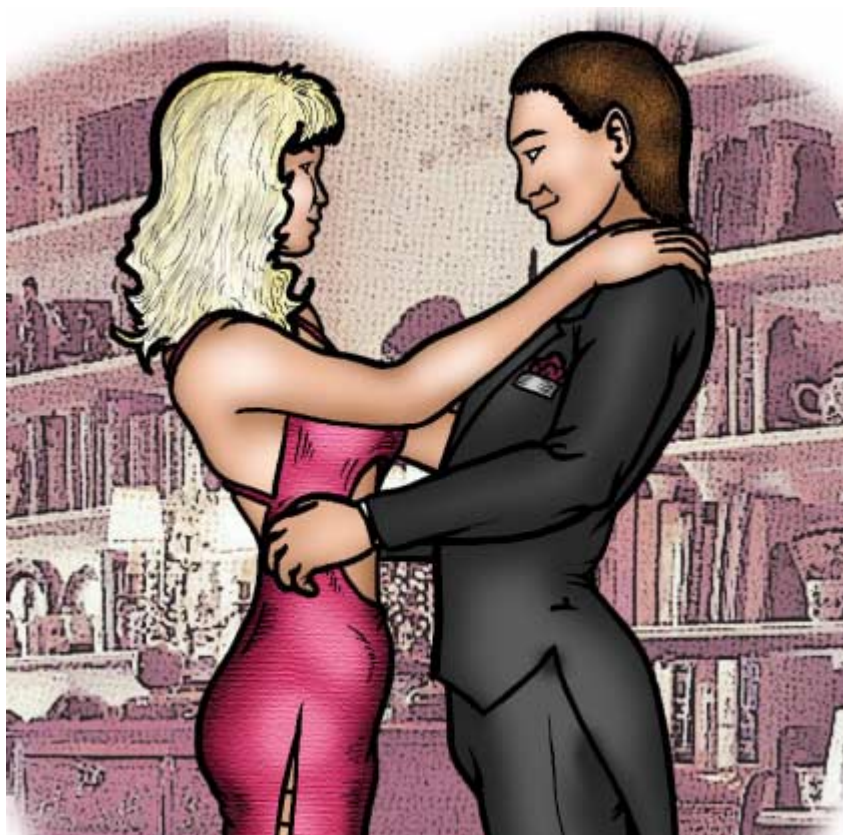




*Reluctant Press*

# Girls Like Us

Laura Sexton



ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHAS

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**A 'NEW WOMAN' NOVEL**

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# Girls Like Us

By Laura Sexton

## BAMBI IT IS

### Getting Ready For the Big Weekend

I have always enjoyed wearing women's clothes. However, being a chicken at heart, I never could bring myself to go out in public, except on Halloween, when I'd tell everyone it was my wife's idea. What would my friends think if they found out the truth?

Inside I was a ball of turmoil. My wife was sympathetic, but even she had her limits. "It makes me feel uncomfortable," she said. "You become another person. Not merely a feminine version of yourself." She was talking about a persona I called Bambi. I had played her for something like twenty years, though originally I went by Trish (The Dish), then Candi, before finally settling on Bambi. My wife hated Bambi. She called her a tramp and never referred to her by name.

"I'm sorry," I said. "I do feel like someone different whenever I dress up. I'll try to keep it out of sight. Is that acceptable?"

"Yes," she said. "Except on Halloween. Halloweens are fun. I was thinking that maybe this year I could go as an executive and you could be my secretary. That way I'd get to pinch your ass and you'd have to fetch me coffee."

Soon after that, I created the persona of Jill, someone whom I wanted my wife to like. Jill showed up whenever I worked at home. She was an auburn-haired administrative assistant who typed, answered mail, worked on spreadsheets and did general office work. Instead of slut clothes, too much makeup, and long finger-

nails, Jill wore suitable office attire, far less makeup, and a little polish on the nails (which I kept as long as I could get away with).

Days spent being Jill were usually boring, but not any worse than being at the office. I did enjoy the little perks: short skirts, heels, silky blouses, checking my makeup regularly. I liked walking to the kitchen for more coffee, smoothing out the skirt when I sat, having the television tuned to the soaps and listening to one of those perky Lite Rock or easy listening radio stations I normally despised. Sometimes I did housework: dishes, laundry, ironing, dusting, and vacuuming. More than once I practiced sewing.

Because the company I worked at was shifting operations to Dallas, I had an excuse for working at home. I had a better computer and I didn't have to wait for the fax machine or printer to be free. I spent three full days a week working at home, coming in only for the Monday morning meeting and stopping by on Thursday or Friday for end-of-the-week reports.

I had recently introduced my wife to Jill, in hopes she would like her better. They spent part of the afternoon drinking coffee and engaging in girl talk. It felt like a big step to me.

"I think Jill is nice," she said. "I think I could be friends with Jill. Too bad you never let her have any fun. She tells me you work her to death. She wants to go shopping some Saturday." We had been engaging in men bashing.

"Do you think that's a good idea?" I said. I wasn't at all sure I could pass in public.

"Maybe we could go away for the weekend. Perhaps visit the townhouse now that the last of the tourists have left for the season."

That was an idea, I thought. Nobody knew us there. "Let me think about it," I said. At the townhouse I wouldn't feel so self conscious, especially with my wife along.

The townhouse in question was a place I had inherited a few years back. It was located in one of those country club communities in a resort town with a big tourist trade in summer and a small one during ski season. Neither of us golfed or played tennis and the town got a too crowded for our tastes during summer, so we so we rented it out by the week and only went up there during the off-season. I used to visit the place whenever I wanted to be Bambi. Going up there as Jill might just provide what I needed.

A couple weeks past Labor Day I knew the end was near. The office had canceled the Monday meeting, which meant we only had weeks before they shut us down. It became much less painful to work from home. The only reason to make an appearance was for interoffice mail. I solved that problem by having a courier drop the packet off at the house in the afternoon and have my wife return it the next morning on her way to work.

I spent most of the week being Jill. Not only did I do my office work, but I cleaned, did laundry, and cooked dinner. My wife was impressed. "I think I'm be-

ginning to like you more than that guy who lives here,” she joked at dinner. “At least you help around the house.”

“I don’t know how you could live with such a slob,” I replied, rolling my eyes.

“And things have gotten interesting again in bed,” she added, smiling.

Things had gotten interesting for me, too. I had been feeling more feminine with each passing day, so much so that I plucked out as much of my eyebrows as I dared. I applied acrylics nails (while longing to visit the salon to have them professionally done). I added more padding. I nipped my waist. I seriously considered meeting the courier guy instead of letting him drop the packet between the doors.

On Thursday, when I wore the short skirt and the four-inch heels, I happened to glance at my reflection in the mirror. I did a double take. Except for the hair, I looked more like Bambi than Jill. Feeling more like her, too. Work had become uninteresting. I felt the urge to put on one of those dance CDs and start dancing in the living room.

It had been a year since I last “did” Bambi. To be honest, I was getting too old. Hell, with my fortieth birthday approaching, I was old enough to be her father. But there was still something appealing about being a beautiful bimbo. I loved the ash blonde shag wig, long fingernails, false eyelashes, gaudy makeup, short skirts, and the four-inch heels. I liked the look of the extra padding in the C cup and the tight corset making my waist oh-so-slim. I enjoyed giggling a lot and repeating phrases like “I don’t know anything about that” and “I don’t get it.” When I was Bambi, I wriggled and wiggled and posed and vamped. I didn’t worry about losing my job. I didn’t worry about mortgages and car payments and credit card bills. I didn’t care.

But now it looked like my future dress-up days were limited. I doubted I’d be given the opportunity to work at home. We discussed it at dinner. “Well, Jill could always work from home. Become a professional typist or consultant. Or start that romance novel you’ve been wanting to write.”

“Oh, you’re just saying that,” I said. “I don’t even know if I can write.”

“You never know unless you try.”

“Why don’t we go to the townhouse this weekend?” I suggested.

She shook her head. “I can’t. I’ve got to work this Saturday.”

“Why don’t we just move there?” I said. “I can be your tenant or we can pretend we’re lesbian lovers.”

“Do you want to dress up full time?” she asked.

“I don’t know,” I said. “I think I do. But I’m still afraid,” I sighed. “I don’t know what to do.”

“Why don’t you go to the resort this weekend and sort things out? You can do an inventory of the house while you’re at it, so that when we both go up, we can write it off as business. It’ll just be us girls.” She smiled at me. “I know you’ve had a lot on your mind recently. You’re conflicted, too. I noticed you’re using the same

shade of polish that bitch wears.” She pointed to my fingers. The nails were red. When I had put on the acrylics, I decided not to use the mauve or peach colors Jill usually wore. I thought red would be different.

“Uh yes,” I replied. “I’m trying to integrate.”

“Well it doesn’t go with your hair at all.”

“I was thinking of changing my hair color,” I said.

She just shook her head.

\* \* \*

I decided I would leave Friday night after dinner. It would be dark then, and I would drive up en femme, instead of changing once I got there. It seemed stupid to remove the nails and padding and stuff just to put on a pair of sweats. Besides, I had to see if I could stand being out in public.

I forced bravery on myself. I drank two cups of coffee before I left, virtually guaranteeing I’d have to stop along the way and find a restroom. I would also be taking the red car, which only had a half tank of gas. At most, I’d get a third of the way there before I had to fill up.

However, when I started packing, I discovered to my dismay that Jill didn’t have any party clothes. All she had were suits and business skirt separates. I surely didn’t want to be wearing the rust-colored top and navy skirt to the resort this weekend. Or the peach suit.

However, Bambi had a ton of weekend clothes. I decided Jill would borrow hers. I opened the trunk and took the miniskirts in black leather, vinyl, and satin, the gold mini, the stretchy animal print blouse, the high neck tee, the gold charmeuse long-sleeved blouse, the black satin dress, the other black dress with the flirty skirt, and the gold satin dress. I took my four-inch black patent pumps, the gold pumps, the black platform sandals, and the black satin-covered mules I used with my nightgown. I wanted to be prepared.

In addition, I took pantyhose and stockings in black and nude, the black corset, black bra and waist nipper, panties, a cheesy leopard print jacket, leopard print bra and panties, black purse, black leather gloves, and costume jewelry from the Bambi collection. I also decided to wear an item I hadn’t ever told my wife about: one pair of latex pussy panties with rear padding, hair stitched in, and penis sheath. It also had an opening in the rear, and it didn’t look like it was meant for going to the bathroom. I had no interest in making use of that. To be honest, the thought rather disgusted me.

I decided to wear the gold charmeuse blouse, leather skirt, and black pumps, with the corset and black stockings underneath. I filled the cooler with food and drinks, got out the CD case so I could transfer some of Jill’s favorites to it, and dropped the cell phone in the purse. I put my credit cards and money in the wallet and put the wallet in the purse. I got my makeup bag out, and my bath bag. Jill

didn't have a set of keys, so I used Bambi's since they were already in the purse. I took a look at myself in the mirror.

There was something wrong. My makeup didn't look right. I touched up my face, added another layer of mascara, and decided, what the hell? I got out the false eyelashes and carefully applied them. Better. I added color to the eyelids, and plucked out a bit more of my eyebrows to give me more of an arch. Then I decided that the lipstick didn't really go with the outfit, so I pulled out the red lipstick and put that to my lips. When I finished, I looked much better.

Except...

Except now the hair didn't go with anything. I grabbed the blonde wig and pinned it to my head. There. Now I looked much better.

The car was packed, all I had to do was grab the CD case and my purse and I was ready. I had already said good-bye to my wife before she went to the store. I locked up the house and backed the car out of the garage.

I felt safe in the car, once I had left the neighborhood. I drove through town with both hands on the wheels and listening to Jill's favorite Lite Rock station. I had managed to get out before seven-thirty, so the roads weren't clogged yet. I soon reached the interstate. I had about five hours of driving ahead of me.

As I drove, I recalled those Halloweens when I had been allowed to wear women's clothes. I really did love it when I could play the role of a Fifties hostess or Southern Belle or even the grieving widow (that time my wife went as the corpse; everyone was consoling me and telling me how lifelike "he" looked).

I still remembered the conversation Betty (that was what I named my June Cleaver-type hostess character) had with Sigmund Freud. He had sat down next to me and said, "I zink you have zum issues viss role playing and gender issues, my dear."

"Oh don't be silly," I said, patting him on the leg. "Have a canapé."

Now I was going out in public without any safety net.

\* \* \*

I was still thinking of myself as Jill, but I had changed the music to something Bambi liked and was practicing my girl voice. I was making my statements sound like questions, putting a singsong quality into my voice while I tried to speak from a different place in my throat. After a while, the stress started to hurt my throat, so I rooted around in my purse for a throat lozenge. I also realized I had to pee and I had about an eighth of a tank left.

If I really wanted to be a chicken shit, I could find some place to pull off the highway and hide behind the car, but eventually I would have to get fuel. "Well," I said, finding my voice coming out more breathy than I expected, "I'm certainly running low on gas. Whatever shall I do?" That sounded too contrived.

“Oh my, I need gas bad. Where’s the next town?” That sounded better. I tried to remember what services were at the next exit. I had driven the highway at least twenty times since I acquired the town home, so I knew which exit had the best facilities, lowest gas prices, and largest selection of snacks. I also knew where the three rest areas were. It should have been easy figuring out where I should stop.

But I had the vent blowing across my body, fluttering my blouse against my arms which had been scrubbed clean, their hair having been removed, and softened with bath oils and lotions. The garter straps tugged suggestively at the hosiery, and a breeze was getting up under the skirt. The feel of my shoe with the four-inch heel on the pedal felt odd as well. I felt the hair on my neck, the lipstick on my lips, the long eyelashes as they fluttered. I smelled the perfume. The truth was, it was kind of hard to concentrate.

I decided that the best place would have been the one I had passed just before I realized I needed gas. It usually had reasonable prices, clean restrooms with outside doors you didn’t need to go inside for a key to open. It was well-lighted, but the pumps were spaced far enough apart so as not to invite close inspection. None of the places ahead would work as well as that one. I wasn’t so brave as to want to make more than one stop yet, so I turned around at the next off ramp and drove ten miles back.

When I arrived I noticed the needle was resting on empty. I pulled up to the pump on the side of the store and put on a purplish-colored raincoat my wife had left in the car in order that I might not be so conspicuous. The skirt was kind of short and the raincoat went down to mid-calf. I drew the sash around me for safety.

I pulled out my wallet and slotted the credit card into the reader, then pulled the handle and stuck the nozzle in the tank. I noticed the camera pointing at me. I thought about waving at it. As the tank filled, I daydreamed about the days when attendants would fill up the tank, check the oil, and wipe the windshield. I also wondered what it would be like to be a woman back then. I found the clothes and underwear incredibly sexy, but my wife had told me more than once that I just focused on the good things.

“That’s what fantasies are about,” I replied.

“What about PMS, bleeding, the glass ceiling, and not being taken seriously? Have you ever given a serious thought to how you would be treated if you were female?”

“Yes,” I said. “And it seems a lot better than it used to. I think they’re using the word ‘empowered’.”

I realized life wasn’t fair, even in these enlightened times, but back then women would be expected to sit in the passenger seat, unless it was couples night, and would be relegated to the back seat while the men got the front. Even though it wasn’t fair, I wondered if I would have enjoyed it more.

The pump clicked off and I returned it to its rest, grabbing the receipt and stuffing it in my purse.



It was time for a decision. The restrooms were on this side of the building. There was a car at the pumps in front. In it looked like an older couple. I decided I would take the chance, bright lights, camera and all. It was only about twenty feet. I took a deep breath, locked the car, and told myself to walk straight for the women's room. Go to the icon with the skirt.

My heels clicked on the concrete. I concentrated on taking feminine steps, while I kept my face masked with a kind of pained look. I kept my head slightly bent and looked through my lashes, trying not to look inviting or responsive. I was painfully aware of my Adam's apple, the size of my hands and feet, my shoulders, and my height. I stood a couple inches over six feet with the heels.

It was exciting opening the door with the white stick figure in the skirt. I felt something rustle in my crotch, but my bladder felt full and I went inside, suddenly feeling as though a dam were ready to burst. I went inside and locked the door behind me.

Only after I finished and had pulled out my lipstick, did I hear the rattle of someone trying the doorknob. I called out, "In a second," in my newfound girlie voice, then quickly did the lips and snapped shut the purse. I looked around. I hadn't been able to pee standing up, so the lid was still down. I took a deep breath, grabbed my purse, opened the door, and stepped out into the glare. The woman from the other car was waiting. She looked at me in surprise. By reflex, I made a coughing sound and put my hand over my mouth, which effectively covered the Adam's apple. "Excuse me," I said.

When I was out of sight from her, I began to blush and tremble. That was close. I wondered if she could tell I was a guy, or whether it was just that I was about a foot taller than her. I hurried toward my car and saw a pickup truck stopped at the other pump with one guy at the handle. The other was heading into the mini-mart for a twelve-pack. He looked at me as he passed and remarked, "Whoa, baby."

I kept my head down. Damn, that the filler nozzle was on the same side as the driver. I would have to go to the other side of the car in order to get in. I would only have the pumps separating me from the other guy. Damn this plan, I thought. I heard the guy behind me mutter, "I wouldn't mind climbing that tree."

I thought, "Watch out for stray limbs, buster."

I unlocked the door and got into the car with a wolf whistle coming from my rear as I bent over. I left quickly, embarrassed, heart pounding and breathing hard. It seemed I wasn't ready for a night on the town.

I was thirty-five miles down the road before I realized I wasn't wearing a seat-belt. I was also going eighty-five miles an hour, which was a good ten over the speed limit. And it was a Friday, too. The cops would be out tonight. "Oh my," I said. That was girlie, I thought. Normally I would have cursed. I felt proud of myself.. I slowed down and put on the seat belt.

I had been listening to a country station for some unknown reason when I noticed my exit was imminent. I was passing a car, too. I said "Oh gosh," and

stepped on the gas in order to get past the car and move into the off ramp. It was tricky. I had to cross over the solid white lines. In retrospect, it might have been easier, not to mention safer, to brake and exit the highway behind the car I had been trying to pass. But I was singing along to a song I didn't really like.

It was a forty minute drive through the foothills to the resort community, on a winding two-lane highway with occasional passing lanes. I passed the City Limits sign at six minutes to midnight, and entered the community at a quarter after, when that was supposed to be restricted. Fortunately, nobody had put in the gate and guardhouse yet. There were too many renters and summer people for that to be practical.

I parked the car in the carport and unlocked the door leading to the utility room. I unloaded the car, put the groceries away, and dumped the suitcases on the bed in the master bedroom. I turned on the stereo and changed the station to something perkier. I fixed myself a drink.

Here I was, weeks away from being unemployed, nearly forty, married but with no kids, and running around in women's clothing, trying to figure out what I wanted from life. Damn right I needed a drink. This was the perfect place to think and be alone. It was a nice place, furnished, with two bedrooms and two full baths, as well as a small office, breakfast nook, and great room that combined the dining, living, and family rooms in an open floor plan. There was an entertainment center with stereo, full screen TV, VCR, and DVD player, a porch with a barbecue in the back, carport for two cars, a privacy fence in back and an enclosed courtyard in front. There was a bar. The back patio was separated from the seventh fairway by a decorative wrought iron fence that did little to stop errant shots. If I wanted, I could stay there until after Thanksgiving.

In the process of putting my things away I began yawning uncontrollably, so it wasn't long before I pulled out my satin nightgown and went to bed. I fell right asleep and woke up the next morning around ten.

## **Another Saturday Night**

I spent what morning I had left taking inventory of the place. I ate a light breakfast and wandered around in my nightgown and robe. I placed the boobs in the sink and left the wig on the nightstand. I still wore the corset; I figured my waist must really be nipped by now. The stays were starting to hurt.

I had trouble finding something feminine on the television. Most everything was college football, baseball, or high-kicking martial arts-expert mutant chicks solving mysteries and/or crimes. I was waffling between an afternoon of cooking shows on PBS or a movie on the women's channel. I opted for the movie, based solely on the fact that it turned the male part of my stomach.

I decided that I would take a lot of time to prepare Bambi, er, Jill today. I had an adhesive to keep my boobs in place, some goo that kept my hair stuck to my scalp and made it easier to keep the wig affixed, without pins. I had found the

product online and it did wonders. It wasn't harmful to hair or scalp, and washed out easily with shampoo. But the important thing was that the wig stayed on.

I took a leisurely bath and dehaired myself. Someone had left one of those bottled tans in the medicine cabinet, next to foundation two shades darker than mine. I decided that Jill would have gotten a tan during the summer. It was easy to apply. I noticed my eyebrows still looked too thick, so I used the wax stuff to mask them. It was something I did all the time when I was Bambi, and I thought that Jill might like that look. All work and no play could make Jill a dull girl.

When I finished my makeup, I dressed. I chose one of Bambi's favorite outfits, the scoop neck animal print blouse and vinyl skirt and platforms. I exchanged the heavy corset for a lighter waist nipper, as the blouse was kind of clingy and I didn't like having all that texture show through. I wanted smooth. The boobs were dry, and the garters tugged on the nude-colored stockings that made me feel oh-so-sexy.

When I finished, I had red lips and nails, blonde hair, enough makeup to make me look cheap, big tits, a tiny waist, nice butt and long legs. I liberally applied perfume and walked into the kitchen to fix myself a drink. "Jill on the weekend looks like Bambi on the week day," I said as I looked at myself in the mirror. "Not that I mind, but seriously, what would Jill wear on the weekend?" Probably not the platforms. Or the animal print. Or the vinyl. Or that bright red shade on lips and fingernails. With blonde hair, Jill would be more of a pink and fuchsia girl. Oh well.

I took a pen and paper and began making lists. The carpeting needed professional cleaning, and the living room could use some paint. Both bathrooms needed new shower curtains, and what the hell, we might as well get matching wastebaskets and stuff. I went outside and inspected the porch. New lawn furniture for next year, definitely. The patio itself needed repairing. I wrote it all down in as flowery a hand as I could, with big curvy letters and circles above the "I's". I was getting good at writing like a girl.

I wasn't afraid that anyone would see me. Nobody knew me there and, besides, they wouldn't really get a good look, unless they had binoculars. At most, someone might have said that some transvestite used the place for the weekend, and when I found out, I would pretend to be shocked.

The romantic movie ended and I found the beginning of another one. I ended up watching the whole thing, getting up to replenish my drink during commercials. I spent the late afternoon and early evening watching girl shows. It was more interesting than I thought it would be, even though I knew I was posing, with my legs crossed and my back arched as I watched.

It was after nine and my drink little more than ice cubes, when I decided to refresh it and walk onto the porch. It was stuffy in the living room. I opened the sliding glass door and went out to the back.

There was a storm brewing. Lightning flashed in the distance and I saw clouds approaching. I took a sip from my drink and set it down on the table. I started thinking about Jill. I had spent the whole day "being" her, doing exactly the same

things I did when I was home. Nothing had changed. I should have gotten in the car and drove downtown. Maybe shopped, if not for clothes, then household goods. The local K-Mart had do-it-yourself check outs. I knew that Bambi would have found a way to get into mischief. Tried to find a club perhaps. I knew there was a little one that catered to people who dressed up. It was small, but I had driven past it once or twice and wondered what it would be like. Now if I were Bambi...

Suddenly the sky lit up and I heard the loudest boom I ever heard in my life. The lightning and thunder seemed to come from right next to me. I think I screeched, but I couldn't hear it. My hair stood on end and I began shivering. I thought that either I or the house had been hit by lightning. I stood there, unable to move a muscle.

I don't know how long it was before movement returned to my limbs. With shaky hands, I reached with both hands for the glass and drank the booze straight down. I felt the heat as the liquor burned a path down my throat. I giggled.

I turned and walked into the living room and shut the door behind me. I needed another drink. I went to the liquor cabinet. Halfway there, I noticed I was walking funny. In fact, my whole body felt funny. I quickly poured another drink and downed half of it, noticing that my actions seemed quantifiably different. I realized I didn't know what "quantifiably" meant. I said it out loud, listening to my voice. "What does 'quantifiably' mean?" I said. "Well, that's strange. My voice sounds totally different. Oh my gosh," I said, the timbre of my voice falling and rising with each syllable. Suddenly, I was speaking all my thoughts out loud the moment I had them, without pausing to reflect or edit them. "Something is different. I'm going to have to go over to that mirror and have a look." My voice sounded breathy. I walked to the mirror and, as I looked at my reflection, my heart started pounding. I flicked at my hair, pursed my lips, and decided I needed to fix my makeup. "I'll bet that thunder just knocked all those other thoughts right out of my head." I giggled. It was a high-pitched giggle.

Finally it struck me. "Oh my gawd," I said, giggling. "I've turned into Bambi." I felt myself go all shivery the moment I said it. I giggled some more, making my boobs go all jiggly. I struck a pose.

"This is so boring," I said. "I'm just going to have to go out. Now where did I put those keys?" I finished my drink and went for my purse and coat. Even though the rational part of my mind wanted to object, all the impulsiveness I visualized as being part of Bambi's character took over without regard to the consequences. No thoughts about driving under the influence entered my head, nor did I think about not having a license, and I didn't care if people could figure out there was a guy underneath that exterior.

As I retrieved the leopard coat from the bedroom, I found a pack of cigarettes in a cubbyhole, forgotten by some tenant. On impulse, I picked it up. It was a pack of Ladyslims 100 Lights, and there was a red butane lighter next to it. I said, "Well I need a cigarette." Never before had Bambi considered smoking, but now it made

perfect sense. Of course Bambi smoked. It was sexy and she didn't believe smoking was harmful. What did that old surgeon general know anyway? I found myself thinking. He was just against having fun. I opened the pack and left the cellophane and foil on the counter, tapped out a cigarette, and put it between my lips. No warning sirens went off in my head. It was like totally natural. I lit it and took a puff, holding the smoke in my lungs for a few moments, then exhaled. I didn't cough and retch. It felt so natural, it seemed like I had been smoking for a long time. I felt a head rush and giggled again.

As I opened the car door and slid ladylike behind the seat, common sense began making an appearance. What was happening to me? Was I developing a split personality? Why was I letting Bambi do this, smoking in the new car and driving without a license while having been drinking? But even as I was thinking that, my body took another long drag and slowly pulled out of the driveway, fiddling with the radio dial.

"Now, where do I want to go?" I said, tossing the spent butt out the window. Littering too! Was there no end to my naughty behavior? I reached in the purse for another smoke while not paying as much attention to the road as I should. The car swerved. I laughed. The radio was playing a Saturday night party mix and I decided I wanted to talk to the DJ. I reached for the cell phone and a horrible thought popped into my head: *a blonde in a red car talking on a cell phone*. I giggled.

I dialed the phone number of the request line while lighting my cigarette and checking my lips in the rearview mirror as I drove down the road, steering with my knee and working the gas and brake in high heels. I was amazed at how well I did. I hardly swerved at all.

The DJ answered the phone. "Hi there," I said, amazed at how natural and feminine my voice sounded. "You are just playing the *best* music. I could listen to it all night."

"Thank you," he said in that deep professional voice. "What can I do for you?"

"I want to listen to a song. It's a very special song." I quickly tried to think of a song and said the first one that popped into my head. It was one of those bump and grind sex songs.

"Okay," said the DJ. "What makes the song so special?"

I giggled. "Wouldn't you like to know?"

"What's your name?" he said.

"Bambi. What's yours?" In the back of my mind, I knew it was a stupid thing to say because the DJ had been announcing his name every second or third song for the last hour.

"Rick," he said, laughing at me.

"Like duh," I said, making the duh into three syllables. He laughed again.

It was then I noticed I had driven through a red light. I felt my heart beat faster and I looked in the rearview mirror, panicky. I heard a siren.

“Oh shit.”

“What’s the matter?” said Rick.

“I just ran a red light,” I said, seeing red and blue lights flashing behind me. What am I going to do now? I thought, starting to get hysterical. I don’t have my ID, I’m dressed up like a bimbo, I’m driving under the influence, and I’m doing three things at once. I pulled over to the side of the street as the cop car came up behind me. As I waited for the inevitable, the cop car passed by.

Suddenly I realized why there were those who managed to avoid all the tickets, the injuries, the hurts of various sorts experienced by other people. I finally had the answer. Dumb luck. I began to feel horny.

“What’s the matter?” said a voice from far away. “Bambi? Are you all right?” It was Rick. I had dropped the phone. I quickly picked it up.

“The cop drove right by me,” I said, all giggly. “He just drove right past.” Somehow my penis had come out of the sheath and was against the latex panties and causing a bulge in the vinyl skirt. I shifted in the seat. I moaned.

“Hello?” said Rick. It was a different kind of hello.

“I am so wet,” I said. I didn’t know why I said it, but my brain was so disconnected from my mouth by that time that I would say anything that popped into my head. Acting that way made me even hornier.

“Hello baby,” said Rick. “Why don’t you drop by the station? I can tell you’re my kind of girl.”

“I can’t,” I said.

“Why not?”

“I’m about to come.” Saying that brought things on even more and I moaned. I wriggled in the seat and felt the tingling sensation I always got when I was just about to come. I remembered this girl I once went out with who was very expressive in bed; in a flash all her expressions and sounds filled my brain and I knew I could duplicate every sound she made like I was a tape recorder. “Oh yes,” I said. “Oh baby, yes.” I moaned. I giggled. I could hear Rick breathing heavily. “Oh God yes.” I squirmed some more and suddenly I came. I let out a ragged squeal that turned into a moan as I felt jism squirt into the latex. I felt all shivery.

“You gotta come to the station,” Rick pleaded. “I’m as hard as granite. I’m about to spurt all over the CD player.” He paused. I noticed there wasn’t anything coming out over the car speakers. “Oh shit. Dead air.” He threw the phone down and I heard him scramble about before the phone crashed and went dead. The next thing I heard from him was over the car speakers. “Sorry about that,” he said, his voice strained. “Technical problems. Here’s a song by...” he said and I put the car on the road. I lit a cigarette. I would call him back in a couple hours. I knew he would be on the air until four. I grabbed a towel on the floor and put it between my legs. I could feel that my panties (silky ones) were soaked and I felt glad that nothing would show through the vinyl. I would have to get pads of some kind.

I pulled into an all-night drugstore without thinking, which seemed to be what I was doing a lot of lately, not thinking, that is, and got out, being careful to park in a lighted area and not doing anything stupid like locking my keys in the car. After making sure I had my purse, I walked inside.

I started to feel horny again, so I grabbed a shopping cart and put my purse in it. I looked down at my bulge and thought that this would not do. If I ever went out like this again, I'd have to wear not so tight a skirt and tape my member in position. Fortunately, nobody would see the bulge with the cart in front of me.

It felt totally natural going shopping. I suddenly wanted to buy everything but I realized I didn't have enough money. There was a cash machine; I rolled the cart to it and took my cash card from the purse. I made sure not to look at the name, for fear that it might ruin my fantasy and cause me to become so self-conscious I'd have to leave. I put it into the slot and pressed the four digits of my PIN. When the sign flashed "Hello," I squinted my eyes and pretended the words said "Bambi Barrett." I went and got \$300 in cash (which was the limit) giving me about \$500 total. That was enough for shopping.

I wanted to buy everything. There was makeup, perfume, cheap jewelry, magazines, panty liners, wine coolers, cigarettes, breath freshener, antiperspirant (Baby Shower Fresh, "made for a woman"), bubble bath, a cute little throw pillow with flowers on it, a mauvish-colored set of bathroom things (toothbrush holder, soap dish, wastebasket, tissue holder) and the matching towels and shower curtain to go with it, pink tissue and toilet paper, scented beauty bar, all the things that women buy but men wouldn't touch in a store even if their only alternative would be to swim through a pool of hungry crocodiles.

My total came to \$149.82. I handed the boy the money and gave him a simpering smile. He looked like he was about to come. His voice cracked when he said, "Here's your change, ma'am." I almost couldn't contain myself. I sashayed back to the car, pushing on the cart and wiggling my ass so that the cashier could see it. I was about ready to come again. As I reached the car, I found something that looked like a card holder from a wallet. I picked it up and without thinking put it in my purse, making sure to stick my ass out as I bent over.

The ride back was uneventful. It took three trips to bring everything into the house. I fixed myself a cooler and began rearranging the master bathroom. I took down all the old yucky shower curtains and stuff and replaced them with the new ones. I took out the boring white TP and tissue and put in the pink. It was about three-thirty when I finally finished. Then I lit a cigarette and called Rick.

"Hey Rick, it's me. Bambi."

"Where you at, girl? I been waiting for hours for you to call back. You left me high and dry."

"You hung up on me." I tried to sound petulant.

"Baby, I put you on hold. I couldn't stand to hear you breathing like that until after I finished my business. When I came to the phone again, you were gone. Let me tell you, you broke my heart."

“Play some sexy music,” I said.

“You know I will,” he replied.

We ended up talking for two hours. During that time, I pulled the thing I had found from my purse and discovered it was a driver’s license, social security card, and credit cards from somebody named Tammi Barnett. I thought that her name was close to mine, so I played with the license while I talked. I first tried to scrape off the “n” from Barnett to make it into an “r” so that I had Barrett. I tried to change Tammi into Bambi. I used a pen to turn the T into a B, then I scraped off the second “m” to make it into an “n”, then used the pen to turn it into a funky looking “b”. Bambi Barrett.

The face and hair was all wrong, so I took some cosmetic pencils and things and began drawing on her picture. It was hard because the picture was so small. I made the hair blonde by covering it up in some yellow eye shadow I never used. I put my foundation on her cheeks with an eye shadow applicator, then used my pen to put in her new eyebrows. I took a lip pencil to make her lips and cheeks red, and drew in some eyelashes. When I was finished, I convinced myself that that the picture was of me.

Rick wanted to meet me for breakfast when he got off work, but I declined, saying I was too tired. Which in fact I was. It was five-thirty and I had been up since five the previous morning. I was beat. I yawned a half-dozen times and asked him when he next worked. Tuesday night, he said. Midnight. I told him I’d call back then and then maybe we could see about getting together. I hung up before he could make any more objections.

It suddenly dawned on me that I was being a prick tease. I laughed. I had known more than a few women who qualified and it took me years to realize that many of them were only doing it to see what kind of response they got. They would have surely gone to bed with any guy who followed their circuitous logic and provided the correct responses to them. I, however, was too young and shy to do that at the time.

I went to bed, throwing all my clothes on the floor and not even bothering to remove my makeup. I was going to, but after I put on the nightgown, I didn’t have any energy. So I slipped under the covers and passed out.

## **The Morning, Or Rather, the Afternoon After**

When I woke, it was One PM. I sat up, my mouth full of cotton and a dream stuck in my head. In the dream, I was going through basic training. Everything was all military, except the drill sergeant was wearing pumps and makeup, and instead of a Marine haircut, had a bouffant. Everyone in the platoon was in drag, wearing camouflage minidresses in pinks and purples, rather than sand, olive, and black. The obstacle course consisted, not of rope bridges, walls, and pits, but tables with sharp corners, objects which could cause runs in stockings, doors we had to open with freshly-painted nails, staircases, escalators, chairs, couches, car seats, and things we had to pick up from the floor. We were judged on style rather



than speed, and everybody else was doing better than me. The DI kept telling me what the other girls were saying about me, like I should get my nose fixed, have a tummy tuck, change my hair color, and that perhaps something a little more loosely-fitting might help hide those figure flaws. But what really hurt was when I was told that I should first practice in flats. When I woke, I was practically crying. I had to lay in bed for a few minutes to compose myself.

I didn't want to play any more. But I still had to get up, find something to wear, do my makeup, and head back home. In retrospect, I realized I should have taken an emergency pair of sweats, shoes, and sweatshirt. I had to pee, so I couldn't waste any more time thinking about it. I got out of bed and put on the black robe, then took a step to the bathroom. As I put my foot flat on the floor, a pain shot up my leg and I fell to my knees, gasping. Tears came to my eyes. As I knelt on my hands and knees, I realized that I had worn four-inch high heels for something like eighteen hours straight. I crawled to the closet and picked up the satin mules and stepped into them. I stood up. Much better, I thought. I walked to the bathroom.

In the bathroom, I looked in the mirror and noticed my makeup had stayed on remarkably well. There wasn't any mascara smudges around the eyes, nor was there any streaks of lipstick red across my face. I suddenly craved a cigarette.

I thought "What the hell!" and lit one up. It wasn't like I was going to continue the habit after today, though it was a shame I bought a whole carton of Ladyslims 100's at the drug store. I couldn't return them, either; I had opened up a pack about five o'clock when the other ran out. I figured that if I had them, I might as well get my money's worth.

I filled the tub, feeling rather yucky. What a strange evening. I couldn't believe all the things I'd done. What had I been thinking? Not much evidently. I could have gotten into some real trouble. My throat felt sore, so as the tub filled, I mixed myself a drink to heal the raw feeling I had from talking.

Damn, I wondered, what I should wear back? I had already worn the gold blouse over here, but I didn't have much that looked respectable. The satin mini on a Sunday? Yeah right. The one black dress might suit me. I took another look at my reflection. The makeup had stayed on remarkably well. I couldn't even tell that I was wearing false eyelashes. And my eyebrows were so well-concealed it didn't look like I had any – well, except for the ones I penciled in. They were still there. I hadn't needed a shave, either.

Maybe I could take a bath and not get my boobs wet. For some reason, the adhesive still held them tight to my skin, even when I removed the nightgown. In fact, they looked like they formed a seal between skin and latex. I decided to chance it. I stepped in the tub, feeling the luxury of the hot water and bubbles caressing my smooth skin. I stayed in there a long time, using the loofah on my arms and elbows, legs, feet, shoulders, and the rest of my body. I washed my face and used the special shampoo on the wig, figuring it was just as easy to wash it when I was taking a bath as it would be later by throwing it in the sink.

I was amazed at how well my appliances had remained affixed. I pulled on the wig, figuring I would stop when I began to hear the sound of separation. It didn't come. I pulled harder. Still nothing. Boy, that wig was tight. I couldn't believe they hadn't fallen off. I decided to try. I found a very thin line that separated skin from rubber and tried to stick my red false fingernail in between the two. I couldn't get my fingernail in far enough to pry even a corner from my skin. I tried to remove the pussy panties. There was an obvious line where the skin stopped and the latex began, but I couldn't get my fingernail between the two. I went for the false eyelashes. These should have been easy to remove; in fact, many times they'd come undone without my even pulling at them. So I yanked at the right eyelash. It held firm, taking the eyelid with it on a ride. I squealed in pain. I tried the left one, only more gingerly. No effect.

I got out of the tub and toweled myself off. I put on the nightgown, robe, and slides and looked at myself in the mirror. Not even the makeup had come off. My lips were still red, my eyes lined in black, my fake eyebrows still arched. My real eyebrows were still brilliantly hidden. My heart began beating heavily. I needed another cigarette. Automatically, I lit one up and went into the living room, turning on the stereo. I needed to think. Obviously this stuff wasn't coming off.

I thought this would make an interesting story to tell my wife when suddenly I realized I couldn't remember my wife's name. I couldn't even remember what she looked like. There was some redhead, but no, that wasn't her. That was somebody else I worked with. My heart started racing as I tried to remember her name. I finally calmed down and figured that I would call home. I would assume that whoever answered the phone would be her, but I forgot the phone number and the address or our house. Then I realized that I'd forgotten my name.

This was serious. I'd heard of amnesia before, but nothing like this. I'd have to look at my driver's license. Now where was it? In the car? I walked to the utility room, suddenly conscious of the way the gown caressed my skin with each step. I felt myself sashaying, taking small steps, my wrists limp and my arms feeling feminine, my breasts jiggling. I tried to make myself stop, but I couldn't. When I got to the door to the carport, I suddenly remembered I had left the drivers license at home. Double shit.

I giggled. I couldn't help it. While part of me felt shock and dismay and horror, another part felt excited and naughty. I began to get hard. At least there's still some male left, I thought, beneath all this latex and makeup. I felt lightheaded. I remembered the credit card and bank card were still in the purse. I'd have to get them and read the name on the cards. I walked back into the bedroom, feeling sexy and desirable.

I got to the purse and opened the wallet. There the bank card was, clear as day, with the name of the bank, the expiration date, the card number, and my name. Only I couldn't read the name. I could read everything else, but I turned dyslexic when I tried to read my name.

The same held true for the other card. I realized that I was trapped. I looked at myself in the mirror for any signs of maleness. I couldn't make out any hair be-

neath the wig; that all seemed perfectly natural. My Adam's apple seemed smaller. And my face looked different, even discounting the wig. Was my neck more swan-like or was that just my imagination? I disrobed to look at my body. My shoulders seemed broad for a woman, but by the same token, narrow for a man. My waist was narrow, but then I'd worn that corset for umpteen hours; of course my waist would be narrow. My legs looked sexy in those heels; my hips looked a bit wide for a man but a bit narrow for a woman. The only real male thing was stretching the pussy panties to the extreme. Maybe they would rip, I thought.

Suddenly I couldn't bear to look at myself so I put the gown and robe back on. I needed a smoke and a drink. That would clear my head. I lit another cigarette, thinking that I had to stop doing this. Just because the character of Bambi was a smoker, it didn't mean that *I* was. But the satin gown rubbed against my body so seductively it felt as though I was making love to it. I moaned, then remembered the previous evening when I had an orgasm in the car. That was almost too much.

At that moment, a song played that put me over the edge. I had heard it many times and had seen the video once or twice; the singer was one of those hunky guys with a sexy voice that made woman from fifteen to seventy go gaga every time they heard or saw him. Men hated him. I couldn't stand the guy either, but when the music started up, I felt a slow wave of recognition. I thought about the video and the way he seemed to be singing directly to me. I felt my knees go weak. Goosebumps rode up my spine as his voice caressed me inside my ear. I couldn't help it. I fell upon the couch as waves of pleasure rode up and down my body. I think I lost consciousness for a moment; but every fiber in my being felt ecstatic. "Ride me baby," I moaned as I lay there, and another wave of pleasure ran through me. I had never felt anything like this before and I liked it. As the song reached its climax, so did I. My body jerked and twitched with spasms when I came, and it wouldn't settle down for minutes.

When I finally rose from the couch, I came to the realization that I had forgotten how to act like a guy. Oh sure, I knew how guys walked and talked, and I discovered I found that sexy, but I couldn't mimic those actions. It was as if my body's "memory" had been erased and re-recorded.

I was starting to worry. This could be serious. When I got right down to it, I didn't want to be Bambi. She was, I thought, irresponsible. I was afraid she would want to go out partying tonight. Actually, I *knew* she wanted to go out again. Maybe even wear that shorty top and get her navel pierced.

I had to stop thinking along those lines before I did go find someone to pierce my navel and give me a couple more holes in my ears. I knew that when I didn't return home, my wife – I found I started to refer to her as "the dude's wife," as though the male part of me were somebody totally different – would call. Maybe that would jog my memory. Until then, I needed something to keep me from thinking about partying.

In the closet in the utility room we kept a Lost and Found box. The box contained things renters had left behind. Forgotten, discarded, possibly of value.

Sometimes they claimed their things, usually they didn't. Now would be a good enough time to go through that box.

As I rooted through the box, I found the usual kid's clothes: a top, one sneaker, mismatched socks, some toys; as well as a guy's T-shirt, dirty underwear, a couple books. Mostly useless. Like usual. But there was also a leopard print thong bikini that looked like it had been worn once, some suntan oil, a pair of cool shades, a key ring that said "Please me, tease me, thrill me, fulfill me, then leave me alone," a black crop top, a lipstick case, a sun hat, and what looked like real gold jewelry. I took it to the bedroom, then threw the rest in the garbage. I didn't have time for the Salvation Army.

There was also an interesting looking box that said "lingerie party" on it in black marker and was all taped up. I took that to the bedroom. I intended to open it, but first I had to try on the bikini. I removed my clothes, then put the bikini on, as well as the sunglasses, and took a look at myself in the full-length mirror.

My heart skipped a beat. I looked great! Almost as good as one of those models. My breasts were firm, my tummy flat, my butt curved in just the right places. I began to get horny again and I didn't bulge out as much as before. I vamped in front of the mirror.

I took the nail file to the tape of the box. I slit the tape and pulled the flaps apart. I had struck gold!

Evidently, some girls had gotten together over the summer and threw a lingerie party or wedding shower and this box was full of all the gifts, or at least the gifts too kinky to keep. Most were still in their boxes. They consisted of two pair of fur-lined handcuffs, a ball gag, slave collar, a set of leather straps, a dildo, a purple and black satin corset with holes for the breasts and a matching pair of crotchless panties, fingerless gloves, and sheer cover-up, another outfit that seemed to be all straps, and various gels and lotions.

I had to try it all. I put on the purple and black ensemble, then the collar, the ball gag, put on my stacked heels, then handcuffed my legs spread-eagled to the bed rails. I stole a glance in the mirror and realized I looked mad; I tried to laugh, but I couldn't speak. I rubbed the shaft of the vibrator along the length of my latex pussy. I shivered and moaned. I tried to plunge the vibrator into the slit, but it met resistance almost immediately. The sales description said that the pussy could accommodate a penis, but I wasn't wearing the thing properly. I tried to insert it further, but it hurt. I even tried wiggling it, but that didn't work.

I contented myself with caressing through the latex. I don't know how many times I came, but it was about nine-thirty when the phone started ringing. I jumped up, certain it was "the dude's" wife. I struggled to free myself, but the phone stopped ringing before I could remove one of the handcuffs.

That sobered me up. I removed all the toys and put them in the bottom drawer of the dresser. I put the nightgown back on and waited by the phone. Eventually, when nobody called, I went to bed.

## Monday, Monday

In the morning, I got up and took a bath, no closer to either regaining my memories or being able to remove any of the stuff from my body. I looked at where my eyebrows should have been, but there was no sign of them poking through the concealer. Suddenly, a memory came to me that had slipped from my mind until that very moment. It must have been the booze that had done it, but I now remembered that just before I went out on Saturday night, I had gone into the bathroom and, seeing that I could never pass with my eyebrows poking out through the clumps of wax, rubbed off the wax and plucked out my eyebrows.

Oh my, now, wasn't that clever? I thought derisively. I had managed to do something to make myself look less masculine and then promptly forgot about it. All I had by way of eyebrows were twin pencil lines on my forehead. When I returned home, I would have some explaining to do. I lit a cigarette. I took a puff and looked at it. I'd also have to explain why I smoked women's cigarettes, because I had previously been so dead-set against smoking.

I spent the day trying to keep away from the feminine, although going braless and wearing the crop top and thong didn't help. I had incorrectly figured that a plain top and not being able to feel the bra straps would affect me less than wearing a silky top and bra. But having those silicone breasts bounce and jiggle like real ones made me nervous and antsy, especially since I still had to wear heels.

I watched television, flipping from one station to the next, never staying on anything long. Everything bored me, from ESPN to the soap operas to the game shows to the comedy channel. I noticed that my personality seemed to be returning. I wasn't excited by any of the guys on the tube and I sensed a more cynical and cautious view of life in my brain. Eventually, I couldn't stand it any more and had to have a cigarette. I decided that I really should put on a bra; my back was starting to hurt.

The phone rang. I thought that maybe it was the dude's – no, my wife, so I went to answer. I tried to make my voice sound as neutral as I could, but it still sounded feminine when I said hello.

"Hello," said a man's voice I didn't recognize. "Am I speaking to miss Bambi Barrett?"

"Umm, yes," I said. "I don't really have time to talk; I'm expecting a phone call."

"This won't take up more than a minute of your time. Do you remember the entry you filled out at the Super Drug Store?"

"Uh, vaguely," I said.

"Well, you're our weekly winner. We pulled your name from the box at exactly three o'clock this afternoon." I looked at the clock. It was three thirty.

"Well really," I said, taking a drag. "What did I win?" I had no idea what I had signed up for.

"Each weekly winner gets one hundred dollars in mall bucks as well as coupons good for free products and services at many of our fine mall retailers."

I began to get interested. Shopping.

"All-in-all, the prizes are worth up to \$500 dollars and makes you eligible for our grand prize drawing for \$5000 held the Friday after Thanksgiving."

"Wow," I said. "Five thousand dollars?" I began to get really interested.

"That's right. All you have to do to claim your prize and be eligible for the grand prize is come down to the mall office during normal business hours."

"What are normal business hours?" I said.

"Nine-Thirty to Five-Thirty, Monday through Friday."

"Oh, there's just no way I could make it before you close today." Clothes, makeup, driving to the mall, finding the office; two hours wouldn't be enough. My heart began to race.

"You can come by tomorrow," he said.

"Wow. That sounds super duper." I couldn't believe I had just said "super duper".

He said a few more things before he hung up. I had managed to work myself into a tizzy thinking about the shopping spree. Five hundred dollars now, and maybe five thousand later. I decided that that was the thing I needed to cure these blues. Shopping.

I practically ran to the bedroom and grabbed clothes. There was the bra, pantyhose, gold blouse and skirt, the gold shoes. I put them on faster than I ever dressed before, and applied a quick powder to my face and touched up my lips, though I knew I could do that just as easily in the car. I found some jewelry, grabbed my purse, and went to the closet for my jacket.

All I had was the leopard print jacket. I wanted a different one. I had a black leather coat that would look good, but it was in a chest out in the trunk of the car. I had forgotten until that moment that I had brought my trunk, but now I was thankful I had it.

I went out to the car and opened the trunk. I grabbed the chest but it was heavier than I remembered it being. I managed to lift part of it and have it half out of the trunk when I stopped. "What am I doing?" I thought. "I can't go out. I'm not Bambi. I'm..." A name came to the tip of my tongue, but it stayed just out of memory, teasing me. I suddenly felt cold. I shivered. My skin touched the satin of the blouse. I remembered the leather coat. I pulled on the chest again.

I stopped. "I can't be doing this," I thought for perhaps the hundredth time. "I'm not Bambi. I don't even have a valid piece of identification even if I could fake my way into the mall office and have everybody believe I'm a woman. It's not going to work." I began to push the chest back into the trunk.

"Do you need help, Miss?"

I squealed and spun around, jumping like I'd been goosed. "You startled me," I said.

He was trying not to laugh. He looked to be a couple inches over six feet and had a muscular body. He was wearing jeans and a flannel shirt, cowboy boots and a baseball cap. "I didn't mean to. Are you trying to get that trunk out of the car or are you trying to put it into the car?"

"Why, out of the car," I said. I found myself mesmerized by his eyes. "But it's way too heavy for me to lift. Could you help?"

"Why yes, I could." I stepped out of the way while he went to the car and lifted the chest as easily as if it weighed nothing. I smelled his aftershave as he passed me.

"Where do you want it?"

"Oh. This way. In the house. In the master bedroom." I lead him through the house into the bedroom where I pointed to a spot at the end of the bed. He set the trunk down. I realized then that I couldn't have contrived an easier way to get a hunk into the bedroom if I wanted to. "Thank you," I said. "I could *never* have gotten it moved by myself. You must work out."

"I do, a little," he said. But mostly it's from my job. My name's Jake."

"I'm Bambi. Would you care for some coffee?"

He smiled. "I'd love to, Bambi, but I've got to be down to the clubhouse in a few minutes, so I'll take a rain check. However, if you're free later this evening, perhaps we could meet somewhere for a drink."

I wanted to shout "Free? Of course I'm free. I'm so free I'm bored out of my mind," but instead I said, "Why, as a matter of fact I am."

"That's excellent. "What time would you like me to pick you up? Would eight be suitable?"

"Eight would be just dandy," I said. Inside my heart was pounding so much I was surprised he couldn't hear it. I lead him to the door, still shaky. When he left, I walked back to the bedroom. "I can't believe it," I said to myself, "I've got a



date with the most gorgeous hunk I've seen since I got here. What am I going to wear?"

I went back into the bedroom and unlocked the trunk. All my clothes were still in it, the bras, panties, hosiery, slips, shoes, dresses, tops, skirts, a few ensembles I bought just for the heck of it. I removed them and put them in drawers and on hangers. Near the bottom of the trunk, I kept a dress I bought a few years back but which I never had been able to get into before. It was black, sleeveless, with a kind of mandarin collar and went to mid-thigh. I thought it would be perfect.

I had a quick dinner and a less quick shower. At 7:42, I was all made-up and slipping on the dress. I set my legs through it and wriggled into it, snapped the hook at the neck, then reached round to zip it up. I held my breath as the zipper traveled slowly up my back, enclosing the hips easily enough but encountering some resistance at the waist even though I wore slimming undergarments. It glided more easily when it reached my ribs and seemed to zip all by itself the rest of the way to the top. When I looked at myself in the mirror, I gasped. I was beautiful! I had curves, rounded breasts, a sexy behind, and long slender legs. If I was a guy, I could go for me in a big way. I hoped Jake saw it that way.

I needed some kind of ID, so I went to the coffee table where I had played with that driver's license. If I had to be Tammi Barnett, then so be it. I picked up the license and looked at my handiwork still covering up the picture. I went to the sink and took a rag to the mess, wiping it off until all the makeup and crayon had been removed. What remained did not look like the picture I had found.

Evidently, the makeup had managed to soak through or something, because the hair on the picture looked lighter, the lips redder, the skin more tanned, the eyebrows more peaked. Even the alterations I'd applied to Barnett seemed to have worked, because that "n" certainly looked like another "r". Only the "Tammi" didn't really look like "Bambi". Oh well, Tammi Barrett wasn't too bad. I thought it would pass the dim lights of a bar.

Jake arrived at precisely eight, dressed in jeans and cowboy boots, but wearing a gold shirt and black string tie that looked good on him. He looked me over, up and down, as though he were undressing me. I could tell the bulge in his pants was growing.

"You look great," he said.

"So do you. Let me get my jacket." I grabbed a black jacket that Jake helped me into and we went outside where I saw a truck parked in the drive. I stopped, and thought that maybe we should take my car, but then I'd have to let him drive. I discovered I didn't mind that proposition.

"Is something the matter?"

I looked at Jake, then at the truck. It was big, but it looked clean and well-maintained. I suddenly decided it might be fun to go on a date, riding in a big truck. "Oh nothing," I said. "Except your truck's so big I'm going to need help getting into it."



He took my hand and grabbed my waist and lifted me into the truck. My, he was strong! I sat as he went to the other side and got in. Soon we were on our way. "There's not much going on after tourist season on a Monday."

"That is so true," I agreed.

"I'm taking you to O'Malley's. Have you ever been there? It's got big-screen TVs, a dance floor, pool tables, darts. Do you dance?"

"Do I ever!" I said. "I love dancing."

"Good. There's dancing there."

We arrived and Jake helped me out of the truck. We went through the doors where a big guy wanted to look at our ID's. I showed him my new one and he let me pass without a second look.

Most of the seats were taken by football fans, and there was no music going by the dance floor. "Damn," Jake said. "It's crowded tonight. I forgot it was Monday Night Football."

"Is that bad?" I said.

"That probably means there's no dancing. There's an open pool table. Do you play?"

"I'm not very good," I said. In fact, I used to play pool a lot, but I thought it would be a good idea to pretend to be bad at it, just to see how that would play out. I had visions of Jake putting his arms around me as we aimed for the ball. Suddenly, being good at pool didn't seem all that important.

It turned out I really was bad at pool. It was like I forgot completely how to play. The angles, the spin, the movement, all of that had fled from my head. Try as I might, I just couldn't hit the cue. I even forgot it was called the cue. I kept calling it the white ball. I'd hit it on the side, skin the top, or miss it altogether. Then I'd giggle. I don't know if it was the heels, the breasts getting in my way, or if it was Bambi taking over, but it was actually kind of fun.

Jake ordered drinks before we started playing, and after about four really bad attempts to hit the ball, the waitress returned. He handed me mine and I sipped on it. "Oooh, this is soo good," I said.

"It's your turn," he said.

I turned back to the pool table, standing on my tiptoes and leaning over the table. I tried to hit the ball but skinned the side. I giggled as it went sideways. "Why, that didn't even come close to that hole thingy," I said.

Jake shook his head. "It's called a pocket. Here, let me help you." He put his arms around me and helped me grab the stick. It felt really good. I mean, really good. I felt myself go all shivery. I stuck my butt out so it pressed against his pelvis. He let out a breath.

He practically whispered in my ear. "First you have to relax. Let the stick slide through your fingers. Like this." He demonstrated. "Keep your eye focused on the cue ball. Don't look at any of the other balls. Just try to hit the cue ball." He

guided the stick until it thumped the white ball and sent it against the yellow ball. When it hit the yellow one, it stopped moving and the yellow one rolled into the hole. "Now you try it."

"Which one do I aim for?" I said.

"That one," he said, pointing to an orange ball with the number 3 on it. "Try and do exactly what I told you."

I tried to do exactly what he told me to do but it was really hard. I was thinking about his body next to mine and maybe he'd give me another lesson. I did manage to put the end of my stick on the white ball without making that clanking sound, but the ball didn't go where I wanted it to. I shrugged and took another sip of my drink and watched Jake as he put most of the balls into the little holes. I liked watching him play. I liked watching his butt when he was facing the other way. I started to feel hot watching him.

We played exactly one game and moved toward one of the tables near the big screen. "Do you like football?" he said, after ordering another drink.

"I wanted to be a cheerleader," I said. "The dudes on the football team were sooo cute."

He rolled his eyes.

"I don't understand it," I said. "Why do they have all that action and then just stop?"

"The have to do that after each play. It's called a huddle."

"Okay," I said, not understanding. I discovered it was fun being a dumb blonde, making Jake explain things to me.

"I want to dance," I said.

"I'm trying to think of where there'll be dancing. There's The Stable, but that's a country bar."

"I love dancing country," I said, even though I was lying. I hated country.

"Good. We can go there."

"Let me finish my drink." I took a ladylike sip, set it on the table, and grabbed my coat. We left.

We went to the Stable where just about every vehicle in the parking lot was a truck. "Oh darn," I said. I don't have a cowboy hat."

"I've got one," said Jake, reaching behind the seat. "Try this."

I put it on after he helped me from the cab and started shaking my hips as we walked to the entrance. I could hear music coming from inside. Dance music, and I wanted to dance. I mean, I really wanted to, not just pretend wanting to. I didn't recall ever really wanting to dance before.

We got our hands stamped again and found a table. Jake bought us drinks and I felt myself moving to the music. For some strange reason, I liked it. Normally, I hated what I thought of as whiny twangy voices and hokey musical in-

struments, and people wearing dumb clothes, but as I started tapping my foot and dancing in my seat, I thought it would be neat to buy some cowgirl outfits. I didn't want to buy any jeans, but cowboy boots and a flouncy skirt I could wear.

Soon we were dancing, Jake with his arms around me as we danced. I didn't know if it was the alcohol or his scent and his arms around me, but I felt totally lightheaded. I couldn't say how many dances we danced or how many drinks I had, but I found myself snuggled against him later in the evening, with his arms wrapped around me and his breath caressing my ear. I tickled, and I suddenly felt horny. I felt the hormones flowing through my body. I closed my eyes, feeling a magnetism as our lips drew ever closer. Then I felt his lips and breath on mine and I was squirming and undulating in his lap as our tongues found each other. I didn't even begin to think about what might happen, I was so wrapped up in his kiss, with my arms touching his hair, his arms on my hips, my waist, my back.

Suddenly we pulled apart. "Whoa," I said.

I noticed Jake had a devilish look to his face. I blushed and looked away. I noticed that most of the people had left the place and it was getting near closing time. I turned back toward him.

"Shall we go?" he asked.

I nodded, and he lifted me up in his strong arms. I managed to get my feet on the floor, even though I felt all wobbly, and he stood up and put his arm around me. I almost forgot my purse.

When we reached the truck, instead of helping me into the seat, he lifted me up by the waist until my feet were above the step. I giggled as I grabbed the door thingy and sat down.

I moved all the way over on the seat until I was next to him. He had his left hand on the steering wheel and his right arm around my shoulder. I could see the bulge in his pants and smiled as I watched him squirm when I rubbed my breast against his chest and licked at his ear.

He almost swerved off the road. "Stop it," he said, but I didn't pay any attention to him. I put my tongue in his ear and used my fingernail to give him a long slow stroke by his zipper. He moaned.

Suddenly I knew what I was going to do. I unzipped his pants and released his dick from the confines of his underwear. It was big, red, and pulsating to my touch. I ran my finger across the foreskin a couple times and then bent over to kiss it.

I must have been crazy, but I put my mouth around his lovely large pulsating cock and began licking it like it was an ice cream cone. Jake had both hands on the steering wheel and each breath came out hard and ragged. I licked him up one side and down the other, took the whole thing in my mouth and tried to see how far it would go. His leg was shaking as he tried to work the gas, and I felt the truck go faster as I worked.

I felt more than saw him apply the break and turn the truck over to the side of the road, putting on the parking brake with one hand as he stroked the back of my neck with his other. Then suddenly, a spasm, a volcano, an eruption, and I felt juice spurt into my throat. He moaned again and I worked his cock more furiously, using my lips and tongue and teeth (though gingerly).

I swallowed. I sat up and giggled as I licked the little bit of cum that had gotten on my chin. I took out a mirror in order to look at my lipstick. I decided it needed touching up.

“Wow,” said Jake. “I’ve never gotten it quite like that in a truck before.”

“I’m glad you liked it,” I said. “I...” I began, then stopped. I noticed we were parked in front of my house. I suddenly realized I couldn’t invite him in. If he found out I wasn’t quite the girl I appeared to be... I had to make up an excuse.

“What’s the matter?” he asked.

I put my hand on his thigh. “I had a great time. Really I did. I wouldn’t have been so eager to treat you this way if I hadn’t. It’s just that tonight, I mean, tomorrow... okay.” I let out a breath. “If you spent the night, I’d never get any sleep and I’d miss my appointment tomorrow.”

“I know what you’re saying. I have an AM meeting too.”

We laughed. “Will I see you again?”

“It would take an army to keep me away.” He got out of the truck and helped me out. He walked me to the door and waited as I got my keys out and unlocked it. We stood there for a few seconds, then kissed with a ruthless passion. Finally he broke away.

“I’ve got to go,” he said. “If I kissed you one more time I know I’d miss my meeting.”

I giggled. “I’m tempted to try,” I said. “I had a wonderful time.”

“So did I.”

\* \* \*

After that evening, I decided I needed a little more stimulation, so I put on my nightgown and got out the vibrator. I felt extremely hot and bothered, and I fantasized about Jake as I tried to shove the shaft into me. But there was still an obstruction, though thankfully it didn’t bulge like that time in the drug store. The outline looked female, though it still felt like I was wearing latex. When I came, I started shaking all over.

I found it easy to go to sleep that night.

## Phat Tuesday

On Tuesday morning, I woke refreshed. I dressed carefully, listening to a country station and humming along to the music. Today was the day I was going to claim my prize.

I put on the shorty tee. It was pale blue and stretchy and came to just about my navel. I had never been able to wear it before, but when I looked at myself in the mirror wearing that and the leather skirt, I knew I looked better than just all right. I grabbed my purse and leopard coat and drove to the mall.

On the way, I decided to reprogram all the car's radio stations, so I merely ran one red light and cut two people off. The second one, a middle-aged man, started to give me the finger until I smiled and waved at him.

I walked into the mall office, where a woman sat behind a desk. "Yes?" she said, looking me over with some kind of sneer to her face.

"I'm Bambi Barrett," I told her. "I have a prize waiting for me."

"Oh yes," she said. "May I see some identification?"

I handed over my driver's license without thinking. She looked at it, then went to the photocopier. I had to sign some papers; the whole thing was boring, but when I was done, I had one hundred dollars cash and a number of gift certificates and coupons for about half the stores in the mall.

I threw away the one for the sporting goods store and took a 30% off coupon to Lilli's Dress Boutique. I knew I could do some serious damage there.

The place was a marvel. I had never had a chance to shop in a store like that before, and I took the opportunity. I combed through the racks looking for clothes in my size, so that by the time I was ready to try them on, I had about seven.

"You may only bring three garments into the dressing room," the woman behind the counter told me.

"Whatever," I said. "I'll try these three first." Five of the outfits were party dresses. All the skirts were short. I tried on a shiny gold one with spaghetti straps and loved it. I tried on a black sleeveless one and loved it. I tried on a blue one which didn't fit, so I found more.

In the end, I bought four dresses and a skirt. With my coupon, the total came to over \$400. I used VISA to pay for it.

I went to the shoe store with a 25% coupon. A slimy-looking guy in an ill-fitting suit came up to me. My first thought was that I didn't want his sweaty hands touching my feet. But then I reconsidered. I bet I could get him to jump through hoops for me.

"May I help you, miss?" he said in that ingratiating tone, a small smile on his lips.

I gave him my best simpering smile and pointed in the vague direction of a shoe display. "I want those shoes over there. In a 6 ½."

“Certainly, miss.” He didn’t even ask which shoes and naturally brought back the wrong ones. They were silver sandals with stacked heels.

“Not those shoes,” I said, sounding petulant, but thinking that they would look great. “Those.” I pointed again.

“I’m sorry. Which ones?” Much better.

“The black ones with the open toes. Over there. No, no, yes. Those.”

I tried on about a dozen pair of shoes, all with high heels, all one at a time. He ignored other customers as I kept him going back and forth from the stockroom. The best part was when I had him bring back the silver shoes.

“You know, I was thinking that those sandals you brought me the first time would look nice with an outfit I have. May I try them on?”

“Yes ma’am,” he said as politely as he could bring himself to say. He was muttering under his breath as he went to the back.

I ended up with four pair of shoes, including the silver ones, and left the store.

After the shoe store, there was makeup to buy, some separates, a trip to the car to dump everything off, some things for the house, some lingerie, and some jewelry. In the end I spent over \$4000. I didn’t care.

When I brought my second haul out, I noticed my car didn’t look the same. For the life of me I couldn’t place what the difference was. To be honest, I had completely forgotten the brand, and had to read the little silver name thingy on the grille. The car was still red, of course. And the sunroof was still there. And it still had the vanity plates: “1Babe.” As I concentrated some more, I decided that I was dreaming it. Nothing had changed. It still looked as curvy and sexy as always. I shook my head and got in to go home.

For some reason, I got lost. I don’t know how I did it but I ended up on a street I didn’t know in the sleazy part of town. The street was filled with adult nightclubs and strip joints, dirty book stores, Triple X Video shops, used clothing stores, and more than one leather shop. A leather shop sounded good, though. I pulled into the one where one of the mannequins wore a vinyl dress and purple hair and went inside.

I already owned some black leather and vinyl pieces, but I didn’t have any leather or vinyl in other colors. I was thinking of red, purple, and hot pink especially, when I saw the rubber skirts. I went to the rack and picked two out in black and hot pink. There was also a rubber dress, and a red leather outfit I knew I just had to try on.

I took them to the dressing room and put them on. The rubber dress squeaked and puffed when I put it on, but when I zipped up the back, I discovered it fit like a dream.

I bought the red leather outfit, the black rubber dress, and the hot pink skirt. I managed to find my way home without spending any more money.

\* \* \*

That evening, I knew I would have to see Rick. I went home, had a light dinner and took a long hot bubble bath. I shaved my legs and put lotion all over my body. I touched up my nails and did the mandatory beauty things. At ten, I began putting on my makeup and slinking into that black rubber dress.

The dress itself was very tight and showed off all my curves, even those that had been padded. The skirt went to about mid-thigh and showed off my legs, which looked very good to my eyes. It had a high collar, too, which I considered an advantage as my boobs looked kind of fake and certainly felt like rubber when I touched them. I wore a pair of five-inch patent pumps and some very sheer pantyhose, and that was all, except for the bracelets and earrings.

It was after midnight when I left for the radio station.

\* \* \*

I heard myself walk up to the door, the squeaking of the latex, the clicking of the heels, the tinkling of the earrings. I began to get very aroused. I hoped it would last until I got to the radio station. I slid into the seat of the car, feeling very sexy.

It took longer to get to the radio station than I thought it would, mainly because I got lost. I had to call Rick. Eventually he answered.

"Hi sweetie," I said. "It's me, Bambi."

He sounded excited. "Hello there. Where are you calling from?"

"My car," I said. "And I'm so terribly lost."

"What street are you on?" he asked.

"I don't know," I started to say, then saw a street sign. I told him. He gave me directions, intersection by intersection on the phone until I made it safely to the station.

"Come in the back door," he said. "I'll be waiting for you."

When I got to the back door, I knocked. Rick opened it. He wasn't quite like I pictured him, kind of tall and skinny, with brown hair in a ponytail. I could see he was looking me over with interest.

I went up to him. "This is for Saturday night," I said, putting my arms around his neck and kissing him on the mouth. It only took a second for him to respond, opening his mouth and putting his tongue into mine, and to lift me up by my butt. We kissed for a long time, before he invited me into the studio.

I spent a good portion of the evening squirming on his lap, making him moan and wriggle underneath me as we kissed. Eventually I knew I had teased him enough, so I unzipped his pants and got down on my knees.

"What are you doing?" he said, sounding alarmed.

“What do you think I’m doing, silly?” I replied, unzipping his pants.

“But the song’s almost over. I’ve got to do the station ID and read cop...eee. Oh boy.”

I had teased his now-hard member through the hole in his underwear and had put my lips to the end of it, kissing it lightly, and running my tongue around the head. Rick leaned closer to the microphone and flicked on the switch. “That was...” he began, then forgot what he was going to say as I nibbled lightly on the skin of his member. “Oh yeah, that’s nice stuff,” he said, his voice suddenly husky. Then he quickly gave the station ID and punched the button that ran a commercial.

I continued giving him head, teasing him just enough so that he was lost in the throes of passion when the commercial finished and he had to speak or play something else. He didn’t get around to it. There was dead air; he shook like a mass of quivering gelatin as his juices were released and he came into my mouth.

After that, he just sat there with a glazed look in his eyes, so I decided to leave. It was nearly four.

“Bye,” I said, blowing a kiss at him. He just smiled.

I went to bed a happy girl that night.

## Wednesday

I woke up around twelve-thirty. I got up, made some coffee, had a cigarette, and did my beauty things: cleaning, buffing, shaving, moisturizing. I used the whitener system on my teeth. I loofahed my skin while in the tub, and shampooed and conditioned my hair. When I went into the bedroom to get dressed, it was after two.

I put on a pair of matching animal print thong and bra, then regarded myself in the mirror. I looked good. Curvaceous, sexy, desirable. But there was something else. I inspected my breasts and noticed that the seam between my skin and latex had all but disappeared. I traced a path along them with my fingernail. I could sense where the skin ended and rubber began, but only because I couldn’t feel my skin underneath it. To the hand, the breast felt like real skin. I discovered something else as I grabbed at one of the bras in the drawer. The tag read 36D. “I’m not a 36D, am I?” I thought. “I’m more like a 38C.” I checked another bra. 36D. I checked another. I checked them all, including the one I was wearing. They all were 36D. I shrugged. “Oh gosh, I’m wrong again. What a silly bimbo.” I went to find a top.

Every top I grabbed was low-cut enough to show off my breasts. Also all the dresses, except for the one with the mandarin collar. But the latex dress I bought the day before had a scoop neckline I didn’t remember when I bought it. Or so I thought. I couldn’t be sure. I couldn’t really remember. Honest.

Tonight was ladies night at half the local clubs. There was one I was especially keen to try. But I couldn’t leave the house until at least eight o’clock, and I



couldn't spend the rest of the afternoon getting ready or watching television. There was only one thing to do. Go shopping.

Even though I wanted to dress a little more conservatively, my wardrobe wouldn't let me. All my skirts were short and tight, all my shoes had high heels, and all my tops were low-cut. I finally decided on a gold satin blouse that made me look almost respectable, like some kind of office worker, and paired it with a tight black miniskirt that, surprisingly, was *not* made from leather, satin, vinyl, or rubber. But the crepe did stick to my curves and show off my butt. Could I help it if I had a great body?

I needed to get a few things from the supermarket. Yogurt, ready made salads, some orange juice (for making drinks and preventing dehydration), something in a granola cereal, diet soft drinks, wine coolers, hard liquor, a little fish (it was interesting to see that Bambi wasn't a vegetarian. In most areas of interest, Bambi had gone 180 degrees from "the dude". She probably should have been a vegan. But even so, I noticed it was still a healthier menu with little or no sugar, chips, and snacks.)

On the way to the supermarket, I came up on one of those multimedia stores. They carried books, magazines, videos, DVDs, CDs, and games. Bambi wasn't too interested in books, but I needed some DVDs and CDs for the house for afternoons like this when I had some time to kill.

The house had a DVD player, so I first headed for the DVD section, grabbing a couple romance titles (chick flicks), two of those steamy dancing flicks, some music video DVDs, and about a half dozen CDs by popular artists. I then wandered over to the Magazine section, where I grabbed some fashion and beauty magazines I had to have because of the how to articles. "How to drive your man wild." "How to make him do anything for you." "A Girl's guide to getting her way." There was another magazine that promised to tell all about the breakup of a beautiful actress and her powerful husband.

As I looked, I found a collection of those month-by-month horoscope books. I wondered if Bambi would be interested in Astrology. Probably. I knew that "the dude" wasn't, except in an intellectual way. He divided people into categories in regards to that topic. First were the rationalists, who didn't believe that the stars could control lives. There was the casual reader, who read the horoscope in the paper and didn't think much about it. There were those who used their horoscopes in the paper as a guide to their daily lives. And finally there were those who went all out, not bothering with the astrology books, but getting their horoscopes directly from astrologers and who couldn't do anything without consulting. The dude fell somewhere between the first and second category. He didn't believe that the stars could control a person's life, but had long ago concluded that people needed something to believe in, and if astrology could allow them to focus and make decisions, it couldn't be all bad, even if it had no basis in fact.

This could get really interesting, I thought as I headed toward the Astrology section. I stopped in my tracks, recalling that I had no idea what Bambi's birth-date was. I pulled out the driver's license that now had Bambi Barrett's name and

picture on it, scanned it; noticing how authentic it looked, then found her birth-date. October 31<sup>st</sup>. Halloween. That was fitting, I thought. The day of dressing up and changing identities. I also noticed she was twenty-two years old. Soon to be twenty-three. That was good to know. I'd have to go out and celebrate.

This would mean that Bambi was a Scorpio. How did I know that? I wondered. Was "the dude" also a Scorpio? I didn't think so. I vaguely remembered him having a birthday in the spring. Like he was a Taurus. Yes, that was probably it. He seemed like a Taurus, from what little I could remember about him.

I looked at the selection of Astrology books, deciding which one would be better. The blue one, purple one, or that kind of discordant multicolored one. I decided on the purple one, basing my choice solely on the fact that I liked purple more than the other colors.

I set my basket down next to the chair where I took a seat, and opened up the book. It was the one for next year, but had sixteen months full of daily horoscopes for Scorpio. I opened it up for the current week. There was a weekly overview, then daily forecasts. I looked at the one for Wednesday.

"Today is a good day to take care of things you have put off. Procrastination is a bad thing, and can take away from valuable time needed for other pursuits." What had I procrastinated on? The only thing I could think of was that I should have gone to the store yesterday. But that was no biggie. I read on, finding out my lucky numbers and other things. Yeah, sure, I thought.

"This looks like a waste of time," I thought. I idly wondered what was supposed to have happened to Bambi the rest of the week. I looked up Saturday. "The weekend is finally here!" it read. "The stars point to fun. Pluto is..." blah blah blah. I didn't understand that planetary and constellation gibberish, I just wanted the results. Typical Bambi, I thought. "How you plan today is important to how the rest of the week goes." Well, duh. That's a no-brainer. "Do something nice for yourself or your home." Like go to the store and buy stuff. "A conflict with a Taurus may arise, but by the end of the day everything will be resolved. This evening, go out and have fun. Your lucky numbers..." A conflict with a Taurus? "The dude" was a Taurus. I felt chills go up my spine.

Sunday. "Today could be a trying day for you, especially if you haven't resolved all your issues from the previous week. Today is pivotal, the bridge between the past and the future, last week and next. If your last week was unsatisfactory, you can use today to get pumped up to make the next work week better. Relaxing, focusing on what's important to you, those are the keys." I thought about that. Sunday was the day I lost the dude's memories. For Bambi, the last week would have been unsatisfactory. She hadn't really existed. And Sunday was trying. Loss of memories, fear, then, finally, a kind of acceptance. "Today would be a good time to use a hobby to help focus on your goals." Oh my God, I thought. I had found all that sex stuff and played with it. That was a hobby. Or actually, being Bambi had been kind of a hobby. But Bambi playing with sex toys was *really* a hobby!

Monday. "Your work and diligence finally paid off and you are rewarded." The contest. It had to be the contest. "As you start another work week, you discover

that things fall into place and you begin to see the gifts. Romance is in the air tonight.” My heart began pounding as I ate up every word. Connections fell into place, my actions began to have meaning. I won that contest at the mall on Monday. That was the reward. I didn’t work, but that reference to the work week just meant that everybody else had to work. Romance in the air. That was when I met Jake.

Tuesday. “Your goals are becoming clear. You can see the brass ring more clearly now. Reach for it, grab it. You have only yourself to blame if you do not make the attempt.” That was so true. Bambi was becoming less of a character and more of a real person, with a real personality and real needs. I went shopping, went to the leather boutique, and met Rick late at night. I read the rest of Tuesday’s horoscope, nodding at everything that was written.

I reread Wednesday. “Procrastination is a bad thing.” Of course, if I had gotten everything taken care of yesterday, when I had some time to spare, then I could have spent today at home relaxing and getting ready for Ladies Night. “Now that you’re in the middle of the week, you may notice that on ‘hump day,’ you have less energy than you did yesterday. If this trend continues, you won’t have any energy left for the weekend.” Dammit. I could have gotten up a little earlier, had some bran or granola or something, used the exercise bike in the spare room, then had a healthy dinner before going to the club. If I hadn’t procrastinated. I really should be more concerned about my health. “Tonight would be a good time to discuss any concerns you have with friends.”

As Bambi, I didn’t have any friends. I knew some dudes, but I didn’t know any chicks. Perhaps, since I was going to the club, I could make some friends. That would work. I closed the book and put it in my basket, thinking that this would be a good thing. It had completely slipped my mind that I now completely believed in Astrology.

\* \* \*

I finally decided on a gold satin top and the red leather mini and jacket combination I had bought the day before. I grabbed a pair of red pumps I forgot I owned, and put them on. I looked at myself in the mirror and vamped for myself. “Girl, you look great,” I told myself, regarding my full breasts filling out the top, the curve of my butt and the flatness of my tummy. Even the shoes looked good. I grabbed the ones I had worn the previous night and put them in the closet, noticing the size just before I set them down. 6B. Even my feet are perfect, I thought.

Tonight was Ladies Night at one of the local clubs, where they played the best dance music and some of the hunkiest guys were certain to show up. In the back of my mind, I noticed that my thought processes had changed dramatically the last few days. I had become a far less responsible person as I grew more motivated to seek pleasure. Thoughts of bill paying, work, income, cash flow, and what-have-you rarely entered my mind. I had credit cards; I had cash. What more did I need?

I also began thinking about sex more often. Or if not more often, more creatively. Things I never would have considered before became more appealing. Sex in public places, sex on a swing set, bondage, role-playing games, various foods and lubricants applied to the body, multiple partners. My values and desires were changing dramatically, though I felt like I was still basically me. I didn't feel like I was being possessed by some dead person or an alien, like in those horror or sci-fi movies. What had changed were my memories and body. Since I couldn't remember anything about "the dude's" life, I didn't know how to act like him. I could act like a bimbo, however, because I had always paid attention to how sexy and beautiful women acted. I seemed to have taken my favorite traits from many sources, and mixed them together to create a sexy, vain, forgetful and preoccupied, fashion-conscious little sexpot. The fact that my body looked like it did only made it easier. Noticing the way men looked at me only made me want to vamp for them even more, which took me straight to more thoughts of sex, which further encouraged my behavior.

I had no idea what was going to happen on Ladies Night, but I really wanted to find out.

\* \* \*

When I got to the club, it was still early. The DJ was still setting up his equipment. I found a seat at the bar and the bartender came up immediately. I ordered a Kamikaze. No sense wasting time, I thought.

Even before he brought the drink up to me, some dude in a shirt and tie with a suit coat draped on his arm came up to me. "Let me pay for your drink," he said. "My name's Paul." I quickly regarded him. He looked pretty studly, like he worked out enough, but what seemed more important was that he looked like he had money.

"Well hello there yourself," I said. "Of course you can pay for my drink. Don't laugh, but my name's actually Bambi." I held out a limp hand, which he shook.

"I've never met a Bambi before," he said, sitting down next to me. I noticed he was looking at my breasts, so I decided to give him a show, thrusting them out as I reached for the ashtray, bending over and touching his arm as I talked, taking deep breaths while speaking. He watched them like he was hypnotized.

"I don't know many myself," I confessed. "The only time I see the name is for advertisements for strippers."

He laughed. We were hitting it off splendidly. We moved to a table on the edge of the dance floor. He had his hand on my arm as he guided me to the seat. It felt good to have that kind of attention shown to me. He even held out my chair for me as I sat down.

I didn't know if it was the drinks, the music, the dancing, or what, but I began to feel odd, disconnected. It was as though Bambi were making another thrust. The dude who still owned some real estate in my brain was being pushed further

back as Bambi's presence grew. Earlier in the week, I had noticed that I was acting like a bimbo without even trying, running red lights, losing my way on familiar streets, by the way I shopped and communicated with people, how I spoke. However, back then I could tell that this was only an act. Or maybe it wasn't, but I had an awareness that I was acting like a bimbo.

During the course of the evening, I lost that awareness. Like musicians or athletes or people playing video games who are able to focus so much on their tasks that not only were peripheral thoughts and activities excluded, but time would seem to slow for them, the same thing happened to me that night. The dude in my head became irrelevant, his job and bills and other worries were, too. I was focused on having fun, and as my enjoyment increased, the tighter my focus narrowed, and the sense of living for the present moment grew. I didn't know that my language was changing, or that I couldn't articulate these thoughts even if I wanted to. Or that I even knew the meaning of the word "articulate".

As the evening heated up, Paul discovered some people he knew. These were the people my horoscope must have been talking about. There were three chicks and two dudes, and the only name I remembered after the evening was Tanya, a blonde who wore a little black dress. Evidently I could remember what people wore, even if I couldn't remember their names. So I gave the others nicknames. They were Funky Tie, Beard Dude, Red Dress, and Pale Lady. I only remembered Tanya's name because she was another blonde, or maybe because we went to the ladies room together.

Red Dress and Pale Lady were discussing something privately while Tanya and Beard Dude were on the dance floor and Paul was fetching drinks. Funky Tie was trying to talk to me, while I was hoping that Paul would return quickly so that we, too, could hit the floor. A good song was playing.

I was shocked out of my reverie by a deep voice asking me, "Do you want to dance?"

I swear I jumped three feet in the air. I felt my heart pounding as I put my hand up to my breast. I turned around and said, "You scared me," at the same time noticing just how gorgeous he looked. And well-dressed too. He wore nice slacks and a dark blue silk shirt.

"I'm sorry," he said, smiling. "I didn't mean to."

"That's quite all right," I replied. I was trying to think up a good way to turn this dude down without ruining my chances with him later on. After all, I was kind of with Paul, even if we hadn't started out on a date. But my brain was yelling at me, YES YES, I WANT TO DANCE. I WANT TO DANCE SLOW AND SEXY WITH YOU ALL NIGHT LONG. "I'm sorry," I said. "I don't believe I should. The person I'm with is..." I began, then trailed off. Paul was at the bar talking to a brunette. "Oh what the hey," I continued. "I'd love to dance."

We went out to the dance floor. It was great. When the song finished, the dude walked me back to my table. Paul still hadn't returned, and was in fact talking to some brunette in a skintight low-cut leopard print mini, so I grabbed my stuff and told my new friend, "Let's get out of here."

"It's all right by me," he said. "By the way, my name's Aaron."

"I'm Bambi," I said.

"Bambi. I love that name."

We found a place that was a little cozier. We took his car. He drove. There was a small four-piece band that played mostly slow tunes, kind of jazzy, so we drank and danced slow for the rest of the night, talking softly in each other's ear. I noticed that he put his hand on my knee, and when I felt the heat pouring into my leg, my heart began beating harder. I ran my fingernail across his strong jaw and soon we were kissing. Hard. He had his hand on my breast and once I let my hand fall to his crotch just to see what was happening down there. He was big. And hard.

"Let's go back to my place," I said, before I knew what was happening.

"I like that," he said, squeezing my ass with his other hand.

"I am so hot for you," I said as we stood up and I automatically grabbed my bag and jacket. I then realized there was a small problem I did not believe I could accommodate him if we made it into bed.

He saw the look on my face. "What is it?" he said.

"I feel like such an idiot," I said. "And I'm honestly not trying to lead you on. But my gynecologist says I can't have sex until I'm fully healed. I had a tear in my uterine lining and she doesn't want me to reinjure it. Being with you this evening made me forget about all that. Oops." I wondered where I'd come up with that load of rubbish.

He looked surprised, then angry, then slightly relieved. "For a moment I thought you were going to tell me you have herpes or something."

I laughed. Giggled, really. "No, nothing like that. It's just that I'm not supposed to strain myself for a while. The good news is I have a doctor's appointment tomorrow."

"That's not going to help us tonight," he said. "When was the last time you had sex?"

"You mean not including using my hand vibrator?"

He laughed. "Listen, I want you. I want you real bad. I'm so hard, I could break bricks with my dick. I'm wondering if we could come up with something to satisfy both of us. Tell me, have you ever had anal sex?"

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Believe you me, the rest of the evening was quite extraordinary. We retrieved my car and went back to my place, where I showed him my collection of vibrators. He was especially keen on the one you wore like a thong and was operated by remote control. He made me put that one on and give him the remote. Then he noticed the handcuffs. "Are you in to S&M?" he asked.

“Uh, not really,” I said. “More like B&D without the pain. Not all the time,” I added. “I’m not that kinky.”

Aaron turned the knob on the vibrator. I squealed.

“Are you sure you’re not lying?” he said.

“Honest. Ooh, that feels good.”

“I thought S&M and B&D were the same thing.”

“It can be,” I said. “Wow, that’s nice. But it doesn’t have to be. Bondage is about control. The person being bound is giving up control to the other person. Just like you have control over m-m-m-me, oh my, with that, oh God, device.”

“Do you want to take turns tying each other up?” he said.

“Y-y-esss,” I moaned. “Do me first. Hurry. And don’t forget to gag me.”

Within a few minutes I was wearing a black bra with my nipples poking out, split crotch panties with the vibrator still attached, garter, black stockings, and black patent stiletto pumps. I had the ball gag in my mouth and I was handcuffed on my stomach to the bed. My head was sticking through the rails at the foot of the bed, with my arms bent around two of the other rails and handcuffed in front of my face. My legs were securely secured to the posts at the head of the bed, with only a little play so that I couldn’t close them. He placed a couple pillows on my stomach and began working.

I couldn’t feel my nipples when he began playing with them, but I could feel my ears when he put his tongue on them. When he began to fiddle with the controls on the vibrator, I started to twitch and shiver. It was then he turned the power on high and put his rock-hard member into my rear.

It was a good thing I had bought a sturdy bed or we surely would have broken it. I was drooling, shivering, totally incoherent. If it hadn’t have been for the gag, I would have woken the neighbors with my shrieks. The feeling was unlike anything I had ever experienced, and when I felt him release his juices into my behind, I couldn’t see anything but colors in front of my face. He didn’t stop there. In a few minutes, we went at it again, but with a slightly different perspective. Aaron had me completely in his power. He could have taken out the collar, put me into the one of the leather outfits, and taken me out in public on a leash and I wouldn’t have minded. He could have done anything to me. In fact, if he had found the whip and threatened to use it on me, I would surely have gotten down on my knees to be his love slave from that time onward.

But he was nice about it. He wanted some time with the cuffs, seeing how good it had been for me. So I dutifully made him get on his back and tied him spread-eagled to the bed. I gagged him and went into the kitchen for the whipped cream. I sprayed whipped cream on his nipples and member and proceeded to lick it off. By that time, he was thrashing and trembling and ready to come again. I rubbed his member along my clit, feeling a wave of pleasure as I did so. Then I sat on it and wiggled about until he came.

By the time we were finished, it was nearly seven AM. Aaron wanted to stay, but he had to be to work in an hour. I gave him a little something from my medicine cabinet to help him get through the day, then I went to sleep. I slept until two. Hard.

## Thirsty Thursday

At some point, part of me must have figured Bambi needed a job. I was going through money like you wouldn't believe and there was no end in sight. And as I was becoming more Bambi with every day, it seemed that now would be a good time to look, while I still had some brains left.

When I finished my shower and sat down to a light lunch of grapefruit and salad, I went through the classifieds from Sunday. It did not look promising. Bambi was obviously not executive material. She wasn't really office material either. Couldn't spell, couldn't type, might make a passable receptionist. She could possibly get a job in the mall, but not if she had to work the cash register. It was one of the problems of living out your fantasies without thinking things through. When I had created Bambi, I wasn't really looking toward careers. Jill was the career woman. Bambi was the party girl.

The main question I had to ask was, Okay, what does Bambi want? I had to ask the question in the third person, otherwise the Bambi part of me would answer, "That little gold dress I saw, some matching shoes, and those really cute earrings."

When I had to define Bambi's goals, it did not look promising. First off, Bambi's main goal was to have fun. She liked experiences, and she liked nice things. Clothes, jewelry, cruises, parties, meeting new people. She was really quite the material girl. When I had begun this fantasy, I never had imagined I would end up this shallow. But then, I had enjoyed myself so far.

I knew that Bambi wouldn't really worry about things until she reached that age when she started losing her looks. She would always find some way to get what she wanted. Money would fall into her hands, either by one lucky lottery ticket she happened to buy because her horoscope told her to, or by meeting some dopey rich guy who wanted to buy her love. I could even see some Hollywood director discovering her to put her in some silly teen beach flick. Did they still make them? Teen horror flick would be more likely.

However, until that guy came around, there were still bills to pay. The house went for over a thousand a month. The car about \$250. Plus gas, groceries, clothes, jewelry, cosmetics, and entertainment. Credit card payments. The me part of me actually wanted to get a job as Bambi, just to see what it was like. The Bambi part wanted one for three reasons: money, fun, and meeting new people.

I pulled away from this reflective thinking because it started to hurt my head. It was so much easier being Bambi and just going with the flow. I opened the paper. First, I noticed a lot of ads for waitresses. Food waitresses, cocktail waitresses, at all kinds of restaurants and clubs. I wondered if I could be a waitress. I



would probably have to remember things, which could pose a problem if I continued to transform at my present rate. But I could give it a shot. I circled a couple of the cocktail waitress jobs, thinking that they'd be way more fun than working at Denny's.

Then I saw an ad that read **Dancers Dancers Dancers** in bold type. The ad said: "Make \$1000s a week. Come join us at the most exclusive gentlemen's club in town. No experience necessary." And I thought, I swear I did, "I like dancing. If I could get paid just for dancing, that would be super." I mean, I had spent much of the previous evening dancing. I could dance all night.

I put on my makeup and went to find something to wear. I chose a black satin thong with a matching push-up bra that went under a black satin mini and a shiny leopard print short sleeve top that revealed just a bit of midriff. I wasn't considering that I'd have to be interviewed in an outfit like this, especially when I added the stacked sandals with the five-inch stiletto heel. I was just picturing how good I looked. Besides, my horoscope told me to wear something that made me feel good.

I took my CD case with me, thinking that I might want some tunes for the ride. When I got to the car, I paused for a moment. Something seemed odd. I inspected the rear of the car, regarding the Diva bumper sticker and Sexy Bitch plate frame, sighing with relief that nobody had altered them. The leopard print seat covers and matching steering wheel cover looked the same. So did the pink and purple beads hanging from the mirror. "Oh well," I said. "It must be one of those *deja vu* things."

Naturally I got lost. On the one hand it was kind of annoying, but on the other hand I seemed used to it so it didn't bother me to stop and ask for directions. I got a couple odd looks when I asked for directions to the Kitty Klub, and one guy leered at me.

When I arrived, I saw that the sign proclaimed "Girls Girls Girls." I parked my car and went inside.

When I entered the dimly-lit place, I noticed a big hunky bouncer standing just inside the door. He looked me over. "Let me guess," he said. "You're here about a job."

I stared at him. "How did you know?"

He shook his head. "It was a lucky guess. Go up to Mark at the bar and ask for Mr. Benson. He's the owner."

"Thank you," I said, and sashayed inside.

I saw the poles and the stage and the tables pulled up next to it and made absolutely no connection. I don't know what I would have thought if anyone had been on stage. The few men sitting at the tables eyed me like wolves regarding prey. I went up to the bar, where another hunky guy was making a drink for a customer.

"I'm here to see Mr. Benton," I said. When the bartender stared at me, I added, "I'm here about the job."

"Oh," he replied. "I'll tell Mr. Benson you're here. What's your name?" he said.

"Bambi," I replied.

"It figures." He was about to ask something else, when he noticed the paper I had in my hand. "Is that your resume?" he asked.

I looked at the paper with surprise. "Uh yes," I said, handing it to him.

He glanced at it. "Well. Miss Barrett, I'll tell Mr. Benson you're here."

I stood at the bar, waiting. Within a few minutes, he returned and lead me to an office. There I shook hands with Mr. Benson. He seemed like a nice man and everything. I sat down across from him and he began asking questions. "How long have you been dancing?"

"Gosh, it seems like forever," I gushed.

"Can you start tonight?" he said. "Eight o'clock?"

"Can I ever?"

"Good. I'll need to make a copy of your driver's license and social security card. And you need to fill out the application and W2 forms, for tax purposes." He handed me some papers while I retrieved my wallet from my purse. I pulled out the license and the social security card. As I handed him the card, I noticed that the numbers seemed different somehow. In my prior life, I had memorized my social security number. I don't know how many places wanted that piece of information, from college to companies that used it as an employee number. Filling out forms for just about anything, from government documents to credit card applications.

A part of me remembered the number, and as I handed it over, it looked like most of it was the same. Except the first digit. It was no longer a three, but a five. Now I didn't know all the particulars, but I did know that the first number reflected where you received your social security card. A three meant you came from the Midwest; a five at the beginning denoted the West Coast.

The implications were clear. Bambi didn't come from some state east of the Mississippi; Bambi came from one of the Western states, probably California, most likely Southern California. It figured. Events were shifting, some subtly, some otherwise.

As I filled in the form, noting briefly that my spelling was becoming atrocious, or rather "atroshuss," I came to realize that in doing this dancing, I would have to take off most of my clothes. It wasn't like I had suddenly figured it out all at once, but there came a time when I remembered that I knew all along that I was filling out the app for exotic dancer. My past was shifting to accommodate the present. My body started recalling various dance moves and techniques needed to excel at this job. By the time I finished the application, my body could strut and grind and swivel and my fingers could deftly remove clothing slowly and sensuously, article by article, and my brain remembered that my body knew. When I walked out of

the club, my body behaved differently than when I walked in. I exited the club like a dancer.

I had my costumes in the trunk of the car, so I didn't have to worry about that. As I recalled that, I had to stop right there in the middle of the parking lot and think. When did I put the costumes in the car? And then, what costumes were they? I had never danced before, had I? Part of my mind told me that topless and nude dancing was demeaning to women. It created a situation that treated women merely as sex objects and lead to violence against women.

The other part of me said I could make big bucks.

I decided that these conflicting memories were making my head split, so I would have to stop thinking about it. A drink or two would help. I made sure my bag full of costumes was in the trunk, and I got in the car and took off for a bar a dozen blocks away, on the other edge of the bad neighborhood. The bar was small and intimate, and I could kill an hour or so while I waited. Truth was, I didn't want to be seen drinking in the club where I was supposed to be working in a couple hours.

I made it without mishap and went inside. It was about half-full. I went up to the bar, set my purse down, pulled out a cigarette, ordered a Seven and Seven, which I figured would last me longer than something else might, and tried not to think about those conflicting memories.

The drink and the smoke helped calm me down. Almost immediately, a guy in a suit with slicked back hair sat down next to me. He introduced himself (though I immediately forgot his name) and asked if he could buy me a drink.

"I have one already, thank you," I said.

"Well, when you're done, then."

"Perhaps."

"Did you know..." he started, slowly drawing a cigarette from a box in the inside pocket of his jacket. The suit looked like it was supposed to be expensive, but it reminded me of a leisure suit. I half-expected the guy to jump up and start discoing any minute. "Did you know that you are one very foxy chick?"

"I've heard others tell me that," I said. "But I've tried not to believe them."

"What brings you down to our little bar?" he said.

"I'm killing time before work."

"Oh really." He was beginning to remind me of the big bad wolf. However, I caught the eye of the bartender, who was beginning to look like that woodsman guy. I had always gotten on well with bartenders. "What is it you do?" asked the Big Bad Wolf.

"I'm a dancer," I said.

He asked me where, and I told him. He then launched into a monologue about all the clubs he'd gone to, discussing the high and low points of various girls. I listened for no other reason than it passed the time. Some of his friends joined in,

which lead to a lively discussion between them. I didn't have to do anything, just sit there and look pretty, which I confess I did.

Four drinks later (none of which I paid for), I tipped the bartender a twenty (seeing that none of the big spenders bothered) and took off. I had the feeling I'd be seeing them all again later that night.

I returned to the club at about seven-thirty. The bouncer smiled at me when he saw me approach, and motioned to one of the waitresses to show me to the dressing room.

Being the new girl, the customers took notice of me right off the bat. They flipped me money, asked for lap and table dances, and bought me drinks, which I discovered wasn't against company policy. Half the time, I got them to pay full price for water, the other time I took shots. As the night went on, I discovered myself to be feeling quite relaxed, and the shots of schnapps I received seemed to take precedence over the so-called gin and tonics (without the gin) I drank to keep myself hydrated. It was twelve thirty-one when two guys paid me twenty bucks to drink three shots in succession.

"I can't," I said.

"Can't? Or shouldn't?" He leered at me. I had just finished a set and was wearing almost nothing but a cover-up. "Come on. It's all paid for. There they are. Three little drinks, right in a row. There's the twenty bucks. Easy money."

I was thinking, twenty bucks was twenty bucks. My night was almost over. I only had one set left. Why not? I was feeling pretty good. I hadn't counted my money yet, but I already had a wad of it.

But still, there was something bothering me. I couldn't place my finger on it, but it was "the dude". He was still inside my brain somewhere, telling me that none of this was right. I was trying not to listen. He was such a stuffy prude and I couldn't have as much fun



as I wanted with him yammering at me. So I took the twenty, put it in the robe's pocket and tossed the first drink. The fire sent me back on my heels and took the wind out of my lungs. I tossed the second shot. It burned my throat and tickled my nose, but I could feel the dude starting to gurgle, like his mouth was filling with water. I licked my lips, tasting the sugar and mint. I grabbed the third shot.

When I finished, I slowly licked the inside of the glass with my tongue. I felt my robe coming undone, but I didn't care. The two guys were making sounds like I was getting them hot, but that wasn't important. The dude was sinking for the third time. I looked at the clock above the bar. Everything looked sparkly. I felt good. An annoying part of me had gone away, and I couldn't remember exactly what it was that had left.

With the dude completely vanquished, my descent into debauchery continued. As I went back to the dressing room, a friend of Marcy's motioned with his finger to his nose. I gave a slight nod and continued. He'd soon follow, I knew.

I was getting ready for my last show when he came in with the stuff. Marcy and Jenni were waiting. It didn't take long before I was flying. I felt things in my head pop, like balloons released into the sky or documents being burned in the fireplace. Something had been discarded, tossed away, flushed. No longer would I have my virtue, in whatever sense one chose to use. But as the high grew, I realized how much I liked myself, how highly I regarded me. I would do whatever I pleased. I didn't care what anybody else thought. I didn't care about their feelings. Not only was I a naughty girl, I was growing bad, sliding into decadence, sin, and depravity. And I loved it.

My last set was my best. I could feel the power I had over the men, I could feel the strings, the magnetism, the gravity, pulling their desires toward my will. They spent what money they had left, stuffing it in my G-string and garter, and threw it on the stage. When I finished my set, I had practically doubled what I had taken in the rest of the night.

I was dressed and sitting with the two guys who had three more shots placed in front of them. We had moved away from the stage. One of the guys had glassy eyes and a slack expression. The other looked like a wolf, but a wolf that could be trapped with the right bait. I drank the first shot and licked out the inside of the glass, making sure I rolled my shoulders and thrust out my boobs just right.

"Oh god," he moaned.

I took the second shot and repeated my act.

He moaned again. "I'll give you a hundred bucks if you'll come out to my van with me."

I set the glass down. "A hundred bucks. You've got to be kidding." I took the third glass and stuck my tongue out to lap at the booze. It drove him crazy.

"Okay. Two hundred bucks."

Two hundred bucks. This was getting interesting. "Is your van in the parking lot?" I asked.

“Yeah.”

“What kind is it?” I asked.

“Custom. It’s a custom van. The back seats fold down. It’s really nice.”

“I’ll bet it is,” I said. “And you seem really nice. But two hundred dollars. I don’t know.” I decided I’d try to get him to go for two-fifty.

“Three hundred. I’ll give you three hundred. I want you bad.”

I downed the third shot. “Let me see the money.”

“I don’t have it with me. I only have about a hundred and fifty. I’ll have to go to the cash machine.”

“There’s one right there,” I said, pointing.

“Oh. Yes there is. But it’s not my bank. There’s a two-dollar surcharge.”

“You’re going to spend three hundred dollars to take me to your van and you’re worried about a two-dollar surcharge? Oh puh-leeze.”

“Okay okay, I’ll get it. Just don’t leave.”

“I’ll wait here. When you give me the money, you go to your van. I’ll meet you there. I just have to get my things. Promise.”

After he left, I thought about stiffing him, but decided that I wouldn’t be getting any more money out of him if I did. Although I knew that his three hundred dollars would be well-spent, I also knew it would be a very expensive three hundred for him.

I got my stuff and was about to take it to my car when Jenni came up to me. “There’s some guys who want to hire us for a private party but Ginger and Marcy say they have other plans and I don’t want to go alone. I know you’re a big slut. How about it?”

I laughed. “How much are they paying?”

“They’re rich single guys. I thought you could negotiate.”

I smiled. Evidently word was getting around. “How many?”

“I’m not sure. But I want to take Tony with us.”

A bodyguard was a good idea. I gave her a number. “I’ve got some business to take care of. If you can, get Tony to drive us. It’ll be safer.”

The van might have been custom in the eighties, but there were rust spots. Inside it smelled. I should have asked for four hundred, I thought.

The guy was drunk, sloppy, and he smelled. He came too soon, too, just as I was starting to get interested. When he finished, he turned over and said, “That was great,” and promptly began snoring. I left quickly.

The private party turned out to be much better. I spent most of my time wearing nothing but my shoes, drinking vodka straight from the bottle and dancing in front of a half-dozen very horny guys. I went down on one while the others watched. Jenni disappeared with another. Everybody got drunk, even Tony.

It was about six in the morning and everybody was passed out except for me. I was thinking of pocketing my money and calling a cab. I had taken a couple of my prescription pills to keep me awake, and had found everything but my bra, when Tony came in from the kitchen, with a big glass of water in his hand. When I looked at him, I discovered him staring at me. There was a big bulge in his trousers.

“Do you want to find an empty bedroom?” I asked.

He smiled. “Do I ever! I haven’t been able to take my eyes off of you the whole night.”

“Let’s go,” I said. We stepped over bodies and found an empty bed in the second room. The first door was locked. Jenni and one of the other guys were in there.

I unbuttoned his shirt and unzipped his trousers, but that was as far as I got. “To hell with foreplay,” he said, kicking off his shoes and tearing off his pants and shorts. He tossed me on the bed and got on top of me. I was so wet I couldn’t stand it. He plunged into me and thrust. Hard. I felt it all the way to my teeth. My eyes rolled up into my head and I gave a wail, shivering and shaking all over as I wrapped my legs around his and pushed up.

I drew blood on his back with my nails as he pounded me. My whole body was on fire and I felt lightning bolts shoot through my muscles while I saw and heard explosions. I screamed I don’t know what and hit my head more than once on the headboard, not that that mattered. Within a few minutes, it was over, but the feeling lingered as I lay on the bed. Tony rolled off of me and tried to stand up. “I got to go,” he said, before falling to his knees.

“Wait,” I said. “Can you give me a ride to my car?” I tried to get up but I couldn’t. My muscles were still twitching.

“After the ride you gave me? Of course I can,” he said. He helped himself up by grabbing onto a table. I still couldn’t get up.

It took us fifteen minutes, then we decided we had to take a shower. So we took one together, and screwed again with the water coming down on us. It was midmorning when we finally got out of there. I saw a half-finished fifth of vodka standing on the table. I picked it up and downed half of it. The fire felt good. “Want some?” I asked Tony.

“If you don’t get sober, you can’t have a hangover,” he replied. He finished the bottle.

## TGIF

It was after ten when I got back to my car. I had to be back to work by four so there was no point in going to bed. I took some more pills, downing it from the pint of schnapps I had hidden under the seat. After that, I was raring to go.

I spent an interesting late morning and afternoon. I got my tongue and navel pierced, and stole some makeup from the drug store and a top and skirt from a

clothing store after I managed to sneak them into the changing room without anybody watching. They didn't have any of those security tags, and I left the changing room with both the skirt and top on underneath my other garments.

I also got a tattoo of a pair of lips on my right ass cheek and a rose on my left ankle.

I returned home about two-thirty, feeling jittery from all the stuff I'd ingested. Even so, I was admiring the clothes I'd taken. I'd removed both the leopard print top and leather skirt almost as soon as I got to the car, but this was the first chance I had to see how the outfit looked on me. The top was shiny, stretchy, low-cut, cropped, and silver. It matched the very short skirt. I admired myself in the mirror, thinking I'd wear that to work tonight.

I removed the top and skirt and stood naked in the bathroom putting a beauty mask on my face and lotion on my body. I got a matching black satin bra and panties from the drawer and put them on. The bra, which was a 38 DD felt a little snug in the cups, though even with it hooked as tightly as it would go, it didn't feel as snug as I wished it to.

I was ready for work by three-thirty. It only took twenty minutes to get there.

\* \* \*

Even though I'd only worked there a couple weeks, I had already gotten a reputation as the go-to girl. I knew who exactly would do what and for how much, where the best parties were, and who sold what. I had already made a few bucks on the side by passing along some stuff from one party to another, making sure to take a percentage in both money and product before it reached the recipient.

I had also made friends with the local law enforcement, except for one guy, but then I *had* managed to get a picture of him with Ginger. Things were going great. Each night I was making a pile, being careful to put the cleaner stuff in the bank and spending the rest on jewelry and clothes, except for what I hid in the safe.

Things were going normally until four guys came in. When they arrived, all the tables near the stage had been taken, so they found a booth away from the action. I noticed them because I had table-danced for them twice and lap-danced for the guy who was supposed to be getting married the next week. One guy looked nervous and uncomfortable sitting there. I noticed the ring right away, but that wasn't it. One of his friends also wore a wedding ring. I decided then that I wanted him.

"Come on, Jarrod," said his unmarried buddy, "At least flip her a dollar."

"What are you, some kind of cheap bastard?"

"I'm not really comfortable here," he replied.

"I'm hurt," I said, pretending to pout. "Don't you think I'm sexy?"

"I think you're sexy," said one of the others.

"So do I."

"I bet Jarrod's gay."

"I'm not gay," said Jarrod. "I'm married. I take my vows seriously."



The guy sounded like a prick. I really wanted him now. “Now, don’t tease him because he likes being married,” I said, thrusting my butt in his face. “Some people like monotony.”

“I think she likes you,” said one of the other guys.

“Let’s pay for her to give him a lap dance,” said the other married guy.

“Hey, it’s supposed to be my bachelor party.”

“Fuck you, Here’s a twenty. Give Jarrod a lap dance.”

“No,” said Jarrod. “Please don’t.”

I gave him a lap dance. The other three were hooting and hollering, but Jarrod just turned deeper shades of red, though I could tell he was aroused. After that, I noticed his eyes on me the whole night.

When I got off work, I made sure to wear the black satin bra that didn’t cover my nipples underneath the silver top. It had the added advantage of exposing the bra strap. I wasn’t wearing any panties underneath the skirt, and had on the silver stacked sandals with the six-inch heel.

I met them at their table. I slid in next to Jarrod. “Hello, fellas. How’s the bachelor party boy?”

“The bachelor party boy needs to pee.” He got up and went to the restroom. The other single guy asked if I wanted a drink. I said yes and he went to get one. The other married guy decided that we all needed drinks. He went too.

That just left Jarrod and me. He tried to scrunch up against the wall. I scooted so that we were touching. “Are you afraid of me?” I asked, lighting a cigarette.

“No. No, I’m not,” he said.

“I think you are.” I blew smoke toward him. “So, what do you do for a living?”

It turned out he was a stockbroker. I smiled. Once I had him, I could do so much.

There was a game I liked to play with married men. It wasn’t so much about seducing them, or letting them think they seduced me, but more about how I accomplished the seduction. I made it a point to get them to forget their wives’ names. The more I could make them forget, the better the seduction became. There had been one guy the previous year who’d spent the weekend with me before realizing Sunday afternoon that he was married and hadn’t been home since Friday morning. He ended up spending a lot of money on me but I dropped him once the divorce became final.

This guy, with luck I could string him along for a long time. As I sat next to him, I looked at him through lowered lashes and got out my sexiest voice. I managed to make my breasts rise and fall with each breath so that it became hypnotic.

“You are so married,” I told him. “You look married. Even without that ring, you look married. When you came in, you looked like you were dragged here, but I notice your friends have all left you.”

“Uh, they’ll be back,” he said. He was still staring at my breasts. My nipples were poking through the material admirably. He was starting to shift uncomfortably.

“I think they’re taking your friend to the car. I don’t think they’ll be back.”

He looked more nervous.

“What’s your wife’s name?” That should throw him, I thought.

“Uh, it’s Susan,” he said softly.

“That’s a pretty name,” I replied. “A pretty safe wifey name. So what’s she like? What’s she do? What’s she look like?”

“I think you should leave,” he said. He looked away.

“Is she waiting for you at home?”

He tugged at his tie. “No. She’s been out of town. Her plane won’t arrive until early tomorrow.” He paused. “I really must be going.”

I leaned toward him so that my nose nearly touched his. “I’m not moving until you tell me about...Susan,” I said, sneering the name. “You look uncomfortable.” I loosened his tie and undid his top button. I began rubbing my toes up and down his leg. He stood there like a board.

“Tell me about your wife.”

“What do you want me to say?”

“What color is her hair? What color are her eyes?”

“Umm, it’s almost black,” he said. “And she has dark eyes.”

“Does Susan have breasts like mine?” I ran a finger seductively along one breast, dragging on the neckline just enough to let the aureole show through.

“Uh no, they’re nothing like yours. Hers are a B-cup, I think. She’s a tiny woman. About five-two.”

“Is she Asian?”

“No, no, not at all. She’s part French and part Swiss.”

“French? Do you make her wear a French Maid costume when you want to have sex?”

He blushed. “No. She doesn’t like to get...kinky.”

“That’s too bad. I do.” Our knees were touching. I brushed my hand against his. He didn’t say anything. “You look very, very thirsty,” I said. “Why don’t you order us drinks? There’s the waitress.”

By this time, he couldn’t think for himself. He did what he was told. My foot was sliding and down up his calf. “You’re a very naughty boy,” I said, “Going to a club and leaving your tiny, petite, ordinary Susan. Why did you do it?”

“I...my friends...it...they wanted to have a party for Dean.”

I stared at him through lowered lashes. He was trembling. I pursed my lips.

The drinks arrived. My right arm lay on the top of the booth. My fingernail touched the top of his ear. I could tell he was starting to lose control. He began to say something, then lost focus, and stared at me. I scooted closer.

“Drink your drink,” I said, “Drink it all.” He did. Scotch on the rocks, it looked like. Good. I lifted my schnapps and downed it, then licked the inside of the glass, watching his reaction. He was fascinated.

I began to fiddle with his hair. He was breathing heavily. I put my face up to his. “Kiss me,” I said huskily.

He kissed me hard, passionately. I was surprised. When we finished, I said, “Let’s go to my place.”

\* \* \*

He drove my car. I made it harder. He was having trouble with control when we finally pulled into the drive. I lead him by the hand into the house and to the bedroom. By then he was incoherent.

“We’re here,” I said. I put my arms around him and gave him a big kiss, full of tongue, pressing my pelvis and breasts against him. He kissed back, running his hands around my back, rubbing my derriere pulling down my skirt. I began undoing the buttons on his shirt. Within a few minutes, we were naked. I took his hand and gently slid his ring from his finger. He didn’t seem to mind. “So what are you going to tell Susan?” I said.

“Who?” He looked confused.

I laughed. We fell onto the bed. The satin sheets felt cool and slick and slinky on my back while he felt hot and hard and dynamic on top of me. I parted my legs immediately, revealing my soft, moist, inner thighs to his pulsating shaft. I closed my eyes as he made his first thrust and I felt explosions of pleasure between my legs that carried throughout my body as he rammed me like a pile driver. I gasped; it came out a squeal. I moaned and groaned with grinding, pounding, rhythmic pleasure. Lightning flashed and thunder rattled in my head. I couldn’t control my muscles or my voice. I blacked out when the jolts of pure electricity grew too intense, with spasm after spasm. I felt him come and I came again. He finished, and fell against me, gasping.

He rolled over and said, between breaths, “I’m seeing stars.”

I laughed and kissed him. I wanted more, but I saw he might not be able to keep up. I got out of bed and went to get some of my toys.

## **Saturday’s Not Alright**

When I woke, I knew something was wrong. It wasn’t just that Jarrod had left sometime during the night. This was different. I looked at the clock through what looked like jail bars, noticing that it said 10:35. Still early.

Jarrood had left a little before three. I had been in the bathroom with a bottle of schnapps and a couple of lines when he had snuck out with his quickly-gathered clothes, and fled down the street. At the time, I promised myself I would get even with him. I would find some way to make his life a living hell. Perhaps making friends with his wife would be a good start. While I was planning my revenge, I took a couple more hits and passed out.

Now, however, there was something significantly wrong. The room stank, and it wasn't just from sex.

I soon realized why. When I sat up, one of my breasts came off. The other was pulling loose from my skin, the adhesive pulling apart like taffy. That was one of the smells, the sickly sweet, sweaty, stench of trapped skin that had not been washed in a week. Worse than someone in a cast.

My hair felt disgusting as well. The blonde wig, which I had put on a week ago, had come partially undone and was slipping off my head. I pulled that off, then picked at the false eyelash that had become unglued. Makeup I put on a week ago felt and smelled like week-old makeup. Three of the nails had come off on my left hand, while two had come off on my right, and there were three others that looked like I could pull them off quite easily.

Then there were the pussy panties. Having my privates bound in latex for a week did nothing to improve hygiene. Especially since some interesting things had happened down there.

I sat up and removed what I could – breasts, wig, eyelashes, nails – and threw them in the wastebasket. They disgusted me. As I swung out of the bed and stood up, I wondered how I could have had such fabulous sex with Jarrood last night, considering that the parts I woke up with this morning would not have been compatible with his.

Those thoughts had been interrupted the moment I got out of bed. When my feet touched the ground, I screamed in pain and pitched forward onto my hands and knees. Evidently wearing heels for a week had made it so that I couldn't walk without them. I did what any girl would do; I crawled to where my heeled slippers were and put them on.

To say that I hurried to the shower quickly would be an understatement. With each second that passed, the stench coming from my body repulsed me more. I turned on the water as hot as I could and stood on my tiptoes, trying to shimmy out of that disgusting latex garment. It seemed to come apart in my hands. The latex ripped along one side, while the cheek padding came out. When the thing was on the bottom of the tub, I let the water wash all over my body. I washed my hair twice, left the conditioner in for five minutes, used the heavy-duty makeup remover, and tried to pry the final two nails from my fingertips. Most of the glue from the other nails just chipped off by itself.

I was in there the better portion of an hour. I noticed the hair on my chest resembled down more than the hair I had grown used to. The same with the arms, and the face. There was stubble on my legs, so I used the depilatory to remove that.

When I finished showering, I regarded myself in the mirror.

My memories had returned, memories of two completely opposite people. Each set of memories was complete, although mine ran longer and more complete because I was at least fifteen years older than Bambi and I hadn't spent a large portion of my waking hours on drugs. I tried to sort out my feelings and found that I couldn't. I neither felt like Bambi nor myself.

My reflection bore that out. I resembled both and neither, as though I was a kind of hermaphroditic offspring of the two. Depending how I chose to dress, I could pass either as a man or woman, though nobody would recognize me as either of us. I was taller than Bambi but shorter than me. My face resembled neither. My hair was a number of shades lighter than it had been before the week started. I would almost call it a dark blond. My nipples had a feminine appearance to them. And my penis was smaller. I had definitely lost something there. Fully erect, I doubted it would reach five inches.

I could not even hope to pass myself off as the Bambi I had been last night, even if I retrieved those breasts from the wastebasket. My waist was a twenty-six, maybe a twenty-eight. I looked more butch than femmy.

The odd thing was, I still had pierced ears, tongue, and navel. I still had tattoos on my calf and ass, though I didn't understand exactly how. I also needed a cigarette.

As I sat with cigarette in hand, I pondered my situation. I suspected that if I waited, my body would eventually return to its former form. I decided I didn't want that. I had no desire to return to my former life. However, on the other hand, I disliked Bambi immensely. She was a slut and a whore and a thief and a druggie and a user and an adulterer. She didn't care who she hurt.

If my body remained as it was, I knew I could be happy spending the rest of my life in drag. A few hormones, some surgeries. I had about seven thousand dollars in the floor safe, and another five in the bank. I could enjoy life as a full-fledged transsexual, or even a she-male, drag queen, or female impersonator, like that one guy in Vegas who made a career out of doing Joan Rivers. I didn't know if I could impersonate anybody, but I did have one idea. I recalled being terribly bored while driving and singing popular songs in inappropriate musical styles. The jazzy torch version of "Highway to Hell" was my personal favorite, though I could mess up just about anything from the seventies.

It might be fun. I'd get to wear fabulous gowns at work, as well as entertain people. It seemed that my current personality had combined some of the lack of inhibitions from Bambi with my own sense of style that I felt I couldn't show to the public when I was "that dude".

I put on some panties, a corset, and a bra in order that I might retain my shape as much as possible. I didn't think I could use the corset to give myself a twenty-two inch waist, but at least I could prevent it from going back to thirty-one. I touched up the polish on my toes, put on some black stockings and high-heeled pumps. I had trouble getting my feet inside the shoes, but once again I fig-

ured that the more I could prevent my body from growing back to its previous size, the better off I would be.

I grabbed a box of hair color that would turn my hair champagne blonde and spent the better part of the hour coloring my hair. I did my makeup. I found the one blouse that didn't show too much cleavage and paired it with a short skirt. I retrieved the breasts from the wastebasket and tried soaking them in the sink.

The boobs were still in the sink when I looked at myself in the mirror. Even without the breasts, I looked like I could pass for female. The tightness of the bra seemed to force some extra loose skin into the cups to give me the appearance of a bit of a chest. I figured that I could round out my boobs by stuffing the bra with some other material and pushing the skin up. I decided to wait and grabbed another cigarette.

The driver's license still said Bambi when I looked at it. Oh well, I thought. All the bank statements said Bambi. If I had to be called Bambi, so be it. I noticed the license also said I was twenty-two. I thought I looked more like twenty-nine or thirty.

When I looked at my fingernails, I decided I would need to have them done. There was a beauty shop in the mall, and I had a coupon for a free set of acrylics. I searched for the coupon in the drawer, and when I found it, went to the phone.

"Hello," I said in a voice that sounded slightly lower-pitched than Bambi's, yet not at all masculine. It was my new natural voice. "I need to have my nails done. I know it's late, but do you have any openings today?"

"As a matter of fact, we just had a cancellation for four. Would that be all right?"

"Why, yes. Four would be excellent."

"And what is your name?"

"Bambi Barrett," I said.

"Really?"

I laughed. I was relieved to discover it hadn't come out a giggle. "My parents picked it out for me." I started to say something else, then stopped. "Oh yes. I won that big contest thingy this week and I have a coupon."

"Congratulations. Just remember to bring the coupon when you come in."

"Thank you," I said.

It was still only twelve-fifteen and I didn't have to leave until three-thirty. I didn't feel like searching through the football games on television for something good to watch. It was then I had an idea. This last week had been pretty weird after all, and I didn't understand it one bit. How could I turn into someone as morally reprehensible as Bambi, and then turn around and become someone else again, a person who had the same name as Bambi but who wasn't the same Bambi as the night before? I was now the transsexual Bambi.

There was a digital voice recorder lying in one of the kitchen drawers. Maybe by talking I could figure things out. I had some time to kill and I thought that by telling my story, I could sort out my feelings and desires, sort out which person I really was.

So I grabbed the recorder, grabbed another cigarette and poured a glass of scotch for when my throat got rough. I turned on the recorder, took a drag from the cigarette, and began.

“I have always enjoyed wearing women’s clothes...”

## Epilogue

So I’m just sitting there, watching Hollywood Access when Jill gives me this tape recorder thingy and tells me she wants me to record what my life has been like since she moved in and I ask why and she says, “Pretend you’re famous and you’re giving an interview on Hollywood Access.”

So I tell her, “Like, I’m not that bored.”

“Please. It’s important research. Have I ever lied to you?.”

Well, she’s been a darling since she moved in, so I decide it wouldn’t hurt to say what the last three weeks have been like. Let me see, I was sitting at home one day when I answer the door and there’s this redhead chick wearing some kind of business suit standing there and I’m thinking that she looks kind of familiar but I don’t know where I know her. Before I can say anything, she says, “Hello. You must be Bambi. My name’s Jill. I own this place.”

So I’m thinking, okay, am I late with the rent or something? and I ask her what she wants. I’m not really too pleasant, either, kind of snotty, thinking that here she is, waltzing in like she owns the place and what’s she going to do next kick me out even though I have a lease and I pay rent and I wonder whether I did pay the rent that month and suddenly I get worried.

But she smiles like she wants to be friends, and says, “I heard that you were kind of looking for a roommate and as I was planning on moving back into town, I figured we could live together.”

Well, actually, I wasn’t kind of looking for a roommate and especially one who owns the house and might not like some of my business dealings and who probably wanted to take the master bedroom from me, so I just stand there and go, “Uh...”

“Actually,” she says, “I really need a place to stay. I can write up a new lease and cut your rent by half. You can even keep the master bedroom. All I want is a room for myself and if you can spare it, maybe the guest bedroom to use as an office.” I notice she’s starting to talk faster, and her mannerisms are getting jerky, like a washing machine on spin when the load’s unbalanced. “I just need to go somewhere; I can’t stay in a motel another night and I’m at my wit’s end.” She looks like she’s going to cry, when she blurts out, “My husband’s gone,” and then she does start crying and I find that I’m hugging her and telling her that it’s all

right, that men are scum, though I don't know if by "gone," she means he left or if he died and I'm wondering if maybe she's Jarrod's wife and she's setting me up for something. I've been yanking him around now for about a week and I have him where he's getting that worried and guilty look like his wife suspects something and she was about ready to have him tailed. All she has to do is take a look at the next credit card bill.

"Come in," I say, "And tell me all about it while I fix you a nice big drink."

So I make her a big vodka and orange juice (light on the OJ) while she tells me her story. A couple weeks previous, her husband just up and left her and two days later she lost her job, so with no word from him, she put the house up for sale, got rid of the clothes and furniture, put what she wanted in her car, and came out here. And for the first time ever, I put myself in the wife's place and I think about what a bitch I've been and I just about have a religious conversion right there. Not that I want to become a nun or anything, but I've been cruel and I wonder why I would get pleasure from hurting people, especially couples and I think that it's just getting back at men because of my past.

So we have a long talk and I help her move in and I call in sick to work that night and we get drunk and go out on the town together like we've been friends since grade school. During the next week, I decide that being a stripper is not how I want to spend my life, especially at that place, so I quit, and I flush those drugs down the toilet and I give Jarrod back his life and I basically clean up my act. Jill finds me a job modeling for a small local company that makes greeting cards and posters. They only pay about \$250 per job and I have to give Jill 10% as my agent, but she's been also working as my accountant, and figures out I have about \$8000 in ready cash, another fifteen grand in jewelry, and about two in the bank, once my credit card bills are paid up. She's looking for ways to invest some of that money. She's so good with numbers.

I've also signed up for acting classes because Jill thinks I'd do well in commercials. Fortunately I'm good with fashion, so I get to fix her up with clothes. It turns out we're almost exactly the same size (except my boobs are bigger), so she gets to try on my skirts and some of my stretchy tops. The result is she's looking sexier now without looking too slutty and there's some guys who've shown an interest in her.

I've toned down my wardrobe too. And even though I quit stripping, I can't bear to part with my costumes, though now I only use them for private gatherings. I've also taught Jill how to strip, and even though she doesn't want to do it professionally, she thinks it's a good skill to have.

We decided that neither of us is quite ready to settle down yet, even if we do both find Mr. Right. But we've found a way to keep us occupied in the meantime. We discovered a lot of single, unattached people in this community, so we came up with a great idea for a Halloween party. We decided to randomly assemble couples. We came up with a bunch of costume ideas, put them into boy/girl pairs, wrote them down, then put them into two hats, one for boys and one for girls. Then we had everyone draw for costumes. Everybody is supposed to discover who



their partner is at the party. And all of the ideas are pretty sexy, too. There's a cheerleader and football star, French Maid and guy in smoking jacket, belly dancer and sheik, saloon girl and cowboy, Southern Belle and Confederate soldier, gun moll and gangster, a pair of fashion dolls, biker chick and biker dude, showgirl and sleazy manager, and plenty more. The only rules are the costumes have to be sexy and as historically accurate as possible. I mean, it's pretty easy to have a sexy French Maid or saloon girl, but we were trying to figure out how to make a Southern Belle sexy when Jill said that whoever got that one would have to wear a very tight corset and act real demure and stuff like they did in those days. Play hard to get. That's sort of the same with the one Jill got: World War II girl. We were both glad we didn't get Fifties chick. Neither of us likes those big swirly dresses, though it's bad enough for Jill trying to find something sexy. She was first hoping to wear a tight sweater and one of those bullet bras, but it looks like most of the women wore ugly suits and hats. Then she hit on the idea of wearing some kind of tea-length gown that women wore to USO dances. She said she likes a man in a uniform.

I picked Thirties starlet. I'm going to have fun with this one, even though I don't know if I'll cut my hair. I'm going to wear a long gown and a fur stole and put my hair into tight curls. I have some rhinestone jewelry and a long cigarette holder, too. White gloves that go past my elbows. I'll be watching for a Hollywood director keen on getting me on the casting couch.

We're going to have a great time.

The End

# A REAL OTHER WORLD

## I

I found myself dumped into a dark place, naked. The concrete felt cold on my skin as I tried to keep from puking. I couldn't remember how I got there, or even the last thing I'd been doing. Obviously, I had been drugged and shanghaied. But from where? I couldn't tell. The drugs made me dizzy and lightheaded.

Just then a voice spoke. It sounded like the voice of God, coming from everywhere and judging me. It began by listing a litany of my crimes against women. "You have set the women's movement back twenty years, not only with your part ownership in the strip club chain, pornographic magazines, and online pornography. Your multiple instances of sexual harassment which had either been covered up or the victim's testimony discredited. Katherine White, Susan McIntyre, Angela Rutowski..." the voice continued for a half-dozen more names before continuing with more crimes against women.

"...and the rape against Christina Martinez, which could never be proven because of her apparent suicide. Because of these crimes against women, we are sentencing you to a punishment that befits your crimes. Therefore, Robert J. Burke, you will be transported to a place and transformed into something which will fit your crimes. Court is dismissed."

The voice cut out and a great vibration began to shake the room. It was as if I was in the middle of a giant earthquake that wouldn't stop. The room vibrated, but nothing fell, none of the masonry had been shaken loose. Just me. Shaken not stirred. I was on hands and knees, trying to keep from being tossed around. The vibration kept growing louder. It felt like I was stuck inside an old amplifier with a bad tube. I couldn't stay conscious much longer, but I had to tell them, I had to tell them that my name wasn't Robert J. Burke.

\* \* \*

When I woke, I found myself in a carpeted room. I knew it was carpeted, because I tasted fibers. I spit them from my mouth and slowly rose to my feet. I looked around. I seemed to be in some kind of bedroom, though the light was dim. There was a bed, dresser, nightstand, vanity, one window, and three doors. Two doors were open. One looked like it belonged to a closet, while the other seemed to go to the bathroom, if the tile on the floor was any indication. The closed door must lead to the way out. I stumbled to the door and tried the knob. Nothing. In fact, it was worse than nothing. Not only was the door not made of wood, it wasn't even a door. It looked and felt like the walls had been injection molded like a plastic model, and the door and frame was nothing more than painted features. I'm living in a doll house, I thought. I've been shrunk to the size of... What size had I been shrunk to?

I walked over to the window. The material did not look as dense as the rest of the wall, which would explain how light passed through it. I tried to punch it. The material didn't give. No escape there, I thought. I noticed the frame had the same characteristics as the door, as though the whole wall and window had been molded from one piece. I turned on the lamp, but nothing happened. There was no power.

There was a bed, however, and I felt extremely tired. The humming had returned, which gave me a headache. I slipped between what turned out to be satin sheets and fell asleep for the second time.

\* \* \*

When I woke, I felt refreshed. I got up and inspected the room again. The light coming from outside was still the same indistinct gray, but the lamps did work after a fashion. They flickered and cast about ten watts worth. But it was still better than nothing.

This was obviously a woman's room. The satin comforter and sheet set were all colored lilac, as was the carpeting. The wallpaper was white with a floral design: lilacs and pink roses and purple tulips with green stems. The furniture had an off-white finish and there were far too many mirrors. A full-length floor mirror, vanity mirror, dresser mirror, and mirror on the inside of the closet door. I was surprised there wasn't one on the ceiling.

I inspected the bathroom and found it done in pinks and whites. The walls were white, the floor white tile with a row of pink tiles along the edges, and a pink line of tile running on the wall about three feet off the floor. The sink, toilet, and giant tub were all pink, though the counter was white. All the other things: towels, shower curtain, wastebasket, toothbrush holder, scrubber, were pink. It was far too girly for me.

The third door was still nonfunctioning, but now it looked and felt like a real door. The window was the same. I shrugged and went toward the closet. I flicked on the switch and peeked inside. The light did little to illuminate the room, which was a large walk-in closet full of clothes, mountains of garments, on hangers and on racks. Long dresses, short dresses, skirts, tops, racks for shoes, shelves for hats and purses, drawers for jewelry, gloves, and accessories. I felt a sudden chill, as though there were a draft and automatically reached for a long satin robe in silver, unconsciously slipping it on to ward off the sudden drop in temperature. I turned to leave the closet, then stopped. There was something weird about the clothes. It was just an impression, but it bothered me. I turned around and inspected the shoes.

Every single piece of footwear had high heels. There were sandals, pumps, boots, mules, satin bedroom slides with marabou trim, all with at least a two and a half inch heel, most with four or five. There were no sneakers, no beach thongs, no penny loafers, no slippers. This was weird, I thought. Every woman I'd ever met had at least a couple pair of comfort shoes.

I did a further inspection. Someone had obviously brought in a closet organizer here, because, large though the closet was, there was little empty space. The long gowns were separated from the short dresses so that the shoe racks could be placed below the short ones. The blouses and tops were on a rack above the skirts so as to make use of all the space. Everything was organized, but there was something, something...

Pants. There were no pants. No woman I had ever met could do without at least a couple pair of pants: jeans, sweats, work slacks, shorts. But here there were none. I wondered if the woman who lived here was a call girl or something. Or belonged to some strange religion. This had the look of mystery to it, and since I had nothing better to do, I investigated some more. Maybe her dresser would yield more clues.

I opened each drawer and did a quick run-through. Bras, panties, nightgowns, all carefully folded and composed of lace and satin. A drawer full of sweaters. Another consisting of swim and loungewear. Slips and half slips. Corsets, waist nippers, and...girdles? What the hell? I picked up one. It was black, though there were others in pink, gold, and lilac. It looked and felt like a girdle, if I remembered correctly. It felt heavy, with power panels and ribbing designed to hold in various bits of flesh that might want to pop out. There was a zipper on the side, and snaps at the crotch. "My God, this is heavy-duty," I said.

I wondered if I had gone back in time, perhaps to the Fifties or even the late Forties, when women wore those kinds of things. But that conclusion didn't seem right, either. Everything looked too colorful. I recalled the time I helped clean out my grandparents' house. I had to load and cart out box after box of old clothing. The vast majority of the underwear had been white. Girdles, bras, slips, whatever. And those old Maidenform ads I'd seen in the old magazines showed models wearing white. I tried to remember when it had been, the late Sixties or early Seventies – hell, maybe the late seventies – when women began wearing colored underwear on a regular basis.

No, I hadn't gone back in time. And I hadn't been shrunk, unless everything here had shrunk with me. And the materials were not Fifties materials, either. Sure there was silk, nylon, and rayon, but there was also polyester, Spandex, acrylic (in the sweaters), and microfiber (whatever the hell that was).

"This is getting weirder and weirder," I mumbled as I returned to the closet in search of further clues. "This woman owns no flats, no pants, no T-shirts except for a couple silk ones, nothing in cotton. What is going on? Is she some kind of freak?" I began rooting through the skirts and blouses, looking at the shape and cut of each piece. One thing became instantly clear. Every single one of the skirts had a zipper, and the vast majority of zippers were in the back, with a few on the side. No button fronts, no elastic waists, not even a wraparound. And they all looked tight and formfitting. "No walking slit either," I said to myself, recalling one conversation I once had with a woman who used to wear short skirts.

"You mean to say," I had asked her, "that if there was no slit, you wouldn't be able to walk?"

"Well," she admitted, "The slit here is kind of for show. But a lot of skirts have back walking slits. It's really kind of hard to stride if your skirt only gives you so much room."

"Is that why women in all those old movies take such tiny steps?" I asked her.

"How the hell should I know? I wasn't there. But I suspect it's three things: the tightness of the skirts, the high heels, and the way women were brought up."

At the time I hadn't thought that information would ever prove useful to me. But now, in this woman's bedroom, things began to make sense. The woman who lived here was probably into that ultra-feminine thing. That would explain a lot. Probably expected the guy to open the door for her and everything, just like in the old days. I felt a slight disgust. I thought women were beyond that.

It was then I noticed that the humming began to get louder again. The air was charged with ions and the walls seemed to vibrate. I grabbed hold of the post of the bed as the noise and vibration grew in intensity. I felt dizzy and about to puke. I saw a vibration in the air, like seeing waves of heat in the desert. Only this one was coming right for me. I tried to duck but didn't move fast enough as the wave hit me.

I felt a slight vibration, as if I had stepped in front of a large bass speaker. Everything shimmered in front of me and the wave nearly knocked me over. I staggered, then sat on the edge of the bed, trying to catch my breath. I felt dizzy and nauseous.

It took a few minutes for the nausea to pass. I stood up, lifting myself by the bed post. I then noticed I was wearing a satin robe. It felt nice, the way it caressed my skin. I wondered how it must feel on a woman, who had curves for the material to drape over and climb around, who had a softness to her skin that would make the material feel even more enjoyable. The matching gown must feel even better, I figured, with satiny cups that lovingly held the breasts and tickled the nipples.

And then there were the other clothes: the blouses and skirts and dresses and shoes. The panties, the bras, the stockings. I became acutely aware of how women moved when they wore those things and suddenly I desired to know how it would feel. Standing, walking, sitting, bending over. How uncomfortable were those tight, short skirts and high heels? And long nails, too. What was with that? Long nails kept women from doing many laborious tasks. And why all the makeup some women wore? What did *that* feel like?

I had never worn women's clothing in my life, but I was bored. It didn't look like I would be released any time soon, and even if I was, there was nothing to wear but women's clothes. It all seemed so logical.

I decided to start with a bath, preferably a bubble bath. Lots of skin softeners. I'd shave my legs and pits and try to get as smooth as I could. That seemed important. After that, I'd look for something to wear.

I took the bath, using the pink razor to shave off any excess hair (without a cut, even. I felt proud of myself). I used the pink loofah to scrub off the dead skin and applied a moisturizer once I got out of the shower. I washed and conditioned my hair, and scrubbed my face. When I left the tub, I gave myself a manicure and pedicure, then polished my toenails a bright pink. I found that I was not only getting used to the color pink, but I was starting to like it too.

I found a lilac-colored bra and panty set and grabbed a corset that matched. I noticed that both the bra and panty looked and felt odd. Each had these little strips made from some clingy material. It wasn't Velcro, and not quite adhesive. When I put my hand on one of the strips, it clung to the material.

I put on the thong. My penis kept the strips from clinging properly to what would be the edge of the pubic triangle, but the effect was interesting all the same. The middle part had little ridges that created a tingling sensation in the pubic area, like a very faint vibrating device. I felt myself go firm the moment I got it on. I had to try on the bra.

If the panties were a marvel, the bra was equally so. It was a push-up bra made for a size D girl and I was nothing near that. The little strips of adhesive were meant to surround the aureole with a very slick, very sensuous fabric. What's more, the sheer fabric was cut so that the nipple had its own cup. A cup within a cup. It was obvious that the nipples were designed to poke through the blouse or dress.

I put on the bra and hooked it closed in the back as though I had been wearing one all my life. I pushed in the cup so the strips pressed up against my skin and held the cup there. The feeling was quite interesting. My nipples suddenly got hard. These are some interesting clothes, I thought. I'm going to have to try on the rest of the ensemble.

It took what seemed like forever to get that darn corset on. It had those Scarlett O'Hara ties in the back (which had already been tied) but as there didn't seem to be a surplus of personal maids present, there was also a hook and eye closure and zipper in the front. I ended up putting it on by lying on my back, sucking in my gut, zipping it up, and latching it tight. When I finished, I could not twist or

bend, which made the tasks of putting on stockings and shoes that much more difficult.

And they were stockings. There was not one pair of pantyhose in the drawer. Everything was sheer, most were nude (except for a some blacks, grays, off-whites, a pink, and a lilac); more than a few had seams. I slid on a pair of nude stockings and snapped them to the garters, then struggled with shoe choices before deciding on a pair of high-heeled sandals in lilac that I didn't have to buckle.

I chose those shoes because I had already picked out the blouse and skirt combination. Both were lilac-colored (which was a color I discovered I liked), the blouse satiny with 3/4 sleeves, low-cut in front. It buttoned in the back. There were almost no tops that buttoned in the front. Most buttoned on back or side, while a few had side zips. I managed to get it buttoned and regarded how low-cut of the front was; it nearly reached the bra. The skirt seemed to be made of a silk crepe with an acetate lining. With the skirt unzipped, I stepped into the shoes and while leaning against the bed, slid the ankle strap for each shoe in place while keeping my balance by holding onto the bedpost with my free hand.

I stood up straight, feeling myself sway like a willow in the breeze as I tried to remain steady. I tucked in the blouse, then zipped up the skirt. The zipper slid smoothly with only a tiny noise as it closed the skirt around my hips and buttocks. Evidently, the corset worked at nipping my waist. It must have been a good ten inches because the label said the waist was twenty-two inches. I hadn't known corsets had that power.

I took my first tentative step toward the bathroom, remembering to take tiny steps and finding my new center of gravity. I found it easier to keep my balance if I swung out my hip to counterbalance the forward movement of my leg. I slowly walked to the bathroom, then back to the door, then back to the bathroom. I discovered that walking on four-inch heels was as easy as breathing. Evidently I had balance and grace I never knew I possessed. I had to take small steps because the skirt only allowed them, and as I took the thirty or so steps to the bathroom (it normally would have been about twenty), I noticed other things.

It felt good! The sheer stockings caressed my legs with each movement and each tug of the garters. The thong stimulated the pleasure centers around the crotch, and allowed for my cheeks to rub against the material of the skirt. The thong itself didn't seem inclined to lodge in my butt crack either, which was a plus.

The corset prevented the blouse from touching many areas of skin, but those areas it touched felt nice. The bra itself was a wonder. My nipples received constant stimulation from any movement, and even though I had no breasts to speak of, my nipples still poked through the top. "Robert J. Burke, eat your heart out," I vamped, making big movements with my arms and hips. Halfway through that proclamation, my voice cracked, and I had to cough to clear my throat. Not a big cough, but a tiny ahem.

"My voice sounds different," I said, noticing that my voice sounded different. Although the corset had reduced my air supply, making my voice sound breathy,

there was another quality involved. I started talking just to hear what it was. "What does my voice sound like?" I said. "I don't know, I'll have to keep talking. Should I continue with this experiment? Probably, since I've gone this far. It doesn't look like anybody's going to let me out soon. What do I need to do next? Makeup and jewelry sounds delightful, doesn't it? Maybe some perfume." I continued chattering as I went to the vanity to do myself up.

I discovered more skills I never knew I had. I applied my face flawlessly, with the foundation, eyeliner, shadow, mascara, cheek color, lip liner, and glossy lipstick in a kind of fuchsia/mauve look that, I realized, matched my toenails. Even the eyeshadow looked impressive. Without ever having done it before, I had managed to apply a lighter tone to the inside of the eyelids, a smokier one to the middle and outside, and a third color to the upper lids, giving me a somewhat mysterious look. I never even considered that, logically, I should have botched the job completely and ended up looking worse than that one sitcom character who wore bright blue eyeshadow, whose name I had forgotten. I curled my lashes and plucked my eyebrows to a thin arch—all in the name of science, I was telling myself. My heart was beating hard.

I used the big curling iron to give my long, blonde tresses a nice big wavy look, then set it with super duper ultra-mega hold hair spray. I pierced both my ears twice and put diamond studs in the top hole and gold dangly drop earrings in the bottom. I put on a heavy gold necklace and matching bracelet, some bangles, and one ring which fit my pinkie. I found an artificial nail kit in one of the vanity drawers and applied the long fake nails over my own, doing it perfectly. I was amazed that I was using a kit that said "For Small Hands" and that I found nails to fit each bed. When I finished applying them, putting on the decals, and painting them to match my lipstick and toenails, they looked fabby!

They gave me the effect I wanted. Standing in front of the mirror waiting for the polish to completely set, it took all my effort not to touch my hair or straighten my skirt. I had plenty of time to notice (even with the quick nail set, which I never really trusted) that the skirt showed off plenty of leg, but the garters and bare skin could not be seen unless I sat down. Hmm. Also, the back of the skirt did plenty to highlight my butt. The material cradled and framed the cheeks, lifting them just a smidgen and separating them by use of the slightly recessed hidden zipper which acted a bit like a thong. With a young butt like mine, the thong gave my behind freedom to jiggle and wiggle, but there were foundation garments in the drawer that lifted older butts to get the same effect.

I did a double take. What did I mean by "young butt"? Where did that thought come from? I wasn't that young. I took good care of myself, but was still in my mid-thirties. That's the age when people start worrying about hair loss, graying, extra weight, injuries that don't go away as quickly. The beginning of the Viagra years.

However, I noticed I didn't look like I was in my thirties. I looked like I was in my early twenties. Maybe younger. Long blonde hair, tiny waist, good legs, firm butt, oval shaped face with big blue eyes, full lips, high cheekbones...



Who the hell was staring back at me in the mirror?

I needed a drink. And some music. The constant buzzing was beginning to drive me crazy. I walked out the room as quickly as the skirt and heels would allow. I opened the door and went into my living room and on to the kitchen, where I kept the booze.

It was all done naturally without any thought or consideration. Although I had never been here before, it looked and felt familiar. I was living in an apartment complex designed for young, single, women. Lots of pastels in the décor, pink, lilac, mint green, pale yellow, sky blue, peach. Pink had originally been the dominant color for my flat (the other two options were peach and lilac), with the secondary color being sky blue, and the vibrant color being kind of purply. However, someone had decided that too much pink was a bad thing, so all that remained of the pink motif had been contained to the bathroom, kitchen, and entryway. The living room and dining room had been made more neutral, utilizing a lot of off-whites, grays, and muted darker colors. My carpeting had a purplish tinge to it, but the trim was all wood-stained (instead of the original purple), and the window treatments (that covered the blinds) were a sheer silver. The furniture was done in walnut and plum-colored leather, from the couch, loveseat, and chairs in the living room to the seat covers of the chairs in the dining room. There was a computer hidden away in an armoire in the corner which doubled as a showcase for porcelain figurines.

I grabbed the orange juice from the pink refrigerator, the vodka and ice from the freezer, and a glass from a white cupboard (because walnut didn't look good with pink). I poured myself a drink and turned on the stereo.

After a few runs up and down the dial and half my drink gone, I couldn't find any rock stations. There were country stations, jazz stations, classical stations, swing stations, a couple of stations billing themselves as "light FM" or "light hits" but nothing featuring guys playing distorted electric guitars. I left it on one of the jazz stations.

I wanted to know why there was no rock and roll, so I went to the computer, intuitively aware that I had online access. However, when I opened the doors to the armoire and looked at the machine, I was shocked. The computer had no keyboard. There was a monitor, a CPU, a mouse, a little box with an on/off switch (saying ON and OFF instead of the usual I/O), and some hot buttons. I recognized the e-mail, shopping, instant Internet, and search buttons, but others were unclear. I saw a camera pointing toward me, and a microphone set to the side. But no keyboard.

"Well, if this isn't just the single most worst thing," I said, stamping my foot in frustration. I turned the computer on, gingerly, to avoid breaking a nail.

I needed information about where I was. Everything was getting all too weird. I noticed an icon for a web browser. "That would be a good place to start," I said, clicking on the icon. The apartment must have had a DSL link or something, because there was no dialup. "This is very interesting," I said.

The home page was done in all pinks and purples with hearts and flowers in various places. A bold face sign said "Hello Tina!" in big welcoming letters. Great, I thought.

I looked it over. There were links for shopping, entertainment, celebrities, beauty, fashion, gossip, travel, and relationships. There was also horoscope, local weather, and fashion and beauty tips of the day. Today's fashion tip was about lipstick. The health tip was about devices to help keep your appearance youthful. I learned that Tina was a Pisces and the weather for the city was going to be in the upper sixties. A nice spring day.

I didn't see any links to politics, sports, headlines, tech news, business, or stocks. I used a search engine and got another pink page with more info on fashion, dating, and beauty. Still no news links, so I tried keywords. I used "Kennedy" in hopes that there would be some Kennedy in politics running around. Every link that turned up had to do with fashion, gossip, or entertainment. I noticed over two hundred links and all I could find were items about the Jackie O collection or the latest wedding or engagement or what one of them wore to the latest gala, or even who the studliest Kennedy male was, but nothing having to do with politics. I tried adding "Politics" in the search and came up with a half-dozen links, and that was only because some Kennedy and his wife attended some political fund raiser.

I tried the current president's name and got Zippo except for "first lady fashions and beauty tips". I then took a different tack and searched under entertainment. The jazz was starting to get to me so I changed to some dance station. It had heavy dance beats, almost techno in nature, but most of the songs were played to Latin American dance themes: salsa, marimba, rumba, with a few funky waltzes and fox-trots thrown in.

I mixed another drink and began a search on Lennon and McCartney. That would be a good place to start if you were looking for rock and roll.

I found this. Evidently Paul McCartney and John Lennon had experimented in the early sixties with some kind of electric music, but discovered that their writing talents were more popular than their band. They wrote nearly 200 songs together before they split. McCartney went to become a band leader who spent much of his time in Vegas, while Lennon took to writing poetry and setting it to music. He was killed on December 8, 1980.

"Well that's certainly true," I said, taking a drink.

I looked up Mick Jagger, Pete Townshend, Buddy Holly, and Fats Domino, but the results were less than satisfactory. It seemed obvious that rock and roll had been suppressed somehow. I made another drink before reading about Elvis. Evidently he started out as a country musician before branching into movies and pop tunes. It seemed that blues and country never mixed together into rock and roll. When the first wave of electric music hit the scene, it got absorbed into pop and country. The British invasion of the sixties fizzled, probably because American youths hadn't been prepped for it.

I decided I needed a smoke. I got up and went to my purse, pulling out the pack of *She* Super Slim 100s and removing one of the long, slim, white cigarettes.

There was something wrong here, I thought, as I put the cigarette between my lips and lit it. I didn't smoke.

"Of course I smoke," I said out loud in a kind of petulant tone. "It's cool to smoke." But part of me insisted that I didn't, that I hadn't smoked since I tried it at age fourteen and gave it up two weeks later after my parents told me that my grandfather had lung cancer.

I lit the cigarette and inhaled. I found an ashtray and went back to the computer. "This is getting boring," I said. "Let's surf for the latest styles." The cigarette was affecting me strangely. I remembered that when I took up the foul habit as a teen, the first few drags caused me to become light-headed and dizzy, an effect that quickly wore off. This seemed different. I still felt lightheaded, but the cigarette seemed to calm and mellow me out and made me less analytical. I started listening to the music and wriggling my hips and shoulders in time with the beat. I found myself getting up from the chair and doing dance steps from dances I didn't know as I finished off the first cigarette and started another. I giggled, I said "Woo" when the singer told me to, I giggled, and finished off my drink and second smoke. I started a third.

I kept feeling better and better as I danced and smoked and giggled. The friction caused by the clothing kept me in a state of excitement, making me want to move more, to sway, to shimmy, to grind, to wriggle. I looked down at my breasts and –

I looked down at my breasts. My gosh, I had breasts! Big breasts, threatening to tear the top apart, with the nipples practically popping through the material. Big breasts, tiny waist, great legs, sexy butt, long blonde hair, small hands with long, perfect nails. I was wet, too. "Oh my gosh," I said, my voice rising. "However did this happen? How did I get like this?" I was finding it hard to think. Not just hard, but impossible. Something was keeping me from figuring out what was happening.

Not that my body cared. It was ready for action. While my brain went in circles, asking the same question over and over without even attempting to search for an answer, my body had accepted that I was a girl. "If only I had a man to figure this out for me," I said, then wondered why I needed a man to think for me. The answer came immediately. It was easier and they were so much better at it.

"This is wrong," I whispered. "This is very wrong." I had to get out of there, I had to escape. I reached for my purse, thinking that I would need it.

Then the phone rang.

## II

I hesitated. Part of me had to answer it, had to find out who was calling. Another part of my mind was asking silent questions like, how did I get here? How did my body get altered like this, going from one gender to the other, with a reduction of age, change of hair color, eye color, and skin tone? The new me did not look like a relative of the old me; I did not become my younger sister. This body

seemed to be ethnically Scandinavian, maybe German, while I was...gosh I couldn't remember what I was.

That this Tina person didn't seem very bright was obvious. This of course, I thought, would hinder any attempt at figuring out what had happened. Obviously, the punishment meant for this Robbie guy, no, it was Ronald, Roger, Raymond, whatever – I wasn't very good at names – was designed to keep him from being clever enough to escape. I was trapped in the body of a bimbo. I really needed a drink.

The phone kept ringing. Automatically, I answered it. The bimbo part was gaining strength. I'd have to watch that, I thought. "Hello?"

It was a man's voice at the other end. "Hey doll, I'm glad I caught you." He paused, as if expecting an answer. Now me, I didn't know this voice, and was tempted to ask who he was, but if he called me "doll", evidently he and Tina already knew each other. There was also a shiver of anticipation moving up my spine, as though I wanted to be nice to him.

So I said, "Gosh, I'm glad you caught me too. I was just on my way out."

"Not shopping again," he said in a pretend stern voice.

"Well gee, it's just sooo boring sitting in my place all by my lonesome, I just can't stand it any longer."

"You won't have to be by your lonesome much longer, toots," he said. I shivered.

"What do you have planned...Snookums?" I said, pouting. Snookums?

"I've got a big surprise waiting for you tonight."

"Oooh, I like big surprises." Part of me was disgusted, but the more I talked with this guy, all the phrases, actions, and mannerisms that this Tina person used dropped into my consciousness. Already I was beginning to use big gestures as I talked, and my body language was orienting itself in order to please men. The clothing didn't help restrain me either. With everything pulling and tugging and stroking my body with each movement, it grew easier and in fact quite pleasurable, to make big motions.

"I know you do. And this one's a biggie. I scored two tickets to the Underground Ball."

"The Underground Ball? Really?" My voice rose so high with excitement I thought it would break glass. Bits of information about the Underground Ball crept into my brain, like I had heard about it or attended it in years past. It was supposed to be one of the biggest dances in town. It was called the Underground Ball partially because it was held in the old Underground City, but partially because...

"Yes. So you'd better forget about shopping and grab your best gown, baby, 'cuz we're going."

Partially because...there was something bugging me that I couldn't put into words. "What about...what about..." I began.

"My wife?" he said. He snorted. "Debi is visiting her mother's, so we have all weekend to ourselves."

I felt myself getting hot. "Oh really? That's great. I can't believe it. The whole weekend?"

"The whole weekend. Now, get yourself ready. I'll pick you up at seven."

"Seven? That's only four hours. I'll never have enough time."

We hung up and I rushed around the apartment, getting myself ready. Bath, gown, shoes, makeup, underwear, everything had to be perfect. What jewelry should I wear? I thought. Thoughts of anything intelligent fled as I hurried around in order to get ready.

Except for one thing in the corner of my mind. I now remembered more about the Underground Ball. It was a giant party of sin. Men took their mistresses instead of their wives. People dressed up or dressed down, wore costumes if they chose, and acted totally uncivilized. It also meant that I was some guy's mistress.

Then it hit me. Of course. There was no rock and roll. There was also no women's movement, no Ms Magazine. The Sixties never happened. No love-ins, no riots, no bra burning. Feminists didn't exist. Women had a limited number of choices. Housewife and mistress were the most popular, but young women could also be cocktail waitresses, exotic dancers, sales clerks for cosmetics, clothes, and housewares: things women knew about. But not secondary teachers or college professors. Certainly not lawyers or doctors.

Tina loved it. Tina thought there was nothing better in the world than to be some rich guy's mistress. Your own place, no financial worries, no work, none of the obligations that wives had. Party and sex. And as long as you pleased your man, you were set.

Tina was nineteen years old. She was a high school dropout. She had no skills and not much common sense. And I was becoming Tina more and more with each passing minute. At this rate, it looked as though I would never get out.

\* \* \*

Tina was going full steam. I couldn't believe it as I took another bath and did my hair and makeup again. I chose a very revealing rose-colored satin dress with spaghetti straps that crossed in the back, a cutout front that revealed my navel, and a slit that went up my leg just about to the hip. The material was very tight and clingy, with multiple fastenings and side zipper, stays to hold it up, and a built-in bra that featured that same clingy material and nipple caressing fabric. I knew I would look dynamite in that gown.

My thong had little hooks so it could be removed, and my garter belt was barely substantial enough to hold up the sheerest of sheer stockings with the bar-

est of silver sheens. I put on my matching sandals with the five-inch heels. I had a diamond necklace, diamond tennis bracelet, and diamond stud and drop earrings to go with it. When I was finally dressed, it was just after seven.

I had had a couple more drinks and polished off a pack of cigarettes. There was something in them, of that I was sure. They weren't normal cigarettes. It wasn't just nicotine getting me all high and giddy. What they were laced with, I had no idea. Nor did Tina. Nor did Tina care.

I opened up a new pack and looked at myself in the mirror. I looked fantabulous! Long legs, curvaceous figure, firm, round breasts with the nipples sticking out, full, pouty lips, large blue eyes, high cheekbones, beautiful long blonde hair. My nails were perfect, everything looked great (down to the stone in my navel), and I smelled great.

At that moment the sensations coming from the different areas of my body became so powerful they crowded out other thoughts and feelings. There wasn't room in my brain for anything else. The way the clothing caressed and fondled the sensitive parts of my skin excited me and stoked my desire. My heightened sensitivity and awareness of my beauty set my mind alight with thoughts and desires that fed the flames of desire. I wanted to be more beautiful and more pleasing, and set about achieving that. My walk, my gestures, my voice, the way I talked, all fueled the fire that caused eruptions in my mind and body that made Tina more real and vibrant.

By the time my man arrived (it was only ten minutes), I was a simpering, seductive, submissive, sexy doll girl, with my heart pounding and willing and wanting to do anything to please him. When the doorbell rang, I shivered from head to foot and exclaimed "Ooh," as I practically ran to the door.

It was more than electric when I saw him face to face. He was tall, dark, and handsome, in his mid to late thirties, wearing a black tux and tie. He met me with a big smile and a "Hi, gorgeous," in a voice that made me shiver. I put my arms around his neck and kissed him on the lips, I was so ecstatic to see him, while he kissed me back and put his arms around my waist. I felt him growing hard as we touched tongues and I quivered in his arms.

Eventually he pulled himself from me. "Whoa, baby. Let's save that for later. Right now we have a party to attend."

"Why do we have to save it for later?" I asked petulantly. I felt slightly hurt that he didn't want to throw me to the floor and take me right there. I needed to have him inside me, and him holding out for later set certain feelings in motion. Evidently, I wasn't so desirable that he couldn't wait to have me, which meant that I had to strive to become even more desirable. I had to be the kind of girl that he would not hesitate putting it into anytime anywhere.

This also defined more clearly the nature of our relationship. Even though he was my man, it was more correct that I was his girl, his possession. I had one job and one job only. That was to please him. In another time and another place, I would have been disgusted (though probably aroused) at that thought, but Tina

had grown up in this culture and was not only used to it, but totally indoctrinated.

“Because I said so,” he replied, then noticing my hurt look, added, “It will be that much sweeter if we wait. Besides, I don’t want to muss up your makeup or anything. You look totally gorgeous.”

I beamed. He noticed! I went to the closet and pulled a wrap. It was mink. He helped me put it on and took my arm as we went out to his car. Although it would have been perfect if he had a chauffeur, driving to the ball in his newish Mercedes wasn’t bad at all.

As he drove, he began telling me the plans he had for me. Already I was taking dance and modeling lessons, but he was thinking of adding singing, acting, and speech lessons. “It will increase your value,” he said. I was listening to all this when I suddenly realized I didn’t know his name. A moment of panic swept over me, but I managed to smile as I waited for his name to come to me.

It only took a few moments for the name Madison to pop into my head. That seemed right. But was it his first name or last? Last, I thought. Mr. Madison. And his first name was...I realized I didn’t know his first name. And then I realized that it didn’t matter if I did know it; to me he was always Mr. Madi-





son. Like his secretary or the other female office workers or the hired help, I had to refer to him as Mr. Madison. I found it kind of sexy, being forbidden to call him by anything else. Even when we were alone. I looked at the mistress ring on my ring finger of the left hand, with the diamonds and gold in a design that told the world I was his possession, and shivered with delight. I couldn't help it.

As I sat there I felt myself growing more corrupted by this society, and loving what was happening to me! I had become enticed and enthralled by the sensuality of my new role and status, marveling at what I had gained. I had grown younger by nearly twenty years, I had a fantastic body, and I didn't need to work. I had everything I needed and wanted through a rich provider: a dynamite wardrobe, fantastic jewelry, a great place to live, and a fabulous sex life. The dance classes were fun, and even the modeling classes had their plusses. Mr. Madison (it was amazing how quickly I had adapted to referring to him as Mr. Madison) had already arranged some assignments for me. The lingerie shoot had gotten my picture in a catalog, and I even had one shoot where I wore little more than a pink satin mask.

We arrived at the ball, which was starting to fill with couples. Most of the men were in their thirties and forties, while nearly all the girls were in their teens and twenties. There were a couple who looked to be fifteen, but I couldn't be sure. And at least one must have been in her thirties. But she was being escorted by a man who had to be at least sixty. Perhaps he couldn't see that well any more.

A couple dances into the ball, Mr. Madison remarked, "You seem different lately."

"I do?" I said, surprised, and slightly worried. "Why do you say that, Mr. Madison?"

"I don't know," he said, obviously trying to figure out what it was. "It's hard to put my finger on it exactly." He smiled wolfishly. "But whatever it is, don't stop. I like it."

I smiled broadly and felt my heart palpitate. He had complimented me again. I wondered what had changed. I concentrated really hard into trying to access Tina's memory. I began to get glimpses of how she used to act. It seemed that up until a week or two ago, she had been rebellious, selfish, and self-centered. Not only was she indifferent to pleasing Mr. Madison, but she had been seen in the company of other men! But then she realized that if she didn't change her ways, soon Mr. Madison would get rid of her. Not only would she lose everything, but she would be blacklisted from ever belonging to a powerful man. She would have no future.

Evidently this realization had turned her around. I was trying hard to be a good little girl.

I was hanging on Mr. Madison's arm, smiling vapidly, with a drink in my hand, as he talked to two other men about something that sounded like gobbledygook to me. The two girls hanging on the other men's arms looked bored. After a few minutes, the brunette spoke. "Excuse me, Mr. Barton. I don't mean to interrupt such



an important conversation between men, but I feel a need to visit the little girls' room."

Mr. Barton, who looked older than Mr. Madison, having lost a lot of hair on the top of his head and gained a bit of a belly, smiled at her. "Why certainly, my dear. I don't mean to hinder any calls to nature."

"Thank you," she said, then glanced at the two of us. That was our cue. I asked Mr. Madison. "May I go with her?" I asked quietly. He gave me a nod of the head.

The three of us headed toward the girls room. The other two evidently knew each other, because they were chattering all the way. The brunette looked the younger of the two, while the redhead looked old. Not really old, but old for a single girl. Somewhere in her mid to late twenties. Somebody that old should be married, I thought. Or at least begging for surgery or something to make herself look young. Like me.

We entered the powder room, where none of us went to the bathroom. I noticed my makeup didn't look right, so I stood in front of the big mirror with my puff in one hand, taking off the shine on my nose. My lips needed touching up, too. While I was working on keeping myself as beautiful as I could, the other two girls were talking as they did the same.

"I love that shade you're wearing," gushed the brunette to the redhead. "It looks positively fantabulous on you."

"Thank you," replied the redhead. "I just picked it up yesterday at Nordstrom. It's called Bossa Nouveau. It's part of the new Sensulicious line. I got it on sale."

"Not that Mr. Moneybags can't afford full price," said the brunette. They giggled.

The brunette turned to me. "What's your name, again? I am just so terrible at names."

"Tina," I replied.

"I'm Jacki and this is Julie." We exchanged hellos. Jacki was wearing a scarlet gown that revealed a lot, with matching lips and nails, though the design on her fingertips was gold so it flashed like the jewelry she wore.

Julie wore a bright blue dress that revealed less but had been done up very tight. I could tell she was wearing a corset. It looked like she had an eighteen-inch waist.

We each smoked and gossiped. It was about fifteen minutes later when Julie put out her cigarette and giggled. "I guess it's time we get back to our men. We wouldn't want them to start looking at other girls."

"No," I agreed. "I'd hate to lose Mr. Madison so soon after I got him where I want."

"Oh honey," said Julie, touching me on the arm with her fingers. "You won't have to worry about him for years. How old are you, seventeen?"

"Nineteen," I said, beaming. It felt good that they had misjudged my age.

Jacki snorted. "With a bod like that, you've probably got ten years. Then if you're lucky, he'll be so used to you he won't even think about dumping you for a younger model."

I felt my boobs and butt jiggling as we made it back to where the men were talking. I saw more than one male head turn our way, and more than one girl give us looks. One blonde, who looked like she was having trouble packing herself into the corset, thwacked her man on his arm because he seemed to be looking our way a bit too intently.

We returned to the men who each gave us appreciative looks and kisses. Then I stood hooked on Mr. Madison's arm, posed and with a glossy shiny smile on my face. I couldn't say how long I stood there beaming, while the men continued their conversation. I noticed the other two girls were doing the same thing as me. Evidently this Underground Ball wasn't so much for the girls as for the men to show off their possessions.

After what seemed like hours, the conversation petered out and Mr. Madison asked me if I cared to dance. Naturally I said yes, and he began to twirl me around the floor. It felt really good to be held in his strong arms and lead through the steps. With each movement I felt the material of my gown caress different parts of my body and I began to get really hot again.

Each time I felt sexual desire rise in me, the tension acted like a wave that washed away old thoughts and feelings. Physical sensations made me feel sexier and more desirable. The more desirable I felt, the more I wanted to be desirable and sexy. I couldn't prevent myself from acting, walking, talking, and gesturing in a totally feminine and sexy and submissive manner. With these feelings feeding on themselves, I began to feel insecure. Was I as beautiful as I could be? I pulled out my compact from my tiny bag (which wasn't big enough to hold more than cosmetics and cigarettes, not that I needed a wallet, or keys; Mr. Madison carried the keys to my apartment) and struck up a pose, pursing my lips in the tiny mirror, just as half the other girls were doing. I touched up my lipstick and flicked some stray hair from my face. Had I needed any major renovations I would have had to return to the little girls' room.

It was all part of the show. I felt sexy gliding lipstick across my lips, and I knew I looked sexy doing that, with my boobs jutting out and my lips pursed as if expecting a kiss. I felt another wave of desire and desirability wash over me, removing still more rational thoughts. I then realized something else.

I had been removed from regular school at age thirteen, which was about the time I began to blossom. It was then my practical education had begun and I didn't have to learn any more of that math, history, science, or literature stuff. I had gone to what was known as a finishing school, where had to learn important things like how to act and dress properly. It had been a big honor getting into that school. My family was poor, and someone had paid them to take over my guardianship.

The finishing school had knocked out most of what I had learned in grade school. Simple addition had become a chore for me, while subtraction, multiplica-

tion, and long division were way beyond my capabilities. I could barely figure out that two plus two equaled four, but only after counting it out on my fingers, with a chance of getting it wrong at that. If I had to add numbers like 17 and 23 together I would most likely give up in frustration before finishing. Even with a calculator. I didn't know who the president was, or any of the government people, or where half the states were or what their capitals were. I realized that if somebody had asked me for the capital of Wisconsin, I probably would have answered "W."

Not that I cared. This lack of knowledge proved no hindrance to my lifestyle. I had a credit card which I didn't need to balance. I never used cash. I rarely cooked anything other than prepackaged food that could easily be microwaved or boiled. When I was with Mr. Madison, he took me out to dinner.

Rather than disturb me, this realization made me feel sexier. I actually needed a man to do that hard math stuff for me. I had never before considered that being helpless was sexy. My helplessness conveyed a kind of power because I could get a man to do the things for which I was incapable. It was a twisted logic to be sure, but to actually have power in being incompetent felt exhilarating.

It never occurred to me that my power would only last so long as I was desirable.

However, logic fled in the face of sensuality, where every movement, every glance in a mirror or at my partner, every whiff of some exotic perfume wafting from one of the other mistresses, added to my rapture. The bubbles from the champagne effervescing in my throat, the brisk sting of the alcohol on my tongue, the sound of the piano feeling like my spine was a keyboard, the electric bass rumbling deep in my pelvic area, each shifting of the stays like the fingers of a lover, the caress of the gown and stockings sending electric pulses to my pleasure, the taste of the lipstick, the weight of the eyelashes, the stray wisp of hair, these all added to my ecstasy. Even the air was charged with seductive breezes.

My efforts soon turned toward making Mr. Madison notice me. It was my desire to bend his attentions away from all other distraction to make him become totally enraptured with me. Most of the other girls were doing the same to their men. I didn't consciously notice them as I focused on my pursuit of his attentions. I vamped for him as I stood clinging to his arm, asking inane questions and making banal comments. "This is an awesome party." "Do you like my hair?" "I so enjoy this canapé." "Do you like this song?" "My, you have such broad shoulders. And so many muscles in your arm."

But my best was, "Mr. Madison, would you mind lighting my cigarette?" This allowed me to strike a sexy pose. I found that I was practically chain smoking, striking sexy pose after sexy pose with the cigarette in my hand, then asking him for another. I soon ran out. "Oh my, this is my last cigarette," I remarked, removing a cigarette from the carton and putting it to my lips.

Mr. Madison obliged by lighting it, then flagged down one of the cigarette girls and giving her a five for a pack of She's.

"That is what you smoke, isn't it, my dear?"

“Why yes, Mr. Madison. You are such a dear.”

I smoked a couple from the new pack, which made me giddy and giggly, then ordered a shot of a special Schnapps that contained an ingredient that cleaned cigarette mouth, struck another pose as I redid my lips, then smoked another cigarette. I was beginning to feel a delicious rapture overcome me. I chattered on as Mr. Madison lead me from the Grand Ballroom to one of the hallways.

“Are we leaving already? My, this was such a nice party. I really enjoyed myself tonight, did you know that? You’re such a darling for bringing me here.” Puff puff, exhale. “You know, they played some excellent music, did you know that? They really did. You’re such a darling. I love you so much for bringing me here.”

Another drag and the euphoria kept rising. I could feel my nipples tingle. Everything below my breasts tingled. I kept talking as the feeling went up to my shoulders and down my arms. I was swaying as the sensation went up my neck, touched my lips and made them tingle. My lips felt huge. I giggled as the feeling touched my head and tugged at the roots of my hair. My lips felt so big I couldn’t stop smiling.

We went into the elevator, Mr. Madison guiding and supporting me. I couldn’t think any more. Occasionally I would let out a giggle. I noticed my face in one of the mirrored panels. My pupils were dilated and my eyes looked huge and blank. My whole face looked blank. Except for my smile. My smile looked huge. I giggled again.

We got out of the elevator and went down another hallway until we reached a door. Mr. Madison took a key out of his jacket pocket and opened it. He walked me toward the bed, turned back the covers, and lay me down on it. By this time I could barely move. I was having trouble seeing. Everything looked blurry, and it wasn’t just because it was dark. Mr. Madison turned on a light and all I could see were blurry shapes. Even his face looked blurry.

“You are so beautiful, my pet,” he said as he began shedding his clothes. I heard shoes hit the carpet, the rustle of his jacket as he removed it and tossed it on a chair (I guessed), snaps unsnapping, zipper unzipping.

Then I felt his hands on my body. I moaned, even though I couldn’t move. My muscles felt like they were made of jelly. He removed my shoes, then let his hand glide up my left leg, all the way past my thigh as he unsnapped one garter. He un-snapped the other, and spent a long, leisurely time removing my stockings. I continued to moan as I shivered and convulsed. I could feel that the sheets were satin.

He undid the straps of my gown, found the hidden zippers, and unwrapped me like I was a present. He removed my garters and panties. I felt a roaring and a buzzing in my ears. It had a rhythm to it, a kind of rhythm that sounded familiar, but I couldn’t remember where I had heard it before. It consumed me, with wave after wave of pulsating sound. It caressed my body as Mr. Madison caressed it. I lay completely naked, half blind, half deaf, unable to move my muscles. But I could feel. Oh boy, how I could feel. Each touch galvanized me.

It was then Mr. Madison put his lips to my nipples. I couldn't tell if I lost consciousness, went to a higher consciousness, or what. But my mind suddenly wasn't there, even though my body kept moaning and writhing on the bed. I felt like I was far away. He started whispering and kissing my ear, and I moaned a yes, yes yes yes yes oh God yes.

It seemed like forever before he entered me. He was intent on first kissing every part of my body, caressing each pleasure center, asking me if I enjoyed this or liked that, to which I kept repeating yes. My vocabulary consisted entirely of yes, oh yes, oh God, oh baby, and various unintelligible moans.

However, I noticed that the touches stopped for a time, and just as the ripples of pleasure had subsided, I felt a little nub of pleasure from somewhere down there – I couldn't exactly pinpoint the source – and then suddenly a powerful driving pressure that caused a squeal of ecstasy to come from my lips. My back arched and I shook all over.

He drove repeatedly into me while I lay helpless and moaning. Although the evening had been leading up to his – oh, how I wanted it to – I had imagined I would be a more active participant. But then with each tidal wave of pleasure spreading through my body and into my brain from the region near my pelvis, I realized that being totally helpless was good too. He could do anything he wanted to me and I wouldn't care.

I was flopping around on my back, helpless, as he kept driving his shaft into me. A pressure kept building and building until it exploded in sound and color. I don't know what sounds came from my mouth as I thrashed and quaked, but I hoped the room was soundproofed.

He finally finished and collapsed. However, that wasn't it for the night because a short time later he got up and we did it again. By this time, my muscles began responding and I started to take a more active part in our lovemaking. When he kissed me, I kissed back. When he ran his fingers over my soft skin, I ran mine across his hard masculine body. I ran my toe across the back of his leg. Everything was still passionate and as I came more alive our passions heated still more. We became unstoppable.



ble as we joined together in love. It went on most and on for what seemed like forever until I sank back to the bed after the final time, exhausted, then noticed that the sun was rising.

“Oh Mr. Madison,” I said over and over.

I believe he came seven times that night.

### III

When I woke, it was noon. As I lay there, I suddenly realized I had a new perspective. In the past, I had been selfish and self-centered, childish in my dreams and desires. I became his pet girl for the pleasures and possessions he could give me. That was wrong. I should have been thankful, grateful that he chose me, me over all the other girls he could have had. He had given me so much over the last two years and what had I done to show my thanks? Taken from him, that's what I did. How selfish.

With my new found maturity, I decided I would devote my life to pleasuring him. After all, he deserved it. He worked hard all day and during those times he could get away from his busy schedule to visit me, I had a duty to give him what he wanted. It was amazing I hadn't seen it before.

My clothes, my makeup, my shoes, my behavior. Everything I did was for myself. I rarely considered how he wanted me to look. I liked wearing short tight skirts and shiny tops that showed off my breasts and uncovered my navel. I liked to reveal my skin, and where I didn't, wore my clothes as tight as possible to show off my form.

Mr. Madison had different ideas on how I should look. For him, the sexiest look showed less skin. A bare midriff could work, but a thin ribbon of skin looked sexier than what I usually presented. And the skirts should be flirtier, with more of a flare. Not as deep cleavage and out with the straps. He found a kind of sexy schoolgirl pleasing.

When I realized that Mr. Madison was out, I used my time productively. I took a long bubble bath and made sure to get every last bit of my body clean and satiny soft. When I finished, I decided I was going to be all pink that afternoon. Pink nails, pink lips, pink skirt, top, and shoes. All the clothes I needed were hanging up or in the drawers. I removed the old polish and colored all my nails bubble gum. I had a pink satin push up bra and matching panties. I worked on my face while I was waiting for the polish to dry.

I put my hair in pony tails and found a tight candy pink sweater with a scoop neck, not so revealing yet not so high he couldn't catch a peek when I bent towards him. I found a matching pink skirt in a silk blend that flared at my hips and went to mid thigh. I wore these cute little anklet socks with a tiny pink bow near the top and four inch high pumps in pink. I looked so cute. I giggled when I saw myself in the mirror. I felt a wave of dizziness wash over me. It felt good.

At that point, Mr. Madison came into the room. I squealed with glee and ran toward him, putting my arms around him and giving him a big kiss.

“Don’t you look lovely, Pet,” he said. “I have a present for you.”

“For me?” I asked. “What is it?”

He held out a long white box with a pretty pink bow on it. “Open it,” he said.

I removed the bow and lifted the top of the box to discover a collar made from gold and silver and set with diamonds and some kind of pink jewel in the center. The jewels sparkled in the light of the lamp. Most were tiny, but some looked huge! There was a little ring set to the front of it with a long pink leash attached to it and a tiny lock in the back. It was the latest thing. A collar for Pet Girls! I was so excited!

“Oh put it on me, please,” I begged, handing the box back to him.

“Certainly,” he said, removing it from the box. As he held the collar in his hands, I noticed how short the leash was: about four feet long. There had been recent talk about whether it was better to have a long leash or a short one. Most girls preferred being on a short leash. At that moment, I discovered I agreed. I would have had a two-foot long leash if it wouldn’t have inconvenienced Mr. Madison. But he would have had to raise his arm when we walked, although it might have been kind of exciting to be forced to kneel or sit when he wanted to have his arm at his side, although some of the girls found themselves getting jerked around if the leash was too short.

When he put the collar around my neck and snapped shut the tiny lock, only then did I feel I truly belonged to him. I got all shivery and felt about to pass out. I think I stumbled and put my arms around him in order to keep my balance. He grabbed me and devoured me with his lips and soon I felt myself being carried to the bed and placed upon it, with my skirt hiked up and my panties off. He took me then and there, with little foreplay. I felt myself coming nearly as soon as he thrust his engorged member inside me. It felt good that I could satisfy his need, that I could receive his passions.

It was a half an hour before we left for lunch. I had to pay attention to keep the leash from jerking me around, which meant that I had to walk slightly behind Mr. Madison and keep an eye on his leash hand. Fortunately, he walked slowly enough, because he knew he was also showing me off, and I wouldn’t look my best if I was running half the time, or tripping, or trying to catch my breath.

Mr. Madison strolled, occasionally stopping to chat to other men. I stayed by his side all the time, pulling out my compact mirror whenever he stopped for any length of time, checking my lips or hair or eyes, or powdering my nose. When he wanted to start up again, he would mention it so that I would have time to put the compact and lipstick or powder back in my purse.

It didn’t take long to develop a style. I would look at his leash hand from the corner of my eye, while trying to look straight ahead and walk as seductively and submissively as I could. I noticed there were a lot of other pet girls trying to do the same. Most of the girls were dressed for the afternoon, that is to say, stacked heel

sandals, short skirts, and some kind of top. Many were color-coordinated, in reds, blues, greens, pinks, purples, fuchsias, golds, silvers, animal prints, patterns, whites with red polka dots, reds with white polka dots, blacks with white polka dots, and in all kinds of materials. The collars all complemented the clothes, some having gone so far as to match the stones with the dominant colors. I couldn't be sure if those were real rubies, sapphires, amethysts, emeralds, or whatever, but I'm sure some were.

There were also a few girls who seemed to go overboard. One wore a patent leather skirt and top set with numerous straps that revealed she was wearing no underwear. Another girl wore what looked like a bra and panty set – or maybe a bikini – and a sheer overlay that resembled a short robe. It even had feathers at the sleeves and hem. Another wore a harem costume, complete with veil, while another had on a pink maid's outfit. Then there was the girl in the black leather skirt and top who also had a gag in her mouth and chains that limited movement of her arms. Most of the men remarked disapprovingly at that couple, though many couldn't help but steal glances at the girl.

When we got to the restaurant, we got a table right away. Mr. Madison looped the end of the leash around a stand near my place and helped me to my seat. He ordered for me. "There's a trick to reading these menus," he explained and I got all shivery thinking that he had so much consideration for me that he would spare me having to try to read one on my own. I had heard of girls where the man wasn't as thoughtful and treated the girl with scorn.

My food was tasty and came in small girl portions, but I still left some on my plate. Mr. Madison commented on the quality of the meal, and asked me how I liked it. When we finished, we went to his club, which didn't admit females unless they were on leashes. It was a nice club and I remembered going to it many times. There were big, thick leather chairs and sofas for the men to sit on, with stools next to them that we could use. Our seats looked like vanity stools, and there was a small table top for our purses and a mirror we could watch while the men discussed important things.

When we arrived, the room was mostly empty. There were only a couple of men and girls there. Mr. Madison chose a chair and pointed me to a stool next to it, looping the end of the leash on a peg. I sat down and looked into the mirror. My makeup still looked good, but I pulled out my cosmetics. I applied powder, added another coat of mascara, and freshened my lips. When I finished, I touched up my hair.

I sat looking in the mirror, my back straight and legs crossed daintily, posed as a good pet girl should do, practicing my smile. I admired myself as I flashed a sexy, pouty smile. I felt so relaxed and peaceful looking at my reflection that I lost all track of time.

It was getting dark when Mr. Madison got me and we went back to the hotel where I took another bath and changed into a long satin ball gown in fuchsia. The waist was really tight, even for me, so I had to wear a really tight corset (in pink)



that got my waist down to something like nineteen inches. When I finished with the gown, makeup, and jewelry, I looked just like Cinderella.

All the girls at the ball looked like Cinderella. Tiny waists, big skirts, most dresses off the shoulder in pinks and lilacs and pale blues and pale yellow, with some reds, golds, silvers, purples, cobalts, and emeralds thrown in. We danced most of the night. What talk I engaged in was spent complimenting and thanking him. Complimenting him on how well he danced, how handsome he looked, how smart he was, and thanking him for the gorgeous collar, the gorgeous gown, the chance to let him take me out in public.

When the evening finally ended, we went back to the room where I spent the rest of the night pleasuring him. We both slept until after noon the next day, mainly because we hadn't gone to sleep until after six. We went into the Jacuzzi where I put bubble bath into the water and spent time washing and scrubbing and massaging him all over until he was putty.

There was one thing that wasn't putty, however. I noticed he had gotten another erection and I considered how best to alleviate the problem. I knew the easiest way would be just to sit on it until he came, but I had another idea. I took a deep breath and ducked my head under the water, taking his member into my mouth while I tried not to breathe. The water tasted soapy, but I tried to concentrate on his shaft as I ran my tongue across it and put my lips around the head. I couldn't do it in one breath, but had to surface twice more before I found success. His juices washed away the soapy taste.

I was gasping for breath by the time I surfaced the last time. I had managed to keep any of his semen from getting into the bath water. He looked pleased. "Oh Gigi, that was great," he managed to say.

Gigi? I thought. He just called me Gigi. My name wasn't Gigi, it was...I couldn't remember what it was. I tried remembering what he had called me the evening before. It seemed like it wasn't Gigi, but every time I tried to remember it, a voice popped into my head and said the word Gigi. The lips said something else, but the voice said Gigi. What was going on?

Gigi? I hadn't been called Gigi since they changed my name at the obedience school. That's what the girls called it, at least those who hadn't been trained yet. Why had we called it that? I tried to recall. It must have been because they made us forget our old names and gave us new pet-like names: Gigi, Fifi, Mimi, Sheba, Princess, and Kitty. They leash-trained us and taught us to sit, spread, coo, and lick our master's hand. It didn't take long before we stopped making fun of our training. It had been a year since I last thought about who I had been before I became Gigi. I wondered what brought it up. It wasn't important.

"I have some good news for you today, Gigi," he said as we were getting dressed, him in a suit and me in a short pink dress. Obviously, he liked to see me in pinks. I supposed that meant he wouldn't have to buy so many collars for me to match my ensembles, not that he couldn't afford to.

"More good news, Mr. Madison? What more good news could you have? You have already done so much for me," I said, with feeling.

"I've just had a new addition added onto the house and I've had all your things moved there this weekend."

"Oh boy," I squealed. "Really?"

"Yes really," he said.

I was so happy I kissed him all over.

\* \* \*

The next few weeks went swimmingly. I had my own suite in his house, in the opposite wing from the family and with access to the servants. They were housed near me, but their rooms weren't nearly as nice as mine. I had loads of closet space, a real neat whirlpool tub in the bathroom, a giant vanity, and even a sitting room. I didn't need a kitchen, because when I was home, I could ask the cook to make me something. However, I didn't spend a lot of time alone.

Mr. Madison took me to work every day, which was kind of a chore, not the being at work part, but the getting up early so I could be ready when it was time for leave. When we reached the office, he made it a point to walk me throughout the building so as to give us the most exposure, then he sat me down on my stool. He made sure to keep me prominently displayed in the office. There were a few other executives who kept pet girls, but I don't think any of them had the status that I did.

One day I had been looking at the mirror when I heard him call my name. "Gigi," he called to me.

"Yes Mr. Madison?" I asked, turning toward him in one fluid motion.

"Could you come here please?" He was sitting at his desk with one of the other men. They were looking over a piece of paper. I slowly rose and pivoted, then walked toward him until the leash was taut, then stopped. I could feel the slight tug on the line, but I knew exactly how much leash I had so I wouldn't walk that one step too far and feel it jerk at me.

He looked up at me, swore, then grabbed the other end of the leash. He lead me to his desk. "I would like you to try to read this," he said, pointing to the paper.

I looked at the paper.

"Out loud," he said.

"Yes, Mr. Madison." I looked harder at the paper. The first word was "the." I said, "The parr...tee, the party – is there a party?"

"No there isn't. Please continue."

"The party...uff...tuh...hee, oh it's the again, the f..." I began, then everything started to look blurry. Well, not exactly blurry. I could see that the next shape was a line with a ball on top, then another line with a kind of branch sticking off it, then a snake shape, then a cross, but I suddenly didn't know what they were. In

fact, I didn't even know any of the words that I had already read. They had suddenly become unfamiliar to me.

"What's wrong?" he asked.

"I don't know," I said. "It doesn't make any sense."

"How about this then," he said, putting a thin book on the table and opening it. There were a lot of pictures, with a boy and a girl and a dog and a red ball. The letters had been printed much larger than those printed on the sheet of paper.

The first word on that particular page was "See." I began. "See Dick r..." I started when everything lost clarity. The letters were just as big and black on the white page as before, but I couldn't understand what they meant or how they went together or what anything represented.

"Is something the matter?" said Mr. Madison.

"I don't know how to read," I said.

Mr. Madison smiled. "That's all right. Here, we'll let you have your seat again." He started to lead me to the perch.

"Excuse me, Mr. Madison," I said, "But may I be allowed to go to the...the you-know-what?"

He smiled. "Certainly." He pressed a button on the intercom. "Wanda," he said. "Gigi needs to visit the little girls' room."

"Yes, Mr. Madison," came the voice from the other end. Within a few moments, Mr. Madison's secretary entered and took my leash from Mr. Madison's hand. She then lead me to the girls' bathroom and put the leash up on a peg. "Tell me when you're done," she said. "I'll be in the next stall."

I liked Miss Wanda. She never yanked on my leash or tried to make me look bad, even though I knew she also craved attention from Mr. Madison. In fact, most of the girls in the office did. I could tell that some, even though they made fun of me when they thought I couldn't hear them, were jealous of my status. Mr. Madison was really powerful because not only could he afford to have a pet girl, but he could also leash her and bring her to the office. Some of the other really important men were talking about making Mr. Madison even more important.

When I returned from the little girls' room, I returned to my perch, where I sat for the rest of the day while Mr. Madison did important things. When the day finished, we went back home where I gave him pleasure before he had dinner with his family and I was given some food from the cook. Then I pleased him again later in the evening before he went to bed, and I fell asleep feeling good that I could give him pleasure like that.

The days seemed to glide smoothly from one to another, one day pretty much the same as the one before, except for weekends. Mr. Madison took me on business trips, and bought me things, but mostly the days remained the same, pleasurable, yet not different from one another.

I didn't know it was soon to end.

\* \* \*

I was sitting in some waiting room while Mr. Madison was off doing important things when a secretary came up to me. I didn't recognize her, but she must have been the secretary to one of the other men, because Miss Wanda was back at the office doing secretary things while Mr. Madison had come here to do important meeting things.

I looked from the mirror to the secretary when she called my name. She was a blonde dressed in a red outfit, with a skirt so tight and so short you didn't need any imagination to know what was underneath. Her top was the same way, with a scoop neck that practically met the bottom of the top at the lowest rib. "Mr. Madison is going to be in the meeting for a while longer. He sent me to see if you needed to visit the little girls' room."

"Why yes, I do," I said. "Thank you. How thoughtful Mr. Madison is."

She grabbed the leash and started out the door. I hesitated, because normally Mr. Madison would have had to hand the leash to her, but if he was in an important meeting, I guessed that breach of etiquette could be overlooked.

Her name was Suzi, I learned, and she lead me down the hall. I followed her dutifully, watching the leash hand from the corner of my eye like I always did. I thought that the powder room was down one of the other halls, but then, knowing my memory, I was probably wrong. After all, she was a secretary. We got on the elevator and went down to the first floor. I wanted to say something, but I couldn't. She hadn't spoken to me or anything, she hadn't given me an opportunity.

We went outside, where she lead me to a waiting limo.

"Hey," I managed to say, as she handed the leash to a man sitting in the back. He drew on the leash and I was obliged to follow, until I was sitting in the car with Suzi and the man and the door was closed and we were driving away.

"Did everything go well?" said the man.

"She's as placid as a sheep," said Suzi.

"Anyone see you?"

"The security cameras caught me, but it will be hours before anybody thinks to check the records. We'll be far away by then. It seems that people expect men to send secretaries for their pets. That's one of the roles of secretaries: to fetch things. Pets, coffee, files, gifts from the boutique. It's disgusting. Although, if we stayed here, we could have a lucrative career kidnapping pets. It's so easy."

"And ransom them? Pets are a dime a dozen. They'd probably get new pets. If they refused to pay the ransom, then what would we do then? Sell them into slavery? That's what we're trying to prevent."

"We could take them back with us."

"That's what we're doing anyway."

“Oh yeah. I forgot. Sorry. This place is making me stupid.”

I opened my mouth to say something, but I couldn't think of anything to say. I didn't have any idea what they were talking about, and besides I wasn't supposed to speak unless spoken to, and then only when Mr. Madison or a secretary spoke to me. Under no circumstance was I allowed to speak to another man or another girl or anything. I could talk to the cook or the maid or in some cases the butler, but never under any circumstances speak to Mr. Madison's family.

I did manage to figure out that these two people were taking me away from Mr. Madison. I felt a tear form in my eye. The man noticed. “Oh God. She's starting to blubber. Quick, get a mirror in front of her face. I don't want to have to deal with this now.”

Suzi pulled down a big vanity mirror from the ceiling of the limo. It was bigger than the oval mirrors I used in offices, clubs, and restaurants, though not as big as the vanity mirror back home. If I wanted to, I could actually see past my face and through the window of the car, though why anyone would want to, I didn't know. Suzi set me in front of it and, automatically, I reached for a tissue to dab at my eye while I checked my lipstick.

“There,” he said. “That should keep her occupied for hours.”

“I think she's been made too stupid to be of any use to us.”

“That's just the chemicals,” said the man. “Give her the injection. I want her reasonably intelligent when we arrive.”

“You mean upgraded to moron status?”

I began to retouch my lips. It felt so calming to look at myself in the mirror. So peaceful. So relaxed.

“Hah hah,” said the man. “We don't have much time...” he said, then it sounded like he was mumbling, and then all I could hear was waves lapping against a shore. There was only me and the mirror. I pouted my lips, arched my back, and struck a pose. It was peaceful, so peaceful.

I noticed a slight sensation in my arm, like I had been stung or something. Then my ears started buzzing and I felt a kind of whirring in my head. I noticed that the area around my face wasn't a rainbow of colors after all, but there were shapes. Then I could hear the man and Suzi talking.

“She is incredibly sexy. All of them are. But I couldn't take that docility.”

“I understand they aren't docile in bed,” said Suzi.

“It's tempting to leave one as she is.”

“You're just horny.”

“All the sexuality. There's a sense of...I don't know, wantonness, lust, pure animal behavior.”

“You're not the one in the six-inch heels and micro-mini. I can't wait to remove these damn pads, either. In my heart of hearts, I'm not really a double-D girl.”

"I feel sick," I said. Suddenly everything got blurry and I passed out.

## IV

The man and Suzi were trying to explain things to me. I was wearing a pink satin nightgown and matching robe. I didn't know where I was or what day it was or how long I'd been there, but I was at a breakfast table after having evidently slept for a long time. I learned that Suzi's name was really Susan, and the man was called James, or Jim, if I preferred. Susan looked much different than she did in the car. It must have been that she was wearing pants and a loose sweater. Jeans. Part of me felt revolted at her scandalous outfit.

"What do you remember?" said James.

"A lot of things that don't make much sense."

"Would you rather be called Tina or Gigi?" Susan asked.

"I uh, I don't know. Both are my names, but then...neither is the name I started with, is it?"

"Now you're catching on," said James.

"We're going to try to explain what happened to you, but first you have to know the background, the history, so to speak.

James had his hands in front of him. "Imagine there are two twin sisters. Identical twins, so they look exactly alike. Let's say that they aren't pretty, not like you or Susan. But they're not ugly either. Now pretend that there's a mad scientist who can make one of the sisters beautiful. However, in order to do that he must make the other ugly. If he increases the breast size in one, the breast size decreases in the other girl. Fullness of lips in the one creates thin lips in the other. Thicker, stronger, more lustrous hair in one makes the other's hair weak, thin, and brittle. When the scientist is finished, one of the girls looks like a knockout, but the other looks like, as you might say, a dog. Do you understand?"

"I guess so," I said.

"The mad scientist also makes the beautiful girl dumb and sexy and easily manipulated by men, which makes the other sister smart but frigid."

"Couldn't she put on a jacket?" I said.

"By frigid, we mean that she doesn't like sex," explained Susan.

I thought about this for a few seconds. "I'm dumb, aren't I?" I said.

"You're actually smarter than you think," said James. "You've been made to believe you're dumb. They made you believe you went to the pet girl academy."

"Well I did," I said.

"If you try really hard, you can remember different things."

"I don't want to try real hard," I said.

He chuckled. "Don't worry about it. Let's say that after the one twin was made beautiful, she was then made to forget that she ever had a twin. Are you with me so far?"

"I guess so."

"Now let's pretend that you're one of the twins. We'll call you Tina."

"You mean I have a twin?" I asked.

"No, we're pretending," he said.

"Oh."

James rubbed his forehead. He was kind of cute, I noticed. He continued. "The mad scientist put you in Tina's body to make it easier for him to manipulate your mind."

"It's not because you became a girl," added Susan. "It's just that the brain is easier to manipulate after a body change."

It was starting to make sense. I did remember that something happened to my Tina memories. Almost without warning, I went from being a normal girl to becoming compliant and obedient. It was like someone touched me with a magic wand and told me that my only goal in life was to please Mr. Madison.

James saw that I understood. He continued. "This is where things get really confusing. The mad scientist was trying to change his society to where women became willing, obedient slaves. The first step was to turn women into mistresses, like Tina. The second was to make them pet girls."

"How did he do that?" I asked.

"Do you know what a template is?" asked James. When he saw me look confused, he continued. "It's something you can use to make a kind of copy. They use templates to make form letters for business. Every part of the letter is the same except for the names. One letter might say Dear Mr. Jones, the next one would begin Dear Mr. Smith."

"Okay," I said. "I get it."

"The mad scientist used a template for a type of girl he wanted and during the Underground Ball he changed the brains of all the girls there to make them believe they were that girl. The thing that was different was their names. You became Gigi."

"You mean he made us all stupid and what was that word, complacent?"

"Compliant, I think you mean."

"Yes, that's the one." Now that I considered it, all the pet girls did act pretty much the same. But there was one thing puzzling me. "But why did he need me? What's the point?"

"I think we'll save that one for tomorrow," said James.

\* \* \*

The next day, they continued my education. I discovered there had been more than one reason why James had used the twins analogy, and let me tell you it was nice knowing what analogy meant.

“Do you remember Alice through the Looking Glass?” asked James. “Can you imagine a mirror world on the other side, where everything is exactly the same except reversed?”

I told him I could.

“The mad scientist discovered he could pull things across the mirror from one dimension to another. He could take two women looking at each other through the mirror and give one fuller breasts while decreasing her intelligence.”

“The twins,” I said, suddenly realizing what he was getting at.

“Exactly,” he said. “Except that the plan was found out by women in the dimension where we came from. They stopped it and the people in both dimensions came up with a compromise. They put sex offenders from our dimension into the bodies of bimbos in the other as punishment. The ex-bimbos would then be able to make a positive change in our dimension by helping get rid of porn and sexual abuse.”

“So you’re not from here either?” I asked.

“We’re agents sent to retrieve you from this dimension,” said Susan.

“But the mad scientist – or rather scientists, as there were more than one – were still one step ahead of us. Instead of women changing places with sex offenders, we were getting male operatives who had already been switched with the women. Once these spies inhabited the bodies of the sex offenders, they were able to continue their work without us suspecting anything.”

“This is so confusing,” I said.

“It gets worse,” said James. “The mad scientists have figured a way to change their world without having to steal from ours. That’s why we have to leave today.”

“Huh?” I believe I said.

“It involves changing the genetic code of the people in this dimension. Without boring you with details, they’ve found a way to change everyone. Instead of there being two sexes, male and female, they’ve found a way to make two breeds of men and two breeds of women. There would be Alpha males, asexual male drones, normal women to breed with the Alphas, and doll girl sex pets.”

I was silent for a while. Then I suddenly blurted out without thinking. “They’d have to find a way to put the marker on the X chromosome then, wouldn’t they?”

Both James and Susan stared at me with open mouths. “How did you know that?”

“I think I used to be a geneticist,” I replied, blushing.



“So that’s why they substituted you for Burke,” said Susan. “We’ve been trying to figure that one out. They wanted a geneticist on their side.”

I began to feel very uncomfortable. “So when do we leave?” I asked.

\* \* \*

We waited in the living room for what seemed like hours. Both James and Susan looked at the clock repeatedly. Finally a buzzer sounded. James sighed. “Finally. It’s time to go,” he said.

“Good,” said Susan. “This place gives me the creeps.”

“Do we have everything?”

“Where’s my purse?” I said.

“Oh Jesus.”

I blushed. “Well, I am still a girl. I can’t help it. I feel positively naked without my purse.” I flashed them both a smile. James laughed. Susan shook her head. And then she did something totally weird. She stepped through the mirror.

\* \* \*

I stood there with my mouth gaping. Hearing about magic mirrors was one thing. Watching someone walk through one was another. I felt my knees go weak. James grabbed my arm to support me. “Take deep breaths,” he said. “Try to relax.”

“Relax? What’s going on?”

“That’s our doorway. We haven’t much time.”

Just then a body fell through the mirror. It was a girl, and not a very pretty girl at that. She looked to be about twenty, and had buck teeth and horn rimmed glasses. Her thighs were large and her breasts looked small. She was unconscious.

James dragged her away from the mirror. “It’s your turn,” he said.

“Who’s that?”

“With any luck, that would be Robert J. Burke. Now come on, we can’t receive the next one until you’re through.” He lead me to the mirror. It was weird looking into it. I hadn’t noticed before, but it seemed that beyond my own reflection, I could see two guys in uniform holding up another person who seemed to be unconscious. Only they looked like TV shadows. “Hurry up. We don’t have all day. You can admire yourself after you cross.”

I stuck out my tongue at him. He fairly shoved me through. I stumbled and stuck out my hands to brace myself, and discovered my hands went through the

mirror. I didn't quite fall through, but I'm sure I didn't make a graceful entrance when I reached the other side.

I found myself in what looked like a hotel room. There was a bed, a nightstand, a television, and a full-length mirror behind me. It was dark in the room. I turned on a light.

Susan was on the balcony, looking out at the city lights. There was a warm, dry breeze coming in and the gauzy curtains were waving. I walked toward her. I wanted to take a look.

James came through. "What is this?" he said. "We're not at the Institute."

"It's a hotel room, Einstein," I shot back. "What did you think it was?"

Susan came inside, looking worried. "Something's wrong," she said. "None of this looks familiar."

I walked past her to the window, hoping they hadn't screwed things up. As I did, I felt a wave of familiarity wash over me. It looked just like the postcards. There was the Stratosphere, over there the Luxor, and the other one, I forgot what it was called.

"It's all right," I told them. "We're in Vegas."

"Vegas?" they echoed.

"Las Vegas," I said. "In Nevada. You know. Sin City. Gambling. Showgirls. Fun for the whole family."

"I don't understand," said Susan. "Gambling's illegal."

"Not in Nevada," I said. "Neither is prostitution, in counties having less than 25,000 people, or something like that. Cigarettes are cheap, there's no income tax – if my memory isn't faulty – and oddly enough, before this little adventure started, I hadn't any desire to come here. Didn't gamble, didn't smoke, hardly drank. Now though, I'm looking forward to seeing the sights. Though I don't think I'll take up smoking again. It's a filthy habit."

The two of them had turned completely white. "What's wrong?" I said.

"This isn't our world. We came to the wrong place."

"We've got to get out of here," said Susan.

Just then I heard a giant crack split the room. It was the mirror. Both turned to look. Susan shrieked, then fainted. James was shaking. I had to take a peek. The mirror, which we had used to move from one dimension to another, had a huge crack in it running from top to bottom.

"Ooh, that's too bad," I said, amazed at my lack of sympathy. "Looks like you're stuck in my world now. You're probably wanting a drink. Let's see what that mini bar has."

"Alcohol is bad for you," said James.

I laughed. Suddenly it struck me. Obviously there were at least three dimensions, not two. James and Susan had evidently lived in a prudish one, while the

other dimension was a male-dominated one. My world seemed to be a cross between the two. Some prudish, some sexist, but mostly confused. And it seemed obvious to all of us that they weren't going back.

"You're going to have to learn to cope," I told them. "And in this city, a drink is the best way to start." I walked to the bar. On the counter I noticed a piece of paper with an entry card on top. It was the receipt for the hotel room and it had the name Tina and a signature on it. That must be me, I thought. Next to it was another receipt with James' and Susan's name on that. Evidently they were married. So we had rooms. That was a good sign.

Next to the receipts was a big manila envelope. Out of curiosity, I opened it up. Inside were official documents for the three of us: driver's licenses, social security cards, birth certificates, and credit cards. There was also a cover letter. It read:

"After your adventures in the other world, we at the Institute have decided that this Earth may be the best place for you to continue your work. We don't think there is any interdimensional activity there, but we can't afford to take any chances. We believe that with Tina's multiple pasts, she should be the one to draw out any enemy operatives. We have given her a background as an exotic dancer who goes by the stage name of 'Gigi G-Cup'. Puleeze, I thought. I didn't have G-cups, though when I looked down, they did seem to be overfilling my DD-cup bra. But G? "James will pose as her manager and agent and Susan will be his assistant. We are reasonably confident that Tina will adjust to her new assignment easily enough and she will be able to help the two of you acclimate. We placed you in Las Vegas because we felt you would be less conspicuous there. You'll notice your identification places you as residents of California, where you'll be equally inconspicuous. Good luck in your new lives." It was unsigned.

I made them both drinks and showed them the letter. After they read it through, they took one look at each other, then simultaneously downed their drinks. I laughed.

"So what do you two want to do first?" I said. "Have dinner? See a show? Do some gambling? Oh excuse me. They call it gaming here. We can discuss business, though I'm not sure I like the idea of Gigi G-Cup."

"I need another drink," said Susan.

"We can get drinks in the casino," I said, holding up my VISA.

"I'm not going to have to wear a micro-mini and six-inch heels again," she said. "Am I?"

"Not if you don't want to," I replied. "But there are times I kind of like looking like a slut."

"Sure thing, Gigi G," said James with a leer.

I chuckled him on the chin. "Don't you wish, cowboy."

"Do I look okay?" said Susan. She was wearing a tee and tight blue jeans with boots with chunky heels. "I don't want to go out being overdressed."

“You’ll pass,” I said. “Come on, let’s go. This girl feels lucky. Oh wait, I don’t want to forget my room key.” I picked it up from the counter. I gave them their keys too.

James and Susan looked at each other and shrugged their shoulders. Then as one they turned toward the door. I followed them, thinking about how good it felt being a sexy chick in a normal world.

THE END