

TV FICTION CLASSICS

MAGAZINE

"HAIR TODAY, GOWN TOMORROW"

*Alan's trip to the beauty shop turns into
a new job, girlfriend and life!*



VOLUME 34

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GOWN TOMORROW”**

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QUOTE BOARD

“To survive in business, a woman doesn't only have to know as much as a man but also how to choose the right shade of lipstick.”

“HAIR TODAY, GOWN TOMORROW”

BY DAWN BELL & SANDY THOMAS

Chapter 1

“Come along Alan, I don’t want to keep Ann waiting. It’s almost seven already, and a perm takes over two hours,” Karen Taylor said to her eighteen year old son Alan.

“Aw, mom. Do I have to go? It’ll be boring having to sit around waiting for you,” Alan whined.

“Nonsense. There are plenty of magazines there to read.”

“Oh, there are? ! Yeah like Playboy? Penthouse?” Alan retorted sarcastically.

“Why don’t you take today’s newspaper and look through the job ads?” his mother said with equal ridicule.

“Done that already. . .nothing new there,” Alan grumbled as he followed his mother to the car.

Karen, widowed soon after Alan’s birth. She worked hard as a housekeeper for Mrs. Amanda Richardson, a rich heiress who owned a beautiful hotel called the “RICHARDSON PALACE.” The “PALACE” as most people called it was the finest small hotel in town and earned its five star rating by giving impeccable personal service.

Karen was a good mother, if not a little overprotective. Though Alan wasn’t really shy, he was somewhat of a loner, sticking close to home and finding enjoyment in various hobbies. He hadn’t grown to be a big kid either.

His mother was a petite woman and Alan had taken after her. They had the same thick, dark hair and brown eyes.

Alan wasn’t too crazy about accompanying his mother to her hairdresser. He’d never actually been in a woman’s hair salon, but he knew it wasn’t a very male-friendly environment. However he had agreed to drive his mother this once because she sprained her wrist which made driving the car difficult.

They pulled into the driveway of the Palace Hotel. The Beauty shop belonged to Ann Bergen, his mother’s hairdresser. Ann worked from a small, one-room “salon” in the hotel’s basement. She only worked “by appointment” and had a good number of long time clients and hotel employees, like Alan’s mom, who had standing weekly appointments.

“Hi Karen, right on time!” Ann Bergen said as she opened the door of her shop to let Karen and Alan in. “You must be Alan,” She said as she extended her hand to the young man.

“Hello,” he politely replied.

“Alan, you have the same thick hair as your mom,” she continued as she softly felt a lock of Alan’s hair with her fingers. He smiled a little embarrassed at the attention. In fact, he had insisted on growing his hair out like the style worn by the rock music crowd. It was now well over his ears and dangling in his eyes.

There had been many “discussions” with his mother about doing something to give it some shape and style. His job hunting was suffering too because of his shaggy hair according to his mother. But his vehement comment was always, “barbers shave you no matter what style you want!”

He’d complain that he’d tried to tell the barber that he just wanted his bangs trimmed. Before you knew it. . .you would look like you were ready to enroll at West Point.

“Sure it’s thick, but it’s just styleless!” Alan’s mother chimed in at the obvious opportunity. “Oh boy,” thought Alan, “here we go again.”

“Well, it surely could use a little trim, maybe some styling,” Ann suggested.

“Please, Mom. We’ve talked about this enough haven’t we?” Alan said with a glare at his mother.

“Yes, I know,” Karen Taylor replied calmly. She turned to Ann to explain. “Alan says that barbers always cut your hair short no matter what you ask for. He’s had some bad experiences and now he is just letting it grow wild without any style.”

“Oh I know!” Ann replied, “Amanda’s son, Mark, he stopped going to barbers two years ago. He said the same thing.”

“He did?” Alan said with obvious surprise at the support. Mark was several years older than Alan but everyone knew him. Rich, good-looking and played in a band which got him any girl he wanted.

“Sure, he’s says that he is never going back to short hair. And his hair looks great all the time! You should see the girls chase after him,” Ann bragged.

“Isn’t his hair very long and shaggy by now?” Alan’s mother asked.

“Not at all. It’s probably just a little longer than Alan’s here. Just a minute, I’ll show you,” Ann said and she stepped into her living room. She was back in a few seconds with a photo of Amanda Richardson and her son, Mark.

“This was taken just last Christmas. Isn’t his hair beautiful?” Ann said with pride.

Alan and his mom looked at the photo. Mark looked a lot like his mother. Mark’s hair was full and almost shoulder length. It was wavy and curly all over with full bangs that swept back to the sides. In fact,



Alan needed a job. His long hair wasn't helping either but he refused to get it cut.

it was remarkably similar to his mother's. Her hair was just a little bit longer.

"Oh that does look nice," Alan's mom exclaimed, "doesn't it Alan?"

"Yeah, it's cool," Alan pronounced truthfully. If only he could get girls like Mark did.

"Mark is so lucky to have such naturally curly hair!" Mrs. Taylor said as she handed the photo back to Ann.

"Naturally curly?" Ann smiled, "Mark's hair is like his mother's. . .straight as a poker!"

“You mean?” Alan’s mother said with raised eyebrows toward Ann.

“That’s right, I look after Mark’s hair as well as his mothers. In fact, I have several of my client’s long-haired sons as regular clients. Hairdressers know how to take care of long hair. Alan is right, barbers are trained to cut hair short, so that’s what they do.”

“Right on!” Alan said with a smug smile. His mother still with that knowing smile on her face said to her son.

“Does that mean you’d let Ann fix that mop of yours a little too?”

“Uh. . .well,” Alan hemmed, being caught a little off guard. He did like the hairstyle that Mark had. “Did you really style his hair?” He asked turning to Ann again.

“As a matter of fact, that photo was taken right after I finished doing their hair. It’s taken in my living room. They were going to a Christmas party that day.”

“Well, I wouldn’t mind having hair like him.” Alan conceded. “But my hair’s not wavy like that.”

“Is that so, well want to bet that I can make your’s look as good as Mark’s?”

Alan smiled, “What do we bet?”

“If I fail, it’s on the house. If I win, maybe you’ll consider using my services as a regular customer. I can set up a standing appointment at the same time as your mothers.”

Alan grinned, his mother seemed to be holding her tongue, anticipating that finally she will have her way. . .his hair needed something. What a strange stroke of luck that she had Alan accompany her to this appointment.

“OK. . .you’re on,” Alan replied finally. Mark’s picture did give him some confidence in Ann’s abilities. That was the kind of look he had been after from the start. It looked a lot like Jim Dorison’s, the lead singer of the group, the Windows.

Alan’s close observations in the mirror these days didn’t see any way that his mane would turn into that. . .but finally he had hope.

“Finally!” Alan’s mom joked as she made an upward motion with her hands to the heavens.

“Well then, come on down and we’ll get started,” Ann said as she led the way down the staircase to her hairdressing room.

Alan was taken aback somewhat by the setup. The fairly large room was very professionally designed and equipped. Two small couches were up against one wall with a small coffee table in between them. The table had a pile of hairstyle and fashion magazines for the waiting customer’s enjoyment.

On another wall, was a large mirror flanked by a salon shampoo sink and chair. In front of the mirror was a professional beauty salon stylist chair. Along the other wall were two salon hair dryers also separated by a small table with reading material on it. Along the mirror, Alan saw various trays of pins and clips, some towels, various

combs, brushes and spray bottles. Beside the styling chair, a small cart on wheels with several tiers of trays. He couldn't see what was inside them however. Ann brought Alan out of his perusal of the room.

"Have a seat Alan. How I'll work this is that I'll start with your mom, get her perm rolled and processing, then I'll shampoo you and trim up a few hairs here and there. Then I'll have to get back to your mother's perm before I can get you set and under the dryer, OK?"

"Uh, sure," Alan replied not really understanding what the 'perm' was nor why he would have to sit under a dryer.

He made himself comfortable in one of the couches and flipped through one of the magazines. They were all full of pictures of women's hairdos or clothing. He found himself watching Ann work on his mother's hair.

First, she washed it in the sink. Alan had never been in a beauty salon, only barber shops. He was surprised at how his mother had to lay back on the chair while Ann shampooed her hair. Next, Ann wrapped a towel around his mother's hair and had her walk back over to the styling chair.

She then combed out the wet hair and pulled the cart over to herself and pulled one of the trays back a bit. She took out a thin plastic rod with a black elastic thing attached to one end. Alan watched with interest as she wrapped his mother's hair around the rod and rolled it to her scalp where the elastic was used to hold the rod in place. Alan's curiosity got the best of him.

"What are those?" He asked.

"These are called perm rods, Alan," Ann explained like a teacher instructing a class. "I wrap your mother's hair in these before I put some chemicals on it."

"What does that do?" He continued, still confused.

"Well, that helps the hair hold a curl for weeks," Ann explained.

"Oh. I thought mom's hair was naturally curly."

"I wish," Karen Taylor sighed.

Alan continued watching as Ann rolled section after section of his mother's hair. When she was done, there must have been sixty perm rods wound into it. Then, taking some cotton strips, Ann began lining them under the bottom row of rods all around his mother's head.

"This next step may smell a little," Ann warned as she took a plastic squeeze bottle and proceeded to squirt a coating of liquid onto each rod while Mrs. Taylor held a plastic catch pan around her neck.

"Whew! That's awful!" Alan exclaimed as the strong ammonia-like smell filled the room.

"I know," Ann agreed, "but it's part of the process, sorry."

Finally, Ann was finished. She put a plastic cap over Karen's curlers and had her sit in one of the other chairs.

"Your turn Alan," Ann stated as she motioned for him to come over to the shampoo station. The boy hesitated only briefly as he took one last look at his mother. Karen Taylor just had an amused smile on her face.

Alan sat back on the shampoo chair as Ann tied a pink, plastic, salon cape around his neck and shoulders. She lifted his hair up as she guided his neck into the opening in the sink. Alan felt the warm water rush over his scalp from the hose Ann was using to wet his locks. It felt very nice to lay back and have someone massage his scalp and neck. After a thorough shampoo followed by a conditioning rinse Ann pronounced that she was done and helped Alan sit up while she wrapped a towel around his dripping hair.

"Well, that wasn't so bad," Alan commented as he plopped himself down in front of the mirror.

"Hey, I'm the best!" Ann joked. "Now, let's see what we have here," Ann spoke as she began to comb out Alan's wet hair. "I'm going to just clean up the ends and even it out all over. Maybe, shorten these bangs a little. They're too long to do anything with as is... unless you want to grow them way out? Hmmmm... no I don't think that would be best," she continued on her analysis, thinking out loud, posing rhetorical questions which she answered herself.

Finally, she appeared to be finished her thought process and combed all his hair back. As Alan watched in the mirror, she combed out a two-by-two inch section of hair and deftly twisted it into a large pincurl. Fastening it with a couple of shiny metal clips. Noticing the surprised look on Alan's face, she explained,

"I'm just sectioning your hair and pinning it to get it out of my way while I cut it."

In a few minutes his scalp was covered with pincurls like he'd seen other women with in the past. First she took an electric hair clipper and carefully cleaned off the light fuzz on his neck forming a subtle V-shape hairline in back. Then she released a pin curl at the nape of his neck and cut about a half-inch off with her scissors. She continued from section to section releasing each pin curl trimming a little from the ends, steadily working up the back and sides of his scalp. Soon she was putting the finishing touches on his bangs.

"There, that will be much better!" Ann exclaimed, "No more split ends."

"Is that it?" Alan asked expectantly.

"Well, not if you want to have a hairstyle like my Mark's," Ann replied.

"Oh. . .so you're not done," The young boy replied sensing that he was in for more attention.

"Not at all. Pretty hair takes time! First we need to decide if you want to only have this hairstyle until your next shampoo, or if you'd like it to be good for a couple of months," The hairdresser explained, now also speaking to Alan's mother as well as Alan.

“Alan? Would you like to have hair like Mark’s for a while? It will require a lot more care than you’re providing to it now,” Mrs. Taylor explained to her son.

“Gee. . .I guess I like the way Mark’s hair looks. He seems to be doing okay for the last two years. Right?” Alan said somewhat defiantly.

“He sure is—with his mother’s and my help,” Ann answered, then quickly added, “So it’s to be a permanent change, then is it?” Before Alan could even answer his mother spoke on his behalf, “That’s what he says, so go ahead.”

“Okay, I have less than fifteen minutes before I have to neutralize your hair so I’d better hurry,” Ann replied as she briskly started her next task. Alan watched with trepidation as Ann pulled over the small cart and pulled open the drawer with the same rods that covered his mother’s head. Her hands worked with precise expertise as she quickly began sectioning and winding his hair onto the perm rods. She was three quarters of the way done when the small kitchen timer sounded.

“I’ll have to stop for a few minutes and neutralize your mom’s hair,” she said as she put down her comb. Mrs. Taylor was asked to sit at the shampoo chair once again so that Ann could use a different squeeze bottle to apply another chemical to each perm rod. In a few minutes she was done and returned to winding Alan’s hair.

“There. . .done,” she announced as the last strands of the boy’s hair were tightly captured by a perm rod. “Now, I’ll just put this cotton around here so that the solution doesn’t drip down your neck.”

In minutes, Alan found himself holding a small plastic drip tray around his neck as the painfully, pungent smell of that chemical wafted down over his face. It felt very cold against his scalp.

“Gee, that stinks!” Complained Alan. “Mark went through all this too?”

“Many times,” Ann chuckled, “you’ll get used to it.”

Alan sat trying to breathe through his mouth as he watched Ann rinse his mother’s hair thoroughly in the sink. She then removed the perm rods and shampooed her hair before asking her to return to the styling chair. Now she combed it out and to Alan’s surprise began to set it again, but this time on larger plastic rollers, the kind he saw his mother wear around the house quite frequently.

“Why are you putting those in?” Alan questioned.

“Because after a perm, you have to set the hair on larger rollers to shape the style,” The hairdresser explained.

“Gee we’ll be here ‘till morning before her hair dries,” grumbled Alan.

“Well, actually it won’t be that long. But your mother will be waiting for me to finish your hair rather than the other way around. You’ll just be going under the dryer when your mom’s hair will be ready to comb out,” Ann chuckled.

And so it was. Alan found himself going through the same process that he had just witnessed. There was his mother, sitting while Ann backcombed and teased her hair into its final styling while he was cooking under the hot drier, his head covered in large rollers. They had been here almost two hours! Just to have their hair done! He didn't plan on doing this again. Mark must be crazy! "Maybe having short hair makes sense," he thought to himself.

Finally the hair drier clicked off and Ann checked one of his curlers to see if the hair was dry yet.

"There we are, all done," Ann announced as she motioned to Alan to sit in the styling chair once more. He watched as the hairdresser removed the pins and rollers. Alan was somewhat shocked at the way his previously limp, straight hair snapped back into tight rolls against his scalp. It made his hair look positively short, but he knew that she had only trimmed a fraction of an inch off of the ends.

Next, Ann took a brush and slowly but forcefully ran it through his new curls from his forehead down to the nape of his neck. Even the curls had been blended together and smoothed out, standing out several inches from his scalp.

"Oh, look at that fabulous body!" Ann exclaimed as she fluffed his hair with her hands.

"Why is it that the nicest hair I run into is always on males? It's not fair!" She added.

"Yeah, it sure looks different. . .almost longer than before," Alan replied, watching the way it fluffed out instead of hanging down. Alan got ready to get up.

"Wait. I'm not done yet," Ann said. "You think that I would let you go out with a partially completed style? My reputation would be ruined!" she teased.

She then took a small, pink, lacy cape, draped it over Alan's shoulders and tied the ribbons behind his neck.

"That's just to keep any falling hairs off of your shirt," Ann explained.

Alan watched in the mirror as this seemingly endless process continued. Now she took a rat-tail comb and standing behind him, sectioned off some hair just above his forehead. Then she proceeded to do the same thing he had seen her do on his mother's hair, that is, backcomb by combing downwards on the hair towards his scalp. It made the section of hair stand up stiffly on its own. Swiftly Ann repeated the same process on section after section of hair until his whole head looked like Alfalfa's from the Little Rascals!

"Uh. . .how's this going to become what I saw in Mark's picture?" Alan asked nervously.

"Keep watching," Ann smiled. With comb brush and hairspray, she smoothed and formed. Karen Taylor smiled as she watched her one and only transform. She couldn't help but giggle as Alan's

hairstyle kept evolving, often slipping into very feminine hairdo's in the process.

Finally, Ann sprayed all of Alan's hairstyle with hairspray and stepped back.

"Well, what do you think?" She asked smiling.

Alan was staring in wonder at his reflection in the mirror. It looked like he had put on a wig, so different was his hairstyle from what he had come in with. His hair did look a lot like Mark's! It was softly curled throughout, his bangs tickling the tops of his brows, the hair at the temples, over his ears and along his nape now curling gently under. The backcombing even made him look taller! It was indeed a variation of the hairdo his mother now wore.

"Hey. . .you know it does look neat, but it's like mom's?" he finally replied in shock.

"Oh, it's marvelous! And it does look like mine," Mrs. Taylor gushed. "I should have brought you here ages ago."

Alan's eyes darted back and forth between his mother's hairstyle and his own. He had his mother's hair!

Mrs. Taylor smiled, saying, "Yes it looks as good as mine. . .but more manly."

"I guess you win the bet," Alan stated as he stood up from the chair and let Ann remove the lacy little cape.

"I'm glad you like it! I'll pencil you in for a standing appointment with your mom then," Ann said as she folded the cape and put it on a shelf.

"Well, thanks, but I don't think that will be necessary. I can handle it myself. This is too much like torture," Alan joked.

"I'm sure your mother will help you with setting it at home, but it's always good to get it set professionally once a week or so," the hairdresser explained.

"Setting at home? Why would I want to set it at home?" He asked.

"Alan. . .you've just had a permanent wave," Alan's mother explained as if she were speaking to a child. "If you shampoo your hair and not set it on rollers afterwards, your hair will look like a haystack."

"What? You mean that I have to wear rollers each time I wash my hair?"

"That's right. . .but don't worry, I'll show you how. You get used to it very quickly. It will be as routine as brushing your teeth," his mother consoled her annoyed son.

Ann added, "Mark does his own each evening before bedtime. It doesn't bother him."

Alan was almost beside himself. Sure his hair did look cool, but the price he would have to pay had not been clearly explained to him beforehand.

"Oh boy, that's just great!" He snorted and stood with his arms crossed by the door ready to leave. Karen Taylor paid Ann for her services and added a generous tip. Speaking in a low voice so that

Alan couldn't hear she said, "Ann, I can't thank you enough. He looks so cute! And keep his appointment on for next week, I'll work on him. Don't worry. I've always wondered what it would be like to have a daughter instead of a son, now with his perm I may actually get to experience some of that mother-daughter feeling when I do his hair."

"I hope you're able to get him to let you set his hair," Ann whispered in reply, looking at the obviously unhappy boy. "It's not a body perm so it needs continuous setting. I also cut it like your's so you could create all sorts of pretty hairdo's with it."

"I know, I was looking at some styles in the magazines while I was waiting. You know, I'd love to know what he would look like if he'd been my daughter!" Alan's mother whispered.

"Hmmm," Ann grinned.

Chapter 2

That evening, after complaining about how the car and the whole house smelled of that perm solution emanating from both his mother's and his own hair, Alan begrudgingly accepted his mother's suggestion that he wear one of her hairnets to bed.

"Believe me, it will keep your hairdo looking quite fresh for tomorrow."

"Mom, stop calling it a 'hairdo'... girls have hairdo's; guys have hairstyles. OK?"

"Oh don't be so picky. Your hair-STYLE looks beautiful and let's keep it that way for a while."

She showed him how to carefully tuck all his new curls into the net.

"Good night dear," she smiled as she left his bedroom.

"Good night mother."

The next morning, Friday, Alan continued his job search. He was pleasantly surprised when he bumped into a delectable girl who had just graduated with him from high school. She was a doll, but he had never been part of the "in crowd" like her so he was just one of her many admirers from afar. Imagine his surprise when she approached him on the sidewalk and said,

"Hey. You're Alan Taylor right?"

"Uh. . .yeah, hi Cindy. How's it going?" He mumbled, feeling silly and tongue-tied.

"You look different!" She exclaimed. "It's your hair, it looks different. Trendy and hot!"

"Really?" Alan exclaimed in surprise, "Gee, thanks."

"Are you working or going on to college?" She continued, but Alan noticed that she was giving him that once-over look of interest. Talk about catching him off guard!

"College? Not this year, we can't afford it. I'm job hunting."

"Me too, things are tough out here, I've only had a few interviews and a lot of 'sorry and no thanks'."

"Well, if you've had interviews, you're ahead of me," Alan chuckled. "I've been getting just turned away at the door."

"Gee. . .I've got to run to another interview," Cindy said as she glanced down at her watch. She sounded almost disappointed, but then smiled at Alan and said, "It's good to see an old classmate. . .why don't you call me sometime and we can get together for lunch or something," she quickly scribbled her phone number down on a slip of paper and handed it to him.

"Hmmm. . .yeah, that would be great!" The shocked Alan managed to reply as she quickly walked away, but not before giving him one more radiant smile with deep eye contact!

He was stunned as he walked along looking down at the feminine handwriting on the slip of paper—"CINDY, Call me, 555-9820." Suddenly, he felt a shot of pain on his head as he bounced off the light pole that he had just walked into.

"Damn, I hope she didn't see that!" He said to himself as he checked to see that she was gone already.

This was amazing, Cindy had been in school with him for the last three years and he may as well have been invisible for all she noticed him. Now, she suddenly stops him, says he has 'hot looking hair' and basically asks him out on a lunch date.

Alan stopped before a large store window and looked at his reflection. The soft curls and teasing certainly made him look taller, but damn if the wind hadn't whipped it up and made him look somewhat feminine. He thought back to Cindy. Who did she date? Oh yeah, that Willis guy. . .he was pretty small and non-macho. . .Hmmm, Bannister too. . .and Graham. Come to think of it, Alan had never seen Cindy giving the jocks much attention. Though that certainly couldn't be said the other way around!

His encounter with Cindy had him walking on air as he merrily forgot about the job hunting he was supposed to do. Instead, he spent the afternoon at the mall people watching. In fact, he was getting a strange feeling that a lot of the pretty girls that he was watching were actively watching him back. He told himself that he better get a grip on reality. Cindy was fluke, he wasn't suddenly a girl-magnet just because he had his hair styled!

Meanwhile, his mother was walking on air too. She was so pleased at how her simple little scheme to do something about Alan's non-hairstyle had worked out.

The whole idea had been triggered when she had bumped into Mark at one of her recent hair appointments. He had been away a lot and hadn't seen him for years. To say the least, she had been a little shocked to watch as Ann removed Mark's rollers and proceeded to

comb his hair out into a cute, curly bouffant. Even more so when she pinned the back hair upwards with some bobby pins.

Once the young man had left and Ann and she were alone, Karen admitted that she wished that Alan could learn to take care of his hair like Mark. Karen Taylor was intrigued and got her idea right then and there!

She knew that Alan always went out for a run before bed on Fridays. His run was always followed by a shower. So when she heard the water shut off she waited a few minutes then walked over to the bathroom door.

“Alan, after you get your pajamas on, come over to my room and I’ll set your hair for you,” she called through the closed door.

“Mom, I’m not wearing anymore silly hair rollers! So thanks, but no thanks,” came the muffled reply.

His mother smiled a knowing Cheshire Cat grin, “Whatever you want dear,” she responded and went back to the living room. Minutes later she heard the blow dryer whirring in the bathroom. Karen Taylor casually flipped through the day’s newspaper waiting for Alan’s reaction. It came minutes later.

She heard the bathroom door open and Alan’s footsteps coming into the living room. Alan stood there in his bathrobe and slippers, an unhappy scowl covered his face.

“Just great!” He growled in a somewhat defeated sounding voice. His mother couldn’t suppress a giggle as she looked at his hair. It looked something like sheep’s wool badly in need of shearing. Frizzy and kinky curls all over! She tried to keep a straight face as she asked,

“Something wrong?”

“What do you think?”

“Well, I’d say your hair looked better this morning.”

“So this is the way it will always look after I shampoo it?” Alan asked pointing to his mop.

“Of course not,” his mother replied. This sent a look of hopeful anticipation across Alan’s face. However, the look was blown away as his mother continued,

“It will look as good as it did yesterday if you set it.”

“But we don’t have a hair dryer,” Alan pointed out.

“I know, but I’ve found that by putting my hair up at night, it’s dry by morning.”

“You mean sleep on rollers?” Alan moaned.

“Well, tough guy. You can sleep on rollers, or you can set it in the morning. But then you’ll have to keep them in until mid-afternoon. I guess on some weekends that will be okay since you help me with the housework tomorrow anyway.”

“Well. . .OK,” he replied in a defeated tone of voice. He was still thinking about Cindy’s comment about his ‘hot looking’ hair, then finally asked. “Will you set it for me tomorrow?” Karen Taylor

imagined she could hear a large crowd cheering as if the hometown had just scored a touchdown.

"Of course, sweetheart. I've already bought you your own rollers and accessories. In fact, I'll do my hair tomorrow as well," she beamed with motherly love.

That night Alan had strange restless dreams. It was undoubtedly from the new hairdo. He dreamed that he was in Ann's salon chair but it wasn't clear what she was doing to him.

Alan woke with a start. . .his heart was pounding and his bedsheets were damp. It had seemed so real but he couldn't remember what happened. He tried to interpret the dream/nightmare. . .maybe Alan was confused by all the new attention. The prospect of calling Cindy to arrange a 'date' was exciting. She liked his hairdo. . .um, hairstyle. If she saw him now, he'd probably be worse than invisible. Better fix that.

Alan's mother heard the shower running again as she sat in front of her vanity finishing the setting of her own hair. Another complete set of rollers was waiting in front of her. Having finished the last roller, she picked up a pretty silk kerchief and carefully tied it over her curlers and into a bow at the nape of her neck.

The kerchief was covered with red flowers on a green background. In front of her a second silk kerchief lay. It had pink flowers on a bright yellow and black background. Time to push things a little step farther. Karen Taylor smiled in anticipation.

Fifteen minutes later a resigned Alan sat in front of the vanity as his mother taught him how to set his hair.

"That's right. Make sure the section is not too big and combed through smoothly," Alan's mother directed as she watched her son somewhat awkwardly section and wind another roller against his scalp.

"Now remember what side of the roller the clip goes. If you put it on the wrong side, the roller will flop all over the place." She had to help with the back but she was happy with his first attempt. She imagined that it was just like the first time her mother had put her through the same paces.

"Very good, you'll be doing this yourself in no time," praised his mother surveying her son's head now so neatly covered in curlers. "Now take this and unfold it," she continued as she handed him the silk kerchief. Alan followed her instructions without question. He had always seen his mother wear such a kerchief when she had her hair up during the daytime.

The naive boy assumed it had something to do with the setting process. Little did he know that it was purely a feminine way to cover up the rollers. Soon, both mother and son sported similar gaily-colored head coverings with assorted rollers and clips peaking out and making the kerchiefs bulge all over their heads.

Saturday morning was usually housecleaning day at the Taylor home. Alan was not unfamiliar with the duties, and he had been trained by his mother over the years that he should wear an apron to keep spills and dust off of his clothes. His mother was now glad that she had trained him this way over the years because it fit in well with her plan.

“Mom, where is my work apron?” Alan called as he searched in the kitchen closet. He had always worn an old, men’s-style barbecue-type apron. It was quite worn from the two or three years of use.

“Oh? That old rag?” Mrs. Taylor replied. “I’ve cut it up for wash rags. Don’t worry I’ll find you something from my work apron collection.”

Karen, being the hotel housekeeper for Amanda Richardson, had a whole closet full of uniforms. Mrs. Richardson was quite an eccentric at times, but she insisted on proper decorum from her housekeeper and maids at all times. In fact all the hotel employees wore new and stylish uniforms. Karen was even provided with an open account with a local seamstress which provided her with the highest quality of uniforms for every occasion. As she entered her closet, she already knew exactly which apron she was looking for.

“Here you are dear, it should fit you nicely, we are about the same size.”

“I can’t wear that!” Alan declared as he looked at the garment that his mother was now holding up against his body. “It looks like a dress!”

“Nonsense—it’s one of my standard work aprons. It will do nicely,” Alan’s mother stated as she unzipped the long zipper up the back of the gleaming white apron. Unlike the average apron, this one had a completely enclosed skirt, full front bodice and short cuffed sleeves. The only way that it may have differed from a jumper-style dress was that the back was more open from the yolk of the bodice to the lower back.

The skirt was of a dirndl design, much like a bell which flared from the hips then dropped straight down to just past the knees. It would limit the size of step the wearer could take. The hem of the skirt was trimmed with a pretty flounce of ruffled material. The same decorative material adorned the yolk of the bodice. Alan’s years of helping do housework in an “apron” must have overrode his natural masculine aversion to donning such a basically feminine garment.

“This is silly,” Alan grumbled as he submitted to his mother’s instructions and stepped into the skirt which she held out for him near the floor. However as she pulled the skirt up over his jeans it became impossible to pull up all the way to his waist because his jeans were too bulky at the hips.

“Of course—what am I doing?” muttered Mrs. Taylor to herself. “Alan, you can’t fit this apron over jeans. Slip those jeans off, you don’t need to dirty them, the apron will cover everything.”

The boy continued to grumble but complied, not thinking ahead to realize that this "apron" when worn without trousers would truly appear to be a dress!

With the jeans cast aside, Alan once more tried to step into the "apron". It went over his hips smoothly now but when he tried to put his arms into the short sleeves they ran into difficulties again. Alan's flannel, plaid shirt bunched up as he tried to push his arms through the narrow apron sleeves.

"Same problem again!" Alan's mother said to herself, "Karen. . .start thinking! Alan slip off that shirt, I'll get you something that's not so heavy." With well-staged self-disgust at her "forgetfulness" Mrs. Taylor once again went into her closet and returned with a shiny, yellow satin blouse (amazingly similar in color to Alan's kerchief.)

"Here, this is one of the tops that fits well with that uniform apron."

"Mom! I don't want to wear that! It'll make me look like a sissy. I'll just get one of my own light shirts," Alan complained.

"Don't be silly. You won't look like any sissy! Are you planning to go somewhere before your hair dries anyway? Hmmm?"

"Well. . .of course not. . ."

"Well then, let's make use of the clothes that Mrs. Richardson buys rather than wear out the ones we have to spend our hard-earned money for, okay?"

Alan took to heart the "our hard-earned money" part of what she said. He knew that his mother worked fifty to sixty hours some weeks, while he hadn't had a job of any kind for months. Who was he to be picky!

"Okay, okay, I guess you're right," he finally conceded. The apron was pulled off his hips again as he removed his shirt. He was about to put one arm into the sleeve of the "top" when his mother said,

"No, silly, not that way, this way," she held the garment in front of him suggesting that he was to put both arms in at the same time. . .This was a back-buttoning blouse! Grimacing he complied and felt a shiver go through him as the cool, shiny material was draped over his arms and chest.

Quickly his mother stepped behind him and began to do up the twenty or so little pearl buttons that closed the back of the blouse. There was a little stand up collar on the blouse that buttoned at the side of his neck. Completing the back, Mrs. Taylor moved to the work on the cuffs of the sleeves which had five buttons each closing around the wrist snugly letting the rest of the sleeve puff outward to the shoulder. Now the apron was pulled on again and it fit smoothly, sliding over the satin easily.

He had to bend forward while his mother helped him guide his arms into the sleeves and helped maneuver the yoke over his roller-covered head. She then stepped behind him to pull up the zipper at the back of the skirt. Mrs. Taylor moved back to take in the complete

image of her son. She couldn't help but smile because she almost couldn't see any of her "son"!

What appeared to be a young woman, with her hair up in curlers, wearing a white jumper style dress over a pretty satin, yellow blouse, now stood in front of her.

"I must look really stupid," Alan said as he held out the skirt from his legs with his fingers.

"You look very nice. And efficient, as Mrs. Richardson likes to say. The only thing that looks a little. . .well, silly perhaps, is your socks."

Alan looked down trying to see his feet beneath the bell of his skirt. Dark, wooly socks contrasted with the white and yellow of his outfit. Without thinking Alan said, "Yeah. They do look funny," his mother pounced on the opening.

"Let me get something to fix that," she replied and whisked off to her closet once again. She was gone for barely a minute when she returned. Alan could only see that she had something yellow and white in her hands. Quickly unzipping his apron again, she helped him out of it. Dropping to her knees she removed his socks, noting that his legs had only the sparsest of blond hairs. He wasn't sure what she was doing until he was asked to raise one foot so that she could put his toes into what were clearly yellow stockings!

"Mom! What are those?!"

"These are just the other parts of this uniform. Oh, don't be such a chicken. It will be very comfortable and will certainly complete the neat look. Besides, I bet you can't do your work without running the stockings?"

Always one for a bet, Alan wasn't convinced but succumbed to his mother's determination. In no time, she was pulling the yellow pantihose smoothly up over his waist. Satisfied that the hose were on without any wrinkles, she helped him in putting on the apron again. She fluffed out the skirt before kneeling once again in front of her son.

The skirt and his mother's body blocked his view of what she was doing as she reached around the back of a couch to where she had placed the other items. He felt her slipping on a shoe onto his right foot. As he balanced on that foot so that she could put the other one on he sensed that something was wrong. The shoe on his right foot had a high heel! As soon as she stepped back to look at him he craned forward to look at his feet. There he saw two slim, stockinged calves perched atop a pair of white, low-heeled pumps.

"This is going too far Mom!"

"Com' on! for fun. You look lovely!" Mrs. Taylor beamed.

"I can't wear these shoes!"

"Why not, I have to. . .even taller ones. Those heels are only two inches high. They are part of the uniform. Good thing that you have the same size feet as me!"

"But mom. . ."

“Shhh! I want you to see how hard I work to keep support you,” she stated then quickly changed the topic. Taking his hand, she led him into the kitchen going on a mile a minute about what they had to clean that day. He tried to interrupt several times but she was oblivious to this and consequently he soon gave up and found himself asking questions about what to work on first.

A short time later Karen Taylor stood in the hall peering into the kitchen secretly watching her son at work. Tears of unrepressed joy were coming to her eyes as she looked upon her feminized son that appeared to be going on about his girlish chores. This was so fun. . .she was pleased!

Chapter 3

The day had gone quickly. It took Alan a while to get used to the skirt of his apron. At first he found himself always straining the hem with his calves as he tried to take his usual boyish strides. But his subconscious gradually adjusted his walk so that by noon he was taking smaller, mincing steps that were more suitable for a slim skirt and heels. His mother noticed his changed walk and admired the way his hips swivelled femininely as he walked. He was walking like a lady!

They stopped for a leisurely lunch. “I appreciate all the help you are in doing the housework dear,” Mrs. Taylor stated as she looked across the table at her son.

“No problem Mum, I know you work real hard to keep us living comfortably,” Alan replied, then added. “I sure feel weird though.”

“Weird? What do you mean?”

“Well. . .you know. . .look at me. I’ve got my hair in curlers.”

“Yes, but you know what a major improvement it makes in your hair don’t you?” his mother interrupted.

“Sure. . .but look at this stuff: my top, this apron, stockings, shoes. . .I look like a. . .” He seemed to be struggling to say something.

“Like what dear? You’re a helpful son and you’ve finally done something to take care of that hair of yours. You’re wearing a simple housekeeping uniform to save wear and tear on your own clothes. Besides. . .I think you look wonderful!” His mother stated looking with deep sincerity into the boy’s eyes.

His eyes seemed a little confused as he blurted, “But mom. . .I look like a girl right now!” Alan’s mother could see that there was a trace of tears welling up in his eyes.

“So? Is that a sin? I see lots of women running around in men’s jeans, even suits, with short hair, no make-up! I’ve always wondered what it would have been like if you had been born a girl. Is there any harm in that?”

“Gee. . .I guess not,” He mumbled uncertainly, then decided to change the subject.

“I had the most surprising thing of my life happen yesterday!” He beamed suddenly. Mrs. Taylor sat and listened with rapt attention as her one and only went on to tell her about his chance encounter

with the beautiful Cindy. She was pleased to hear that Cindy paid a special compliment to her son's new hairstyle. Karen Taylor would file that comment in her future arsenal of arguments. In fact, she hoped to meet this Cindy and explore her motivations further.

As one o'clock approached mother and son cleaned up their lunch plates and prepared to complete the housework.

"I just want to make one phone call first," Alan said and nervously went upstairs to a bedroom phone for more privacy. Mrs. Taylor understood having guessed that this was the "big call" suggested by Cindy.

"Hello Cindy?" Alan said into the phone, hoping that the nervous tremor in his voice wasn't too detectable. "This is Alan Taylor."

"Alan! Hi! I'm glad you called."

"Yeah. . .uh. . .I was wondering if you still wanted to get together for lunch or something this week?"

"I'd LOVE to," Cindy purred suggestively. Alan was starting to sweat.

"How about this Tuesday?" he suggested shyly.

"Tuesday would be great! How about noon at The Bistro on Melrose?" Cindy replied, naming a trendy little restaurant downtown.

"Sure, sounds great. See you on Tuesday!" Alan was glad that she had picked the spot.

"Alan! Can't wait!" Cindy responded, then she made a kissing sound before hanging up. Alan felt his blood surging with new found excitement. He looked up and saw his reflection in a mirror in his mother's bedroom. Surely Cindy wouldn't be excited to have lunch with THAT image he thought as he ran his hand over the hem of his apron watching the girlish reflection copy the motion, reinforcing that image was indeed him!

Back downstairs Alan and his mother spent another hour or so finishing their chores. Finally, Mrs. Taylor said, "Alan, I think we've done a heck of a job for the day. Let's go upstairs and I'll take our hair down."

Alan winced at the reference to taking his hair 'down'. It brought home the point that he now had his hair 'up'. Boys don't have their hair up! His mother, with obvious reluctance in her voice, said, "I guess you should take your apron off now. Otherwise it might mess your hairdo later." He complied and stood before the vanity just in his blouse, pantihose and pumps.

"I'll get some pants from my room?" He asked half-heartedly.

His mother hearing his tone of voice thought quickly and replied, "Why you'll probably want to change later anyway, so why don't you throw on something from here for now." Swiftly, she darted into her closet and returned with a black, pleated pair of her shorts. They were very full and almost looked like a skirt. He mechanically accepted this new feminine garment and allowed his mother to help him put it on. Alan was once again wearing a complete outfit of

women's outerwear. She had never dreamed that she could have gotten him so far on this first day! However, she did not slow down.

Carefully smoothing his full shorts under him as he sat down in front of the mirror, Alan watched as his mother untied his kerchief and removed it. Then moving from the nape upwards, she quickly removed the silver hairclips and released the rollers out of his hair.

Each curl sprang back tightly against his scalp thanks to the extra-firm setting gel she had used. With loving care, Karen Taylor brushed out her gelish son's tresses. With a rat-tail comb she back-combed and teased lifting his hair into a very full bouffant. Unlike Ann, Karen Taylor allowed her "amateur hairdresser" status to design Alan's final styling without any pretence to masculine connotations.

A big curve lifted from his forehead, sweeping a bang over one cheek. His side and back hair curled under in precise curls. When he stood up, it was a girl hairdo that reflected from the mirror. Alan looked at himself and didn't say anything. Why was his image so fascinating? He unconsciously swayed his hips to watch his shorts sway around his knees!

"Well, that looks better doesn't it Alan?" His mother finally asked.

"I guess so," Alan replied slowly, "but I . . . I look like a girl though."

"You look wonderful," Mrs. Taylor replied as she hugged her near skirted child. "Keep those shorts on, they go nicely with the blouse."

Alan never did change into other clothes that day. His mother even noticed him admiring himself and fluffing his hair in the mirror more than once. Her plan was working beyond her wildest expectations.

Monday morning, Karen Taylor left her son still sleeping. She peeked in at him and noted how peaceful he looked. She had shown him how a few pincurls strategically placed before putting on his hairnet for the night would help his style hold its shape for the morning. It would have been fun to watch him primp in front of the mirror this morning but it was 6:00 A.M. and time to get to the hotel.

Karen had decided that she was going to get Alan a mirrored vanity for his room and she hoped that in Mrs. Richardson might have one to sell from all the surplus hotel furniture that she had stored in one of her garages.

During a break in the morning activities, she slipped out to the garage to have a look. Sure enough, there were two perfectly beautiful mirrored vanities. So later that day she approached her employer and made her purchase request.

"Buy it? Oh my dear, please take it. I wouldn't dream of taking your money for it. You're like my family," Mrs. Richardson scoffed. She was always very generous and indeed did treat Karen less like an

employee, more like a friend and confidant. She had known Alan since he was in diapers.

“But where will you put it? I’ve seen your room and it has that beautiful oak bedroom set.”

“Well. . .I want it for Alan’s room,” Karen blurted without thinking.

“For Alan? Really? I’ve never known any teenaged boys but Mark who needed a mirrored vanity in their rooms,” She chuckled. Her son’s hobby was widely known at the hotel.

“Well, you see,” Karen didn’t know how to answer, “with his long hair these days. . .uh, I took him to Ann’s for a perm last week. . .and”

“A perm? You’re kidding! A perm like Mark’s? I’ve heard that some boys are getting perms. How did it come out?” Mrs. Richardson pressed on now getting more intrigued.

“Just wonderful!” Karen gushed. She had been so excited with the events of the other day that she was dying to share some of her happiness with this close friend. However, she had not planned to get so carried away. In a matter of minutes, Karen had given Amanda Richardson almost the whole story. Amanda seemed to be tickled pink.

“Oh, I wish I could have seen him! Your jumper apron?! With the yellow pantihose? He must have been a doll!”

“He was! I couldn’t keep my eyes of him,” Karen replied. “And the funny thing is he didn’t really resist.”

“I must see him,” Amanda smiled. “I have an idea!” she added in a hushed conspirational tone.

Chapter 4

Alan had struggled a little that morning trying to get his hair to resemble the style that Ann had done that first day, but it just didn’t seem to work. His mother seemed to tease the hair higher than Ann did and this looked somewhat more feminine. In any case, he was starting to get used to the routine.

Sunday night he experienced his first night sleeping on rollers. It was not too comfortable! Monday morning his hair was combed out by his mother and again she went a little overboard with the back-combing. Alan looked in the mirror and thought of his date with Cindy tomorrow.

“Mom, don’t take this the wrong way but would you mind if I tried to get Ann to do my hair tomorrow morning? I’m meeting Cindy for lunch at noon and I want it to look just right.”

“Mind? Of course not. I think that’s a good idea! I can tell that this Cindy is someone special,” Mrs. Taylor replied as she fussed with some of Alan’s curls in back. “Why don’t I call her today for you and see if she can fit you in early tomorrow for a shampoo and set?”

“Gee, I’d appreciate that Mom!” He replied happily, then added, “One more little problem. . .I’m kind of broke at the moment.”

“Well, how about if I loan you \$50. When you get some work you can pay me back,” his mother replied, then with a mischievous smile added. “I’m sure some work will come up soon.”

Monday’s job search came up a zero. Alan was starting to get worried. He felt bad that his mother had to work so hard to support him. She was even generous in funding his dates! If this relationship with Cindy would develop, as he hoped it would, he couldn’t continue to mooch off of his Mom! Alan set a goal for himself that he would find work, any kind of work, before the end of the week!

Thanks to his mother’s call, Ann was able to schedule Alan in for 9:00 A.M. on Tuesday. This would give him enough time to get dressed before meeting Cindy. Alan hadn’t considered that Ann has some days busier than others. So, as she was in the midst of starting his hair a woman came in.

He felt very uncomfortable sitting before a stranger while having his hair set. She appeared mildly surprised to see him there, but it was then that he realized that it was Amanda Richardson, his mother’s employer.

No comments were made as to why he was having his hair set on rollers. While Alan sat under the hair dryer another customer came in.

He just watched as Ann undid Amanda’s hair out of an elegant French braid. Finally, the timer on the dryer went off. Ann tilted the hood upwards and tested a curl for dryness.

“You’re dry! Just sit for a minute and cool off. Oh, I thought you knew each other. I should have introduced you—Alan, this is Amanda—you know, Mark’s mother.”

“Pleased to see you again,” Alan said politely with a flush to his cheeks.

“Alan, Ann told me that a picture of Mark convinced you to go for a perm. . .that’s nice to hear.”

“Yeah, I guess that’s right,” Alan replied. “It is a lot of trouble though. . .I mean looking after it and all.”

“Oh, Mark doesn’t mind anymore. He’s very good at it. In fact, he’s been letting it grow out a lot these past few months,” she said almost proudly. “His band is in Europe for a while. He lead singer now and very busy. It’s really not that bad. If he’s in a hurry, he’ll just tie it back in a ponytail. . .or braid it.”

“Braid it?” Alan asked incredulously.

“Sure, it’s very trendy and European—just like mine or Evelyn—that’s Mark’s girlfriend, she loves it.”

“Really?” Alan hadn’t seen Mark for a long time but obviously he was still a lady’s man.

“Oh, yes. Evelyn loves to play with Mark’s hair and stuff. You two should meet. But since your coming to Ann to have your hair done, I guess it’s only a matter of time.”

Finally, Ann was finished setting Amanda's hair and he switched places with her. Once again sat watching in the mirror as the rollers were removed and the combout began.

"So, you have a lunch date?" Ann asked.

"Yes. It's an old classmate of mine," Alan explained. Soon he gave Ann the whole story of how he met Cindy walking down the street. He mentioned her comment about his hair.

"Well then, I'd better do an extra special job today, shouldn't I?" Ann teased.

"That's right," Alan laughed, "it may make or break my chances."

Ann smiled. Karen Taylor had given her some special instructions when she made her son's appointment.

Alan watched as the hairdresser combed and teased his curls. The top looked higher than the last time and his bangs were feathered across his forehead. Ann seemed to be taking an extra long time fussing with his hair in back.

"You know what would look really sharp?" She asked Alan rhetorically. Before he could respond she continued, "A ponytail," she reached for an elastic.

"Gee, are you sure?" Alan asked uncertainly.

"Absolutely!" Ann replied. "It's really in."

She continued to fuss with his hair for a minute then she reached for a pump bottle of hairspray. Ann hesitated when she picked up the first bottle, then put it down and found a different one. She began to heavily mist his hairdo with the spray. Suddenly Alan's sense of smell was assaulted by the delicate perfume fragrance that encompassed his head.

"Boy, that stuff smells like perfume!" Alan winced.

"This? Naw, it's a new musky fragrance. . .very sexy!" Ann said with a wink. Alan was too meek to question her opinion so he hoped she was right. Finally, a mirror was handed to him so that he could view his hair from all angles. She even turned the chair around so that he could view the back.

Well. . .his hair certainly looked different from the first time. All in all it was teased up into an almost bubble-like shape on top with the back hair in a profusion of corkscrew curls. Right at the nape, Ann had pulled the hair into a short, puffy ponytail. The curliness made it almost look like a small chignon rather than a ponytail.

What could he do? He was sure that it made him look too feminine. . .but that was what he thought the first time and look what Cindy's comment was then! He was getting quite confused.

"It looks different from the first time," he said as he handed the mirror back to Ann.

"Of course. That was more of an everyday style. But today I wanted you to look special for your date. That's one of the beauties of a good perm. You can do so many different things with your hair.

You can go from casual curls to the most formal updo. You'll see," Ann said as she removed the salon cape from the boy.

He cringed at the word "UPDO," but said, "Yeah. I guess you're right. It looks nice," he said somewhat half-heartedly forcing a smile.

Alan rushed home from Ann's to get changed. He couldn't help but steal glances in the rear view mirror at his hairdo. He felt strange mixed emotions that he couldn't understand. One side of him thought he looked somewhat sissylike, while the other side was strangely excited by his changed appearance.

Near his house a car pulled up from behind him and the man inside gave him a big friendly grin. At first, Alan thought he knew him and smiled back but realized that he didn't. Very strange.

It was five before noon when he arrived at the restaurant. His white, short-sleeved cotton shirt and cream-colored slacks contrasted with his dark curls. Right on time Cindy pulled into the parking lot in her new Mustang.

"Hi! Am I late?" She said as she hurried over to Alan.

"No. Right on time," he replied as he automatically took in her beauty. Cindy was only slightly shorter than he. Her honey blonde hair fell over her shoulders in a cascade of luscious curls and her trim, athletic body was very appealing encased in a stretch black minidress.

She was stunning. . .period! Cindy was an experienced woman and she must have sensed Alan's shyness because she immediately hooked her arm in his and led them into the building. The boy was pleasantly surprised by her forthright manner and even a little proud seeing some of the jealous looks of other men in the restaurant. Their eyes spoke their envy seeing him with such a beautiful creature holding on to him. The waiter knew Cindy, no doubt she was a regular, so they were seated promptly in a secluded booth.

"Wow. . .your hair is different today. It looks fabulous! I especially love the little ponytail in back," Cindy exclaimed as she gently fingered a few of his curls into place. "Why did you wait until after graduation to change the style? I wouldn't have let you get away with anyone else for the prom."

"The prom? Uh. . .I didn't go. Thanks for the compliment though," Alan said amazed at what he was hearing.

Before they could continue, the waiter came around for their order. As soon as he was gone Cindy continued with her questioning of this suddenly attractive guy.

"Where did you get your hair done? It looks like a super job, maybe I'll go there next time."

"Well it's a lady that works out of the Palace. She has a kind of mini salon. Her name is Ann Bergen," Alan replied.

"Ann Bergen? Hey, do you know Mark Richardson, that's his mother's hotel I believe?" Cindy said, surprised at hearing Alan's answer.

"I don't know him very well, but. . .," Alan launched into the story of how he had been talked into his perm. When he was finished a grinning Cindy said,

“That’s amazing! My best friend Evelyn is Mark’s girlfriend.”

“Really?!” Alan exclaimed. He thought about the comment that Mark’s mother had made earlier that day about Mark’s girlfriend, “She loves to play with Mark’s hair and stuff.”

“Yeah, they’re a fun couple! I’m going out to New York with my mother to visit some relatives this week. But when I get back in two weeks we’ve got to get together with Evelyn and maybe Mark if he’s in town. . . he’s going to be a rock star, you know?”

“Yeah, sounds great,” Alan answered. She was talking about more dates already. Was he finally getting himself a girlfriend?

As lunch progressed, Alan began to loosen up a little. He found that Cindy was actually a very warm and fun person as opposed to the beautiful, stuck-up cheerleader that he may have taken her for only a few months ago. She put him at ease and soon she was holding his hand across the table. They were about finished and Cindy was stating that she would have to hurry because her plane left this evening and she had a lot of packing to do.

“I’ll talk to Evelyn this afternoon and arrange a night out for the four of us as soon as I’m back,” Cindy said. Then with a mischievous twinkle in her eye she added,

“I don’t know how much you know about Mark but we’re going to have to get you some clothes that are real sharp. I don’t want Evelyn’s boyfriend outshining mine on a date.”

“What do you mean?” Alan asked.

“Oh. . . Mark dresses a little more trendy, actually more exotic than most guys,” Cindy tried to explain.

“His mother said that he sometimes wears his hair in a French Braid,” Alan said in a bare whisper so that no one else might hear.

“Oh yeah! It looks gorgeous!” Cindy gushed.

“Really?” Alan asked in confusion. “Doesn’t it make him look sissyish?”

“I don’t know what sissyish is, but Evelyn and I aren’t into macho guys. They’re just self-centered dolts. We like our men to be sensitive and not afraid to be soft. Maybe that’s why I’m so attracted to you Alan. . . you look very romantic with that curly hair. . . like those guys on the covers of romance novels,” she said appearing almost embarrassed or flustered. Was she blushing?

“Gee. . . thanks. I’m really happy that I had it done. Otherwise you may have never noticed me.”

“Well I have noticed you in a big way,” Cindy replied as she rose to leave. “And I’m not going to let you get away.” She added with a meaningful stare that went right through the infatuated young man.

Alan left money for the bill and quickly followed Cindy out the door. He walked her to her car. Cindy stood toe to toe with him.

Slipping her arms around his waist she pulled him close and kissed him on the lips.

"I'll miss you Alan," she said with a deep breathy whisper. "But why don't you pick me up at the airport when I get back." She scribbled down some info on a slip of paper and handed it to him.

"That's my flight time." She kissed him again making him almost weak at the knees. Then just before she pulled away she said, "Why don't you get Ann to do you hair into a French twist the day you pick me up. It will drive me WILD," her voice purred with sensuality.

"I . . . I will . . . sure!" Alan stammered back. His inexperience with women was certainly showing now. But wow, was he turned on by this delicious temptress. In moments, she was gone down the street with just a hand wave out her window to him as he stood watching.

Alan Taylor was in love. . . or at least in lust! As he walked back to his own car he finally thought to himself, "What the heck is a French twist?"

Chapter 5

Alan was walking on air the rest of that week. He had a hard time concentrating on job hunting. Depending on how his hair looked each evening, he had to face putting it up in rollers for the night.

Alan had become reasonable proficient in setting his own hair, but his mother usually offered her help. He noticed that she changed the pattern she used almost each time. On Thursday morning, after she combed it out he was shocked.

"Mom, I can't wear it like that," he complained as he stared at himself in the mirror. He had been seated facing away from the mirror absorbed in reading a magazine and wasn't paying attention to what she was doing for so long. Now he knew!

His mother had backcombed, sprayed, and PINNED his hair up into what he would later learn is called a "Gibson Girl"! All his hair puffed out smoothly at the sides and back as it swept up onto the top of his head where it was formed into a cute chignon.

"Oh. . . I guess not," his mother said with a smile. "But I was just dying to try it. Your hair is so manageable now, that I guess I'm jealous." She had had her fun and she now reluctantly removed the bobby pins and proceeded to restyle Alan's hair into a more suitable style. However, each day Karen Taylor modified his setting pattern, making the final style a little more feminine than the day before.

Alan hadn't even noticed. When he had shared his discovery about Mark and what Mark's mother had said, then what Cindy had added, Mrs. Taylor was very happy. She could see her dreams getting closer to becoming reality.

Saturday morning had arrived and still not a single job prospect! How was Alan going to pay for his dates with Cindy in the future? He certainly couldn't keep sponging off of his mother. He was worried because he was running out of places to look.

Like the previous week, mother and son started the day by showering and shampooing their hair. When Alan returned to his bedroom, with just a towel wrapped around his waist and another turban-style around his head, he was a little surprised that his mother had already made his bed and upon it had left him a complete set of clothes.

Alan remembered the apron uniform he had worn last week, so the outfit he saw didn't totally shock him (as it would have perhaps most other boys).

But this week he gasp, "She's gone too far!" His mother had taken their little game one step farther than last week.

On top of the pile of clothes was a pair of white panties with some lace trim around the legs and in the front panel. There were white pantihose and a full length white slip, again with borders of white lace at the hem and around the bodice. Below the lingerie, was a navy blue maid's dress!

It looked about knee-length, with three-quarter length sleeves and a white lace Peter Pan collar. The cuffs of the sleeves also had three-inch wide lace trim. On the floor were a pair of two-inch heeled black pumps. Alan was about to holler for his mother to demand an explanation but he stopped himself.

He remembered how happy it had made his Mom when he wore the uniform last week. It hadn't killed him had it? She obviously got a kick out of seeing him dressed this way. Didn't she work tirelessly so that he would have a good life? Didn't she unhesitatingly give him money when he needed it? Besides he was about to ask for some more money to take Cindy on a date. He moaned, "What the heck. . .I'll surprise her!"

Ten minutes later Karen Taylor heard a knock on her bedroom door.

"Come on in, I'm dressed," she called out as she finished clipping the last roller into her hair. The door opened. She expected to see Alan in his jeans and t-shirt and that she would have to coax him into wearing "proper housecleaning clothes."

For once Karen Taylor was shocked. Alan strode into the room casually, and asked "Mom, would you mind setting my hair today?"

His mother was caught speechless for a moment. Alan appeared to be dressed from the skin out in the clothes she had laid out. Right down to the pantihose and heels! He mouth must have dropped when he said calmly and coolly, "Oh, by the way, thanks for laying out my clothes for the day, I appreciate it." He was enjoying the look of surprise on his Mom's face for a change.

"Wh. . .I mean of course. Have a seat," Alan's mother said as she watched her skirted son try to properly tuck the skirt under his legs as he sat down in front of the vanity.

She wanted to play this as coolly as her son was. "Does that dre. . .UNIFORM fit alright honey?"

“Not bad at all, Mom. The zipper in the back was a little difficult at first but I managed. It sure is handy that your boss buys you all these extra uniforms,” Alan continued as if this was perfectly normal.

“Why yes. It is isn’t it. Mrs. Richardson is a very generous employer. The next time you see her remember to thank her for that vanity . . . desk and mirror set.”

“Oh, yeah. I will.”

Alan watched with interest as his mother wound roller after roller into his long, wavy, wet hair. He remembered something,

“When Cindy comes back I’m going to pick her up at the airport. She’s coming back a week before her mother so she’ll need a ride. I’d like to make an appointment to get my hair done that morning if possible.”

“Oh, I’m sure that won’t be a problem,” Mrs. Taylor replied happily that Alan now felt comfortable doing such things.

“I want her to style my hair into a French Twist,” Alan added. His mother almost dropped the roller she was winding. Quickly she regained her composure.

“Oh Really? That would certainly look. . . elegant. Where did you get the idea for that?” She asked fascinated by this new shocker.

“Cindy suggested it. Is it some kind of twisty looking curl or something?”

“Uhhh. . . I believe so. . . there’s a lot of variations. Don’t worry, Ann will know.”

The last roller was pinned in place at the nape of Alan’s neck. Alan leaned forward and picked up a neatly folded, white, lace kerchief that was sitting on his mother’s vanity. The lace resembled that of his uniform’s trim.

“Is this the scarf you want to cover my curlers with Mom?” he asked as he handed it over his shoulder to her. Again she was taken a little aback at his cooperative behavior.

“As a matter of fact it is. It matches the uniform,” she replied as she carefully spread the lacy material over his curlers and tied it up behind his neck. Once again, Alan presented the picture of a young, female house servant. Mrs. Taylor smiled as she anticipated Amanda’s surprise.

Mother and son began their housecleaning chores according to a game plan devised by Mrs. Taylor. It wasn’t by coincidence that between 10:30 and 11:00 she had Alan busily vacuuming the living room and dining room. Alan didn’t hear the knock at the back door. But the sounds of voices approaching him caused him to quickly shut off the noisy machine.

He turned and froze in embarrassment as Mrs. Richardson and his mother were standing not six feet away from him chatting. Alan thought that he was going to die! Imagine Mrs. Richardson seeing

him in curlers and a dress! However, the expected laughter or teasing didn't start. His mother just said, "Alan, looked who dropped by."

"HHH. . .hell-lo Mrs. Richardson," Alan managed to squeeze out while his heart beat two hundred beats per minute.

"Alan, It was nice to see you at the beauty parlor," Amanda said with her usual cheery personality. "Time flies and seeing you reminded me that I must make time to visit my old friends?"

She was just teasing him? He may as well have been dressed in a business suit and tie for all the attention his highly unusual attire was getting.

As he contemplated this, Mrs. Richardson came over and gave him a warm hug as she had done since he was a boy. Her own lack of children had caused her to always dote on Karen's son. She had known him since he started school.

"At least your mother has you earning your keep I see," she said with a sweep of the hand toward the vacuum cleaner. "I wish more young people these days respected their parents like you."

Still no comment about his curlers or dress. She began to talk about how she needed his mother's help.

"Since Marguerite resigned. . .ran off with a rich oilman from Texas. Since she left, I've been run ragged. Things aren't getting done!" She complained. Marguerite was her personal business assistant who ran errands, handled all her correspondence and social calendar, and in general was a "Girl Friday" about the hotel. She filled in any position when help was needed. Hearsay was that she was the most highly paid employee.

With Mrs. Richardson's love of parties and social functions, the latter could be considered almost a twenty-four hour a day job.

"I was thinking how will I ever replace her. You know I'm a little particular about how my affairs are managed. Other than Margie, the only one who knows me well enough to handle the job is you Karen. I'd really like you to consider taking on that job. . .of course your salary would be a LOT higher, but it does involve more hours and attending a lot of my social functions."

Karen looked surprised by this amazing offer of promotion. . .or did she?

"Why Mrs. Richardson. . .I'm very flattered," Karen replied.

"Oh, don't be flattered. You deserve it Karen! Please say you'll take it so that I can get my business and social life back in order," Amanda pleaded convincingly.

"How can I turn it down. It sounds wonderful and exciting. Of course I'd be honored to take the position," Mother finally said much to Mrs. Richardson's visible relief.

"Oh wonderful! I'm sure you can handle it but it may be just too much for one person. Oh well, now we have a new problem to take care of. How in the world can I replace you as my housekeeper on such short notice," Mrs. Richardson said with a look of true concern.

"We need some woman who is capable and ready to start immediately," she continued. "Someone who you can train quickly. . ."

Alan's job-hunting senses were on red alert and they smelled a "job" within grabbing range. Without pausing he said, "Gee... where can I apply?"

Both women stopped and looked with curious faces, then Mrs. Richardson said, "Oh, Alan, you're such a dear. But I really insist on proper appearances. The hotel has always had a woman housekeeper. The Richardson Hotel must keep up proper appearances and have a woman housekeeper. It just does not look decent to have a man tending to household chores, right Karen."

"Yes. I agree," Alan's mother replied as obviously her boss expected her to support her position on such things. Alan thought of his desperate need for money and refused to let such a real opportunity slip away.

Alan stated, "But it's a new world, men can handle women's jobs!"

"Yes dear," Amanda answered with an aristocratic tone, "I'm sure you could but it APPEARANCE. We cater to the very rich and they really don't like much change... but I must say, you look the part today."

"Uh... My mother's uniforms fit," he blurted without thinking how desperate it must sound. Mrs. Richardson stepped back and looked him over from head to toe. She kind of nodded her head as if to indicate that he had some kind of point there.

"Well, yes they do," she said slowly. "And you do look quite neat in this one but... I don't know. Do you really need a job that bad?"

Alan nodded.

Amanda studied his appearance then turned to his mother. "Karen, you know that I insist on the correct outfit for every occasion whether it be afternoon tea or an evening cocktail party. I mean, I would need someone who completely and totally presents the image of a high-class female housekeeper and sometimes would have to wait tables if we are busy. That's why I pay top dollar for the job."

Top dollar?! The sound of that was mouth-watering! Alan was losing some of the basic common sense he should have been using.

"I'm a very hard worker. Maybe, just until you find a full-time replacement?" He said, grasping at a chance to make a few dollars to tide him over until he could find some other suitable job as well. Mrs. Richardson look a little surprised and smiled at his mother, "Karen, I like his drive. He's got a very interesting idea that may get me through a pinch."

Then she turned to Alan and with a kind of patronizing look added, "But just fitting your mother's uniform is not quite enough. You'd have to literally pretend to be a female while at work. I mean, there is a lot of effort that you men don't realize we women go through to look nice. I doubt that you'd be willing to put up with that just to get a job for a few weeks." Alan could almost feel that first pay check in his hands.

“I’ve been sleeping on rollers for over a week, I’m sure that my mother can help me get through whatever it takes,” he replied with a growing air of confidence in his voice.

“Really. Well, I don’t know. . .Karen, you’re my new assistant. You know this job candidate better than anyone. Do you think that Alan would REALLY go through with this?” Mrs. Richardson said with an exaggerated emphasis on the word REALLY.

She made it appear that Alan wouldn’t really be up to such a challenge. Alan looked at his mother who appeared a little flustered at the situation she was in. Finally, she asked her boss, “Excuse me, Mrs. Richardson, but may I have a few words with our ‘candidate’ in private before I give you my decision?”

“Why certainly Karen! I’ll just help myself to a slice of that delicious honeycake I saw in the kitchen.” Amanda left the room and mother came closer to me so that she could whisper.

“Alan, are you crazy? Do you think you can just one day become a girl to get a job?”

“Mom??” He pleaded like a kid trying to talk his parents into buying some expensive new gimmicky toy. “I need a job! I want to be able to take Cindy out and I won’t keep mooching money off you. I can do this for a while until she finds someone else suitable and in the meantime I’ll have some cash.”

“But Alan, Amanda wants a female housekeeper. That means if you take this job you will have to make yourself look like a female! Is any amount of money worth that? Especially \$750.00 a week?” His mother was reeling her son in, hook, line and sinker.

He had no idea that his mother made that much! He was arguing to get a job he had anticipated would pay about \$250 a week. Now \$750 he was frantic!

“For \$750 a week you can start calling me Alice!” Alan replied.

“You would have to wear female clothes, make-up, hairdo, even nail polish while working. She is a perfectionist when it comes to such things; mark my words. Are you willing to make that sacrifice?” Karen Taylor continued as she made sure that her son understood all the terms of this deal.

“Whatever she and you says, I’ll do,” Alan replied smugly.

“Okay. . .I guess you’ve made your decision,” his mother said with a fait accompli shrug of her shoulders. She called Amanda back into the living room.

“Alice,” Mother said using the feminine version of his name, “. . .will work out.”

“Oh, that’s wonderful! I’ve managed to solve two problems in one visit,” Amanda said happily.

“However I’ve thought that I need to add an incentive bonus so that we aren’t stuck recruiting a new housekeeper prematurely. I propose that if Alan, or should I now say Alice, works out perfectly as my female housekeeper he will receive a \$2000 bonus at the end of three months, or when we find a replacement, whichever occurs first. By ‘perfectly’, I mean that he does everything necessary to

present himself as an attractive female while on duty, wherever or whenever that may be.”

Alan was nearly floored, \$2000!! What he could do with \$2000 you could not start to imagine! As he reveled in spending fantasy Mrs. Richardson said, “Alan, do you accept these terms?”

He didn’t need to think long and blurted, “Absolutely!”

“Fine, it’s nice to have a second Taylor WOMAN aboard. I’ll have my attorney draw up a contract for you to sign on Monday morning when you report to work. I assume that your mother will make sure that you travel to and from work properly attired so that no snoops will get the wrong idea about who the young man is who arrives and leaves my hotel every day.”

“I’ll see to that Mrs. Richardson. Thank you very much. You’re so generous,” Alan’s mother said as their employer headed for the door.

“Don’t mention it. You have both made my day. Now I can enjoy the party at the Fletcher’s tonight. Taa Taa!”

With that she was gone and mother and son had the quiet of the house to absorb what he had just gotten himself into. When Mrs. Richardson and Karen had put together their little plan, it included the surprise visit to see the ‘living doll’, but that was about it.

Amanda Richardson had joked that “If he’s as cute as you described, maybe I’ll hire him as a maid.”

And Karen had joked back, “Oh great, I’ll be put out of work by my own son.”

Karen had never dreamed that Amanda was serious! But the job offer she was given was one that Karen had dreamed about ever since Marguerite had left. Getting her son interested in comparable hobbies as the boss’s son was paying off.

Now she had the best job in the hotel! Having her son replace her, quite literally as the female housekeeper, was causing surprisingly mixed feelings. It didn’t seem right, and yet the thought of the new job and Alan having a job was thrilling. She was still concerned about Alan’s ability to carry this off.

“You’re taking on quite a challenge you know,” she said. “She really does expect perfection. You can’t just pull some uniform on and expect that to do. She regularly inspects her staff for flaws in dress or deportment.”

“Oh come on I’m sure with your help I can pass inspection,” Alan chuckled.

“Not easily. . .tomorrow morning I have to start teaching you some new grooming and dressing habits. Then we’ll see,” she said with a sly grin.

Chapter 6

While they had their breakfast Sunday morning Alan’s mother outlined the tasks they had to do that day.

"First, I want you to have a bath. But before you get in the tub I'm going to put Nair on your legs and anywhere else that there may be any unsightly body hair."

"Nair? You mean the hair remover?" Alan grimaced.

"That's right. Is that a problem?" Mrs. Taylor asked. Alan knew what he had agreed to. But with a whole night to review his decision it still left him nervous.

"I guess not. I was just checking."

"After you get dressed in some appropriate lingerie, I'll shape your eyebrows and show you how to apply some basic make-up. I think that we will also have to try on a whole pile of my uniforms to make sure that they all fit properly," she continued as Alan listened. "Oh! And shoes. Of course, we have to try on a bunch to make sure that you have shoes to go along with every occasion."

"This is going to be weird," Alan said then corrected himself. "I mean the appearance part of it, not the job. I know that the housekeeper position is a tough job."

"Well I'm glad that you don't think that my job was a 'piece of cake' for all these years. Between cleaning, shopping, serving guests, and cleaning up, you'll see that it's a very busy day."

Shopping? Alan had not thought of any out-of-hotel excursions!

"Uh, when you shop. . .do you have to wear your uniform?" Alan asked.

"No, not when I'm shopping," his mother replied. "Why do you ask?"

"Well. . .I kind of thought for a second that I'd have to go out shopping in a skirt or something," Alan said with a relieved tone of voice. His mother didn't let him get too comfortable as she realized that he misinterpreted her answer.

"No, Alan you DON'T have to wear your uniform, but yes, you have to be dressed in a proper business-like dress or skirt. Remember, that while you are working on behalf of Mrs. Richardson, you are ALICE Taylor. You will be an elegant, well-dressed young WOMAN."

"You're kidding," Alan moaned.

"I don't think it's too late. If you've changed your mind, I'll call Mrs. Richardson and tell her that you've decided to back out." Mrs. Taylor said with a challenging tone of voice. "I'm sure that there will be many other interested applicants for a \$750 per week job."

"No, no!" Alan snapped back. "I can handle anything for that kind of money."

"One more thing, I hope Cindy doesn't mind your shaped eyebrows, feminine hair and manicured nails," Mrs. Taylor continued in her challenging manner. She wanted to get all the obstacles out of the way so that Alan would be on board 100%. His mother knew that he was always one who got more stubborn the tougher the challenge got.

"Gee whiz, I never thought about that."

“Oh, don’t worry. I’m sure that we’ll be able to camouflage them adequately when you’re not working,” his mother said, but she hardly believed it herself.

Alan felt a little embarrassed standing naked on a towel before his mother. Sure, she was his mother and all, and yes she had seen him naked many times, but still, he was now an adult.

“Stand still,” she admonished as she spread the cool cream all over his legs to within inches of his pubic region. “Now your arms,” she instructed as she continued the process over his chest and upper body.

“That stuff is cold,” Alan said as he felt a shiver go through his body. He was made to stand like that for what seemed like a very long time, but finally his mother said that he could shower and wash the cream off. However, before he stepped into the shower she produced a flowered plastic shower cap and carefully tucked his curly hair under it.

When Alan stepped out of the shower, he found a white pantigirdle lying alongside a big bath towel waiting for him. As he dried his skin he was amazed at how smooth and silky his legs were. Looking down at them they appeared like something that should be attached to a teenaged girl not a boy. The rest of him was very smooth and hairless as well.

In several minutes Alan entered his bedroom wearing the waist cinching pantigirdle. His mother was busy arranging various bottles, brushes and jars on his vanity. He realized that it was his make-up!

“Oh yeah,” he gasp, “I have to wear make-up too.”

“Everything! Now THAT looks much better dear,” Mrs. Taylor said as she ran her hands up his silky smooth legs. “Now you can wear sheer stockings instead of those heavy ones you wore the other day. Who know, you might like wearing this stuff?”

“I doubt it!”

“Shhh! Now put this on,” she said as she handed Alan a long line brassiere in the same color as the pantigirdle. He look confused as to how to put it on.

“I forgot, it’s your first bra,” his mother laughed and then helped him slip his arms through the thin shoulder straps. It turned out that the bra came down almost to meet the top of the pantigirdle. Mrs. Taylor stepped behind Alan and began the job of fastening the many hooks and eyes used to close the back of the garment.

Alan moaned, “This is a lot of work! I just want to make it through the three months and get that money!”

“Breath in,” she ordered as she hooked the last few. “There, that took an inch or two off your waist.”

“This must be a breathing optional bra. Boy, it makes you work to get a breath,” Alan complained as he got used to the tight constriction he now felt from his thighs to his shoulders.

“You’ll get used to it. Because of your young age I wouldn’t be surprised if Mrs. Richardson makes you wear a corset with some of the evening serving uniforms. She usually does for all the young waitresses who work on special parties and such.”

“Now sit down here while I roll these nylons on your legs,” she said as she removed a delicate looking pair of stockings from a new package. They were very sheer but black in color. Alan noticed that they had a seam running down the back of each leg as she rolled one up his calf and onto his thigh.

She repeated the same with the other one before asking him to stand up. He stood up and watched in the mirror as his mother pulled each stocking up towards the bottom of the pantigirdle where four garter tabs hung waiting. When she clipped the garters onto the stockings Alan felt a sensual tension around his legs as the sheer nylon stretched caressingly over his skin.

“Here let’s try these on too,” Mrs. Taylor said as she showed Alan a pair of three-inch heeled, black lacquer pumps. Alan had some concerns about the height of the heel but had no choice but to give it a try. The shoes fit quite well. After a few seconds of experiencing a teetering sensation he managed to get his balance back.

“My, you do have beautiful legs!” His mother exclaimed as she stepped back to admire his attire so far. “Beautiful hair. . . beautiful legs. . . maybe you should have been a girl you imp!”

“Aw, c’mon Mom. Stop it,” Alan said, “I’m doing this for the money.” He mentally added up his salary again. He’d done it hundreds of times. He deducted his minuscule expenses and knew at the end of three months, plus the bonus, he be rich!!!

Looking in the mirror was eerie. He couldn’t help but mentally agree with his mother’s assessment. He caught his image from the neck down in the vanity mirror and had he not known that it was his own body encased in that sexy white and black lingerie, he would want to see more! His mother noticed his fascinated examination of the mirror image.

“Okay, okay. Stop ogling yourself in the mirror. You’re not even dressed yet. I’m going to try a serving uniform on you that Mrs. Richardson usually likes me to wear at her many cocktail receptions. Good thing I had it at home this weekend. It’s just back from the dry cleaners.

Alan almost swooned when he saw her bring the uniform out of her closet. To a great degree, it was a classic ‘French Maid’ uniform. It had a black taffeta skirt with a border trimming of white lace, as well as white lace trim around the collar and short puffy sleeves.

In her other hand, Karen Taylor carried another hanger which had an undergarment that boggled Alan’s mind. The top was of white silk with lavish lace trim across the bodice. At around hip level, the silk was attached to a mass of starched petticoats that billowed outward like a white cloud.

“Oh Mom. . . that’s a little sexist isn’t it? I mean. . . really, the Little French Maid look?” Alan asked in disbelief.

“Well, Mr. ‘It’s a piece of cake’, now you’ll see what I meant when I said that Mrs. Richardson is a perfectionist. My room. . .your future room at the hotel has a closet full of special purpose outfits for each occasion. At times you’ll feel like your some runway model changing so many times a day. That’s also why you’re going to need to learn to change your make-up and hairstyle yourself.”

“Why would I need to change those things?” Alan questioned.

“Because, for some uniforms she’ll request that you wear your hair up, for some down, and so on. Believe me, you’re in for a real experience,” his mother concluded as she made him lift his arms in the air so that the slip/petticoat could be slipped on.

The slip needed some adjustment of the shoulder straps, but soon was hanging properly. Now he could no longer see his legs or feet at all. The cloud of rustling white petticoats flared out twelve inches all around his hips and thighs. Once again Alan lifted his arms as the black dress was slipped down his body.

“Guess what?” His Mother asked.

“What?”

“This uniform, like many of the other fancy ones doesn’t have a zipper in the back. Too modern for the Richardson Hotel. It has small buttons. You do them.”

“Oh wonderful,” Alan moaned. The next ten minutes Alan, without his mother’s help, Alan struggled to close the buttons himself. Finally he did it. His arms ached from the exertion.

“Well, well, well,” Karen Taylor said as she stepped back for a better look. “Not a bad body for a boy.”

“Let me see,” Alan asked maybe a little too enthusiastically as he stepped in front of the mirror. “Wow, hot stuff!” He chuckled and struck an exaggerated model’s pose.

“Calm down, dear,” his mother teased. “Or should I say ALICE? Now come over here and sit down. I’m going to clean up your eyebrows a bit then we’ll practice some make-up application, okay?”

“You’re the boss,” Alan conceded as he sat.

His mother rummaged around in a side drawer then finally found the tweezers she was looking for. Tilting Alan’s head back she began the slightly painful task of shaping her son’s eyebrows.

“Owww! That hurts!”

“Get used to it dear, it’s a part of your beauty routine from now on. You’ll have to do it, or get it done by someone else, every couple of weeks or so. It won’t be so hard the next time because then it will just be a touchup,” his mother explained as she kept up her work. In fifteen minutes she appeared satisfied with her efforts. Alan’s eyebrows were now much slimmer and with a delicate arch that “opened up his eyes.”

“There. . .that’s better,” Karen Taylor said as she picked up an eyebrow pencil. She began to stroke the dark color onto Alan’s eyebrows highlighting their shape even more. Next she outlined

Alan's eyes with eyeliner, followed by eyeshadow. With each step she instructed Alan in what and why she was doing it.

He listened intently, quite fascinated by the transformation he was witnessing. Foundation followed by powder and blush completed his make-up except for the lipstick. A deep red was picked by Mrs. Taylor as she figured why not use something dramatic for his first time.

Finally, Alan was asked to blot the lipstick on a tissue. He stared in awe as his mother carefully removed his plastic shower cap which had been on all this time. With brush and comb she began to transform his hair into the Gibson Girl of the day before.

This time Alan watched carefully as she backcombed, sprayed and pinned up his hair into the exceedingly feminine hairdo. With the last bobby pin in place, his mother stepped out to her room for a moment and then returned with a black satin hairbow with white lace trim. This had a barrette type clip which she attached just behind the chignon at the top of his head.

"Oh, you look sweet!" Mrs. Taylor finally gushed. "Stand up and come into my bedroom so that you can look at yourself in the full-length mirror."

Walking somewhat cautiously on the unfamiliar height of the shoes he was wearing, Alan followed her into her bedroom. A floor-to-ceiling mirror took up one half of a wall beside her walk in closet. She led her son by the hand to stand in front of the mirror. The total picture made his knees weak.

"My god! Is that me?" Alan gasped as he stared at the tall, French Maid with the shapely legs, puffy petticoats, pouted lips and classic Gibson Girl hairdo.

"That's you. . . and I believe you can pull this off after all," Alan's mother said partially in awe and partially proud of her handiwork.

The day was quite exhausting for both of them as Alan was required to change clothes at least a dozen times. He could hardly believe the number of uniforms that Mrs. Richardson had insisted upon for her housekeeper. There were short-skirted and long-skirted outfits in a rainbow of colors. There were an equally broad range of accessories and shoes to go with the outfits. Finally, it was nearly ten o'clock when Alan's mother announced that they were done for the day.

"I think we've tried on most everything we needed to," she said as she hung up a navy blue jumper style apron on a hanger. "I'm going to have to buy you a complete set of lingerie because we can't go on sharing just mine."

"My very own lingerie?" Alan chuckled. "Who would have imagined that I'd ever be the proud owner of a brassiere?"

"I also think that we will have to go shopping and get you some street clothes tomorrow evening. You don't want to go grocery shopping in a uniform do you?"



*Alan was going to have to learn to do his own make-up.
Even he was amazed at the difference in his appearance!*

“Oh, yeah. . . I forgot about that,” Alan said with a resigned sigh. To bolster himself, he thought, “\$750 bucks a week, \$750 bucks a week.”

His mother watched him and said, “Of course, I’ll loan you the money then you pay me back out of your salary, okay?”

Alan nodded. How much could a few pieces of lingerie cost? \$30.00?

“Now go and shampoo your hair. I’ll set it for you tonight. I want it to look good for your first day on the job.”

“Oh no! You’re kidding! I’m pooped, can’t I skip that tonight?” Alan pleaded dreading the need to toss and turn on those rollers all night.

“Comes with the territory of being a ‘young lady’!” His mother teased him as she pointed toward the bathroom to get him moving.

Alan was surprised to find one of his mother's long flannel nightgowns waiting for him when he came out of the shower. She must have sneaked into the bath and switched it for his old pajamas. He was too tired to worry about it so he dried off, wrapped a towel around his hair turban style and pulled the nightgown over his body.

It felt pleasantly cozy. In fact, the loose material was more comfortable than the usual pajamas he wore. He did have a couple of nightshirts, so this garment wasn't that much out of the ordinary. . .was it?

"I thought that the nightgown might be more comfortable and keep you 'in character' for the work day ahead," Karen Taylor explained as she motioned Alan to the vanity bench in his room.

Twenty minutes later Alan's mother tied a black hairnet over his curlers.

"We have to get up at 5:30 tomorrow to get ready and be at work by 7:00," she said as she turned off the lights and left her exhausted son to fall into a much needed sleep, curlers and all.

He kept returning to his mother's final words, "If you get through work tomorrow, we'll buy you a complete supply of pretty panties, garter belts, brassieres and a couple pretty, frilly nighties and shoes with nice high heels. You are going to have a beautiful wardrobe all your own!"

Alan tried to focus on the money to go to sleep but the JOB kept invading his thoughts. Feeling his smooth hairless legs rub together, he worried. . .about everything.

Chapter 7

Amanda Richardson was unexplainably excited on Sunday evening. When she had originally went to visit the Taylor's it was for a lark. She was genuinely intrigued with the idea that Alan, a boy she had known since he was knee high, could dress to look like a young woman.

The need to replace Marguerite was nagging her, and she had been contemplating promoting Karen, but once she saw Alan things crystallized in her mind. She was truly happy to have Karen in the new position and she felt sinfully excited at the prospect of having Alan take his mother's place.



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When Amanda awoke in her hotel's penthouse where she lived, she was pleased to hear Karen AND Alan's voices downstairs in it's kitchen. Had he really accepted this deal?! Quickly, she pulled on her silk robe and slippers. The smell of fresh coffee was wafting up the stairs. She hurried down to the kitchen area.

"Good morning, Mrs. Richardson," Karen Taylor said cheerily as Amanda entered the kitchen.

"Good morning," Alan said as he poured a cup of coffee into the delicate China cup intended for his employer.

"Good morning. . . ladies," Mrs. Richardson said as she took in the sight of Alan in his uniform. He looked marvelous, really quite beyond her initial expectations. His mother must have really been working on him yesterday!

Alan was wearing a crisply-ironed, navy blue uniform which was of a shirt-waist design with a skirt reaching to just below the knees. The long sleeves ended in white lace cuffs which matched the lace collar and lace trim around the hem of his dress. A white lace pinafore style apron was tied over the skirt. The apron was tied in the back with a big, puffy bow.

Alan's legs were encased in very sheer navy blue stockings that clearly showed his hairless, silky skin. Dark blue pumps on two inch heels were appropriately conservative to go with his uniform.

"Well, well. Come closer so that I can have a look at you," Mrs. Richardson said motioning to Alan. Alan put the cup and saucer down and stepped in front of her.

"The uniform fits you well," she commented as she looked him over more closely. She saw that he was wearing well-applied, subtle cosmetics including a medium red lipstick which matched the nail polish on his still boyish fingernails. Karen had attached a pair of simple, blue, clip-on, button earrings on her son.

Alan's hair was combed out and backcombed into a perfect bouffant with wispy bangs and dainty curls pulled forward onto his cheeks and over his ears. Lots of aromatic hair spray held the style firmly in place. A cute, little, navy blue maid's cap was pinned at the top of his hairdo. Mrs. Richardson was ecstatic at the quality of his transformation!

"My oh my. Alan you do look first class. I see that your mother instilled in you the same sense of style that she has," she said complimenting an already proud mother.

"Thank you, Mrs. Richardson. Alan understands that he must maintain a high standard," she replied, then looking at her son to reinforce something that she had told him many times in the last thirty-six hours. "I explained the commitment he was making and he fully understands what is expected. Is that right Alice?"

"Yes, Ma'am," The skirted boy replied with a soft voice but caught off guard by his mother calling him, "Alice."

"Very good, very good. I'm sure this will work out quite well. Oh, by the way Karen. Could you phone Linda Powell at Boutique Milan and open an account for Alan this morning? I'd like to make

sure that he has a proper wardrobe for street wear as well as uniforms," Mrs. Richardson said naming the same women's fashion boutique that she and Karen used for their clothes.

"Certainly, first thing Mrs. Richardson," Alan's mother said with a knowing smile. "Ma'am, perhaps you should call him, Alice so he gets used to it."

Amanda laughed and asked Alan, "Do you want to be called Alice?"

Alan nodded.

"Fine then," Amanda smiled, "I will call you Alice which I think suits you well. We'll order some name tags which 'Alice can pick up tomorrow."

Karen helped Alan with Mrs. Richardson's daily breakfast then began giving him a detailed listing of his hotel duties. The long list of work didn't seem to intimidate Alan as he expected that you would have to work for that kind of money.

That day he dusted, cleaned rooms, and did laundry. By the time afternoon tea was served his feet were killing him. He was ready for quitting time. But as he was clearing dishes from the table Mrs. Richardson said to his mother who was now privileged to dine with her employer. Tea was an afternoon tradition which the day's events were discussed and tomorrow's plans made.

Amanda asked, "Karen, do you still have that cute pencil-skirted tea serving uniform. You remember the one with the beautiful Victorian blouse?"

"Why yes. I have it in storage upstairs. I hadn't worn it for quite a while so it was cleaned and stored," Alan's mother said with a smile.

"I'm having some of the girls over for tea tomorrow and I'd like Alice to wear that. Why don't you take it home tonight and make sure it's in order."

"Of course. I'll do that," replied Karen. "I'm sure Alice will look beautiful in it. We are going to do some lingerie shopping later this evening."

"Oh, that's wonderful! Can I come along?" Mrs. Richardson said surprising Karen.

"Why of course, we'd be honored."

Alan had forgotten about their planned shopping trip. Had Mrs. Richardson not invited herself along he would have talked his mother out of it. He was beat.

"Well, let's help Alice clean up so that he can go home and change," Mrs. Richardson said as she began to pick up her plate and cutlery. She was a little weird that way. One minute she was like some high society lady, the next she was just like the good ol' next door neighbor lending a hand.

Nearly two hours later a very scared and nervous Alan was being led down the street between his mother and Mrs. Richardson. He was

dressed in a light green linen dress, super sheer pantihose, white high-heeled sandals and nervously carrying a white clutch purse.

His hair had been pulled up in back and clipped in place with a white, satin hairbow-barrette. As they passed people on the sidewalk, Alan felt sure that everyone looked and thought, "Oh, look at that, a young man dressed in woman's clothes!"

However, he need not worry, because the looks he was getting were ones of admiration. Alan looked every inch the well-dressed young woman. His shapely legs on their high-heeled perch attracted more than one male eye. Mrs. Taylor was feeling proud at the appearance he presented. She was really beginning to feel like she had a daughter!

The shopping trip was a continuing series of embarrassing situations. Of course, Mrs. Richardson insisted on taking them into the most fashionable women's boutiques. In each place, the sales staff fell over themselves in serving one of their best customers.

Alan found himself the recipient of a few "gifts" from his employer but she purchased item after exquisite item which his mother paid for. Alan watched as his first weeks pay disappeared. "How could all this stuff cost so much?" he kept asking himself. By the time Amanda and his mother tired, he owed part of his second weeks pay.

Once, he tried to complain but Amanda said, "Why do you think I pay so well. . . IMAGE! And that's not cheap."

When they finally returned home loaded down with bags and boxes, Alan was the owner of panties, camisoles, bra's, nighties, garter belts, pantihose, stockings, shoes, dresses, blouses, and skirts in every shade and fabric imaginable.

"Can you believe it," Alan said, surveying his unimaginable possessions? "I have more dresses than most girls my age! And BRAS!"

Mrs. Richardson would find a style she liked, then tell the store clerks to retrieve sets in each available color! Once they were alone and Mrs. Richardson had left for the night mother and son slumped into comfortable chairs in their living room.

"My goodness. . .do you realize that we just spent over 1500 dollars on you?" His mother asked.

"I stopped counting after a thousand," Alan replied. "I'll never use all that stuff? We'll take it back!"

"Can't. She'll be expecting you to come to work dressed in this or that. Actually you'll need these thing when you have to go into town for shopping or errands."

"Oh, yeah I forgot. . ."

"It's late. . .you go take a shower and put your hair up. I have to check your uniform for tomorrow. Good thing we bought that corselette. . .you'll have to wear it tomorrow."

"My hair?! I can't believe it. Why did I get that perm anyway?" Alan moaned.

“Your hair is beautiful. But we’ll ask Ann if she can suggest some other hairstyles that might avoid setting. I told her about your job at the hotel and that she can try anything she would normally do on a female client, on you.”

“Did you have to tell her?”

“Of course. . .you are bound to run into her in the hotel, besides, your hairdresser should be your confidante. She can help you become beautiful. Anyway, I think you should get one more thing done on our next appointment.”

“What now?” He asked.

“You need to get your other ear pierced,” Mrs. Taylor said bluntly. She could see the visible shudder of surprise that passed through her son.

“My other ear pierced?! Why?” Alan exclaimed.

“Because most of my earrings, that is, the pieces that go with the uniforms are for pierced ears. Mrs. Richardson was asking this afternoon when you’d have it done. I told her this week at your hair appointment. C’mon, you have one ear pierced, what’s the big deal? Lots of guys have two pierced ears these days.” Alan was too tired to argue, so he just waved his hand in resignation and headed upstairs to complete his nightly shampoo and set ritual.

When he came back to his bedroom after his shower, with a towel his waist and another wrapped around his hair he found his mother busily arranging his new lingerie and clothes in the bureau and his closet. He did not notice the big pile of his boy’s underwear and much of his other boy’s clothes heaped into a couple of overflowing shopping bags.

“Here, wear this tonight. It’s gorgeous!” Alan’s mother said as she held up the full-length Natori nightgown in gleaming white silk. It was bias cut, with rich lace trim at the bodice and hem. Thin spaghetti straps kept the slinky garment on the wearer. Alan should have balked but he was tired and it did look very pretty. Taking the nightie he waited for his mother to turn her back while he slipped it on over his head.

It felt so cool and slippery over his clean-shaven body that it made him shiver for a second. His mother continued with her folding and arranging while her son sat at his vanity and put his long wavy hair up into hair rollers for the night.

As she watched him separate a section of hair, comb through it, take a roller and quickly and smoothly wind the section of hair to his scalp. Then in a typically feminine manner, he took a long hairpin, opened it with his teeth and slid it into place to secure the roller. She thought, “he’s definitely getting the hang of it.”

Chapter 8

“Ouch! That’s too tight!” Alan complained as his mother pulled the laces of his new corset in tighter.

“Nonsense. There is at least an inch to go,” his mother said as she once again pulled the back laces hard. Alan felt like he was being

cut in half by the stiff, pink satin constrictor. Mrs. Taylor had made Alan hold his arms high in the air and grip the frame of the doorway, then let his weight down a bit.

She instructed him to hold that pose until she was finished tying the laces. Finally, she had the back of the corset nearly closed. Alan's waist had been nipped in remarkably, while the corset pushed his hip flesh down and out.

Alan was instructed to let go and put his arms down while his mother slipped her hands down into the front of his tight bodice and pulled his loose chest flesh upwards. When his arms came down, she pulled her hands up and out. The top of the corset snapped under and up against the loose flesh of his chest. His mother smiled. . .she took her hands and pushed his chest flesh in toward the middle. As he grimaced in discomfort, she said excitedly, "Well, take a look! Amazing, I say!"

Alan looked in the mirror and gasped. He had a tiny-looking waistline, but even more astounding was what appeared just above the lace-embroidered top of his corset.

"Gee! I have tits!" Alan exclaimed. His chest came down smoothly from his neck until it reached near the top of the corset. There he saw two soft fleshy mounds with a little valley between them.

"I guess it was handy that you still have a little baby fat on your chest," his mother chuckled.

"Nice trick, but I can hardly breathe let alone work!" Alan gasped.

"Trust me, you'll get used to it. . .you might even like it!"

Below the lacy pink corset Alan was wearing a pink silk chemise so that the corset was not right against his skin. He had on a very fancy lace-trimmed pair of pink panties through which his mother was now pushing the eight ribboned garter straps through the leg openings.

"Remember that you always put garters under your panties so that you'll be able to pull them down later when you have to use the bathroom. Now, sit so that I can roll your stockings on."

"Ow, even sitting hurts my sides," Alan complained as the corset bit deeper into his hips. But his mother ignored the complaint and busied herself with the rolling on of a most sheer pair of pink stockings up her son's smooth legs.

The dainty hosiery had seams running up the back as well as delicate clockwork designs along the sides. Once they were up to his thighs he was instructed to stand once again so that his mother could attach the garter tabs to the stocking tops.

"The downward tension on your stockings will help keep some of the corset's pressure off of your hips," she said. Alan did in fact feel the subtle pull of the stockings on his upper body.

"Now sit at the vanity while I take your hair down," Mrs. Taylor said.

Gingerly, Alan sat himself down in front of the vanity. The reflection of his roller-covered head and pushed-up "breasts" was

quite emasculating to say the least. And yet he found himself sitting more upright and pushing his chest out with a little unexpected vanity.

He looked pretty “cute”. His mother removed the pins and rollers from his hair and began to comb out his hairdo for the day.

“Now lets see if I can do this style on your hair,” she said mostly to herself as she rummaged around the drawer for a box of bobby pins.

Alan watched fascinated as his mother worked with brush and comb. His curls were formed in front and at the sides of his head into precise patterns. Mrs. Taylor continued her efforts at the back his head where she was alternating between combing out a curl then inserting bobby pins. After twenty minutes of meticulous combing and pinning Alan’s mother stepped back and smiled with satisfaction.

“Oh, that is beautiful! I’m so pleased I could do it in this style. Why I even think Ann would be proud of me,” she said as she handed her son a hand mirror to look at the back. Alan turned around so that his back was reflected in the vanity mirror. He saw for the first time the criss-cross pattern of the corset’s lacing from his derriere to shoulder level. Above that he saw the beautifully arranged, intricate hairdo that his mother had accomplished.

His long hair was neatly pulled up off his neck into an artfully sculpted pile of curls. Here and there random ringlet curls dripped down from the mound of hair. Against his boyish instincts Alan couldn’t help but say what he thought, “Oh, Mom! That looks so feminine!”

His mother thrilled to hear those words come from her son. “It is, isn’t it? I can’t wait to see you fully dressed. I’m sure Mrs. Richardson will be very pleased!”

Karen Taylor took the mirror from her son’s hand and gently turned him around again. She added a spraying of extra firm hairspray to lock her son’s dainty hairdo in place for the day. Then bidding him to stand she picked up an antique lace blouse that was styled in true Victorian fashion.

It buttoned up the back so the front of the blouse was elaborately festooned with lace. The high, standup collar and the long, tight cuffs were equally covered with the decorative lace material. The cut of the blouse was designed to show off the nipped-in waistline of its corseted wearer.

Alan felt a strange chill run through him as the ultra feminine blouse was slipped over his arms. He stood silently as his mother proceeded to close the long row of buttons up the back. The lace tickled him under the chin and at the wrists, something that would continue to remind him of the femininity of the garment he was wearing all day long.

The lacy bodice of the blouse also provided a subtle peekthrough of the pink lingerie that Alan was wearing underneath. When the blouse was fully closed, Mrs. Taylor brought forth a slim skirt of a whitish pink color. It had a tight waistband that snugly closed around the corseted waistline.

Mrs. Taylor knew that she had to lace the corset to be completely closed at the waistline for the waistband on this skirt to be buttoned closed. The button closed easily. Below the waistband the skirt flared out a little before dropping straight down to just below the knees. The ten small buttons which ran up from the hemline at the back could be opened to allow a little more freedom in walking. Alan's mother left them closed.

As Alan tried to walk a few steps he found that he almost had to walk heel-toe, heel-toe because his skirt would not allow more.

"I won't be able to work very well in such a tight skirt mother."

"Yes, it is a little harder, but Mrs. Richardson specifically requested this uniform today. It's one of her favorites. Wait, let me get the shoes," she said as she once again entered her closet. Alan saw her come out carrying a pink leather pair of high-heeled boots. These were again of a Victorian style. The four-inch heel had a slightly flared out bottom.

The boot itself would come up a little higher than ankle high and it closed with a line of small buttons. Intrigued by the strangely dated costume he would be wearing Alan sat so that his mother could put his boots on and button them. When she was done she asked him to stand and try walking around.

If walking in just the stockings was difficult, then walking in these high-heeled boots was an Olympic event! Not only did he have to manage small steps, but the angle that his heels put him on made his walk appear very mincing and effeminate. He commented to his mother on this.

"So? I'd say that walking femininely is quite appropriate given your clothes and hair," his amused mother replied. He thought about that then realized that she was quite right.

"Sit down again, I need to do your make-up and nails," she said as she pointed back to the vanity.

"Watch very carefully, because you are going to have to learn to do this completely by yourself."

Alan did watch carefully. He was starting to appreciate the remarkable transformation taking place. The correct use and order of each cosmetic in the process was explained by his mother as she actually applied them to his smooth skin. When the final coat of lipstick was applied even, Alan was amazed at how ladylike he looked.

"Hmmm, good job Mom," he complimented then he seriously asked, "I don't want to be laughed at. . . I look like a girl, right?"

"Yes dear, a pretty girl too," his mother said. "I think you could keep this job as long as you wanted. I just hope your beard doesn't start growing. It's a good thing that you're a late bloomer in that area. In fact, Mrs. Richardson says that her doctor said that there was medication that could help you avoid getting a beard, bulky muscles and all that."

"Her doctor? Was she talking to her doctor about me?" Alan asked somewhat shocked.

“We are all like a family at the hotel. Her doctor is the hotel physician and also one of her best friends. She mentioned the arrangement you made with her and the working conditions that applied. It was Dr. Kelsey who said that she had several male clients in . . . umm. . . similar situations as you.”

“They’re guys who work as housekeepers?” Alan asked naively.

“Well I don’t know where they all work,” his mother answered somewhat evasively, “One works as a performer of some kind? They have to dress up, so the doctor said she has helped them to be more. . . ummm. . . comfortable.”

Alan thought about the sharp, throbbing pain of his corset and his poor squeezed toes in the heel-heeled boots. “I could sure use something to improve my comfort about now,” he grumbled.

“Then you’ll see Dr. Kelsey on Friday. I made a check-up appointment for you yesterday. We need it for the health insurance policy that Mrs. Richardson takes out on all her employees. I’m sure the doctor will be able to help,” Alan’s mother said with a knowing smile.

Alan settled into his job and surprisingly found it rewarding. The learning and the busy days of the hotel made the days short and before he knew it his mother handed him an envelope.

“Pay day,” she said smiling.

Alan tore at the envelope and stared at the check. \$389.56. Tears almost came to his eyes. “But. . .”

“Taxes, my dear,” his mother said. She sat him down and showed him how the \$750.00 was whittled down by the federal, state, local, Social Security, State disability, Unemployment, and other TAXES.

Tears came to his eyes. “But I owe you. . .”

“Shhh,” his mother said, “I’ll just take two hundred a week— you’ll have me paid back in seven and a half weeks.”

Alan was depressed. With less than two hundred dollars, he barely had enough to buy lunches and the other items he was learning he needed like nylons. The work was taking a toll. He was going through several pairs a day. He was going to have to be much more careful.

Reluctantly Alan went to Ann unsure what she would think of his new job. Ann gushed, “I think it’s a wonderful opportunity. . . so what if you have to be a girl for a while.” adding, “Who knows maybe you’ll like it!”

“Fat chance!” Alan stated firmly, “I’m just after the money!”

Ann cut Alan’s shoulder length hair, layering it all over to give it lots of movement and volume. But just cutting and layering were not enough. Ann prescribed another body wave but this time added highlights, which Alan learned must be repeated as soon as they start growing out or the hair starts to become flat again.

Alan was already spending too much time on his hair and now had a weekly standing appointment for a set and blowdry with his mother.

The second week went quickly also. Alan was preoccupied. He was to pick up Cindy at the airport on Saturday.

"I surely hope that Cindy doesn't find out about my job at the hotel," Alan said to his mother.

"Isn't she friends with someone who goes to Ann? She'll find out soon if she hasn't already."

Alan groaned. He had hoped that he could keep it a secret but realized that wasn't practical.

Alan waited nervously for Cindy at the airport. In jeans and a dress shirt, it felt good to be out of the corset and off high heels. How would he tell her that he was dressing like a girl for a job. She would surely dump him on the spot.

After a warm greeting, Alan drove Cindy home. "You're quiet?" she asked, "Something bothering you?"

"I got a job. . ."

"I heard," she said matter-of-factly.

"Everything?"

"Money talks," she said, "Besides I think it's cool. I was hoping you'd come to pick me up in one of your outfits. I can't wait to see you in a dress and make-up. . .I bet you look sweet."

Alan blushed at her questions: "What size bra do you wear?" "Do you like shaving your legs?" "What's your favorite perfume?" etc.

Then came the question that Alan didn't know the answer to, "How long are you going to do this?"

"I was just doing it to save some money but I needed a lot of expensive stuff. Even with the bonus, I'll may have to work an extra month or so just to pay back my mother."

The next week, Alan met Cindy for lunch. He was terrified as he walked into the cafe wearing a flowered print dress, sheer nylons and three inch high heels.

Alan was now able to achieve the kind of full, pretty hairstyle girls love and which had become part of his work image.

He heard the gasp, "Oh my," before he saw Cindy AND Evelyn sitting in a corner booth. Their expressions said it all. . .they did not expect to see such a refined image.

"He's beautiful," Evelyn said softly as she stood to let Alan into the booth. Taking the middle booth position, required Alan to scoot in and make sure his skirt remained in its proper position. He did this with just one appropriate elegant pluck at his skirt. She added, "He's a natural!"

Both girls were animated and playful about Alan's new look. After a lot of embarrassing questions about how Alan felt being a girl,

Evelyn said, "You're right Cindy, he's a doll! It looks like you not only have a new boyfriend but you doubled your wardrobe!"

After lunch, Cindy insisted they go shopping, "like girlfriends would." At Cindy's insistence, Alan found himself spending more money for a "darling little dress" that Cindy made Alan promise he'd wear the next time they went out.

It was becoming obvious to Alan that Cindy like him dressed up like a girl. Alan's mother was shocked when her son walked in carrying a delightful little dress that he explained with confusion in his voice, "Cindy picked it out. . .she wants me to wear Saturday when we go out."

"Wearing a dress? Oh, that's wonderful," his mother said, amazed at how easily Alan had adjusted. "I'll help make sure you look your best."

"But mother, it's a dress! I shouldn't be wearing a dress to take out a girlfriend?"

"If Cindy liked you in a suit, you'd have no trouble wearing one to impress her. . .she obviously likes you in a dress. Right?"

Alan nodded.

Saturday morning, Alan went to his weekly beauty appointment and explained to Ann about his date with Cindy adding, "I think she likes me as a girl."

Ann asked, "With your hair's present length, we have several attractive options. I can do some fancy French braiding or perhaps some sort of elegant upsweep, piling all but a few curly tendrils on top of your head in a chignon, maybe it's time you experienced some curls."

"That sounds awfully feminine?" Alan resisted.

"What color is your dress?" Ann asked curtly.

Alan blushed comprehending clearly what she was pointing out. "Okay, you do what will look best."

"Now tell me about your dress," Ann asked as she went to work carefully with a wide-toothed comb. Ann moved a tray of long bobby pins closer along with a tray containing several dozen, pink plastic hair rollers.

As Alan spoke of his dress, Ann was busy arranging roller after roller then bobby pinning them into place. Alan watched in fascination as section after section of his hair was separated, combed out then wrapped a hair roller. Each was wound snugly against his scalp, anchored securely there with a hairpins.

As his head was slowly covered with neatly wound curlers, Alan's heart was pounding with what he was feeling as he was being prettied for his big date. Sensing the pantihose on his smooth legs and halfslip under his just above the knee skirt, Alan was bewildered. Instead of being his most handsome, virile male self, he was seeing a most feminine image. . .one that Cindy would like.



Alan's face had changed. Even Alan saw something different in his eyes and expressions and it wasn't only make-up!

Under the hairdryer, Alan read a woman's magazine. It suddenly was of interest to him—the make-up tips, hair care, styles. Alan was lost in a turmoil of thoughts and discoveries. He had been wearing women's clothes for several weeks now but was now preparing for his date by sitting under a hairdryer with his long hair set in rollers.

His thought went to that elegant dress that Cindy said he simply must have. He didn't really resist, of course, she obviously got a thrill out of seeing him dressed this way.

For Cindy, he wanted the clothes, hairstyle, make-up, everything to look like a pretty girl.

Alan's mass of tight, ringlet-shaped curls began to be carefully brushed out by Ann. As she moved up the back and sides of his head, his hair turned into a delicious mass of curls and ringlets. His reflection was fascinating. "It looks so feminine!" he gushed almost girlishly.

“Because you are becoming so feminine!” Ann said bursting with joy at her handy work. “And I’m not through yet.”

Alan was speechless as Ann continued to put refinements on his appearance.

Sitting Alan before the mirror Ann transformed his eyes with mascara, eyebrow pencil and eyeshadow into that of a sophisticated, attractive young lady. Blush gave his cheeks a healthy flush. Outlining his lips with a small brush, Ann finished by brushing on a dark lip color.

Preparing for his first date

They went through the closets and narrowed down their search to two possibilities, both revealing. The dress was silk, the finest soft silk Alan had ever seen. He had trouble understanding why such a dress could cost \$280.00 but that’s how much of his hard earned money he spent. He groaned, thinking, there’s another week I’ll have to work.

It was a tight sheath dress with a high side slit designed to reveal a lot of smooth leg. The bodice was cut to show cleavage—even with his newly created pushed up “breasts”, Alan wasn’t sure he wanted a low-cut dress. The neckline had a heart shaped collar and buttoned up the back. The sexy dress revealed his chest to an extent he’d never dared before—or was proper in the hotel.

The whole dress was modern, something one would expect to see on any young lady out on a special dress. . .but he was a boy! Alan listened to his mother’s recommendations on what would compliment the outfit.

“Bright red nail polish and lipstick will show Cindy that you are willing to be as much woman as she wants,” his mother said fixing his dark eye make-up.

Alan blushed, “I’m so nervous about going out like this with Cindy. I don’t know how to act?”

“Act sweet and feminine. . .show her that you can be her girl—if that’s what she wants.”

“I’ll try,” he said. This made Alan redden in the cheeks.

As Alan waited for Cindy to pick him up, he watched himself in the mirror. His pink tipped fingers touched at his hair neatly pinned up. His hair swept up on top of his head and the back of his neck bare except for the tendrils of curls that floated about his face. Long jade, dangling earrings gold wires clinched through his pierced ear lobes.

His mother said again, “You look nice—just go and have fun!”

The wind was blowing viciously outside. Alan worried. He would have to hold his hair and skirt AND his evening purse didn’t have a handle. He would be a mess by the time he got to Cindy’s car.

Cindy was dressed in black tux pants and a silk tailored blouse. After introductions, Cindy opened the door and Alan made his way to the car. Clutching his purse under his arm, one hand in his hair

and squeezing his short skirt between his thighs, he waddled quickly to the car.

Once in the car, Cindy laughed, "You are just so sweet. Move over next to me." Alan found himself sitting in the middle like a girl would, his short skirt showing a lot of smooth leg. She asked, "Comfortable?"

"I guess," Alan said, then softly asked, "Will you ever go out with me as a man?"

"I doubt it," Cindy matter-of-factly. "As a man you are a bit wimpy but I adore the way you look now. You turn me on." She looked directly into Alan's eyes with a virile probing look that brought a flush to Alan's cheeks. She smiled and added, "How'd you like to MY girl?"

Alan heart pounded as he felt his curls bobbing about his face as he nodded agreement. He said, "I'll try."

"That's my girl," Cindy said enthusiastically putting her arm over Alan's shoulder, "My parents are away. . . we're going over to my house and make you forget you were ever a boy."

Cindy wasn't at all bothered by Alan's stiff, protruding maleness, which brushed her own peignoir as this soft, sweet smelling nighty floated down over Alan's upraised arms. Cindy was so sweet as she encouraged Alan into that pretty, light blue nightgown of hers that Alan quickly melted.

Cindy adjusted it, giving it little tugs here and there until she had it just right. "It's so pretty on you," she said, fussing with the loose, filmy sleeves, and twice she kissed Alan's hair while she adjusted the shoulder straps of the nighty.

Taking Alan to the vanity, Cindy said, "Now, just be brave, darling. This simply has to be done."

Alan wouldn't have dreamed of moving a single muscle. It was almost as if he couldn't help but be perfectly motionless on the vanity bench—as if to move, even slightly, might somehow spoil his being made beautiful!

Sometimes he found himself holding his breath, but it was breathtaking to see himself being made so feminine—especially with Cindy doing it.

It was like he had no choice but do what she said. The notion of the enforced passivity heightening the apprehension and the excitement!

Alan was in a trace as Cindy was doing his hair over. Alan simply knew he'd be even prettier as he thrilled to the operation.

Curls made so quickly and surely in the mirror before her eyes, first crisp and kind of sexy, then brushed out and fluffed and shaped into the most feminine of soft, lustrous masses for him to wear proudly!

He melted as Cindy pinned his pretty tresses here and there to make subtle changes in shape, so enchanting in dramatically feminine effect!

Before Alan was quite aware of it, he gasped as he saw himself more marvelously girlish and beautiful than ever before!

It was too much, and he couldn't restrain himself any longer! His hands flew to his hair to caress and explore! It was even more marvelous than even Cindy had hoped for! Alan was so thrilled as his fingers found an exciting soft curl.

It was simply so satisfying, this stylish, exciting coiffure with its stirring fullness in back. With his hands still in his soft tresses, Cindy changed his make-up to match the tones of blue in his nightgown.

He heard Cindy say softly from miles and miles away, "I think that'll do! I don't see why you would ever want to be a boy again?"

Looking in the mirror, Alan just nodded. "It's perfectly scrumptious, Cindy, I just love it!"

"So glad you like it. . .and you'll wear it this way the next time we go out?"

"Gosh? Sure!" Alan was sparked by her comment. They might do this again!

"There's something else I'd like to do," Cindy asked?

"Anything. . ." Alan sighed.

Standing between the mirror and him, Cindy took her tweezers and began on Alan's eyebrows.

"Ouch!"

"Shhh! You'll be much prettier, I assure you!" A towel was soon filled with the long hairs of his eyebrows until they rose above his dark eyes in a delicate, high, pencil thin arch. Perfectly curved. . .for a pretty female's face.

Alan groaned as he saw what she had done.

Cindy smiled, "And I'm only beginning."

Being emasculated made Alan even more dependent on Cindy affection. Cindy always seemed so mature and unapproachable, and now she was so close! It was more wonderful than Alan had even imagined!

"More?" Alan asked a little timidly.

"I'm going to make it so you have no hope of passing as a normal boy. What about a pretty bow to match your gown-about right here?" Cindy put a dainty finger high in back in Alan's soft curls.

Alan imagined a hair-ribbon, the ultimate in things girlishly feminine, in his hair where Cindy's pretty finger was, he fairly gasped with the sudden cramp he felt. She realized that he was so terribly excited, now.

"Okay," he said shyly, his legs tightened together involuntarily. Alan noticed that Cindy's breathing was quicker and a little harder than before, and wondered if Cindy had observed his reactions to this feminization.

Cindy only smiled and bent to kiss Alan's curls as she fussed them and brought a two-inch width of baby blue, satin ribbon to Alan's hair and fashioned it into a big, girlish bow.

Cindy quite deliberately caressed Alan's curls with her fingers as she tied the bow in and arranged the curls to lie over the ribbon provocatively.

"You should always wear ribbons in your hair," Cindy said making sure the ribbon was just right. "Ribbons will let everyone know that you just adore being a girl."

Cindy noticed that Alan now had a hand under his peignoir and that there was a faint but rhythmic movement of his gown.

Cindy kissed Alan's curls again and held up a hand mirror for Alan to see his new hair-ribbon with its lovely arrangement of curls. Seeing Alan heightened femininity within herself.

"Isn't it just darling?" she coaxed, as her hand cupped Alan's pretty breast. She fondled it gently as she heard Alan sigh and said, "It does feels lovely!"

"Oh, Cindy! It's heaven!" Alan gasped his smooth shaven legs rubbing together lusciously.

"Well, have fun, darling!" Cindy said, "That's what being pretty is for! You are going to make such a darling girl. . .and all mine."

Withdrawing the hand which caressed Alan's breast gently, Cindy said "Oh, let me fix your hair in front, doll-face." She came around and began to toy with Alan's bangs. She let the top of her peignoir swing open as she did so, and her own lovely breasts were quite visible and tempting as they now jiggled before Alan, who simply kissed them through the filmy gown.

Cindy's hands then went to Alan's hair in back and said, "Have all you want, darling. Maybe someday soon you'll have your very own!"

"Oh, Cindy! ANYTHING! I'll do anything you want!" cried Alan, beside himself in passion.

"Of course, dear. And I'm going to help you become ALL girl," Cindy soothed Alan, then lead him to the bed. Alan was so flushed, excited and so girlish, he'd have done anything that Cindy wanted.

Cindy laid Alan tenderly across to the bed and his body went perfectly loose as Cindy mounted him and kissed him. As Cindy worked her body down over Alan's so tumultuous maleness, Alan's arms went about Cindy and his tongue found Cindy's.

It was everything Alan could do to not be premature! Somehow he managed not to as Cindy began a gentle rhythm. Alan began to follow it instinctively. Alan clung so tightly to Cindy, responding to every move Cindy made, and holding tightly to her, returning Cindy's kisses and giving Cindy all he could.

Alan loved it as their tresses merged and their fragrances blended, and their gowns flowed together in lovely undulations along with the far more intense sensations of this lovely play!

But Alan's feelings grew and there was no holding them in check longer. He could tell that the same was happening to Cindy, too! Their rhythm increased in spite of themselves.

Alan relaxed and felt Cindy's frenzy. She was in control here as her deep downward thrusts took control.

He clung to her madly as she went into the wildest of bursts and undulations, then collapsed on the soft bed, quite exhausted and far too weak for talk!

Alan still clung to Cindy. He had no idea what to make of what had happened and was only really conscious of the warmth of being held by Cindy and her caresses on his hair.

Cindy raised her pretty head slightly and kissed one of Alan's lovely cheeks.

After a while they got up and went together to the vanity and repaired themselves. They felt so happy about what had happened. Alan was having such fun making himself pretty after being so deliciously ravaged.

Cindy asked irresistibly, "How did you like your first time as a girl?"

"I loved it!" Alan admitted as Cindy pinned up Alan's hair. "Gosh, how I loved it!"

"Honey!" Cindy said seeing the obvious signs under his nighty. "Are you hot again?"

"It's possible," Alan giggled.

"We'll have to do something about THAT, of course," Cindy said, making eyes at Alan. "We'll have to train THAT to be more ladylike.

"Of course," Alan said with a sigh, "I'm feel like too much of a lady to argue."

"May I put a hair-ribbon in your curls, doll?" Cindy asked.

"Oh, I wish you would!"

"Oh, Cindy!" Alan cried. "When you talk to me, it gives me such a thrill! I'll do anything for your love!"

"Just let me turn you into the most delightfully feminine girl," Cindy said matter-of-factly.

Alan came in to the house quietly. It was very late and he was glad his mother didn't wait up. As he undressed, Alan's fingers played happily with his new hair-ribbon. It was an exciting night and he was exhausted but still had to remove his make-up, curl his hair and pick out an outfit to wear in the morning. Alan looked at the mirror and saw himself. His fingernails were long and painted, his hair curled and he imagined how foolish he must look. He asked himself, "Could Cindy actually make a girl out of me?" He remembered the evening and gasp, "Oh, boy, oh, boy, oh, boy. . .I'm going to become a girl and it's wonderful!"

The next day at work, Alan's thoughts kept going to the night before. He had been treated like a girl all evening—he'd never been so pretty. What the public saw was two attractive girls out dining but

Alan knew the secret caresses, feels and the little words of adoration Cindy whispered in his ear.

He flushed as he remembered her words, "I'm going to turn you into the most beautiful boy whoever wore a dress AND you're going to thank me!" and his reaction or should we say, "his purring."

Cleaning rooms, he wore his long hair tied back with a white, lace ribbon with a big bow. He looked correct from his pale pink lips to the freshly ironed plain black dress with the white linen apron. He liked his work and the days went fast.

He had long since stopped running nylons, a thought that made him blush. It was like a moment of truth, his femininity was more and more impossible to deny. He realized that after last night, he had no more masculinity to defend—he was feminine and could be feminine anytime he wanted.

A chill came over him as he felt girlish; giving himself an impish flirtatious look in a wall mirror. "Golly," he thought, "this is fun!" He blew himself a pretty kiss and blushed again realizing this so sissy 'miss' in the mirror was really himself!

He thought again about the night before. Was it his new dress that made him feel so differently? Or Cindy's attention? He wasn't sure.

Taking a minute off from his cleaning, he looked in the mirror. His hair? It wasn't quite right, though pretty, he adjusted the ribbon so that it was more pert and dainty. With his pink rosebud colored lips, dark eyes and pink blush all added up to make him a pretty scrumptious looking girl!

As he went back to work, Alan suddenly itched for another new dress. He shyly conceded to himself that skirts weren't too terrible—actually comfortable. Maybe he'd go shopping after work and buy that flirty little romper dress in the floral print that Cindy liked. . .it didn't cost too much. He'd use the credit card his mother gave him.

It was very quiet, hardly a single, solitary sound expect for the rustle of a skirt.

In fact, only when Alan appeared to be sneaking into his room did his mother show herself and say, "I see you've been shopping!"

Alan jumped. Quite clearly his mother was surprised also at the volume of bags and boxes.

"Oh!" said his mother, "I thought. . ." Then she stopped and stared at the bags and saw they were from the Boutique.

A red faced Alan muttered, "I guess I got carried away."

"Let me see, dear," his mother said walking him into his room and laying out his purchases.

"Good grief!" cried his mother delightedly. "You've done it. These are delightful! But I don't think you'll be wearing these much after you save that nest egg?"

There were skirts—short skirts, many short skirts. "They were having a sale?" Alan defended.

There was a three-buckle kilt in plaid, a tiered gingham in black and white print, a country style, button-front shirt with a lacy petticoat that was meant to show and a black leather mini-skirt with matching wide leather belt.

“Very nice,” his mother gushed then joked, “I always knew you should have been a girl. I should have put you in dresses a long time ago! Who cares about biology, anyway!” his mother added, apparently as an afterthought.

Alan asked sweetly, “Do you really like them? I shouldn’t have bought so many.”

“Oh you’ll get the wear out of them. They are as pretty as if they’d been made for you. . .did Cindy bring on this sudden interest in an ‘off work’ wardrobe?”

“I guess,” Alan said, answering his mother’s question. Blushing brightly, Alan said, “Cindy thinks I might as well be wearing dresses all the time.”

“She does, does she? That would make things easier and less confusing for you!” His mother was clearly delighted. She sat Alan down in front of his vanity, and fondled his hair.

“Actually, I’m not sure,” Alan said.

“Not sure of what?” his mother said absent-mindedly, as she handed him a darker shade of lipstick.

“She means all day, every day! Do you think I could get away with it?” Alan asked, as he touched up his lips.

“Why not?” his mother said with smile. “Let me see you in your new skirts.”

Alan complied readily and dutifully, feeling very feminine as he showed off for his mother. He rose gracefully, minced daintily over and put on the gingham skirt. Reaching into a box, he pulled out a new pair of pumps with almost four inch heels.

He straightened the skirt, and finally stopped in front of his mother where he swirled about for inspection.

“Will I do?” Alan asked demurely, with only a little fluttering of his long eyelashes.

“You will,” his mother said affectionately. Seeing him sexily saunter over to try on another skirt, his mother had a reservation, she asked, “Being a girl will be different. . .know anything about boys?”

“Hardly anything,” Alan admitted wistfully, but added, “Cindy said she’ll teach me. I’m willing to learn.”

“Poor, innocent lamb,” his mother thought to herself but didn’t say anything more.

Alan opened the door wide and saw Cindy in her handsome pants outfit. Cindy smiled at her date and followed Alan inside. Daintily, Alan with a prim, ladylike little stride, walked carefully with Cindy following. He felt his dress flow gently with his hip motion. Just once he checked his curls in back gently.

Cindy looked at Alan, as they sat down with his mother. She tried to smile. Alan looked like a scared, little girl as Cindy said, "Hello Mrs. Taylor."

She said simply, "Do you like Alan's new dress? He picked it out just for you."

Cindy couldn't have helped herself if she'd wanted to. She got up and put her arms around Alan and gave him a thoroughly genuine kiss and then backed off for a better look. "Why, it's extremely pretty," she said then asked Alan, "Isn't it exciting? You going to be a girl all the way, full time with a new name and everything! Are you ready?"

Alan flushed all over and said, "I'm going to try!"

His mother said, "Isn't he a living doll? He's cute enough to be my daughter and I'm proud of him."

"I'm glad that's settled," Cindy said smugly.

The three of them sat around the coffee table in the parlor munching cakes and sipping coffee. Alan, feeling terribly domestic, had insisted on preparing and serving.

Alan was, of course, quite the focal point of the conversation. He really only heard parts of the conversation, since most of the time he was sent out for more coffee or something.

He only heard little fragments and phrases, and noted pleasantly that they were about "a plan," but had no real idea of what was really going on.

He was aware all at once that his mother was snapping her fingers. "Huh?" he said, looking at his mother.

"Come back, dear," His mother teased, "We were just talking about boys."

"Oh," Alan said brightly.

His mother said matter-of-factly, "I know you are dating Cindy but you'll look like two girls out alone. You have to learn about boys, luckily Cindy has offered to teach you."

"I know," Alan said, just the least bit flabbergasted that Cindy would be talking to his mother about other boys.

Cindy said innocently, turning to Alan's mother, "Alan will need to understand what boys think girls are for? He should probably go out with a men once in a while. Is that okay with you?"

"Of course dear," Alan's mother "We want him to feel like a girl. . . I would hate for him to get frightened by some man!"

"I think I can handle them. . ." Alan trailed off, thinking maybe he should give himself time for a little reorientation before he added anything more.

"He does seem to be learning quickly," Cindy said in a slightly amused manner, "I wonder if he isn't picking things up a little too fast." It was rather a sexy situation, Cindy had to admit—such a darling sissy with all that thrilling equipment. She got rather hot as she considered some of the possibilities with Alan's mother.



Alan had become a stunningly feminine girl. Cindy and his mother had done their job well. All eyes now turned to admire and lust after his feminine beauty.

She decided that his mother was too eager—even if she did seem to be just teasing Alan about men! Cindy thought, this was a time when a boy, especially a boy like Alan needed his mother's attention and guidance.

If Alan was to be a full time girl, he would have to learn many things and in a way so as not to intimidate him. Probably sooner, the better.

As soon as they left for dinner, Alan cried, snuggling up next to Cindy in the car, "Oh, Cindy. It's all happening so fast!"

"You'll see. There just isn't any other way." Cindy kissed Alan on the lips in a rough manner. She liked kissing this effeminate boy who was on his way to womanhood.

Alan felt contented and beautiful as Cindy held him firmly.

The months went quickly. Alan found he was rapidly obtaining a distinctly feminine and passive identity. There wasn't anything he could do about it. With Cindy's assistance he was becoming more feminine every day.

Only one thing bothered his mother—when Alan began going out dancing and double dating. In his little short dresses that merely skimmed his knees, she realized how much her son had changed.

On the morning of his three-month anniversary, Alan found a check on his mail box—the \$2,000.00 bonus. A note was with it that said, "You're doing a great job. . .let me know if you wish to stay on full time. A.R."

Alan was dressed looking absolutely sophisticated in a black afternoon uniform, delicate pearls, matching earrings, a cute gold pin, black leather handbag, black suede pumps and a wisp of a white lace cap provocatively over his curls.

Alan called the penthouse and asked to see Mrs. Richardson for a minute, privately. "Of course, of course! But please hurry, I'm expecting someone?"

"Okay," he stumbled then ran up to the penthouse.

"Sit down dear, have some tea."

Alan sat carefully as he sank so slowly into the plush couch and smoothed his dress—careful not to allow the hem of his dress to ascend too far.

Alan stated, "I like working here. . .well? There's something I wanted to ask you. I've decided I want to. . ."

Mrs. Richardson interrupted as she always did, "Ah, I think you now see how difficult it is to run a hotel." As Mrs. Richardson rambled on about awareness and image. . .the need for values, legacy and being resistant to change. How everything finds its own level in life.

Alan's eye was caught by the penthouse door opening behind Mrs. Richardson and an extremely attractive young woman in a seductive mini skirt walked in. The short flirty skirt swayed way

above her stockinged knees and she had a figure that could make men beg. As this woman again made her way daintily across the floor, Alan feared it might be a replacement for himself but quickly ruled that out.

This woman wasn't Mrs. Richardson's style—the cut of her dress made her seem quite busty. Her jiggling boobies would be the focus of attention everywhere she went!

Unnoticed by Mrs. Richardson, she slowly undulated her way toward them with the feminine grace of a jungle cat in every movement of her shapely body.

Mrs. Richardson suddenly swiveled around and instantly recognizing the woman, then let out a great whoop.

“Mark! Mark, my son! Sit down! How was Paris? Your singing? I was just about to tell Alan here about our little experience. Right Alan?”

Alan might have been comforted by the fact that when he fainted, he did so with the greatest dignity—slowly and quietly sank to the floor.

THE END

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