



Reluctant Press presents:

From Jamie W/Love 2

Jamie



A 'SPECTRUM TV' E-BOOK

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Reluctant Press TG Publishers

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From Jamie With Love 2

By Jamie

ROSE GARDEN GIFT

Fred was descending by parachute at the end of his very pleasant afternoon sky dive. As he approached the ground, a strong gust of wind grabbed and carried him over toward a rather large set of buildings, and as he was about to land on an open section of lawn, a second gust shoved him just over a tall wooden fence.

The ladies of the exclusive college were outdoors but inside a protective high wooden fence. It was their noon recess; they had just finished lunch inside. The college controlled the lunch crowd by allowing just one floor group of sixteen ladies to dine at a time, spaced about ten minutes apart, so this group was from Floor One along with a cluster of some Floor Two student dorm rooms. The day was just nice and warm, lots of sunshine. Wind gusts gave these ladies cause for concern; the wind would grab their dress hems and lift them toward the sky. This college taught a secretarial course, and part of the requirements was for these females to be ladies in action and in appearance; the rule was for proper dress at all times, even down to nightgowns for sleep wear.

Fred was briefly stunned when he struck the top of the compound wall and he fell on the ground on the inside. The ladies rushed to see if he was still alive. Fred was just banged up and tangled up in his chute's ropes, half-covered by it as well. It being a hot day, Fred was wearing just a T-shirt and shorts.

The point on the top of one of the compound fence posts slid violently along the side of Fred's left leg. The momentum forced the point of the post back out through the top of the shorts, severing the waistband and the whole side of the shorts. It included the boxer

shorts in that ripping action, and left a ragged, bleeding scrape and bruise up the side of Fred's thigh and hip.

Peg was one of the first to reach the crumpled, half-covered man. She recognized Fred as her cousin Jim's friend from high school. She knew about his rumored reputation for pleasing the ladies. Her cousin often bragged about Fred's earlier experiences.

These lady students were all close to twenty years of age, and like most all females of that age, they were anxious to experiment with boys and men, or in the case of the non-virgins, to renew that pleasure a few more times. Now, here was a care package dropped right into the middle of their almost destitute Sorority. With no professors to interfere, they decide that Fred must hide, reside, and provide. He would be disguised as one of the lady students.

This male must agree to reside in the dorm, or be forced to do so.

He must provide these young ladies, with their high levels of estrogen, a way to relieve some of their frustrations.

There was a large closet which functioned as a sort of hub for the four sets of four-two student dorm rooms. In the center of that closet was a space where the ladies stored their empty suitcases.

The ladies casually walked around the perimeter of that compound and split as they reached where Fred lie on the ground. They never even broke their stride and left an empty space behind them as they slowly made their way to their dorm rooms. The space in the center of the closet room was cleared; they found a spare cot mattress, stripped off the poor man's torn shorts and boxers, bandaged the scrape and bruise, put a pair of panties on this wounded man, laid him out on the cot mattress, and covered him with a blanket and his parachute. Then they disposed of his torn clothing and closed the closet door, all in less than ten minutes. Marge was left inside to guard this gift package, armed with a baseball bat.

A thirty-one person meeting convened five minutes later with the following agenda:

#1 Care and feeding.

#2 Prisoner control

#3 Clothing to fit

#4 Division of the spoils

Now they had their plan. Next they had to research and plan their methods and decide on how to maintain secrecy.

Care and Feeding;

In the campus cafeteria, the food was served to the student as she moved through the line. Food would be moved to the man in half-filled coffee cups. An assignment list would be made and distributed just before each meal, until this man was well enough to disguise as a female student.

Prisoner Control:

He may enjoy staying, he may be hell bent to vacate, therefore guards will rotate on the hour. The weapons will be a baseball bat, steak knife, spray perfume, and binding with nylons,

Clothing to Fit:

This man had a small frame, close in size to the average female student. Each student will donate two articles of clothing and three pieces of lingerie. It will all be stored in one of the empty suitcases inside of the closet.

Division of Spoils:

A record would be made of who is needed to help with him. A record of services shall be rendered using coded names, servicing limited to twice a day. A schedule of which dorm room is reserved and off limits for a max of two hours would be drawn up. The list would be in code and in triplicate to avoid cheating.

Once Fred had a while to rest and recover from his collision with the college fence, there was a discussion between he and Sue (one of the floor student officers). The main topic was, "Would you accept willingly our hospitality in exchange for your services, for the remaining month of this college year, or do you feel you must report in to a wife and family, parole officer, or a concerned set of parents?"

Fred answered, "I must call my pilot to relieve him of any concern for me being hurt, lost, or dead. He only needs to know that I fell into a rose garden, then no further effort will be made to locate me. I live alone and often travel to exciting places for extended periods of time. I must say it sure looks like I have just fallen into a beautiful rose garden."

Sue asked, "Will you allow and assist us as we convert you into a female student, so that you can move about, without detection by our supervisors? We will donate the clothing, provide the laundry service, and you will have to do your very best to look and act the part of a lady student."

Fred said, "I have no experience at posing and acting like a lady. Maybe with help and training, I may be able to quickly meet the challenge. You lady students have had a lifetime of living in dresses and all of the other articles that make up a female wardrobe. Today is my first day. If you are patient and I am careful, we should be able to pull off a successful hoax. I am ready to face the challenge."

"The exit doors are always open while the college is in session, until the Lights Out buzzer is sounded. Then in the interest of safety to all of these single females, the doors become one-way. We can exit, but someone else has to be available to close and re-latch the big doors. No one can enter unless we release that safety latch. When the latch is released, a camera is turned on and it monitors that entrance until the door is again latched.

"This four-room eight-student dorm complex is one of four on this floor; above us are two more levels with sixteen rooms and thirty-two students. This means that at any given

time while college is in session, this building houses ninety-six females and three house mothers, one for each floor level.

"The ladies who brought you inside, are all from this first floor level. We were very careful to keep your entry a secret. You will be expected to personify a lady full-time and that means 24/7. You will also be expected to provide intimate, but private service to any of our frustrated females, in their dorm room. There will be a limit of service twice in a twenty-four hour period, to preserve your strength.

"These ladies will be willing and anxious for your special type of 'massage,' and will be monitored for their turn on a list maintained in code by our four first floor student officers. There will be a peel and stick rose decal to place on the outside of the dorm room door to denote that privacy is demanded for up to two hours. Each lady will be required to provide whatever protection she needs or prefers.

"Each lady has supplied part of your wardrobe, and there are two wigs to choose from. We are all required to wear nylons or pantyhose, dresses, or skirts, and high heel shoes; you will do the same. You will have to check on your daily clothing, also your night-clothes. You will be issued a robe and slippers, and report to me any shortages that you find.

"We, the lady students, have a very thorough information system, and have carefully trained to be a veritable army, when any threat is noticed or expected.

"You must keep an eye on your serious wound, care for it, and report any problems like infection. Here is a cell phone to call your pilot right now. I will wait right here for you to return my phone.

"You are already wearing a pair of panties, so four of our ladies will meet you in room three in ten minutes. You will show up with your suitcase of donated clothing, and they will sort out your supplies, dress you completely. They'll spend the remainder of an hour on the do's and don'ts of a lady's life, on color coordination, makeup, wig care, voice, and feminine actions and acting.

"The conversion to female could be a shock to your male pride, but we hope that the rewards will ease the shock. The four student officers will continually monitor your actions and appearance, and any unruly or un-ladylike appearance will be dealt with by decision of the group of thirty-two students you will be in contact with. If they say 'Out,' then you are gone. You have no clothing, so you will have to leave as your female persona, Jenny. Of course you will be on foot, and wearing heels, so you should consider being a good girl, and a convincing girl, until college closes for the summer in one month. Then we can provide you with a ride to some form of public transportation, in your borrowed ladies outfit.

"I, speaking for this group, may sound hard-hearted, and strict, but if there is a screw up, all thirty-two of us could get expelled, and it could come from some blunder that you made, so we have to set the rules. All thirty-two of us will make sure you abide by them. Any questions, Jenny?"

"No, but I have a comment. When you ladies find something you deem beneficial, you obviously leave no stone unturned until you have it all worked out. My willingness to sacrifice my next month, in order to enjoy a multitude of needy females, certainly comes with

some very serious rules. Hopefully I can comply, and be able to provide everyone with the entertainment, satisfaction, and the relaxation needed to concentrate on their courses, so that you can all make excellent final grades for this semester, and the school year as well," Jenny stated.

"Now you had better put on your robe, slippers, and wig, take your suitcase, and make tracks for room, to get ready for your dressing, then your training hour. This will bring you up to dinner time, and you will be dressed and all ready."

Fred was quickly assisted into a robe, slippers, and wig, then given the rolling suitcase, and sent off to Room 3. Four ladies went to work, sorting out the donated clothing, selecting an initial outfit for Jenny. This was followed by a sponge bath because of the severe bruise and scrape on Fred's thigh and hip from the collision with the tall wooden fence post. The bandage was changed, his body quickly shaved and rubbed down with a perfumed body oil. They were very careful not to disturb the panties or anything they were covering. They had a purpose and specific instructions, and they would follow orders to the letter of their law.

Amy helped Jenny into her bra and inserted a generous pair of false boobs. Marge had Jenny sit on the vanity stool and quickly put a pair of pantyhose on her. Mary was right there, waiting with a pair of high-heeled shoes, with a medium heel height. The ladies all wore shoes without any straps, but this donated pair were the only ones that would fit; they were of an older vintage and had ankle straps, which of course must be buckled.

Jane had selected a full slip and helped Jenny put it on. There was quite a struggle to get on past the very prominent bust line, but Jane was determined. She removed one of the false boobs, pulled the slip down into place, then inserted the false boob again. Jenny was blushing quite vividly by this time, so the four girls began giving their application instructions to accompany this initial finishing lesson.

Jenny was instructed on the application of her lipstick, and she did a fair job of it on her third try. Amy worked on Jenny's right fingernails, and Mary did the left hand. Jenny was cautioned to hold her fingers out carefully until the nail polish dried. Jane worked her magic with eye makeup and mascara. Marge had selected one of the wigs; it had nearly shoulder-length sides and back along with bangs to frame Jenny's slightly large male face. Amy had set up an ironing board and was giving a dress a quick pressing. The garment had been folded into that suitcase. These four ladies couldn't let their subject loose in a wrinkled dress.

When Jenny's nails were dry, Amy slipped the dress into place, and zipped the back. Marge was right there with the wig. Jane slipped a simple gold neck chain into place. There were no clip earrings available, so Marge carefully shaped the wig to completely cover the ears. Jane found a gold wristwatch for Jenny's left wrist. A gold bracelet went on the right wrist. There were no rings large enough for Jenny's fingers, so they stretched the bracelet until it would slip down near Jenny's right knuckles and slid the gold watchband down near the left wrist bone.

Amy began a detailed lecture as a description of the finished product named Jenny. She began with the body preparations, shaving, deodorant, lingerie, nylons, shoes, slip and skirt length concerns. Proper posture, both with standing and sitting. How to smooth her dress or skirt before sitting to avoid wrinkles, serious warnings about keeping her knees together, and her dress or skirt hem down to cover her slip hem. She gave the warning again that all thirty-two of them in this conspiracy could be expelled if Jenny screwed up. They lectured her as she made turn after turn around Room Three, right up to when the "Dinner is Served" alert buzzer was sounded.

As a cluster of five close student girl chums, they strolled to the lunchroom. Amy and Marge went through the serving line just ahead of Jenny, and Jane and Mary followed in line. All four of these students coached on the selections and serving sizes, because Jenny had been instructed to lose Fred's pot belly, or be prepared to live inside panty girdles, once his/her thigh and hip were healed.

This group of females was always alert, made instant decisions, was seldom wrong, and could almost predict the future. They had Fred pegged as a "Penny from Heaven" even as he was bouncing off the top of the fence. They had him inside in a matter of seconds, not minutes.

It is a wonder that Fred agreed to their offer for him to stay. The average male most likely would have said that their offer was preposterous, that they were asking far too much of him. The ladies would then either have to insist and hold him prisoner, or patch him up, dress him, and usher him out the gate and turn him loose out onto the well-kept lawns outside the protective fence. Fred, dressed as a female student, would have to find his way out of this dilemma, of being a cross dressed male. He would have found himself about twenty miles from home in heels, with no ID and no money. Perhaps, under the circumstances, it isn't all that hard to understand why Fred went along with their outrageous plan. As crazy as it was, it may have been better than the alternative.

On Jenny's first day, she was kept quite busy, being subjected to hours of training. Dressing, undressing, redressing many times, receiving lessons on makeup and hair care. After a two-lady inspection of the injury, Jenny was sent to Room Twelve, with a rose sticker for the door. Jenny and Sheryl enjoyed nearly an hour alone. When they parted, Sheryl was displaying a very relaxed and satisfied look. Jenny was just in time to join the group for the evening meal.

After dinner, Jenny was ready for a nap, but three more ladies urged her to sit and watch a college-provided DVD on dressing and personal care. They would frequently hit

the pause button, and have Jenny repeat the performance they had just watched. Other times they would act out a continuation of the scenes on the video.

These females were remarkable, the office manager who hired one of them would not want for any more thorough service in the secretarial line than any one of these ladies could provide. In a strange way, they were proving how effectively they could manage a situation. True, it wasn't a situation they were likely to encounter in their business careers, but management is management, right?

Jenny was amazed that in less than one full day, she was quite relaxed with her masquerade. She had to admit being thoroughly impressed with the IQ, attitude and ambition of these females. What would she, Jenny, be feeling after spending a month in this female institution for higher learning? After only one day, Jenny/Fred was beginning to realize just how lazy, laid back, and shiftless she/he had been by comparison to these dynamos. They were demanding, they expecting rapid response; they were miles ahead of Fred's normal pace. Would he be able to return home and resume his regular lifestyle, or would he find that this situation had lit a fire in his boxer shorts, or panties, so to speak, causing him to "up his game" and stop being such a slacker?

The pace of this college was levels above any other school that Fred had ever visited. The teaching was from standard text books, but the teaching didn't stop with the classes and the books. In less than twenty-four hours, these "super students" were expecting Jenny to be in step, and up to speed with them.

On top of feeling expected to adapt to a much faster pace than he was used to, Fred, now Jenny, was also impersonating a young woman. Is it even possible for one person to experience so much change in such a short period of time without having a breakdown? If he/she had a spare moment to contemplate the question, his/her answer might well have been no, it *isn't* possible. As things stood, however, Fred/Jenny wasn't given a spare moment to think about what was happening. It was happening and Fred/Jenny was caught up in the maelstrom.

Jenny slept in her panties, bra, falsies, and nightgown. She was up quite early, and nearly ready to venture out when the wakeup buzzer sounded. In just these first few days, Jenny was now comfortable and anxious to venture out and explore this new world. She could see that this experience was going to be a turning point in Fred's life.

From this point forward, a sky dive plane would seem too slow, free fall would lose its luster. What had been the normal pace for Fred would seem like standing still. Where would his life go from this point? How could he restructure his life to encompass what these ladies and this college were instilling in him?

One of the ladies slipped Jenny a small note. It read, "Would you meet me in Room Three for a quick massage? I am very anxious for some more of your attention. I'd hate to have to wait three days for my next scheduled turn."

Jenny knew that almost all of the teachers and students would be occupied with classes, so she met Helen and they went right into action.

The door was opened silently, and four ladies pinned the couple down, while they were still in action. Helen removed Jenny's dress, pantyhose and panties. Jenny was lifted off, and stood up in her stockinged feet. One lady held Helen down on the bed, holding her by her hair. They lifted Helen and stood her in front of Jenny. They removed Jenny's panties, then pulled her pantyhose back up into place. They gave Helen her pantyhose to put back on. The lecture began.

"You two like being together, so we are going to arrange it for you. Your dresses and slips will be removed, you will be belted together at your waists. Another belt will run from one back to the other, going snugly through between your legs, forcing your genital areas into contact. Your bras will be held together at their center front seam with a large decorative safety pin. We will put Jenny's shoes back on for her, and buckle the ankle straps.

"We will quickly move you to the closet. Then we'll tie Helen's hands behind Jenny's back and Jenny's hands behind Helen's back. Your ankles will be taped together, and you will have to stand face to face for six hours. You will not be able to walk, sit, drain your bladders, or relieve any of the sexual tensions which may arise while you are being pressed against each other. Two layers of pantyhose will adequately stop any attempt to get relief by a male-female manner.

"Your feet and legs during your intimate six-hour stand will become seriously painful. Helen may be able to kick off her heels, but with the ankles securely taped together, that will shift all of her weight on to Jenny's feet. Jenny's shoes have ankle straps which must be unbuckled for removal.

You two will now enjoy six hours of togetherness, but also helplessness. You can talk to each other, you can even kiss if you desire, and you are free to call out for help, if you don't mind being expelled, taking all thirty of us other ladies with you.

"Fred/Jenny will be arrested because he has infiltrated a ladies' dorm, and because it is against the law in this state to cross dress."

When they were left in the dark, Helen began to cry, Jenny tried to soothe her by talking to her, but she was just too upset and scared to be calmed down. Jenny wondered if they could last even two or three hours. She began to become frightened herself when she thought about six hours in that constricted position.

Jenny said, "Do you suppose that they will consider six hours too much, and let us off with just three?"

Helen said, "Once decreed, an order stands. We are bound together, and we must stand together for the whole six hours. Here in the dark, we can't even guess how much time has elapsed and how much more we have to tolerate."

Time seemed to stand still, there was some small talk, then Fred/Jenny came up with a thought. He asked Helen what she intended to after she graduated at the end of the

month. Helen answered that the college did a great job of placement, and she had confidence that she would be hired soon after graduation.

Jenny stated that Fred now planned to start his own business teaching sky diving because of this month's exposure to the unbelievable expedience displayed by both the students and staff. He would need a competent secretary. Before these six hours were over, he would get to know what kind of stuff she was made of.

Time seemed to stand still, both prisoners also stood. They exchanged guesses on the time, even though they really had no concept of how long they were in this uncomfortable position. Pain began to shoot up Jenny's legs, but she remained silent. Helen began to get restless, and she finally said, "Sue was right, our pantyhose, legs, feet, and shoes are going to get very wet any minute now."

Just then, there was a burst of light. The tapes were cut, the belts removed, the mattress was rolled out for Jenny to sleep on again, and Helen was rushed out of the closet.

Marge said to Jenny, "Our house mother noticed Helen's absence. We assured her that Helen was in the bathroom. House mother said that she would be back in five minutes to check again. You got off easy with only four and a half hours, so count your blessings, you damned cheater."

The routine settled into an organized, but fast-paced one aimed at an educational, personal appearance, and attitude training goal. These ladies were miles ahead of those in the same age group receiving their schooling elsewhere.

Jenny/Fred was totally impressed with the ability of these ladies. Show them a problem and almost instantly, it vanished.

When one of these ladies gets married, watch out groom, you are about to get trampled in a stampede. While the groom is preparing to help his bride into bed, she avails herself of his special talent, and is ready to kiss goodnight, and snuggle in for a night's sleep before he knows what's hit him.

While the young husband is deciding just which bank to select, this new wife has her accounts all set-up, she has arranged for an equity loan, established periodic automatic deductions for her student loans, and purchased a CD with a guaranteed high-interest return.

Life for Fred was definitely going to get a shot in the arm. His breakfast used to be of about an hours duration. Now, in about six minutes, he would have been to the bathroom, washed, shaved, dressed, had breakfast, called his pilot, and be on his way to the airport for his next sky dive. On the way to the jump site, he would study for his pilot's license, call his broker to have him buy four hundred more shares of stock, arrange for his mechanic to install a DVD player in his Beemer, sell his old Land Rover, and make a dinner date with Helen for this evening.

An ordinary day for Fred would be to complete three or four tasks, but because he was fortunate enough to have dropped on the inside of that girls college fence, now his day with see progress be made in many different arenas.

The ability and experience of female impersonation would open many new doors, if Fred chose to retain both this talent and the large suitcase load of ladies wear. He would

have to brown bag the clothing, but this unexpected month's education and experience were his to accept or discard.

The four-plus hours helplessly bound to Helen was frightful to recall, but that extremely close confinement left Jenny/Fred with an unexplained desire to always keep her that close. He felt that feeling while they were bound together, and it persisted afterward. They shared two more of Jenny's intimate massages while college was still in session, and they exchanged names and addresses and made sincere promises to stay in touch.

His experience at the ladies college during the month after he fell in on the girls was the most exhilarating time Fred had ever experienced in his still young life. The extremely well-orchestrated hoax, and its successful culmination (the college officials never did discover it), was a remarkable feat, especially when you realize that over thirty individuals were involved. Anyone who has ever tried to keep a secret known by more than two people from becoming public knowledge will appreciate the rarity of what happened inside the walls of that dorm.

The four student body officers composed a complete listing of everyone's contact information. They felt that there could be a time when the talents of this group might just resolve some troubling issue plaguing one of their special comrades.

The friendship shared by Helen and Jenny/Fred was cemented by Fred hiring Helen as his secretary. Fred's had certainly made the right decision as he was soon sleeping regularly with this bombshell of a secretary. Helen would become a full partner as Office Manager, with secretarial responsibilities. Together, they would personally train their associates and successors.

Gorgeous George

The title of a story is often times quite difficult to select, but in the case of George Brown, the title writes itself.

The magnetism of a casino can have a strong and contagious pull. The results can be disastrous to a wife struggling to keep food on the table, and trying to keep the bills paid. How does a young bride manage when her spouse is never home and spends most of the money that he earns on gambling?

Divorce would be one way to solve this problem, but it's a distasteful and final solution. Maybe pressure applied in just the right way might turn the tide, salvage the marriage and eventually help him break away from the casino's magnetism.

Jane must handle this situation with the strength of a tiger, a tiger that has been wronged. She went to the local police station and filed a form for non-support. The police were quite sympathetic, but their hands were tied, *unless* they could catch the husband in the casino.

Jane was informed that she would have to enlist the Legal Aid people to help her file an order banning George from entering the casino.

It was explained to her that, with the court order, the police could actually arrest George anywhere near the casino.

In the meantime, George kept coming home quite late, always broke.

Jane couldn't figure out George's latest actions. He was always clean-shaven, with no sign of any beard stubble, suspiciously so. She received a call from a young female patrol officer and instantly she had the answer to the puzzle.

It seems that George was dressing as a lady to enter and



leave the casino, changing back to George somewhere along the way home.

The officer explained that there had been an accident in the parking lot at the casino; the two cars involved collided right in front of where George was parked, and he couldn't get out of the lot to go home. While the police were gathering their information, they also discovered that the witness was a man dressed as a lady.

The female officer was aware of the court order restricting George Brown from going into the casino, and she arrested and handcuffed him. She got Jane's phone number. When informed of the situation, Jane pleaded with the officer to release "Gorgeous George" into Jane's custody.

At the stroke of midnight, Jane was taping Gorgeous George's wrists together with adhesive tape. The police lady removed the handcuffs, and Jane marched her ladylike husband into the house and set him down on a stool placed in the center of the open carpeted area of the living room.

Jane had tried to calm herself down enough to be able to think carefully, so she could arrive at decisions which would lead to an improved relationship. She also struggled to come up with ways to control his compulsive urge to gamble. She decided that no serious decisions would be made until there was time to seek advice.

Jane's first move was to do her best to shame George.

He needed to feel shame for his constant need to gamble away his whole paycheck. Shame for violating the court order to stay away from the Casino. Shame for disguising himself as a female.

She was quite successful with that effort because she soon had her husband crying.

Jane's next move was to take several snapshots of her husband dressed up as a lady. She wanted to be sure that there was absolutely no doubt as to who this person really was. She arranged his wig to display more of George's face and put him in poses which showed his whole body, with lots of nylon-covered leg and slip hem showing, taken from such an angle to include a full facial view.

The posing took quite a while, but eventually Jane had many pictures of George Brown wearing a fashionable outfit of female attire. She had even unbuttoned most of the front of the blouse and arranged it to expose lots of bodice area, displaying a sexy well-padded bra and slip bodice. She made sure that this picture also encompassed full facial exposure.

Step Number Three was to go out to the garage and get the plastic bag with the new dog run chain which was hung from a nail on the inside garage wall. Gorgeous George's blouse was pulled up out of his skirt's waistband; the chain was locked snugly around the bare waist. The rest of the chain was left lying on the living room carpet.

She marched her cross dressed husband upstairs to the guest room, and locked the end of that long dog chain around the bed leg nearest to the bathroom door.

Cutting the tape securing George's wrists, she ordered him to strip. She was quite surprised to discover that he had abandoned his Jockey shorts, and was wearing a pair of white nylon panties.

Jane wouldn't allow George to remove the panties, bra, or the padding used to fill out the bra cups. She gave him a set of nylon shortie pajamas to put on over his remaining lingerie.

George was sent to use the bathroom; when he was in bed, she tucked him in, then gave him these simple orders:

"George, or should I say Georgia, you are going to miss work tomorrow. By mid-afternoon we will discuss our futures. You can rest assured that since you selected female impersonation as a ticket into the Casino, you will now accept it as a way of life in this house, during the time you are recovering from your gambling compulsion. It will take us quite a while to recover financially from the bills that are past due; it looks like Georgia is going to spend a lot of time working as our maid.

"George, you will park your car, remove the license plates, and bring them to me. From now on, you will ride your bike to work every day. You will return home right after work, change into one of your female outfits, and begin to handle your half of our household chores.

"I will find a 'Mother's Shift' job. I will be here when you leave for work on your bike and also when you arrive home to transform George into Georgia. Any deviation from these orders will grant you twenty-four hours locked inside the cement root cellar, with no food, no light and no clothes, just a blanket to lie on.

"You have just heard my initial terms. Do you wish to try negotiation? It is quite late, I am quite upset. If you make any requests for lenience, they had better be brief and legitimate, otherwise you had better be prepared to grin and bear it, or tomorrow, if I release you from that chain, you will have to make yourself scarce, permanently so. You can bring in your license plates now, or just get into your car and get lost, forever."

Jane left George secured with a chain to the bed. She went into their bedroom, stripped down and went to bed in one of her favorite pastel-yellow nylon nightgowns.

There certainly wasn't any urgency to getting up the next morning; Jane finally slipped into her robe, and made a trip into the bathroom.

She did have to gather up information which might help her make lasting decisions about taking control of the married life of the Browns.

George Brown had selected female impersonation as a means of getting into the casino, now Jane Brown found it to be an excellent way to tame a compulsive gambler. Georgia would be a very docile person to deal with, while completely dressed as a lady, but sporting a man's crew cut.

Georgia was known to the local police, but fortunately not for anything more serious than posing as a female in the car in the parking lot of the local casino.

Jane Brown would concentrate on controlling the activities of her husband, demanding that Georgia assist in taking care of the house, thus freeing her up to spend part of each day at a part-time job, which would allow her the time required to oversee George's conversion to Georgia, and to supervise this new maid as she went about her assigned daily chores.

George was not a very athletic person; occasionally riding a mountain bike was an exception to his normal day. The bike was used, but in decent shape, and would serve well for his two-mile trip to work at the local telephone company. He was allowed to dress in his male uniform coveralls and to go out with two large suitcases of his clothing, locked in the trunk of his car. He was ordered to park that car beside the garage, remove the license plates and the rear wheels, bring them in and place them inside the cement root cellar.

Jane's car would have to do for transportation when they both had to go somewhere. Time would have to be allowed for Georgia to retrieve a male outfit from one of the suitcases in the trunk of his sidelined car.

His Telephone Company coveralls would have to suffice if they were going somewhere local after work. The coveralls were heavy enough to hide his lingerie which he was required to wear underneath his work uniforms.

George had selected ladies clothing as a disguise; since it was his choice, Jane felt that she should go all out to see that he had plenty of time to enjoy this change in wardrobe.

As soon as they both received a paycheck, Jane set up a budget and began to pay off the more pressing overdue bills.

George was allowed five dollars a week for spending money. Other than buying clothing from Goodwill for Georgia and bargain priced makeup for each of them, groceries were their biggest expense. With George's car out of service, the cost of gasoline dropped by about seventy-five percent.

Georgia began to complain that married life was quite unfair. Jane was being a tyrant, his life had no pleasures. He went to work each day, then returned to remove his coveralls and get dressed as Georgia. He couldn't even venture outside of their house, because of his crew-cut and lack of a wig for cover up. He wanted a social life, a chance to relax in a movie, go bowling, or join a ball club.

Jane promised to do her best to save some time and money to spend on something to help Georgia out of these inactivity blues. In their neighborhood, there was a ladies slow-pitch soft ball league. Jane signed Georgia Brown up as a potential player. She found a long-sleeved jersey top and the team color navy blue shorts, plus a pair of sneakers for Georgia to wear.

They fitted the wig which George had worn to the casino, and Georgia was ready for a Saturday game of softball. George was pleased to get outside the house, other than to go to work. He was anxious to show off his expertise as a ball player, and he was ready to drive that ball right out of the slow-pitch ballpark. He was distressed that the fake boobs seemed to be in the way whenever he swung that bat. He asked Jane if they could reduce the amount of padding so that his boobs were less interference.

When the first game finally started, Georgia was to be the fourth batter. She was limbering up out on the edge of the infield, when a gust of wind took that wig aloft and dropped it right on the pitcher's mound.

There was an instant meeting of the team managers, and the male impostor was ejected from the park. As a consolation, Jane and Georgia went bowling for five games, then returned to the Brown residence, where Georgia again lost her wig.

Georgia had her outing, got out of the housework blues for a while, but returned even more upset about being caught living as a female.

Jane put the responsibility right back in Georgia's lap. She suggested that Georgia review their present marriage program, and propose changes which would continue their financial recovery, and provide an additional mental boost to their enjoyment of their lives together.

As a second thought, she suggested that maybe they should evaluate divorce as well.

Georgia was quite shook up with the casual way that Jane had suggested divorce. It seemed as though George might be walking into a long dark tunnel with no light at the other end.

He couldn't shake that thought. He couldn't concentrate on any other thoughts. That dark tunnel loomed dead ahead. Jane suggested changing from pantyhose with runs and holes, to new ones in perfect shape. She also suggested a real dress-up dinner for Georgia and Jean, at some quality hotel with a dining room, or an overnight stay for Jane and George, with George wearing one of his better suits and also male underwear. Jane would wear a rather fancy dress and heels.

The dark tunnel continued to haunt Georgia; even two days after their heart-to-heart conversation, that image was still on his/her mind.

George began to feel cheated. His work for the Telephone Company, the clean and neat home for Jane and George should make him feel content, but something was very wrong. Jane suggested that Georgia carry a pad and pencil and jot down everything that came to mind. They could review his notes and see if they could find something that they were overlooking.

They were concentrating on getting out of debt so seriously, that no attention was paid to future plans and goals. Jane considered allowing her husband to resume his male role, but it was still too soon for her to be able to begin to trust George again.

A test was in order, one allowing George a little freedom and trust. Jane told Georgia that she was being sent for a day and evening of training which might lead to a promotion and a pay increase.

This would mean that George would not have to change to Georgia, that he would have access to her car. This would happen on the day which he received his weekly paycheck.

Now when Jane returned, if the gas tank is only down just a little, if George had his paycheck to surrender to Jane, and if the house was clean and neat, then Jane would know that her efforts to curb George's gambling were beginning to pay off. If George reverted right back to his old ways, then Jane would probably have to throw him out.

Jane stayed at a neighbor friend's house that night and returned home at the regular time the next afternoon. Her car was gone, George's bike was in the garage, the guest room bed wasn't made, and there were dirty dishes in the sink.

Jane was heartsick, she was sure that George had broken his promise not to betray her trust. When her car returned with George, Jane asked him for his paycheck. He couldn't

produce it. She asked him where it was. He hemmed and hawed but eventually had to admit that it went to the casino.

In keeping with her promise, she went to the coat closet, retrieved the baseball bat, ordered George to strip, marched him down to the root cellar, gave him a blanket, prodded him inside with the baseball bat, closed and hasped the heavy plank door.

George had finally found that long-feared dark tunnel with no light at the other end. It was dark alright, very cold, and the silence inside it was devastating.

Why had he violated her trust? Why couldn't he resist the urge to gamble? How was he going to survive a full twenty-four hours locked in this cement room? He had been offered trust, he had felt that he could handle that trust, and he had lost all control, just as soon as Jane was out of sight. He could now reflect on ways to repent. He had twenty-four hours in this cold darkness and the silence. When he was finally released at this time tomorrow, he had better have a good solid plan ready to put into effect.

Being trapped inside this locked cement root cellar, the first twenty to thirty minutes was mind-boggling. Thinking about just how long twenty-four hours was, could create hysteria and panic. With no light, no way to tell time, no food, and nothing to drink, George was totally defeated. Just this short time shut up in this dark room, demonstrated to him just why he had been so scared of that mental picture of this long dark tunnel. That had been a mental warning for him to take control of his actions, honor the trust offered by his wife, and banish that black tunnel apparition from his mind forever. He hadn't heeded the warning his mind was trying to give him, though.

George began to worry that at this time tomorrow, Jane might just feed and water him and lock him back in for another full day. He had to have just the right statement prepared, which would cause her to think before relocking that heavy plank door again.

Jane was in doubt about her promise to abandon George for a full twenty-four hours. Locking him in that cold, dark, root cellar...could he tolerate that? What if it really was too cool for a naked man? Would she hear him if he called for help? Was the thin blanket enough to keep him warm for such a long time? What would she be doing if the situation was reversed? Was there any way to spy on George to see if he was surviving?

Jane finally decided that she had better have an iron clad explanation for how George happened to get locked into that cement cell. She decided she would tell the authorities that she and George had been cleaning up the basement, he had taken the extra wheels from his car into the root cellar for storage. Believing that he had gone to help a friend, Jane had finished up her cleaning project, closed and hasped the heavy plank door, and returned back upstairs, where she had a shower, put on her night clothes, got into bed and watched a movie on TV, and fell asleep with the TV still on.

In the late afternoon of the next day, Jane remembered how soundproof that cement root cellar really was. Rushing down to open it up, she found her suffocated husband inside.

How would she explain why he was naked with just a blanket? George had gotten soaked when the garden hose fitting broke. Jane gave him a blanket, and took his wet clothes across the cellar and threw them into the washing machine. He must have gone

into that root cellar while she was putting his wet clothes into the washer. When she came back, she shut and latched that cellar door, and went upstairs.

In her panic, she thought that this story would keep her out of trouble in case something happened to George while locked inside that cement room. In truth, Jane was so upset with George's actions, she could care less whether he survived that dark cellar ordeal.

Jane was quite nervous at work that day, and rushed home at the end of her shift. She had an hour to wait before she opened that heavy door. The suspense was killing her. The kitchen clock finally pointed to four-thirty, and Jane almost ran down the cellar stairs to that big door. She lifted the pin and released the hasp, and tugged the door open.

There huddled in a small hump was her husband George. The sound of the squeaking hinges had brought him out of his lethargic state.

George got to his feet, reached for Jane, hugged her to his blanket cover, and said, "Oh Jane, am I ever glad to see you! Even though I am quite distressed at this moment, do I ever love you. Please help me upstairs, please help me get warm, and please tell me that I can have just one more chance to reform from gambling. I never want to be inside that cellar room again. I promise never to violate your trust again. I can't say it often enough Jane, I love you and I would walk through fire to be with you.

"Please excuse me while I make some hot tea and take a hot bath. Then Georgia will need some warm clothes for the evening. She will also need a lot of guidance as she begins to repair the marriage path which she has nearly destroyed."

Jane was very cautious; she was afraid that this change of attitude was just a bluff spawned in the dark cellar, and that in a week or less, George would be ready to take his next paycheck and head out for the casino to blow it all again.

After a cup of hot tea and a half- hour in the hot bath water, Georgia got dressed and returned to the living room. She sat beside Jane on the sofa, pulled Jane into a solid body contact hug, and said, "Oh, is this comforting. I was afraid that we might never be able to get this close again. Jane, That cold, dark cellar was torture, but it was sufficient to wake me up to what I was destroying. Most of the time there in the dark, was spent hoping that there still might be a way to get our marriage back on the right path. I just hope that we can find our way back to the happiness of the first year of our marriage. Is there any chance that you can begin to forgive me for my selfishness?"

Jane said, "Georgia, please let me breathe, you are holding me much too tight. To answer your question, I was convinced that our marriage could be saved, and I prayed for the love to carry out my dreams. I must say truthfully that, although I approve of your words and actions since I released you, I am very suspicious of your motives.

"I would like to continue our present arrangements, but from time to time you will get opportunities to prove yourself. You will continue to be Georgia, but we can work out some tests to decide if there have been any improvements. You need to look for ways to improve our lives, to increase our income, and maybe even to allow George to resurface. With no more large losses at the casino, we can recover and hold our own, but we need to examine a lot of ideas as they come along.

"For example, what if Jane could set up an Internet business on our computer, or what if George were offered managerial training through the phone company? We need to have our eyes open and be ready to check out any possibilities that present themselves.

"There is of course the other 'what if'. What if we divorce; should we devote some serious thoughts and planning to that possibility? Our lives have suffered some serious upheaval, and we have to face up to reality and try to be ready to deal with the possible coming destruction of our marriage.

"Georgia, you have just been rescued from the first of your visits to that cold, dark, quiet root cellar. Watch your step, monitor your actions closely, or you may be blessed with a second visit to that cellar for another twenty-four hours.

"With that threat left hanging in the air, what plans do you have for our future?" Jane asked.

"Well, my solitary confinement was devoted to praying that you and I could find some way to work things out.

"There was a lot of idle time with absolutely no distractions, but my concentration was on getting through it, and hoping that there still would be a chance of recovery for us," Georgia answered.

"Sitting here in our living room, with you in my arms, I am close to tears. My worries are monstrous. Although I am still dressed as a female, my prayers were answered, and there is still a thread of hope for recovery," Georgia said.

Jane was relaxing in Georgia's arms but still quite tense, waiting for the second shoe to drop. Where would George take their lives now? What were his motives? He just couldn't be completely compulsion-free. Was he yet again leading towards compulsive gambling? Jane knew she couldn't trust the words coming from George/Georgia's lips.

The day after George's release, started with a normal routine, but by noontime Jane was walking on Cloud Nine. Her manager had called her into his office and asked her to sit down.

Jane had been a fill-in for the business, including occasionally taking over the responsibilities of the finance director. Jane's expertise caught the manager's attention; he explained to Jane that he had just purchased a chain of franchise businesses. He now needed a special person to oversee the daily operation for him.

His proposal was; You set your own hours, you hire and train another lady as your assistant finance officer, you name your own salary and that of your assistant, and you submit bi-monthly reports on your progress in getting these franchises into profitability.

"Also Jane, I am looking at another group of businesses that may be available in the next few months, so be on the lookout for a third person as part of your staff.

"Now with all of this startling news, take the rest of the day off. Begin to make some room in your house to use as your office and headquarters, and also be searching for a business name.

Jane was excited. She drove to the Telephone Company, and found George as he was returning from the lunchroom.

George could tell that Jane was very excited, and he encouraged her to confess.

Jane explained the situation, and stated that she had been ordered to hire and train an assistant. She let that sink in for a couple of moments, then asked, "George, how about you quit your job and come to work for me? I can train you to be a capable assistant. My boss wants me to hire a lady as my assistant. I'm asking you to accept that position as my sister-in-law Georgia Brown.

"You can have until noon tomorrow to consider my suggestion. Keep in mind that we can set our own salaries."

George was in a tight situation. Could he measure up to the requirements of a financial advisor? Could he and Jane manage to work as a team? Could he handle becoming a she named Georgia along with all of the responsibilities of this prestigious position?

George's immediate answer was just three words: "Let's do it!"

With a sheepish look on her face, Jane said, "Great, Georgia, we can get right to work setting up your office inside the cement root cellar."

George answered, "No way!"

Jane came back with, "In that case, it looks like it may be a long time before George is allowed to surface anywhere other than in our bedroom."

TIMING, TRADING, TRAINING AND TRIUMPH

Chapter 1: Timing

Sue and Jamie were working out an elaborate plan, which would qualify Sue for a six-month free scholarship to a highly accredited local college, and a six-month course for accountants.

This was partially funded by the school, and partially by money assigned for the training of unemployed females. Sue is considered a minority, and her background exhibits the required qualifications, plus she had the desire and drive to acquire the credentials needed to enter this very specialized field.

Once the six-month's classroom requirements are met, the remainder of the course is home/computer accounting for clients or companies accessed through the College.

Once the student graduates at the end of the one-year course, she will be able to continue her accounting through the College, with her home PC, and will also be able to branch out and bring in clients from her own initiative and advertising, thus establishing herself in a home PC accounting business. This will allow her to set her own hours, allow her to work even in her nightclothes, save substantially on wardrobe and on commuting costs, as well as on hair care, and makeup.

Sue really disliked all of the fuss, muss, bother and expense of female fashion, and she had worked quite carefully to insert entries into her school and college records, which would establish a sound background, thus qualifying her for this free schooling.

Jamie was planning to go along for the ride. His job was out-of-doors, seasonal; he was at the bottom of the barrel, a slow down and he would be out. If he could hold on for six months while Sue attended classes, he could begin to train under his wife. Eventually they would be self-employed accountants.

The fall semester was scheduled to start in about one month. Sue was hitting several thrift shops frequently to acquire an inexpensive, versatile and impressive wardrobe for her six months of school attendance.

Sue developed a severe pain in her right hip and had to go to her doctor for an opinion. He sent her to a specialist, who determined that she needed a hip replacement, as soon as possible. There was no possibility of holding off until the college course was completed. She couldn't get scheduled for the surgery for at least six weeks, as she needed a special size of hip replacement which would have to be custom-made. Everything added up to the fact that she would have to forfeit the special schooling in order to get her hip repaired and allow three or four months for recovery.

Her window of opportunity for unemployment would run out, and she would not be qualified to attend the school when their next scheduled class would be available in the fall.

Sue and Jamie held a strategy session after dinner on the day that Sue's grand plan got scuttled by the pending need for surgery. Jamie could feel Sue's depression and disap-

pointment, but was reconciled to the fact that there was nothing that he could do to change what fate had decreed.

Sue was so upset that she was almost in tears. She had only toyed with her meal; the whole time was spent blasting the specialist, her own body inadequacies, the unemployment system's timing, and the fact that the College wasn't scheduling an accounting class for the spring. The spring one would fall into her time window, and the course would be free. Next fall was too late by three months

Chapter 2: Trading

Sue said, "Well, I guess it just wasn't meant for us to better ourselves. Maybe my setting up fake references to help me qualify backfired. Wouldn't it be great if you could get laid off in the next few weeks? Then you could take the course."

Jamie answered, "You have to be the one because everything is set up for an unemployed female."

"Oh heck, I forgot about that condition," Sue responded. She stared at the floor, at Jamie, at the ceiling, at the calendar, and finally stated, "Jamie you are going to go to college."

"Sue, we can't afford it. With you out of work, we need my paycheck to pay for our food and rent. There would be barely enough money to cover them for six months out of our savings, but no money to pay the tuition or for books," Jamie stated.

Sue said, "All of my contacts with the college and unemployment have been by computer, phone or letter. No one has met Sue yet, so that means that *you* are about to become Sue for six months."

"Don't be foolish, Sue. No way could I manage to fool everyone with my feeble attempt to pose as you."

"Who said anything about feeble attempts? We are discussing our future, and we can't afford to be slipshod in our efforts to achieve our goals. You will begin tonight to learn to be a female. You will call in and quit your job in the morning. You will have three weeks to learn to be me before classes start. Your most serious challenge will be in speaking in a female voice.

"The clothes I have been collecting will be too small for you. I have about five weeks before my surgery to exchange them for fashions and lingerie in your sizes. Starting right now and for at least the next seven months, you will be known as Sue Brown. I will be your first cousin, with the same name, but responding to my middle name, Ann. Jamie will have taken a job on the oil pipeline crew in Alaska for at least a year."

Ann said, "Let's go up stairs and treat Sue to a real feminine bubble bath and close shave."

Jamie complained about all of the body hair Ann was shaving off, and about the terrible perfume smell of the bath water. Ann informed Sue that girls either had no body hair or, like under their arms, they kept the skin clean-shaven.



"Now, as far as perfume smells, you have never objected to being close to my bare body, so now those delightful aromas will travel with you. As with all forms of perfume, it goes with you, there is no walking away. If you are female, you will *smell* female wherever you go.

"Your efforts to become my double, your efforts toward making the College honor roll, and your efforts to learn and teach accounting, must be remarkable, because our future depends on your ability to pose as Sue Brown, to learn accounting, to produce outstanding scores, and to teach what you have learned to me. One year from now, Sue and Jamie need to have a well-established accounting business. Our savings account will have to be replenished, and then we can be looking at a rosy future. Whatever problems we have now will all put behind us.

"While we are at it, Sue Brown doesn't smoke or drink beer, so no smoking, no beer, no swearing, and you transport any of your foul gasses far out into the open air before you release

them, is that understood, Sue?" Ann asked.

"Yes Ann, I understand," Sue answered.

With the bathing and shaving completed, it was time to dress the new Sue. This would be done in stages to avoid any terrible shocks to Jamie's male ego. With it being so close to bedtime, the first outfit would be night clothes.

Ann presented Sue with a pretty pair of pastel yellow nylon panties, with lots of lace trim and inserts. Sue colored up in a serious blush and hesitated to even handle that extremely feminine article of clothing. Ann said, "You can have a choice, either those pretty panties, or this very tight long leg panty girdle." Sue quickly accepted the yellow panties and put them on.

Ann said, "The need to fill out the bodice of your nightgown calls for you to wear a bra, and to insert bust pads to create a noticeable shape. Ladies usually can rely on their own natural breasts for a reasonably sexy shape, but you must create your own with fannies. A nightgown will not confine those additions so you are in need of a bra to wear under your gown.

"Also, because of the change in our plans, I have no correct size bra for you, so it means wearing one of mine with a band extender, for tonight. I have some extenders from when I put on so much weight the winter before last, so you can use them for now. I will get you a few bras tomorrow, which will be the proper size for you. Eventually, we can get you stocked up with enough so that you will always have ones to wear while others are in the laundry.

"My high-heeled slippers will have to do for this evening. Tomorrow, I'll get you a few pairs of heels for daily use, and for school wear," Ann concluded.

Chapter 3: Training

Sue, now dressed in a pastel yellow nightgown (to match her panties) and wearing high-heeled slippers, was handed a robe to cover up with. Ann suggested that they relax and watch TV until bed time.

She said, "Men may lounge around in their Jockey shorts, but a lady always covers her nightgown with a robe. My shopping trip tomorrow in the morning will also include getting you a wig. In the afternoon, we will hold a makeup and hair care session. With you properly dressed, you will be able to observe as the beautiful Sue Brown emerges for the public to see. You have an awful lot to learn in this next three weeks. The speed with which you develop expertise at duplicating my persona will be a good gauge to how well you will be able to grasp the teachings of your accounting instructors. In other words, two weeks from now, if you really resemble the real Sue Brown, we can relax and rest assured that our hoax will actually work. Then we can begin to look forward to not one, but two, accountants and, most likely, one gender conversion from a male construction laborer to a female accountant. In fact I expect to keep you on the payroll, as Jamie, a very pretty, very feminine, accountant," Ann stated.

Sue said, "Now hold on there, my cute and scheming wife. It certainly is imperative that I impersonate Sue Brown for the purpose of the free education. It may be OK to have faked some of her qualifications to assure acceptance by the College, but you are way off base if you think you can retain your husband as a female accountant for our business. Once the need for the masquerade is over, Jamie, the husband intends to return from Alaska."

Ann responded, "Female business owners are a small minority. When there are two women as co-owners, there are all kinds of loans, grants, and discounts available. When we are at home, Jamie can be my husband, but for business purposes, Jamie will be going to work in dresses and heels when she has to go public. Fortunately the switch will work because Sue will still be an owner. With a name like Jamie, you can go either way. Your clothing can be for both genders, too, especially in our home."

Jamie said, "Wow, I suffer through tremendous embarrassment and humiliation posing as a female, and my payback is that I must continue to be a female impersonator, with the option of occasionally dressing as a male in our home. Once in a while I can pose as a man and share my wife's bed. What about at least fifty-fifty? I can see you insisting that I let my hair grow out to become a match for your style. Plus I'm sure there will be many debates concerning fake breasts or breast implants. Then I can foresee debates about electrolysis to look forward to. I know you'll try to convince me by saying that not having to shave anymore would be a Godsend, right?"

"Yes Jamie, you're right, all of those situations will have to be faced. Certainly they will all take away some of your male attributes, and along with that, large chunks of your male pride. I'm sorry that you must suffer through female impersonation while struggling to master a new trade, as our way out of our current existence. Unfortunately, because of the inequalities between male and female in this country, we are forced to get our slice of the pie by devious methods.

"Now if all of this overwhelms you, a divorcee can get lots of help to better herself. You can continue to work in the nice fresh air, mud, rain, heat, snow, ice and cold. Hopefully, you can bring in enough pay to cover your expenses. Or, following our plan, you can live and work in extremely comfortable surroundings, in very fashionable outfits, spending your nights at home in your nightgown, bringing in a very nice salary, for a small amount of mental expenditure."

"Ann, your arguments are all to the point, but I am still expected to sacrifice much of my male pride and comfort, to become a female; looking ahead, there doesn't seem to be any real reward for Jamie, until after retirement. It isn't just six months of school. We haven't even begun yet and it's already becoming 'a few years until we are financially well off'.

"I can see where this is heading. Eventually, you'll say to me, 'You certainly don't want to upset our smooth sailing by reverting back to your male self, do you?'"

Ann said, "Here we are, planning for years ahead, when we haven't even gotten Sue dressed for her first day yet. Let's just let all of this controversy sit for a few days until we can evaluate your ability and comfort as my double. Then we can begin to look ahead."

They had used up all of their time to relax, and now it was bedtime. They both slipped in between the nice clean sheets, and met in the middle for a good night hug and kiss. Ann was surprised to feel Sue's body through her nightgown. She was anxious for them to get in under those nightgowns and play grown-up games. Sue seemed to be receptive and Ann began to caress the nylon-covered male anatomy, and also the nylon-covered false boobs. Ann was busy trying to press her body against her husband's yellow nylon-covered form.

They rolled together and almost slid right past where they wanted to be. Ann said, "Hurry Sue, pull up your nightgown and pull off your panties. We are going to hit the jackpot tonight."

The interlude that followed was wild, intense and satisfying. When they had rested enough to be able to talk, Jamie said, "Wow, I do believe that I could learn to like female impersonation in a real big hurry."

Ann said, "There will be days when you will long for the easygoing male style, and then there will be nights like tonight."

The next morning Sue had trouble trying to find her yellow nylon panties. Ann was pleased to help make the bed and getting breakfast.

Jamie called his boss and quit his job. Ann sent Sue to shower and shave again; soon there was a fashionably dressed fake Sue Brown in the bedroom. They used a lightweight cardigan for a top, and the hair was Jamie's, but the rest of the look was all female, and well done. the skirt was a little short and would be considered risqué out in public, but Jamie was gone and Sue the impostor had certainly arrived.

They spent some time on makeup and nails, and Sue was a receptive student. Sue was also anxious for a rerun of last night. The cooperative and determined attitude of this female impersonator made the training sessions a breeze. Ann was quite impressed to look up and discover Sue making some move or assuming a standing or seated position in a female manner. These observations were encouraging, as they almost guaranteed that this masquerade and the accounting course would meet with satisfactory results.

Ann was well aware of the danger of using force or punishment as a means to get Jamie/Sue to conform. The old adage was still true: "You can catch more flies with honey than you can with vinegar." She must make this conversion to Sue a pleasant and enjoyable excursion. Sue must desire her training in order to be an outstanding accountant. Ann would have to research and acquire female accountant success stories for she and Sue to use as incentives for their present planned workplace upgrade.

In mid-morning, Ann left to get the things which Sue needed to complete her conversion. She asked Sue to go with her, but with no wig and just slippers, they both knew that Sue was stuck inside the house.

Ann suggested that Sue watch a video on makeup and hair care, and be prepared to experiment when Ann returned with the needed pieces of the conversion puzzle. She added that she would prepare a light lunch for them too.

Ann was going to buy the book "Accounting for Dummies" and put Sue to work assembling the info that they would need for their year-end tax report to IRS. She would also search for videos for training a male to speak in a female voice range.

Sue had a lot of work ahead of her, but if it was enjoyable and rewarding, she would come through with flying colors.

The afternoon just seemed to fly by. They were so engrossed in Sue's feminine look that the time got away from them. It was beginning to get dark and they realized that it was now time for dinner. Ann suggested that since Sue was a completed effort, they venture out to eat in public. She suggested the local very busy Chinese buffet, because there would be no need for Sue to speak publicly. Sue was very frightened about going out in public, because she would be with Ann, whom everyone knew as Sue. So with this recognizable person and her very sporty convertible, the chances of the fake Sue being recognized as Jamie were quite high.

Expressing this worry to Ann was scary. She didn't want to be afraid of exposure, but she also didn't wish to be exposed as a cross dresser. Their plans could be scuttled by the police sending Jamie to jail for being a transvestite.

Sue asked, "Couldn't we just call for a pizza delivery, and eat it here?"

Ann answered, "I know that you are afraid of exposure and the repercussions. Yes, for today, lets do just that."

Their quiet dinner was only disturbed by Ann correcting Sue for wolfing down her food and for sitting on the sofa with her legs spread apart. Ann said, "I appreciate your concern about public exposure, because I want to complain about the present exposure between your legs, Sue. A grown woman has learned at an early age that she must keep her knees together and her skirt or dress hem as low as possible. The shorter the skirt or dress hem, the greater the need and caution to avoid a display of where your legs join your body. We will have to deal with this problem because males sit with their legs spread to allow room for their male appendages and I'm sure you'll need some practice to break that habit," Ann further commented.

"I hate to lecture but right now we need to concentrate on your actions, to be sure that you are learning to do things as a lady would do them. That video on speaking like a lady should be here tomorrow or the next day. You will have to spend some time learning to talk all over again. We can safely go out in the public much more confidently once you speak like Sue instead of like a man. You are quite passable visually; the wig and the heels definitely put the finishing touch to your appearance.

"This is only the second day, and you have almost three weeks to polish your masquerade before you have to begin attending classes at our local college. Isn't it fortunate that you can commute? Imagine if you had to go somewhere out west, and live in a dorm for six months," Ann said.

The next three weeks were busy ones, with Ann selecting and exchanging the smaller clothes which she had intended to wear, for sizes to fit the new Sue. Ann kept Sue busy working on her voice training, modifying some of the clothing, putting in new zippers, practicing different makeup and jewelry combos to go with different bodice shapes and dress and blouse colors.

When it came time for classes to begin, Sue was ready. Jamie even traded in his fairly new pickup for a conservative four-door sedan. He took delivery just after dark on the evening before starting the college course. He received five hundred dollars because of the difference in the value of the two vehicles which went right into the savings bank for later. Sue left for class in her own set of wheels, with a briefcase complete with a recorder in order to preserve any lectures for

Ann to study while she was recovering from her hip surgery.

This course was intended for people with a little accounting background; Sue had to work quite hard to maintain an understanding of a full year course condensed into six months.

There were no incidents of recognition of the masquerade. The classes were ninety percent female and ten percent male. The students' concentration was on obtaining good

grades and there was almost no interest shown toward making friends, dating, or after-class partying. Sue was always home twenty minutes after class let out, and almost never changed to become Jamie because it was close to bedtime by then.

Sue quickly reviewed a lot of the new material she was recording. She set up a sort of filing system for the lecture tapes, to review for exams and for Ann to study.

Sue had set up an income tax folder, and as the classes progressed, she would continually revamp and review the methods of her earlier budgets. The budget was a great way to keep a tally on their savings account, which was being drawn down while neither of them was earning any money.

The Brown household ran quite smoothly for the two ladies. Sue had a few schedule adjustments to make while Ann was in the hospital. There were a few almost sleepless nights while Sue was busy waiting on Ann when she first got home. Once most of the pain from her rather major and radical surgery was over and Ann could get around with a wheel chair or crutches, Sue started her on a study course. Sue had to manage her own classes and plan and schedule classes for Ann to follow. With her teaching Ann, it was like Sue was studying for periodic exams...and Sue was acing her course.

There were times when Sue almost forgot that she was a male. The days were so busy that she just got up, dressed as Sue, waited on Ann, set up her day's lessons, got herself ready, drove to the college for her classes, returned home, and remained Sue, changing into her nightgown and slipping into her side of the bed. There were no attempts at sex because Ann was still in some pain. Sue just accepted the fact that she had to be patient and look forward to the future when they could resume a more sexually active life. They were too young to do without that type of excitement for an extended length of time.

The accounting course was drawing to a close. Ann was now walking with no need for support. Sue's grades were near the top of her class. Ann was studying about half of every day from Sue's notes and tapes. They had two computers now and a number of pieces of support equipment like phone, fax, and copy machines.

The College was true to their promise, supplying many referrals to Sue. Soon, the girls were considering starting a search for additional office personnel.

Sue wanted to wait until she had completed the college course and could decide whether to live as a female or return to being Jamie. There was an exhilarating feeling derived from the impersonation. Whether it was a sexual excitement or maybe just the excitement of the intrigue, Sue couldn't exactly say.

Did he want to give up that chapter of Jamie and Sue's life for the mundane life of being an ordinary male?

Their business was off to a flying start. They soon had a reputation for thorough and precise accounting. They would not need to fall back on the female owners minority status; the course still had a month to go.

Sue/Jamie finally admitted to Ann that what had started out under the pressure to meet certain criteria, forcing his female impersonation, was now a labor of love.

Sue didn't want to be stuck as just plain old Jamie, she wanted to have her cake and eat it too.

Would Ann now consider what Sue had originally proposed and allow this business to be owned by Sue Ann and a lady named Jamie? It could be named Lady Brown Accountants, and involve the male Jamie as husband, escort, lover, and maybe even the Business Manager. There could be a large office closet which would allow enough room to store and change clothes inside. The closet could have hanging space for clothes for each gender. Jamie's accounting office would be on one side and Jamie's Business office would be on the other side.

Ann stated that although she had been joking six months ago, now she was serious; she desired the female Jamie as her co-owner. Realizing her husbands potential, she truly wanted him to have a say in the operation of their business. By the way, she loved the name "Lady Brown Accountants".

Sue Ann said, "Now, you do realize that you will be just a man working for two high-spirited ladies bent on high standards, high ideals and honesty, yes?"

Chapter 4: Triumph

There was a small celebration when Sue Brown received her diploma with high honors for the accounting course. A few executives from some of their business accounts were invited. The Business Manager couldn't be there because of a prior commitment, but he had made sure that the owners, Sue and Jamie, were the recipients of lots of photos and several write ups in the local press, including the college newspaper.

Jamie did finally arrive home. Just as Sue Ann was sliding under the covers on her side of the bed, her co-owner and husband crowded into the other side. There was a tangle of nightgowns for a few minutes, then the married couple were smiled upon by a winter moon, as they completely enjoyed a blending of male and female bodies.

SCHOOL TEACHER MYSTERY

In the early '80's, the Hampden School District hired a substitute teacher to finish out the last three months for a lady math teacher who became seriously ill. This substitute had great references and she did a super job of maintaining order in her classroom. She submitted steadily improving reports on almost all of her students; math can be a difficult subject for students in the first of their teen years.

Lori Brown seemed to fit right into the vacancy created by the math teacher's illness. The school board watched the progress of the students, and also the way that Lori blended into their school's educational formula. The students seemed to readily accept Lori's teaching methods; whenever asked if they could get along with this substitute, they were quick to sing her praises.

Lori seldom wore dresses, seeming to prefer slacks, but she always wore high-heeled shoes, along with either nylons or the new-fangled things called pantyhose. She displayed an outstanding set of boobs. Her blouses or jerseys were conservative, never totally hiding her assets, also never exposing an enticing display of cleavage. Her ears were pierced, and she had what appeared to be a change of earrings for each day of the week.

The board chairwoman was anxious to sign Lori Brown up as the full-time math teacher for the next year. One board member and teacher, however, kept saying that we should wait until closer to the end of the school year before making a decision. This board member couldn't explain the reason for recommending the delay, and just asked for a little more time before deciding.

In the apartment of Lori Brown were all of the usual needs and supplies of any single female schoolteacher, but there also was a small, household version of an electrolysis laser hair removal system. Lori was concerned by the amount of body hair she had to eliminate by shaving or laser removal. She explained to one of the other teachers that her father had an overabundance of body hair. It looked like Lori had inherited some of those genes and had an uphill battle to keep from looking like a female monkey.

Lori was quite friendly, but almost never accepted invitations or invited other teachers to her apartment. There was an entrance/exit door, which was accessed by a separate rear door of the apartment house. There was no outside light back there, and just a very short level walk to a single parking space, close to that entrance.

A couple of times a week, usually after dark, a person would arrive, and quickly enter through that special door. This person dressed in dark clothing, and could almost disappear once outside the apartment, away from the car's interior lights.

Was this a male? Was this a person afraid to be discovered by his wife? Were this person and Lori lovers? Was there some sort of illegal trafficking of drugs going on? Only a few neighbors had ever noticed this stealthy entrance and exit, and none of them was nosy enough to take down the license plate number.

There were any any disturbing noises emanating from inside Lori's apartment. The mystery person never seemed to bring anything in, or take anything out.

The school board chairwoman continually kept tabs on Lori's teaching qualifications and performance record, and was always impressed that this young lady had been able to

accomplish such notable educational feats. She must have spent her college days completely wrapped up in her educational needs, ignoring any of the usual distractions and activities.

Lori liked to have her apartment to herself, and was on edge whenever this dark clothes-clad person chose to visit. Her evenings were always quite tranquil unless Lori's visitor chose to show up. She wanted to be left alone, to relax, dress casually, and to eat whenever and whatever she liked. Everything was always in a turmoil when this visitor visited, however.

The need to impress the school board and school officials, was ever present. There was always the threat of serious consequences, if Lori didn't get hired full-time for the fall.

Her last substitute position had been for only two months, filling in while some teacher recovered from surgery. The mysterious visitor lectured her constantly about not having landed a permanent position from that temporary fill-in position. When that visitor left, this young lady teacher was always exhausted, her evening meal upset, her hot bath cut short, and her patience taxed to its breaking point.

Why can't life be simple? Teaching math to students who are anxious to learn can and should be a rewarding endeavor. For Lori, many of her evenings were pleasant, but then frequently she was "blessed" with this upsetting visitor.

Who was this upsetting person? Why was Lori Brown singled out as the one to be disturbed? Why were there so many frequent evening visits? Was Lori being forced by some sort of blackmail to provide special sexual favors to this individual?

This mystery must be very deep, maybe even sinister, I thought. Being of a compassionate nature, how could I intervene and perhaps ease the stress for Lori Brown? How could I get Lori to let her hair down and tell me about her life, her special accomplishments, and the source of her stress?

I begin to notice that Lori came to school quite relaxed many mornings, then there would be the occasional day when everything seemed normal on the surface, but there appeared to be a very strained atmosphere for Lori, if you looked closer. Sometimes it was just in the way that she said Good Morning. Other times I could see it in the fact that she appeared only half-prepared for the day. Her hair might not be as neat as usual, her makeup poorly applied, her slacks slightly wrinkled, or I'd spot dust on the tops of the toes of her usually very neat high-heeled shoes.

How do you begin to strike up a friendship with a young lady who almost carries a sign reading "Leave Me Alone"? The path toward trust for a person like Lori can be long and slow. My initial attempts were very cautious, consisting of offering a very casual morning greeting or "just happening" to be leaving as Lori was, and wishing her a pleasant evening. I would park my car close to hers, and make sure to arrive and depart right on Lori's schedule.

The greater problem was that I am a male teacher. I realized that I might be dealing with a shy and timid female. She might warm up to another female, but might never begin to thaw to a male. Maybe she was a female who had been physically or mentally abused by a male. Maybe my cautious and careful approach would take too long, so long that

school would close for the summer before I could get her to respond to anything more than arrival and departure greetings or comments.

Why was I bothering? What were the chances of ever getting her into a friendly conversation with some give and take? There must be a way to break through this shell she had built around herself.

What if she were to have tire trouble, and I was right there to help? Would that stressful situation send her even deeper into her shell? There were so many "What ifs." What if none of this worked out? How could a male break through the tough protective shell surrounding Lori Brown?

Why did Lori have such a tough shell? I came up with no sensible answers. Why was I going over this in my mind again? Because I had promised myself that I would answer most of my questions about this young lady, before I gave up trying.

In our school there was a special system called the confidentiality system; there was a small room set aside for persons to meet and discuss whatever subjects should be of importance to those present. It was school policy to place a Post-it-note on the front of the other person's locker with a meeting time on it. A simple Yes or No constitutes a response. Prompt responses are highly recommended by the school authorities.

I stuck one of these notes on the front of Lori's locker, and proposed a lunch break as our meeting time for the next day. When I later passed the teachers' lockers, I paused to check and found a positive response on the note sheet. Removing the note, I anxiously awaited the meeting time.

I was praying that this would be one of the days when Lori arrived in a relaxed state. The next morning when she arrived, she offered a weak but pleasant smile.

When we met in that special room, I was quick to assure her that I was no threat to her welfare. I hoped she would accept me as a sort of father figure.

I said, "I am concerned and I would like to be a confidant. I will not press you for any inappropriate personal information.

"Lori, you have an outstanding educational score card. You are being considered for hire for next fall, but there is some sort of a mystery, and a protective shell which you travel in.

"Would you be able to overlook the fact that I am a male? Can you possibly let your guard down just enough for us to be friends? I live alone, I travel in my own shell, you might say. I need to start broadening my circle. If I can be presumptuous, it seems as if you're saying, 'Jim, I need help or friendship. Could you spare a few moments from time to time to just be a good listener?'

"My answer, Lori, is Yes, I would be honored to assist you in your need to unwind. I am just pleased that you took these few minutes to share with me."

Lori answered, "I appreciate your honest approach, and offer to help. You are correct that I need help. The damage that was done several years ago most likely can never be repaired, however. I do travel in a protective shell as you say. I can open up some perhaps if I really try. We can only hope that maybe some sharing can help to ease your concern for me, and help me relieve some of my stored-up stress.

"I love this school. I pray nightly that I will be hired to teach math full-time in the fall. The students are anxious to learn and are fairly well behaved, making this a pleasant work atmosphere.

"Now where should we go from here ? I have a small lunch I brought from home to consume. Can we move this conference to the lunch room?" Lori asked.

"By all means, Lori. I can give you a little of my background while you eat your lunch," Jim answered.

In the lunch room, I gave Lori a brief history of myself, stressing where I had acted in a similar manner to her, and I talked at length about the positive results I had seen in my own life.

Lori's acceptance of my background, was demonstrated by the several questions which she asked in between mouthfuls of lunch. Lori was a very well-trained public speaker and that spilled over into her ability to comprehend the information I was able to pass on to her.

She demonstrated some hesitancy or reservation in the way she would hesitate in mid-sentence, and alter her apparent train of thought.

She described her schooling, some of her temp jobs and emphasized the fact that she had lived in the same apartment for almost ten years.

So, if Lori Brown was her actual name, then records should help shed some light on her past. There must be quite a serious reason causing her to stop mid-sentence and change what she started to say. I scribbled down some pertinent facts just after our lunchroom meeting; very shortly afterwards, my computer was searching for Lori's past.

The computer could follow her back about five years, then there was nothing more. She said that her mother had been a famous female athlete at Tufts College, back in the Fifties. I found the name Norma Sargent. She had excelled as a female track and field star at Tufts in the Fifties. Following the sketchy computer trail, I found that Norma Sargent had married a man named Will Brown in 1960. It appeared that they had a son named Lonnie three years later. From that point, the trail went cold again.

How could I find out if Lori had a brother named Lonnie Brown? Police records from the area around Tufts were very incomplete for the Sixties and Seventies. At one time, a wanted bulletin was put out on Lonnie Brown, but there was no follow-up or any further references to this wanted man, and I could find no reason for the issuance of the wanted bulletin

Today, ten years later after that incident, I was left with several serious questions. Was Lori a sister born around the same time as Lonnie? Where had she grown up? Maybe Lori was a cousin born to Lonnie Brown's uncle.

The note system continued to work, and Lori and I had lunch together again, two days later. I described some of my childhood memories from the Medford, Massachusetts area. Lori told about seeing pictures of the destruction to the family house, from that the bad hurricane of 1938. Her grandfather was almost killed when a tree was blown over. She said that the house had been repaired and that her father had inherited the home with the early demise of her grandfather.



Lori said that her mother's brother had been a judge in Boston, and now was retired.

I contributed quite a bit of my family history. Then our lunch break meeting was over, but we agreed to make lunch a daily event for a while. Upon more research, I found that records showed that there was only one birth to Will and Norma Brown. They also revealed that there was a lawyer, who later became a judge, named Ed Sargent, who was now retired.

All of these seemingly unrelated facts just muddled the water. I was making little headway at being a father image to this isolated lady teacher. Lori seemed to look forward to our school day lunch room meetings, She still had to interrupt a sentence or two when it appeared that the conversation was getting into a "No trespassing" zone. Other than that, Lori and I shared quite a few lunch breaks, and Lori seemed to brighten up a little.

As I got to know Lori better, while she was still obviously holding some details of her life

back, I could tell that she wanted to open up to me, share more of her life story with me. I didn't want to push her, as I could see that that would probably only make her go back into her shell, but I was dying to know what her big secret was—assuming that there was one, of course. There was always the possibility that I was reading too much into the situation.

Going to a friend of mine who was well-trained in psychology, I explained enough of this scenario to get him on track, and asked him for his opinion.

I got the usual malarkey about second-hand information, along with suggestions to drop the matter. Finally, he stated that it seemed to him that this lady was holding back a

major secret and possibly wanted to make a confession. She was anxious to unload her stress, but something or someone was forbidding that move.

He advised me to ask more about her childhood, who she played with, who she went to school with. Maybe then I could locate some girlfriend or classmate who had gotten into serious trouble with the law. Maybe Lori was also involved, but somehow she extricated her from that trouble.

All of my research always came back to the wanted bulletin on Lonnie Brown. At one of our lunch meetings, Lori hesitated again, and of course was quick to recover. Throwing caution to the winds, I barged in with the question, "Who was Lonnie Brown?"

Lori's answer floored me. She said, "I am."

Well, my puzzle was now nearly complete, I was about to fit in the last few pieces.

Lori sat there with a hard-to-read expression on her face, and her hand was across her mouth, but of course it was now too late.

I said, "Well Lori, or Lonnie, it took quite a while for me to get my answers, but now you and I have to work out just what we should do next. I will make no moves until you and I agree that we are working together, and decide what is in your best interest.

"Just how long have you been living as Lori?" I asked.

Lori answered, "Just about ten years."

"Do you miss your male past? Do you wish to return to being your male self?" I asked.

"The greatest burden has been living with this lie. I might choose to remain Lori, once the threat of what happened ten years ago goes away. Lonnie got suckered into being part of an armed robbery. These two other boys and Lonnie went into a store. One of the boys pulled a gun, robbed the cashier, and struck him with the gun. A customer recognized me as Lonnie Brown, and a wanted poster was released. My uncle suggested that I hide, and disguise myself as Lori. I have lived that lie for about ten years," Lori answered.

I said, "We had better research the outcome of the robbery, and see if the guy with the gun was apprehended and paid his debt to society. Your uncle probably knows. If so, he is living a lie too, and will probably not come forward, since he could get in trouble over advising your sex switch.

"Please understand that I am a teacher and a member of the school board, but I have no power to force any specific result. I do have an interest and the determination to see this situation resolved to your satisfaction. My involvement was solely because I could see your disturbed state. I just wanted to try to assist in resolving your stressful life situation.

"I had no idea where that would lead. I had no idea just how complex your situation was. I was afraid that this school term would end before I could solve this puzzle and be able to help you. Now my concern is in resolving this complex set of circumstances in a way which allows Lori to select her future direction and goals.

"What sort of life do you wish for you for your future?" I asked.

"You have lived as Lonnie for about twenty years, and as Lori for the last ten. Do you prefer being a girl or a boy? You are still in your high hormone-producing years. Do your sexual desires lead you to interacting with boys or girls?

"Is the profession of school teacher really your dream, or was it a profession easy to adopt, based on your earlier male persona excelling in the educational field?

"Lori, the ball is in your court," I concluded.

This very confused boy/girl was now faced with some difficult choices. Lori was now at sea in a boat with no oars. What she had done in the past might not have been the best choice, but now that I understood her situation, I couldn't help but feel for her. I don't know what I might have done had I been in the same situation.

Lori said, "This lunch break is nearly over. I have felt very pessimistic about my life frequently, but at the moment, I believe that I can see a few rays of sunshine, a glimmer of hope. This subject is quite difficult for me, and it requires much concentration. I think we had better put this matter on hold until tomorrow.

"Thank you, Jim, for your determined pursuit of the truth, but we must put decisions aside for today," Lori said.

Further research via the computer into that store robbery revealed that the boy with the gun served three years, the second boy received probation, and the third one had completely disappeared.

There was no evidence available that suggested that that third boy was a relative of Judge Sargent.

A real estate search found that the apartment house where Lori lived, through three holding companies, also belonged to Judge Sargent.

Police records showed that after twelve months, the wanted status on Lonnie Brown was dropped. That order was signed by Judge Sargent. It is strange that Lori was never informed that she was free, that she could return as Lonnie. Perhaps the judge decided to continue Lonnie's sentence of being Lori, on his own. There was no telling how much longer Lonnie would have to play the part of a transvestite just because his uncle secretly chose to continue the sentence.

The next day at his lunch meeting with Lori, there was quite a surprise in store for Jim. The lady teacher appeared in a form-fitting dress with a low-cut bodice and a hem about three inches above her knees. Her hair was neatly groomed, her makeup and nails were a work of art, and her heels were at least three inches high.

Jim said, "Wow, I half-expected to see you in a suit, shirt and tie."

"I would have lost my teaching job right on the spot if I showed up in an outfit like that," Lori responded.

Does this mean that Lori stays and Lonnie leaves for good?" Jim asked.

Lori finishes this school year, then Lonnie and Lori have the summer to fight it out, I guess. If the Board hires Lori as next year's full-time math teacher, Lonnie loses. On the other hand, Lonnie may get a chance to enjoy sex, even if it is with hired mates. Lori will conduct a search for a female who can tolerate her mate wearing dresses. If that doesn't meet with success, next summer, Lori will have sexual reassignment surgery and get breast implants. Then she'll go in search of a sexy male to help make up for the ten years of celibacy," Lori concluded.

"Well Lori, you certainly have given your future a lot of thought. You seem to feel that teaching as a female is a good life style for you. Do you have enough time to build a good retirement pension? Will you upgrade your educational qualifications to keep abreast of the requirements for today's teachers? Also, have you decided that you definitely wish to remain a female?

"My advice is that you give Lonnie a chance with the fair sex, but be sure that you search out a switch hitter and sample sex as Lori so you can make an educated decision when the time comes. There are organizations out there that support all forms of gender deviations, so you should contact some of them. Please remember how to find me, and don't hesitate to call if you need me.

"I have just one request, after you have settled the gender choice. I would like to take you dining and dancing some evening. I guess you can take that as my prediction of your future," Jim laughed.

"Jim your concern has relieved me of all my nagging doubts and worries, and you've released me from that ten year old threat. I can never thank you enough. Regardless of my decision, Lori will gladly accept your invitation for dining and dancing. I plan on retaining my expertise at dressing up as Lori, even if I choose to return to being Lonnie. It seems like it would be pleasant to be either male or female on a whim.

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