



Reluctant Press presents:

A Gamble for Life

Norman Way



A 'NEW WOMAN' E-BOOK

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Reluctant Press TG Publishers

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A GAMBLE FOR LIFE

By Norman Way

Someone once said that the safest place any of us has ever been is in the womb. You had all you could eat and drink. You could sleep 'til noon and of course you had your own pool. All good things must come to an end. The day you enter this world is essentially that end.

To drive home that point the doctor holds you up by your heels and smacks you on your ass. Doctors say making you cry gets your heart pumping and your lungs working so you will be able to live outside of the comfort zone you had been accustomed too.

Now we all know that is a pile of crap. Doctors do this just to piss you off so you will come into this world squawking, squealing, and angry as hell. This prepares you for the world you are about to face. A world where the strong survive and the weak do not. The madder you are the better your chances of survival will be.

Such was my entry into this world on January 23, 1990. The ambulance had managed to get my mother to the hospital despite a howling blizzard. She had a tough pregnancy. I have no doubt she was relieved to have this ordeal over with and get back to a normal life.

Naturally I had no idea that getting back to a "normal life" meant leaving me at the hospital ER a month later and taking off, never to be found again, was what she had in mind. After a month of diapers, feedings at all hours of the day and night, on top of twelve hour shifts waiting on tables I guess she just had about all she could take and said the hell with it. I could be someone else's problem.

Even as tiny as I was I became a feisty little runt if there ever was one. I was crawling, climbing and then toddling around earlier than my adoptive parents had ever expected. This would do me in good stead later when I would face going to school where everyone else would be bigger than I was.

My earliest recollections as a child were of noise and commotion. Someone was always yelling at somebody. It didn't seem to matter if it was day or night either. Loud voices,

doors slamming and blaring noise from the radio or stereo. Of course I had no idea at the age what all that mayhem was about until late one night there was a loud bang that woke me up.

I distinctly remember a woman in a blue uniform picking me up and telling me to stop crying, because everything was going to be ok. I had no idea who she was, where she was taking me or what had just happened. As we left there was a pungent smell in the air and for once all was quiet.

Next there were several weeks of being in a large room with other children my age. Women in white would come in periodically to check on us and feed us. The place was quiet. I felt safe and secure there, just like I had been in the womb.

Eventually I was placed in another foster home. I remember the beautiful green grass in the front of the house. I had my own room. In the back yard there was a swing set and a sand box. I enjoyed playing outside in the warm sun and missed it when the colder weather came. Being relegated to playing indoors was too confining for me. Best of all I was alone, no siblings to fight with or compete against.

As I got older I became aware of the people around me. In this quiet household I was to be brought up by two people who seldom raised their voices. The television was rarely on and the volume was always low. When the stereo played music, it was only soft gentle sounds that flowed from its' speakers.

Like the womb I had left, I would have to leave this place too in order to attend school. School would be a far different place than the quiet home I was living in. "Controlled chaos" was an appropriate description.

I paid close attention to my teachers and was rewarded with good grades. My classmates were not at all happy, considering me to be teachers "pet". I probably would have suffered worse than the occasional verbal taunts had it not been for my quickness on the grade school soccer team.

My passion for keeping myself fit had kept the bullies at bay and made my coaches happy too. Soccer is not a "contact" sport per se' though it can get rough at times. My speed and agility kept me from getting banged around too much.

In December, shortly before Christmas and about a month before I turned eleven, a close friend of my mother's approached her for help. Mrs. Knowles was the owner of a small shop that specialized in pageant dresses. She and her husband Mike sold lines for both women and kids but specialized in little girl's dresses and costumes.

These beauty pageants were highly competitive. Each mother wanted something unique and very special for her daughter to wear. Money of course, was no object. Only the best was none too good for their daughters.

Most of these costumes were short skirted, puff sleeve mini dresses. They were adorned with lots of ruffles and bows. They were worn over stiff petticoats to make the short skirt of the mini dress bounce as the contestant would prance across the stage. Others were of a more "adult style" similar to a woman's cocktail dress or formal gown, usually worn with long gloves and high heel shoes.

She had remarked to my mother that I was “as pretty, if not prettier” than most of the girls my age. She offered my mother money if she could dress me in girl’s clothes then use my pictures in their brochures and print advertising. Mom thought it was a splendid idea and a great way for me to earn money for my education. Mom had an attorney look over the contracts and then we both signed them.

The next weekend we got up early Saturday morning and mom took me to their store. In the back room I undressed in a small cubicle. I put on a pair of pink panties, socks and a pink petticoat. Mom slipped a pink petti-slip over my head and adjusted the straps for a perfect fit. The soft nylon tricot panties felt good against my skin. So did the nylon tricot top half of the petti-slip.

Mrs. Knowles then had me sit at the vanity. She applied pink blusher to my cheeks and creamy pink lipstick to my lips. She curled my eyelashes, applied mascara, and then plucked a few stray hairs from my eyebrows. I was fitted with a blonde wig with a pink satin bow at the top. After clipping long earrings on my earlobes she pronounced me ready.

I got up and stepped into a pair of pink shoes with a strap over the instep that she called “Mary Jane” shoes and we walked over to the rack of dresses I was going to wear.

The first dress was a pink satin mini dress with tiered puff sleeves, a large bow at the base of the zipper and smaller bows along the hem. After zipping me up I was directed to stand on a small stage. With Mrs. Knowles coaching me I was photographed in several poses, the last of which had me holding up a swatch board showing the other colors the dress came in.

For the next several hours I was in and out of a variety of long and short dresses, shoes and matching accessories. I had a little trouble walking in the three inch heel pumps when I modeled the longer gowns but I managed to do everything right, which of course pleased Mrs. Knowles very much.

I enjoyed doing this but of course I didn’t want to say anything to either of the women. The soft filmy texture of the chiffon, as well as the slippery feel of the satin or taffeta gave me a very girly, very feminine feeling. I wondered if the girls at school felt the same way when they wore their clothes.

I loved the way the stiff petticoats made the short dresses bounce as I walked back and forth to the small stage. It also gave me a real thrill as I pranced about on the stage. With one hand on my hip, according to Mrs. Knowles directions, I moved just like a girl. I loved the attention I was getting as well as being called “adorable” by one of Mrs. Knowles’ sales clerks.

It was safe here too, just like being in the womb, even though this was a totally feminine environment. There was no noise, commotion or rowdiness. I felt quite comfortable and relaxed being photographed as I posed or paraded about.

When Mrs. Knowles told my mother I was a “natural” they both laughed and I was secretly pleased. I was hoping I would be able to do this again though I thought it was a strange thing for me to think that way. After all, what kind of a boy likes to be dressed in girl’s clothing, made up and then sash shay around a stage while being photographed?

When the last picture was taken I undressed and mom removed my wig, earrings, and makeup. I took off my shoes, the pretty lingerie and got dressed in my male clothing to go home. Strange as it may sound I felt I was improperly dressed. I had really enjoyed wearing all those pretty clothes as well as that made up image I saw of myself in the mirror.

When I got into the car mom showed me the check which was promptly deposited in my savings account. I couldn't believe I had gotten paid several hundred dollars for just a few hours' work, and very pleasurable work at that. I secretly hoped that Mrs. Knowles would call me again.

At home mom said nothing to my father about what I had done and of course I wasn't going to tell him either. That night after my shower I stood naked in front of the mirror and looked at my hair free, girly smooth body. I thought about the way I looked now and that afternoon as I modeled dress after dress. That night I went to bed and dreamed of being incased in all that feminine finery. In my dreams it was not for a fashion shoot or show but for the rest of my life.

I began working out at home with my parents' home gym set. I got stronger but for some reason I was not able to grow taller very quickly. The family doctor and my parents were not concerned as I was in good health and that was all that mattered at that point.

Middle school was another abrupt change. The classrooms were larger but crowded. I liked my studies and because both my parents were teachers I worked hard to get good grades. I was concerned however about the fact that most of my friends were getting much taller than I was. I was barely as tall as some of the shorter girls. Once I overheard two of the girls discussing the fact I was not only shorter than the boys but I was too pretty to be a boy and probably should have been a girl in the first place.

I closed my eyes and imagined myself wearing the clothes the girls in my class wore. With longer hair of a wig I knew that the girls had been right. I could just as easily have been born a girl and most certainly would be able to pass myself off as one whether I wore dresses or casual clothes.

Sometimes I would dream I was a girl. I was walking thru the halls dressed in a denim skirt and a pink blouse. I had a pink ribbon in my hair and everyone was calling me Paulette instead of Paul.

I felt good. It seemed more natural. I wasn't acting like a girl, I WAS a girl. When I woke up the next morning I thought about the way I had felt in the dream as I dressed in my boys clothes for school.

Maybe there was something wrong with me. Should I tell my parents? Would they take me to a doctor? Would they think I was crazy? I abandoned those ideas and decided not to think about them. Right now school was more important.

I continued to excel in my studies and on the soccer field. I was disappointed that Mrs. Knowles hadn't called me. She had mailed my mom a brochure and I was surprised at how good I looked. Apparently I had only been needed for that one time a model had failed to show up from the agency they used.

Despite my disappointment I found a substitute outlet. When both my parents were gone I began putting on my mothers' lingerie. I liked the feel of her slips and nightgowns. Her foundation garments gave me a more defined feminine form.

I also liked paging thru mail order catalogs and looking at the women's section. I imagined myself wearing the clothes they were modeling. I wanted to experiment with her make up too and wear some of her sweet, very feminine perfume but I knew I couldn't.

Each time, after several hours of cross-dressing and fantasizing, I had to remove the clothes and put on my male apparel. All good things must come to an end. This seemed to be a constant theme and became a more frustrating part of my life. I had no means to find a solution to this state of confusion that I was in so I simply continued to pleasure myself whenever the opportunity presented itself.

That summer I experienced my first erection and nearly soiled my mothers' nightgown. I found the pleasure of masturbation was greatly enhanced by wearing feminine apparel. I lined my mother's foundation garments with a layer of toilet paper and then put on her pantyhose and a slip. I tried on several of her dresses, skirts, and shoes.

Nothing fit right of course but I felt ecstatic while I wore them around the house in my parents absence. I wanted to complete my "look" with her make up but I didn't dare. I was taking a big risk as it was just by going this far.

I was very careful to delay my climax until I had undressed completely. I always made sure there were no stains on her garments and that I placed them back in her drawer exactly as I had found them.

The following January, just after my sixteenth birthday, Mrs. Knowles called. I got my mom and they talked for about ten minutes. Mom explained that I had another modeling job but for a different store. This time I would be working at a formal apparel store. The dresses I would be modeling would be prom and party dresses for the print ads the store was planning for the formal apparel show in the Riverside Mall at the end of the month.

I was ecstatic to say the least. I even lost five more pounds to slim down for the fitting on Friday night. The week went agonizingly slow. My mind was on all the beautiful dresses I would be wearing. It was hard to concentrate on anything but then again I guess from my viewpoint I had good reason to be lost in thought. How can you compare the US geography or math to wearing makeup and fabulous dresses?

Friday night we drove to the mall. Mother and I were admitted thru the rear door of the formal apparel store owned by Desiree Bancroft. Desiree had been a professional model and invested her money in a chain of stores called simply "Desiree's". She had worked hard and the chain now boasted nearly a hundred stores in forty-eight states. She also was on the list of "most admired business women."

The sales clerk knocked on Desiree's office door and then following her "Yes" let us both in. Desiree stood up and shook hands with my mother and me.

Desiree was an imposing figure. She was a tall woman with jet-black shoulder length hair. She was perfectly made up from her eye shadow to her nails. Her light pink crepe blouse with lace around the collar and billowy sleeves secured by four button cuffs was set off nicely by the slim, sharply tailored black skirt.

Her broad smile when she saw me come in was warm and inviting. I wanted to be just like her, perfect in all respects. She was the ideal picture of femininity and I wanted to be that way too.

"I was referred to you by Mrs. Knowles," she began as she held up a brochure from the pageant store. "She spoke highly of you Paul and glancing over this brochure she sent me I would like to have you work for me tomorrow and Sunday. You will be photographed for our brochures and newspaper ads for the upcoming show at the mall. Since you have done this before and I might add, done it very well, I would like you to represent my new line. You will have fittings tonight and then tomorrow you will spend the day here to be photographed. Do either of you have any questions?" she asked us.

I shook my head no and my mother did as well. Desiree handed my mother the consent forms and we both signed and handed them back to her. She placed them in a manila file and set it aside.

"Good. Now let's get started, follow me please."

She got up and walked around her desk. We followed her out of the office to the back of the store. Her seamed stockings complemented her look as did her four-inch black leather stiletto pumps. I liked the sound they made on the hard floor as she walked with that model's strut to the other end of the back loading area where some six-foot dividers had been set up in front of a chair. She turned to face us.

"Please remove your clothing and put everything in the box next to the chair. On the chair is a strapless body brief. Put it on and step out here when you are ready."

I nodded without speaking and walked around the dividers. I undressed and put on the foundation garment. It seemed to be a very tight fit. When I returned I saw another woman had joined Desiree and my mother. She was a short middle-aged woman with gray hair. She had a tape measure around her neck and was holding a clipboard.

"This is Audrey my manager. She will take your measurements," said Desiree.

Audrey smiled as she handed my mother the clipboard and took a pair of breast forms from Desiree. She proceeded to fit the two breast forms in the cups to fill them out and then closed several hooks in the back. Stepping back she then removed the tape measure from her neck and measured my bust, waist and hips. Mom wrote the measurements down and then handed Audrey the clipboard.

While we were doing this Desiree had brought a rack of dresses over to us and was pushing several aside before finally selecting a light green chiffon dress. She unzipped it and helped me put it on. After zipping me up all the women stood back a little and looked me over. Audrey made a note on the clipboard and as mom unzipped me Desiree selected a purple satin sheath from the rack. I stepped gingerly into the sheath dress and mom zipped me up. Audrey made another note and then I took the dress off.

While Audrey hung the dress back up on the rack Desiree selected several pairs of high heel shoes from the bottom of the rack. I began trying them on until I found a size that fit me. Audrey noted the size but as I began to slip the shoes off Desiree stopped me.

"Wait. I want to see you walk in heels. Put your right hand on your hip and walk slowly across the room, then turn around, stop and then walk back towards me," she instructed.

I nodded and began my walk. I had walked only briefly in three-inch heel pumps at the pageant store so I took my time and was careful to put one foot in front of the other. When I got back to where Desiree was standing I stopped in front of her.

“That’s very good Paul. Now do it again only this time a little slower and don’t forget to smile at us when you turn around and stop,” she admonished.

I walked away again. This time I shortened my gait a little. I smiled as I turned around and stopped. Then I came back to where they were standing and stopped once again. I was feeling poised and confident as I did everything exactly the way she had asked me too.

“I think you’ve got it Paul,” smiled Desiree. “Put your clothes back on and be back here at eight am tomorrow.”

Mom unhooked the top hooks and I stepped behind the dividers to change. I left everything on the chair and we went home. She said nothing as she drove but I felt absolutely delighted that I would have another chance to be made up and dress in beautiful clothes.

I hardly slept a wink that night just thinking about the delights that were in store for me the next day. I finally drifted off to sleep only to be shocked awake by the alarm clock at seven am. I dressed quickly and we ate breakfast.

I was in a hurry to get to the store so I could be made up and dressed in all those beautiful clothes. Dad had not said anything to me so apparently he was not aware of the fact that my modeling job consisted of wearing makeup and girls’ clothes instead of boys’ clothes.

At the formal apparel store Audrey let us in again. Desiree wasn’t there but a female photographer and her assistant were setting up a camera and lights near the entrance to the main floor of the store. Both of them looked up at me and smiled as we came in.

As I undressed in Desiree’s office I could hear them giggling about something. I walked out and Audrey used wax strips to rid my legs of what little hair I had and then she sat me at the small make up table.

Mom adjusted the breast forms in their cups and then closed the back hooks of the body briefer. Audrey made up my face. She used pink blusher, lipstick and then did my eyes. To save time she used pink press on nails. When she finished she affixed the long earrings to my earlobes and then placed a light brown shoulder length wig on my head.

I could hardly believe the reflection I saw in the mirror. I had gone from boy to girl in only about twenty minutes. My transformation complete I stood up and Audrey handed me a pair of panty hose.

I rolled one leg down at a time and stepped carefully into them. After bringing it up to my waist I smoothed out the hose with both hands and marveled at how good it felt against my freshly waxed legs.

I stepped into a pair of white four-inch heel, open toed shoes and buckled the straps.

With both photographer and assistant grinning I walked over to the rack to put on my first dress.

Everything went smoothly that morning. Audrey and the photographer were very pleased at my poise and grace as I modeled the dresses I was assigned. I loved the way the dresses looked on me as I proceeded to move and pose as they directed. I felt like a real girl too.

We broke for lunch and then finished up the shoot with four more gowns. Then of course we were done and I had to undress, remove my wig, earrings and makeup so that once more I would be seen by the world as a boy. Audrey thanked me and mom drove me home. The check was generous and it was placed in my savings account for my education.

That night as I sat in the bathtub and ran the bar of soap over my smooth, hairless, very girly legs I thought about spending the rest of my life as a girl or maybe as a boy but always dressed like a girl. If I looked good enough to earn the kind of money I had just made at my age imagine what I could earn as an adult.

My dreams that night consisted of me wearing lots of feminine finery. I saw myself modeling professionally earning a seven-figure income with penthouse apartments in several cities as well as Europe. When the alarm clock woke me the next morning I thought about whether or not dreams really can come true.

At six am the following Sunday I had a chance to find out. Several of the models in the formal apparel show had gone out Saturday night and the mixture of marijuana and alcohol had resulted in the driver being killed and the other three girls being injured, two of them seriously. A couple of replacements had been found but they were still one girl short for the afternoon show so Desiree wanted me to be pressed into service.

I was unsure of this because standing still to have your picture taken was one thing, walking down the runway and back in front of all those people was another. My athleticism had given me plenty of self-confidence but this was something I had never done before and it was on the spur of the moment to boot.

Mom just smiled and said not to worry that I would be fine. I was still apprehensive as we pulled into the parking lot of the mall at noon and walked to where the models were getting made up and dressed.

Audrey quickly ushered us into a small dressing area where I got into my foundation garment and panty hose. After getting my wig, jewelry and make up on Desiree came over. She looked fabulous in her sharply tailored jacket, skirt and heels. I listened intently as she instructed me how to "walk the walk".

We went over to the dress rack and my first bridesmaid dress was picked out. I put it on and mom zipped me up. The dyeable shoes barely fit but I knew I could manage. Audrey adjusted the tiara and I put on the matching wrist length gloves and then Desiree handed me the matching clutch bag. I was as ready as I was ever going to be.

While mom and Audrey waited in the dressing area Desiree took me over to where the girls were forming a line as the time for the show approached. She introduced me to the girls as "Paulette". I had a stomach full of butterflies as the time for my entrance got shorter. Desiree gave me a wink and I began the walk.

Once on the stage and the walkway my confidence took over and I proceeded thru the show without a hitch. I especially liked the last dress, a white, sleeveless, satin wedding

sheath. This dress was a tight fit because it was more sharply tapered, particularly below the knee. Because of that I had to walk in a more mincing, effeminate manner. The satin felt so good against my skin. I really felt like a girl or at least the way I thought girls felt when they were all dressed up. I know I made a beautiful bride.

The other girls in the show had not paid much attention to me. Everybody was concentrating on putting on a good presentation for the stores as well as the manufactures representatives who were also there. I was just another mannequin as far as they were concerned.

Just before getting backstage to where my mom was waiting, one of the girls handed me a note. As I turned and left I heard two of the other girls giggling with her.

Backstage I began the process of returning to my male self again. It seemed a little harder each time. It was sort of like leaving a friend behind and then seeing her again. My impersonation had everybody fooled but in the back of my mind I had a curious thought:

My mother, Audrey and Desiree saw me as a boy impersonating a girl. Deep down inside I wondered if I wasn't really a girl who after each show now returned to impersonating a boy. Obviously I had no trouble being either one. Never the less at some point I was going to have to make a choice. I couldn't continue to live on the fence, so to speak. I would become an adult soon and have to make some career choice. My ability to be comfortable in both worlds would probably have a say in that too.

At home I put the plastic bag of freebies that all the girls had received on my mothers' dresser. She could pick from the assortment of make up, perfume and bath products to suit her. I took the note from one of



the girls and went into my room.

"PARTY TIME!! 2416 BIRCHTREE LANE. FEBRUARY 14, 2006. PARENTS GONE!!
COME CASUAL!!! RSVP!!! CANDY 223-2114.

Her handwriting was exquisite. I hadn't said anything to my mother about getting the note. I wanted to call Candy and tell her I could not attend. I didn't know her and she lived quite a distance from me. I was certain I was being invited to an "all girl" party and she probably didn't know I was really a boy.

I put the note in my dresser drawer and decided to think about it. I was sixteen now and I hadn't starting dating yet. My socializing was confined to school and school functions. I had no car either and I would not be getting to get my drivers' license for several months yet so I would need a ride to and from the party. Most of the girls were older than I was and with the note about her parents being gone I also had concerns about alcohol or drug use.

A week went by and the party invitation sort of slipped my mind. I was busy with schoolwork and though soccer practice wouldn't start yet for several months I continued to work out in the basement to keep myself slim and trim. Working out was also a great outlet for my frustrations.

It was Sunday night, one week before the party when I remembered the note. I dug it out and called Candy. Her mother answered and when I asked for Candy she immediately responded with "Who is calling?"

I was unsure as to what to say since Candy knew me as Paulette and so that was my answer. Shortly Candy's soft voice came on the line.

"Hi Paulette, I'm so glad you called. I was beginning to wonder if you were coming or not."

I took a deep breath and decided that honesty was the best policy.

"Well actually I can't. You see I'm not really a girl. I was helping a friend of my mom's out once and then this fashion show came up and I helped out again. The pay was too good to turn down," I explained.

"I know you are really a guy," she began.

"You do?" I asked in surprise.

"Of course. There are no secrets in the modeling business. All the girls knew you were a guy too," she replied.

My heart sank. If all the girls knew, was there anyone outside my family who didn't know?

"Look Paulette, I mean Paul all the girls were cool with it. Now I'll pick you up about six and take you back home when the party's over. Tell your folks you will probably be late"

"Well, ok," I answered.

"And remember, dress casual!!!" she reiterated before hanging up.

I told my parents about the party and then got ready for bed. If they all knew I was a boy why would they invite me to an all girl party? I spent a restless night trying to get to sleep. In the morning I decided not to worry about it. After all it was a party wasn't it?

The week went by quickly and on Sunday night I put on clean jeans and a t-shirt. It was a quarter of six when a red Mustang pulled into the driveway. I let my folks know my ride was here and walked out the door to the waiting car. I got in and no sooner had shut the door when Candy backed quickly out the driveway and sped down the road as I fastened my seatbelt.

The ride across town was quick to say the least. She drove like a racecar driver and I could see she loved the up and down shifting as we sped to her parents' house. The garage door flew open as we pulled in the driveway and shut immediately after we entered. I got out of the car none the worse for the trip and followed her into the house.

"I'll hang up your coat and hat. You have a seat on the couch, and I'll get us some punch," she said.

After returning from the hall closet she ladled some punch in two cups. She sat down next to me on the couch and handed me one of the cups. I took a sip and found it had a fruity, yet somewhat medicinal flavor to it.

From a small plate on the end table she picked up a cracker with some dark paste on it.

"Close your eyes and open your mouth. Tell me what you think of this," she asked.

I did so and found the taste to be unusual, something I had never had before.

"It's good. I like it." I answered and opened my eyes. "What is it?"

"Caviar. It is expensive but it is well worth it," she smiled as she took another sip of her punch.

We talked about school and I found we had some common likes and dislikes. She was a junior in high school while I was just a sophomore so neither one of us had yet to make any career plans. The doorbell interrupted our conversation.

"I'll get it, that'll be Jasmine," she said as she got up and went to the door.

She returned with a tall black girl who was looking me over closely.

"Help yourself to some punch and fill Paulette's cup too while I hang up your coat," said Candy.

Surprised at being called "Paulette" I handed Jasmine my cup as Candy went to the hall closet. Jasmine came back with my refill and sat down on the other side of me. She was also a student at the same high school as Candy and like her she was saving her modeling money for college. She had a rather bemused look on her face as we talked.

"Jasmine, please come in here for a minute," asked Candy from the other room.

I was a bit puzzled as Jasmine set her cup down and left the room to join Candy. A few minutes later I could hear giggles and then the two girls returned to the living room. Candy was wearing a black negligee and Jasmine was wearing a white one. Candy took the cup from me and set it on the end table.

"Time to get you dressed for the party," she cooed as she grabbed my right hand and pulled me up from the couch.

"Now wait a minute," I began as Jasmine gripped my left hand and both girls led me into the hallway and then a large bedroom further down the hall. I was surprised at how strong the grip and pull of both girls was as we made our way there so I kept the rest of my objection to myself.

Inside the bedroom they led me over to a huge double bed. Candy let go of my hand and held up a pair of bright red satin panties that was lying next to its' matching red satin top which had a row of red satin bows along its' hem.

"Slip these on and then the top," she commanded

I didn't know what to say at this point. I hadn't counted on this but felt I had no choice. Jasmine let go of my other hand. With both hands she undid my belt and pulled my jeans down and then gripped the hem of my t-shirt and pulled it up and over my head.

"Hurry up and let us know when you are changed. We will be right outside," she said with a grin.

As I untied and removed my shoes and socks I heard Candy say to Jasmine:

"See, he doesn't wear panties all the time!" followed by a burst of giggles.

With both girls waiting outside the bedroom door I removed my jeans and underpants. I folded and placed them on the bed. I stepped into the red satin panties and pulled them up to my waist. They felt so good against my hair free skin. I slipped the matching satin top over my head and opened the bedroom door.

"You look lovely Paulette," smirked Candy as she adjusted the large red satin bow under my chin. "Now for the finishing touches let's go over to the vanity."

With both girls behind me we walked over to her mother's vanity. Jasmine removed a shoulder length black wig from the stand and placed it on my head. After adjusting it slightly she pinned a large red sissy bow to the top. She stepped back and Candy stood in front of me.

"Close your eyes and open your mouth," she ordered. "I have something else for you to taste."

I did so and immediately felt something pressing hard on my lips. I opened my eyes to see her with a tube of cherry red lipstick in one hand.

"Press your lips together now and then lick them lightly with your tongue," she instructed as she poked the lipstick once in each cheek and then smoothed the makeup around with one finger.

I did so and found the makeup tasted like cherries. Next she used a Q-Tip to dab a little petroleum jelly over my lips for a glossy look.

"Take a look," said Jasmine.

I turned to look into the mirror as Candy replaced the lipstick on the vanity. I saw a very pretty black haired girl, with red rouged cheeks and glossy red wet lips looking back

at me. Both Candy and Jasmine were standing behind me grinning with approval. When I turned around Jasmine was holding a camera.

"Now smile for the camera Paulette, you are absolutely gorgeous in red!" ordered Candy.

She took several pictures of me smiling broadly. One standing alone, one laying provocatively on the bed, and the last one next to Candy with our arms around each other.

"Back to the living room for more punch!" announced Candy.

Jasmine took my hand and we went back to the living room and sat down. Candy re-filled our cups and sat on the other side of me. I was feeling a bit giddy, in fact I almost felt like skipping back to the living room. I was certain at that point that the punch was composed of something stronger than fruit juice.

"You look good in red and so very feminine too. After seeing you at the show I guess you would look good in any color. We both think you should stay cross dressed all the time," said Candy.

"You should let your hair grow out so you could have it styled instead of having to wear wigs. We would love to put your hair in rollers for the first time!" squealed Jasmine.

"You should also have your ears pierced. Pierced earrings are girlier than the clip on ones. Keeping your nails longer and painted would be another good idea," chimed in Candy.

"And speaking of nails," added Candy, "I got the shade you wanted Jasmine."

Candy got up and went to the dining room table. I swallowed some more punch and she returned with a small plastic bag. She retrieved a bottle from the bag and handed it to Jasmine.

"Awesome. Thank you so much! "Lets' have Paulette do our nails, it will be good practice for him if he decides to become a girl or live just like one!"

Both girls laughed. Candy went down the hallway to the bedroom returning shortly with a bag of cotton balls, a small bottle of nail polish remover, and a set of toe spacers.

"Ok girly boy, kneel in front of me and I will instruct you on how this is done," smiled Jasmine.

I set my cup down on the end table and got up. Jasmine put the couch cushion I had been sitting on in front of her and placed her bare feet on top of it. As I knelt down in front of her Candy screamed "Hold on a minute!" She dashed into the kitchen and brought back several sheets of paper towels. She placed them under Jasmine's feet.

"Just in case he slobbers a little," she giggled. "Now put the spacers between her toes."

I did so while Jasmine was shaking the bottle vigorously.

"Unscrew the cap, smooth some of the excess polish off and then brush it on the nail from back to front," she instructed as Jasmine handed me the bottle.

I did exactly as she said and under the watchful eye of both girls I soon had all ten of Jasmines' toenails done in white frost. Next she held out one hand at a time and I applied

the polish to her fingernails as well. When I finished I recapped the bottle and handed it to Candy.

"Finish your punch and you can do mine," she said with a grin.

I swallowed the rest of the punch in the cup. I was feeling pretty good by now. Sort of giddy, almost a girly giggly type of giddiness. I removed the spacers from Jasmine's toes and slid the cushion under Candy's feet and proceeded to do her nails with pink polish.

"Are you sure you have never done this before?" Candy asked with a smile as I finished her fingernails.

I shook my head no.

"That's amazing because you are doing a really good job. Now give Jasmine another coat of frost and then you can give me my second coat," ordered Candy.

I proceeded to give Jasmine another coat of frost and had just about finished Candy's second coat of pink when Jasmine's cell phone rang. She ran in the bedroom to answer it. I capped the bottle and handed it back to Candy. When Jasmine returned from the bedroom completely dressed.

"Sorry girls, gotta run! Thanks for the punch and caviar Candy. Talk to you later!" screamed Jasmine as she walked quickly out the door.

I had been surprised that there was only Jasmine and Candy at the party. I had thought there would be more girls from the show. Now there was only Candy and me. I was feeling very woozy as she grinned at me while flailing her hands up and down to dry her nails faster.

"Just a few more minutes," she cooed, "then the real party can begin. Why don't you have some more punch and caviar Paulette?" she grinned.

I walked over to the dining room table, filled my cup half full of punch and had two more of the crackers as I waited for Candy's nails to dry. I was really feeling good now. I not only felt "happy" but very sensuously feminine in that red baby doll nightgown. I loved the taste of the cherry red lipstick and deep down inside I thought that perhaps the girls were right. Maybe I should stay "dressed and made up" all the time. If it was going to be this enjoyable, then why not, I asked myself.

I finished my drink as she stood up. We replaced the couch cushions and then she took my hand and let me into the bedroom once again. We stopped at the vanity where she picked up the lipstick and re-did my mouth again.

"You wiped your mouth after you finished your cup of punch. You should always freshen up your lipstick after eating or drinking anything," she teased. "Now close your eyes I have something else you will like."

I closed my eyes, enjoying the taste of my freshly lipsticked mouth as I licked my lips with my tongue. I felt the cool spray of something on my neck and immediately my nostrils caught the sweet scent of cherries. She had given me a good squirt of perfume along my neckline.

"Whew! That is some awfully sweet stuff," I said as I stepped back from her.

"I don't want you to just look so sexy and delightfully feminine I want you to smell that way too," she laughed as she scented herself and then put the perfume bottle back on the vanity.

I had to admit she loved the sweet cherry scent as well as the fact that it did make me feel more girly, more feminine. At that point I felt and looked as sexy and as female as any woman would have. The punch had given me a dreamy feeling as well and I really didn't care what she did to me next.

Wrapping her arms around my waist she pulled me close and kissed me hard. I like the taste of our two lipsticked mouths fused together. I reached up and wrapped my arms around her neck as she probed my mouth with her tongue. I could feel her hard nipples under the soft fabric of our nightgowns as my penis got hard, trying to push out of the confines of the satin panties. The kiss continued for some time. I felt flushed and weak in the knees as we broke apart and she smiled at me.

"Oh my, Paulette you are blushing! And such a sweet blush it is. It matches your rouge and lipstick perfectly!"

She giggled and kissed me again. I had never felt this way before, whether cross-dressed or not. We broke again and she turned to the vanity. She removed a condom from one of the drawers. After yanking my panties down with a giggle she put it on me.

"I'm glad you are so small," she smirked as she swept me off my feet and walked over to the large double bed.

Much later as I lay next to her I felt very warm, gooey, and of course fulfilled to say the least. At climax there was a surge of testosterone providing me with a very "manly" feeling but that passed quickly and I curled up close to her feeling more "womanly" than manly.

She began kissing my neck again and then kissed me hard on the mouth. We held the kiss for a long time and then once again we made love.

For my first time I had expected I would be the aggressor and "dominate" my partner. Instead it had been just the opposite. I had been seduced and "taken" just as if I had been the girl. I was still a man in one sense but was having trouble reconciling the fact that I loved to be dressed, made up and treated like a female. She broke the silence in the semi dark room.

"Hey, I have an early shoot tomorrow and I want to get you home," she said.

We got up and walked over to the vanity where she opened a jar of cold cream and removed my makeup. After I put my wig back on the stand we took off our nightgowns and I followed her into the bathroom. She adjusted the shower water while I removed my condom and flushed it down the toilet.

Under the warm spray of the shower we soaped each other up. After enjoying the feel of our slippery, slimy girly skin against each other we rinsed ourselves off and got dressed. We didn't speak as she drove me home. I got out of the car and she smiled as she said with a grin:

"We should do this again sometime!"

"I agree," I answered as I closed the door.

She backed quickly out of the driveway and squealed down the street to the stop sign. Once inside I went right to bed. It was 3am and I wanted to get as much sleep as I could before I had to get up for school.

I barely had closed my eyes when the alarm went off. I dressed and went down to breakfast. Dad had already left for work and mom looked at me in a funny way. After breakfast she called me into their bedroom. She held out a bottle of my dad's aftershave.

"Hold out your hands," she ordered.

I did so and she poured some into my hands and then I splashed some on my face and neck.

"It's not a good idea to go to school smelling like cherry perfume," she chided. "That must have been some party!"

I nodded but I didn't answer her and walked back to the living room to pick up my books. As I left the house she called out:

"I trust you had the good sense to protect yourself?"

Again I nodded but said nothing.

The week went by slowly. I was daydreaming half the time. I thought Candy would call before the weekend but she didn't. Another week and then a month went by and still nothing.

I missed my feminine apparel. The girls had been right. While I wasn't sure I should have been a girl I had found that being cross-dressed and behaving in a feminine manner was to my liking. It was almost as if that was the way I should be behaving.

As the months dragged on and soccer practice started I became more and more convinced that the masquerade was when I put my male clothes back on and not the other way around. The big question was what exactly was I going to do about it? I certainly couldn't fathom becoming an adult trying to live the lives of two people.

Our soccer team advanced to the state finals but finished a disappointing third. I had been named to the all state's second team. I applied for and got a part time job at a large shoe store at the mall. I learned my job quickly and soon was an accomplished salesman in all departments. I much preferred to be in the men's athletic department but sold our other products easily as well.

I had hoped to hear from Candy. Once I saw Desiree walking to her store in the mall but she didn't see me. Because of my work schedule and the fact that my parents were off during the summer made cross-dressing at home almost impossible. I sorely missed being in lingerie and dresses.

Towards the end of the summer as I passed the women's dress section where there were two beautiful girls looking at the high heel pumps. As soon as I passed by I overheard one of them say to a female co-worker: "Wouldn't you just love to see him in these four inch heel pumps and a cocktail dress?" followed by a burst of giggles.

I hadn't seen these two girls before and wondered if they might have been in the fashion show at the mall. Once again I wondered just how many people knew about me and my modeling.

School started up once again and I buried myself in my studies. I still worked Friday night and weekends at the mall. I could now spend a little more time in my mothers' lingerie but did not find it as fulfilling as wearing formal clothes or the satin nightgown Candy had me wear.

Masturbating while looking at the pictures in magazines and catalogs provided some release but it always left me feeling unfulfilled when I was finished. I wanted to be like the girls in the pictures.

I missed the sweet scent of the perfume and the taste of the cherry lipstick. Sometimes at work I would take my lunch out in the mall proper and eat my sandwich while watching the sales clerk at a nearby cosmetic kiosk give women a make over. I envied these women and wanted to do the same.

As the year progressed I kept my grades up and continued to add to my bank account. I caught a couple of the girls at school looking at me in a funny way and then turning away giggling. I wondered what was so funny. If they knew about me I was concerned how many others might know too.

For now, it seemed, there were just the girls from the show and the sales clerk at the store where I worked. I was hoping none of the boys would find out as my life would soon become a living hell.

Occasionally at night I would look at naked body in the mirror before going to bed. I thought about letting my hair grown longer. The wigs I had worn looked good on me. I knew with long hair, appropriately styled, I could easily pass myself off as a girl.

The conundrum was of course how to you tell your parents? How do walk from a totally male environment into a totally female one? How to you support yourself if you are dressed and live totally en femme and yet have male biology?

I spent a number of sleepless nights tossing these things around knowing that in six months my junior year would be over and that would leave just one year before I would have to embark on some career path as well as choose just how I was going to live my life.

My cross dressing and fantasies about a lifestyle in lingerie, dresses, make up and heels kept me from going crazy the rest of that year. If in fact I wasn't crazy already. At least I didn't think so.

I had found some interesting books at the public library which I had to read there because I couldn't check them out. I had no doubt there were plenty of Internet sites too but parental controls blocked them on our home computer as well as access from the public library.

I took out my frustrations on our home gym. I had accepted the fact that I wasn't going to get any taller than five foot six and was disappointed at not being able to build much muscle mass. My vicious workouts combined with running kept me slim and trim but I wasn't developing much beyond that.

I turned seventeen and was looking forward to another soccer season that spring. I was down a few pounds from the previous year but I was in probably the best shape I had ever been in.

Our soccer team was rated high and we lived up to it finishing second in the state finals. Next year would be much tougher as we were losing over half the team to graduation. Except for me the players that were going to take their place were not as good.

Our season ended in late May. The only thing left in the year was the baseball playoffs, which we lost in the first round, and the prom, the weekend before Memorial Day. I had not dated anybody since I saw Candy. I had a drivers' license now but no car.

Out of the blue Candy called me and asked if I would like to attend a graduation party at her house. I closed my eyes and imagined myself in a fabulous gown dancing in her arms to soft music. I was surprised as it had been over a year with no contact from her at all. I was torn between telling her no and saying yes which would no doubt lead to my being put "en femme" for the evening.

"You still there?" she asked after several minutes.

"Yes, I am still here," I answered quickly as I had been lost in thought.

"It will be casual of course and I have something special for you to wear," she began with a giggle.

I figured what the hell I might as well accept and enjoy the ride.

"Sure, I'll come," I answered.

"Super, I'll pick you up this Saturday night, about sevenish," she giggled again.

I hung up the phone and told my parents I would be going to a graduation party.

My mother gave me a rather sharp look and then reminded me to "be careful".

I nodded in agreement. At this point I was sure nothing could go too terribly wrong.

I kept busy the next week. I took a hot bath and used one of my Dad's disposable razors to shave the accumulation of peach fuzz from my legs, chest and face. I was certain Candy would want me to be girly smooth, besides the lingerie and stockings would feel so much better on smooth skin.

She picked me up on time and we were at her place in no time. I figured her parents would be gone and of course they were. I saw a car parked in front of the house as we pulled in the driveway and into the garage.

We entered the house thru the kitchen from the garage and the smell of popcorn was in the air. Jasmine was sitting on the couch watching TV with another black girl as we came in. Jasmine's face brightened when she saw me. Candy steered me past her to the bedroom.

"Everything is on the bed, when you get dressed I will help you with your makeup," she giggled.

I began to undress as she left the room. On the bed I found a pair of bright pink panties, a matching bra, garter belt and pink stockings. As I slipped them on all those wonderful feelings came back.

I stood in front of the full-length mirror on the back of the bedroom door for a few minutes looking at myself. Once again I thought about how much fun it would be to live cross dressed all the time.

Candy came in and adjusted the straps after I put the inserts in the bra. At the vanity she applied my makeup, squirted me with a lilac scented perfume, and attached a pair of long earrings to my earlobes. Next she placed a blonde wig on my head and adjusted the large pink sissy bow at the top.

While I put on the pink petticoats she went to the closet and came back with my dress. She helped me slip it on. It was a pink satin mini dress with large tiered puff sleeves, white sissy bows along the hem and a large pink sissy bow at the base of the zipper. She zipped me up. I stepped into the pink four-inch stiletto heel pumps then, took the matching pink patent leather purse from Candy and slipped it over my shoulder. I walked in front of her in my best mincing effeminate manner back to the living room.

Jasmine looked coolly authoritative in her white leather blouse, black leather pants, and black leather boots. She stood up as I came in and handed me a glass of wine as Candy went back to the bedroom.

"Paulette I would like you to meet Lucille, my date for tonight," she said with a grin.

The pretty black girl held out her arm, her hand dangling effeminately at the wrist. The satin mini dress she was wearing was similar to mine except it was white and was decorated with pink bows. She had a large white sissy bow in her auburn wig and wore white four-inch stiletto heels.

I took her hand in mine and gave it a polite squeeze. Looking more closely at her face I saw right away that even with long false eyelashes and pink lipstick "Lucille", like me, was a boy too. Of course you would never guess by looking at him though.

"I'm very pleased to meet you Paulette," she said in a very soft and feminine voice.

I nodded and let go of her hand. I smoothed my dress as I sat down next to her and took a sip of wine as Jasmine sat down on the other side of Lucille. We made small talk until Candy returned from the bedroom. Like Jasmine she too was in black and white leather.

"Ok, let's hit the road, we don't want to lose our reservations do we?"

Jasmine and her date got up as I looked at Candy.

"I thought the party was here, I didn't know we were going out like this?" I stammered.

"Relax. You both look great and no one will ever guess," she laughed.

She took my hand and we followed Jasmine and Lucille out the front door. Like me Lucille wobbled a little in the stilettos as we made our way to our cars. Candy held the door open for me. I smoothed my dress as I sat down and swung my legs in. As Candy walked around to the drivers' side I saw Lucille doing the same thing. I fastened my seatbelt as we backed out of the driveway and headed down the street with Jasmine's car following close behind.

"I love you in pink, both you and Lucille are so perfectly feminine," said Candy with a grin.

Thirty minutes later she pulled into a restaurant parking lot. Jasmine parked her car next to us.

While Candy ran around the front of her car to open the door for me Jasmine was doing the same for Lucille. I released my seat belt, swung my legs out, and stood up. I fluffed the skirt of my dress and saw Lucille was doing the same with hers. We walked ahead of them and stopped at the restaurant door where Candy opened the door for us.

Once inside the hostess photographed both Lucille and me separately, then together and then we were photographed as couples. She handed the memory chip to Candy and then escorted us to our table.

Both Lucille and I were seated on the inside of the booth about halfway down the restaurant dining area while Candy and Jasmine sat on the outside. We were handed a menu and the hostess left us alone.

Initially I was concerned about going out in public but my fears disappeared quickly as I found Lucille to be an excellent conversationalist though very soft spoken. He had known Jasmine for some time and was considerably more knowledgeable about make up and fashion than I was.

While Jasmine and Candy talked about their modeling careers and future plans Lucille was happy to educate me about fashion and make up. Our "Sissy" clothes were hardly fashionable but Lucille enjoyed her feminine side as much as I did and she had been cross-dressing for a number of years

A waitress appeared with our drinks, two pink ladies for us and two glasses of red wine for the two girls. We sipped our drinks slowly and enjoyed our separate conversations. The dimly lit restaurant was very quiet and there was soft music coming from the speakers. There was only one couple dancing in the small area between the two rows of booths.

"Lets dance shall we girls?" asked Candy brightly as she took my hand.

Lucille and I put our glasses down and we followed the girls to the middle of the floor. I was very nervous because I had no previous dancing experience. Candy pulled me close as my left arm went to her shoulder and she gripped my right hand gently in hers. I tried my best to follow her lead. I was a bit unsteady. Learning to dance backwards is one thing, but in four inch stilettos is quite another, but I managed to do so without stumbling.

When the music stopped the girls led us back to our table and the waitress returned to take out orders. Candy ordered a steak while Jasmine ordered the ribs. Lucille and I ordered the small seafood salad.

"Good choice girls," remarked Jasmine. "You want to keep those girly figures of yours right?"

We both laughed at her teasing. Lucille looked as delicately feminine in white as I did in pink. From the sissy bows in our wigs to the panties beneath our dresses and petticoats we could give any two real girls a run for their money.

Our meal came along with another round of drinks. The seafood salad was absolutely delicious. I don't think I have ever tasted anything that good before. As we ate Lucille

kicked my leg once and whispered to me "take smaller bites, chew slowly and more lady like," then he grinned.

I took his advice and modified my behavior accordingly. The portions were generous and about halfway thru we went out to the dance floor again. I was much better this time. When the music stopped Candy twirled me around and I found myself giggling with girlish delight as the skirt flared up a bit and revealed my pink panties. Jasmine had done the same with Lucille and we were both giggling as we sat back down at our table.

We passed on dessert and instead we all got an after dinner drink called a grasshopper. The mint ice cream tasted delicious and felt good going down. I was really enjoying myself. It turned out to be a very pleasant evening so far despite my initial concerns about being out in public cross-dressed.

The waitress brought the check. Lucille and I headed for the restrooms. It was a weird feeling as I followed Lucille thru the door marked "Ladies". Once inside I entered the commode cubicle and hung my purse on the hook. For the first time in my life I had to hike up my dress, slide my panties down, and sit down to pee. When I finished I struggled a bit making sure my garter belt and stockings were straight.

Standing next to Lucille as we washed our hands I looked in the large mirror and saw two very pretty young girls. I dried my hands and retrieved my make up items from my purse as Lucille did the same. Any woman in the restroom would only see two girls applying fresh lipstick and blusher. We finished and walked back to where the girls were waiting near the front door.

Outside the evening breeze felt good in the warm air. Once again Candy held the door open for me and I got in, smoothing my dress as I did so in the proper lady like fashion. Back at the house we went inside. We were alone once again as Jasmine had taken Lucille home and had not followed us.

In the bedroom I set my purse down on the vanity. Candy grabbed my hand and twirled me around twice. Playfully I pulled up my skirts and curtsied, revealing the small bulge in my panties.

"I just love the way you look in pink," she said again. "I wish I could keep you this way all the time. I love having a lover and a girlfriend. Now turn around and I'll unzip you."

I turned around and she nuzzled my neck as she pulled the zipper down. I was out of my dress, petticoats and heels in no time. She yanked my panties down and placed the condom on my penis.

Later as we lay together I closed my eyes and asked God to let me live this way forever. An eternity en femme was a pleasant fantasy but one that of course could never be. All good things do come to an end and this evening too was nearing that end. Candy slid over the top of me and kissed me.

"I'll get the shower started. Take off your makeup and join me," she said as she walked to the john.

I got up and took off the panties, stockings and garter belt. At the vanity I removed my earrings and make up. After putting the wig back on the stand I joined Candy in the

shower. We soaped each other up with the sweet lilac scented soap. I got hard again and we coupled in the shower. Afterwards we rinsed and dried ourselves off.

We got dressed and she took me home. I went directly to the bathroom and soaked myself liberally with my Dads' aftershave. I went to bed and fell asleep as soon as my head hit the pillow. There were no dreams just the blackness of sleep.

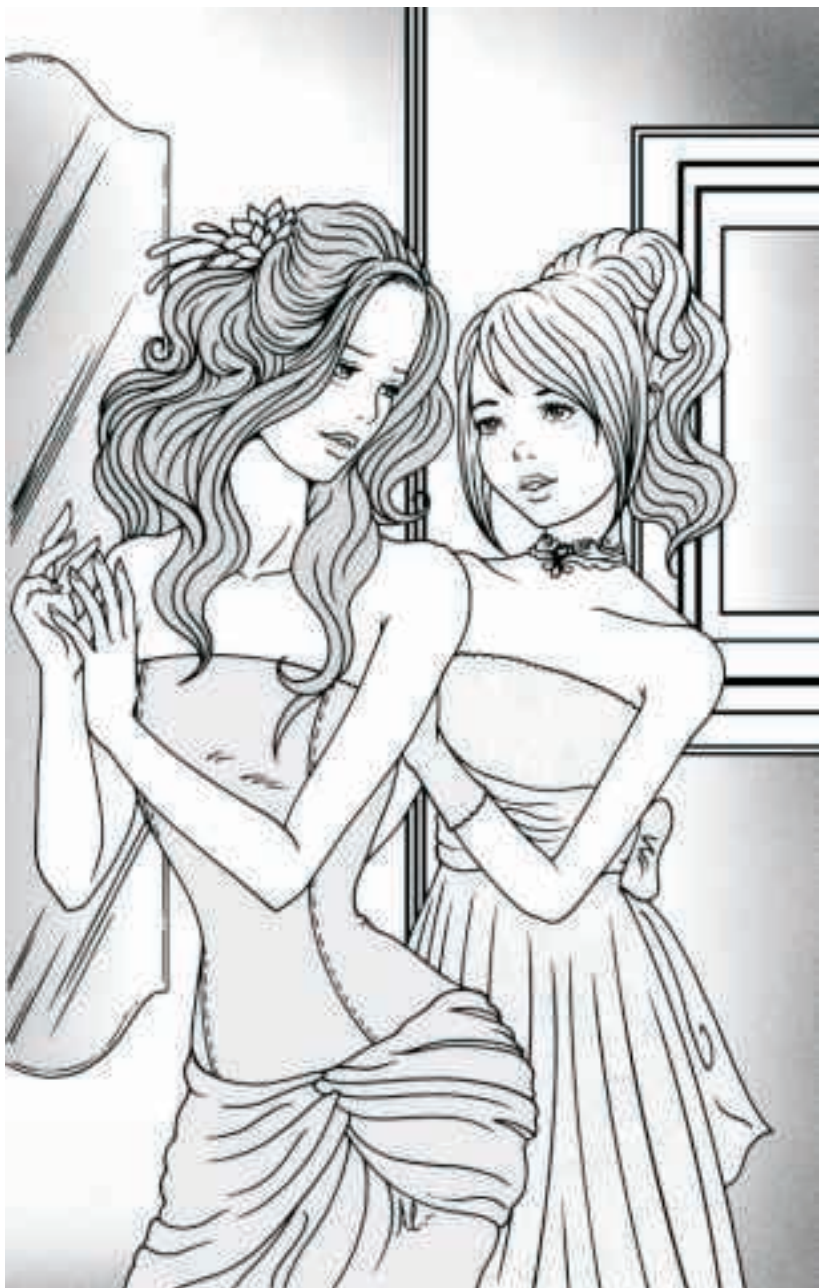
The next morning I got up and dressed. It seemed odd that I was putting on male clothing when I felt I should be wearing female clothing. My hairless, smooth legs looked good in nylons and the stockings had felt so good against my skin as had the satin dress.

Our intercourse had been wonderful too. At climax I felt so strongly masculine, yet minutes later, so deliciously feminine as I lay next to her, soft girly skin against soft girly skin. Everyone has a fantasy of what heaven is and that night certainly had been the fulfillment of mine.

I did not see Candy that summer but she did send prints of the photos that were taken at the club. I was somewhat puzzled about this on again, off again, relationship. Just how long it would last was anybody's guess. I continued to work at the store and hoped to hear from her.

My counselor had been concerned that I had not yet decided what I was going to do after graduation. There were waiting lists for a number of excellent programs but I wanted to work and save my money.

My senior year began and once again I was immersed in my studies. I liked computers and administrative work. I also liked my job at the store meeting people and helping them find the shoes they wanted. I knew I was going to have to make a decision by the end of the year but for now I didn't want to think about it.



The holidays came and went. At the semester break I finished my Drivers' Ed classes and passed my tests. When I looked at the picture on my probationary license I imagined a wig and makeup on the pretty face looking back at me. I wasn't sure about the "m" in the box for sex, but for now that would have to remain unchanged.

I was eighteen now and with parental controls no longer of concern I was able to access information on the Internet about people like me. There were a large number of porn sites online but I did manage to find some informational ones that were very beneficial to me. There were a few books in the public library about people who cross dress as well as two autobiographies of men who had taken female hormones and then underwent sex change surgery and were now living as women.

I also found some links that listed professional people whose practice consisted solely of helping people like me deal with their cross gender feelings. One of them was in an office complex just across the expressway from the mall. I stopped by late one afternoon after work and made an appointment.

I had cross dressed very little but kept myself as hair free as I could. I had not dated and masturbation had been my only solace. Most of the girls dressed in casual clothing and only a few wore makeup. I wondered why they didn't take more of an interest in their own femininity. I certainly "enjoyed being a girl" and thought they should feel the same way.

I left work early one Saturday afternoon and checked in with the receptionist for Dr. Roberta Farwell. I filled out a medical form and gave it back to the receptionist. A few minutes later Dr. Farwell came out and introduced herself. She was a thin, mousy looking woman with wire-rimmed glasses. She was wearing a white smock over a black pantsuit. I stood up to shake her hand and then followed her back to her office.

Over the next hour I was very open with her about my feelings and what I had done. Each question she asked was answered with as much honesty as I could muster. The hour went by very quickly. I paid my bill in cash and made another appointment.

That night as I lay awake I went over the things we had talked about. I was as concerned about my future as I was about how this "thing" about me was going to impact it. I certainly wasn't going to live two lives. The stress of vacillating back and forth between a masculine and a feminine persona as well as working every day trying to keep a roof over my head was just a little too much to bear. I closed my eyes and tried to put my unresolved issues out of my mind. I finally drifted off to sleep but a restless sleep nonetheless.

Once at school and once at home I was asked if I was "ok". I simply shrugged and said I was fine. Apparently I had given people the impression that something was bothering me. There was of course, I just hadn't been aware that it was visible to others, so I tried to keep up a cheerier front.

When I was alone sometimes my mind would wander trying to think of how I was going to solve this. My infrequent cross dressing helped some but of course it always ended with me putting everything back and then having to regress back to my male self again. Finally I stopped doing it altogether.

The school year ended with the soccer team doing poorly as I had expected. We had lost a number of good players to graduation though I was named to the all-state first team. With the summer ahead of me I asked for more hours at work and was told "we'll see."

I hadn't been able to purchase a car yet. I looked at the newspaper ads once and awhile but even a used car was pretty expensive. I was never a "car guy". I was just hoping to find something that started and ran good to get me to where I needed to go.

The last week in June there was a big splash in the paper about a raid on a local "jiggle" joint. There had been a number of arrests for prostitution and marijuana sales. There were pictures in the paper of the manager and several of the girls in their skimpy outfits. One of them, a very cute brunette named Toni, wasn't even a girl but a guy. I wondered how many others there were like him.

This came as quite a surprise to some of my male co-workers who had been there. I said nothing of course but thought what kick that must have been to fool all those men while earning good money in tips. At least that's what was reported in the newspapers. Exactly how much money the girls did make was known only to them and the IRS would have a hard time proving otherwise.

This intrigued me. When the club was sold the new owner advertised it was "under new management" and promised that there would be no more trouble. He also advertised for new girls. I thought about going down there. How should I do it? Should I go as a male or buy some girls' clothes and go en femme? I was going to call the club but the ad said to apply in person, no phone calls please.

It would be taking a chance. A gamble if you will. I decided to go after work on Sunday. I parked down the street a block and walked back to the club. Once inside it took a minute for my eyes to adjust the darkness. I walked to the bar where a man was placing bottles on the shelf. My heart was pounding as I cleared my throat and said "Excuse me,"

The man turned around. He was middle aged, about six feet tall with a gray crew cut and wore black glasses with thick lenses. He looked me over and said "What can I do for you?"

Despite my dry mouth I managed to say "I am looking for work", and handed him the envelope with the pictures Candy had sent me of our night on the town. He looked them over, his face expressionless.

"ID please,"

I showed him my drivers' license. He handed it back and then turned away from me.

"TONI!!!" he screamed.

Shortly a slim, girlish looking man in black slacks and a dark green polo shirt came up to me.

"Hi, I am Toni Bennett," he said with a smile and then added "No relation. And you are?"

"Paul Dean." I answered nervously.

He gave me a limp handshake.

"Let's go over to a table and we'll talk"

He took the envelope from the man behind the bar. We walked over to the nearest table and sat down.

Looking up at me after glancing at the photos he smiled again.

"I'm very impressed. You make a very pretty girl. Have you ever done any dancing?"

"No. I work part time at a retail store and I don't know what I want to do with my life. I heard the girls here make pretty good money."

"So except for this particular evening you have never worked in drag either?"

I shook my head no as he replaced the pictures in the envelope and handed them back to me.

"Okay, well this is not employment in the true sense. You are an independent contractor. You pay a fee up front for each shift you work. What ever is stuck in your garter belt or waistband of your panties at the end of the shift is yours to keep."

"This isn't Vegas so on average here you should declare \$400.00-500.00 week. Some girls make more, some make less. The problem with being stupid and reporting \$200.00 week is the IRS will ask you in for an audit because they know most of the girls make more than that."

"Ok, the last thing I want is trouble, especially from the IRS,"

"I agree. You have to supply your own costume, shoes, makeup and wigs. There is a dressing room in the back that is divided up into smaller cubicles for privacy. Each cubicle has two lockers. Leave your stuff in those lockers and make sure it's locked when you leave at the end of your shift. We are not responsible for sticky fingered independent contractors."

"Are you still living with your parents?"

"Yes"

"Not a good idea. I suggest you move out as soon as possible. They might not be too happy when they find out what you are doing,"

"I have been saving money for a car but I guess moving wouldn't be a problem,"

"So you are using someone else's car for transportation?"

"Yes but I am sure I could find a car quickly,"

"Okay look, why don't you continue working for a little while longer? Get yourself a car, and a place of your own. Come back and see me. Dave Pitt, the owner and the man you met behind the bar, likes people who are totally independent. You look like you keep yourself in good shape but drop a few pounds anyway. Stay that way. Here is a friend of mine who will help you find the things you need. Tell her you want a private fitting and use my name. Thanks for coming in,"

He handed me a business card and my pictures as he stood up. I shook his hand again and left. I drove home and looked at the business card when I got upstairs.

"Cindy's Creations" was the name of the business. On the left top corner was a sewing needle and on the right top corner was a spool of thread. The address was not far from the mall where I worked.

The next day I left for work early and drove by the address on the card to find a small two story building on a side street adjacent to the mall. There was a barber poll still attached to the building by the front door. "Cindy's Creations" was in white paint on the front window. The second story appeared to be an apartment. There were no cars parked on the street. I drove around the block and went to work.

I kept busy during the month of July. I was getting some extra hours at work and putting most all of it in the bank. I gathered up a bunch of things I didn't need anymore and went in with a neighbor at their garage sale. What I didn't get rid of I dropped off at a thrift store.

I saw Dr. Farwell for the third time. I told her I was going to try the exotic dancer job and was wondering about hormones. She said they would give me more "jiggle" as my breasts developed and my genitals would shrink making getting an erection more difficult and eventually impossible. She felt that I was a transvestite not a transsexual but agreed to start me on them anyway. If I were castrated would speed things up but I decided to put that off for the time being. After a brief physical she gave me my first injection. While it would be several months before any results would be visible I was looking forward to seeing the changes.

I saw a bank ad for a re-possessed Honda Civic. I looked it over with my dad and submitted a bid. I deliberately bid low and got a call from the bank several days later that the car was mine.

Mom drove me to our bank and I withdrew half of my savings with both my parents making up the other half. I agreed to repay them each month out of my paycheck. I stopped by the insurance office where my folks had their car and homeowners insurance to pay for a year's premium.

It felt good to have my own set of wheels. My dad's mechanic had confirmed the car was in good shape and had been well taken care of. I continued to get more hours at work and was pleased that by the end of August I would have enough money for an apartment. I planned to move closer to the club.

My skin tone had begun to change. After bathing at night I would put my hands on my chest and push up but there was no discernable difference yet. I called Cindy's Creations and got an appointment. It was three days away and the time couldn't possibly have gone any slower.

I had a seven pm appointment. After work I gobbled supper down, showered and put on clean clothes. I arrived plenty early and sat listening to a baseball game on the car radio. At twenty minutes of seven, with checkbook in hand I walked into the building.

There was a rack of shoes along the left side. Above the shoes were a variety of wigs on their foam heads. The next rack was full of cosmetics. On the right hand side were several clothing racks full of costumes and petticoats. I walked back to the counter and rang the bell.

A pretty blonde haired woman with a slight limp came out to greet me.

"Hi, I am Paul Dean. I have a seven pm appointment," I said as I extended my hand to her.

"Pleased to meet you Paul, I am Cindy," she answered as she gave my hand a firm grasp. "What are you looking for?"

"I was referred to you by Toni Bennett. He said you could supply me with what I need for a job at the club. It used to be called "Gents' Delight" but since the trouble it has now been re-named "Pitts' Stop"

She smiled as she looked me up and down. "I take it then you want to be outfitted from head to toe in dancers costumes?"

"Yes and I need some help with make up too. My girlfriend did it for me a couple of times when we went out." I answered.

"Okay, well let's get started then,"

I followed her over to the shoe rack and she measured my foot. I put on a nylon footie and tried on several pairs of the high heel shoes and boots. There didn't seem to be any heels shorter than four inches. Once I found the right size she picked out a pair of clear, pink tinged plastic open toed heels with pink straps and a pair of white knee high boots.

Next I was fitted with shoulder length brown wig. She placed it back on the foam head, then she put both of them in a box with a nylon wig cap and brochure about wig care. She picked out several make up items and an instruction book, an eyelash curler, tweezers, false eyelashes, a package of press on nails, and placed them all in another box. At the counter she removed a single pair of long, clip on earrings and put them in the make up box. She handed me a spandex garment like a woman's swimsuit.

"Undress in that cubicle and put this on over your underpants," she instructed.

I did so and moments later came out and stood in front of her. She slipped some weighted breast forms in the bra cups, adjusted the straps and then wrote down the measurements for my bust waist and hips. From the rack I tried on a bright pink satin top and matching mini skirt, though micro skirt was probably a more appropriate description. The other costume was similar but in bright blue satin.

I took the costume off and re-entered the cubicle to get dressed. When I came back out she had everything boxed up.

"Come back in a week and your costumes will be ready to try on," she smiled again.

I looked at the total on the register and gulped. My checking account didn't have enough in it so I took out my wallet and used my only credit card. It had a thousand dollar limit and my purchase ate up a little over half of that. I signed the slip and stuffed it in my pocket.

"Thank you Paul, see you next week," she grinned again. "Oh, I almost forgot. Toni said to give you this. Bring it back next week when you come,"

She handed me a DVD. I picked up the two boxes and carried them to the car. I put them in the trunk and got in the car. I wondered what would be on it that he had wanted me to look at.

At home I left everything in the trunk and went into the house. Later that night I brought the two boxes in the house and put them in my closet. After my parents went to bed I put the DVD in the player and sat down to watch.

For the next forty minutes or so I watched the pretty girls teaching the art of dancing with a poll. In addition they performed several other dance routines, some individually, some in company of several other girls as well as the lap dance.

I paid close attention to their moves and when the instruction disk ended I replayed it while imitating their movements myself. I repeated it once more before going to bed. That night I dreamed I was performing before a raucous crowd at the Pitt's Stop club.

The next week went very slowly. At night I opened the boxes and read the books about makeup and wig care. I tried the gaff on. Cindy hadn't mentioned it and I had never heard of such a thing before but it did give me a flat front. I couldn't wait to get my finished costumes so I could try them on with the wig and heels to see just how I would look, even if it would be sans make up.

I returned to Cindy's Creations and returned the DVD. The costumes fit perfectly. She included two bra and panty sets with a matching garter belt. In addition there was two pair of seamed stockings, one sheer and one pink along with two pair of elastic leg garters. She folded everything neatly in a box and placed the lingerie and two weighted breast forms on top. I thanked her again and left the store.

Once again I left everything in the trunk until later in the evening. After my parents had gone to bed I retrieved them and brought them upstairs. I closed my bedroom door and put everything on the bed. I took my clothes off and put on the gaff. I put the breast forms in the bra cups and slipped my arms thru the straps. I closed the front hooks to find it was a perfect fit with no adjustment needed. I stepped in the garter belt and brought it up to my waist.

I began to get those same old feelings as I opened the package of sheer hose. I rolled each stocking down, slipped my foot in, brought it up to the garter and secured it. I put on the pink mini skirt and then stepped into the plastic heels. I walked back and forth across the room wishing I were downstairs and could walk longer distances. I practiced a few gyrations and then took everything off and put them away. I found a business card for an electrolysis studio Cindy had put in the box and set it aside.

It was hard to go to sleep thinking not only of how great I looked and how much better my image would be with the wig and make up. It wasn't until much later that I finally fell asleep. I found concentrating at work sometimes difficult as I continued to be thinking of what I wanted to be doing instead of the task at hand.

I saw Dr Farwell again. I had begun to develop a little and my nipples become somewhat sensitive. We talked a little about my upcoming job. I got another shot and made an appointment for the next month as well as to be castrated two weeks hence when I had the whole weekend off. Leaving the office I wondered if I really was doing the right thing

I was castrated on a Friday afternoon. It wasn't much different than a vasectomy I had heard one of the married men at work talk about. I stayed around the house all that Saturday, mostly in my room studying my make up guide. Mom popped in around one o'clock and asked if everything was ok as I "looked like hell" I explained I hadn't been sleeping too well lately and that I was fine. She shrugged and left me alone.

By Sunday afternoon I felt much better and drove to the club. I talked to Toni about getting started. I told him I had my own car and would be in my own apartment by the end of the month. He nodded and told me to come in Sunday afternoon about two pm of Labor Day Weekend. I thanked him and left.

I found a completely furnished studio apartment where utilities were included. I paid the first months' rent and security deposit. Stopping at a thrift store I purchase a large mirror on a stand and a cosmetic case. I left the items in the car and went home.

I informed my parents of my decision to move out. I lied to them saying I was going to work for a couple of temporary agencies for a while and then maybe consider going to school. It was going to be some nights, some days on an irregular basis but they shouldn't worry if they couldn't get in touch with me right away as I had purchased an answering machine. They wished me well as I packed up the rest of my things and moved out.

My first night in that small apartment was a unique change from having a big house to live in. A week later I turned in my resignation at the store. Each night I not only practiced my dancing but putting on my make up as well. I wanted to have someone take my picture fully "dressed" but I didn't dare.

Sunday finally arrived. I bought a paper and after reading it I took a stroll around a nearby park to kill some time. The club had opened again and apparently everything was going ok. I was too nervous to eat anything so I drank a cup of tea and tried to relax by thinking about all the money I was about to make and this dream job I thought I was going to have.

I packed my cosmetics in the case. I put the wig and foam head in a brown shopping bag. My lingerie, shoes and costume were in a small garment bag. I had taken a hot bath the night before and shaved my body. I could tell now the hormones were taking effect as my skin felt softer and more feminine.

I arrived at the club and Toni had me fill out some payroll forms. I would be starting out waiting on tables and then move up to dancing on the bar. He handed me a pink ruffled mini apron with two large front pockets that I would wear over my costume. I went back to the dressing room to change.

I took my time doing my makeup. The false eyelashes felt funny but after putting the wig on I knew I looked good. I got dressed and put everything in my locker and closed the combination lock. I checked myself in the mirror one more time and then walked back to the bar.

Dave gave me the rundown on the small food and drink menu. It didn't take much to memorize it but I stuffed the sheet in one of my front pockets with the order pad and pen. Toni pressed a self-adhesive nametag on my left shoulder and I was ready to meet the customers.

My shift went smoothly. I was happy walking girlishly about the bar taking orders and serving the food and drinks. Laughing at all the dumb jokes and in general making the customer feel good and wanting to come back. I loved the attention I was getting. I wondered what the customer's reaction might be if they ever found out who was behind the pink mask and what was under that pink mini skirt and panties.

At closing I removed the make up and took off my wig and costume. I was Paul once again. I stuffed the wad of bills in my jeans and went home. I couldn't believe the amount of money I had made for one night. It was more than I made in a week at the store. I was sure there were going to be nights that we weren't so busy so I knew I would have to be careful how I spent it.

When I wasn't at the club I continued to work out on a used treadmill I had bought. I practiced my dance routines as well. I wanted to keep myself in good shape as well as be professional when it came time to perform a routine.

I began my electrolysis and laser hair removal treatments. Though they were expensive the technician said I was lucky to have such a light beard and little body hair as I would need fewer appointments. With the laser treatments I was no longer shaving my legs except for touch ups here and there.

Over the next several months I became more accomplished with make up and it took less time. I noticed quite a change in my skin. My face had more of a feminine glow and my skin felt much softer. I bought expensive hand and body lotion too. My breasts had begun to push out and I knew I would have to get smaller inserts soon or leave them out altogether. Dr. Farwell was pleased with my results. She gave me another shot and I went home.

That night I stood naked in front of the mirror and was quite surprised at what I saw. I was turning into a very pretty and busty young girl. As I slipped between my new set of pink satin sheets I shivered with delight. I slept better than I had ever slept in my life. I loved my job and loved the life I was having even though I was alone. I thought about calling Candy but decided to wait.

One of the girls left and two of us split her time dancing on the bar. I wasn't going to give a lap dance just yet so I danced solo or with one or more of the other girls in several routines that I had seen on the DVD. The customers were generous with tips and I was making more money than ever.

It was late on a Friday night when Jasmine and Candy showed up. For some unknown reason this particular night was a slower than usual one. I saw them come in as I swung around the poll a few times and gave them a wave.

They took a seat and motioned me to come over. I walked over in my most mincing, coquettish, and effeminate fashion as they both looked up at me with wide grins.

"Oh Paulette!" squealed Candy with a mock look of surprise on her face. "Imagine seeing you here!"

I was wearing a pink satin micro skirt, a short sleeved, ruffled sissy blouse and boots. I curtsied once and began to gyrate suggestively in front of her as she and Jasmine watched me closely. Candy waved a hundred dollar bill at me and I stuck it in my pink elastic gar-

ter. I sat down in her lap and wrapped my arms around her. I couldn't help but giggle as we rubbed against each other in a make believe make out session.

"You not only look sissy sweet but you smell that way too!" she cooed. "Just the way we always liked you!" she added.

After about fifteen minutes of getting her lathered up by wriggling around in her lap I got up and minced my way back to the poll. The girls finished their drinks and left. I wondered if I would see them again as I began dancing for some new arrivals.

A week later the girls did come back, this time with some of their friends. I recognized two of the girls from the fashion show. It proved to be not only an enjoyable but profitable evening as they had "rented" me out for a couple of hours in a "private" area of the club.

That particular night I was wearing a purple satin puff sleeve blouse tucked into a purple satin micro skirt, purple satin panties, a purple satin garter belt holding up black fishnet stockings, two black elastic garters with pink satin bows on the front and black knee high spike heel boots.

I had scented myself liberally with sweet lilac perfume. I used pink blusher, black mascara, eyeliner, long black false eyelashes and purple eye shadow to match my dark purple lipstick and press on nails. In addition to my long earrings I wore a large purple satin sissy bow pinned to my black shoulder length wig to top things off appropriately enough.

I was in and out of every girls lap that night and they were all very generous. The alcohol induced giggles and frivolity in the privacy of the back room brought me and the girls a great deal of pleasure. I was enjoying myself more than I could tell you.

When one of the girls got a bit out of line by pulling up my micro skirt to reveal my purple satin panties with four rows of black ruffles on the back I didn't complain like I was supposed to. I was having too much fun myself to report this minor infraction of the club rules.

My use of female hormones had not entirely squelched my ability to have an erection but the gaff prevented the girls from seeing just how excited I really was. At the end of the evening when they left they were all in a good mood and so was I. In fact it had been one of those evenings when I could honestly say I wanted to live forever.

When I finally got home that night I was really tired out. The girls' generosity had certainly made it all worthwhile and I was looking forward to seeing them again. If this was not a dream job I don't know what was, and if I was dreaming all this I didn't want to ever wake up that was for sure!

Occasionally with the tips came business cards. Usually they were insurance or car salesmen and I tossed them in the trash. I had been warned not to see any of the customers socially and of course being a male I wasn't going to anyway.

One Sunday night a woman in an expensive looking tailored pantsuit came in. She tipped me well and gave me a card. That night after I got home and counted out my money I looked at the card.

"Pamela Wright" was the name and "Wright Talent Agency" was the company. There was a street address in Las Vegas, Nevada as well as a phone and fax number.

On the back of the card there was a handwritten note to call her before nine am the next morning. I was tired and it was already after three am but something inside of me made me set the alarm for eight instead of eleven. It seemed I had just closed my eyes when the alarm went off.

I got up right away and splashed my face with cold water. I put on my pink chiffon robe walked into the living room. The sun had lit up the room and I closed the blinds slightly. I sat on the sofa and picked up the card and phone from the end table. I felt my pulse quicken as I entered the numbers on the keypad.

"Bluebird Motel," the woman on the other end replied.

"Pamela Wright's room please," I answered.

The line went dead and a minute later a woman's voice came on the line.

"This is Pamela Wright," said the sultry voice on the other end.

"Hi, this is Paulette from the club. You gave me your card last night,"

"Yes of course Paulette. Thank you for returning my call. Are you free for lunch?"

"Yes I am. What is this about?" I enquired.

"How would you like to make more money than you are currently making, and I mean much more?"

"I hear that from customers all the time," I answered smugly.

There was a pause as I heard her laugh.

"That's not the kind of proposition I am talking about, this is strictly business."

"Well first of all I am not a woman..."

"I know, Toni told me all about you," she interrupted me.

"Okay, where can we meet?"

"I check out of here at ten am so meet me in the lunch room about ten."

"I'll be there," I answered.

As soon as I hung up the phone I began to have misgivings. What exactly had I got myself into? I mean it was just a meeting. No harm there. Maybe I should have just said no and let it go at that. Well I was committed now. There was no point in standing her up.

I took off my nightgown and dressed in jeans and a t-shirt. I made a cup of tea and watched some TV until it was time to go. What ever she had in mind wasn't going to cost me anything just to listen.

I arrived at the motel about a quarter of ten and parked in the front of the building. I listened to the car radio until five minutes of the hour and then went inside. A lighted sign indicated the small lunchroom off to the left. I stood at the entrance and saw her sitting several tables away. I walked over to her and introduced myself. She stood up and extended her hand with a smile.

"Thank you for coming Paul," she began.

I sat across from her and her face turned serious.

"I've watched you dance. You are very good but in that dump you aren't going to make a whole lot of money, you know that don't you?"

"I'm not so sure, at the store I was taking home about \$190.00 week. Here I make that much in a night,"

"So then you wouldn't be interested in say two grand for two nights work?"

I sat up a little straighter.

"How much?" I asked. I wanted to be certain that I had heard her right.

"You heard me right the first time. It's club in Vegas, but has a more upscale clientele. The environment isn't sleazy and the money is so much better. You can't be a dancer forever. Most girls at places like the one you're in last a couple of years at the most. Some of the dancers have been with me for twice that long and are still going strong. Our turnover is very low and we like to keep it that way,"

My heart was pounding as her words sunk in. I expected to make between thirty and forty grand a year here and now there was an opportunity to make almost twice that and Nevada had no income taxes!

"I don't see how I could turn it down," I answered truthfully.

"I'm glad you think so. Do you have a lease?"

"No, it's month to month. I can be out of here in thirty days,"

"Good. I'll expect to see you in my office in Vegas January 2. That should give you plenty of time to get things ready for your move and then get settled in Vegas. I will send you a newcomers' guide to the city and a brochure about the agency. In the mean time look these papers over and talk to an attorney before you sign them. Make a copy for yourself and then mail me the originals. Any questions?"

My head was spinning with dollar signs. I couldn't think of anything so I shook my head. She finished her coffee and stood up. We shook hands again and I left.

On the drive back to my apartment I had those pangs of apprehension again. I had taken a chance when I first went out with Candy cross-dressed. I had taken a chance when I first started at the club. Now I was taking another chance, a major gamble at that, by going to a city known for success stories and hard luck stories alike. So far I had been lucky. I wondered if my luck would continue to hold. I was not a religious person but that night I prayed "luck be a lady" in this new venture.

I saw Dr. Farwell and got another shot. I was no longer wearing the weighted inserts and had purchased new bras with bigger cups. I bought more costumes, several pairs of shoes and boots. I had the older costumes adjusted for my new bust line. My electrolysis was just about finished and the laser treatments kept my legs looking great.

I received the new comers guide and a brochure about her agency. Pamela had marked some apartment complexes as well as the location of her agency and the club on the city map.

I saw an attorney and he explained the contracts to me. They were pretty straight forward so I signed them, made myself a copy and mailed them to Pamela. All that was left was for me to give my notice to the club and the landlord and I could be on my way to Vegas.

I bought a French Maid costume and five-inch leather stiletto pumps for Halloween weekend. I made double the number of tips. The week of Thanksgiving I wore a bright orange mini dress with a matching sissy bow and my black leather pumps. The deer hunters' tips more than paid for the outfit in one night.

I gave the landlord and the club notice that Monday and started getting ready for my trip. I joined a travel club. They helped me plan the route and select the best motels. I had very little to pack as I had vowed never again to accumulate anything after moving out of my parents house.

I went to Cindy's to buy another wig and some more make up items. When I told her I was leaving for Vegas she handed me a card for a similar shop out there and wished me well.

After my last night at the club I packed all my "girl things" in two boxes and shipped them to myself in care of the agency. I saw Dr. Farwell for another shot and got a referral for a doctor in Vegas. She too wished me well. I was "busting out" pretty well and I could no longer wear t-shirts without another shirt over it.

I began thinking that once I got to Vegas I would buy some girls' clothes and ditch my male clothing altogether or even better maybe just go out there en femme. After thinking it over I decided to leave as a male but change into girls' clothes when I got there.

Two late snowfalls came close to spoiling my leaving date but the sky cleared and on the morning I left the forecast was clear and cold for the next several days. I was quite relieved as I didn't want to be driving my little Civic in any kind of snow, one inch or one foot.

My trip was uneventful. I drove long hours bolstered by caffeinated pop. I covered about six hundred miles each day arriving on the Vegas outskirts early in the afternoon of the third day. I checked into a motel room and paid for a week in advance. I rested up the next day after calling Pamela's office. She asked me to come in the next day. I drove to Pamela's office the following morning and we went over a few things about working at the club.

"I see you are "developing" nicely," she said with a grin. "Have you decided how you want to live?"

"I thought about it quite a bit. Instead of changing back and forth I think I am going to stay completely en femme, at home and at work," I replied.

"Ok. Do you have an apartment picked out yet?"

"No. I have appointments to look at three tomorrow. I would like to come here and change then see the apartment and use my femme name,"

“That’s fine with me. I will be here all day. Use my name for your employment check,” she smiled again.

I left and went back to my motel. The next day I shopped the thrift stores for a basic wardrobe, two purses and then went to a large women’s department store and bought my lingerie. No one had yet to give me a second look. I began to think this city was more wide open than I thought.

I went to Pamela’s office the next morning and changed into a denim mini skirt and a white peasant blouse. I wore white three-inch heel sandals. Pink lipstick and blusher with the brown wig made Pamela’s receptionist do a double take.

I took the second place I looked at. When the landlady asked for an ID I showed her my DL. When she looked up at me I just smiled and said I was an entertainer. She shrugged and handed me the lease and a pen.

Pamela helped me move in. It only took us one trip. She went back to the office and I spent the rest of the day washing my new lingerie and my modest wardrobe. After getting everything put away I opened a bottle of wine and after taking several gulps surveyed my surroundings.

It was a very nice furnished apartment, utilities included. My cell phone was my only other monthly bill. I planned to eat out or at the club saving me the trouble of buying groceries and dishes. I finished the wine and had a hot bubble bath. It had been a long time since I enjoyed the sweet scent of perfume.

After drying myself off I took my pink chemise out of the closet and slipped into it. I made a mental note to get myself a pair of slippers. I packed my male clothing in one of the



boxes and carried it out to the front door. I was now alone. I had mailed a letter to my parents that I was going away for a while and they shouldn't try to contact me. I was hoping they would respect my wishes as this was a difficult thing to explain.

The next morning I bought breakfast at a drive thru and found the store and electrolysis office Cindy had recommended. I purchased a couple of more outfits and a pair of fuzzy toed slippers along with a red wig done in an upsweep style and a mid length black wig. I went back to my apartment and organized everything I would take to the club. I decide to wear the brown wig when I wasn't working and the others when I wore my costumes.

After lunch I put my stuff in the car and drove to the club. I walked in and introduced myself to the bartender who got the manager for me. There weren't many customers and only two girls were dancing. A petite gray haired lady came out of the back and introduced herself as Judy Manson.

"Welcome to Dykesville and to Vegas. Pamela spoke well of you and I am glad you are here,"

"Thank you. It's good to be here. I can't wait to start work," I replied.

"Good. Before you start work I want you to come in Monday afternoon and get into costume then dance for me and as well as go thru a couple of the routines with some of the other girls,"

"Okay, what time would be the least busiest?"

"Least busiest?" "This is Vegas. We're 24/7 go-go-all day everyday. Now I have a meeting at eleven with a rap group Assin-9 and then at one with Pamela's new rock band, Severed Penis, so how about two thirty?"

"Fine," I answered and then asked "Severed Penis?"

"Yes. She got them a contract on the Fractured Skull label. They are a transgender rock group composed of five gals who used to be guys. They're pretty hot stuff. We're hoping their new CD does real well now that their website is up and running,"

"I see."

"Look honey, this is Vegas. Whatever is hot for the moment you gotta grab it and hang on for dear life. It may last one night or half a lifetime but whatever it is you gotta go for it. Everything ends sooner or later and then you have to invent something else so don't you think too much about anything, got it?"

I nodded. Severed Penis recording on the Fractured Skull label and a rap group called Assin-9, now there was something you didn't hear about in Minneapolis or many other places for that matter. I wondered just what surprises were in store for me next. I was just hoping to fit in at my job and not get a lesson on life in Sin City.

I left the club and drove home. I had my nails done in French style because I didn't want to mess with nail polish and remover. I did keep some press on nails to wear occasionally at the club. I took in an afternoon movie and then went back home. I was excited about getting started. That night Judy's words came back to me.

“Everything ends sooner or later and then you have to invent something else,” kind of like all good things must come to an end. It looked like that was going to be the story of my life. I closed my eyes and went to sleep.

That Monday I arrived at the club just before two. I changed into a costume and put on my makeup. The routines were a little different than the ones I had done before or seen on the DVD but I adapted easily and had them down pat in no time at all.

The other girls I was dancing with, well three of the four anyway, were very accommodating as we bumped and grinded thru the dance routines. Judy was happy with my ability to pick up the routines quickly and after we finished the last number she gave me a “thumbs up” as I walked off the stage.

I took off my costume, removed my makeup and went home. I felt good about my performance and was looking forward to starting work. The sooner I could get “in the groove” so to speak, the better off I would be. I wanted to settle into a routine of normalcy, if indeed there was such a thing here in Vegas. It would provide me with the stability and order I wanted in my life as well as the time and money to sort myself out and decide just what I was going to do. Like Judy had said “everything ends sooner or later.”

I arrived early for my first shift. The dressing room was much nicer and the girls were too. Two of them had been men, one was a young boy like me and one was waiting for his surgical date. Everybody was cool with everybody else and there was a lot of frivolity.

It went pretty well. I loved to dance and even the bump and grind stuff was fun. Just as Pamela had said the tips were very good. I felt like I was rolling in money but I knew I had to be careful with it.

The second week was more of the same. I wore a different costume each shift with its’ matching mask. I joined several of the other girls in a joint dance routine and it was well received by the all female audience. I gave a couple of private lap dances and was well rewarded for my efforts.

In addition to the tips of course there were numerous business cards which I filed accordingly in the trashcan. The club was very strict about dancers hooking up with anybody and they did not tolerate any infraction of the rules. Good money was coming my way and I didn’t want to screw this up.

I got another shot and took my breast forms home. I was now as busty as any of the girls. I had some touch up work done at the electrolysis studio and had my legs done again. I was smooth and girly all over. After work the perfumed bubble baths never felt so good. I enjoyed wearing the sweet scent of the body powder and perfume.

I bought more costumes and a smaller gaff. I had shrunk up quite a bit and I was certain that eventually I would not need it. In panties without the gaff I had a pretty flat front, just a barely perceptible bulge.

I was barely able to masturbate and would soon loose my ability to have an erection. The doctor said there would be a point down the road when I would have to make a decision about surgery though it was still a ways away.

Several more months passed. I enjoyed my reflection in the mirror and loved the way my breasts bounced when I danced as well as the bounce of the mini dress over petticoats as I went thru a routine. Like the song, I really enjoyed being a girl.

Since coming to Vegas I had not dated and missed Candy. We had been a good pair. I loved being the submissive as much as she loved being my dominant partner. I was still unsure about seeing anybody and of course customers were off limits.

A good relationship was still the missing piece in my life. Because of what I did and the fact that I was still a male made it somewhat more difficult to meet someone. In addition I wasn't really sure if I was going to remain a male. I had never been with a man and had no desire to do so.

Essentially I had two choices: Remain a feminized male and hope to find an understanding dominant female or become a female and look for another female who enjoyed being the dominant half of a lesbian relationship.

I had added some more skirts, blouses and dresses to my feminine wardrobe and tossed the last of my male clothing out with the trash. I was now living and working totally en femme and loving every minute of it. I joined a couple of the girls for pajama parties and an occasional movie and enjoyed their companionship very much. In essence I guess I had become just "one of the girls."

Conventions were always big business in Vegas. After the holidays there were quite a few coming to town. One of them was for manufacturers of formal apparel. That weekend I saw Desiree come in with a companion. I walked over to where she and her friend were sipping their drinks and tipped up my mask slightly.

"Hi Desiree, remember me?" I asked with a smile.

She sat back a bit to look me over.

"No Where did we meet?" she asked.

"I'm Paulette, I modeled for you at a Twin Cities store once upon a time."

Her face brightened up and she smiled at me.

"Of course. You used to be Paul something didn't you?" she asked.

"Still am," I replied, "Though I have changed a bit, how is the formal wear business?" I added and then gyrated a little.

"Very well, thank you. You seemed to be doing ok," she said as she continued to look me over as I danced in front of her.

"Vegas has been good to me," I answered as I leaned in closer and wiggled my breasts in front of her.

"Do you book private parties too?" she asked.

"Of course. Just talk to the manager and set up a time."

They finished their drinks as I minced over to another customer that had just sat down. Later that night I wondered if she really had remembered me. I was hoping for a private booking from her. Not so much because she was someone I knew but the private parties were far more lucrative than dancing in front of the customers.

Sunday night the conventions were packing up their goods and getting ready to leave town. I got to the club around six and was told to dress in all the sissy pink stuff I had as a party had booked me in one of the private rooms off the main floor.

I put on pink blusher, lipstick and press on nails. I wore a pink satin bra, panties, garter belt and pink seamed stockings. A pink petticoat under a pink satin puff sleeve mini dress, pink four-inch stiletto shoes and of course a large pink sissy bow pinned to the top of my pink wig completed my costume. I squirted myself liberally with some very sweet perfume, adjusted my pink mask, and headed for the designate private room.

When I entered I saw Desiree and another woman sitting together on a small couch. Desiree was wearing a black leather jacket, pants and boots while her companion was wearing a similar outfit but in pink. They stopped talking when I walked in.

I stepped up on the table in front of them and began to go thru a dance routine. As I danced they watched me for a few minutes and then turned to each other and began necking up a storm. I continued to dance, oblivious to the steamy scene in front of me. When the music stopped I stopped dancing and they stopped necking. Desiree adjusted the volume of the stereo down to a barely audible level.

She reached up and I took her outstretched hand. She pulled me towards her and I sat down between the two of them. Without hesitating she leaned over and kissed me hard while she ran her left hand up my skirt and felt the tiny bulge in my panties. I straightened up and tried to break free of our embrace but her kiss was very firm and she had forced her tongue inside my mouth. I was feeling very warm and getting a little woozy.

Finally Desiree broke free and picked up her drink. She looked over at me. Her face had no expression but I could tell she had enjoyed forcing herself on me. She put her drink down and then got close to me again.

"I know you like being submissive so don't deny it. You enjoy being feminine and like assuming the feminine position whether for sex or dancing correct?"

I nodded. She was right. There was no point in denying anything. I loved being submissive to a strong take-charge woman. I also loved the smell of her expensive leather and her deep kiss had certainly aroused me.

"I have a condo here in Vegas. I am in town until Thursday. Why don't you come up Wednesday around eight?"

"I'd like to very much Desiree but I am not allowed to date customers," I said with authority.

"I know, and you'd better to adhere to that policy too if you know what's good for you. I guess you weren't aware that I am part owner of Dykesville. Before you leave tonight, check the copy of the license on the wall in you dressing room, and do be on time please I like people who are punctual."

She turned around and cranked the volume of the stereo back up. I got back up on the table and danced for the better part of the next hour or so as they continued alternately drinking and necking. Finally Desiree shut the stereo off and then tossed a wad of bills on the table as they left. I thanked them as they went out the door.

I picked up the ten hundred dollar bills and Desire's card with the address of the condo on the back and took them back to the dressing room to put in my locker. I finished the night and before leaving checked the license. She had been right of course, she was part owner. While I removed my makeup and costume I wondered about Wednesday night.

I was off that Wednesday and had just finished doing some laundry when the doorbell rang. A man at the door had a package. I signed for it and brought it inside my apartment. The return address was a formal apparel shop here in Vegas.

I peeled the last of the brown paper wrapper off and opened the box. Inside I found a black, short sleeve, taffeta cocktail dress. There was a pair of four inch heel stiletto pumps, a black clutch bag and matching mid length gloves. Immediately I tried everything on to find that all the items fit me perfectly. Looking at the labels I knew they were from stores I could not afford to shop in.

I especially liked the high heel shoes. I had spent a substantial amount of money on my costumes as well as my dancing shoes but these were high quality leather and besides fitting me like the matching gloves they were very comfortable.

I ate a light supper and then took a perfumed bubble bath. I dressed in a black bra, panty briefers and sheer panty hose. Sitting in front of my vanity I took great care in applying my make up. I wanted to be perfect for this evening. When I finished I added teardrop pearl earrings of a more modest length than the cheap ones I wore dancing, a single strand pearl necklace, and then put on the black wig. The taffeta dress felt wonderful as I slipped it on and then stepped into the pumps.

I left the house about seven and arrived at the condo complex about seven forty. I gave my name to the security guard at the gate and parked my car in the visitor lot. Inside the foyer I pushed the button for her condo and she buzzed me in.

The carpeting in the hallway was plush. As the elevator whisked me noiselessly to the top floor I thought about how it must be to live the life of luxury. The elevator stopped at her floor and I got off.

I walked to the end of the hallway and pushed the doorbell at precisely seven forty five.

Desiree opened the door. Her face brightened when she saw me.

"Please come in Paulette," she said as she stepped aside.

She was wearing a sheer white blouse, black leather pants and highly polished black leather high heel boots. Her hair was down just below her shoulders and she looked older without any makeup.

"I'm glad you could come. As much as I like you in pink you look stunning in black taffeta."

"Thank you Desiree. It was very nice of you to buy these things for me."

She motioned me to sit on the massive black leather couch. My spike heels sank noiselessly into the deep pile carpeting as I went over to the couch and sat down. Soft music was coming from the stereo as she walked to the bar and poured out two glasses of champagne. She came back towards me still walking with that model strut. She took her seat close to me she with a sparkly glint in her eye.

"My roommate is away for a couple of days so I thought this would be a perfect opportunity for the two of us to get acquainted. I try to get to know a little about all of our new employees."

I wondered how many other girls had been brought up her by that same line. Not that I had any illusions what this evening was going to be about. A thousand dollar tip and over a thousand dollars worth of clothes and accessories was going to get this girl something.

"You have come a long way since you first modeled dresses for me. I liked what the changes have done to you. You are so feminine I could hardly believe my eyes when I first saw you at the club."

I took a sip of my champagne. I girl could get used to this kind of flattery and the surroundings weren't half bad either.

"Thank you Desiree. I guess eventually I had to be myself. I enjoy my femininity as much as any girl does and I guess it shows."

"Yes it does," she agreed and set her glass down.

She reached over and pulled me close with her left arm and as we kissed her right arm wrapped around my neck and held me there. I closed my eyes as she pressed a little harder. I felt warm and gooey all over as she broke the kiss and began kissing my neck. When she stopped she looked at me with a smile.

"I guess I am still a little in awe of the beautiful girl you turned into," she mused.

She grabbed my hand, pulled me to my feet. I wrapped my arms around her neck and we kissed again, much harder this time. When we broke she took one gloved hand and twirled me around once then led me into her bedroom. She unzipped me slowly as she nuzzled the back of my neck.

After pulling the dress over my head she tossed it aside, unhooked my bra and let it fall to the floor. She cupped my breasts with both hands and kissed them. My nipples stiffened and it made me feel all the more womanly.

"Those are very nice Paulette. Those hormone treatments have made you a nearly perfect woman

Now I presume you can no longer function as a man so have you had any experience at cunnilingus?"

I shook my head no. She smiled and led me over to the king size bed. After she undressed she sat on the edge of the bed, spread her legs, and motioned me to kneel between them.

I was too scared to object and of course had no idea what to do. She locked her fingers behind my head and brought me close to her sex. I followed her instructions. She climaxed and pushed me back on my heels. Her face had that warm, erotic glow.

"That was very good for your first time. Now I have something else. Take off your panty briefer and hose."

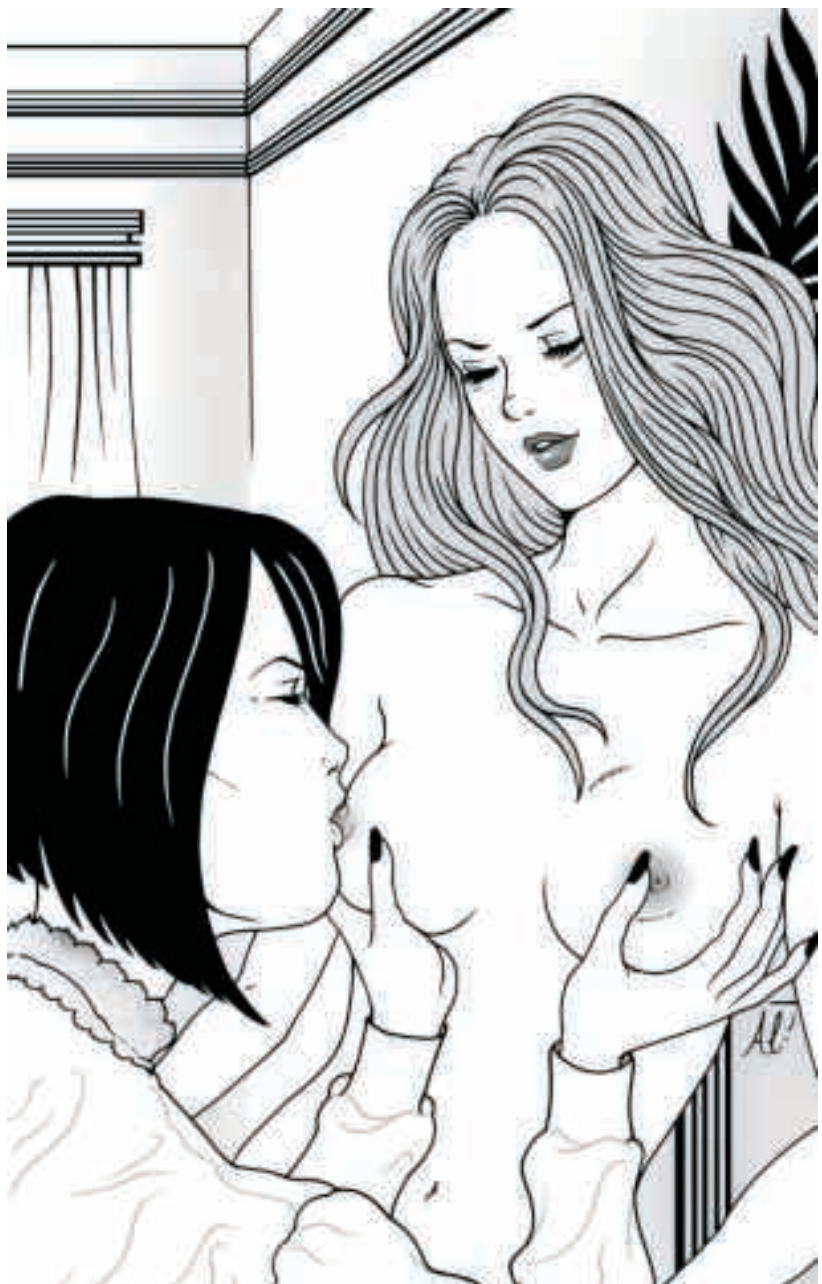
As I undressed she went to the vanity and removed a dildo. After strapping it on she lubricated it and stood next to me. I must have looked terrified at the sight of it because she kissed me first. It was a long sensuous kiss with her tongue pushing into my mouth. I wanted to melt in her arms and become a part of her. She grabbed my buttocks with both hands, then lifted me up and tossed me on the bed.

"Now just lay back and spread your cheeks," she said with a smile.

It hurt when she pushed inside of me but as we began the rhythm of our intercourse I was overcome with the feeling of womanliness. It was something I had never felt before. I closed my eyes and moved with the gyrations of her body.

I gasped as I felt an involuntary shudder and a wonderful feeling cascaded over me. She stopped, pulled out, and looked down at me with a very satisfied look on her face. As she lay back down next to me I curled up in her arms. My rectum was sore but at the same time the experience of an orgasm had given me a wonderful feeling of fulfillment.

I had lost track of time so I don't remember how long we laid there. When she propped her head up on her arm to look at me I reached up and kissed her hard. She entered me again. This time our intercourse was longer and more vigorous. Once again I climaxed and she withdrew from me.



Later as we showered together I knelt between her legs and in the warm spray I brought her to climax again. We dried each other off and as we got dressed I wondered if I was ever going to feel this good again.

She zipped me up and I touched up my lipstick. This time the champagne tasted better than anything I had ever drunk before. I finished my drink and she gave me a peck on the cheek at the door.

I drove home and twice nearly had an accident as my dreamy thoughts of being elsewhere had diverted my attention from my driving. I undressed and put on a pink nightgown. I soaked my panty briefer in some cold water as they were a few blood spots.

The next morning my rectum felt better. I did some laundry and then went to work. A couple of the girls were talking as I entered the dressing room. They stopped immediately when I entered. I paid no attention as I put on my costume and makeup. They resume their conversation as I left the room. I had no doubt the news of my being invited to Desiree's place was now common knowledge.

When I finished my shift I returned to the dressing room to find a white sheet of paper taped to my locker. There was a big red cherry that was cracked in half with little red droplets forming a small pool underneath it. I tore it off and tossed it in the wastebasket.

I did not see Desiree for several months. I continued to perform my dance routines and was amply rewarded for my efforts with a very good income. With my next shot my doctor asked me what I was going to do. I had answered that I wasn't real sure and was informed that I should make a decision in the next couple of months.

The final step had been in the back of my mind for sometime. I loved being the woman I was as well as my relationship with the other girls at Dykesville. I dated a couple of the girls I danced with, one of whom had been a male. She had answered a lot of questions for me. I enjoyed the company of and my intimate relations with women. It had been a long time since I had even been around a man.

I was a nearly complete woman in all respects. I liked the reflection in them mirror. I had gone up another bra size and was now much more "bountiful" than I had been before. I liked the way they jiggled as well as the sway of my skirt with my more pronounced hips as I danced or walked.

I knew I had come a long way from the masculine person I had been. The woman I felt I really was had been "unlocked" so to speak. Except for one minor detail I was a complete woman in every sense of the word. My way of life, my walk, speech, mannerisms, and of course the way I danced was purely female.

To be perfectly honest I had never felt better in my entire life. For the first time in my life I was the "real" me. Despite enjoying the company of only women and not really feeling attracted to or the desire to be around men I was, to say the least, perfectly content.

I decided not to put off the final step any longer and my doctor agreed. If it was inevitable I wanted to get it over with, like everything else I had done to get this far, and then get on with my life. I made the appropriate arrangements. In three months time I would be a whole woman, a complete woman.

The time seemed to drag on slowly. As the date of my surgery approached I got a little apprehensive. Doni, formally Donny, one of the dancers I worked with, did her best to reassure me.

"Everybody feels a mixture of terror and excitement. The fear stems from being on the verge of leaving the life you have always hated and the excitement comes because when you wake up you will be the person you always wanted to be and now can live the life you always wanted to have," she explained.

It made sense alright. I got my last shot before my surgery and my therapist gave me the go ahead. In another week I would be taking a big gamble, the biggest one of my life. It would also be the biggest change of my life, a permanent change and more importantly a change for the better.

I made arrangements to be gone from work. I paid an extra months rent in advance and let my landlord know I was having major surgery. After going thru the check in procedure I made a deposit up front.

Sitting alone in that hospital room I suddenly felt so alone, similar to the way I had felt that first night in my new apartment and then again in Vegas. I was scared and yet I wasn't. I wanted this to be over with and yet I didn't want to go thru with it.

For a fleeting instant I wanted to get dressed and run out of the hospital, leave Vegas, and never come back. Then I thought about what I would be running to. There was nothing to run to. My life was going to be here and nowhere else. I closed my eyes and tried to sleep but sleep didn't come.

Finally as the faint light of dawn was peeking over the horizon I drifted off to sleep only to be awakened by the nurse who prepped me and helped me on the gurney. As they wheeled me down the hallway to the operating room I tried to relax but I was too keyed up.

The last thing I remember before the lights went out was the doctor asking me one more time if I wanted to do this. I managed a weak "yes" and then blackness enveloped me. I was somewhere in the universe tumbling end over end, dizzily out of control, watching the little points of light flicker past me.

I opened my eyes and tried to figure out where I was. Everything was a blur. I closed them again and then someone grabbed my arm. When I opened my eyes again there was a nurse standing next to my bed. She leaned in close and whispered:

"Everything went according to plan. You're going to be fine. Try to relax. The doctor will be in to see you tomorrow morning about ten. Now close your eyes and rest."

I slept hard. It felt like I had slept a hundred years. When I opened my eyes again the nurse was taking my blood pressure and pulse. I opened my mouth but I was so dry I barely croaked out the word "water."

The nurse held my head up with one hand and held the water glass close to my mouth with the other. I clamped my lips around the straw and sucked for all I was worth. The ice water tasted good going down and then the nurse pulled the glass away.

"Enough for now, how do you feel?" she asked.

I felt like a semi truck had just run over the lower half of my body. I was numb from the waist down and more than anything I felt detached from my lower extremities. "Like shit" was the best answer I could give.

"I understand," she replied. "The doctor will be in to see you in about an hour. You should try to stay awake so you will sleep better at night," she advised.

I was barely able to nod my head and she left the room. I wanted to pull the covers back, take the bandages off and look at myself. In stead I gripped the rails and tried to sit up a little but lay back down again instead.

I couldn't recall a time when I felt this weak. All the workouts I had pushed myself thru to be in good shape seemed to have gone out of the window. I couldn't even get myself up to a sitting position. My watch was gone and it seemed forever before the doctor came in.

He said I would be just fine and that I would be up and around in a couple of days. After making some notes on my chart he left. I couldn't imagine even sitting up let alone getting out of bed with the way I felt.

I was wrong of course. I got stronger and stronger each day. The bandages came off and I took my first bath. The pain medication would be gradually withdrawn and I was plenty sore for a while. I made good progress and would soon be discharged.

Several of the dancers, Pamela and Judy stopped by to see me. There was a large bouquet of pink flowers on the stand held together with a pink ribbon and a huge pink bow. The black letters spelled out "PAULETTE"

I was finally discharged and Pamela took me home. I put the flowers in fresh water and spent the rest of the day on the couch. I watched some TV and dozed off periodically. A bowl of chicken soup for supper and I went to bed. My pink nightgown and those pink satin sheets never felt so good.

I took it one day at a time. I started with walking around the apartment, then walking around the block, and then a few calisthenics mixed in. At my monthly follow up the doctor was pleased and I got another hormone shot. By the end of two months I was practicing my dance routines and walking in high heels.

My weight had dropped quite a bit and I was determined to keep it off. Now when I stood in front of the full-length mirror I saw a complete woman. The surgical scars were still pink and it would be sometime before I would be able to have sex but losing my virginity again was not the most important thing.

I wanted to get back to the steady routine of work. I had enough cash at home to live on so I wrote checks for all of the medical bills except the surgeon's fee. This left only a few dollars left in my checking account but I knew it would only take me a few months to pay off the balance.

When I went back to work it was only for four hour shifts every other day to see how I felt. It was good to be back dancing again but after my first night back I was a bit stiff and sore. That disappeared after several more nights of dancing. Once again the tips were not disappointing and it wasn't long before my medical bills were all paid. I had almost nothing in the bank but no debts either. I was home free.

I saw my doctor again for a shot and after an exam he pronounced me fit. I had come thru everything without any complications, with flying colors as they say. I felt good and I knew I looked good. I was now complete and had nothing ahead of me but to take life by the horns and ride it out for all I was worth.

I had been following my post op instructions by using a dildo as my artificially created vagina had to be "irrigated" periodically. Since the time I spent with Desiree I had not been intimate with anyone. I dropped her a note, slightly scented with some very sweet perfume, in care of her New York office and inquired if she was coming to Vegas anytime soon as my surgery was completed and I had "healed nicely."

Several days later I received a short note from her by overnight carrier. She was going to be in San Francisco the next weekend. Enclosed was an address at the airport where I could board a private jet Friday night at eight pm. The P.S. added the words "pack light".

I was as excited as a schoolgirl. I could feel myself getting moist just thinking about being in her strong arms. I wondered what I should wear on the flight. Obviously "pack light" meant only a nightgown, at least to me anyway.

I made arrangements to be gone from the club for three nights and made up for it by working all week including Friday. I bought a luxurious pink peignoir set with a matching pink hair bow and a pair of pink fuzzy toed high heel slippers. For the flight I decided to wear a pink blouse with a row of huge tiered ruffles down the front and a black skirt with black leather spike heel pumps.

Despite being tired after eight hours of bump and grind I took a soothing perfumed bubble bath and dusted myself liberally with the same scent body powder. After dressing I applied a thick layer of creamy pink lipstick and roughed my cheeks. I decided on the black wig and then placed the peignoir set, slippers and my makeup kit in a small suitcase.

The cab driver spoke little English but he found the right address at the airport. I paid him and added a generous tip. I walked thru the double glass doors with "Foxy Flights" lettered on the front. A tall blonde woman in a pilots' uniform walked over to the counter. For a minute our eyes locked and something clicked. I felt my heartbeat accelerate as this buxom blonde stood before me.

"Hi, I am Sandy. We're ready to go so let's get aboard."

I walked around the counter and followed her out the back door where the plane was parked. There was a low pitch whine coming from the engines as I walked up the stairs.

A short brunette was waiting in the doorway of the plane. She stepped aside to let Sandy enter the cockpit.

"Hi, I am Ruth, Sandy's co-pilot. Take a seat anywhere you like. We'll be taking off in a couple of minutes."

I took the first seat on the left side of the aisle and placed my small suitcase on the floor beside me. I fastened my belt as Ruth brought up the stairs and locked them in place. She entered the cockpit and I sat back in the soft cushy leather seat. This was some way to travel I thought.

We were airborne only a few minutes when Sandy came back with a glass of champagne in her hand. I released my seatbelt and crossed my legs with a smile. I took the

drink from her hand and then tugged girlishly at the hem of my skirt that had ridden up to reveal the lacy hem of my pink half-slip. Once again I found myself looking deep into those big blue eyes.

“It’s about a forty minute flight. The limo will be there to meet you and take you to Desiree’s condo. Enjoy the flight,” she said with a smile and a wink.

She returned to the cockpit. As I watched her walk I imagined what she would look like without the mannish uniform pantsuit she was wearing. I was flying to meet Desiree for the weekend and now my thoughts were occupied with her pilot.

We landed in San Francisco in forty-two minutes. As soon as the plane stopped Sandy opened the door and extended the stairs. She walked back to me and handed me a business card that I put in my purse. As I walked past her to the front door she whispered “See you Sunday night” and caressed my buttocks with her hand as I walked past her to the door.

There was a limo parked at the foot of the ramp. The driver put my suitcase in the trunk and then opened the door for me. I got in and shortly we were zipping on the free-ways to Desiree’s place. As we zipped along my thoughts were more on those big blue eyes of Sandy’s than the time I would be spending with Desiree.

I took out the business card she had given me. It listed “Foxy Flights” business address, phone and fax numbers. On the back was written “Sandy” followed by a phone number. I slipped it back in my purse. As much as I was looking forward to the weekend with Desiree this had been an unexpected but delightful surprise.

The limo exited the freeway and about fifteen minutes later pulled up to a gate. The driver put a card in the slot and we entered the condominium complex. He stopped about halfway down a circular driveway. I got out as he retrieved my suitcase from the trunk and walked with me to the front door.

“The directory is on the left. Just push the number you want and you will be buzzed in.”

I thanked him and he left. Desiree was number 410. I pushed the button and her familiar voice answered. I identified myself and heard the buzzer go off. Picking up my suitcase I walked into a small hallway and entered one of the two elevators. The elevator was noiseless as I was taken up four floors.

On the fourth floor I walked to 410 and pushed the button.

When the door opened Desiree held out her hand. She was wearing black leather pants, boots and an open collared blue shirt. Her hair was a little shorter and she was not wearing any makeup.

“Please come right in Paulette. I am so glad you could come,” she said with a wink and a smile.

She took the suitcase from my hand as I walked past her. This place was just as plush as the one in Vegas. She motioned to the black leather davenport as she took the suitcase into another room. When she returned she filled two champagne glasses at the bar and then sat down close to me.

"Did you have a pleasant flight?" she inquired.

"Yes it was very nice. I have never traveled in style before and I really enjoyed it."

She smiled again as she fingered the large pink ruffles on the front of my sheer blouse.

"I guess you like pink as much as I enjoy seeing you in pink."

"Yes I do, I like all pastels but pink is favorite, especially now."

"That's right! You are no longer just a pretty sissy boy you're now one of us girls!" she exclaimed.

"Now I know you are tired out from working all day and then the flight here. Finish your drink and then go into the smaller bedroom on the left side of the hall."

I drank the last of the champagne in the glass and walked to the bedroom. I heard the TV come on as I began undressing. When I walked into the bathroom the tub was level with pink foam. I stepped in and sat down. I soaked for a few minutes and then scrubbed myself with the perfumed soap of the same scent. I dried off and was liberal with the dusting powder. I opened my suitcase and put on the pink peignoir. After pinning the pink sissy bow in my hair I applied more creamy pink lipstick and then stepped into the high heel slippers.

I turned around and jumped a little as I saw her standing in the bedroom doorway watching me. She was wearing a man's black satin robe. She smiled and began walking towards me.

"Are you ready?" she asked.

I walked towards her and nodded. She took my hand and led me into her bedroom. It was much larger than the one I had been in. Instead of pink and white it was done in light blue and white. The covers of the bed had been pulled back. She let go of my hand, opened her robe, and let it slip to the floor. She pulled me close and we kissed for a very long time. My whole body tingled as she kept me pressed close to her. Finally we broke apart.

She pulled the satin ribbon at my throat and slipped off the peignoir jacket. She grabbed the hem of the nightgown and pulled it up over my head. With both hands at my waist she pulled my panties down. I stepped out of them and stood in front of her with my legs apart. Like a curious child she examined the surgeons' handiwork and then, seemingly satisfied, she kissed me there.

She retrieved the dildo from the vanity drawer, lubricated it, and strapped it on. After kissing me again she picked me up and laid me on the bed. I spread my legs and she entered me. This time there was no pain, only pleasure. I had followed the doctors' instructions and kept my self "irrigated" as he called it with a dildo of my own. I gasped as I climaxed and then we lay quietly together.

The only sound in the room was our breathing. For the second time I had lost my virginity. Actually it was the third time since I had lost it once as a man in high school, once rectally, when I was dressed as a female and tonight vaginally, as a surgically created female. I guess not many men could say that.

She went into the living room and brought two full glasses of champagne back with her. We drank and talked for a while and then we made love again.

I slept as soundly as it was possible for a human being to do so. Alcohol and vigorous sex will do that to you. She woke me up by nibbling at my ear and then kissing me on the neck.

“Rise and shine sleepyhead. Time’s a wasting. We have a full day of shopping ahead of us.”

She walked out of the room as I sat up and rubbed my eyes. I put my panties, nightgown and slippers back on. I looked in the mirror of the vanity. I definitely had that “loved in” look. I walked down the hallway and into the kitchen.

Desiree was at the stove. I took a seat at the table and took a long gulp of the fresh squeezed orange juice. She turned to me with the frying pan in one hand and scooped out a mass of scrambled eggs with the other. After deposited them on my plate she buttered some toast and sat down to join me.

As we ate she described the day’s itinerary. I couldn’t wait to get dressed. After I finished eating I put my blouse, skirt and heels back on and we left for downtown. We hit quite a few shops and boutiques. I couldn’t afford to buy anything there but Desiree bought me a beautiful black satin peignoir set with matching fuzzy slippers.

We stopped for lunch and ate vegetable subs at an all-organic shop. The rest of the afternoon was shopping again except for checking in at two of her formal apparel stores. Our last stop was a leather store where she bought a very expensive leather jacket, pants and knee high boots.

We had dinner at a seafood restaurant. I had never eaten any seafood so I ordered the sampler platter and was so glad I did. There was nothing on the plate that I didn’t like. Desiree laughed at me and as we sipped our second glass of white wine made the comment “like a kid in a candy store.”

We took in a comedy movie and then the limo brought us home. While Desiree put away her purchases I watched the news. I heard her taking a shower and did the same myself. I put on my new black peignoir and slippers. Back in the living room I poured two glasses of champagne and waited for her to join me.

She had a blue towel wrapped around her head when she came into the living room. She smiled as I got up from the couch and twirled around twice in front of her. I handed her the glass of bubbly. We sat down on the couch and watched the late night talk show. About halfway thru she took the remote from my hand and clicked the “off” button. Taking my hand she led me into the bedroom once more.

To say that night was a repeat of the night before was an understatement. It was almost as if we didn’t sleep at all. I never thought anything could be this good. Insatiable was a good description of both of us. The next morning we showered together and this time my tongue was also put to good use.

At breakfast I ate everything Desiree put in front of me. When I finished I sat back from the table and Desiree poured some herbal tea in my cup.

“You look satisfied,” she said with a grin.

“In all respects,” I replied.

We sipped our tea and then we got dressed. I packed my bag and followed her down to the limo.

It was Sunday morning so the ride to the airport was quicker than the ride in had been Friday night. As we pulled into the parking area at Foxy Flights she turned to me.

"After I drop you off I have three more stores to check in the area. Give me a call when you get in."

"I will," I said.

With that she gave me a peck on the cheek and I got out. The driver handed me my suitcase and I walked thru the doors. Ruth was behind the counter.

"Have a good weekend?" she smiled broadly as she asked the question.

"Best weekend I ever had," I answered truthfully.

"Planes all set. Follow me."

We went out the back door and boarded the plane. After take off Sandy came and stood by my seat and looked me over.

"My, my, that must have been some weekend," she teased.

"You mean I look all tired out?" I asked.

"More like all bleeped out," she teased again dropping the "f" word. "Would you like a drink?"

"No thank you Sandy I am fine. I think I'll just read awhile."

She nodded and walked back to the cockpit.

The flight was quick and so was the ride back home. It was good to be home. I picked up my mail, wrote out checks for some bills and did a load of laundry. I called Desiree but she wasn't in. I hadn't anticipated that she would be.

It had been a wonderful weekend and now I had to go back to work. As much as I would like to spend more time with Desiree I knew that wasn't going to happen. She was a professional woman and I was a jiggle dancer. I would always be a small part of her life and for that I was grateful.

A couple of weeks went by and I was back into my work routine. Tips were good and I had all my bills paid. Slowly but surely I was building a small savings account. There were some beautiful condos in Vegas. Singles only, family only, retired only, etc. It would be nice to finally have my own place.

Sandy left a message on my answering machine. I hadn't called her and probably should have. She was going to be in town the next weekend. I called her back and we made a date for dinner. I was looking forward to seeing her. I had thoughts about her occasionally. I knew you could get lost in that pair of big blue eyes of hers but I was willing to take that chance.

I took Saturday night off. I took a perfumed bubble bath. I decided to wear a new red-dish brown wig I had recently purchased. I applied bright red lipstick and rouge to match my press on nails. Over my black bra, girdle and seamed hose I wore a black taffeta slip.

I chose a black velvet sheath and four inch heel black leather pumps to complete my ensemble for the evening. I scented myself liberally with perfume and wore single pearl earrings with my single strand pearl necklace. The doorbell rang as I put my make up in the matching clutch bag and I ran to the front door to answer it.

When I opened the door those big blue eyes widened as she smiled. She wore a sharply tailored dark brown leather sport coat, matching brown leather pants and highly polished brown flat heel boots. The brown tie was set off nicely by her gold dress shirt.

"I am glad you could make it," she said as I turned to lock my apartment door.

"So am I," I replied as I turned back around. I put my keys in my purse and took her arm.

She opened the building door for me and we walked to where a limo was parked.

"Desiree let's me use it when the business doesn't need it," she explained

She opened the back door and slid her hand over my buttocks again before I smoothed my dress and sat down in the seat. I slid over and crossed my legs as she got in.

"Laura's," she said to the driver and then turned to face me. She ran her right hand up my girly smooth, stocking encased right leg. I turned towards her and tried to keep a stern face as I pushed her hand away.

"Down girl and fasten your seatbelt. Our first dinner date and you are already getting frisky?"

She laughed as she retracted her hand. After fastening her belt she stared straight ahead and pretended to be miffed at being rebuked.

Laura's was a very exclusive members' only restaurant. Their specialty was seafood. I had heard about it shortly after moving to Vegas. It was very pricey and extremely hard to get a membership there. You had to be a woman and of course if you were a lesbian that would increase your chances remarkably.

The limo came to a stop in front of the club. Sandy opened the door and got out. I slid over on the seat, swung my legs out and stood up. After smoothing my dress out I took her arm and we walked to the door.

We entered a dim foyer and Sandy showed a card to the hostess. Shortly we were seated in a very dark dining room with the only light from candles at the tables. The music from the speakers was barely audible as was the conversation from the other couples. Whoever soundproofed this place had done a terrific job.

The white wine was as fabulous as the crab salad. Our conversation drifted from her journeys as a pilot to my "career" as she politely called it with a smile.

"I'll leave out the line about you meeting a lot of interesting people," she laughed.

"Present company!" I countered as I held up my wine glass and took another sip.

The check came and we left the restaurant. Sandy behaved herself as we rode. The limo stopped at Desiree's condo.

“Another perk,” explained Sandy. “I get to use it when she isn’t in town.”

I took her arm as I exited the limo giving her hip a slight bump with mine. At the door she fumbled with the key prompting a giggle from me.

“Relax,” I teased. “Are you in a hurry?”

Once inside she headed for the bar. I tossed my clutch purse on the couch. As she reached for the glasses underneath the bar she glanced up at me. I gave her that look, walked towards her and turned around pointing with one finger at my back zipper.

She came over quickly and the zipper purred it’s way south. I stepped out of the sheath and kicked it away. Turning around I wrapped my arms around her neck and kissed her hard. She wrapped her arms around my small waist and then dropped her hands to caress my buttocks as we kissed. The next thing I knew she had picked me up in her strong arms and carried me into the bedroom.

After tossing me on the bed she began undressing. I got up and pulled my slip off as she came at me naked. I turned around and she unhooked my bra. I unhooked and peeled off my stockings tossing one at her playfully. She brushed it away and I got out of my girdle.

When happened next can only be imagined by those who have not experienced it. She was a buxom girl to say the least and a natural blonde too. Our intertwined bodies made for a long but magnificent evening. As we lay exhausted on the bed I curled up next to those beautiful breasts and caressed them.

Nothing I had ever experienced in my life had come even close to that. I could tell by the look on Sandy’s face she felt the same way too. If there was a Nirvana here on Earth this was definitely it. I never wanted to leave her side.

The next morning I put on my lingerie and hose as she went into the kitchen and scrambled some eggs. I put on my black taffeta slip and went into the living room to retrieve my purse. I returned to the bedroom and began to apply my make up. She came in the bedroom as I finished putting on my lipstick and announced that breakfast was ready. I put my dress on and she zipped me up while patting my firm buttocks and kissing my neck.

“Enough already,” I squealed as I stepped into my pumps.

I followed her to the kitchen and we ate like two animals that hadn’t been fed in a week. Just like the sex we had enjoyed the night before. I sat back and sipped my cup of tea while looking at her longingly as she did up the breakfast dishes. When she finished she put her arms around my shoulders.

“I have a flight in an hour and a half. The limo will take you back home,”

She kissed me lightly on the cheek and I left the apartment. I was oblivious to everything on the way back home. The next week was the same way. So was the week after.

I continued to dance and give the customer’s their money’s worth. There were numerous “private appointments” and the money continued to roll in. I saw Desiree only once and she was seeing another dancer in one of the private rooms. Sandy and Ruth stopped

by just before the holidays. We made it a three some. Once again I had the pleasure of visiting Nirvana and never wanted to leave.

The formal apparel show came to town and I managed to talk Desiree' into letting me model a very broad skirted, long puffy sleeved, white satin wedding dress. As I passed Sandy and Ruth in the audience I lifted my skirts, adjusted the garter, then parted the veil slightly and blew them both a kiss.

After the show we all went to Desiree's place and the champagne was not the only juice that flowed.

I can't remember a time when I had been happier. They say time flies when you are having fun and I couldn't agree more. I had a life that I had never, ever dreamed of. My wildest fantasies couldn't even come close to the life I was leading.

I never looked back at my previous life, if in fact you could call it a life. It was something I never even thought about. I was living a glorious life in the present and my past had all but disappeared. There was no point of even thinking about it. It was like Judy had said when I first arrived in Vegas:

"Whatever is hot for the moment you gotta grab it and hang on for dear life. It may last one night or half a lifetime but whatever it is you gotta go for it. Everything ends sooner or later and then you have to invent something else so don't you think too much about anything, got it?"

That was good advice. I had no idea when this was going to end but I was sure of one thing. I was going to find something else before it did. I had taken a couple of chances along the way and of course one major gamble with my surgery but luck had always been a lady to me.

Many people gamble, some for money, some for love, and some just for the action. There are always winners and losers. I did not choose to take chances or to gamble for any of the above reasons. For me it had been a gamble for life, MY life. More importantly, I guess, was the fact that in taking that gamble, I had won.

THE END