



*Reluctant Press* presents:

# A JOURNEY FOR LIFE

Norman Way



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A 'NEW WOMAN' E-BOOK

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# A JOURNEY FOR LIFE

**By Norman Way**

It was an overcast, gloomy day. It was a perfect day for a funeral though. The ceremony was brief. Following the mournful trumpet solo called "Taps" and the gunshots, the soldier handed my mother the flag folded neatly in a triangular shape.

I was angry. My father didn't belong in that box. He belonged home with us. Kuwait had been freed from the Iraqi invasion. My dad came home and everything was fine for almost a week. He had run down to the convenience store to get some cigarettes, even though my mom had been begging him to quit. He had walked in on a robbery in progress. The man who shot my father and the clerk was still at large and so was his accomplice.

I guess that was when it had all started. The same government that had sent him to war to free some other country was now turning its' back on us. A month after moving out of the base housing my mom got the life insurance check, half of which was placed in trust for me until I was eighteen, and the other half would be used to keep us going.

I was angry and rebellious, not against my mom but most everything else. I guess I thought any authority or rule represented the people who took my father away. Had he not been wearing his MP uniform maybe he would still be alive today?

Mom took a second job cleaning homes in addition to working at a box store four days a week. She would come home tired from work and then after a quick supper she would be gone again. Money was tight but we were making it.

I kept busy with my schoolwork. Mom had stressed the importance of my education. I was not the class clown or cutup per se' but I did enjoy doing or saying things that rankled the teacher and got myself a few laughs.

The neighborhood we had moved to was quiet. It was more than we could afford but it was a very nice two bedroom and it was near a park. I liked to take long walks there,

sometimes with mom for a picnic lunch, but mostly when I was alone. I enjoyed the quiet solitude. School was noisy and overcrowded so it was a relief to get away from it.

To save money we shopped at thrift stores and garage sales. Once I fondled a very pretty pair of pink panties while my mom was talking to another woman as she looked at some jeans. I liked the soft feel of the fabric and wondered what it would be like to wear them. There was something about wearing clothing that only girls could wear that sort of excited me. I said nothing of course and we went home.

Later that night she left to clean a neighbor's house. I took a shower and after drying myself off walked into my mothers' bedroom and opened her top dresser drawer. The first thing I saw was her slip. It was made of the same material as the panties I had fondled at the garage sale.

I took the cake of sweet smelling soap off the top and held the slip up to my face. It smelled so good. I held the straps and let the slip unfold. I held it against my skin and marveled at how wonderful it felt.

On impulse I laid it on the bed, then picked it up by the hem and slipped it over my head. As the cool tricot cascaded over me I caught the sweet scent of the soap again. I felt ecstatic. With both hands I smoothed the slip over my body and walked over to the full-length mirror.

It hung on me of course because I was much smaller than my mother. I imagined what I would look like if I wore her foundation garments, hose and the slip under one of her dresses. I walked back to the vanity and picked up her lipstick. I took the cap off and turned base. I held it for a while wondering how I would look dressed up and wearing makeup.

I replaced the lipstick and picked up her hair brush. I walked over to the full-length mirror again and brushed my hair over my forehead. I was surprised at how girlish I looked. I put the brush back and opened the large closet doors. I removed the black high heel pumps she had worn to the funeral and put them on. They were too big for me but I wobbled over to the mirror again to look at myself. I was sure at that point I probably should have been a girl. I did look pretty, even with the slip hanging on me and the sloppy fitting shoes.

I took the shoes off, replaced them in the rack and closed the closet door. I pulled the slip over my head and folded it up just the way I had found it. I replaced it in the drawer and put the soap back on top of it.

Back in my room I put on my pajamas. They were made of cotton-polyester and felt "rough" compared to the tricot slip. I went into the living room to watch TV but nothing seemed to interest me. I kept thinking about wearing those clothes all the time. I knew I was a boy and shouldn't be thinking that way but the urge had been very strong and the thrill of it had not been lost on me either.

I was certain I wasn't crazy or sick either. My feelings were quite genuine, almost as if it were normal for me to feel that way. I knew I couldn't tell my mother or anyone else for that matter. I had heard the words "queer" and "faggot" tossed around at school whenever a boy did anything that wasn't up to what the other boys thought of as a "male standard" and I didn't want to be put in that category.

I continued to dress up when I knew mom would be gone for a while. She kept a pink satin chemise in the bottom drawer of the dresser and I liked it better than the slip. I wished I could go to bed wearing it instead of my pajamas.

Once after donning her slip I took a skirt off the hanger and put it on too. I put the jacket on next and then her high heels. Wobbling over to the mirror I felt euphoric. I turned around several times and pretended I was modeling the suit by walking to the living room and back with my hand on my hip and one of her purses dangling from the crook of the other elbow.

I had seen news clips on TV with the professional models on the runway showing off the latest spring or fall fashions. I tried to imitate them but it was hard in the ill fitting clothes and high heel shoes. I wanted to put on some makeup too but was afraid to try it and then not be able to get it all off.

When school was out for the summer my dress ups became more frequent. I really wanted to stay dressed up all day but knew that would be impossible. I couldn't try the makeup either and felt frustrated as I wanted to see what I looked like with a "complete look"

Mom had always stressed a healthy diet. Between that and my enjoyment for the outdoors, either hiking or jogging kept me trim and fit. I didn't seem to be getting much taller though and that did give me some cause for concern. While the other boys seemed to be shooting up I was just inching along.

By the end of Junior High all of the boys had surpassed me. I tried out for and made the track team running the half mile and mile. I was close to setting some school records and this kept me from being picked on for the most part. Mom was always encouraging me to do my best.

I don't think she knew about my dressing up in her clothes. If she did she never let on. On several occasions she did speak firmly to me when a teacher had complained about my cutting up in class or making a disturbance

Once I started high school the environment was quite different. Football was the top sport and anything else was considered "sissified". A couple of times one of the bigger guys tried pushing me around and I used a couple of the moves my dad had taught me when he first came home from the army.

The last time a guy shoved me he wound up in the hospital with a small skull fracture. My mom took me to an after school meeting with the assistant principal. I explained I was only defending myself and my mom stood up for me. Nothing came of it and the bigger guys left me alone after that.

I was still crossdressing when I could though it was more infrequent during the school year and especially when track season started. I was also surfing the net with our new computer as well as reading over several catalogs my mother got in the mail. I had no money of my own except for a few bucks a week allowance. It would be two years before I would get the \$25,000 in my trust.

I thought about wearing girls' clothes more and more often. I measured myself and imagined what I would buy from the catalogs or the internet sites. Shoes would be harder

as the sizes varied so much. When mom or I needed shoes we usually went to a store to be assured of a proper fit. I would glance over to the women's rack as the clerk helped me with my new sneakers. I wished I could try the high heels on so I could be sure of my size.

Just before the end of my sophomore year we were at a thrift store and I spotted a pair of black high heels in a size that looked to be about right for me. There was only one clerk in the store and the cashier was occupied with several customers. I slipped off one sneaker and tried the right shoe on. It was a perfect fit. I put it back and slipped my sneaker back on. I looked around and nobody noticed. I looked inside the shoe and it was a size eight and a half wide. I walked over to where mom was looking at some blouses and waited until she had picked out what she liked.

Later that night I thought about how I would be able to buy those shoes. I decided to ride my bike to the store early the next morning. Mom had to work early and she would be gone before I got up enabling me to sneak them into the house with no problem.

I heard her get up and as soon as the car was out of the driveway I got dressed and went downstairs. I ate my breakfast slowly and read the Sunday paper. It was hard to focus on what I read as I was too excited about what I was about to do.

It was nine thirty when I left the house. On Sunday the thrift store didn't open until ten. I pedaled slowly arriving there at just a little after ten. I parked my bike and went inside. There was a different clerk at the counter. I walked back to the shoe rack, picked up the shoes, and headed for the counter. I paid the six dollars and the tired sad eyed clerk placed the shoes in a black plastic bag for me. She thanked me as I left and went back to reading her tabloid magazine. I put the bag in the basket on the handle bars and pedaled home as fast as I could.

Back at home I parked my bike in the garage and went inside to my bedroom. I sat down in the bedroom chair and removed my sneakers. I took the high heels out of the bag and stepped into them. They felt almost as if they were made for me. I stood up and took several tentative steps. It was kind of eerie standing up at an angle but I walked back and forth in the bedroom a few times and got the hang of it.

Next I walked to the kitchen and down the steps to the basement, then back to the bedroom again. I felt real proud of myself and quite girly too. I had heard more than one woman complain about wearing high heels but this had been a snap and I couldn't figure out why they disliked them so much.

I put the shoes in an empty shoe box and placed the box at the back of the closet with other boxes on top of it. I looked thru a catalog that had come in the mail Saturday and imagined myself wearing the outfits with my new pair of high heel shoes.

It was Tuesday before I knew mom would be gone all day. I put on her slip and found a pair of knee high nylon stockings and put them on two. The nylons felt equally good on my nearly hair free legs as the slip did. The skirt and jacket were next. I stepped into the high heel pumps. I felt absolutely wonderful. I walked around the house feeling so feminine. I smoothed the skirt with one hand before I sat down like I had seen girls do. Then I got up and walked around some more. I don't think I ever felt better in my life. Walking in those clothes and high heels made me feel like a real woman. After about an hour I took everything off and put them back in their rightful place.

I made myself lunch wearing moms white apron with the ruffled edges. I tried to eat more daintily like I had seen the girls at school eat. When I finished I put on a pair of pink latex gloves. After washing and drying the dishes I got the mail and paged thru another one of moms' sale flyers.

I was truly confounded by these experiences. I was mystified as to why I was so attracted to feminine apparel as well as why I enjoyed dressing up so much. I was a male to be sure but why did I so enjoy pretending to be female? I saw the reflection in the mirror of a pretty young girl not the boy I really was. I wanted to have longer hair and wear a ribbon in it. I wanted to have longer nails and put polish on them too. I wished I could apply makeup and see how I looked fully made up and dressed in girls' clothes.

In May, a couple of weeks before school would be out for the year, I had pedaled to the mall to meet some friends at the arcade. The maintenance crew was setting up a walkway and steps over the large pool containing multi-colored goldfish. There was going to be a prom and bridal show that Sunday.

At the arcade one of my friends idly remarked what a great tragedy it would be if one or more of the girls might accidentally trip and fall into the water. We all laughed at this. The railings and the walkway looked pretty sturdy to me and I said to them there would be now way that could happen. It would be hilarious however and with all the photographers there it would most certainly make the evening edition of the paper.

That Saturday night we met at the arcade. I had brought about twenty feet of monofilament fishing line from my dads' old reel. John had brought an adjustable wrench and a screwdriver. At the mall's closing we walked past the walkway as people were leaving. John removed a couple of the nuts that held the railing bolts at the bottom of the steps and I wrapped the fishing line quickly around the two bottom posts and then across the steps. You couldn't see the line unless you looked real close and then you had to know exactly where to look.

Sunday morning we all got to the mall early. John verified the line was still in place. We spend several hours at the arcade and then had burgers and fries at the café court. About a quarter to one a crowd of people began to gather around the walkway as the girls arrive to be dressed and made up.

We stationed ourselves in a good spot as the girls lined up for their procession. They were absolutely gorgeous. The gowns were exquisite and I wished I could try them all on. As they came gracefully down the walkway in their gowns and high heels people began applauding.

The guys held up their cameras as the girls walked up one side of the short bridge over the pool and then down the other. As the first girl stepped off the bridge she leaned on the railing to descend the steps. She tripped on the fishing line and leaned hard to the right. The railing came loose. The girl behind her grabbed her and she too fell into the water with a loud splash.

There was a gasp from the audience. One man jumped into the shallow pool and helped the girls to their feet. Cameras continued to flash as they were helped out of the pool. A maintenance man showed up and reattached the railing. I watched as he cut the

fishing line off and handed it to one of the two security guards standing nearby. The procession continued a short time later and we left the mall.

There were numerous pictures in the paper the next day and numerous copies from the guys' cameras were circulated around school. Everything seemed to be ok until Friday. I was called into the principals' office along with the three other boys I had been with. A security guard from the mall was there and there was a video tape machine set up. Both the principal and the guard's faces were grim.

When questioned about our activities the day before the show we admitted to being at the arcade but of course we denied everything else. I had misgivings about all of this. When the tape was played my heart sank. It showed us leaving the mall and then John ducking under the bridge where the railing bolts were fastened and me jumping across the front of the steps twisting the fishing line as I did so.

I swallowed hard. We had no choice and came clean. We signed statements and were allowed to go home with a warning. In addition our parents would receive copies of the report as well as our signed statements.

Mom was more disappointed than anything else. I was grounded until she could decide what to do. It had been really funny and played up well in all the papers as well as the internet. Neither of the girls had been injured. I didn't really see the seriousness of this but I knew I had to be punished.

Sunday night, a week before school ended, she sat me down after supper.

"I have made a deal with the authorities," she began. "You are going to spend the summer at a special school in the country. For the next three months you must do exactly as they say and your record will be expunged. Do you understand?"

I nodded.

"Good. Friday evening a woman named Hillary will pick you up and take you there. Remember. You must do exactly what they tell you. No more arguments, insubordination, no cutting up. You will be brought back a week before school starts again. If everything goes as planned you will have a clean record and you will never have to go there again. Do you understand?"

"Yes mom," I answered quietly.

"All right then."

Nothing more was said. The last week dragged by. I passed all my exams and felt ready to begin my junior year next fall. There was no more talk during the week of the escapade or my upcoming "special school".

I returned from jogging about eight thirty. A black sedan was pulling in the driveway as I entered thru the back door. I heard mom scream my name.

"Michael! Get out here now!"

I walked thru the house to the front door. Standing in the door way was a heavy set woman with black glasses and grey hair. She wore no makeup and had a very serious expression on her face.

"Michael this is Hillary Kline."

I extended my hand as we were introduced. She took my hand and gripped it firmly as she looked me over with a smile on her face.

"Get in the car please, we must leave right away," commanded Hillary

"I just finished jogging and I would like to shower. Besides I have to pack," I said

"You won't need your clothes and you can shower when we get there, now young man get moving!" she said in an angry voice.

I looked at mom and she just nodded her head in the direction of the car.

I walked past the two women and headed for the car. Hillary caught up to me and instructed me to sit in the back seat. About twenty minutes later we drove into a nearby mall and she pulled up to one of the rear doors.

"Come with me Michelle," she said in her firm voice.

I followed her to the door that said "Bobbi's Salon" on it, puzzled at being called "Michelle" instead of Michael. She rang the bell. A minute later a lady in a pink smock and black slacks opened it.

"Come on in," the woman said as she looked me over with a smile just like Hillary had done when I was introduced to her.

I walked thru the back of the beauty shop to where several other girls wearing similar uniforms were waiting.

"Girls this is Michelle. Please get him ready for summer school. Michelle these two ladies are Tricia and Shirley, the mothers of the two girls you and your friends dumped into the pool at the mall. They are going to prepare you for the next three months. Now take off everything but your athletic support," said Hillary in a sharp voice.

I looked at her quizzically but the stern expression on her face kept me from saying anything. I undressed and set my clothes and shoes to one side. Over the next hour I was subjected to the indignity of having my body stripped of all hair with clippers and hot wax. After one of the girls photographed my hairless figure, smiling for the camera at Hillary's order, I sat in the chair.

My eyebrows were plucked and shaped, my ears pierced, my eyelashes curled. My finger and toenails were painted with two coats of bright pink nail polish followed by a top coat of clear polish. My hair was trimmed in the back and the top was combed forward to form bangs. Once again I smiled at Hillary's command and was photographed. Lastly one of the girls took a tape measure and measured my chest, waist and hips. She wrote them down on a pad, then tore off the sheet and handed it to Hillary

Hillary looked me over and then commented "Very nice job girls, thanks again for staying late."

"Please come again Michelle," teased one of the girls. "We'd love to help you anyway we can!"

As laughter filled the room I began to get dressed. I had no doubt the pictures wouldn't just be seen by Hillary or the beauty shop girls.

As we left the shop I wanted to ask why this was being done but decided to keep silent. There was no conversation over the next hour as we drove out of the city. I had no idea where we were going or what was going to happen once we got there. I liked the reflection in the mirror at the beauty shop. I really did look like a girl. My nails were very pretty and I enjoyed the pampering they had given me even though I wasn't supposed to.

I didn't have my watch on so I had no idea what time it was but I guessed it was after ten o'clock when Hillary pulled into the driveway of a big old farmhouse. The lights were on and there were two cars parked near the garage.

"Step out here Michelle," she ordered.

I got out of the car as the garage door opened. She drove the car inside and emerged a minute later. We walked silently towards the house. She unlocked the back door and I followed her inside. We went thru the kitchen and entered the living room where two girls were sitting on the couch watching TV.

"Girls, this is Michelle. Michelle these are my daughters Sally and Katie."

Both girls looked up at me with broad grins on their faces. I felt like I was their new cat or puppy. Something they could play with over the summer and then be done with.

"Hi Michelle!" they both said in unison.

"Hi" was all I could manage.

"Sit here for a minute," said Hillary as she motioned to a chair.

I took my seat as Hillary sat down between her daughters. With all three girls looking at me she began.

"I am genuinely sorry your father died so tragically and so young. However that is no excuse for your actions. I know your mother has tried very hard to correct this but sometimes it is necessary for a third party to intervene."

"By your actions you have shown an unwillingness to follow rules, be self disciplined and behave in a gentlemanly manner. Warnings and groundings have apparently been ineffective so it becomes necessary to take a more severe approach to your punishment. This is called "behavior modification" or as it used to be called "Petticoat Punishment" For the rest of the summer we are going to train you and treat you like a "lady". You will obey our instructions and behave in a proper lady like fashion as we direct. Failure to do so and you will be turned over to the juvenile authorities and I know you don't want that. Am I correct in my assumption?"

I nodded my assertion.

"Good. Then we will get started. If you comply with everything at the end of the summer you will be returned to your mother. Now lets' go upstairs and get you ready for bed."

I got up and followed Hillary up the stairs with the two girls right behind me. At the top of the stairs she turned left and stopped.

"The girls have your bath ready. Put on the pajama bottom that is hanging on the hook when you have dried your self off. Come into the bedroom on the left here and we will outfit you with some proper clothing for your stay here."

I entered the bathroom and closed the door, but not before the sound of giggles could be heard. I undressed and placed my clothes on top of the hamper. I stood on the edge of the tub to see a layer of pink foam on top of the water. I stepped carefully in the tub and sat down.

The sweet scent of perfumed bubble bath assaulted my nostrils. The water was not only warm but slimy. It felt so good against my smooth, hair free skin. I took the bar of soap out of the dish and found it too had a perfumed scent. I scrubbed myself all over, pausing momentarily to stare at my glistening pink toenails rising from the pink foam.

When I finished I replaced the soap in the dish and rinsed the pink slime from my body. I let the water out of the tub and stepped onto the pink floor mat. I dried myself off

with one of the large pink fluffy towels and then rinsed the rest of the pink foam out of the tub. I dried my hands and replaced the towel on the rack.

The “pajama bottom”, as Hillary describe it, was actually a very dainty pair of pink panties. The panties were made of the same soft, slippery material as my mothers’ slip and had four rows of white ruffles along the back. I put the garment on to find it was a perfect fit. It was no surprise to find the same old feelings returning that I had when I cross dressed in my mothers’ clothes. I knew I looked very girly and smelled that way too. If this was punishment maybe I should be punished for the rest of my life.

I picked up my clothes and opened the bathroom door. The giggles from the bedroom on the left stopped and I walked to where they were standing.

“I’ll take those,” said Katie as she took my pile of male clothes from me and walked to another room down the hall.



“Stand spread eagle over near the vanity,” said Hillary.

I did as she instructed. Sally held up a round container and removed the cover. She pulled out a powder puff and proceeded to dust me from head to foot. When she finished Hillary handed me the matching top to the panties I was wearing. I put my arms thru the pink filmy top and pulled it over my head and down. Tricia adjusted the huge pink bow under my chin.

“There. Now I know it has been a long day and you are probably tired. Tomorrow will be a busy day for us so you need to get some sleep. Your toothbrush is the pink one. From now on you will always brush and floss your teeth after each meal. Use the pink shower cap when you shower and after each shower or bath always dust yourself liberally with the body powder. Understood?”

“Yes ma’m,” I answered.

The women left and went downstairs. I went back in the bathroom, brushed my teeth and then got into bed. The sheets and pillow cases were also pink of course. They were made of a shiny, slippery satin-like material. The tag read polyester but they felt like real satin when I crawled inside and it felt so wonderful to be encased in this soft, sensuous, sweet smelling cocoon.

It seemed like I had barely closed my eyes when Hillary was shaking me awake.

“Time for breakfast Michelle,” said Hillary. “After we eat we will get you outfitted and then the girls have to get to there summer jobs.”

I got up and went to the john.

“Remember to sit down,” Hillary admonished as she started down the stairs.

I closed the bathroom door. I slid my panties down and sat down to pee. I looked down at my pink toenails. This was going to be some summer I thought to myself.

When I finished I washed my hands and went downstairs to the kitchen. My breakfast was about half of what I normally would have called “breakfast”. It consisted of one small slice of toast, a small glass of juice and a small bowl of cereal. I certainly wasn’t going to be putting any weight on this summer.

After breakfast we all went upstairs again. Katie and Sally had finished first and had been upstairs arranging some clothing on the bed and in the dresser. When Hillary and I walked in Katie smiled and said “Everything is ready,”

“Very well,” replied Hillary. “You girls can go. I will take over from here.”

The girls left. Hillary opened the top drawer of the dresser and removed a pair of white panties.

“Take off your nightie and put these on,” she commanded. She left the room and closed the door.

I pulled the pink top off, then slid the pink panties down and stepped out of them. The white panties were made of the same material. I put them on and then opened the door.

“Fold up your nightgown and put it in the third drawer,” she said.

I did so and then she held up a bra.

“Slip your arms thru the bra straps.”

I did as I was told.

“Now reach behind you with both hands and engage the hooks.”

Again I did as instructed. It took a minute or so for me to get all the hooks closed but I managed. She slipped two ping pong balls in the bra cups and showed me how to adjust the straps. Next was a garment that looked like my mom’s slip from the waist up but had some stiff netting from the waist down.

“This is called a petti-slip Michelle. It is a slip from the waist up and a petticoat from the waist down.”

She held it up by the hem and slipped it over my head. After adjusting the straps she walked to the closet and opened the two sliding doors. From the rack she selected a puff sleeve dress that was white from the waist up and pink from the waist down. She unzipped it and held it up by the hem. As it cascaded over me I felt more girly and feminine than all the times I had cross dressed at home. She zipped me up and adjusted the hem around the petti slip.

“There. You look wonderful. Everything has fit you perfectly so far. Now sit at the vanity and smooth your skirts with both hands before you sit down,” she ordered.

I went to the vanity, pulled the chair out, smoothed my skirts as she had instructed and sat down.

“That’s very good Michelle. You are catching on fast. I can see this summer is going to be a pleasant one.”

“Now Michelle a lady is not only to be properly attired she must also be made up. From now on you will always dress and make yourself up before coming down for breakfast. After lunch you will touch up your make up again. Understood?”

I nodded again. She proceeded to instruct me on how to apply blusher and lipstick. I was amazed at the reflection in the mirror. When I finished following her instructions she was quite pleased.

“When you finish your makeup always scent yourself with a little perfume behind each ear and on each elbow and wrist.”

She handed me a small bottle and I applied the sweet smelling perfume to the areas she had indicated. From the bottom left hand drawer of the vanity she removed a piece of pink plastic shaped like a half circle. From a dozen large bows in the drawer she selected a white one and attached it to the plastic half circle. She placed the half circle on my head and pushed it down so the ends were just behind my ears.

The sissy bow at the top of my head added a perfect touch to the very feminine face looking back at me in the mirror.

“Now stand up, turn your chair around, and sit down again facing me,”

I did as she instructed. She took several boxes from the closet floor and put them at my feet. From the top drawer of the dresser she took out a pair of white anklet socks and handed them to me.

“Put these on your feet and turn the top of the anklet down to show the pretty lace.”

I did so as she opened the boxes and took out several pairs of shoes.

“These are called “Mary Jane’s”, she said as she slipped the right shoe on my foot.

It was pretty snug so she took it off and replaced it with another of a larger size. This time the fit was perfect. She put the other one on and fastened both straps across the in-step.

“Okay, now stand up and let’s see you walk down the hall and back again.”

I walked down to the bedroom at the end of the hallway and then back to her.

“Turn around and do it again. This time walk a little slower with shorter steps. Don’t be in so much of a hurry. A Lady never hurries. Remember to keep your elbows close to your body and your arms across your front with your hands dangling at the wrist. You must always behave in a ladylike and feminine manner. Remember what happens if you don’t,” she reminded me.

I made several more trips back and forth until she seemed satisfied that I had developed the proper girly walk. Actually it had come quite easily to me, almost as if it were more natural for me to be feminine instead of the masculine traits my father had instilled in me before his untimely death.

“You are progressing remarkably well Michelle. Now let’s go down stairs and get you started with some chores,”

I walked in front of her remembering to take smaller, mincing steps as we descended the stairs and walked into the kitchen. She motioned me over to the sink. From a hook behind the kitchen door she removed a large pink ruffled apron. I put it on and she tied the strings in a large bow. From the drain basket she handed me a pair of pink latex gloves. I put them on and turned the water on to fill the sink. After adding the detergent I began washing and then rinsing the dishes according to her instructions.

When I finished she instructed me on the proper way to dry everything and where to put them away.

Next I was instructed on the proper way to vacuum the carpets, drapes and furniture. Dusting, cleaning the tub, sink and toilets and making up the beds. I followed her instructions to the letter. I felt I was being trained more for maid service than I was being punished for my actions at school. The rest of the week continued in the same fashion with me learning how to do the laundry, ironing, and some basic sewing.

Each morning I came down to breakfast in my outfit of the day, Mary Jane shoes, made up face and of course smelling sweetly of perfume. Each night I would shower or take a bubble bath and dust myself with the perfumed body powder before putting on one of many very feminine nightgowns. With each change of outfit one of Hillary’s daughters would photograph me. After the first two weeks of this Hillary announced I was ready for my next step. I wasn’t sure what she meant.

The next morning, after I finished the breakfast dishes, she handed me a dainty pink purse that matched my dress and Mary Jane’s for that day. I wondered what was up.

“We’re going shopping,” she announced.

My heart jumped as I hadn't anticipated going anywhere "dressed" as I was. We walked out to the car. I remembered to smooth my dress as I got in. At the mall we browsed several women's department stores and even stopped at Bobbi's Salon so the girls could see me. They were ecstatic and took several pictures of me while Hillary had her hair done. As we left one of the attendants remarked that Hillary should bring me back when my hair is longer as they would love to see me in curlers.

We ate lunch at the café court. Hillary was pleased with my feminine mannerisms as I ate my lunch and sipped my beverage in a ladylike fashion. Before leaving the court she reminded me to touch up my makeup. I opened my purse and brushed on some fresh blusher and then applied some more pink lipstick. She smiled her approval and we left the café.

We stopped at one other store, specialty boutique. I had seen very few women wear hats anymore but apparently some of them still did. Hillary went in the back to talk with the manager while I browsed thru the collection of millinery. There was a burst of laughter from the back room and shortly Hillary returned. We left the mall and returned home.

After supper that night I finished the dishes and joined the girls in the living room to watch some television. I felt very comfortable sitting with them. Just as if I were one of them, not so much a family member I guess but as "one of the girls". At bedtime Hillary followed me upstairs to my room.

"You did very well today Michelle. Here is a booklet on nail care. Your nails are growing out and you need trim and file them a little. Also you should touch them up a bit. I put the bottle of pink nail polish on your vanity. Don't forget your toes too!" she added with a smile.

I took the booklet from her and read it over carefully. After my bath I filed and painted my nails according to the guidelines and went to bed. I slept very well. In fact I had slept very well ever since arriving here. I was more relaxed and felt very confident of my feminine self.

The rest of the month was more of the same. At the end of the month the daughters took me shopping again. This time we stopped at a small jewelry kiosk and they bought me several pairs of pierced earrings. I had a little trouble getting the plugs out and inserting my new earrings much to the salesclerks' and the daughters' amusement.

We also stopped at Bobbi's so I could be waxed and plucked again. The staff there seemed to enjoy this so much more than I did.

When we got back home Hillary remarked "From now on you will wear a different pair each day instead of those plugs. Bye the way your legs look great. With such a small amount of hair you won't have to shave your legs while you're here."

That night after bathing I stood in front of the full length mirror. She was right. I had great legs and the waxing made them look superb. I dusted myself with the perfumed body powder and put on my nightie. I got into bed thinking about how much more I would enjoy living my life as a girl rather than have to live my life as a male.

With one week to go in my second month I was feeling good about what had transpired so far. I had just five weeks left before I could go home. I was bringing up some

laundry from the basement when Katie said Hillary wanted to talk to me in the living room. I put the basket of clothes in Katie's room and went back downstairs. I sat down next to her on the couch.

"Do you remember that millinery shop we stopped at a couple of weeks ago?" she began.

I nodded.

"Well the manager, Mrs. Pearson has a job for you. They are putting together a print ad for their fall line and would like you to model their hats for them. It pays \$500.00 for about four hours work. Would you be interested?"

Would I be interested in five hundred bucks, I guess so!

"Yes Hillary I would," I answered in my soft girly voice.

"Okay I will call and tell her you will do it. I will drive you there Saturday morning. We have to be there early around seven thirty as the photographer has to be at another location by one pm."

I had difficulty sleeping that night thinking what I could do with five hundred dollars. The week couldn't go fast enough. I hardly slept at all that Friday night.

Early Saturday morning I was awakened by Hillary.

"I have some different clothes for you to wear this morning," she announced. "These are foundation garments. Put the girdle on first, then these nylon stockings. The long line bra is next. Use these pads to fill the cups," she said as she handed me two breast forms. She left the room as I began to take off my nightgown.

I stepped carefully into the girdle and brought it up to my waist. It was a snug fit. I rolled each stocking down, slipped it over my foot, then slowly brought it up my leg and attached them to the front and back garters. With both hands I smoothed the stockings on both legs and enjoyed the way they felt on my smooth hair free legs.

I put on the long bra but could not close all the back hooks. I put the inserts in the cups and then opened the door. Hillary came back in and closed the remaining hooks for me. She adjusted the straps and then stepped back to look at me. The smile on her face said it all.

"Perfect," she said as she reached for the lingerie on the dresser

She handed me a white half slip with a six inch band of frothy lace at the hem. After I put it on she handed me the matching lacy camisole and I slipped it over my head and tucked it in the waistband of the half slip.

From the closet she removed a dark purple satin puff sleeve blouse and I put it on. She buttoned the back buttons and then handed me a slim black skirt. I put that on and she closed the back zipper. She got a box from the back of the closet and put a pair of black leather stiletto pumps at my feet.

"I know you have never worn high heels before but actually they are very easy to walk in."

I wasn't about to tell her I already knew that. I stepped into the pumps and found they fit pretty well except they were a little tight in the toes.

"Don't worry about that," said Hillary. "It's only for one day. Now sit at the vanity and do your makeup."

I took my seat and applied my blusher and lipstick.

"Now face me and I will put on your eye makeup."

I had not used eye makeup since I had been there so I sat still as she curled my eye-lashes with a scissor like device and then applied eye shadow, eyeliner and mascara. She added a single strand pearl necklace and replaced my pierced earrings with a pair of matching pearl clip on ones.

"Okay, let's go downstairs and eat our breakfast. Be careful in those heels," she cautioned

I followed her out of the bedroom walking carefully in the high heel pumps. Following breakfast Hillary took me to the boutique. It was still early and traffic was fairly light.

Mrs. Pearson let us in. Once inside the boutique I was seated at a table directly opposite the photographers' camera. Mrs. Pearson fitted me with a black wig. She placed the first hat on top of the wig and adjusted the veil just below my eyes. She stepped back and the photographer looked thru her camera and then took several pictures.

In the next hour or so Mrs. Pearson changed wigs and I was photographed with the same dozen or so hats. Several shots were taken of each hat sitting on a different wig style or color. I sat still thru the whole ordeal. It was simple and an easy way to make what to me was a lot of money.

When the last shot was taken we went into Mrs. Pearson's office and I signed a release form which Hillary co-signed as my temporary guardian.

As we walked out to the car I not only liked the way I looked in the skirt, blouse and heels but the way the lingerie felt on me. The sheer nylons and the soft tricot camisole and half slip felt so heavenly I didn't want to take them off. I got in the car, swinging my butt in first and then my legs. Hillary smiled at me.

"You walk well for your first time in heels Michelle," she said.

"It doesn't seem too difficult," I answered.

She said nothing further on the way back home.

At home Hillary unbuttoned my blouse and then unhooked the long bra. I stepped out of my heels and changed back into my dress for the day. I put the clothes back in the closet and the foundation garments, hose and lingerie back in the dresser.

I sat in front of the vanity and Hillary showed me how to remove my eye makeup. After removing the jewelry I replaced the clip on earrings with my pierced earrings and touched up my makeup.

It had become almost automatic I guess. I was always checking my appearance in the mirror, applying fresh blusher and lipstick, almost as if I had been doing it all my life. Just

like a girl would do. By now this had become second nature to me. In fact I was quite proud of my feminine appearance.

The pictures and my check from the shoot came in the mail and the girls were impressed with the way I looked. I cut the ad out of the newspaper and placed it with the photos between two thin sheets of cardboard. I'm not sure why I saved them. I guess because it was photographic proof of me at my feminine best.

With two weeks to before I was due to go home Hillary told me to stop wearing earrings so the holes would grow shut. By the time school started there would be no trace of them being pierced. My last Sunday was spent removing my nail polish and makeup. I trimmed my nails back to a more manly length.

After supper I removed my feminine apparel and dressed in my male clothing. Mom picked me up about six pm and she was genuinely surprised at my appearance. I had lost some additional weight and with my longer hair I had a more girly look than I had before. On the way home we stopped at a salon and my hair was trimmed back to a boyish length. She did not ask any questions about my summer and I did not volunteer any information either.

After showering that night I put on my boys pajamas and got into bed. The feel of the poly/cotton blend pajamas on my still smooth skin was nothing compared to the soft fabric of my nightgowns. The cotton sheets were not as nice as those pink polyester-satin sheets and pillow cases I liked so well.

My routine had changed back to what I was used too. I no longer had to sit at the vanity and put on makeup, though on occasion I did look into the bathroom or bedroom mirror to check my appearance.

Several times before sitting at the table or getting in the car I found my right hand reaching automatically behind me to smooth out my skirt that was no longer there.

With the passing of one more week I was pretty much back to my usual male self again. I was registered for school and was looking forward to the start of my junior year. My body hair had not returned to any degree but I wasn't concerned since I was excused from gym class as a member of the track team. Mom got me some new pants and shirts as I had lost some weight and with continued vigorous exercises I was determined to keep it off.

I started school and for the next two years I managed to stay out of trouble. Following my junior year I started working at a pizza place at the mall. I biked to work full time over the summer and on weekends when my senior year started.

I wore moms' lingerie and my high heels only once and awhile. I really missed being "properly dressed" as Hillary would say. I earned good grades but was still unsure about a career choice. I hadn't found any particular field that I was crazy about.

I did enjoy doing Hillary and her daughters' nails and their makeup as well as my own. Becoming a make up artist was not a "manly" occupation in the eyes of a lot of people. Without my moms knowledge I sent for brochures using her name from several out of state schools offering programs in cosmetology, nail technician and make up artist. This

would give me the information about state academic and licensing requirements for those positions.

I watched the mail closely. It was delivered in the late afternoon, usually after mom had left for work and I got home from school. Fortunately all three brochures came without her knowing. After reading them over I wrote each school a letter informing them I had decided to attend another school and to take my name off their mailing list, then I signed my mothers' name. I hoped this would thwart other mailings that might arrive to be found by my mother before I could retrieve them. I put the brochures in the bottom of the garbage can.

There was another war now in the same desert my father served in. While he didn't die in the war I wanted no part of military service. Both my counselor and my mother seemed anxious about me picking a career. The only thing I knew for sure is I wasn't going to spend my life working in a pizza joint.

I got my drivers' license but continued to bike to work. I wanted to save some more money for a decent car though with my trust coming in about two months money would not be an immediate problem. I still refused to register at any of the local schools, preferring to work a while longer before making any career decisions.

I attended a graduation party in late May. There was a big bonfire in the park, lots of loud music and as you might expect some alcohol mixed in with the soft drinks. I had never drunk alcohol and was surprised at how quickly it hit me. I hooked up with a girl from another school and on sloping ground under a large oak tree lost my virginity.

Brief was perhaps the best way to describe my first sexual experience. We had necked up a storm. I liked the way her lipstick tasted as well as the smell of perfume. In reality I guess I wanted to wear what she was wearing. She was a chunky, aggressive girl which I found stimulating as well.

Afterwards as we lay there she pulled the condom off of me and flipped it up on the tree trunk. I hadn't even thought about bringing a condom. She took another swig out of her bottle of beer.

"Some of the girls thought you were gay," she said. "You do have quite a feminine body you know. You are a soft kisser as well but I like that. Most boys kiss you like they are trying to push thru your face."

She took another swig from the bottle and handed it to me. I took a small drink as she lay back down on the grass and closed her eyes. I took another and then got up. I walked a short distance to some bushes and urinated. When I got back she was gone. I was a little woozy but found my way back to where I had left my bike and pedaled home.

In the shower as I soaped myself up. I had to agree she was right. I did have more of a girly body than a boys' body. I was a man now at least in one sense of the word. I had to admit I liked the way she took charge of me. An assertive masculine girl and a submissive feminine boy, some combination I thought.

After the cap and gown ceremony mom took me out to dinner. She asked me again about school and I shrugged it off. My trust was due in another month and I wanted the

summer off to work and do as I pleased before settling in to the rigors of an academic routine.

I read some car magazines as the due date got closer. I was more interested in getting a dependable set of wheels than anything fancy. I checked the papers to see what the local dealers were offering. I wanted to keep as much of my money in the bank as possible for school expenses though there was plenty of student loan money available.

I got my money on Friday afternoon and put it all in my checking account. Sunday night my mother died in a car accident coming home late from work. The cop sat me down and explained she had apparently fallen asleep at the wheel and her car had rolled down an embankment and into a creek. She was dead at the scene.

The next week was the most difficult one of my life. I sort of slept-walked thru it. A local attorney that had helped mom when my dad died got me thru the legal affairs. After the funeral and all the other bills and insurance were settled I had \$22,000.00 in a savings account and a little over \$2,000.00 in my checking account. The lease was up soon and I didn't want to stay where I was. I wanted to attend school and get away from the memories of death that this place had for me.

I went over the notes I had made from the brochures the schools had sent in my mother's name. I knew what I liked and decided it was better doing something that I liked no matter what it paid than it was to be working at something that I disliked and paid a lot of money. Classes would be starting soon and with the lease ending also I needed to make a decision and I wanted it to be the right decision.

That night after I showered I stood in front of the full length mirror and brushed my hair over my forehead like Hillary had made me do. My body hair, actually body fuzz, had come back but I still looked more like a girl than a boy. I pushed the skin under my nipples up and wondered what I would look like if I had breasts.

I had seen things on the internet but wondered about the safety of a product not prescribed or recommended by a doctor. Anyway I wasn't sure if I should be a girl or maybe just live life as a feminized boy. I was totally on my own now so it didn't really matter what anybody else thought.

In the next few weeks I spent some time at the central library and also gleaned some information from the internet. I had two appointments with a therapist. At the conclusion of the second appointment the therapist looked right at me and concluded that based on her experience and what I had told her so far I was a transvestite not a transsexual. She told me I could continue to seek therapy but that these tendencies would probably never go away. Perhaps the best thing for me was to get some feminine apparel and enjoy my dress up games when ever it suited me. I left the office without making another appointment with the excuse that I would probably leaving the state.

I continued working at the pizza place. Little by little I went thru my mother's accumulation of "stuff".

When I had the basement almost full of boxes of clothes and dishes I rented a truck and took all of it to the thrift store. The only thing left was the furniture. I ate out after all the groceries were gone and planned to sell the furniture just before I moved, though I wasn't sure where that would be just yet.

My lease renewal notice came in the mail and I sent it back without a signature indicating I would be leaving. I decided to head for the upper Midwest where my father was originally from. We had made one trip back there to visit his folks since he had joined the army.

I closed out my bank account. A pair of college students relieved me of my furniture. With two suitcases of clothes, some travelers' checks and a money order I took a flight to Minneapolis. I rented a large motel room with kitchette on the outskirts at a monthly rate and sent a change of address form to my old post office.

For the next week I did basically nothing. I used the rental car to drive around and get to know the area. My closeout bills from the power and phone company came and I

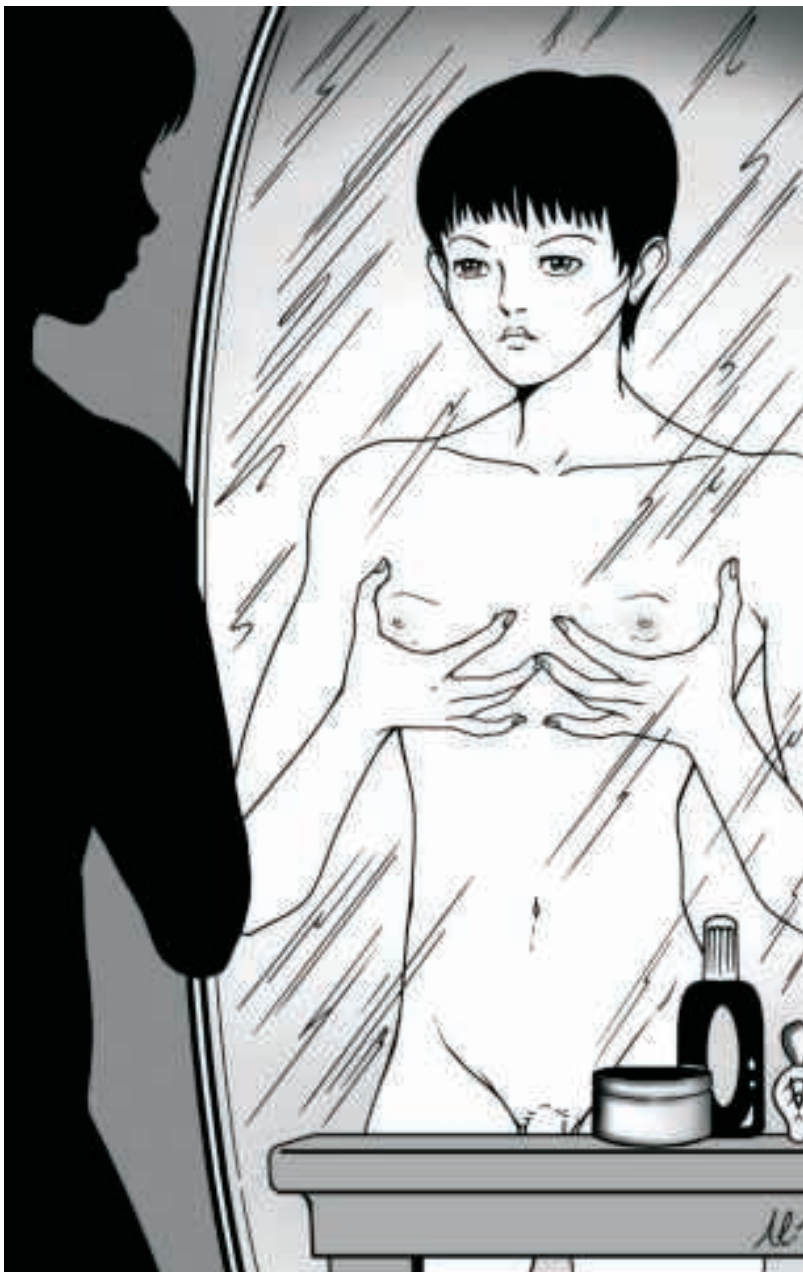
mailed them money order for the final bills. I was now free and clear of North Carolina and my past for good. Whatever future I might have was here now and whatever life I could make for myself was in my hands alone.

I registered for the next cosmetology class at the Brovald Institute. It was a short drive from the motel complex. I took the night classes as they were cheaper.

I was not surprised to find I wasn't the only male in the class. There were four others in a class of twenty. None of the girls seemed to mind finding men in what was traditionally a female environment.

I soon found myself in a world of powders, cleansers, shadows and lipsticks. I had small delicate hands and adapted well to using the various brushes, tweezers and implements of the trade. In no time at all I had the respect of my teachers and classmates for my skills.

I had not had my hair cut since leaving North Carolina and my nails had grown out



too. I kept them trimmed slightly longer than a man should but shorter than most girls keep theirs. I hadn't dated since my arrival preferring to concentrate on my studies. I hadn't cross-dressed either. My black high heels had gone to the thrift store with my mother's things. I missed the softness of the feminine fabrics I had worn for three months at Hillary's as well as the sweet scented bubble baths and body powders.

I ached to be settled somewhere and once again enjoy the delights of feminine apparel. My biggest hurdle was going to be: How was I going to live? Should I work as a man and be a woman at home or should I work and live as a woman 24/7? Should I rent a one bedroom apartment or a two bedroom and have the extra bedroom for my feminine persona? I knew the choice I wanted to make but would this society let me do it? Sometimes I had trouble sleeping just thinking about it.

We reached the half-way point of the course and about a third of the class had dropped out for one reason or another. Summer turned into fall and I was looking forward to the cooler weather and the colorful leaves. I never did like the awful heat and humidity of North Carolina.

I was breezing along quite nicely. I enjoyed the course of study as well as the prospect of being able to do my own make up once I was working and settled in a place of my own. I couldn't wait to get started, though the biggest question still remained: Would I live and work in a male or female guise?

The winter was fairly mild for a Midwest winter. After the holidays we lost two more students as graduation neared. Our class was now composed of two males and ten females. I felt we were all of equal capabilities and skill level.

The other male in the class would be leaving for the west coast while the others, myself included, intended to stay in the general area. For my part it would be until I became established and then I might look elsewhere.

I had two interviews with local salons but they were small and weren't offering me much of a salary. The third interview was on campus. The department of Theatre and Drama was putting someone on full time. I jumped at the chance to be in a campus environment. I would be working in a pleasant, relaxed environment and there would be no "push" to sell products and other services a salon offered.

I found the right building and presented myself for the interview. The two people who were interviewing me were a Ms. Chelsea Layton, the department chairwoman and Ms. Lisa Wang, the departmental supervisor and who would be my immediate boss.

It was a rather odd interview in my mind. Ms. Layton was a plain, stern faced woman. She was direct, professional and to the point. Ms. Lang on the other hand was a very pretty Asian girl who smiled and asked her questions in a "soft" way and seemed genuinely interested in making this interview a pleasant one.

At the conclusion of the interview both women stood up. Ms. Lang gave me a smile and a soft handshake, while Ms. Layton gave me a firm grip handshake while quickly glancing at my nails. I left the interview with mixed emotions.

Several weeks went by. I paid another months' rent. I had turned in my rental car after two weeks because I had gotten a very good deal on a one year lease of a sporty compact car. I was in good financial shape but had hoped to be working by now.

A phone call from Lisa Wang brought me some good news. I was scheduled for a follow up interview the next morning at 9am.

When I arrived for the second interview there was some giggling coming from the inner office. The departmental secretary knocked on the door, walked in and then came right back out again.

"They're ready for you Michael," she announced.

I got up and entered the Chairwoman's office.

"Please sit down Michael," said Lisa with a big smile on her face.

Ms. Layton was shuffling some papers around and then looked at me.

"I'll come right to the point Michael. As you probably are aware the University, because it is a public entity, is a very visible employer and must strictly adhere to hiring guidelines, specifically of course I am referring to affirmative action."

"For budgetary reasons the position for which you have applied is not going to be filled until January of next year and must be filled by a female. I have talked this over with Lisa and we feel you are by far the best candidate for this position. Unfortunately your gender is a problem for us."

"Please don't take this the wrong way but you are a very pretty boy with a slight build and small features. If your hair were a bit longer and you wore make up you could pass very easily for a female."

At that point I interrupted her.

"Excuse me Mrs. Layton but even if I agreed to this charade I can't wait another eight months to start work. My savings will be seriously eroded by then. I need a job now."

She put her hands up and glared at me.

"I was just coming to that Michael, so let me finish. Our department secretary is leaving at the end of the month and I need someone to work full time on a limited term basis until a new secretary is hired. You have had some administrative courses both in high school and at the academy so you would fit in easily here with no problem, except of course that you will have to dress and act as a female. In January you would be re-classified and begin working full time as our new makeup artist."

I was quite stunned at all this. In some respects it was like a dream come true. I would be able to live and work en femme 24/7. I had to suppress a grin.

"I understand Ms. Layton. How would we go about this?" I asked seriously.

"Lisa has a plan to help you transition," she said as she looked in Lisa's direction.

Lisa smiled that bright smile of hers.

"First I will help you get the wardrobe you need. Next a local salon will help you with hair removal, a wig to start with until your hair grows out a little more and of course a supply of makeup. As a makeup artist you already have a supply of implements to keep

your nails looking elegant and your lashes curled as well as your eyebrows plucked. Later on you will need a styling gun, hot rollers etc."

"We will also assist you in finding an apartment. There is a small one bedroom furnished apartment near the campus available very soon. It includes utilities except phone of course but the landlord, a very nice little old lady only rents to females so you must be discreet and behave yourself."

I could only nod. These women certainly seemed to have everything planned out to the nth degree.

"Okay," I said. "When would you like me to begin this "transition" as you call it?"

"Immediately!" said Ms. Layton. "Lisa will set your appointments up and by the end of the month you can move into the apartment but as a female of course."

I followed Lisa out of Ms. Layton's office to her desk. She handed me a sheet with dates and times.

"Be on time always and pay by check, that's why you are getting a discount," said Lisa. "Oh and by the way both Ms. Layton and I feel that we should now address you as "Michelle Randall" since that is the closet feminine derivative of your male name Michael Randall."

I nodded and left the office. Back in my room I looked over the schedule. Most of the time would be spent getting rid of my body hair. I would get my new wardrobe the last Saturday of the month and move in to my new apartment Sunday morning.

Over the next two weeks I underwent laser hair removal and began electrolysis to shape my eyebrows and remove my facial hair. In addition I had my earlobes pierced again at a salon of Lisa's recommendation. I gave notice to the motel complex that I would be out of my room at the end of the month. I packed my male clothes in the two suitcases I had brought with me except for what I would be wearing the last week.

I met Lisa and Ms. Layton at Maxine's, a large women's department store about fifteen minutes before they closed at six pm Saturday night. The manager accompanied us to the lingerie section first where Ms. Layton selected my foundation garments and hosiery.

Next were several full length slips, half slips and their matching camisoles, a dozen pair of pastel colored panties and matching garter belts, two peignoirs and two baby doll nighties .

In the clothing department she picked out a dozen very feminine blouses and a half a dozen slim skirts. For casual wear she added several shirt dresses, a denim skirt, two peasant blouses and a bright pink sweat suit.

In the shoe department I was fitted with three pair of four inch stiletto heel leather pumps, a pair of pink running shoes, a pair of pink fuzzy toed slippers, and a pair of white two inch heel sandals.

Last Lisa picked out several pair of both clip on and pierced earrings plus a single strand pearl necklace and an inexpensive ladies watch. My checking account was now lighter by nearly a thousand dollars.

“Come back here tomorrow at noon after you have checked out of the motel complex. Bring your wig and make up case with you. Once you are en femme we will take you to your new apartment.” Later this fall we will get you outfitted for winter,” said Ms. Layton.

I drove home wondering about my ability to go thru with this charade. Nevertheless I couldn't help but be excited about the opportunity to be working and living TOTALLY en femme. I hardly slept at all that night.

The next morning I checked out at eleven and had lunch at a fast food restaurant not far away. I drove to the store and arrived at eleven forty five. I saw Ms. Layton and Lisa getting out of a large black Lincoln so I parked next to the car and got out to join them.

Ms. Layton rang the bell and the manager who had helped us yesterday let us in. I followed them around several boxes piled in the hallway to a small office where I was fitted with the wig cap and the brown shoulder length wig I had brought with me. I made up my face with pink blusher and lipstick. The women looked me over and nodded approvingly. In the mirror I saw the reflection of a very pretty young lady.

The women stepped out and I changed into a white bra with weighted inserts, white panties, and a white slip. The pink shirt dress was next and then I stepped into the white sandals. I let the women back in.

Lisa handed me a long shoe lace on a large safety pin. She hooked the safety pin thru the eye of the zipper and then brought the shoelace over my shoulder so I could zip and unzip my self.

Lisa was beaming at my feminine appearance while Ms. Layton was somewhat stone faced. I was unsure just what I was going to have to do to meet her approval. I emptied my pants pockets and put my stuff along with my makeup in my purse.

“Okay, let's get you moved in. I called Mrs. Kelly and told her we were on our way.”

We loaded my stuff in the trunk and back seat of the big Lincoln and I followed them to my new apartment.

Mrs. Kelly's house was an older home just off campus. Ms. Layton pulled into the driveway and I parked on the street. As I walked up the driveway a short, grey haired lady came out of the back door and Ms. Layton introduced me to Mrs. Kelly. She took my hand and I squeezed it lightly. She looked me over carefully.

“Ms. Layton recommended you so I assume you are a non-smoker and have no pets?” she asked in a sharp voice.

“No ma'm” I answered.

“There will be no noise and no overnight guests, is that clear?” she barked her questions out like she was conducting a police interrogation.

“Yes ma'm,” I answered again.

“Very well. I don't drive so you may use the garage. Garbage pickup is on Wednesday. There is a Laundromat about four blocks from here behind the gas station. Your rent is due on the first of the month, and I do mean the first, not the second third or fourth is that clear?”

“Yes ma'm,” I answered.

I handed her the cash for the first month's rent and the security deposit.

"Thank you, here are your keys."

She handed me a ring with a large house key, smaller garage key and an even smaller mail box key.

"Thank you ma'm. Ms. Layton and Lisa are going to help me get settled."

"Good. Now I have things to do. Be careful on the steps,"

"Thank you, we will."

Mrs. Kelly went back inside the house. Ms. Layton opened the trunk of her car and we began carrying the boxes upstairs. I unlocked the door and went inside.

The apartment was quite small but very cozy. We piled the boxes in the bedroom and I began opening them and arranging the clothes in the closet while Lisa was stocking the vanity. The last box contained some bed linen and a couple of towels Lisa had purchased for me at a local box store. I reimbursed her and the women left. I made up the bed and then looked over my surroundings.

My transition was complete. I sat in the lounge chair and closed my eyes. I didn't feel all that tired but dozed off for about an hour anyway. After driving to a nearby sandwich shop I had my supper and took a long hot bubble bath before turning in for the night.

I got up extra early on my first day of work to give myself plenty of time to get dressed and drive to work. I was too apprehensive to eat breakfast. I stood in front of the full length mirror in my foundation garments and hose. I certainly looked ok. I put on my make up and finished dressing. One last look and I was out the door.

The first week was quite a strain like any new job. I got my university ID and a parking permit. At the end of the month I had a late evening appointment with the DMV. I had called earlier and explained I had been mugged the week before and my DL had been stolen. The woman behind the counter was sympathetic and shortly I passed the written and road test for my new drivers' license. Back at home I looked at the photograph of the brunette smiling back at me and of course grinned at the "F" in the box for sex. I closed out Michael's checking account by writing out a check to Michelle and opening a new account in another bank.

In another month I was confident of my new duties and was getting along quite well not only in my job but in my feminine role. I enjoyed being a girl. I had a wonderful feeling of calmness and serenity. I added some things to my wardrobe and always kept myself looking great. I bought some additional accessories at a local thrift store.

Summer turned into Fall and Lisa and I went shopping. She helped me pick out a winter coat, gloves and a pair of boots. Afterwards we had lunch. I'm sure we looked no different than many of the other women who were out for a day of shopping.

In another three months I would be reclassified and start my regular job. I wanted to begin as soon as I could. I had subscribed to two trade magazines and had been keeping up with new trends and products in the field of makeup artistry. I wanted to put my skills to good use.

Except for an occasional lunch with Lisa I hadn't socialized at all. I mean how could I? I certainly couldn't date men and living like a woman I couldn't date another woman either. I spent several evenings a week at the library. I did buy a small TV to help kill some of the time I had on my hands though there was not a lot of programs that held my interest. I saw very little of Mrs. Kelly except to give her the rent of the first of the month.

At work Ms. Layton was a demanding but fair boss. Lisa was great to work with as she was always cheerful. I kept myself neatly dressed at all times. I paid special attention to my nails, wig, makeup and of course when I wore seamed hose instead of sheer I made certain the seams were straight. The blouses either had tiers of ruffles down the front or a very large bow under my chin. Two of them were so sheer you could see my bra straps and the lacy camisole right thru them if you stood close to me. In addition walking a girly walk in those four inch stiletto pumps was easy and they became quite comfortable.

I found it a bit curious that I was the only one in frilly blouses, straight skirts and high heels. Most of the other women were dressed casually or in pant suits. Lisa explained that it was because I was the Chairwoman's secretary and I should have more of a professional look. I thought pantsuits had a professional look too but I didn't want to raise the ire of Ms. Layton to ask to change.

The holidays approached and just before the Thanksgiving week break Ms. Layton asked me if I would stay a minute after work. I agreed with out questioning it. Lisa had gone home at noon and we were alone in the office. At 4:30 I went in to her office to see what she wanted. She was putting some papers in her filing cabinet. She turned to face me as I stood at her desk, my purse dangling from the crook of one arm and my hands dangling at the wrist in front of me in the proper effeminate manner.

"Please sit down Michelle," she said as she sat behind her desk and folded her hands in front of her.

I took my seat, smoothing my skirt as I did so.

"You have picked things up very quickly and done an excellent job for me. Your evaluation is coming up in December and I see no problems with your re-classification going thru so you may begin work as a make up artist in January after the holiday break."

She hesitated momentarily. I felt a pang of apprehension anticipating a "but" or "however" to put a crimp in what up to now had been a relatively pleasant work experience to say nothing of my blissful feminine existence outside of my employment.

"As you probably know athletics is the kingpin on all campuses. Their programs sustain numerous others that cannot generate the kind of revenue they do. Theatre, art and literature are the bottom of the pecking order making it necessary for us to seek outside help more so than other departments."

"Next weekend I am hosting a small get together of some of our wealthiest benefactors. It is a by-yearly event in my home. I make a short presentation and then serve beverage and cake. I would like you to assist me. It would require you to wear a serving costume and of course be attentive to me and my guests. Lisa will be there to help you as well. Have you made any plans for next Sunday?"

In my gut I knew that if I did have plans, and even if those plans included having dinner at the White House, Ms. Layton's luncheon was definitely going to take precedence over my plans. The fact that she mentioned my evaluation and reclassification before asking for a favor was not lost on me either.

"Actually I had no plans at all for next weekend," I answered as I smiled politely.

"That's wonderful. Please be at my house at one pm. Lisa will get you acquainted as to what you will be doing. My guests will be arriving around three thirty for my presentation at four. Afterwards, about four thirty or so we will eat. Following the meeting you will help Lisa with clearing the table and doing the dishes. You should be finished by about five. Here is my home address, please be on time."

I took the slip of paper from her as I stood up.

"Of course I will," I answered and left her office.

That week I took a drive to her house one evening to get to know the way. The condo complex was one of the newer ones in the city and was beautifully landscaped. I drove back wondering if I should have agreed to this or not. Discretion had become the better part of valor. It was only for half a day and I couldn't see any harm in helping her out. Lisa would be there too so I wouldn't be entirely alone.

The week passed all too quickly. Sunday morning I stuffed a pink plastic rain hat in the pocket of my pink raincoat. As I slipped the raincoat over my white peasant blouse and denim skirt I check myself in the mirror. My wig was getting a bit uncomfortable as my hair was growing out but it still looked ok.

It was a warm fall day and a slight breeze was blowing. The overcast skies looked like rain would fall at any time. I drove slowly to Ms. Layton's place and arrived at twenty to one. I parked in the visitor's parking lot and debated whether or not to go in. I decided it was better to be a bit early since I didn't know exactly just what was going to be involved here.

I walked into the foyer and found Ms. Layton's number on the register. I pushed the button and when Ms. Layton answered I identified myself. She buzzed me in and I walked to her place. Lisa opened the door when I knocked and I walked inside. After putting my raincoat in the closet Lisa took me to one of the bedrooms in the back. Ms. Layton was on her cell phone and nodded as we walked past her.

The three bedroom three bath condo was beautifully furnished. I followed Lisa to the smallest of the three bedrooms.

"Put your clothes in the closet, your uniform is on the bed. Let me know when you have the lingerie on and I will help you with the rest," she said as she left the room.

I walked over to the closet and took off my pink sneakers and socks. I hung my denim skirt and peasant blouse on hangers. After removing my bra and panties I placed them on the top shelf and walked over to the bed.

I was not entirely surprised at what I found there. I picked up the black satin panties and stepped into them. The leg and waist elastic was bright pink as were the four rows of dainty ruffles along the back. I placed my inserts in the black bra, put it on, and adjusted the straps.

I stepped into the black garter belt with small pink bows at the fasteners and brought it up to my waist. The fishnet stockings were next. After attaching them to the garters I smoothed them out with both hands and walked to the door.

I let Lisa back in and she smiled brightly at the sight of me in my lingerie.

“Sit at the vanity. I brought the make up Ms. Layton wants you to use,” she instructed.

I sat down and watched Lisa open a package of bright red press on nails.

“She likes your French style nails but for today she wants you to wear red,” Lisa explained.

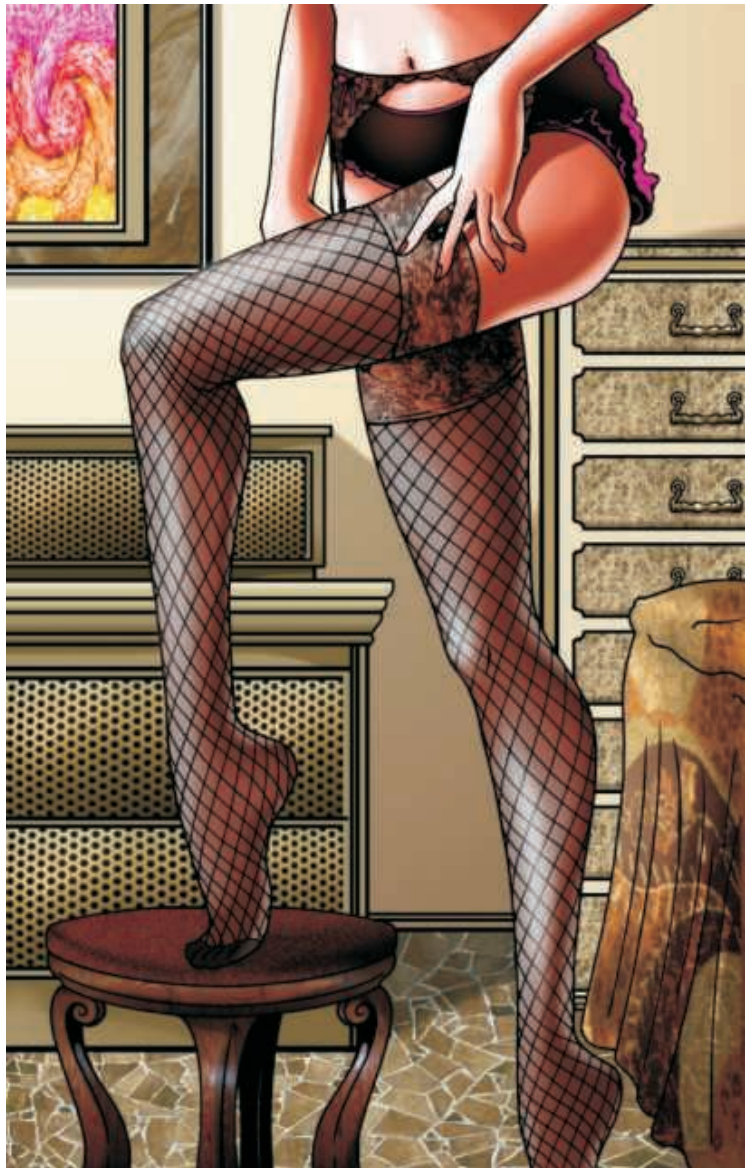
She matched each nail with the correct size. When she finished I applied red rouge and a thick layer of bright red lipstick. I applied my eyeliner and eye shadow. Lisa helped me with a pair of long false eyelashes. When she finished she gave me a spray of French perfume behind each ear and on my elbows and wrists. Judging by the scent this was some pretty expensive stuff. She placed the maid’s cap on top of my wig and fastened a choker around my neck and a wristlet on each wrist. Six inch long dangling earrings replaced the small ones I had been wearing.

“Done!” Lisa exclaimed.

I got up and went over to the bed again. Lisa handed me a short white petticoat and I stepped into it while she unzipped the black satin puff sleeve mini dress. She held it up by the hem and I slipped my arms thru the puff sleeves. She adjusted the hem around the petticoat and zipped me up. I stepped into the black five inch stiletto pumps. Everything fit perfectly, almost as if it had been made for me.

I walked gingerly back and forth in front of Lisa several times. These heels were a full inch higher than the pumps I wore to work and I didn’t want to stumble. The jarring effect of the higher heels caused the petticoats to bounce under the skirt of the mini dress. Lisa was delighted and pronounced me ready.

We walked out to the living room where Ms. Layton was



waiting. Her face brightened when she saw me and for the first time since I had met her, a smile creased her stern face. She stood close to me, looked me over, up and down then pulled up the hem of my mini dress and petticoats.

"You look absolutely ravishing!" she gushed. "I thought perhaps the panties would be a bit small but they fit you perfectly, just like the dress."

She dropped the hem of my dress and took a step back.

"Walk across the room and stop in front of me," she ordered.

I followed her instructions.

"Do you know how to curtsy?" she asked.

I had never done it before but I knew the basic movement. With both hands I grabbed the hem of the dress and petticoats, then placed one foot behind the other and squatted down briefly and then got back up again.

"Not quite right," she corrected me and after several more tries I got it right.

"Now let's go into the dining room."

Lisa and I followed her to the dining room. A beautiful white table cloth covered the table. Lisa and I set the plates, cups, saucers and silverware from the china closet at each place setting according to her instructions. When we finished Ms. Layton looked everything over and nodded approvingly.

"I think we're done here. Let's go into the kitchen. Michelle, when you walk, remember to keep your elbows in, arms across your body and your hands dangling at the wrist."

I followed both women into the kitchen. I was more confident walking in the higher heel stilettos now and was mincing along with ease in the effeminate manner in which I had been instructed.

In the kitchen Lisa began frosting the cake that had been cooling on the top of the stove. The coffee was still percolating and the water for tea had just begun to boil. Ms. Layton went over the serving techniques and also how I was to meet the guests at the door when they rang the bell and then escort them to the living room. The last thing was to set up the power point and screen in the living room.

When we finished we sat on the sofa to await the arrival of the guests.

"Do you have any questions Michelle? Now is the time to ask."

No Ms. Layton I believe I have everything down pat," I answered.

When the door bell rang I got up and walked to the door. I pushed the intercom button and announced "Ms. Layton's residence."

A female voice identified herself and I pushed the buzzer to let her in. A short time later there was a knock on the door. I opened it and two middle aged women in black pantsuits entered. I smiled as I curtsied.

"Please follow me. Ms. Layton is expecting you," I said.

The women followed me into the living room where Ms. Layton greeted them. The door bell rang again and I walked back to the door. I buzzed two more guests in and

opened the apartment door for them when they knocked. I took them into the living room and returned to the front door as the bell rang again. When I had escorted the last of the guests to the living room I curtseyed again.

"I'll be in the kitchen, please ring if you need me," I said and departed.

As I approached the kitchen there was a brief titter of giggles from the living room. I could only presume that Ms. Layton's guests had been informed about the true gender of Ms. Layton's new maid.

Lisa was cutting the cake. It looked delicious and the coffee smelled good too. We each had a small cup as we waited for Ms. Layton to finish her presentation. Lisa showed me how to pour the beverage and place a piece of cake on a plate. I was getting tired of waiting but felt so delightfully feminine in my maid's dress I was sure I could probably work eight hours dressed and made up like this.

There was a brief smattering of applause as Ms. Layton finished her talk. We got things ready to serve as I heard Ms. Layton ring a small bell and then approach the kitchen.

"Please join me at the table for cake and coffee or tea," she said.

Lisa and I pushed the carts out as the women seated themselves around the table. Lisa served the cake and I poured their choice of coffee or tea. We returned to the kitchen and waited to be summoned once again by the bell.

It was about forty minutes later when the bell rang again. The women were getting up to leave as we entered the dining room. Lisa and I began to gather up the dishes as Ms. Layton walked her guests to the door.

When she returned we were in the kitchen. I was at the sink wearing pink latex gloves washing her fine china and Lisa was drying them.

"Thank you both for helping me out today. The girls were very impressed by you Michelle. Your service skills are first rate. I certainly hope I can count on you again if I need you."

I nodded without answering hoping this was not going to be a "regular" thing. I finished washing the rest of the dishes and began helping Lisa dry and put them away. When we finished Lisa helped me undress and I took off my makeup and nails. After replacing my earrings I got dressed and went home.

All in all it had not been a bad afternoon. I had done as she asked me to. Hopefully now I would be able to enter my new job with no problems. I guess if the girls were amused more than appreciative of my service skills it really wouldn't matter as long as I got the job I was after.

The next few weeks went by quickly as the campus was in the holiday spirit. Everything was quite festive. Things slowed down as we neared the end of the semester. Students left for the two week holiday break and the campus was much quieter.

I saw Mrs. Kelly to give her the January rent and we exchanged holiday wishes. Everything seemed to be on track. I was very happy working and living a feminine lifestyle. I was looking forward to the new year when I could begin working in a job that I had been trained for.

I didn't mind being alone over the holidays. I had always enjoyed solitude. It was also nice to have less to do as the usual fast pace had slowed down quite a bit.

Just before the students came back Ms. Layton called me in her office. When I entered she introduced me to my new boss Ms. Catherine Dwight. Next she handed me a copy of my evaluation as her secretary and the other my reclassification to the make up artist position. I was pleased at getting such high marks as well as a boost in pay that my new position commanded.

Ms. Dwight was nearing retirement and it was plain to see she couldn't wait. She had a very tired, sort of "weathered" look about her. She spoke with a soft voice as she went over my new job description. I asked a few questions and then we left for the building I would be working in.

I got acquainted with the facilities from the offices to the stage and costume storage. She reminded me about my feminine deportment and to be sure I was properly made up each day. She wanted me to present not only a professional image but a feminine one as well.

My attire would change from the frilly blouses, skirts and heels I had worn for six months to a more casual look. She wanted me to wear shorter skirts, some of them closer to mini skirts, and only opaque blouses both long and short sleeves. My footwear would stay the same but seamed hose and garter belts were no longer necessary. I could wear panty hose with a panty briefer. In addition she wanted me to use pink blusher, pink lipstick, no eye make up and pink nails instead of French nails that Ms. Layton had favored. She went over a few more things and then I was done for the day.

I went back to the office and found Ms. Layton and Lisa waiting for me.

"Come with us, we have a little going away present for you," said Lisa with a smile.

I followed them to Ms. Layton's car. A half hour later we arrived back at the mall's beauty salon. The beautician put a pink smock around me then removed my wig and wig cap. After a shampooing and conditioning my hair she put it in rollers. She handed me a fashion magazine. Lisa took several pictures before the dryer was brought down on my head. Once again it was one of the few times I had seen Ms. Layton smile.

When I was finished I was given some instructions on how to care for my new "doo". With wig & cap in hand the girls and I left the salon. They took me out to dinner to celebrate my reclassification.

Afterwards I stopped by Maxine's department store and picked up some clothes that Ms. Dwight had them keep on hold for me.

That night as I languished in my perfumed bubble bath I thought about what lay ahead. I had gone from a rowdy boy to a petticoated boy to a feminized male living and working as a female. Someone once said life was a journey. If that was true this had been some journey so far, I thought to myself.

I let the water out of the tub and stood up. After rinsing off the sweet smelling suds I dried myself off with a big fluffy pink towel and dusted myself liberally with some perfumed body powder. My soft supple girly skin was nearly hair free. The electrolysis had made short work of what little facial hair I did have and the new scanning type of laser

took care of just about everything else. There was quite a dent in my savings but my new job enabled me to start rebuilding that.

My first week on the job was stressful as you might expect. New people, new duties and new surroundings all contributed to it being hectic. On Friday two of the girls I worked with invited me to join them for a couple of happy hour drinks at a college bar not far off campus. I jumped at the chance to unwind and was also pleased that Lisa was able to join us.

I shied away from the alcohol and ordered a soft drink. Our conversation centered around my new job, campus activities, and fashion. Conspicuously absent was any mention of men or the girl's boyfriends. Nevertheless I felt like I was just "one of the girls".

That evening at home I looked at myself in the mirror. I wondered exactly how long I would have to continue this charade. Then I thought about the possibility that maybe it wouldn't have to end. Would it be possible to live entirely en femme for the rest of my life? At some point would a position open up for a male and then I could go back to living and working according to my biology? If it did, what would I do then? Would I resign and come back the next week as the newly hired male make up artist? If I gave up being cross dressed at work would I still want to do so at home? At least in my new home as Mrs. Kelly would most certainly throw me out.

My supervisor and the department heads certainly knew I was not really a female and were quite willing to risk hiring a male to work for them en femme. Was this flagrant violation of the Affirmative Action policies for my benefit because they liked me or for their own amusement?

So far my work experience as both a secretary and artist had been pleasant. I was kept feminized willingly so it wasn't as if they were forcing me to do it. It wouldn't take a rocket scientist long to figure out that I was enjoying myself not only from the standpoint of my job but being able to live and work en femme 24/7.

I tried not to think about what might happen if this should all come to a head and I would have to explain myself. I wondered if everybody would deny they knew I was really a male and fire me. I didn't think any of my co-workers knew my little secret but since most of them were women I couldn't be real sure.

I resigned myself not to worry. Let the chips fall where they may. The best thing to do was to keep doing what I was doing. A wait and see attitude was the best thing for now. I was earning a good living, enjoyed what I did as well as the camaraderie of my co-workers and the campus atmosphere.

School was back into full swing. Time was going by swiftly. Somebody was right. Time flies when you are having fun. I had gotten used to the shorter skirts Ms. Dwight required me to wear. I had to be more careful sitting down and getting up again. I thought the long straps most of the blouses had that were tied under my chin in a huge bow were a bit much. So was the small pink bow she wanted me to wear in my hair but it was a small price to pay to keep her happy.

Ms. Dwight checked my appearance quite regularly and I wanted to be at my feminine best all the time. For some strange reason she particularly enjoyed watching me apply fresh lipstick and blusher after lunch. Frequently when the click of my high heels was

heard from the hallway she would have some excuse to come out of her office and watch me walk down the hallway, my mini skirt swinging slightly or the slight wiggle of my butt under a tight short skirt. That's why I was always careful about my deportment. Always acting girly feminine and ladylike.

The warmth of spring removed the white blanket of snow that had worn out its' welcome. Graduation was just around the corner. The last play of the season was in rehearsals. I had the make up schemes down. It was written by one of the graduate students and took place on a cotton plantation in the deep south.

The male cast members all looked like Rhett Butler and the female members were all dressed like Scarlet O'Hara. The girls had quite a struggle getting up the stairs to the stage and back again in those old style dresses with their huge billowy skirts flared out with petticoats and a petti-slip.

I had everybody made up when after the first act one of the girls took a tumble and injured her knee and ankle. The wardrobe lady helped the unfortunate girl undress and put on her street clothes to be taken to the hospital. The director, Marilyn Townsend, rushed up to me as the second act started.

"You are about Sandra's height. I need you to fill in for her. Please run to wardrobe and get back here as quick as you can!" she gasped.

I followed the wardrobe lady back to the dressing room. Shortly I was dressed in a pink padded bra, pink ruffled petti-pants, pink petticoats and a pink petti slip. Another woman helped slip the huge dress over my head and zip me up. A big pink floppy hat was placed on my head and the pink straps were secured under my chin in a huge bow. Chiffon gloves were last and a pink chiffon purse was slipped over one arm. The wardrobe lady handed me a pink parasol as the cast was gathering for their entrance.

I opened the parasol and held it in one hand while I grabbed a handful of the voluminous skirts with the other and followed the other girls in the cast back onstage. I stood near the back and exited a short time later.

After the third act Lisa was at the dressing room door with that big smile on her face, camera in hand. She took several pictures of me in my costume and then several with the dress off and finally in just my bra and pettipants.

We both joined the cast after the show at a downtown club. The girls were ecstatic at my appearance on stage and several asked questions about makeup and skin care. I was only too happy to give them the benefit of my expertise.

I left early as I had work to do the next day. On my way out of the club the girl who had been hurt walked past me none the worse for her injury or perhaps I should say "alleged" injury. I wondered if this "act" had been done for my benefit to get me into the pink lingerie and the very feminine dress and bonnet. I guess it didn't really matter since I did enjoy the experience.

Work continued and the semester ended. Lisa sent me copies of the pictures she took and I was delighted at how feminine I looked. Looking at that pink image there was no way you would ever have guessed that I had been born a male. I put the picture away and once more entertained the thought that maybe I should have been born a girl.

At work I searched the internet again for additional information as well as browsing the yellow pages for a therapist though I wasn't sure if I should see one. There was no sense in paying for the same diagnosis as the first one had given me.

Several days later I had second thoughts and made an appointment with a transgender specialist not far off campus. I was a bit apprehensive but I guess it would be for the better since as much as I enjoyed my femininity I knew at some point I would have to either give up dressing at work or maybe cross dressing altogether.

Dr. Sharon Mills' secretary admitted me to her office early one evening after work. She seemed surprised at my appearance as I walked in and seated myself in front of her desk. For the next hour we covered almost the same ground as my previous therapist in North Carolina had. When my time was nearly up she took me into the next room and I disrobed for a physical. After I got dressed again we went back in to her office. Her only instruction was to make another appointment a week from today and that is what I did.

I left her office and drove home. That night as I sat in my comfy reclining chair in my pink peignoir touching up my toenails with pink nail polish I began to think about what we had discussed. She said I made a much better girl than a boy. I had kept by body slim, hair free and fit. I used plenty of expensive lotion to keep my skin girly soft and smooth. I scented my self with sweet perfume before turning in for the night. Maybe I should give serious thought to beginning a path to re-assignment. I closed my eyes and was thinking about my next appointment when the alarm clock went off.

I had slept very well. I got dressed and went to work. I kept busy with things the rest of the week. Finally Friday's work was done and after a light supper I drove to Dr. Mill's office.

She was smiling as I entered her office.

"How are you Michelle?" she began.

"Okay," I answered as I took my seat in front of her desk.

This time we delved deeper into my desire for femininity, the employment issue aside.

"It seems I have always had this desire to cross dress. It just didn't become so strong until I underwent petticoat punishment one summer. As the summer wore on it became more and more enjoyable. In fact I didn't consider it punishment at all. I was sad to see the summer come to an end but of course I put on a different front when I got back home," I began.

"Do you feel you should have been a girl?" she asked.

"I'm not real sure. I mean I love all the girly things like lingerie, dresses, skirts and makeup, essentially the whole nine yards. I know I shouldn't be feeling this way but as I got older the feelings got stronger. I am quite comfortable living en femme 24/7 and am not looking forward to the prospect of returning to live as a male whether or not my employment requires it."

"I think in some respects the opportunity for you to live and work en femme has been quite beneficial to you. You seem to have adapted quite readily to the feminine role both at work and at home. How are you doing socially?"

"Well that's where I guess the biggest problem lies. I can't date men and have never ever been attracted to any male. I have had only sexual encounter just before coming here. She was an athletic, rather forceful girl and I enjoyed being the submissive partner."

"I see. How do you feel about your body?"

"Well I often fantasize about having breasts. I am not sure how they would feel. I keep my body as hair free as possible and use lots of lotion to keep my skin soft. I have researched hormones and have reservations about how they would affect me not only physically but emotionally as well."

"Your right about that as there can be side affects. Your blood workup shows a very low level of testosterone which might attribute to your lack of body and facial hair. If female hormones were to be injected you would notice a change in your skin tone and some increase in the bust area though that would take years. The pictures on those internet sites you researched are more likely to be the result of breast enhancement surgery than the hormones themselves. Emotionally you may be prone to mood swings and the effects of that won't be known until you begin the therapy. Do you think you would like to try hormones for awhile?"

I thought about it for minute. I kept thinking that I couldn't continue to live two lives. Maybe I should go ahead and begin hormone therapy and see what the results would be.

"Yes I think I would like to try them. I can always go off them I guess. Would I have to be castrated as well?"

"Patients who are transsexual usually do. However I think the best thing for you right now is to get started on estrogen. The minimal amount of testosterone your testes is currently producing will soon be over ridden by the estrogen. When we see the results in six months to a year we can go from there."

I took a deep breath and then looked right at her.

"Okay. Let's get started."

"Step into the other room and take off your blouse," she instructed.

After giving me the drug from a needle big enough to be used on a horse I got dressed again.

"See the receptionist for another appointment for a month from today."

I nodded and left her office. At the desk I paid for the appointment and the shot. I didn't want to ask Ms. Dwight about insurance coverage for this as it was probably considered "not necessary" and of course no insurance company would cover the cost of my therapy.

Spring was the season for everything to blossom and so did I. Several more shots over the summer and I was no longer using the bra inserts. I was feeling more girly than ever. While I still used plenty of lotion and of course face cream at night my skin had begun to take on a feminine sheen. My face had a rosy glow and several of my co-workers asked if I was using something different on my face.

Susan Hanson walked into my life when a repertoire company came to town. They would be putting on a series of one act plays for the balance of July and August. She was a

former tennis player. As much as she loved the game she loved the theatre more. She was a tall girl with short jet black hair and as you might expect for an athlete she had a lithe, muscular, though not unfeminine build to her.

We hit it off from the start. She was an assertive person and knew exactly what she wanted and of course I made sure she got it. She was pleased with my work and asked me to dinner following the last performance of their first week, a Sunday matinee.

I accepted and she drove me to a restaurant near the outskirts of the city. It was an up-scale place and I felt a bit underdressed in just a skirt, blouse and heels. We had great conversation about theatre, acting and my skills as a make up artist. I felt flattered that she was that appreciative of my work.

After dinner she drove me back to work where my car was parked. I had only a single glass of wine but I was feeling pretty good. When her arm snaked around my shoulders and pulled me close I offered no resistance. She tasted good as we kissed and I felt myself almost blushing. We broke and I straightened up.

"Thank you for a wonderful dinner," I said as I opened the car door.

She just smiled and said. "You're welcome Michelle. See you at work."

I nodded and got out of the car. As I drove home my mind was racing with the conundrum I was now in. I was a biological male, becoming more feminine by the day, and despite once having heterosexual intercourse with a female was now being courted by a lesbian female whose company and kiss I enjoyed very much.

That night a hot bubble bath helped to relax me as I rubbed the perfumed soap over my budding chest. I didn't soak too long as the wine had made me sleepy. I dusted myself with perfumed talc before putting on a powder blue nightgown and getting into bed. My head hit the pillow and I dreamed of being dressed in bridal lingerie, a white satin sheath wedding gown and white stiletto heels walking down the aisle on Susan's arm as we left the church.

I came to work later that Monday as I would be working with the theatre company that evening for their seven pm performance. Susan wasn't around the office but she would be at the auditorium about five thirty or six. I was a bit apprehensive because of what had happened that evening.

I was busy getting the cast made up when she came in. She was talking to the cast about the evenings' performance and I was getting some things ready backstage. When the meeting broke up she came up behind me and slid her hand over my buttocks.

"You're not only pretty from the front but from back here as well," she teased.

"Thank you Susan, but please don't do that here," I asked.

"Ok. Does that mean I shouldn't do that at the theatre, anywhere else or you just don't want me to caress your beautiful butt period," she said with a grin. "Come on now Michelle. Don't tell me you didn't like our little lip lock the other night."

"You are very nice and I enjoy working with you. I just don't want any trouble," I answered.

She held up both hands in mock surprise and walked away.

After the performance everybody went home. Things went smoothly the rest of the week. There were two shows left, a Saturday matinee at one pm and a Saturday evening show at eight. Following Friday night's show she came by as I was finishing up at one of the makeup tables.

"Let's go out for a drink," she suggested. "You're just about done here aren't you?"

I nodded but I wasn't sure about accepting her invitation. There were a lot of things going thru my mind. This feeling I had when I looked at her was something that hadn't happened to me before. I decided to accept her invitation anyway.

"There is a nice little club just northeast of where you live and about three blocks from our motel. It is a very quite place. I know you will like it. I'll follow you so you can leave your car at home."

I drove home and parked my car in the garage. After checking the mail I touched up my make up and got in her car. She was a careful driver and we arrived at a small night-club called "Wild & Free", just off the expressway north of where I lived. My pulse had slowed down somewhat. We got out of the car and went inside.

It was very non-descript from the outside but the inside was surprising. The lighting was kept low and it took a minute for my eyes to adjust. Susan steered me to a corner booth. There were only a few customers in the place and all were women. None of them was alone, they were all couples.

I smoothed my skirt as I took my seat and a waitress appeared out of the dim light. Even in the dim light I could see as our eyes met that this was no lady. I mean not a female, but a guy. He was wearing a pink satin mini dress, pink seamed hose and pink high heels. His nails were pink, his cheeks were rouged pink and his shiny pink lipsticked mouth parted as he smiled.

"What can I get you," he asked in a soft girly voice.

Before I could say anything Susan ordered me a pink lady and a brandy old fashioned for her self. He wrote down the drink order and walked away. I watched his petticoats bounce the skirt as he walked away effortlessly in his high heels.

As I turned my attention back to Susan I saw she was smiling at his departure too.

"I haven't heard of this place before. It seems very cozy," I began.

"You haven't heard of it because it is a private club, members only," she said as she waved a black credit card. "It is a chain. They have clubs in about twelve states I think. The owner started with only one in San Francisco about ten years ago and it has grown every since."

I looked around at our very plush surroundings. Barely audible music was playing from the speakers on the wall. It gave new meaning to the words "intimate surroundings".

"Judging by what I see it must be expensive as well as exclusive," I remarked.

"It is, but well worth it," answered Susan as the waitress returned with our drinks.

He curtsied and placed my drink in front of me. After placing Susan's in front of her he left us. Susan took a drink of her brandy and I took a dainty sip of the pink lady. It had a fruity taste to it and was very refreshing.

Susan took another drink and then held out her hand.

"C'mon let's dance," she said as she stood up.

"I don't know, I'm not much on the dance floor," I said.

She reached over and grabbed my hand. I followed her in the semi darkness to the middle of the floor. As my other hand went almost automatically to her shoulder she pulled me close and we began to move slowly to the soft music.

I never liked to dance at all. Now here I was dancing backwards of all things. It didn't take me long to anticipate her movements and soon we were in sync. I felt very comfortable in her arms. The music stopped and she twirled me around.

"See, now that wasn't so hard was it?" she asked as she led me back to our booth.

"No, I guess not," I replied. I took my seat and sipped my drink.

Our conversation continued about acting, theatre and make up. Their next stop was several hundred miles away. I had a feeling I was going to miss her. We danced several more dances and then finished our second drink.

"We should be going," I said as I finished the drink. I have to work in the morning and after the two Saturday performances you have a long trip ahead of you."

She nodded and got up to leave. At the door she signed out with her credit card and we walked to the car. The ride home was quiet and soon she pulled into the driveway. After shutting off the ignition she turned to me and kissed me hard again. I let myself go limp in her strong grasp. It seemed like a long time before we broke.

"Wait, please I have to tell you something," I started.

She smiled at me with a kind of all knowing all wise kind of a grin. "I know," she said softly.

"You do? I mean how..." my voice trailed off as she motioned me out of the car.

We walked up the stairs. I unlocked the door and we went inside. I turned on the main light and as I bent over to turn a small table light on Susan turned off the main light. She walked quickly over to me and put her arms around me, picked me up and sat me down on the end cushion of the davenport. She sat next to me and wrapped her strong arms around my shoulders pinning me between her and the arm of the davenport.

My heart was pounding but I was not really afraid as she pressed her lips on mine. The kiss was long and I offered her no resistance. We broke after a minute.

"People like us always know. I like both sides of the fence and you haven't decided yet which side you want to be on. I think we suit each other perfectly," she said matter-of-factly.

She kissed me again. This time I wrapped my right arm around her and pulled her tight against me. I could feel my nipples get hard even though my breasts hadn't gotten very big yet they had become more sensitive just like my therapist had said they would.

With a single motion she slid her left arm under my legs and dropped her right arm to my back as she lifted me up and carried me into my bedroom. She put me down and unzipped my skirt as I unbuttoned my blouse. She pulled the skirt and half slip down in one

motion. I stepped out of them and kicked off my heels as the blouse fell to the floor. She pulled up the camisole and slipped it off, then unhooked my bra.

'I'm pretty small yet, I've been on hormones only a short time,' I explained as she cupped each one in her hands and kissed them both.

"You will be fine in no time," she said as she dropped her hands to my waist and pulled me close and kissed me hard again.

We broke again. "I'll bet you have a pink nightie in that dresser somewhere too," she laughed.

I nodded and began detaching my nylons from my garter belt as she undressed. I slipped them off and the garter belt too then picked my clothes up off the floor. I had just managed to put the pink top on when she grabbed me from behind and tossed me on my bed.

As I spread my legs in an almost natural female fashion she was on top of me. The dildo hurt and I almost cried out. As we began moving back and forth I closed my eyes and imagined myself to be a woman. Due to the hormones my penis had not become erect but I soon climaxed and felt the warm fluid squirting over me.

She stopped and withdrew from me. With our breathing the only sound in the room I closed my eyes and went to sleep. When I awoke she was gone. I lay awake for awhile tried to contemplate what I had just experienced. I got up and took a hot soak in the tub. My rectum was still sore as I probed it with my fingers. I looked down at my budding breasts. They tingled a little as I thought about the previous night.

After drying myself off I got dressed. There was a little blood on the bedspread so I took it down the basement. After washing and drying it I put it back on the bed. I didn't feel like eating lunch so I dressed for work.

I arrived about twelve thirty. The cast was getting ready for the one pm matinee. Susan wasn't there. It wasn't until the second act that one of the cast mentioned she had already left for the next city.

"She always leaves a day ahead of us to set things up in advance," explained one of the girls."

I felt a mixture of emotions. Somewhere between being a cheap one night stand and the possibility of finding a soul mate. Overall I had enjoyed the experience, painful as it was. I guess it had made me feel not only female or womanly I guess, but I felt like this was really me, rather the person I should be. For once I wasn't "playacting" but being my natural normal self. Maybe my continued hormone therapy would make me feel even better.

I got busy with things and after the matinee ended went home for lunch. The florist delivered a single rose just as I was leaving for work and then a flood of emotions came back. I went back to work and the evening performance went off without a hitch. The repertoire company packed up and left for their next city.

It was hard to concentrate on work that week with Susan in my thoughts. Another piece of the puzzle of my life had come together. I wondered how she felt about me. Twice during the week someone had waved their hand in front of my face and said "Earth to

Michelle, Earth to Michelle" followed by the question they had asked and not gotten an answer too because my mind appeared to be elsewhere.

A month later out of the blue Susan called. The repertoire company would be eighty miles away and she wondered if I could drive down and join her for dinner and a nightcap that Saturday. I agreed and jotted down the address.

I was able to get Friday afternoon off so after work I stopped by Maxine's and picked out a racy black peignoir set and a pair black fuzzy toed high heel slippers. Later at a box store I added a pair of cheap long earrings, a dark red hair bow and matching lipstick to the box.

I placed all the items in the peignoir's box and left it in the trunk. I picked up a vegetarian sub on the way home and after checking my mail ate lunch. I was wondering about this meeting. I hadn't slept well the night before and decided to nap before leaving. I set my alarm and dozed off for about an hour and a half.

After shutting the alarm off I showered and put on a black bra, black panties, a Navy shirt dress and a pair of black four inch stiletto heels. The weather was nice and despite minimal traffic on the interstate the eighty mile drive seemed to take a long time. Maybe because of all the emotions I was feeling as I drove.

I took the appropriate exit from the interstate and arrived at Susan's motor lodge. I went to her room number and knocked on the door. She opened the door and stepped outside taking my hand as she did so. Once inside I saw that this was not a motel room but a small suite at the end of the long building.

"Perks of being the manager," she said. "I'm glad you could come. I have something for you. It's on a hangar in the john. Come out when you are ready and we'll go out to eat."

I walked inside the large bathroom. I unzipped the garment bag to find a charming black velvet puff sleeve dress. I undressed and put my clothes on the toilet lid. I put the little black dress on. The soft velvet felt so good against my hair free girly skin. At the bottom of the bag I removed a pair of black suede peep toe pumps with four inch heels and put them on. After applying fresh blusher and lipstick I transferred the items from my purse to the black clutch purse that matched the shoes.

I walked out of the bathroom and over to where she was watching television. Her face brightened as she saw me. I twirled around and stopped with my back to her. She zipped me up and smoothed her hands over my waist and butt. I brushed her hands away as I turned around.

"Down girl, you said we were going out to eat remember," I teased.

Susan smiled and pulled a small bottle out of her front pocket. She unscrewed the cap and set it down. With one hand she grabbed my wrist and with the other tipped the bottle upside down pressing it against my skin. After doing the other wrist she did my neckline and then behind each ear. I held my wrist up to my nose and the fragrance was very sweet and very feminine.

She re-capped the bottle and put it down. From a case next to the TV remote she held up a single strand pearl necklace. I turned around and she hooked it in the back. When I turned around again she clipped a pair of matching pearl earrings on my ear lobes.

“There, now let’s go out to eat.”

I took her arm and we walked to the car. Like a true gentlemen or lady I should say she opened the door for me and I got inside. The drive took about twenty minutes. This city too had a Wild & Free franchise club. As we walked from the car to the door I felt so womanly and so worldly even though I was on the arm of a woman not a man.

Once inside Susan’s membership card got us a table. The sissy waitress was wearing a purple satin puff sleeve mini dress with a very short skirt. She wore black stockings, black



four inch stiletto heel leather pumps and a large purple satin sissy bow in his black wig to match his purple nails and lipstick. He took our orders for drinks and left us each menu.

As he twirled to walk away the very short skirt of the mini dress flared up just enough for me and Susan to get a glimpse of the white ruffles on the back of his purple satin panties. The jarring effect of the stilettos made the skirt of the mini dress bounce under the petticoats. He made a very pleasing erotic spectacle.

“Penny for your thoughts?” asked Susan with a smile on her face.

I turned my attention back to her.

“He is a very pretty sissy boy.” I commented. “He probably should have been a girl, just like the boys at the other place.”

“My thoughts exactly,” said Susan as she sipped her brandy. “I’m sure everybody here feels the same way about you,” she added.

I took a sip of my fruity punch and contemplated what she had just said. I had been on hormones for several months now and I had begun to notice the changes in my skin, particularly my face which now had a softer feel and a more feminine glow. I had begun using smaller inserts in my bra as well because I was beginning to “blossom” more.

“You look a little different since I last saw you. The hormones seem to have agreed with you,” she smiled again.

I hadn’t mentioned that I had started taking them but apparently my new “glow” hadn’t gone unnoticed by Susan either.

“I have been taking them since you left. I feel pretty much the same but my skin tone has become softer and my breasts have started to get bigger,” I said

We looked over our menus and shortly the sissy waitress returned with another round of drinks and then he took our orders. Susan ordered a steak while I decided on the salmon.

Our conversation drifted around our jobs and the business of acting just as it had once before. We danced to the soft music until our food came. It was simply marvelous. We talked little as we ate. Of course I had no idea what this was costing Susan but whatever it was, it was worth it. I couldn’t finish all of it and felt pretty stuffed.

“Excuse me a minute,” I said as I picked up my purse.

I walked to the restrooms at the opposite side of the dining area. I passed numerous couples at their tables. Upon closer examination I saw that they were just like Susan and I, an assertive female escorting a pretty and very feminine submissive male.

The two restroom doors were marked “Women” and “Sissies”. I entered the door for sissies. The inside was all pink from the tile floor to the walls and ceilings. After I finished peeing I stood at the sink and washed my hands while looking at my reflection in the huge long mirror over the sinks. I dried my hands and opened my purse.

While I touched up my lipstick two other sissies walked in, chatting just like girls. Both were wearing party dresses and looked like they were headed for the prom. One wore powder blue chiffon, the other mint green taffeta. They smiled at me in a kind of “knowing way” before they each entered their respective commode areas and closed the doors.

I fluffed my hair with one hand. It was a natural girlish motion and I had done it without thinking. The single strand pearl necklace and earrings complimented my little black dress nicely. I picked up my purse and walked back to the table.

Susan had ordered us an after dinner drink. The cool grasshopper tasted good despite being so full I didn’t think I could swallow it. The sissy waitress returned and asked if we needed anything else. Susan looked at me and I shook my head. She handed him her card. He returned shortly with a plastic container for my leftovers and Susan signed for the meal and drinks.

Back at the motel I got out of the car and headed for my car. Susan had a puzzled look on her face as she stood at the door of the suite. I put my leftovers in the trunk and took out the box containing my peignoir.

“I have something for you too,” I giggled as I slammed the trunk lid down.

Inside the suite I went right in the bathroom. I undressed and placed my things back in the garment bag. I put on the black chiffon gown, slipped on the matching chiffon robe, and tied the string in a loose bow. I applied the dark red lipstick, placed a dark red bow in my hair, and stepped into the fuzzy toed slippers.

After exchanging the necklace and pearl earrings for the long pair of earrings I put on some more of the fabulous perfume she had given me. I checked myself once more in the mirror. Taking a deep breath I stepped out of the bathroom and walked to where she was seated watching television.

When she saw me her mouth fell open. She jumped up and had her arms around me in no time. The kiss was long and hard. Picking me up effortlessly she carried me into the bedroom. I kicked off the slippers as she kissed me hard again.

As she began undressing I pulled the drawstring of the chiffon robe and let it fall to the floor. She lubricated the dildo and strapped it on. I wrapped my arms around her neck and kissed her hard as she pulled up my nightgown. I lay back and she entered me.

When it was over I felt truly fulfilled once again. Susan got dressed and went to oversee the closing performance. She returned late and we made love once more. Afterward I slept soundly and in the morning she was gone. I got dressed and drove home.

At my next appointment with the therapist I got another shot and she said I was "blossoming" quite nicely, better than most. I was no longer using inserts at all and felt quite proud of my burgeoning chest.

My skin had continued to become softer and I was now almost totally hair free. I wasn't sure if I should mention my relationship with Susan but I did. She looked me in the eye.

"How do you feel about this relationship?" she asked me.

"Wonderful," was my one word answer.

"Where do you think this will lead?" was her second question.

I shrugged. "I'm not really sure. I know that I have never been happier in my life until now," I answered.

"What about men?" she asked

"Well I have little or no contact with men outside of work. I mean I was never attracted to any man I ever met. Of course I haven't dated men either, I mean I still am a man biologically at least and I would be uncomfortable going out with a man as I am now," I answered.

"So you think we should continue this to the point where you may want to undergo SRS?"

"I am not sure but so far I like the effect of the hormones on my physical body. There are some days when I feel, well funny, sort of. You were right about mood swings. I was happy being with Susan even when we are not in bed. Some days at work I feel moody while other days I am quite content. Over all I am not sure what to make of it exactly. I hope that doesn't sound too silly."

"Not at all, in fact you are par for the course at this stage of your therapy. For the present time I think we should continue along this path. You have responded well to the hormones and you do have a strikingly feminine appearance. It surprises me that a man hasn't asked you out."

I shook my head. "Well when I am not at work I am at home. I guess you could say I keep pretty much to myself. I am not much for the "bar" scene so my chances of meeting someone are that much less, not that I would prefer to meet men in bars. There are only two other men in the department, one of whom is married and the other is gay. They both see me as a female of course but wouldn't be interested in asking me out."

"I see. Well it looks like our time is up for today. Pay at the desk after you have made another appointment and I'll see you in another month," she smiled as she stood up.

"Thank you doctor I will."

I wrote a check for the bill, made another appointment for a month from today, and then drove home.

I stopped for a bottle wine on the way home. Normally I left alcohol alone but I had a lot on my mind. There was a nice little wine shop near campus that Susan had mentioned so I stopped there.

As I made my way up the aisle to the counter someone bumped me from the right. I half turned around and my purse smacked a display of literature on the counter knocking them to the floor. A male voice said:

"Oh excuse me!"

I countered with the same expression of apology as I bent down trying to pick up the brochures with one hand while holding the bottle of wine with the other. As I stood up I looked into the big brown eyes of a man in a sport coat and slacks. He smiled displaying beautiful white teeth as he took his place behind me. I stuffed the brochures back into the holder

"Hi I am Lloyd Matthews. I see you like rose'," he said flashing that grin again.

I was a bit flustered. "Michelle Randall," I answered and felt myself blushing.

"Well, not really. I've had a stressful time recently and I thought this might help me sleep better," I said as I put my purchase on the counter.

"Do you work for the "U" too? Most wine drinkers do. I'm not sure if it is because they're educated or because they need a stress reliever too," he laughed.

I looked up at his wavy brown hair and the way his sport coat fit over his shoulders and felt myself getting lost in those big brown eyes.

"That will be \$11.47 with the tax," said the clerk.

I paid for my purchase and walked to the door. As I walked out he caught up to me.

"I work in the music department," he began as he drew even with me on the sidewalk. "Where do you work?"

"I am a make up artist in the theatre and drama department," I answered. "And what do you do for the "U"?" I countered.

"I work with the choir, glee club and some other assorted things," he answered.

I got to my car and opened the trunk.

"Have a good evening," I said as I placed the bottle of wine inside and slammed the lid shut.

"You too!" he said cheerfully as he walked to the end of the small strip mall's parking lot.

I got in my car and buckled my seat belt. As I drove home I kept seeing those brown eyes in the front of the windshield. I wondered what stroke of luck had put us both in the same wine shop at the same time.

That evening as the wine chilled in the freezer I sat in my bubble bath smelling sweetly of strawberries. I lifted my feet up and as the red foam drained from my feet revealing my bright red toenails I saw Lloyds head appear between the hot and cold faucets. He was grinning that mischievous grin of his.

I closed my eyes and as I ran the sponge over my nipples I felt them get hard as I thought of him on top of me. I was about to run my fingers thru that wavy brown hair when I opened my eye and his image was gone. I soaped my self up again, enjoying the slithery perfumed lather against my smooth girly skin.

I rinsed and dried myself off. I dusted myself with the berry scented body powder and put the red satin panties and red chiffon top of a baby doll nightie. I stood in front of the full length mirror I felt my nipples getting hard against the chiffon top as I thought of him again.

I walked into the kitchen and took the wine out of the freezer. After pouring myself a glass and placing the bottle in the fridge I sat down in front of the TV. I couldn't seem to get interested in the story I was watching. I got up and refilled my glass. After the news, weather and sports I shut off the TV and went to bed.

Once again I dreamed of wearing white bridal lingerie underneath my white satin sheath and walking down the aisle in four inch stiletto heels. This time I was on Lloyd's arm, looking dashing handsome in his tuxedo and red cummerbund. It was a wonderful dream but the next morning I felt more tired than I did when I had gone to bed.

It was a Saturday morning so at least I wouldn't have to face a full day's work. I did some laundry and skipped lunch to run to the mall to see a movie. Lloyd's face kept popping up, first in the dryer window and then in the rear view mirror as I drove to the mall.

I bought a ticket to some nameless comedy and left before it was offer. I walked thru the mall for awhile hoping to clear my thoughts. It was a fairly large mall and after walking its' full length and halfway back I stopped at the café court and bought a soft drink.

If there was ever a definition of a conundrum I certainly was it. I began as a boy. Then I became a petticoat punished boy and found myself enjoying it immensely. Then I became a feminized young man who had an affair with an assertive, athletic young woman who enjoyed being the dominant partner in a relationship where I enjoyed being the submissive partner. Now I was feminized nearly to the point of being a woman and found myself facing the prospect of having an affair with and possibly being in love with a male who had no idea that I was not the woman he thought I was.

I finished my drink and went home. I ate a bowl of chicken soup for supper but still didn't feel any better. After polishing off the rest of the wine I showered and walked into the bedroom. Standing in front of the full length mirror I dropped the pink fluffy towel and stared at my hairless girly body.

My genitals had shrunk considerably just like the therapist said they would. I loved the way my breasts jutted out from my chest though they were still smaller than the average woman's breasts. I was so close to being a woman that at that point I felt it was not just the right thing to do but the only thing to do. I would then be a "complete" woman. There would no longer be a need for this charade either for employment or for social reasons.

I dusted myself with the scented body powder and slipped into a pink waltz gown. As I slid between the cool sheets I knew that if this journey called life were to continue it would have to be with me as a female, not as a male or something in between. I closed my eyes and went to sleep.

There were no dreams this time. Lloyds face did not appear anywhere the next day either. I finished the Sunday paper and read thru several of the trade magazines that had come in the mail the day before. I cleaned the apartment and took out the garbage. After touching up my nails with the fire engine red nail polish I applied fresh red lipstick and returned to the mall. This time I walked thru the mall, not as a troubled feminized young man, but as the woman I now knew I was destined to be.

Wednesday morning I had just about completed a stack of paperwork when I looked up to see Lloyd approaching my desk. He smiled and I felt myself close to blushing again.

"You look exhausted," he laughed. "C'mon let's grab a sandwich."

I got up and followed him out to his car. The Mercedes convertible looked almost delicious. I opened the door and sat down in the soft leather seat, almost sliding to the floor.

"Comfortable?" he grinned.

"Yes it is," I admitted.

He started the car and spun out of the parking lot to a nearby sub shop. He parked under the shade of a tree and we walked to the shop. We both ordered chicken subs and a diet soft drink. Walking back to the car a cool breeze teased at my hair. We both got back in the car and began to eat.

Our conversation was a mixture of work and off work likes and dislikes. He was a charming man and pleasant to talk to. It was my first real date, if you want to call it that. I felt very comfortable not only talking with him but being with him in general. My pulse had slowed down to a manageable level and I was more relaxed. I finished my sandwich and took a last sip of the soda.

"We'd better get back, my lunch break is just about up," I said though I would have liked to stay longer and enjoy his company.

We fastened our seatbelts and he drove us back to my building.

"Thank you for a very nice lunch," I said as I got out.

"You are quite welcome Michelle," he said then added. "We should do this again."

I didn't answer and walked quickly back to my office.

"Nice lunch?" smirked one of the girls. "Who's the hunk?"

"A friend," I answered hoping to avoid any more questions.

The inquisitive girl grinned and nodded. I went back to work. The rest of the week was uneventful. I found myself thinking about him occasionally. By Friday it suddenly dawned on me that I hadn't even thought about Susan since I had bumped into Lloyd at the wine shop. I wondered what that meant in the scheme of things.

Friday, just before I left the office Lloyd called and asked me out for dinner Saturday night. I accepted right away and gave him my address. My pulse was racing again. I felt excited about our first real evening date, almost like a school girl.

I wasn't sure what to wear. I didn't have a formal wardrobe of any kind except for the little black dress Susan had bought me. A man with a Mercedes convertible wasn't going to take me out to a sandwich place on Saturday night so I stopped at Maxine's on the way home.

I picked out a short sleeve blue taffeta cocktail dress. With a pair of shoes, gloves and the matching bag I had exceeded what I had wanted to spend but I wanted to look good for him. I was pretty keyed up and had a hard time getting to sleep that night. Even the sweet scented warmth of some new bubble bath didn't help.

Saturday was a long day. I tried to keep busy with things but my thoughts kept coming back to my date that evening. I took a cool shower and spent extra time in front of the mirror applying my make up. I usually didn't wear eye makeup but for this evening I used a pale blue eye shadow along with my eyeliner and mascara.

I dressed and transferred my things into my matching clutch bag. Sitting in front of the TV I became more and more anxious. Finally the doorbell rang and I jumped up and walked quickly to the door.

When I opened it he smiled that charming smile of his.

"Ready?" he asked.

"Of course," I answered. I locked the door and walked down the steps in front of him.

The restaurant was called "The Red Door". It derived from a long ago belief that a red door was a sign of welcome. Lloyd held the door for me and we went inside. Soft music was playing thru the speakers as my eyes became adjusted to the dim light. The hostess took us to a booth and Lloyd ordered drinks for us. As I looked thru the menu and saw the prices I knew why I wasn't ever coming here alone.

We discussed our work and shortly the hostess returned to take our orders. I felt more relaxed than I had been at the sub shop. Lloyd laughed easily and I enjoyed our conversation. I sipped my soft drink but found those big brown eyes of his almost as intoxicating as if I had been drinking alcohol.

We finished our meal and had an after dinner drink. Conversation seemed to wane and Lloyd signaled for the check. As I walked to the car I began to feel anxious again. I wanted to kiss him at the door. I was afraid if I did and he found out the truth about me would he be angry. What would happen if he wanted to pursue our relationship further? As we rode home in silence I was more uncertain than I had ever been.

Lloyd pulled in the driveway and walked me to the bottom of the stairs. I turned to face him. Even in the dim glow of the single light bulb over my head he was devilishly handsome. When he put his arms around me and kissed me I offered no resistance. He tasted wonderful and we held our kiss for awhile.

"Thank you for a wonderful dinner," I said as we broke apart.

"Your very welcome, Michelle. I would like to see you again," he said with that big smile of his.

"Of course, the next few weeks will be pretty busy though," I added.

"I understand. I will give you a call."

He turned and walked to his car as I walked up the steps. As his cars headlights swung around I unlocked the apartment door and let myself in.

"Mixed emotions" does not begin to describe the way I felt as I undressed. I hung the dress up in the closet and took off my lingerie. Once again I stood in front of the full length mirror. I stared at the female body with a penis and felt my nipples tingle as I thought of Lloyd. I put on my nightie and got into bed.

I lay awake for a long time. I wanted Lloyd there with me, on top of me, making love to me. Finally I fell asleep. I dreamed that I was wrapped in his arms, not just for the night, but forever.

I attended a mixer for the music department the following week. I had a good time meeting lots of wonderful people. Everyone was relaxed. Of course one of the women introduced me to Lloyd Mathews the new department chairman.

Later when I could get him aside he had that mirthful look on his face.

"You said you worked in the music department. You might have told me you were the CHAIRMAN!" I hissed as I felt myself blushing.

He laughed and took a sip of his drink. "I thought it would be more fun this way," he said.

"I guess I can forgive you," I added.

"What say I take you to dinner again to make up for my little indiscretion?" he asked

"Hmm, I'm not sure. That salmon was the best I've ever tasted. Is there anything else on the menu you think I might like?" I asked.

He smiled again. "Well I haven't been in town long enough to try more of their cuisine, so why don't I pick you up Friday at six and we will find something?"

"Deal!" I said as I felt my face get warm again.

The assistant chairperson came over and took his arm.

"Sorry to break up the conversation but you have more people to meet Lloyd," she said

He left with her and I contemplated what I was going to wear for our second date.

Thursday night I saw Dr. Mills again. I undressed and she checked me over then gave me another shot. I finished dressing and then sat down in front of her desk.

"You are in excellent health Michelle and I think we should set a date for your surgery," she began.

"So do I," I said quickly.

Her eyebrows arched in surprise at my quick response.

"I see. So everything else in your life is going ok then?"

"Yes it is," I responded and then I felt myself blushing.

"Hmm. Who is he?" she asked

I looked down a minute and bit my lip.

"Lloyd Mathews. He is the chairman of the music department. He just started working here recently. I bumped into him, literally, at a wine shop,"

"And?" she said with a smile on her face.

"I guess I am in love with him," I answered.

"I see. This does complicate matters doesn't it?"

"Yes. Of course he doesn't know and I can't tell him. I don't want to risk losing him. We're having dinner Friday night and at some point I want this relationship to get serious but obviously I can't,"

"I understand how you feel. You have done very well with your therapy and make a very attractive young woman. I am not surprised that you have met someone,"

For the balance of the next hour we discussed my relationship and my feelings about the upcoming operation. I knew the insurance wouldn't pay for it because they consider it to be "cosmetic" and not necessary surgery. I had enough in savings to cover everything though it would wipe my account out entirely. I would still have my job of course but for the first year I would have nothing to fall back on if something happened or if there were complications. In any event I felt the sooner this was done the better.

At the conclusion of the hour Dr. Mills referred me to a local surgeon and I made an appointment to see him the next week. Essentially I felt it was now or never for me. There was a fork in the road on my journey of life and I had to pick one.

I left work a couple of hours early on Friday to get ready for my date with Lloyd. I sat in front of my vanity wearing my black bra and panties. I looked at the pretty girl applying blusher and lipstick. There was no doubt in my mind that I indeed was a woman, though for now anyway, I was still a woman to be.

I stepped into the black garter belt and then put on sheer stockings. After I attached them to the garter belt I put on my little black velvet dress and slipped into the matching black suede pumps. At that moment I wished Lloyd were with me so I could wrap my arms around his neck and give him the lip lock of his life. I smiled at myself in the mirror at such a thought as I sprayed myself with the expensive French perfume Susan had given me.

Lloyd was right on time and my dinner date with him was all that I expected it to be. He was at his most charming. The seafood salad and the wine he recommended were positively the best. At the door I we kissed for a long time. When we broke he grinned again.

"So I am forgiven?"

"Yes you are. Thank you for a wonderful evening. I would invite you in but I have a doctors' appointment in the morning and I want to get a good nights' rest,"

He stepped back with a look of concern on his face.

"Nothing serious I hope?" he inquired.

"Yes I'm afraid it is Lloyd but it is something I don't care to talk about right now, especially with someone I have just met,"

He nodded his head approvingly.

"I understand and wish you the best. If there is anything I can do please let me know,"

"I will Lloyd. Thank you and good night,"

I turned away and let myself in the apartment. I was almost on the verge of tears. I undressed and put on a pink nightgown. I hoped I could get thru all of this without any complications, surgical or otherwise.

The next afternoon I reported to the clinic to see Dr. Jonathon Reed. He was one of two Midwest surgeons who performed SRS. After examining me he pronounced me fit for the operation and gave me an appointment in two weeks.

I rushed home thinking of a million things I had to do. As much as I was sure this was the right thing to do I was still apprehensive. This was still major surgery and there was always the risk of something going wrong. I was in excellent health and was certain of my ability to recover quickly from the operation.

Having a female supervisor and department head was a big help in getting my medical leave rushed through. The next two weeks were probably the longest of my life. I made out my rent check for another month in advance and explained to Mrs. Kelly about my medical leave by saying it was for "female trouble". She was sympathetic and wished me well.

Lisa took me to the hospital the night before and checked me in. I didn't sleep well at all and the next morning came very quickly.

I was prepped and wheeled into the operating room. I remember the doctor holding my hand and telling me to relax. I closed my eyes and began tumbling thru the black expanse of the universe.

When I awoke I was sure that I had given birth to the space shuttle and after it had blasted its' way out of me the burns from the rocket motors had been poorly dressed. My mouth was dry and I couldn't talk. I wanted to ring for the nurse but my arms couldn't move either. I closed my eyes and rested.

When I opened them again I could hear conversation in the room. A nurse was standing over me.

"Try to relax Michelle. Everything is fine. You'll be out of here in a couple of days,"

I felt like I wouldn't be out of here in a couple of years. I tried to talk as she placed the straw in my mouth. I drew a mouth full of cold water and swallowed it. Then I took another. She pulled it away and set it on the counter.

“That’s enough for now. The doctor will be in to see you this afternoon,”

She left and I closed my eyes again. I didn’t feel like eating anything at lunch. Dr. Reed came in at a quarter of two. I had dozed off and he gently touched my arm to wake me.

“Your surgery went smoothly and I do not see any problems,” he said.

I nodded without speaking and he left. I was still pretty woozy the next day but did eat lunch and dinner. Lisa stopped by and left flowers. A bouquet was delivered from Lloyd as well. I saw that devilish smile when I closed my eyes.

It was several days before I was up and around. I made steady progress and was feeling much better. My first bath was a thrill as I got to see my womanhood for the first time. I had fully transitioned now and there was no time for second thoughts. I got better and Lisa took me home on my discharge day.

I saw Dr. Reed at my thirty day follow up and also Dr. Mills. Both were happy to see me in good health and good spirits. Despite the agony of the surgery and post operative period I felt very good about my choice and was looking forward to going back to work as soon as possible though Dr. Reed suggested I stay home for another two weeks as I was tired of sitting around the house with nothing to do.

When I finally did go back there was a single rose from Lloyd on my desk and a bright pink ribbon on my chair. I worked half days to start with until my strength came back. Everyone was pleasant and even Ms Dwight managed a weak smile and a “glad to have you back” handshake as she looked me up and down.

After my third follow up appointment I said good bye to my doctors though I would return to the clinic for hormone shots I was essentially finished with my therapist and my surgeon.

I closed out my savings account and transferred everything into my checking account. I was still several thousand dollars short so I put my car up for sale and used part of the money to pay off the bills and the rest to lease a new sporty compact. It left me with no money but no bills either. I was really starting over in more ways than one.

I felt good about myself. I had a new car, a new body, and was beginning a new life. I had taken a fork in the road and for better or worse I was going to make the best of it. I was very determined in that respect and the words “you go girl” kept echoing in my head.

Lloyd called and asked me to lunch. He didn’t ask but I’m sure he could tell by the weight I had lost that I had been through quite a bit. It was good to see him again and that tingle was still there. That night after my bubble bath as I trimmed and did my nails in pink I thought of him.

I made the decision not to tell him what I had done. As far as I was concerned I was a real female and that was the image he saw when he met me. The fact that I had been “manufactured” in a sense wasn’t something he had to know. It would be too much of a risk to tell him anyway and at this juncture it didn’t matter what I had been, it only mattered what I was now and what I meant to him.

When my nails were dry I dusted myself with the perfumed body powder and got into bed. I dreamed I spent the entire day in a formal apparel store. After putting on my bridal

lingerie I proceeded to try on every style of wedding gown in the place from a mini dress to a full length sheath.

I loved the image I saw of myself in white satin and could almost feel the sensuous soft fabric on my skin as I walked in four-inch heel white stilettos back and forth across the store. I wanted more than anything to be standing at the front of a church and hear the minister say "I now pronounce you man and wife. You may kiss the bride." At that point Lloyd would lift my veil and kiss me.

My strength returned to its' previous level and I felt very good. Exploring my new femininity with my fingers and then with a dildo assured me that I was going to be ok. Hopefully the dildo would see the trash can in about a month or so.

Lloyd had taken some vacation time and I wouldn't be seeing him until he got back. I took advantage of a sale at Maxine's and bought another cocktail dress. This one was a strapless taffeta dress with a black top and a wine colored skirt. I loved the whisper of the taffeta against my nylon clad legs. The matching black patent leather pumps and bag set me back a quite a bit even though it was on sale. I looked and felt so good in that dress I just had to have it and couldn't wait to wear it for Lloyd.

That evening after wearing my outfit again for the mirror I put it back in the closet. I surfed the internet looking only at bridal sites and imagined myself in white satin and four inch heel white stilettos again. I slept soundly and was feeling as good as I had felt before the surgery.

I enjoyed standing naked in front of the mirror. I was now a female in almost every sense of the word, body, mind, and spirit. I cupped my breasts with my hands. I had bought all new bras to accommodate my increased bust and was quite happy about that as well. They were truly beautiful and any woman couldn't have asked for more.

I had every reason to believe that the rest of my life, while not perfect, would be more joyful than I could ever have hoped for. Going to work was a pleasure and I looked forward to the dawn of each new day and the challenges it would bring.

Lloyd came back and we made a date for dinner. I sat in front of the vanity and applied my makeup. The image of a happy young woman stared back at me. I scented myself and then put on my new dress and stepped into the heels. I found myself humming as I almost skipped to the door when he rang the bell.

The candlelight dinner was beyond romantic. I loved being close to him as we danced to the soft music. He made me feel so wonderfully feminine and desirable as I moved against him.

At home I invited him up for a glass of wine. Sitting next to each other on the couch I wasn't going to wait to finish my glass. I reached over and kissed him hard. He set his glass down and then picked me up and carried me into the bedroom.

Later the only sound in the room was our breathing. It felt good to be in his arms for real this time. Not a short lived fantasy or a dream interrupted by the alarm clock. While technically I was a virgin, I wondered if he would say anything. We had had a marvelous romp and I had no trouble reaching orgasm. I functioned totally and completely as a woman should.

That morning as I fried the eggs he caressed my bottom as he came into the kitchen.

"That was some evening," he said as he kissed the back of my neck.

"I thought so too," I answered as I handed him a piece of buttered toast.

"I'm glad you are ok and I trust everything that was wrong is right now?" he asked.

I nodded but didn't want to discuss it further.

"Eggs over easy, right?" I said as I slid two eggs on his plate.

"Yes, thank you. By the way you giggle in your sleep," he added

"And you snore like a chainsaw in heat!" I shot back with a grin.

I joined him at the table and we ate like we hadn't had supper the night before.

When he left I cleaned up the dishes and tidied up the apartment. I took out the garbage and saw Mrs. Kelly looking out the window at me. I wondered if she would say anything about the car that had been parked there all night.

That week it was back to work as usual. I saw Lloyd for lunch on Thursday and made a date for a picnic lunch on Sunday. I wore a pink peasant blouse and a pink denim mini skirt with pink three-inch heel sandals. I loved curling up on the blanket in a girlish fashion as we ate our sandwiches and sipped the ice-cold wine.

When we finished eating he put his arm around me and we stared at the beautiful scenery surrounding the lake. We didn't speak for the longest time. Then it was time to go. He folded up the blanket and I replaced the other items in his picnic basket and we walked back to the car holding hands.

We passed other couples in the park doing the same thing. It felt so good to be with someone. Our togetherness was something I had missed for a long time and was certain I never wanted to be without again.

Our relationship deepened as we saw each other more frequently. Because we were both busy with our work the time we spent together was less than either one of us liked. Nevertheless it made the times we were together that much more meaningful and enjoyable.

We had been together for a year when Lloyd proposed. I was delirious as you might expect. I took a day off and did nothing but look at wedding dresses. I told both my doctors and they wished me well. Those fantasy dreams of being in white satin were about to become a reality and I couldn't wait.

I am unsure of the exact quote but it has to do with life being more about the journey than the destination. I believe that person was right for the journey I had embarked on turned out to be something I never would have expected. And with our upcoming nuptials it was about to continue. It would be a journey of love, adventure, and fun. A journey for life.

THE END