sleeveless blouse, a very short mini skirt and flat heel sandals. She reached out and took me hand.

“Come right in and have a seat Lester,” she said with a grin.

I walked ahead of her as she closed the door. I took my seat on the couch. From the small table she picked up two glasses of wine and handed me one as she sat down next to me. I took a small sip of my wine. I didn’t

care for alcohol much but I didn't want to refuse it either.

She took a sip from her glass, then reached out with her other hand and gave my long hair a little flip.

"I love the way you look with long hair," she said with a smile.

This took me by surprise as no one had even mentioned anything about my long hair or that it was girlishly styled.

"Thank you," I replied. "It took me about a year to get it this long to meet Sharon's requirements."

She reached out again and ran her finger down my arm.

"You have great skin too. Do you do anything special?"

I took another sip of my wine. I was curious as to why she was interested in my hair or skin.

"Well no, not really. I eat healthy and exercise. Sharon had me waxed for the role I am playing."

She giggled momentarily.

"Yes I know she is quite the perfectionist."

She put her glass down and leaned over and kissed me. Pushing harder against me she took my wine glass from my hand and set it down next to hers. Her lips pushed hard against mine and she forced my mouth open. As our tongues explored each others mouths I felt myself getting hard. Finally we broke apart.

"Just a little preparation before we begin again," she said with a grin.

She grabbed my hand and stood up. As I stood up she grabbed the hem of my t shirt and pulled it over

my head. She began ran her hands over my hairless chest and then undid my belt. She pulled my jeans and underpants down to my ankles.

“Take off everything I have something special I want you to put on.”

She turned and walked to the dresser as I sat back down. I removed my shoes, socks and clothing. She stood over me holding a pair of pink panties in one hand and a pink chiffon top with a huge bow in the other.

“Just for me, I won’t tell a soul,” she giggled.

I stepped into the panties and brought them up to my waist. After I slipped on the top she took my hand and spun me around, then led me over to the bed. From the nightstand she took the cap off a tube of pink lipstick and turned up the base.

“Open wide please.”

I wasn’t sure just why I had begun to follow her instructions. Maybe it was because I liked her assertive manner as well as the feeling of the pink satin panties and the pink chiffon top on my hair free skin.

I opened my mouth and she applied a thick layer of the pink lipstick and put the tube back on the nightstand. I watched as she took off her sandals, mini skirt and blouse.

Karen was a muscular girl as well as being taller than I was as most girls were. She wrapped her strong arms around my neck and kissed me hard again. We held the kiss for a long time. When we broke again she pulled my panties down and began massaging my erect penis. She took a condom from the nightstand and put it on me.

She picked me up, tossed me on the bed, and then was on top of me. We kissed for the longest time and then she rolled me over. She spread her legs and I was inside of her. I had no idea what to do so I just let her guide me along until I climaxed. We lay still for awhile afterwards.

“You should have told me you were a trainee,” she whispered in my ear.

“You’re the first girl who liked being with me. Girls like tall men and athletes.”

“That’s too bad. I liked you the minute I saw you. I like shorter, less assertive men. I enjoy taking charge and a lot of men are intimidated by a strong woman and you weren’t. Besides I like women too. When I am with a girly boy like you it gives me the best of both worlds. You have long hair, a pretty face, a smooth hairless body, and a penis too. It’s just what a girl like me needs. I can have my cake and I can eat it too!

I was struck by her total honesty and wondered about her reference to me as a “girly boy”. I had become a man but in pink lipstick and a pink baby doll. It had been a thoroughly enjoyable experience, even though we had been in what society might call “non-traditional roles.”

She began kissing me again. Soon I was back inside of her. Afterward we got up to shower. She giggled as she handed me a pink shower cap to match her own. In the shower we soaped each other’s smooth bodies and then rinsed off.

The next morning I got up first and dressed. I used some of her face cream to remove the lipstick. I folded the baby doll and left it on the dresser. After dressing I went to the restaurant and had breakfast.

I didn't see Karen until that afternoon for the matinee. After lacing up my corset she slapped my buttocks and thanked me for a great evening.



That evening I nearly missed a cue in the first act. In the second I almost forgot a part of my line. It was not something the audience what know about but after the show Sharon was waiting for me. She had a stern look on her face.

“Is everything ok Lester?” she asked.

“Yes, everything is fine,” I answered.

“I detected a bit of hesitancy just before your cue in the first act and in the second it looked like you weren’t sure of your line.”

“Ah, no everything is ok. I guess maybe I was just a little bit off tonight.”

“Well alright. If something is bothering you, especially if it is something that might affect your performance I need to know about it right away.”

“Thanks but I am fine.”

Sharon seemed satisfied as she walked away.

It was hard NOT to think of the previous night. I thought of how much I had enjoyed being “taken” and that Karen had known exactly what buttons to push and how.

We continued our tour. After Saturday night’s performance at the next city Karen caressed my bottom again as she unlaced my corset.

“225 in about an hour,” she whispered in my ear.

I finished getting dressed and then went to my room. I knocked on her door at exactly eleven thirty.

When she opened it she was grinning as she handed me a glass of wine.

In short order I was pantied, lipsticked and in her arms. She taught me how to French kiss her breasts.

When she kissed my nipples I was surprised at how aroused I had become even though I was flat chested. Then she took me to bed again, this time more aggressively and as our satin smooth skins fused together the sex was even better than before. After a steamy shower we both slept soundly again.

The next week passed. I had not said anything to the other players. I wasn't sure if Karen had but the other two girls glanced at me occasionally with smirks on their faces. We pulled into another motor lodge and I got settled in. We had two weeks left on the tour. When I got back I would have to look for more work locally as it would be too late to register for the fall semester of school.

After the nights' performance Karen helped me undress again.

"Eleven thirty, 316, don't be late," she was giggling as she left the room.

I got back to my room and watched the late news. I hadn't expected my first road trip to be anything like this. As I was about to knock on Karen's door I thought I heard her talking to someone. I knocked and shortly she opened it.

"Come in my sweet sissy boy," she giggled as she took my hand.

After I put on the pink baby doll she applied the pink lipstick and then she kissed me hard. We stayed locked in a close embrace. She was as strong girl and I wasn't able to move, not that I wanted to go any where. When we broke she placed her hands on my shoulders.

"Down on your knees girly boy, I have some new instructions for you."

She spread her legs wide as I knelt between them. After locking her fingers behind my head she brought my face closer to her crotch.

“Lick me sissy boy,” said in a loud and commanding voice.

I began as she forced my face closer to her body.

“Now penetrate me with your tongue,” she ordered.

She continued to instruct me as I learned to perform oral sex on her. When she climaxed she ordered me to lick her clean. When I finished she placed her hand under my chin and tilted it up.

“That was pretty good for a beginner sissy boy. Now let’s get to bed.”

She reached down, took my hand firmly and led me over to the bed.

I wasn’t sure what I had enjoyed the most about these times we had together. Her take charge assertiveness and my submissiveness during our lovemaking, the girly, feminine feeling I got by wearing lipstick, a pink baby doll and being addressed as “girly boy” or “sissy boy”.

Maybe it was just falling asleep curled up in her strong arms after sex feeling not only completely fulfilled but safe and secure. It was bit of a conundrum to say the least.

We finished the weekend’s performance but Karen didn’t ask me to her room again. It was a longer drive to our next city but it would be the last before heading back near home where we would have one more weekend to finish the tour.

It was another enjoyable weekend with Karen and our performances were flawless. Sharon was quite happy and we were all looking forward to the last weekend. As much as I enjoyed my first real acting gig on the road I didn't want to do it again. I had lost some weight and missed my exercise routine. I was sort of worn out I guess.

Following the last performance Sharon thanked us all. As I checked out of our motor lodge the desk clerk handed me a white envelope with my first name written on it. When I asked the clerk about it he just shrugged and said it had been dropped off the previous evening.

It was good to be home and my first night in my own bed felt wonderful. I kept thinking about Karen and our role reversal relationship. After getting some laundry done I opened the white envelope. Inside was a business card from a Chester Akins.

He was a manager of a club in Las Vegas called "Double Take" The note read "Call me ASAP" the phone number was a hotel near the airport. I called the number and he invited me to lunch at the hotel. I drove to the hotel and asked for him at the desk. The clerk called his room and said he would be down shortly.

Chester was a stocky man. He greeted me with a firm handshake and the words "Call me Chet" He was clean shaven with thick black glasses and a deep resonant voice. We walked to the hotel restaurant and got a table. After we ordered he handed me a picture from his attaché case.

"These are my girls," he said with pride.

The photo was a line of beautiful girls in mini dresses, high heel shoes and large bows in their glam-

orous wigs. Along the bottom were their names: Miss Trial, Miss Understood, Miss Begotten, Miss Taken, Miss Took, Miss Conduct, Miss Conception, Miss De-meanor, Miss Appropriation, and Miss Cast.

I handed the photo back to him.

“Miss Cast is leaving the club at the end of the month to have surgery. I need a replacement for him. Sharon Carlson told me you were a disciplined performer and that you had done song and dance routines before correct?”

“Yes I have.”

“This is primarily a jiggle, shimmy and shake type of club so I am sure you can master the simple routines we use. Have you ever done any singing?”

“No. I had one trial and didn’t get the job. They hired a boy with a deeper voice.”

“In other words you sing like a girl.”

I was about to admit that I had overheard the director say that at the audition but the waiter brought our food and placed it in front of us. When he left Chester smiled.

“I know. Now hear me out. I want someone like you. You’ll be dancing first and then you will be given a chance to sing. Let’s eat and then I will go over the details.”

We ate our lunch and then Chester pulled out some forms from his attaché case.

“Take these to your agent and have him explain everything to you. If you are interested I have to know in no more than five days. You will have plenty of time to move out to Vegas, get settled and attend rehearsals. We provide costumes, shoes and wigs. You provide

and do your own makeup. I will tell you what to buy when you get here. If you decide to come I want you to cut your hair shorter but still in a girlish style. The wigs will fit you better. Do you have any questions?"

I took a deep breath as I looked at the amount in the compensation blanks. The dates on the contract were for a one year period. I had no real plans and a year wasn't a really long time. I would be twenty when the contract was up so I still could decide what I wanted to do.

"No, I think you have covered everything. I will see my agent and then I will call you."

"Great. I hope you will come out."

He stood up and we shook hands. I left the hotel and went straight home. After calling my agent for an appointment I sat down to read the contract I had been given. It was pretty straight forward but I wanted my agent to see it before I made my decision.

That night I dreamed I was in the chorus line at Chester's club. I wore the same costume I had seen his "girls" wearing in the photo. I felt tired when I got up, almost as if I had danced all night. After breakfast I changed the oil and filter on my car and then drove to my agents' office for my ten o'clock meeting.

He went over everything. When I mentioned the compensation my agent explained it would probably have been higher but that there were tips involved and that would make up for it. I decided what the hell I might as well go to Vegas and seek my fortune.

My agent handed me a pen and I signed the papers. He made two copies, one for his records and gave me the other. The originals would be FED-EXed to Chester the next day. I was now one of his "girls"

I called Chester when I got home and got his voice mail. I went on the internet and ordered a new comers guide to Vegas. Later that afternoon Chester returned my call and said he was glad I was going to join them. Some additional information for me would be coming in the mail.

There was nothing to do now but make preparations for the trip. I decided to sell my old car rather than drive it to Vegas. I got rid of a bunch of things I had accumulated. I would pack only one large suitcase and one small carry on bag for the trip.

I made an appointment at Clara's salon. In addition to a haircut I thought I might as well get the "works" so once again I was fully waxed, curled and plucked to feminine perfection.

Several days later a brown envelope arrived from Chester. There was a schedule inside and some references for housing as well as the name of several salons and a costume shop. In blue ink Chester had written in "use my name".

My parents had said nothing about my move to Vegas except to wish me well. The local economy was still not very good and of course in show business it was pretty much hit or miss even in good times. The competition for jobs was at a very high level in the best of times.

I had an uneventful flight. I found a nice furnished apartment. I turned in my rental car and got a short lease on a compact car. After several days of getting acquainted with the area I drove to the club to see Chester.

He looked me over carefully as I walked in his office. I got a tour of the stage area. It was shaped like a

“T”. We went back stage again and he showed me the dressing room. Each “girl” had her own cubicle. Inside there was a small locker and a chair in front of a well lighted vanity.

“Bring your own padlock,” he admonished and then gave me a pass for the nights’ performance. I left and went back to my apartment. I checked my schedule again and then went out to eat.

I had to park several blocks from the club that night. I ordered a Virgin Mary and waited for the show to begin. It was exactly what Chet had described. A typical Vegas shimmy, shake your booty, mince and prance, type of review. At the end of the show the girls filed slowly along the edge of the stage and their elastic garters were soon stuffed with bills and a few business cards too.

The next day I went to the costume shop where I was given a gaff. The heavy set woman named Gladys never blinked as I stood in front of her, nearly naked except for the gaff, as she took my measurements. Next she had me try on a bra with weighted breast forms in the cups. I went back several days later for a final fitting. Gladys gave me some instructions with the make up kit and we were done.

I put everything in a large garment bag and went to the club after stopping at a box store for a combination padlock. At the club I placed the four wigs, blonde, brunette, pink and black along with the large satin hair bows on the top shelf. The four pairs of five inch stiletto pumps with ankle straps, one black, one pink, one red and one white I put on the bottom. The bra, panty, garter belts, hose and breast forms I placed in the large drawer on one side. I hung up the costumes on hangars and placed the make up case in the other drawer.

I took the instruction book along with the black pair of pumps with me. I wanted to practice walking in heels that high first before going to a rehearsal where I would be dancing and moving more quickly in them. I secured the combination lock on the doors, spun the dial, and went home.

After supper I studied the make up guide and then slipped on the pumps. I walked around the apartment for a while and found them to be quite comfortable. They were of good quality leather and fit like they were made for me. I could only assume the costumes would fit me just as well.

I slipped off the pumps and re-read the makeup guide again. I wanted to be sure I was going to look ok. My only previous experience with make up had been some pancake and of course when I modeled pageant dresses and then it had been done for me.

At my first rehearsal everybody was dressed casually except for the high heel pumps. Chet introduced me to the other new "girls" as "Leslie" and then turned the rehearsal over to a silver haired woman named Martha. Martha had been a showgirl for a while and then worked at a dance studio. She came in part time to teach the new "girls" how to dance.

"Remember girls Chet won't be using all of you right away but all of you must learn the routines. Vegas is a 24/7 town but here the club opens at two pm. We do shows of about thirty minutes at 4, 6, 8, 10, 12, and 2am. We close after the 2am show and I want everyone out of here by 3am. If there are no questions we'll get started."

There were none. She was an excellent instructor and I was able to pick up the routines with ease. I was a bit apprehensive wearing five inch stilettos but it did-

n't take me long to become comfortable in them as we learned our dance routines.

By the end of the week we were all accomplished dancers. At the close of Saturday's session Martha gathered us around her.

"Be at the club Sunday at nine am for a complete dress rehearsal. You will find costume requirements on the sheet taped to your lockers. You will wear full makeup. Chet and I will be in the audience and you will go thru the full thirty minute routine. When you finish we will talk to you. Please park in the rear of the club in the employee parking lot. Here are your parking stickers. That's' all for today."

I went to my cubicle and put my pumps in the locker. I put my sticker on the rear window and drove home. I felt excitement and yet some fear at the same time. I wanted to be the first one to start and get into a steady routine of working. It was important to become established as well as to prove to Chet that he was right in hiring me.

That night I showered and shaved my legs though I didn't really think I needed to. In the morning I shaved my face and waited for the clock to creep up to eight am. Finally it did and I drove to the club. I pulled into an empty stall marked "employees only" and shut off the ignition.

There was quite a gathering of butterflies in my stomach as I sat there. I was nervous for the first time in quite a while. I would be performing for only two people as opposed to an entire audience but I wanted everything to be perfect. At eight forty five I walked into the rear door of the club. I took off the sheet that was taped to the cubicle door and went inside.

I opened my locker and undressed. I put on my gaff and lingerie first. The pink satin panties felt so good and I almost giggled at the four rows of white ruffles on the back. I adjusted the bra straps and liked the way the weighted breasts forms gave me a little "jiggle". The pink garter belt and pink seamed hose were next along with the two pink elastic garters.

The stockings felt wonderful on my hair free freshly shaven legs. I put on my pink wig and pinned the large pink bow at the top. I set the make up kit on the vanity and turned on the lights bordering the large mirror.

After attaching the false eyelashes, I applied eyeliner, pink eye shadow, lipstick and blusher. I opened the package of pink press on nails and matched them up to my fingers. I put on the pink wig and bow, then stepped into the pink petticoats and slipped the pink puff sleeve dress over my head.

Using a shoe lace tied to a large safety pin I hooked it thru the eye of the back zipper, slipped the shoestring over my shoulder and pulled the zipper up. I unhooked the safety pin and looked myself over. I was absolutely gorgeous if I do say so myself.

I stepped into the pink stiletto pumps and closed the buckles on the ankle straps. I was as ready as I was ever going to be. I put my watch on the top shelf, shut the locker door, and spun the dial on the combination padlock as there was a knock on my cubicle door.

"Show time," I heard Martha say.

I opened the door and stood in front of her. She nodded approvingly and then looked the other girls over.

We followed her out to the stage entrance. She left us and took her seat in the audience next to Chet. I

could see everyone else seemed to be as nervous as I was.

The soft background music got louder and then stopped. The intro music started and we began filing out on the stage. I took a deep breath and walked out to begin the routine.

We began the routine all in one line. We walked towards the front of the stage, stopped did some kicks, then turned, flipped our skirts up to reveal our panties and then went back to where we started. After we turned around we did some more kicks.

I began to feel right at home. I was enjoying myself as I minced and pranced about acting coquettishly as I could. I found the high heel pumps were no problem at all and began to feel more and more confident.

We split into two lines, one down each side of the long part of the stage that went out into the audience. We turned to face each other and bent down again to flare the skirts to show off our panties. Turning again we sashayed back to where we had started to form a single line again and began doing more kicks.

When the routine was done we minced coquettishly off stage. The music died and shortly both Chet and Martha came backstage. I felt everything had gone quite well. I was relieved not so much that there hadn't been any mistakes but that I had thoroughly enjoyed my own performance and was excited about the prospect of doing this again.

"Bravo! Bravo!" exclaimed Chet. "Good show all around girls. Martha has your schedules. Thanks for coming in early and putting on a great show."

The two of them left and we went to our cubicles to change. As I sat in front of my vanity I looked at the

pretty pink girl staring back at me from the mirror. It seemed a shame to have to go back to being Lester when being Leslie was so much fun.

I changed and picked up a chicken sub on the way home for my lunch. I wasn't due to work until Wednesday when I was going to be in the 4, 8, and 12 shows. The next two days I had the 6, 10, and 2am shows. The schedule continued for the rest of the month.

The "girl" whose place I would be taken wasn't just having any surgery, he was having sex reassignment surgery. Following the surgery he wasn't going to work at the club anymore so I hoped I was going to be her permanent replacement, at least for the balance of the year.

My opening night went very well. The mid week audience was small so there wasn't much in my garters after the show. By the end of the first week things were much better and so was the next. I became settled into a regular routine and was very happy, at least in my feminine persona "Leslie" at work.

I missed Karen. Obviously I hadn't been in town long enough to meet anyone, let alone some one like Karen who liked being assertive. I wondered if I would ever hook up with someone like her again.

At home I stayed dressed as a male of course. I began to think of maybe trying to live en femme 24/7. I felt that there may be a point where this vacillating back and forth would become tiresome.

On the spur of the moment I entered "Gender Clinic" in the yellow page search engine for Vegas. There was a few to pick from. I wondered if I should

actually talk to someone about this thing I had for feminine apparel.

My first month ended and I had several paychecks under my belt. My tips had gotten better too. I used one of the salons Chet had recommended to me and they kept me smooth as silk. I was now using an eyelash curler and had also begun plucking my own eyebrows. Looking at myself in the mirror with my short girly styled hair it was difficult to see the boy I used to be.

I joined a health club Chet had also recommended and got back into better shape. I used the treadmill and stationary bike quite a bit but also got back into training with the resident martial arts instructor. I hadn't worked out with the kicks and blows for some time and I was a little rusty.

My instructor was quite surprised at my level of skill or maybe she was just surprised that some one who looked like me was not a she at all but a he though she never said anything. Apparently she had been in Vegas long enough to see a lot of different things and people come and go.

Just before Halloween weekend the man I had replaced as "Miss Cast" came by to say hello. He looked a little bit drawn but said he had come thru his surgery just fine and despite the arduous post-operative routine he was feeling better and described "herself" as now "complete."

That night I jotted down the name of a gender clinic that was the closest to where I lived. I guess it wouldn't hurt to see someone and dig a little deeper into this passion I had for femininity.

For the Halloween night show we were all in orange and black of course. There were some new elements to the old routine but as always the biggest audience reaction was when our skirts flared up and the bright orange panties with black ruffles became visible.

The routines, regardless of what was added or deleted had become second nature to us. It was a very professional group despite the fact that it was an off the strip club offering a drag show only. I was very glad the tips were getting better but wondered what the fascination was that some men had to watch guys in dresses, makeup and heels dance and sing.

My appointment at the gender clinic came just before Thanksgiving. Once again I felt the pangs of apprehension as I got out of the car and walked inside the two story building where the therapist's office was located. I checked the directory near the front door and took the elevator to the second floor.

At the reception desk I filled out the medical forms and then took my seat. Dr. Julia Robertson saw me right away. She was a short, frail, looking woman who looked old enough to be retired. I took my seat opposite her as she picked up her pen.

"Tell me all about your self," she said.

I began with my infant YOU TUBE video, my desire and enjoyment of performing, my brief foray as a pageant dress model, my summer job playing a female in a Shakespearian three act play, my submissive relationship with Karen, to my current job as a female impersonator.

When she wasn't making notes she was looking at me impassively, occasionally nodding. When I finished she set her pen down.

"If I snapped my fingers and you could choose between having these strong feelings of femininity go away, live en femme for the rest of your life, or become a woman, which would you choose?"

I thought about the choices she had given me.

"Well I don't know for sure. I mean I like women and have never been attracted to men. I love my femininity and performing too. Performing in very feminine outfits and high heels gives me a kind of double thrill."

"My affair with Karen was my first sexual experience but I was the submissive, feminine partner. She admitted to being bi and wanted me smooth and girly. She liked me in a pink nightgown and pink lipstick. I enjoyed her aggressive, take charge manner and I loved pleasing her both orally and with intercourse. I miss being with her or at least with a dominating or an assertive partner."

"I see. People like you rarely find a woman who is looking for that kind of relationship though I am glad you did even if it was only for a short period of time. Now have you thought about becoming a girl?"

"No not really. The man whose place I took at the club came by to see us now that he is a she. She said she is very happy and she is a very good looking female with very soft skin tone and nice breasts. I didn't know him before he began transitioning so I don't know what he looked like before."

"That skin tone is the result of hormones but the nice breasts you describe are called "implants". When

men begin taking hormones they don't just grow a great set of "Hooters". Hormones enlarge the breast area somewhat but after a year or so they aren't much bigger than a pair of walnuts. Were you thinking about taking hormones?"

"I liked the way his skin looked and I guess I was thinking of how good my lingerie would feel if my skin were softer. I mean that was another thing Karen liked about me was the fact that I had a slim, hair free feminine body. It might enhance this kind of relationship if I were to start taking them."

"Well unfortunately your desire to enhance a relationship will not get you a prescription and for God's sake don't buy any of that crap off the internet. You could wind up dead or worse. There are risks taking ANY kind of medication. Just within the last couple of years we have discovered many women who were prescribed HRT are now getting cancer."

"Your time is up for today. Please think about the things I said to you today. Make another appointment a month from today and we will explore things a little further."

I stood up and left her office. At the front desk I paid the \$200.00 fee and made another appointment. Driving home I thought about the way the post operative transsexual had looked and how happy he seemed to be.

After showering that night I stood in front of the mirror and looked at my hair free body. I pushed my hands up under my nipples and wondered how I would look with breasts. The plastic inserts I had in my bras to give me the required "jiggle" were not at all uncomfortable but I was curious to know what real

breasts might feel like as well as how I would look after a year or so of hormones.

In my dreams that night I saw myself with a perfectly feminine body. I had soft supple skin and a beautiful set of breasts. I put my panties on and as I slipped my arms thru the bra straps the Grim Reaper appeared out of no where and lopped off my breasts with one swing and then cut my head off with another. I woke up in a cold sweat.

I got up and went into the bathroom. I filled the basin with warm water. I washed my face and chest. Looking at my reflection in the mirror I saw that my body was the same. I changed the sheets and went back to bed but had trouble getting back to sleep.

Another month went by. Just before my November appointment with Dr. Robertson I found a note taped to my cubicle door. "See me ten am tomorrow, Chet." I wondered what he wanted to talk to be about. Everything had been going smoothly. Along with the other dancers I was enjoying performing as well as being effeminate and coquettish in my dance routines.

The next morning I was up early and after a light breakfast I drove to the club. I went straight to Chet's office and knocked. The door opened and Chet motioned me down the hall to the stage.

"I want to hear you sing," he said.

I walked out to the center of the stage where a microphone had been set up. I adjusted the height of the mike as Chet took his seat next to Martha in the audience.

"Sing Happy Birthday," he said.

I began to sing and when I finished both of them looked at each other as if they could hardly believe

what they had just heard. I had never sung in a theatre before so I guess I too was a bit surprised how well my voice carried out over the room.

Martha stood up and came towards me with a songbook in her hand. I reached down and took the book from her.

“Page four,” She said as she placed a small CD player on the stage next to me and pushed the play button.

Following the intro I began to sing “Fever” made famous by Peggy Lee. When I finished Martha called out:

“Page nine.”

I went to page nine as the music started. It was a song made famous by Julie London called “Cry Me A River” When I finished Martha came up to the stage and looked back at Chet.

“Heard enough?” she asked.

“Hell yes, he is perfect.”

Martha shut off the CD player and took the book from me.

Chet stood up and walked to the front of the stage.

“That was terrific, thanks for coming in. We are planning something special for the upcoming holidays.”

I left without asking any questions. I had been hired as a dancer and hadn’t really thought much about singing, especially since I had lost out in my first audition because my voice wasn’t manly enough. Now it looked like I might be getting work BECAUSE I didn’t have a manly voice. Go figure, I thought to myself as I drove home.

Two weeks passed and then Chet called me aside after a Sunday midnight show.

“Go to the costume shop tomorrow morning at ten for a fitting. Call me when you are finished.”

I nodded and went back to the dressing room. I took off my make up, changed clothes, and went home. I knew something was up but wasn't sure what Chet or Martha had in mind.

The next day I went into the back room of the costume shop where Gladys was waiting for me.

“In there,” she said pointing to the small changing room.

I went inside and undressed. I put on a strapless body brief over my briefs and stepped out. Gladys placed some breast forms in the cups and then went over to a nearby rack.

She held up a gorgeous pink satin sheath with a huge bow at the base of the zipper. I stepped inside it and she closed the zipper. It was quite a snug fit. Next she had me try on a pair of pink over the elbow gloves. The gloves fit perfectly.

“Walk across the room and back,” she asked.

I did so and found the dress was not only sharply tailored but tapered below the knees requiring me to walk with shorter, more mincing steps. As I turned around to walk back to her I tried to pull up some slack in the dress but there was none to be had. Gladys found that very amusing.

Between shows that Saturday night Chet took me into his office and showed me a portion of the movie “Gentlemen Prefer Blondes” Marilyn Monroe was

wearing a similar dress as she danced and sang “Diamonds Are A Girls’ Best Friend.”

“That’s the image I want you to present to our audience next Saturday night” said Chet. “Here is a song book with the numbers I want you to memorize.



I went back to my cubicle and looked over the songs as I waited to go on again for the nights' final performance. I had absolute confidence in my ability to wow the audience.

The week went fast and Saturday night after two dance routines I changed into a blonde wig with the large pink bow, my pink satin sheath with pink gloves and stiletto heels. I had some butterflies but I knew that they would disappear once I got started.

Our mc made the introduction before an almost full house.

"Ladies and gentlemen a special holiday treat for you in her first appearance, please welcome Leslie Ray!"

He walked off stage as I minced coquettishly up to the microphone.

I sang several torch songs and then wiggled girlishly thru "Diamonds Are a Girls' Best Friend." The applause was deafening. I closed with more girly mannerisms as I sang "I Enjoy Being a Girl." Once again the applause brought the house down as I exited the stage.

It continued until I went back out front again. I curtsied as best as the tight dress would allow me to, blew the audience a kiss and then went backstage. Chet was on the phone in his office but held both of his hands out with the thumbs up.

The two am show produced the same reaction from the audience. I was more than thrilled that they liked me. There were flowers on stage and I got some bouquets too, along with several business cards.

Chet had warned everyone about hooking up with any customers. One of the bouquets' envelopes had not only a business card but a hundred dollar bill. I set it

aside when I got home. Along with my other tips it certainly had been a fantastic weekend.

I had the next few days off. My appointment to see Dr. Robertson was Monday afternoon. At two pm I took my seat opposite her. She was smiling, something I hadn't seen before.

"I took in your show the other night. You sure wowed the audience with that Marilyn impersonation."

"Thank you, I am glad you enjoyed it," I replied.

For most of the next hour we discussed my situation. I had done some researching on the internet and had come prepared with questions of my own as well as answering hers.

"You have come well prepared for this session. Have you thought any more about hormones?"

"Yes I have. I guess for now I was thinking more of improving my appearance for the stage shows. I am earning a good living and now that I am singing that is sure to increase."

"All right, tell you what. Step into the back room and strip down to your briefs. I want to examine you and then we'll get you started. Remember you can stop at anytime if you don't feel right or there are complications."

I got up and went into the adjoining room. I undressed and shortly she knocked on the door. After a thorough exam she gave me a shot.

"You have kept yourself in good health. I for see no difficulties with your beginning the hormone treatment. You won't see any changes for some time yet. This new designer hormone has been on the market

only a short time but it has produced some thoroughly amazing results in much less time than its' predecessor. I want to see you again in another month."

She handed me a prescription and left the room. I got dressed. At the counter I paid my bill and then filled the prescription at the pharmacy on the first floor.

After supper that night I took the first of the ninety pills. That night I dreamed I was performing and the front of my dress fell down revealing my two bountiful breasts to the audience that was howling with delight.

We were closed several days around the Christmas holidays. I called my parents to wish them well and to let them know I was making good money. Christmas night I thru out the bouquets and then sat down to read the business card from the person who had tipped me the C note.

It was from a woman named Claudia Heinz. She was a literary agent. On the back was a note that read: "A client wants to interview you as part of research for a book. Call me ASAP if you're interested."

I set the card aside. I checked the local yellow pages and found her office listing, then checked the map to see where it was. The building that housed her office wasn't far from where I lived. I was a little intrigued to say the least. It wasn't like this was some proposition by a customer to get me alone.

Monday morning I placed a call to her office and got her voice mail. She returned my call just before noon that day.

"Thank you for getting back to me so quickly Lester. I saw your Marilyn performance and also came back to watch you dance. I think you are exactly the

type of performer my client what want to talk to in preparing for her book. All information will be kept strictly confidential and will only be used as background material. My client will be in town after new years so if you will tell me if your work schedule will permit you to come to our offices the afternoon of January 3rd at one pm?"

I checked my work schedule.

"Yes that would be ok," I replied.

"Good see you then,"

I hung up the phone and did some laundry. That evening I wondered who the client was that I would be meeting, someone famous maybe?

My dancing continued and several of the other girls took their turn at the mike to sing torch songs. They were all well received but the applause wasn't as great as the nights when I sang.

New Years Eve was a blast. None of us were permitted to drink at the club, but the audience was well lubricated even before I went on to sing at ten pm.

I wore a red satin sheath, similar to the pink one along with a black wig, red bow, and black stiletto pumps. Along with long fake diamond earrings I had put on red rouge and fire engine red lipstick. The audience loved my songs and at the midnight session we all joined in singing Auld Lang Syne.

Two days later I drove to the office building where I would be meeting with Claudia's client. I found her suite number on the directory and walked to the end of the hall. Once inside I gave my name to the receptionist and she asked me to have a seat.

Shortly a tall brunette woman came out of the inner office and walked over to me. She smiled as I stood up and she introduced herself.

"I am pleased to meet your Lester. Please come in to my office."

I followed her inside. Immediately I recognized the woman sitting behind her desk. It was Colleen Jackson, noted author of over two dozen steamy, erotic novels that dealt with the lives of Hollywood stars, producers and rock stars. Her sister, Joanne had found her own success as a movie and television actress. She stood up and extended her hand.

"Colleen this is Lester Ray, Lester meet Colleen Jackson. I will leave you now and if you need anything Colleen just ring my receptionist."

I shook hands with Colleen and took a seat opposite her as Claudia left the room. Colleen picked up her pen and we began.

The questions started with my childhood and my early desire to perform. Then we moved on to my first cross dressing gig in pageant dresses. As we continued it was almost as if I were talking to Dr. Robertson my therapist.

She continued for over two hours. We ended up with me talking about Dr. Robertson and my starting hormone therapy. At last she put her pen down, stood up, and extended her hand.

"Thank you for seeing me Lester. I have some others to interview but I may call you back again, if that's ok with you?"

"Yes of course," I answered as we shook hands.

I left the building feeling a little tired. Colleen had asked very intelligent and well thought out questions. Not once did she get personal or ask non relevant questions. It was easy to understand why her books sold so well and why she had become quite a wealthy woman in doing so.

Work continued. I was splitting the singing time with the other girls but there always seemed to be more people on the nights I sang. My limited repertoire was kept to a dozen old standards mixed with some classics from the big band era.

In addition to putting my heart and soul into each song I made it a special point to look as many members of the audience in the eye as I could. I felt this would give them the feeling that I was just singing to them alone. It must have worked because my crowds kept getting bigger and on weekends it was usually SRO.

My next visit with Dr. Robertson was shorter than the previous ones and I received another shot. I had yet to notice any difference in the way I looked but there was a slight bit of tightness in my nipple area. It would probably be a while before it was something you could notice.

Our Valentines' day show was a blast. We were all in red costumes and heels with red rouge and lipstick to match the red press on nails. Once again the audience roared their approval as our skirts flared up revealing our red satin panties and the red garter belts holding up our black fishnet stockings.

By the time the next visit with Dr. Robertson came around I could definitely notice the change in my skin, especially my face. I shaved my face infrequently due to the small amount of peach fuzz and now even that had become lighter and less noticeable.

My trips to the salon for waxing had also been fewer. In addition I noticed my chest and legs had a more enhanced feminine sheen. I could even feel the beginnings of two distinct mounds of flesh under my nipples though they were hardly visible.

After a cursory exam, mostly of my chest and genital area I got dressed and took my seat in front of her desk. She finished making some notes on the pad in front of her and then looked up at me as she leaned back in her chair.

“You are coming along quite nicely. Another month or two and you will notice a considerable difference. How have you been feeling?”

“Just fine I guess. Nothing in my life has changed. I love my job and now I am singing almost as much as I am dancing. I haven’t had any medical problems since I started taking the hormones. How do you think I look?”

“You are looking very well. Of course part of that is because you were in such excellent health to begin with combined with the fact that you exercise and eat right. You are a fine physical specimen and if you continue on your present course you will certainly develop into a fine looking woman.”

She smiled when she finished her statement.

“That’s good to know. I guess some people have had trouble with the hormones but I seem to be doing ok with them.”

“That’s why people who take them only do so under a doctor’s supervision and are continually monitored so if there are warning signs potential problems can be addressed before there are serious consequences.”

"I certainly hope I won't be one of those."

"I don't think you will. This is your third month. Usually something would have happened before this but that is not always the case. That's why I want to continue to see you on a monthly basis. Now I have an important question for you. You are currently living as a male, but performing as a female. How do you feel about going back and forth?"

"Well sometimes it does get to me. I had thought about living en femme 24/7. It certainly would be much easier without the hassle of having to become a male for part of the day and then becoming a female for another part."

"So other than for performing you haven't cross dressed at any other time?"

"No."

"How do you think you would feel walking thru a mall or grocery store cross dressed?"

"I would probably enjoy it as much as I enjoy performing."

"I see. How would you feel about working another job, say in an office, or as a waitress where you would be able to cross dress and be seen as a female?"

"The same thing I guess. I have never been happier than when I am en femme. It's almost as if it is not a performance at all, but a chance to be myself. That is the feminine person that I really am."

"How would you like a short trial in a working situation where you would be dressed and seen as a female?"

“I think I would like to try that very much.”

“Good. Give me the name of the costume shop you use for your club wear. This is a service job for one afternoon and you will need to wear a uniform. “You can reimburse me for the cost at your next appointment. When is your next Sunday off?”

“A week from this Sunday. The shop is called Western Costume supply, ask for Gladys.”

“Good. Here is the address of my condo. I am having some of my professional colleagues over for a discussion group. You will serve us tea and cake when we are finished. This will combine your therapy with some practical experience working en femme. Be there at one pm please. Now that is all for today except I will give you another shot.”

After receiving another shot I left the building. I was looking forward to the service job if for nothing else than to prove to Dr. Robertson that I was just as capable of working as a female offstage as on.

The next two weeks flew by. I was up early Sunday morning. I had the “works” at the beauty salon the day before and had my hair trimmed a little but it was still in a girlish bob.

I arrived at Dr. Robertson’s condo at ten minutes to one. It was in a gated community and after the security guard checked his clipboard he waved me in. I parked in a visitor lot and walked into the building.

When Dr. Robertson let me in I was not surprised at how elegant her condo was. It was tastefully furnished and there was some pricey looking art on the walls.

“Come back to my spare bedroom and you can get dressed.”

I followed her to the left and down a hallway to the back bedroom. Once again I noted the art hanging on the walls. Obviously her practice was doing well. She turned into the bedroom at the end of the hall.

“Your things are on the bed and the vanity. When you are dressed come back to the living room.”

She closed the door on her way out. I walked over to the bed to find black lingerie including fishnet stockings, a white petticoat and a black satin puff sleeve French Maid dress. I was not really surprised as I had a hunch when she mentioned a “service position” it could only mean one thing.

I quickly undressed and put my clothes on the big stuffed chair next to the vanity. When I had on the black bra, panties, garter belt and fishnet stockings I sat down at the vanity. I applied red rouge and a thick layer of bright red lipstick. I then added the eye shadow, eyeliner and mascara. After pinning the maid’s cap to my hair I attached the ruffled choker and wristlets.

At the bed I stepped into the petticoat and then the black satin mini dress. I slipped the white tricot apron over my head and tied it in the back. Sitting at the vanity I put on a pair of black leather six inch stiletto heel pumps and buckled the ankle straps. I was a little unsteady as I stood up in those sky scraper heels.

I walked towards the closed bedroom door keeping my arms across my body, elbows in and my hands dangling at the wrist. The full length mirror on the back reflected a very pretty French Maid. I was not in any way surprised at how feminine I looked.

I moved slowly at first, watching the flared out short skirt of the mini dress bounce with the jarring effect of those very high heels. I couldn't help but smile as I walked back and forth several times to get used to the much higher heel height. I knew right away they weren't going to be a problem. A dance routine in five inch stilettos was much more difficult than simply walking in six inch ones.

Taking a deep breath I opened the door and walked to the living room. Dr. Robertson was sitting on the massive davenport reading a magazine. She looked up at me as I entered the room and watched me closely as I began mincing towards her. I stopped in front of her, did an impromptu curtsy, and turned around.

"I couldn't get the zipper all the way up, do I look ok?" I asked.

She smiled up at me and put her magazine down. After zipping me up I turned around to face her again.

"Oh my, Maid Leslie you look positively delightful!"

I was surprised at her calling me Leslie as only the girls at the club and Chet had called me that. Had she talked to them about me I wondered. I walked away from her across the room. When I returned I curtsayed again.

"I am ready to go to work Dr. Robertson," I said with a smile

"Good. In the hallway closet you will find a duster and a vacuum cleaner. Please bring them in here. When you are finished with the living and dining room please do the hallway and bedroom carpets."

I curtsayed and went back to the hall way. When I returned she watched me carefully as I vacuumed and

dusted all the rooms. She never spoke a word, just observed the way I walked around the place as I worked.

As I dusted with one hand I held my other arm close to my body and let my hand dangle at the wrist. When I finished I put the duster and vacuum back in the hall closet and returned to where she was sitting. I curtsied politely in front of her.

“I am all done Dr. Robertson,” I said.

“You did an excellent job. I liked your deportment as well. It’s almost as if you’re not acting or playing a role at all. Now my guests will be arriving at two so let’s go into the kitchen and I will explain how I want you to serve me and my guests.”

As I followed her into the kitchen I couldn’t help but be secretly pleased at my “performance” which, to be honest wasn’t a performance at all. I was just enjoying being the feminine me.

“My guests will be here in a few minutes. The wine and glasses are in the fridge. I will open the bottles now. Later when they all have arrived and are seated in the living room fill each glass half full, set them on the tray and bring them to us. I will ring a small bell when we need a refill.”

She opened the fridge door, took out both bottles, and opened them. After replacing them she plugged in the coffee pot. From the cupboard she removed a square chocolate cake and cut it into squares. After placing a piece on each small plate we took the plates and silver ware to the dining room table.

“When we gather at the table pour each cup about half full and bring them to the table. I will ring the bell again for a refill.”

The door buzzer sounded.

“When you answer the door, curtsey, and lead the guests into the living room.”

I left to answer the door. The last guest to my surprise was Colleen Jackson. She smiled appreciatively as I curtseyed and led her to the living room.

“Bring the wine now please Sissy Maid Leslie,”

I went into the kitchen leaving behind a titter of giggles. She had addressed me as “Sissy Maid Leslie” instead of just “Maid Leslie” presumably to let the other two women know I wasn’t really a female maid.

After pouring out the wine I placed the glasses on a silver tray and walked out to the living room. As I bent over to hold the tray in front of each guest the flared skirt rode up revealing the four rows of pink ruffles along the back of my black satin panties. This prompted another giggle from two of her guests.

I took the tray back to the kitchen to await the bell. When it came I took the full bottle of wine and refilled the glasses of each guest. It was hard not to notice that all of them were watching me closely, especially Colleen.

I was quite proud of the way I was handling myself. The six inch stiletto heels had not posed any problem and of course I thoroughly enjoyed mincing about in a girlish and coquettish fashion even if it provided some amusement to Dr. Robertson’s guests.

When the bell rang again I poured the coffee in each cup. At the table I placed the cups in front of each guest and then returned to the kitchen. I went back once more with the pot and refilled each cup carefully.

There was more laughter at the table and for a business discussion group there seemed to be quite a bit of frivolity. I had a hunch it was due in no small part to

being waited on by a man dressed in a French Maid costume and high heels who acted very effeminately as he poured the wine and coffee.

When her guests finally left, Dr. Robertson came into the kitchen with a smile on her face.

“You were superb Leslie. I must say I am very impressed not only with your service skills but the way you handled yourself from walking in those high heels to the effeminate mannerisms you displayed as you served my guests. They all were very impressed, especially Colleen.”

“I am glad to hear you say that,” I replied.

From a drawer she handed me a pair of pink latex gloves.

“You wash and I’ll dry.”

After we finished with the dishes Dr. Robertson poured the last of the wine in two glasses and handed me one.

“Let’s sit in the living room for a bit.”

We walked out and sat on the davenport. I smoothed my flared skirt with one hand and girlishly crossed my legs as I sat down. I noticed she was smiling again as I took a sip from my glass.

“How did you feel today working as a cleaning and serving maid?” she asked.

“I felt just fine doctor. As I told you I enjoy being effeminate and coquettish. I love wearing this satin mini dress and the lingerie. I thought I might have some trouble with the six inch heels but I found them to be no trouble at all, at least for the short time I was cleaning or serving your guests.”

"I know. It was hard not to notice how much you were enjoying yourself. Supposing there was a way you could be effeminate and coquettish all the time. Let's say a job where you would not only work en femme but live en femme. No pants or flat shoes just skirts, dresses and heels with makeup too of course."

"Wow. I guess I just couldn't imagine that. It would seem to be too good to be true."

"Not everything is what it seems to be. I want you to think about this and we will discuss it at your next appointment."

I drank the last of my wine. I really didn't want to think about it. I couldn't for the life of me see a down side to a situation like that.

"Do you know of something that might be available to me?" I asked.

"Let's not talk about it. I want to see you at your next appointment first and after your shot we will discuss it in depth then. There is a box under the bed. When you change please put everything in it."

I got up so she could unzip me. Walking back to the bedroom it occurred to me that the only reason she had brought it up was the fact that there must be something in the wind.

After closing the bedroom door I pulled the dress over my head and stepped out of the petticoat. Looking at myself in black lingerie I couldn't help but smile.

I walked over to the bed and took out the box from underneath it. When I finished undressing I placed the items in the box. At the vanity I removed my makeup and put the cosmetics in the box as well and then slid the box back under the bed. When I walked back to the

living room Dr. Robertson was on the phone. She waved me off and I left.

Driving home I was still thinking about the 24/7 arrangement she had mentioned. It was a bit of a hassle going back and forth from being a male to performing as a female and then back to living as a male again.

The more I thought about it the more I was inclined to agree with Dr. Robertson. I had two glasses of wine before going to bed that night but I still did not sleep very well.

Just before the St. Patrick's Day celebration I saw Dr. Robertson again. By now I there was a noticeable rise under my nipples and my skin tone had changed remarkably. As I sat on her exam table she put both her hands on my breasts and squeezed them gently. She ran her gloved hands over my cheeks, arms and legs before examining my genitals.

She gave me another shot and went back to her office. I got dressed. When I sat down in front of her I wasn't sure what to expect as I thought we had covered just about everything at my previous appointments.

"You look terrific Leslie. The results are better than I had expected. I made an appointment for you to be castrated which will speed up your feminization. Now then did you give some serious thought about what I said?"

"Yes I did and in all honesty I haven't changed my mind. I guess I couldn't think of a more ideal situation for me. I would cease going back and forth, working as one person and then living as another. That alone would be less stressful. I wish I could start tomorrow."

Dr. Robertson smiled as she made some notes on her pad.

“Actually the way things look right now I would say you have only about sixty days left to change your mind. Do you rent month to month or do you have a lease?”

“Month to month, my contract was for one year but I preferred to be more flexible with my living arrangements.”

“Good. I am glad to hear you say that you are willing to make the transition the job requires. I will be able to tell you more at our next meeting. I called the pharmacy and renewed your prescription. I think you should also begin electrolysis so you won’t have to continue shaving though you have only minimal facial hair. In addition laser treatments are much better and last longer than waxing or shaving your legs. Remember your appointment. See you in a month.”

I got up and left her office. After paying the fee I stopped at the pharmacy for my prescription refill. I still had not had any problems taking them or as a result of the shots. I was hoping that would continue.

That night after work I took my breast forms with me so I could exchange them for a smaller size the next day. As I showered I squeezed my breasts gently and found the feeling to be quite erotic. I wondered what Karen would say as well as how it would feel to be breast on breast with another woman.

The next day I made appointments for electrolysis and laser treatments around my work schedule. I saw Gladys at the costume shop to exchange the breast forms. She smiled as she handed me the smaller size.

“You look great Leslie. I wish my skin looked like that.”

I just smiled and left. She had called me Leslie as had Dr. Robertson at my last appointment. I guess maybe most of her customers preferred to be addressed in the feminine persona.

Two days later at eight am on my day off Dr. Robertson met me at the outpatient clinic of a nearby hospital. She shaved me and injected some anesthetic. Minutes later my scrotum was empty.

The next day the swelling had gone down and I felt pretty good. I felt even better the next day when I came to work though I had kind of a weird feeling without any balls.

The St. Patrick's Day shows were well received as we pranced and shimmied about in our green satin mini dresses, fishnet stockings and black stiletto heels. We sold lots of green beer and of course the tips in our elastic garters were plentiful too.

Another month passed and now I was really getting bigger. In a short time I was going to have to start wearing a bra all the time. I found both the electrolysis and laser treatments to be pleasant. Over all I thought both my face and legs looked as good if not better than any of the women I saw.

The warmer weather started and our business increased. I was still dancing with the same group of girls I had started with and was also quite pleased with the amount of money I was making from tips. I was singing more now and Chet was very happy with the packed house whenever I was scheduled.

Unfortunately as fulfilling as my life was to date, I missed being with Karen or someone like her. Basically

I was still alone, though not particularly lonely. As much as I enjoyed the frivolity of the “girls” I worked with after each show we all went our own separate ways so as a result I still had no close friends or social relationships.

At my next appointment Dr. Robertson examined me again. She grinned as she fondled my breasts.

“I think you should start wearing a bra all the time, and by the way you should replace the ones you are currently wearing with a larger cup size.”

“You said at our last meeting that I would have sixty days to change my mind about the possibility of being able to live and work en femme 24/7. Is that still valid?”

“Yes. I will let you know by the end of the month. I honestly think that it would be the best thing for you. You wouldn’t have the stress of vacillating back and forth. It would also give you some stability in your life since your contract is from year to year. Are you seeing anyone right now?”

“No. I miss intimacy very much, especially as the submissive partner. Karen and I really had a good thing going there that summer. I am quite happy in my work, the girls are great and so is my boss plus I am making good money.”

“I understand. When you come for your next appointment I believe things will be finalized.”

She put her pen down and closed the manila folder in front of her. I left her office and went out to my car. I had just seated myself when my cell phone vibrated.

It was a number I didn’t recognize but the area code was Minneapolis. When I answered it the voice identified himself as a police officer. A tornado and swept

thru the northwest suburbs destroying the house and killing my parents. A neighbor had identified the bodies.

I thanked him and said I would make arrangements to travel there. I sat there for a few minutes trying to collect my thoughts. We all know our parents are going to die some day but this came as quite a shock.

When I got back home I made a call to an attorney who Fed-Exed power of attorney forms. I then contacted a funeral home to arrange for the pickup of the bodies. I called Chet and told him what happened. I would finish the week out and then travel back to Minneapolis to take care of the estate.

Before leaving I exchanged my bras for ones with larger cups. Under my male clothing I wore a sports bra over which I used tape to flatten my chest. I also bought a small fake mustache and a narrow false beard for my chin line. No one knew what type of work I was doing or the transition I was going thru and I didn't want to have my parents' friends see me in my feminized condition.

Those two weeks were a very difficult time. I stayed at the airport hotel drove my rental car to see the devastation. The northern edge of the suburb where the house was located had been swept clean by the funnel cloud. It looked like a war zone.

I identified my self to one of the cops who was patrolling the area. He said my parents were several blocks away when their car was picked up and slammed into the ground killing them both instantly.

When the house was blown away the fuel oil tank for the furnace had ruptured and the sparks from either a lightning strike of the power pole or the arcing of

the downed lines had started the fire. I parked on the street and surveyed the burned out foundation.

Later at the bank I retrieved the insurance and title papers from their safety deposit box. I turned them over to the attorney who began assisting me in filing the paperwork for the claims. The funeral was at the end of the week. I deposited the memorial gifts in their checking account and paid some of the bills.

I notified all the proper people to send the final bills for sewer & water, taxes, electric, phone, garbage bills to my attorney for payment. It was an exhausting ten days but finally all the things were taken care of. I listed the lot with a realtor and instructed him to take any reasonable offer. The flight back home seemed to take forever. When I finally got back to my place only then did I cry.

In the succeeding weeks everything got settled. I placed the money that was left over from all the expenses in a CD at the bank. I resume dancing and singing at the club. It was good to get back into the swing of things.

I saw Dr. Robertson near the end of June. She had a serious look on her face as I received another shot.

“How are you getting along, you seem a little sad.”

“I lost my parents in a storm recently. This week the estate was finally settled.”

“I see, well my sympathies for your loss. If it brightens your spirits any you should know in a few days about the change in your situation that we discussed. I have a hunch you are going to be more than pleased. Now I have a meeting in a half of an hour. See me in a month.”

I made another appointment at the front desk and paid the fee. That night as I showered I ran my hands over my feminized body. It was taught, hair free and had a very nice sheen to it. In the mirror I saw my face had developed a feminine glow to it. My electrolysis and laser treatments had done a very good job and I was quite proud of the way I looked.

The next morning at nine am my cell phone rang. When I answered it I was surprised to hear the voice of Colleen Jackson.

"I want to see you again. When is your next evening off?"

I checked my schedule quickly.

"Actually I am off this weekend."

"That's good news. Can you come over to my condo about six Saturday night?"

"Yes of course, what is the address?"

I wrote down her address.

"Would you mind coming en femme?"

"Well I don't have any clothes here. I only have costumes that I wear at work."

"That's ok I am going to send you some things to wear. Please be on time."

With that she hung up before I had the chance to say anything.

I thought this was a bit odd but our previous meeting had been quite cordial and I had no reason to believe that this one would not be as well.

The next day there was a package addressed to me under the mail boxes in the lobby. I took it to back my apartment and set it on the bed. I was due at the club

for a 4pm show so I decided to wait until I got home that night to open it.

I wrote checks for some bills and dropped them in the mailbox on my way to work. I concentrated on my dancing for the 4, 8, and 12 o'clock shows. When I got home about twelve thirty I went straight to the bedroom and opened the box.



The first item was a black velvet puff sleeve mini dress. Around the waist was a dark red satin sash ending in a bow at the base of the zipper. I hung it up in my closet. There was a package containing a pair of sheer, seamed stockings with Cuban heels, a small box containing a pair of tear drop earrings and a single strand pearl necklace with matching bracelet, and a black clutch purse.

Inside the purse was the palette of red rouge and the red lipstick I had used at Dr. Robertson's as well as a small bottle of perfume. I removed the cap and held the nozzle under my nose. It smelled very sweet and very expensive.

The other items were the pair of black leather pumps, the black lingerie and the black French Maid costume and accessories I had also worn when I served Dr. Robertson and her guests the previous month.

I set the box on the floor and took a shower. When I dried off I slipped the dress over my head. With my lingerie on I knew it would be a perfect fit. The velvet felt so good against my hair free girly skin.

Saturday at five I showered. Then I put on the black lingerie, seamed stockings, and then stood in front of the bathroom mirror to apply the red rouge and lipstick. After putting on the dress I closed the zipper with the aid of the large safety pin and shoestring that I used at work.

I had never worn perfume because I was living as a male except when I was performing but on a whim I decided to scent myself liberally with the sweet perfume and then put on the jewelry. After stepping into the high heel pumps I stood in front of the full length mirror on the closet door and twirled around. I loved

what I saw. What ever this evening was going to be about I felt I was ready for anything.

I put the makeup and my DL in the clutch bag and walked out to the car. After a short drive I arrived at the address Colleen had given me. It was another gated community. I identified my self to the security guard and after checking his clipboard he waved me thru.

Inside I found her name in the directory and pushed the button.

“Who is it?” said the voice over the intercom.

“Leslie Ray,” I answered figuring it was better to use my femme name.

“Stay there, I am coming right down,” answered Colleen.

I was surprised by this as I had thought she had wanted me to come upstairs for more questions.

Shortly she came thru the door. She was wearing a black pantsuit, plain white blouse and black flats. She stopped in front of me to look me over.

“You look very nice. Gladys was right about your size. Come with me. We will go out to eat and then come back here so I can finish the interview.”

I followed her out to the parking lot where she unlocked the doors to her beautiful Mercedes-Benz. I smoothed my dress as I swung my butt in and sat down on the butter soft leather seats. I crossed my legs in girlish fashion. My feminine movements had not gone unnoticed. She was smiling as she took her place behind the wheel.

She drove for about thirty minutes before stopping in front of a restaurant called LaVernes'. Two very good looking young men in valet uniforms ran out to

open the car doors for us. As we walked inside one of them drove the Mercedes to the parking area.

We followed the maitre d' to our table, which was along the side of the room. He held our chairs as we were seated. Shortly a waiter showed up and handed each of us a menu.

"Would you like something from the bar?" he inquired.

Colleen ordered wine for both of us. He left and I opened my menu.

I nearly gasped. The prices were very high but then LaVerne's was an upscale place and I guess I shouldn't have been shocked at the high prices.

"I trust you did notice the way those two valets looked us over as we exited the car?" Colleen asked.

"I grinned. It was hard not to. Between the two of them there must be at least three hundred pounds of testosterone wanting to bust loose."

Colleen laughed as the waiter brought our wine.

"Tell me a little about the book you are writing," I asked.

Colleen smiled and shook her head a little.

"I don't care to reveal too much but you know I have been interviewing people like yourself so you know at least part of the story involves the life of someone like you. These characters would not be a central character, but certainly an integral part of the story."

The waiter returned. Colleen ordered the sea food salad and I did too. I was very unsure of myself as I had never eaten at this kind of restaurant before and thought it best to just follow Colleen's lead.

We made small talk about my dancing and singing at the club. She said she had been pleasantly surprised at how my appearance had changed and I confided that I was quite happy with it too.

As we finished our meal I noticed her paying close attention to my mannerisms as I ate and drank my wine. I did not say anything but I think she was quite pleased with my feminine ways.

We passed on desert. As we waited for Colleen's car to be brought around I noticed two of the other valets ogling us from their booth. As I got in and fastened my seatbelt Colleen giggled.

"Careful girl," she remarked. "It's a jungle out there."

I added my own girlish giggle to hers as we left the restaurant parking lot.

Back at the condo she unlocked the door and I walked inside ahead of her. It very nearly took my breath away. The décor was absolutely gorgeous. The ceiling was white and the walls were a light gold color with darker gold drapes and carpeting. The wood of the beamed ceiling and trim, as well as the fireplace mantel were highly polished and their glossy finish really stood out.

"Have a seat on the davenport. I will get us a glass of wine and we will continue where we left off."

She walked behind the bar and I took my seat on the davenport. On the coffee table in front of me I saw a yellow legal pad, a pen and several magazines. I was surprised to see one of them was a British tabloid. I was even more surprised at the big, bold headline that read: "MALE MAIDS-BIZARRE TRUTH OR FICTION???"

Colleen handed me one of the wine glasses as she sat down very close to me. We each took a drink of our wine. She set her glass down and picked up her pad and pen.

“Take a look at the photos in the male maid story on page three and then read the whole article please,” she said.

I put my glass down and picked up the tabloid. On page three and four I found six startling photos of men in French Maid costumes of various hem lengths from mini to floor length. The ones wearing shorter hemmed dresses also displayed fish net stockings and high heel pumps. One was pictured standing at attention in front of his boss holding up the hem of his maid’s dress and petticoats to reveal his bright pink panties.

Also clearly visible was the fact that they all wore blusher, lipstick and nail polish. In one photo there was a well stocked vanity that included several bottles of perfume so I could only presume that all the maids were sweetly scented as well.

After I finished reading the two pages detailing the lives of several men who had turned themselves over to dominant women to be feminized, sissified and trained for their new lives as male maids I paged to the back of the magazine. There were two more pages of photos and stories of men who had made the transition to become male maid servants to their dominant female bosses.

When I finished I put the tabloid down. I took a drink of my wine and set the glass back down. She was looking at me in a rather bemused way.

“So Leslie what do you think?”

I shrugged as I wasn't sure exactly what kind of response she was expecting, especially since I was nearly completely feminized myself and had only begun to experience what those men in the tabloid story had already gone thru.

"Well I am not at all surprised that there are some men who would want to go thru feminization and training to become maids for a dominant woman. I mean I have been "in training" as well as hormone therapy for almost a year now though it was to become a performer not a male maid."

"Have you thought returning to being a male and getting work as a male actor or dancer?"

"No I haven't. As much as I love performing period I love performing en femme even more. From the first time I put on those pageant dresses, thru my Shakespearean roles, and now here in Vegas as a dancer and singer I never lost my love of femininity. I just can't imagine going back to the world I used to know as a male."

She continued to make notes on her pad. I took another drink from my wineglass. When she finished making notes she took another drink from hers too. I was beginning to feel a little giddy. Between the restaurant and here I had already consumed more wine that I usually do.

"Why do you think they become maids without becoming women first?"

"First of all, like me, I have no doubt that they have a deep and intense love of femininity as well as the desire to express it. I do it as a performer and they do it working in a servant role. If you look at the photos you will notice they have great pride in their appearance,

just as I do. Men like that or me too for that matter, do not necessarily have the desire to become women, just to look and act like them as an expression of their love for femininity."

"That was very well put. Most of the others like you that I have talked with are not as articulate as you though their life stories and backgrounds are very diverse they all had the same goals and desires that you mentioned."

She put her pad and pen down and drank the last of the wine in her glass. She turned to me, placing one arm around my shoulders, and looked me straight in the eye.

"Do you think you would be happy working for a self assured, confident dominant woman in a subservient capacity?"

I thought for a minute as our eyes locked together. It was almost like looking into Karen's eyes and I couldn't help but feel drawn to her.

"Honestly I think that would depend on the woman and of course the arrangement."

She sat back a little with a puzzled look on her face.

"What do you mean by "arrangement"?" she asked.

"Well for example those men in the tabloids have a live in arrangement with the dominant woman. They have duties and responsibilities that would involve a number of things including but not limited to cleaning, laundry, cooking and or serving food and drinks for both her alone or when she has guests."

"They may also assist her with her bath, hair, makeup, and dressing. They are servants to be sure but they are not indentured servants. They are treated with

respect. They probably receive minimum salaries since all of their living expenses are covered and most likely so are their trips to the doctor, dentist and beauty salon.”

“Like any servant maids are free to resign at any time so it is not as if they are prisoners. They would never be treated harshly by the women who employ them but of course they would have to agree to live in a somewhat regimented lifestyle and follow the dominant woman’s instructions to the letter. It also goes without saying that her needs would be met first.”

“Once again you have expressed yourself quite well. I guess I should just come right out and say it. Would you be interested in such an arrangement with me if those accommodations you mentioned were to be met?”

I thought for a minute at what she had just said. Dr. Robertson had probably known this was coming all along and wanted me to be ready both physically, which meant my feminization, and emotionally, in which case the hormones and the recent death of my parents had certainly played a part. Now that I had no family, was financially and emotionally stable, I would be free to accept such an arrangement and do quite well adapting to its requirements.

“Yes, I would be very interested,” I replied.

A look of relief came across her face.

“I can’t tell you how happy that makes me,” she replied.

She leaned over and kissed me. I put both arms around her neck as she dropped both of hers to my waist and pulled me closer. We held the kiss for a moment and then she forced my mouth open. My mind

was racing as our tongues explored each other's mouths.

I hadn't been intimate with anyone since Karen. I was feeling very aroused as our breasts pressed against each other. When we finally came up for air she looked at me lovingly for a moment and then took my hand.

She led me to the master bedroom where she spun me around and unzipped my dress. After pulling it over my head she tossed it aside. Next she unhooked my bra and let it fall to the floor. She turned me around again. Placing her hands under my breasts she bent down and French kissed them both.

"Those are beautiful. Dr Robertson was right. You are coming along nicely. I just had to see you like this before we work out the final details."

"Final details?" I asked.

"Oh yes, let's do that now."

She began undressing. I kicked off my stilettos. After unhooking my stockings I rolled them down and took them off. They joined the dress and garter belt in a pile on the floor.

"Those hormones have given you the most beautiful skin. Your body is almost perfect too except for one tiny flaw," she said as she stood naked in front of me fondling my shriveled penis and scrotum.

I giggled as she scooped me up and carried me over to the bed. She kissed me hard again and I closed my eyes as our smooth bodies became one.

Much later as I lay curled up in her arms I thought back to my first experience with Karen. This one had exceeded that one by far. I was no longer able to have

an erection but my tongue had given Colleen the same satisfaction that Karen had. We both slept soundly.

The next morning we showered together and then got dressed. We ate breakfast and over her morning coffee she looked up at me.

“Are those final details to your satisfaction?” I asked with a smile.

“Oh yes, beyond my expectations,” she answered. “I would like you to move in as soon as possible. I have meetings today. Tomorrow I will take you shopping for clothes then I will be in England for two weeks during which you can get yourself settled in.”

“I will give my landlord notice this morning,” I replied.

The next day she outfitted me with some casual clothes, just skirts and blouses, no pants of course. Next she bought me foundation garments and sheer hose, camisole and half slip sets as well as some full slips. For work in her office there were both frilly and satin blouses and slim skirts. A selection of high heel pumps rounded out my new wardrobe. After a quick lunch we went back to her condo.

The third bedroom of her condo had been converted into an office. She explained her computer system and the files I was to update as well as phone messages. I would work in her office only a few hours every other day or so. Twice a week in my maid uniform I would clean the place. I would also have to be ready to be the serving maid whenever she would be coming home with guests.

Before leaving for England she disposed of all my male clothing. We hung up my feminine wardrobe in

the closet of the smaller pink bedroom and then filled the dresser drawers with my lingerie as well as stocking the vanity with my makeup supplies.

There was not a lot left to do. I was pretty much moved in. I continued to dance and sing at the club. I liked keeping busy between my work at the club, keeping the condo spotless, and spending a few hours doing office work.

I couldn't wait for Colleen to return. I felt myself getting flushed just thinking about being with her. I had not ever felt that way about anyone, at least not since Karen. I felt I was very lucky to have had the chance to talk with her about myself as well as become intimate with some one who cared about me.

She returned from England with that tired, jet lag look about her. We shared a hot bubble bath. While she poured each of us a glass of wine I paraded around the room in a filmy pink peignoir, one of a dozen night-gowns she had purchase for me, and a pair of fuzzy toed high heel slippers.

Her eyes had widened when I entered the room. Instead of sitting next to her on the davenport I plunked myself down in her lap.

"Tell me all about your trip," I asked.

"The short version is that it was dull, boring, business like and I am glad to be home."

"Sometime I would like the longer version," I giggled as I kissed her.

She set her wine glass down, then picked me up and carried me back to her bedroom. If she was glad to be home I was even gladder. We both slept in until eight thirty the next morning.

I had a busy work schedule that week and she spent more time in her office working on her latest book. I knew that there would be what is known as a “period of adjustment” when I moved in. There didn’t seem to be one with us. While we were both busy we had time for each other too. I guess you could say it was a perfect combination.

I saw Dr. Robertson again. She was pleased with my physical development as she examined me and then gave me another shot.

When she finished I got dressed and we went back to her office where we sat opposite one another.

“How is everything else going in your life?”

“Fine,” I answered as I felt a blush flow across my face.

Dr. Robertson smiled and leaned back in her chair.

“Oh my! You’re blushing. I haven’t seen that from you before Leslie. Apparently this arrangement you and your roommate have seems to agree with you!”

“Colleen and I have a very nice arrangement. I am very busy with work at the club, my domestic and secretarial chores. I guess you could say our intimate arrangement is hot and juicy to boot.”

“Well I guess that explains the blush as well as that contented look on you face.”

“You could say that I am very happy and quite content for the first time in my life.”

“That’s good to hear. You always did have your feet on the ground and now you are happy too.”

“Have you given any thought to taking the last step to become a woman?”

I knew that question was bound to come sooner or later. I hadn't really given much thought to it since I had become very happy staying just the way I was.

"No. Not really. It's not that it hadn't crossed my mind. There were times when I wondered what it would be like to make that change but at the same time I want to be sure it would be the right thing for me as well as the relationship I'm in."

"I understand fully Leslie. It is a big step and an irrevocable one to be sure. Have you discussed it at all with Colleen?"

"Actually, no. She has just returned from England and we are both busy with things. We have been together such a short time and for now I don't think the time would be appropriate."

"I see. Well within a year you will probably be reaching a point where you should decide, based on your development so far."

"I see. Well for now I would like to continue on as I am. I guess in a year I'll have to cross that bridge when I come to it."

"Okay then, let's do that."

I left her office and drove home.

It was hard not to think about what the doctor had called the "last step." I had been honest with her. As much as I was comfortable in my own femininity the thought of surgery to "complete me", as they say, was still something I wasn't sure of.

Colleen and I were both quite busy. I was singing more than I was dancing at the club. I thought it best to wait for the right time to see what she thought of me

becoming a woman. After all she was now a part of my life and I wanted her input before making my decision.

The club was always packed when I sang. I was generously showered with flowers and gifts. Some of those gift cards contained hundred dollar bills, some lesser amounts. I looked over each of the business cards that were included with all of the gifts whether it was money, flowers, bottles of perfume, etc. I didn't contact a single one.

Few, if any, of these men were interested in a business arrangement with me as they were hoping for a sexual liaison and nothing more. Chet and Martha had warned all of us about the rule about not seeing customers, reporting any possibility that we were being followed after work, and of course being extremely cautious about any requests to meet for "business" opportunities.

Chet had rewarded me with a larger assortment of glamour gowns, over the elbow gloves and of course stiletto high heel shoes. I was glad the other girls had received them too as I didn't want any jealously spoiling what was a very good working relationship.

When I was made up and encased in one of those fabulous sheath dresses or a broad skirted gown flared out with ankle length petticoats under a petti slip I truly felt like a glamour girl. As a performer I also enjoyed being the center of attention with all eyes focused on me.

Standing at the mike as I sang my slow ballads and torch songs I not only felt truly special but very lady-like, and very feminine too. Some nights it was hard to take off all the "glam" and go home. When I expressed my feelings to Colleen one night she grinned and walked over to me.

“Actually I prefer to see you not all glammed up too,” she laughed as she yanked up my mini skirt to view my panties.

“In fact I prefer you naked to glamorous gowns or even mini skirts,” she laughed again as she kissed me.

Much later after we had showered together and I was snuggled up in her arms she whispered in my ear:

“See, naked is much more fun for me. You do understand that don’t you?”

I giggled and answered: “Yes of course I do and I find that preference you have for my nakedness leads to a great deal of enjoyment on my part too. Now would you like an encore of my last performance?”

I giggled again as she got on top of me and kissed me hard. Afterwards we slept soundly.

My contract was up. I had terminated my agreement with my agent in Minneapolis and signed on with one here in Vegas. I made an appointment to see her the first week in August. There would be a slight increase in pay but my sizable tips would still be the larger part of my compensation.

Colleen’s book came out in mid July. As you might expect stores had difficulty keeping it in stock. I read an advance copy. There was one small part about a struggling actor who moved in with a producer’s domineering and soon to be ex-wife to work as her live in sissy maid.

His feminization, training and transformation was not the main story of course but it made an interesting side plot when she discovers he is providing her soon to be ex-husband with details of not only her personal life but her business and personal finances as well.

The administrative part of my work for Colleen increased. I traveled with her on regional book tours as her traveling secretary. She kept me in foundation garments, sheer or seamed hose, lacy camisoles and half slips, frilly or satin blouses and tight, slim skirts with stiletto heel pumps.

Fans adored her and there was never a shortage of people who lined up for her autograph. At the end of the day we would go out to eat. If we were going to spend one night in a hotel I always packed two night-gowns for her to choose from before we steamed up the room though they were several occasions when I didn't even get the chance to put one of them on. That is a statement of fact not a complaint.

I was not a fan of traveling but most of these trips were day only and I worked them around my schedule at the club. With that busy of a schedule, in addition to my cleaning duties, I had very little time for me except for my pampering at the beauty salon. My electrolysis was for the most part finished and as Dr. Robertson had pointed out my laser treatments become further and further apart.

Life was good. So good in fact that I had not given any more thought to the "last step" that Dr. Robertson had referred to. I guess time flies when you are having fun and of course I was having the time of my life. It would certainly be honest to say that at this point I wanted to live forever.

I met with my agent and after discussing the details with Colleen I signed for another year at the club. Chet was pleased. He sent Colleen and I a magnum of some very expensive champagne. I kept the bubbly on ice until Colleen returned from Seattle.

When she came in the door I was in my new pink satin sissy maid uniform with a glass of the bubbly stuff in one hand. She dropped her briefcase and immediately pulled up my skirts to see my matching pink satin panties and then after taking the glass from my hand she spun me around to insure the seams of my pink hose were straight.

She drank half the glass and then slipped off her raincoat. I hung it up in the closet while she took her briefcase into her office. When she joined me on the couch I had refilled her glass and handed it to her as she sat down next to me.

"I'd like the short version of your trip," I said with a grin as I took a sip of the marvelous champagne.

"Fans are wonderful. I mean without them buying the books I don't know where I'd be but sometimes I swear I could almost smack some of them."

She drank half her glass as I sipped a little from mine.

"I understand. Thank you for this bright pink addition to my maid uniform collection. Did you want to inspect any further?"

"The place looks very nice and I trust you to do a good job keeping my home presentable at all times."

I took another sip of the champagne and then set the glass down. I stood up and fluffed my skirts in front of her.

"Actually that wasn't the type of inspection I was talking about. You can see I wear pink blusher, lipstick and nail polish. You already know my pink stocking seams are straight and I am wearing the correct shade of panties, petticoats and high heel shoes. I thought you might want to go a little deeper and see if my gar-

ter belt and bra are pink too as well as insuring I have kept my body hair free and sissy smooth while you were away."

"I think that would be an excellent idea," she replied as she downed her drink and grinned at me.

I woke up later and once again thought about my "final step." The choice was a difficult one. I was trying to balance what I had against what I stood to gain by having the surgery. My life was already pretty "complete"

When someone talks about a "life altering" choice this was certainly it. I mean I had made very few choices in my life anyway and except for agreeing to undergo feminization this would be the biggest of my life to date and for that matter the rest of my life in general.

Perhaps the best option for me at this point was no option at all. I would gain or lose nothing by staying my present course at least for the time being. If down the road I decided to go that route, and of course it would be Colleen's and my mutual decision, then so be it. Until then I would continue with the "status quo". I closed my eyes and went back to sleep.

Life continued. I was now firmly entrenched in a feminine lifestyle. I loved what a difference the hormones had made not only in my body but in me emotionally as well. At work I was more than a guy who had become one of the "girls" I had become a very "girly" girl.

Dr. Robertson had been right about my limited breast development with hormones though my results were much better than most. Never the less I decided to take off a month to have breast augmentation. It was

painful at first but I healed up quickly. Everybody loved the results, especially Colleen. We had a good time as she took me shopping for new bras.

My effeminate and coquettish behavior was now a natural part of me. The way I walked, sat in a chair, danced at the club, sipped my drink or ate, was now completely and totally feminine. My deportment whether I was smoothing my skirt as I sat down, touching up my makeup, or simply walking in my high heel pumps with Colleen thru a mall with a purse on my arm was as perfect as any woman's.

At home when we were alone I continued to mince about effeminately in my frilly blouses and skirts or one of several French Maid mini dresses as I did the cleaning. I could tell by the way Colleen watched me closely that she was also pleased with the way I looked and acted with an effeminate gait and floppy wrist mannerisms.

A weekend trip to Minneapolis for a book signing the following spring had two surprises for me. The first was when we passed the salon where Sharon Carlson had taken me for my first girlish hair do.

She was standing at the counter looking at a very pretty young man with his new hair do. Sitting in the chairs were two more young boys with shoulder length hair waiting their turn to get their hair styled too.

Colleen elbowed me as we passed the salon on the way to the bookstore. She had that teasing smirk on her face. I wasn't sure what she was thinking of.

"We've been together a short time and you are already looking at somebody younger?" I teased.

"He is quite pretty. Don't tell me you haven't already pictured him in a dress, makeup and heels?"

“Well I am certain Chet would find him a welcome addition to the review once he finishes his summer stock work with Sharon. It is my understanding however you already have a very competent live in secretary and maid, right?”



I looked at Colleen with an arched eyebrow and questioning look. She grinned as she slid her hands around my waist and then patted my buttocks.

“Oh yes, I do and I want to keep her on as good help is hard to find these days,”

I couldn't help but giggle as we turned into the bookstore. It was a long day and so was Sunday. We finished up early and started up the mall. There had been plenty of people but for some reason she wanted to leave early. That's when I got my second surprise.

As we exited the mall she grabbed my elbow and we detoured to the left. Colleen knocked at the back door of Kane's formal apparel. When the door opened a woman let us in.

“Hi Colleen, please come in. We are ready for you and Leslie.”

I was totally surprised as we made our way to the front of the store. It was blacked out except for a few small lights. Colleen walked straight ahead while the woman took my arm and led me to one side.

“This way Leslie,” she said as I walked with her.

A short time later I was standing in front of Colleen wearing a white satin sheath, veil, and white five inch stiletto heels.

From where she was sitting she had watched me walk towards her with my lady like walk. She had that bemused, teasing look on her face as I approached.

“Please walk around the room and then come back,” she said with a grin.

I placed one hand on my hip, turned around and walked away. As I walked in those five inch heels I decided to do a little teasing of my own so I added a little

more sway of the hips. As I came back to her with a little swish and sway her face broke into a wider grin.

“That was wonderful, now model the next one please,” she asked.

I returned to the dressing area and soon I was wearing a very broad skirted dress flared out with a floor length petticoat and a pettislip. Once more I walked back and forth in front of her with a little more exaggerated motion. This continued with several more dresses. Colleen thanked the manager and we left the mall.

We had no conversation until we had been seated at our table at a nearby restaurant. My heart was in my throat the whole time. I was glad to take a sip of the wine as the waiter handed us our menus.

“That was not very subtle,” I said as she sipped her wine.

“I wasn’t sure what you might think of a proposal. I know you have been thinking about your final step and I didn’t want to rush you but I would like to make this relationship permanent.”

I looked up at her and thought about the short time we had been together. I was trying hard to find the right words to say at a time like this.

“I can’t think of a single reason I would turn you down though this sort of thing usually involves some jewelry too,” I said with a smile.

“I am withholding any jewelry until you decide what you want to do. What ever it is I will be supportive of you, and you know that.”

I took another sip of wine as the waiter brought our order. I didn’t want to give an answer as I still wanted

to think things thru before undergoing that “final step.”

“Maybe we should discuss this further when we get back home. I have another appointment with Dr. Robertson. I need to set things up with her before we can make any permanent plans,” I said.

She smiled and nodded. We finished our meal and went back to our hotel. The flight back to Vegas was pleasant and it was good to be back at home.

Before going to sleep that night I saw those three young boys at the beauty salon. I imagined them in feminine finery, both Shakespearian and modern. I wondered what their plans would be after a summer in dresses.

Would there be an offer like Chet had given me? Were there more boys like me that preferred femininity to masculinity or were we just freaks of nature?

Maybe this was an insidious plot with women taking youthful, girly boys and turning them into females beginning with having them grow their hair long to appear on stage wearing makeup and dresses in a Shakespearian era play as a female, then having them sing and dance in drag while taking female hormones until finally they would wind up like me contemplating surgery to become a woman.

It sounded almost like a paranoid plot of a bad horror movie where dominant women seduce girly boys into becoming more and more feminine, place them in subservient employment roles and then after feminization with the help of hormones from a doctor, as opposed to biting them in the neck to inject female hormones that way, they undergo surgery to become females.

I doubt if Hollywood would ever be willing to finance a movie like that though I am sure some "underground studio" or porn producer might.

I talked Colleen into accompanying me to Dr. Robertson's office at my next appointment. After getting my shot we both sat opposite Dr. Robertson. I told her about Colleen's proposal. She smiled approvingly as she made some notes.

"With Colleen's proposal in mind have you decided to have surgery?"

I took a deep breath. In my own mind as good as I felt about my smooth feminine body, the two beautiful mounds of flesh that had arisen from my chest and the prospect spending the rest of my life with a lover who could bring me to a delirious, rapturous climax despite my flaccid penis and scrotum I guess it would be inevitable that I would have to undergo that "final step."

"Yes," was my single word answer as I reached over to grab Colleen's hand. There would be no "ands", "ifs", or "buts". I decided to make the full commitment then and there.

"Okay Leslie. Let me schedule you for surgery."

After checking her book I was given a date and pre-surgery instructions. We left Dr. Robertson's office and went home. That night we went out to eat a champagne dinner but not before stopping at a jewelry store for the required ring.

As my date for surgery neared I became more and more apprehensive. Both Colleen and Dr. Robertson told me to calm down. I was young and healthy so there should be no complications. I appreciated their support but nevertheless it was me that was going to be cut open and not them.

I told Chet and the girls about my decision to have surgery as well as showing off the rock on my left hand. My medical leave from the show had an open return date so if there were any complications Chet would have a substitute continue for awhile longer.

The day finally arrived and Colleen took me to the hospital to check in. I paid a substantial down payment for the hospital and the surgeon as my health plan didn't cover what they saw as "cosmetic, i.e. unnecessary surgery" The balance would be paid by the money from the CD I had from my parents death. My recent breast augmentation had taken most of my savings.

Dr. Robertson was in the operating room when I was wheeled in. It was comforting to know she was there. Colleen was waiting outside the recovery room. The surgeon asked me a final time whether or not this was what I wanted. I replied with a single word answer "yes"

The lights went out. I seemed to be falling thru a black void. When I woke up my first thought was to find out if they got the license number of the truck that had hit me or as my vision and thoughts cleared up a bit the name of the guy who used a chainsaw to cut me in half. I was reeling despite the assurances of the nurse that everything had gone smoothly.

The next few days were more like a nightmare than a dream come true. Colleen would stay only a few minutes and then leave. I was alone much of the time. While I never had second thoughts about my decision I wanted desperately to go home and resume a normal routine.

Once I was moved into my own room I felt a little better. Several days later a beautiful spray of flowers

arrived from Chet and the "girls". Each day Colleen visited me for a short time.

The follow up visits by the surgeon and Dr. Robertson were very encouraging. I was getting stronger everyday and when the nurse helped me with my first bath it was quite an experience as I looked at the "new me." She also applied some blusher to my cheeks and lipstick to my mouth. It made me look much better and of course the make up made me feel more feminine too.

I was looking forward to leaving the hospital and getting back to work though it would be some time yet before I would be walking around without assistance let alone dancing on stage. Never the less time heals all wounds and so did mine. The surgeon saw me one last time and then I was ready to go home.

My recovery was slow but sure. Once I was up and around I couldn't wait to get back in a dress or a skirt and heels. I put make up on every day. I went to the club once just to say hi. It was my first full day without an afternoon nap so that night I slept quite well.

I continued my secretarial duties as well as my cleaning duties but instead of being in a peignoir and robe I was now back in my French Maid mini dress, petticoats, fishnets and heels. I don't recall feeling more girly or feminine than I did now.

Both the surgeon and Dr. Robertson were pleased with my progress. After I received another shot I re-filled my prescription and went home. I was no longer tired at the end of the day. I began to go thru the dance routines at home trying to get back in the swing of things. I was still taking some pain medication but expected to be off them by the end of the next week.

Another month went by. I danced two shows every other night and began singing again too. I was pretty stiff and sore after the first night's performance but that too passed. Once again the crowds were back and I continued to be showered with flowers and gifts.

Colleen and I had not discussed a date for the wedding. I wanted to be fully healed before we took our vows. Once I got a clean bill of health from both the surgeon and Dr. Robertson for resuming sexual relations only then did I want to make a wedding date.

I had been following the post op instructions about irrigating my cavity with a dildo to keep it from healing closed. One evening Colleen said she had a better solution and produced one she could strap on. She took it slow and despite some pain I was able to climax.

Thinking it over it had been quite a journey from being a submissive male, submissive feminized sissy male to a female who could not only enjoy intercourse from a dominant female partner but lesbian sex too. It sounds like something incomprehensible to the average person but for me it was a trip to heaven and I wanted to stay there forever.

I did spend one afternoon looking for a dress. I didn't want Colleen with me as this time she would only see me in the dress on our wedding day. I decided on a broad skirted style in light pink instead of white.

The gown I chose was pink satin from the waist up and had large tiered puff sleeves. From the waist down there were tiers of pink ruffles. Instead of a veil I choose a pink ruffled hat with a veil that came down to just below my eyes. The pink dye able shoes had five inch stiletto heels. My bridal lingerie was also pink.

We made an appointment for a civil ceremony and rented a limousine. We would fly to London after the ceremony for our honeymoon. I received my visa and passport in due time. There wasn't much left to do except to keep working until the big day arrived.

The morning of my wedding day I got the "works" at the salon. Colleen's sister Joanne had arrived from London the day before. She helped me into my wedding ensemble. Colleen's face brightened when she saw me all in pink from head to foot.

The ceremony was brief and we went back to the condo to change for our trip. That night we flew to New York for the connecting red eye flight to London. I was pretty drained from the trip. Colleen handled it better than I did but then she was used to international travel and jet lag.

It was a marvelous two weeks. The last night we had dinner with Joanne and her new stud boyfriend. He seemed to spend more time looking me over than paying attention to Joanne. When I mentioned it to Colleen on the flight back she just laughed and said it was probably just male curiosity than anything else.

Arriving home we stopped at the post office to pick up our mail and release the hold we had on delivery. There was a large brown envelope addressed to me. Inside was a g-string with a patch of pink fuzz the size of a postage stamp. The string bra had no cups, just two quarter size pasties with a six inch tassel hanging from each one. The unsigned label on the card to which they were attached read "Vegas Honeymoon Kit."

A small box addressed to Colleen contained eight D cell batteries with an unsigned note that read: "When she has a headache." I also received a gift certificate to a local lingerie shop and pictures of their latest pei-

gnoir collection. There was a note from Chet and the girls that read: "We figured you would get more use out of one of these than a blender." Both Colleen and I shared a good laugh.

The best wedding gift of all was a letter addressed to me from a recording studio in Los Angeles. A producer had gotten a recommendation from a friend who had heard me sing and he wanted to set up an appointment at his studio to record some demo tapes. I set the letter aside

We began our life together. Each day was busy and I not only reveled in my own femininity but in my femaleness too. I was glad I had made the choice I did. I was no longer "acting" female and living male. Except for my nights on stage I was no longer acting at all. I was just being the woman I had become or perhaps it would be better to say the woman I had been all along.

In essence I guess the surgery had been my final act in life as a man and my first act in life as a woman. There was no way to know how many acts I had left but I knew one thing for sure. I was going to give each and everyone of them my all. I had everything I had every wanted in life and I was going to live each day of the rest of my life to the fullest.

THE END