



Reluctant Press presents:

Made In Her Image

Maureen Glasgow



ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. PAGANI

A 'HER TV' E-BOOK

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Made In Her Image

By Maureen Glasgow

“God! I’d love to bang her!” George, my roomie, said loudly over his drink.

I saw the beautiful girl sitting at the bar glare in our direction. “Dammit! George!” I whispered. “Must you yell all the time? She heard you!”

“So what?” he shrugged. “At least she can figure out that I’m not gay. If she can’t take a compliment, fuck her!” Then he giggled. “Which is what I was just saying, is it not? I’m repeating myself! Maybe I’ve had too much to drink? But, as it’s your call, Paul?” He giggled again. “Hey! Nice rhyme! Yell for the barmaid buddy. I’ll have the same again!” He put down his empty glass with a bang, which drew another contemptuous glance from the girl. He saw it and instead of being abashed, let out an open mouthed, loud, burp. She turned away in disgust and said something to her girlfriend who took her turn to sneer at us visibly.

The pub wasn’t that busy. The two women were sitting on stools at the bar, then there were some couples scattered in various booths around the outside of the fairly dark room. George and I were the only two unattached males in the room and frankly, I’d had my eye on the girl that George had been referring to, a glorious brunette, beautiful and elegant. I don’t seem to be able to attract women myself – George says I’m too deferential – so I was sort of hoping that the other one, the blonde, nowhere near as beautiful though just as nicely dressed, might let me make a move on her.

I looked around for the barmaid. She must have gone for a cigarette or something. Suddenly, I thought of something. “Okay!” I said. “Okay if I don’t get you a double? I’m kinda strapped this week.”

He shrugged. “No prob, buddy. But Johnny Walker Red, okay? Not some goddamn well drink Scotch, okay?”

“Okay,” I said. “Don’t see the barmaid. I’ll get them,” and I slid out of the booth and made my way to the bar. As luck would have it, here was plenty of room there beside the

brunette, who was even more gorgeous up close. I rapped a knuckle quietly on the bar top for the barkeep's attention. He raised a finger to acknowledge he'd heard me and that he'd be with me in a moment; he was making change for an old guy down the bar who had a hold of the barkeep's hand and was talking animatedly.

I plucked my courage up and spoke to the girl. "Miss? I'd like to apologize for my friend. He's probably had one more than his limit."

She turned around on her stool and gave me a straightforward appraisal. I felt myself getting lost in her lovely blue eyes; I've always been a sucker for dark hair and blue eyes. Save me a brilliant smile. "Well at least ONE of you has some manners! I just hope that he's not the driver.

I felt my mouth twisting. "Nah. We live pretty close – and neither one of us has got a car anyway – but if we did? I'd make very sure that *I* was the driver." Then I shook myself by holding out my hand towards her. "Hi. Sorry. That sounded boastful. I'm Paul." I said. "My drunk friend back there is George."

She took my hand with a beautifully manicured hand of her own and we shook. Her grip wasn't overly strong but firm enough that I noticed, and there was a lot of confidence in her.

"I'm Eve," she said, "And this is Sylvia," sliding backwards on her stool so that Sylvia and I could shake hands in front of her.

Sylvia turned cold eyes on me. "I've always found that a person is known by the company he keeps – and your friend is an obnoxious loudmouth. What does that make you?"

I blushed and Eve laughed softly. "Stop bullying Paul, Syl. Look at the way that I put up with you at times!"

Sylvia let go of my hand and grinned a little apologetically. I impulsively took the opportunity to ask if I could buy them both a drink, then I started sweating buckets. I had enough to pay for a few drinks but this whole barhopping trip had just about eaten up most of my reserve cash – and I'd no idea where more would be coming from. But I breathed a big sigh of relief when they shook their heads and thanked me. Then, to my dismay, they picked their handbags up off the bar and started making signs of departure saying that it was time to go.

Not having time to think about it I amazed myself again by impulsively asking Eve if I could see her sometime. She gave me a soft smile. "I work in the cosmetics counter at Saks," she said. "You can see me any day there, nine until five." Then she sighed. "Gotta go. Nice meeting you, Paul."

"Same here," I mumbled, feeling exalted. Okay, she hadn't made a big deal out of turning my offer of a date down, but at the same time she had definitely indicated that the door wasn't exactly closed either. Now I had a chance of getting to know her without springing for a fancy dinner or suchlike. I grinned at her. "It's a date!" I said with a confidence that surprised me. She grinned, waggled her fingers in a tiny farewell gesture, and then she and Sylvia were gone.

George shrugged when I took our drinks back to the booth and gloated about what had happened with Eve. "Don't know what you're so happy about." He snorted. "She was a

stuck up looking bitch to me. Probably freeze your dick off if you ever get to stick it in her.”

“Jesus George! Do you *have* to be so crude?” I asked, disgusted.

He grinned. “No. It’s just a lot of fun hitting your hot buttons. You have to lighten UP, Paul! She’s just a broad is all! Nothing to get worked up about! Stay cool!”

I had to laugh. George is ugly as sin but takes life as it comes. He’s crude and rude, but it’s amazing how women chase after him. I had to constantly leave our apartment when he’d have a heavy date and sometimes when I had to come home if I wanted any sleep at all, there’d be a great looking woman making noises in his bed or puttering around the kitchen in the morning! Not *always* great looking, mind you, but the thing that amazed me was the fact that very few of them were sluts – though George would be the first to admit he doesn’t turn *any* woman away, regardless of looks or mental capacity.

On the other hand? I’m as heterosexual as he but I was brought up to *respect* women. I’m slim, no love handles like George. Keep myself clean at all times and, though there’s really not much need for me to shave, I do so most every three days or so, whether I need it or not. I’m not handsome, but have regular features and a full head of silky blonde hair. With all of these attributes, you’d think I’d have to fight to keep women away from me, but that is NOT the case. George got laid more often last week than I have in the last six MONTHS! I keep telling myself that my lack of sexual partners is due to my small stature but to tell the truth, George isn’t that much taller than I am – maybe an inch or two at the max. Probably outweighs me by fifteen pounds or so, but that doesn’t make him any kind of buff stud, believe me.

We share an apartment and actually get along very well even though I’m a bit of a neat freak – and he’s a champion slob. We often call ourselves the ‘Odd Couple’ but please believe that I’m not the prissy pain in the ass that Felix Unger is in the screenplay. I learned very early on that nagging George about anything is non-productive so I just shut up and clean up after him. I still can’t quite fathom why, when he has a girl coming up for dinner – or to get laid – that I feel that’s it’s MY responsibility to have the place neat and tidy for her arrival, but I do. Hell, I’ve even made dinner for he and his girl of the moment a few times!

I work from the apartment doing web page design. I don’t have many clients at any one time but I make enough to get by on. When I first met Eve, however, things had dried up a bit and I was starting to suffer financially. I still had some money in my savings account, but having a tendency to worry even at the best of times, I was getting concerned. George worked out of an office, selling newspaper advertising. He seemed to make decent money but was living from week to week. I must admit though that when I was feeling low, he’d cheer me up – often paying for utilities and stuff like that on his own – which was one of the reasons that I put up with him. He also ate out a lot, even though he always paid his half of the grocery bills without a murmur so, all in all, we had a good relationship. As it happens, I did get a small contract following that weekend. It wasn’t much, but it eased my mind considerably and made me feel a lot more comfortable about asking Eve out on a date.

On the way home that night, George asked me which Saks store Eve worked at – and it struck me like a blow that I didn't know – and there were more than quite a few in town. On top of that, I didn't even know her last name! Not being very confident, I was almost in tears at the thought of my own stupidity. George just looked at me and shook his head. "Jesus, Paul!" was all he said at the time.

The following day he called me from his work and said. "Your Eve is either at the Fashion Glow Center or the Westside mall."

"How'd you find that out?" I asked doubtfully. "You sure?"

"Hey dummy? It was easy! I called every Saks store in town. Asked for Eve in the cosmetics department. There was only two that said Okay – and that was these two stores. I'd bet that she's at one of them – unless of course she was bullshitting you and simply lied to get rid of you."

"Oh, she wouldn't be doing something like that! She's too nice." I said confidently

George laughed. "Paul? You're too damn trusting." And with that, he hung up.

My confidence in Eve's honesty wasn't misplaced. She was at the Westside mall. Like most department stores, the cosmetic counter was placed right at the main entrance. I saw her immediately. Like the other women in that particular department, she was fastidious in her appearance, with perfect makeup and hairstyle over a black silky tunic and a white silk blouse – though that was all that I could see. She was engaged in doing some minor shelving activity behind a counter. As she didn't have any customers at the time, I plucked up my courage and went directly to her station. She looked up and recognized me as I approached. Gave me a brilliant smile. "Hello Paul. My! That was quick." She said this in a quiet voice then added, "May I help you sir?" in a more normal tone.

Blushing, I answered. "I hope so."

"Something for your wife? Your girlfriend?" she asked, smiling coolly.

"Don't have either one," I answered truthfully.

"Not for yourself, surely?" she asked archly, then seeing my face redden even more, said. "Sorry sir. I'm an awful tease. Why don't you sit on that stool there? Perhaps I can show you a few things?"

Her nearness and composure baffled me. There's only one word that describes my reaction to her: *stricken*. Could not take my eyes away from her. Could not hear anything but her voice. Wanted nothing else but to sit in front of her and live on the sights and sounds of her - and breathing in the essence of her perfume. I think she sensed my helplessness. She spoke gently to me as she arranged various vials of this – and tubes of that - on the counter at which I sat.

"Paul?" she said. "Try and look a little more animated, would you? The floor supervisor has gone for a while, but she may be back at any moment. If she sees you sitting, staring at me? She may wonder what's going on."

I shook my head, trying to get some sense back into it. "I'm sorry Eve." I managed. "I just came here to. To..."

"Ask me out on a date?" she said, smiling.

"Yes" I said, simply.

She put a well-manicured hand over mine. "Oh. You poor thing! Have you any idea of what you're getting into?" Her voice was kind, as was her smile.

"No. But I think you're the most beautiful girl I've ever seen!" I whispered.

She patted my hand. "It's mostly cosmetics, dear. Haven't you figured out that out? Look at where I'm working!"

"Then how come all the other girls aren't as beautiful as you?" I whispered.

She smiled, obviously complimented. "Mmm!" she hummed, "I'm going to have to keep an eye on you. A wolf in sheep's clothing. That what you are?" Then she turned the hand of mine she'd been holding and stroked the palm and sides. Turned it over again and stroked the back. Pinched the skin there gently, and then released it. Watched it intently as it smoothly evened out again. "Mmm." She said again, pulling a large magnifying glass that was mounted on a swivel and adjusted it so that she could examine my hand.

"What are you doing, Eve?" I asked.

"Well Paul? If you want to sit and chat with me, I'll have to look as if I'm doing something, won't I? Especially as I love my job and want to keep it."

"Makes sense," I agreed.

"You may as well understand up front that I'm a fanatic about personal hygiene and making oneself as attractive as possible. You have nice hands. Lots of elasticity in the skin, but they need taking care of. Now let me ask you a very important question." She looked away from the magnifying glass and stared me directly in the eyes. Then slowly and deliberately she stroked my cheek with her fingers. "Does my hand feel nice?" she asked.

I swallowed. "Lovely."

"Soft?"

"Lovely," I repeated.

"So, if I wanted you to stroke MY face? I wouldn't be asking too much if I wanted your hands to be nice and soft too?"

"No Eve. But I'm a guy."

She shrugged. "You need *hard* hands to be a guy? Wouldn't you even try to get them nice and soft if that's what I wanted?"

"Wouldn't mind *trying*. But don't know how successful I'd be," I admitted.

"Do you have a dishwasher in your apartment?" she asked.

"I'm *it*." I laughed. "I do my own. George doesn't eat in much – but when he does, he'll procrastinate until I do them."

She nodded. "Thought it'd be something like that." Then she pulled a small bottle out from under the counter. "This is Almond Oil. A half-teaspoon in your dishwashing suds every time. This is a free sample but after it's finished, you'll have to buy your own. It's not expensive – and I can get you a deal on it when you have to buy it. Okay?"

"Thanks Eve. Is that all?"

“Not quite.” She pulled a pair of white cotton gloves out from under the counter. “You’ve got small hands. These should fit okay. Now? For the next three nights, slather your hands with plain old Vaseline then put the gloves on. The gloves are washable.”

“Then what?” I asked.

She smiled. “Naturally you’ll wash your hands every one of the three mornings. Then? You come back here and let me feel your hands. I’ll know if you’ve done what I asked. If you’ve been a good little boy. *Then* I’ll let you take me out for lunch that day. Okay?”

Delighted, all I could do was grin like an idiot.

“Okay!” she said again. “Don’t cheat! And if you do? Don’t come back here. Trust me, I’ll be very disappointed if you do. So, shoo for now and let a girl get on with her work!” Her smile eliminated any threat in what she said. I paid her for the cheap gloves, thanked her for her advice and left, walking on air.

Lets face it. Working on a PC keyboard isn’t any way to build up calluses on one’s hands and, frankly, I’d thought my hands were pretty soft as they were. But I wasn’t taking any chances and so I followed her instructions religiously. To tell the truth, I’m not sure what the Almond oil did to improve my hands, if anything, but there was an almost immediate softening the first morning. I took the gloves off and washed my hands free of the Vaseline crud and after the third night, I knew there was a discernible difference. No way was I going to stop.

Not sure of what time Eve’s lunch was scheduled, I arrived at her counter at fifteen minutes before noon. She was standing, talking to another salesgirl but saw me as I approached. Tilted her head as a signal for me to sit at the stool again, smiling as she did so. The other woman was red haired and heavily made-up. She was nowhere near as attractive as Eve, but had an autocratic air about her that I found strangely attractive. She turned to face me.

“Aha! So you must be Eve’s young man? I’m Yvette.” And she held out her hand to me.

“Pleased to meet you,” I said, taking it. As we shook hands, I saw a glance shoot from her to Eve and I wondered if she’d been informed about my hand-softening program, but then I thought that, even if she did know, what difference could it possibly make?

Now Eve came over and was taking my hands into hers. She gave me an approving smile and a friendly wink.

“Hello again, Paul. I see you’ve kept your word.” Then she turned to Yvette again. “Okay. He checks out okay. You don’t have any problems filling in for me?”

Yvette smiled. “No dear. You just go and have a nice time. But you owe me,” she said. Then she turned to me. “Don’t do anything I wouldn’t do!” But there was no sense of humor involved. It was almost as if she was talking to another woman. Then she smiled, and I felt relieved; she’d just been teasing me.

“Please hold on for just a second, Paul,” Eve said. “Let me get this smock off and I’ll be right back. Why don’t you keep Yvette company in the meantime.”

Yvette and I were just getting into a conversation when a lady customer appeared. Yvette excused herself and went to attend to her. This pleased me actually as she had been asking what I did for a living, where I lived. That sort of thing. It wasn't that so much, but I had the distinct impression that she took me for some kind of loser. The fact that I lived in an apartment on the fringe of a bad neighborhood was one thing and the fact that I worked from there, rather than at a 'real' job, she obviously took to be a cover for being unemployed. I did breathe a sigh of relief when Eve appeared though. It had started to feel strange, sitting at a woman's makeup counter all by myself.

She was SO elegant when she appeared. A tweed skirt suit in a dark blue, with a light blue silk blouse edging out from the jacket lapels. Dark shoes matching her handbag and, as always of course, she was immaculately made-up. She gave me a nice smile and as I stood up, linked her arm in mine. "Well? Don't stand there gawking!" she chided me playfully. "Lots to do!"

There was something comforting and motherly about the way she spoke to me. Kinda bossy perhaps, but nice. I had the strongest impulse to nuzzle into her and kiss her neck softly, but held back knowing that we were in her place of employment and that she might not care for it. I felt SO full of worship of her. Know what I mean?

All the same, I felt a warm glow pervade me as I was led out of the store, then, to my surprise, to a nearby Salad Bar type place in the open food court of the mall. Then up to the ordering counter. A pretty girl smiled at Eve. "Hi Eve! The usual?"

"Yeah, Jennie. The usual – make it two though." Eve replied, opening her handbag, extracting her purse and pulling money out.

"Hey! I thought I was taking *you* out to lunch!" I protested and tried to get my wallet out from my hip pocket. But I'm right-handed and it was my right arm that was locked in place by hers, so I couldn't. I also got quite a surprise by the sudden feeling of strength I got from her arm – she was a lot stronger than I'd thought, considering her build and femininity.

"Stop that, Paul," she said, a tone of firm command in her voice. "Just behave!"

"But I wanted to take you to a nice place! And I was in the mood for a steak and a martini!" I protested, but weakly.

"Well, I'll take you to a nice place instead – but after we've eaten. Okay? And your days of red meat and alcohol are over for a while, darling. You need some vitamin C in your system, and the fruit salad here is very good. Now come along. Jennie will have our meals ready for us in a minute"

Stunned by the her use of the word 'darling,' I followed my earlier impulse and found myself tilting my head and kissing her softly on her neck, just under her jaw, not realizing at the time how submissive a gesture it was.

She smelled lovely! I luxuriated in the scent and softness of her. "Thank you," I whispered.

"For what?" she replied pulling away from my lips, but with an amused look of ownership in her eyes.

"For calling me darling," I said softly.

She kissed me back! Just on the cheek – but she kissed me! “Come along now, Paul! Holding up the line!”

I blushed, suddenly aware of the four young girls now standing behind us, all smiling. Then, docile as a little lamb, I was led to one of the tables where Eve actually pulled out one of the chairs for me! Not knowing what else I could do, I thanked her and sat down. She sat opposite me and then opened up her handbag. “You don’t mind, do you?” she asked.

I’d no idea what she was talking about, but shook my head. I wasn’t about to object to *anything* this goddess had in her mind! All the same, I was surprised when I saw her take a small compact out and open it up, then peer into the mirror.

“You don’t need to do anything Eve,” I breathed, “You’re *perfect!*”

She gave me that motherly smile again. “Paul darling? I just kissed you, did I not? Now just let me make sure that I didn’t smudge my lipstick. Okay?”

I nodded happily, remembering the kiss.

As I did, she quickly and deftly used a tiny brush to gently smooth some cosmetic on to her lip. Pursed her lips together and then her compact was back in her purse again. Just then, our salads were delivered, with milk on the side.

Actually, I’m not a great fan of fruit for a meal, but I consoled myself with the idea that I’d treat myself to a nice big hamburger and fries after she went back to work. I started to follow her lead and got stuck into the meal anyway. Then I realized that I was gorging myself and, seeing her slightly mocking smile, slowed down considerably. I was rewarded with an approving smile as I daintily picked at the fruit segments.

She dabbed her lips with a paper napkin, then spoke. “You’ve done very well, Paul. I realize that I can be quite demanding and, considering I haven’t really explained anything to you, you’ve done very well – up until now. But I want to describe something that has to be accepted by you before I accept you as a boyfriend. Do you agree?”

“Of course!” I said. “Anything you say!”

She patted my hand. “Well, let’s see how agreeable you are after I’ve finished.” She smiled and held a hand up to stop me from speaking. “Please Paul? Let me explain first, okay?”

“Okay,” I said meekly.

“Fine! You see I’m a *firm* believer in fairness in a relationship. I’m also a bit of a nut about making myself attractive to any male friends I have.”

“You can say that again!” I said, laughing. “Trust me, you *are!*”

“You’re such a sweet boy!” she said, patting my hand. “But just listen. Okay?”

I nodded.

She started talking again. “I’ve always been interested in making the most of my looks – and I’m only attracted to males who will be fair enough to do the same thing for me.”

“Sounds fair to me,” I said.

“*PAUL!* What did I just ask of you?”

"I'm sorry," I replied meekly. "I won't talk any more."

"Okay then. Just remember that."

She was pleasant, but firm. I resolved to be quiet and let her speak. She continued. "Women have been making themselves attractive for men since the beginning of time. In the days when males were indubitably stronger, this made sense if the quality of a female's life depended on his physical strength. Well, the males had to be given their due. Nowadays though, women are no more dependent on the males' strength than males are upon them and it is my opinion that in matters of attraction, the males of the species should learn how to appeal to women. And Paul? That is all I ask of you. That you learn to appeal to ME in the same way that I appeal to you. With my background, my education, and my interest in the body beautiful, I feel that I am qualified in teaching you how to overcome the natural laziness of men in this regard. Are you willing to learn? Truly?"

The fanaticism in her voice frightened me a little but I managed to respond. "Yes Eve. But may I ask a question?"

"Yes."

"What will be involved?"

She thought for a moment. "Well, you seem *clean* enough but I'll teach you skin care, which involves a great deal of technique. I'll teach you about hair and nail care. Cosmetics will be involved of course but..."

"Cosmetics? Like in *makeup*?" I interrupted.

"Exactly! Have you a problem in learning how to hide things that detract from your appearance or enhancing things that make you look good?" She shook her head in a negative way as she spoke, indicating what my answer *should* be.

"I guess not," I said after a moments' thought. "And they're actually making cosmetics for men now, aren't they?"

"Yes, but why don't we discuss these later? Are you finished?" she said.

"Yes."

"Good! Let's go!" she said brightly.

"I'm at your command, my lady!" I said, and bowed.

"Of *course* you are!" she said, beaming, then took my arm and had me link mine through hers.

I'd never paid too much attention to how couples linked arms before, but the way we were attached felt strange to me. Then I saw another couple linked in the same way and I felt more comfortable until I saw that the girl's arm was linked into the guy's, identically to the way that I was linked with Eve! But it was starting to feel so natural that I didn't want to make any waves; I let myself be led to her car.

I was impressed – it was a reasonably late model Beemer- and when we got to her apartment building a few minutes later, I was even more impressed. She sensed this and laughed. "No Paul, girls who work at cosmetic counters normally can't afford this kind of

place, but my older sister has done very well and pays for all of this stuff. I use my own wages to buy my clothes and makeup, and that's about all I can do with it."

She gave me a quick tour of her apartment. Open and bright. Nicely decorated with scenic views from the windows. Three bedrooms, two bathrooms, large airy kitchen and a living room-den combination. I was surprised. The place was clean enough, but her bed hadn't been properly made and all through the place were articles of clothing, even some lingerie scattered here and there. Eve laughed, picking up some as she showed me the place. "I'm a *personal appearance* freak, not a *neat* freak!" she said in an apologetic tone of voice. Then she stuffed what she'd picked up into an already overloaded laundry basket. "Okay!" she said briskly. "Coat jacket off!" Then she laughed loudly as I wiggled out of it, humming that tune that strippers love. Dah Dah Dah de Dah Dah Dah! Took it off me and threw it over a chair. "Okay! Sit over there on that bench in front of the dressing table mirror," she said.

I was going to ask what for, but I saw an admonishing look form on her face, so I decided to do as I was told. I was glad I did because that look of displeasure changed to a lovely smile of approval. "Skin care is an essential part of looking good," she started. "Even a lot of women have no idea that one must cleanse, tone, and moisturize it daily. I want to teach you the basics. Any problems so far?"

"No Eve," I said meekly and she nodded. She opened a jar of creamy looking stuff with a distinct feminine scent. She handed it to me.

"Put some of this in the palm of your hand. Good! Now use two fingers and dab it generously on your nose, cheeks, under your chin and forehead. Now, start under the chin and gently massage it into the skin, finishing with the forehead. Gently now!"

"It's kinda perfumy, Eve. Will it go away?" I asked carefully.

"Yes, most of it anyway. Think about it this way, Paul. I follow this routine every night, and then wash my face in the morning. I then use cologne and maybe some perfume to smell nice. You're not objecting to a little cream that you're going to wash off, are you?"

I shook my head and continued, feeling more than a little ridiculous.

"Now take a tissue in each hand and gently start removing the cream, starting under the chin and working upwards," she said.

When I was finished, she patted my shoulder. "Very good! That's the cleansing part done. Now we want to tone it."

"What's toner?" I asked, taking another jar from her, pleased that this stuff wasn't as scented.

"It's basically a better cleanser. Put some over any crevices or areas where there may be some dirt or makeup that the cleanser didn't get. Just put some on a cotton wool pad and dab it on these areas."

When I finished, she said, "There! That wasn't so bad, was it?"

"I guess not," I admitted.

“Good! Now lets get your skin nice and moist, huh? Use your fingertips and then dab this all over your face and throat. After that, start at the throat and gently work the cream into the skin, working upwards.”

When I was finished, she said. “Think you could manage to do this every night – as well as keep your hands the way you’ve been doing?”

“I’m kinda scared of what George might think,” I said.

“Why do you care what that cretin thinks? You don’t sleep in the same room as him, do you?”

She had a sharp tone to her voice.

“No. I guess I’m just not used to this stuff.” I said.

“So? You going to do as I tell you?”

“Yes Eve,” I said, suddenly conscious of my subservient relationship towards her.

She looked at a small clock on the dressing table then smiled tenderly. “You’ve been SO good! Want Eve to reward you?”

I nodded dumbly and she took my hand. “Come along then, darling!” and she led me over to her bed! Pushed me down so that I was sitting there. “Take off my jacket, my blouse and my skirt.” she said and with trembling fingers I obeyed, leaving her standing over me, a real vision in full lingerie. Then, she undressed me slowly, smiling down as my erect penis was revealed. Once I was completely nude, she pulled her panties down and off, and pushed me onto my back: She hiked her slip up out of the way, then straddled me on her knees and leaned forward onto her hands, which were spread out in either side of me. “You smell SO pretty!” she smiled. “You really turn me on, you know that?”

“Aw Eve!” I complained – but her words struck home. I knew that some residue from what I’d used was still on me.

“Just teasing, darling. Just teasing,” she said, then kissed me.

She made tender love to me; she wouldn’t let me touch her though. “It’s *me* that’s making love to *you*, darling,” she explained. “Now just lie there like a good little boy – and behave!”

She had been surprised to discover that I didn’t have a condom with me and, explaining that she didn’t have one either, paused, then picked up her discarded panties and slowly masturbated me into them, asking me over and over again if I liked the feel of them, to which I feverishly agreed. When I was finished ejaculating, she suggested that I rinse them out in her bathroom while she put on fresh ones.

I rinsed them in the sink, then hung them up over the shower rail and, by the time I came back, she was fully dressed again, sitting at the mirror. “I mussed my lipstick, darling,” she said. “Now come over here please and watch how I re-apply it,” she laughed as I approached. “You better watch closely! I may give you a quiz on it shortly!” We both laughed, but I did watch her intently, amazed at her fluid dexterity.

She supplied me with jars of the cleanser, toner, and moisturizer, warning me to replace them with the same stuff. Then she drove me home, bussed me with an air kiss on each cheek and drove off.

Assiduously, I followed the program she'd laid out for me, although I made sure to really scrub my face every morning, scared that the perfumed smell of the stuff would cling to me. It was about then that I learned how much stronger the female sense of smell is than that of the male. I found that some women would pick up that faint perfume and identify it as coming from me, then give me a faintly suspicious look. Guys on the other hand? No problem. George did comment one night when he came to borrow a razor blade "What's that smell? Smells like a whorehouse in here."

I could tell that he didn't *really* identify the scent as being feminine, so I answered carelessly. "Oh that? I've been trying a new shaving lotion."

He leered at me. "Who you kidding? I know you only shave about once a year! Trying to impress Eve with your masculine image, huh? I know you won't listen to me – but all of that scented shit is a waste of time. Just use soap and water like me!"

"Stink like you? Then I wouldn't stand a chance!" I retorted.

We both laughed.

The following weekend, he was called home on urgent family business. I took the chance to invite Eve over for dinner on Saturday night. She brought my newest skin treatment with her.

"Here Paul," she said handing me a small, prettily wrapped present. "Your freckles are attractive, but it's time we started to get rid of them. There's a small bottle of Kojic acid – a natural product made in Japan. You dab it on your freckles occasionally. The other tube is a very effective sunscreen that I'd like you to start using every day. Okay?"

I thanked her effusively and promised I'd use them as directed.

After dinner and clearing away the dishes, she told me that she had something very special to tell me. I asked her if it was serious, and she replied that it was. Sitting beside me on the sofa, she turned to face me and took both of my hands in hers. "Paul? I wanted to make love to you *so* badly, the last time we met."

I blushed. "Me too. But I'm prepared *this* time!"

"Oh you *men!*" she laughed lightly and, letting go of my right hand, gave it a playful smack, then took hold of it again. "Though I shouldn't blame you for thinking I was shameless that day."

"Shameless? Nothing of the sort!" I protested. "You're the most beautiful, loveliest girl I've ever..."

"Paul? I'm a virgin!" she interrupted. "And now that I've had time to think it over? I want to stay that way until I get married. I was just so filled with love for you and how nice you are that giving myself to you was all my heart could think of!"

"Oh Eve! Why didn't you *tell* me?" I cried. "I would *never* take advantage of you!"

"Do you really mean that, darling?" she asked quietly.

"Positively!"

"Then will you help to protect me from myself?"

"I don't know what you mean," I said sincerely.

She took a deep breath. "All of my adult life, I've dreamed of a man like you. Tender and loving. One who wasn't frightened to break that macho mold that encases so many of them! One who was willing enough to accept that maybe, just maybe, he could benefit from being taught something from a woman." Her gaze was soft and loving. Her eyes brimmed with unshed tears. Her voice was hypnotic in its intensity. I felt as if I was drowning in her! Then she spoke again. "I want your hands to be soft and gentle! I long for your sweet-smelling face to rub against mine! But I must ask you to keep our physical contact to a *minimum*! I cannot trust my own passions! You must *only* touch me where and when, I desire! If you don't? I shall lose all respect for myself!"

"I wouldn't force myself on you, my darling!" I cried.

"Sweetness! Come to me!" she sighed and I was in her arms once again, being fondled and kissed, her hands opening my pants and taking my erection into her soft, sweet smelling hands. This time, she did allow me to caress her forearms, telling me how soft and lovely my hands felt, as somehow, her panties had been removed and again been wrapped around my erection, effectively used to bring me to ejaculation.

It had been a long day and with all the cleaning and making of the meal, and then the hand job, I was exhausted and lay happy and content in Eve's arms. She kissed and caressed me after I'd rinsed out her panties and cleaned myself off. She didn't do it to excite me, she explained; she just wanted to show her appreciation for how well I'd followed her directions. Laughing softly, she apologized for always wanting to change me.

"I guess I just want to test your love for me – see how far I can go! You're my ideal type of man. My real dreamboat!" She stroked my face with her fingertips. "So soft! And your complexion is improving! You won't forget to take care of yourself, will you? You know I'm only doing all of this for your own good, don't you?"

Sleepily, I gazed adoringly up into her eyes, nodded, and fell asleep.

I woke up in bed the following morning with her beside me. I was stripped down to my skivvies – and she looked so marvelously cute in my pajamas! I showered and dressed quickly and made her breakfast, which she devoured. After she dressed, she suggested that we spend the day together at her place. Happily, I agreed. It wasn't too long before we were there. She looked around with an air of dissatisfaction. "This place is such a mess! Would you be a doll and tidy up for me, darling? I want to shower and change and it'll give you something to do."

Happily, I nodded and set to work while she disappeared into her bedroom. I picked up quite a lot of discarded clothing from all over the place. I knew where her laundry hamper was and took them there. It was stuffed!

Then I thought for a moment and went and stood outside her bedroom door. I called through it. "Eve? Do you want the stuff you just wore in the dirty wash?"

"Hold on a sec!" she called out, then the door opened to show her wrapped in a long towel, her eyes delighted; the undies she'd just taken off were in her hand. "Oh *would* you, darling? I'd be SO grateful! *Hate* doing that!" she said, giving me an impulsive kiss.

"Do what?" I asked, taking her lingerie from her.

Disappointment filled her face. "Didn't you just offer to do my wash?"

I shook my head. "No. I just wanted to put this stuff in the laundry hamper but I can if you want?"

"Oh, my little darling!" she cried and gave me another kiss. Then she stepped back. And looked at me appraisingly. "A very special reward for you after you finish!"

I blushed and went off to do the laundry happily.

While I had the washer and dryer going, I dusted and vacuumed – she asked me so *nicely* – then did some ironing – she was very concerned that I might damage some of her nice blouses, but was happy when I didn't. After that, I made lunch and then, finally, she took me into her bedroom for my special reward. I was surprised when she sat me down at her dressing table bench again, but facing away from the mirror this time. "What are you doing?" I asked as she put a pencil vertically alongside my nose and made a little mark on my eyebrow.

"Don't be an impatient little boy!" she mock scolded. "Just let mummy work. Okay?"

"Okay" I said obediently.

Then she laid the pencil against my eye and made another mark on my eyebrow. She repeated the whole process on the other side of my face. Then she told me to sit very still and as I did so, she started drawing what felt like lines around my eyebrows. She was finished with this very quickly. She rubbed some sort of gel in between my eyebrows above my nose and then along the ridge of the brows out past my eyes.

"What's that?" I asked, trying hard not to sound nervous.

"It's basically a treatment for sore teeth but it works here too, she told me. "Now, while I let it take effect, let me show you what tweezers I'm going to use."

"Tweezers?" This time even I heard the nervousness in my voice.

"Don't worry! This won't hurt much – hardly at all," she said trying to reassure me. "That's why I used the pain killer stuff on you. Here? See this set of tweezers? The thin tip is for fine hair removal; the slant tip gives the best control; and the square tip is for the larger, coarser hair – though as your eyebrows are so fine and silky, we probably won't need to use that one."

I thought as furiously as I could. Was *this* the reward she'd been talking about? Would she get mad if I refused it? I didn't fancy the idea of getting my eyebrows plucked at all! "You really think I need this, Eve?" I asked.

"The eyebrows provide strength and personality to the face. Trust me, I know what I'm doing! Okay, here we go! Now sit still!"

She started by removing the hairs above the bridge of my nose. It was slightly unpleasant, stinging slightly, but after she laughed at me for being such a baby when I let out one little ouch, I clenched my teeth and made it through the ordeal, though I found that there was a little more pain associated with the plucking of eyebrow hairs on the outer sides. When she finished, I let out a sigh of relief.

That relief was short lived though. "Okay! Just a little more to do. Might be a little sorer, but you'll be a big boy, won't cry, will you?" she laughed.

She went and got us both soft drinks and put something in the microwave oven for a very short period of time while she was there. Brought back the drinks, handed me mine, then put a small ceramic bowl on the dressing table bench. "Okay! Shut your eyes please," she said. I then felt her apply something pleasantly warm to a small area under my left eyebrow.

"What's that?" I asked.

"It's not too hot, is it?" she asked anxiously.

"No. Quite nice, as a matter of fact," I said.

"Good!" she said placing what looked like a tiny strip of white muslin on top of the wax underneath my eyebrows and pressing it in with the tip of a fingernail – then I yowled as she pulled it away. "What're you *doing*?" I cried.

"Hold on a sec. This'll help it a little," she said and put some cool cream on where it was stinging. "I'm waxing your eyebrows. Just wait, you'll be so *thrilled*!"

I wasn't thrilled by the fact that she performed this little operation four or five times more, but once she'd applied the cooling cream it wasn't so bad. Then she took a tiny little brush and actually brushed my eyebrows both ways! I laughed.

"Something funny?" she asked seriously, brushing them back to their original form.

"Gosh! You gals sure take this kind of thing seriously!" I giggled.

"And you will too!" She said taking a pencil and actually started touching up my eyebrows!

"Oh Eve! Please stop!" I pleaded.

"Okay. You can turn around now. See what you think."



At first I couldn't see what difference all that work had made, but then I saw it. My eyes looked larger somehow and something I couldn't quite place seemed to have happened to my jaw line. The eyebrows themselves actually looked fuller and though I'd been scared that she was shaping my brows into the arches that so many women seem to like, I saw that they were curved, but only a little. She draped her arms over my shoulders from the back and nuzzled my neck "Ready for your reward?" she whispered seductively into my ear.

As I was about to indicate my readiness, a knock at the door sounded. "Hold on, darling. I'll see who it is," she said and left me to go to the front door. Then I heard her talking happily and the next thing was her calling me. "Paul! Come and meet my sister Kate!"

Luckily, my erection had abated so it wasn't embarrassing to leave the room.

Her sister had many of the same facial features as Eve, but she was a lot stockier and had aplomb and an air of self-confidence about her that Eve didn't. Eve carried herself with the confidence that a beautiful woman has. Kate had the confidence of a successful businessman – and a grip to match when she shook my hand. She was very cordial towards me, commenting that Eve had been filling her in about me. Naturally, I was greatly flattered.

It turned out that she'd dropped in on Eve with the intention of taking her out to dinner and invited me to come along. But Eve turned her down.

"Why don't we just eat here? Paul can cook – he's a great cook! You wouldn't mind, would you Paul?"

Flattered, I agreed and Eve opened a bottle of wine which we drank while we chatted. Then it was time to make dinner and at Eve's suggestion started to make a quiche. "I know that real men don't eat quiche," she joked. "But you won't mind, will you, darling?" Then she added, "But you should wear an apron. Can't have you having dinner with my sister and you all spattered with food, can we?"

The apron was full in a floral pattern and I blushed as she put it on over my head.

"Oh Kate!" she snorted. "Would you look at him blush? *Men!*" Then, to tease me a little I think, she made quite a production of tying it with a pretty bow at the back. I felt a little strange bustling around the kitchen in a feminine apron in front of two women while they chatted about one thing or another – though I relaxed some after I had another glass of wine.

I was complimented by the way they both raved about my quiche and the small salad I threw together. It turned out to be a very companionable meal altogether, the wine loosening everyone's tongues nicely. Then Eve looked at her watch. "Paul, if I'm going to get you home, we'd better get those dishes done."

"What do you mean, get him home?" Kate asked.

"He doesn't have a car, and I said I'd drive him home."

"None of us are driving anywhere tonight, sis," Kate said briskly. "Both of you have had too much wine and I'm not much better." She turned to me. "I'd suggest that if you have a *real* need to get home, you could call a taxi. If not, why not stay the night?"

“Oh Kate!” Eve protested. “I’m okay!”

At the same time I said, “I don’t want to impose.” Though the thought of actually spending the night with Eve in her flat had created an immediate erection, though the thought of paying for a taxi deflated it pretty damn quick.

Kate was adamant, however, and Eve accepted her older sister’s decision after some minor complaining – she obviously doted on her older sister and deferred to her in most things – though like most siblings, she did make a show of fighting now and then. So once that decision had been made, we opened another bottle of wine – hey, what the hell, huh? Truthfully? I think Eve and I got a little giggly while Kate looked on us with a sort of detached amusement though she probably drank as much as the two of us combined. She was starting to make indications that she was leaving when somehow, I forget how it came up, she discovered that Eve had imposed a self-improvement program on me, and that I was following it.

“Oh good *grief*, Paul!” Kate laughed. “You can’t have got suckered into that? Surely!” Then she turned to Eve. “He’s bullshitting you, sis! Never trust a man!”

“He is NOT BSing me!” Eve maintained stoutly. “D’you think I wouldn’t *know*?”

Kate paused and thought for a second. “No sis. I don’t think anyone could BS you in that area.” Then she turned to me. “But you’re telling us that you’re putting moisturizer and all that gunk on your face EVERY night? Like Eve here?”

As I blushed, Eve broke in. “Kate! Don’t you dare interfere with this! Paul is the very first man I’ve ever had who has enough sense to listen to me! Just because you’re BUTCH is no reason to try and embarrass him!”

She was so sincere! I could tell by Kate’s face that she had become embarrassed, so I broke in. “Actually, Kate? It’s not *too* bad. Felt funny at first but I think I’m starting to see the benefits a little bit...”

“I don’t believe you!” she interrupted flatly. “Not at ALL! Come ON – every night?”

“Tell you what, Kate!” Eve challenged. “Let me and Paul get into our jammies. Then you can watch him do the cleansing routine! I’ve never seen him doing it – but I bet he *can*!”

I laughed. “Eve? Remember? I didn’t come her to spend the night. Don’t have any pajamas with me.”

She shook her head, aggravated. “Paul? Didn’t I wear your pajamas last night – and didn’t you say I looked cute? Are you so big and macho that you can’t wear mine? It’s a pair of pajamas! It’s not as if I’m asking you to put on a nightgown and negligee, is it?” Before I could answer, she added, “Let me go and look them out for you. I think I’ve got a robe too – don’t think that you’ll complain about it being too *feminine*.” She stalked out of the room in a little bit of a temper.

As I stared after her, Kate surprised me by coming and putting her arm around my shoulders. “Paul?” she said. “Are you *serious* about my sister?”

“I most certainly *am*!” I said sincerely.

She hugged me tight. "That's great! Look, let me say something before she comes back. Okay?"

"Fire away!" I said.

"Look, I know she has some goofy ideas – but she's *very* interested in you. I've never heard her go on and on about anyone the way she does you – but you DO realize that she's kinda bossy?"

I laughed. "I'm getting that idea, that's for sure."

"Well? I think she's testing you. She's a beautiful girl, inside and out – but I really think she's scared of men. Wants to marry a sweet, gentle one – not some pushy, masculine brute."

"Well, I don't know how *sweet* I am," I admitted modestly, stressing the word to remind her that men don't normally consider themselves that way.

"Oh, you're nice enough. I know that you want to get into her pants – you wouldn't be a man if you didn't – but just don't lead her down the garden path to do it. You'll have me for an enemy if you do – and I don't think you want that. Believe me."

Having felt the strength in her arms while she spoke, I agreed with her wholeheartedly. Just then, Eve appeared and laughed. "Hey Kate! You like *girls*! He's mine! Hands off!"

They both laughed at my blushes, thinking that I was red because of what Eve had just said; in reality I was staring at the light green satin material she had draped over one arm, and the pink terry robe she had draped over the other. "Here's your jammies and robe," she said, handing them to me. "Why don't you go and try them on for size? There's a pair of slippers beside the bed. I'm sorry, they are a little feminine, but they should fit okay and we can't have you walking about in your bare feet all night, can we?"

In the face of her blithe self-assurance that I would do what I was told, I took the pajamas and robe from her and numbly retreated to the bedroom. Actually, the pajamas fitted perfectly, and apart from rounded collar points, they weren't all that feminine, though they buttoned on the wrong side of course. I had to admit that the material felt very erotic against my bare skin. The robe was thick and fuzzy enough to be a male's – although as it was a pale pink, it was obviously a woman's. The slippers were, as described, feminine. A deeper shade of pink with white fluffy feathers attached to the apron, and a small heel couldn't be described as anything else but they fitted okay and were easy to walk in. I took a deep breath for courage and went back and joined the two women.

Eve clapped her hands together. "See Paul? That's not so bad, is it?" Then she said. "Okay, I'll go and get ready for bed now. I'll give you a call when I'm ready. Okay?"

She didn't wait for a reply, just waltzed away happily. Again, I found Kate's arm around me. "I can't tell you how much I appreciate this, Paul. I don't think I've ever seen Eve so happy. I know that you're probably embarrassed, but all I can say is, don't be. You look okay."

It was strange. I mean it wasn't as if the clothes I was wearing were all that feminine – maybe there *was* a faint residue of Eve's perfume? But there, with Kate embracing me, I

felt weak and vulnerable, almost as if she was the guy and I was the girl! To emphasize this feeling, I found myself being turned to face her – and she *kissed* me!

Then she withdrew from me. “That’s for being so nice to my sister!” she whispered.

I was speechless. Had no idea what to say, but was saved by Eve calling out from the bedroom. “Okay guys. I’m ready!”

When we got into her bedroom, she was dressed in a fantastic nightgown and matching peignoir, looking drop-dead gorgeous. She went and sat at the bench in front of the dressing table mirror. Patted the area beside her, “Come and sit here, Paul, and show Kate that your word is good.”

Now if I’d felt feminine being held and kissed by a strong woman, how do you think I felt finding myself sitting beside my girl friend with that same strong woman watching as Eve and I went through the ultra feminine tasks of cleansing, toning, and then moisturizing our faces? Then to make matters worse, Eve produced a clean pair of gloves – and a cream that she uses for her hands. “Not the Vaseline you’re used to, but I don’t want you getting out of the habit.” she said bossily.

“Aren’t you going to do your hands too?” I asked. She gave me a knowing smile. “No. I’m going to need them later.”

Kate nodded as we finished. “Guess you were right, Eve.” Then she added. “Sorry for doubting your word, Paul. But I’m getting the feeling I’m not wanted here.” She grinned, then came and kissed us both, then bade us goodnight.

“Don’t bang the door on your way out!” Eve laughed. She waited until she heard the main door open and close, then she went to her lingerie drawer and pulled out a pair of satin panties.

“Look what I’ve got for my very best little boy!” she said seductively and advanced slowly towards me, looking the epitome of femininity in her gorgeous nightgown as she stripped off her gauzy peignoir. “Into bed now!” she added. “Quick, like a bunny!”

Not wanting to get the greasy gloves on her robe, I shrugged my way out of it quickly and managed to dive into bed a second or two before her. She had an arm around my neck and was kissing me before I knew what was happening. I went to caress her, but she told me not to – my hands might stain her gown – and anyway, she wanted me to just lie still and enjoy my reward. Then she looked surprised and said, “Oh! You little darling!” she kissed me hard on the lips.

“What was that for?” I asked.

“Wearing perfume for me! Oh you sweetheart!”

“But I didn’t.” I said. “It must be from you wearing the pajamas yourself.”

Her face fell, but then she smiled. “Well, never mind. You smell nice anyway – now let me see how you *feel*. Now just lie back while I check you out.” With that, she started caressing my chest and tummy through the satin. “This feels lovely to me. Feel nice to you as well?” she purred.

Considering that I felt as if I was going to die of sensory overloading, I was proud of myself by managing to sound non-committal when I said. “Oh yes, lovely.”

"Mmm. I thought you'd be more enthusiastic than that," she said, continuing to caress me.

"I am," I admitted. She started to move my hands towards my groin.

"No darling! Don't do that!" she said. "Put your hands back down."

"Please stop. I think I'm going to cum." I admitted, panting.

She stopped immediately. "Aha! You DO like it! But I don't think you want to cum," she laughed. "These are the only pajamas I have and I'd have to lend you a nightgown. Don't think you'd care for that, huh? Get your macho hormones all in an uproar, huh?"

"Pleased don't" I gasped as one of fingertips lightly traced a path down my thigh.

"Oh don't be such a big baby!" she teased. "I'm enjoying this too much to stop altogether, so you just lie there and let me play with you. Let me know when you can't take it any more and I'll cover you with my panties. Okay?"

"Oh Eve, I love you!" I gasped.

"Of course you do! But hush for a little while. I want to tell you something. Just nod if that's okay."

I nodded.

She kissed me then settled down beside me, her mouth close to my ear, her finger still lazily meandering about lazily over my thighs, chest and stomach. After about a minute, she started to speak again. "It's hard to explain. I've always known why girls make ourselves attractive to men. We enjoy being soft and submissive, feeling all silken and satiny – and smelling nicely. But I'd never realized until now how much pleasure there can be for the male, having someone nice and giving and sweet smelling under his hand. I mean Paul, if I turned off the light and took you in my arms? I bet it would be easy for me to imagine I was kissing a girl. – especially if you were to twine your arms around my neck and kiss me back." She giggled. "Want to try?"

"Please don't" I managed weakly but somehow my arms were around her neck.

She laughed softly. "Okay. Just thought I'd ask. But I think I like you like this. May want to do it again." She giggled and she took hold of my erection.

"Aaah!" I gasped. "I'm coming!"

"That's my girl!" she cooed, getting the panties around my ejaculating member just in time.

The following morning, I felt strange in front of her. She was very loving but I felt different in front of her. Let's face it, the night before she'd dressed me in girls clothes, treated me as if I were a girl – and actually *called* me a girl. I didn't quite know how to act but, as I just said, she was very loving and I gradually relaxed. She drove me back to my apartment and walked me to the door. We were kissing goodbye when George came bustling out. "Hi Eve! You *are* Eve?" He leered. "Never can tell who lover boy Paulie is gonna drag back here to his lair. But listen up, sister. Don't let him fool you. A wolf in sheep's clothing! Now with me? I'd show you a good time and..."

"George! Piss off!" I said, laughing, "Just shove off!"

He shrugged and spoke to Eve again. "Listen! Don't be wasting your time with limp-dick Paulie here. Any time you need a good fuck, just gimme a call."

Eve sneered at him. "You're disgusting! Know that?"

He laughed. "Yup. Know that. But I can't stand here chattering all day! Got to go out and earn the dough. Bye!" With that, he was off.

Eve glared after him. "What a disgusting man!" she stormed. "Polly? He's a bad influence on you, I swear it! Don't know how a nice person like you can put up with someone like that!"

I protested. "He's just all show. He's a nice guy underneath all that..."

"Don't want to *hear* it!" she interrupted angrily. "I'll call you later!" and she stormed off.

She didn't call until the next day, but she was all sweetness and light. "Polly, darling? Will you promise to do a very large favor for me tomorrow?" she cooed.

I found myself pouting. "I don't know. You were pretty mean yesterday."

"When I yelled about George?"

"No. You said you would call me later, and you didn't," I said sulkily.

"Oh Polly baby. " she cooed. "Eve's sorry. Forgive me? I'll make it up to you. I promise."

"Well, okay. What do you want me to do for you tomorrow?" I surrendered.

"Well, Wednesdays I usually go out with some friends for lunch. Would you like to join us?"

"I'd be delighted, but where do you go?" I asked, very conscious of how much the lunch might cost.

"Oh, didn't I mention it? I thought we could all have lunch at my apartment. You could make it, and then get to meet my friends. I've been boasting and *boasting* about what a great cook you are and they'd really like to meet you."

Flattered, I said. "Okay. But you'll have to get a key to me so that I can get into your place."

"That won't be necessary. I'll pick you up after I quit today and you can spend the night with me..."

"This time I'm bringing MY pajamas!" I interrupted.

"Aw! I have this gorgeous nightgown and negligee ensemble all ready!" she murmured seductively. "Would look *deeevine* on you!" Then she laughed. "Okay. Be ready at five. Okay?"

Greatly relieved – I'd actually started to believe her about the nightgown for me – I agreed.

To repay me for the lunch I was going to make for her the following day, she took me out for an early dinner before taking me to her apartment. She refused to allow me to pay anything, so once again I found myself in the position of being taken out by her, instead of

the other way around. While chatting over dinner, she asked how I carried my sunscreen and Kojic oil and asked pointedly if I was using both. She patted my hand when I said I did, but scowled a little to find that I was carrying them in my pockets.

I have to admit that I was surprised when she started stripping off her outer clothes as soon as we entered her apartment and then wandering about in her slip. "Be a darling and hang up my clothes, would you, Polly? Then you can pour me a drink. I need to unwind," she said airily, plopping herself down on a chair and picking up a magazine. As I went to pick up her clothes, she smiled. "And when you hang my dress up? Be a dear and fetch my peignoir through for me, please," then she went back to reading.

She was treating me like I was her maid, for goodness sake! I almost blurted out a complaint, but then I figured it out: she was playing a little game with me. Conducting one of her tests! So, smiling sweetly, I did everything she requested, even helped her into her peignoir and tied the little lace ties at her neck into a pretty bow for her (Though it took me three tries before I could tie it to please her).

I'd discovered that there would be six of us for lunch: Eve, four friends and myself, so, having a menu for it in mind, I checked her kitchen cupboards and refrigerator. To my surprise, she had everything I needed, except some fresh vegetables for a salad but I'd seen a small grocery store near to her apartment entrance and figured that a small walk the following day would do me some good. We watched television until bedtime, then readied ourselves for bed. She was very complimentary about my face cleansing and hand softening techniques but there was no sex that night in bed. "I want my friends to see you all nice and rested," she told me and took me into her arms.

It felt strange being in her apartment all by myself after she'd left for work. I felt sort of isolated, to tell the truth but after I'd cleared away the breakfast dishes, I cleared away some of her clothes, made the bed, dusted and vacuumed, then polished some brassware while I did the preliminary actions for lunch. I prepared some dough and made a loaf of bread; I popped it in the oven. Then I walked down to the little store and carefully picked some butter, lettuce and other stuff for the salad.

The girls filed into her apartment chattering. When they saw me, they checked me out quite carefully as Eve introduced me. Jane, Tina and Melanie were all dark like Eve. Nancy was blonde. All of them were dressed in outfits that were basically black and all of them wore high heels. Naturally, all of them were extremely well made-up and though I was at first intimidated by them – they were all taller than me and very elegant – they soon proved themselves to be charming young ladies. They raved about my Spaghetti Marinara and devoured the salad – though they were more circumspect with the bread. Eve did embarrass me a little. "Polly? Did you bring a spare shirt with you?" she asked.

"No. Should I have?" I replied.

"If you're going to be ladling up that Marinara sauce? Yes, you should have. But as you didn't, put on your apron instead, okay? I don't want to be seen driving you home in a messed up shirt." She turned to the others. "Typical man. Doesn't mind how he looks!"

Then she gave me a look that let me know not to argue.

Before we sat down to eat, Jane produced a new digital camera that she'd just got and wanted to experiment with. She had us all group together, with me in the middle, then set

the camera to take us remotely and hurried in to join us a few times. Again, I seemed to be in a position where I was the one in a brightly colored, feminine garment, while crowding around me was a group of soberly dressed women. I have a weak smile but I was surrounded by haughty expressions, very conscious of their superiority.

Eve did allow me to remove the apron before we ate and we had a very pleasant meal. They all kissed me, one by one, as they left, complimenting me extravagantly and telling Eve what a treasure I was. She accepted their congratulations regally, almost as if she'd *created* me, but she gave me a lovely kiss for a thank-you before she left, suggesting that I might want to make dinner for her coming home and *please* don't mess her shirt while doing so.

I took the hint and welcomed her home with a drink, wearing the apron. She accepted it regally and gave me a gracious smile. For some reason though, she wanted me to wear it as we had dinner. As I'd been wearing it for hours, I didn't mind, though again I felt that she'd put me into a subordinate position but she immediately brought up something that put all other thoughts out of my head. "Polly? Thank you for behaving so wonderfully at lunch. I hope you'll understand that I had ulterior motives when I asked you to meet my friends?"

"Ulterior motives?"

"Yes. These girls are my very best friends and I have had something in mind to propose to you since the other day when we met that disgusting pig that you share an apartment with, but knowing how smitten I am with you, I realized that my judgment would be clouded. I wanted my friends to look you over and see what they thought of you."

"Did I pass?" I asked, half sarcastically, although terribly flattered by her words.

"Oh yessss!" she hissed. "They all agreed that you were just the cutest thing! Tina even said that if I ever broke up with you? She wanted you for herself! I told her *NO Way!*"

I blushed some more.

"Then?" she continued, I called Kate from the store this afternoon to see what she thought of my idea. She agrees with me that it's about the best possible thing for both of us – you and me, I mean."

"I'll admit it. My curiosity is at fever pitch," I laughed. "You gonna tell me what it's all about?"

"In a minute," she said in a motherly tone, patting my hands gently. "But first I have to tell you how much I admire the loyalty you have to your friends. It's very admirable."

"Other than you, darling? I only have George for a friend," I admitted.

Her face hardened. "Yes. Well in my opinion, the man is a total boor. Has the manners of a pig. ." She made an obvious attempt to control her display of dislike and took a deep breath for speaking again. "As I think I've said before, I think he's a terrible example for you and I truly fear for your sweet nature from being too much around him." She shook her head, which gave me the opportunity to try and defend my reason for sharing the apartment with him.

“He’s not really a bad guy Eve. You know I don’t make much money and he’s generous enough that he never gives me a hard time when I can’t pay my share of the rent.”

“He doesn’t hound you when you come up short?” she said spitefully.

“Eve? Matter of fact? He doesn’t. That’s why I try to pay him back by cleaning up after him and cooking the occasional meal and...”

“Polly? I don’t think I want to waste my breath on him. It’s you I want to talk about. How would you like to move in here with me?” Eve asked this, her eyes intent on my face.

“Love it!” I laughed. “But you have to be kidding. I couldn’t come near to paying half of the rent for this place. Like I just said, I’ve enough problem paying a half of the dump I’m living in just now!”

She gave me a loving smile. “Wouldn’t cost you a dime, Polly. Don’t know if I’ve ever mentioned it, but Kate owns this whole apartment complex. That’s how come I sit here rent-free. I told her how I feel about George’s scary influence on you and she’s all for you moving in with me. Rent free, just like me!”

“WOW!” I said. But then I shook my head. “Sounds great – but I hate the idea of being a bum. I believe in paying my way.”

She beamed her thousand-watt smile at me. “Polly? Come over here to me, would you please?” As she said this, she pushed her chair back from the table.

“What for?” I asked, but got up and walked to her.

“*This!*” she said, taking my hand and pulling me down to sit in her lap! Then she pulled my head back to rest it on her shoulder. Then as I lay there, she gently adjusted the frills of my apron, and then she kissed me, full on the lips.

“You little *silly!*” she breathed. “You can pay us back by looking after me and the apartment. You’re so GOOD about a house – and I’m worthless! It would mean SO much to me! *Please* say you will?”

Her left arm was holding me tightly into her while her right hand idly played with the frilly bodice of my apron and even though the tone of voice she used was pleading, her confident smile let me know that I wouldn’t be allowed to refuse – not that I wanted to, of course. Feeling that the minute I accepted her proposition her delicious treatment of me would end, I pretended reluctance and allowed myself to be held more firmly in her embrace, kissed solidly, with her tongue forcing its way into my mouth and her right hand caressing my ‘breasts’ in a very suggestive fashion, while she continued her pleas.

But once I had (supposedly) grudgingly accepted her proposal, she surprised me. “But you do realize, Polly, that there are a few strings over and above you taking care of me and the apartment?”

By this time, I was so sexually aroused that all I could do was lie there totally helpless as she fondled me and say “Huh?”

“The first is Kate’s. She wants you to work full time for her.” Eve went on to describe a fantastic deal for me where Kate would effectively double my income and place a sum equal to that amount in an escrow account for me that would be signed over to me after six months. I would be given a weekly allowance, but she would handle the total. I just

would not be able to work for anyone else. If I quit before the six months were up, I'd lose everything in the escrow account.

"It sounds wonderful," I agreed, and then dazedly said "But you said a *few* strings?"

"Oh, there's NO pulling the wool over your eyes, is there, you little shrewdie!" she laughed. "Now why don't you come over to the couch with me. I've got something to show you."

She picked up a manila envelope on the way, then sat down. She then had me lie on my back, with my head in her lap and, telling me not to move my arms, produced an enlargement of one of the photographs that Jane had taken earlier. It was excellent. "I'm quite disappointed in this," Eve said. "Do you know why?"

I shook my head. "It's quite good of everybody," I said.

"Not of you!" she said. "You look plain, dowdy and *small!* The apron gives you some nice color, but it just dawned on me when I saw it, what my friends must have thought – that I'd got me a real *petite*, plain Jane boyfriend!"

"I can't do anything about my height," I complained. "That's not fair!"

"Not fair? You're taller than both Melanie and Nancy!"

"But they're wearing *high* heels!" I protested.

"So? What's to stop you from doing the same? You've got nice small feet. Should have no problem getting nice shoes to fit you"

"You want ME to wear high heels?"

She leaned over and kissed me. "Yes. I would."

I just stared up at her as she continued. "Remember when you agreed that you'd try and make yourself as attractive as you could for me? Well, I'd like you to keep that promise and if that means high heels, I don't see that you have much choice in the matter – if you want to keep your promise that is – and it's high time you started learning how to use a little makeup as well."

"But Eve, I'm a guy!"

"So? It's not as if I'm asking you to do anything but try and make yourself nicer for me in the apartment here."

"Just here?"

"Of *course!* What did you *think* I meant? If you did what I told you, you'd make yourself so good looking that, if I let you go out in public, the women would be lining up to get their hands on you! So you'll be my good little boy and learn to make yourself up a little bit – just for me?"

"Just a little bit?"

"Naturally, darling! You don't think I'd want you looking like some floozy, do you?"

"No lipstick or mascara, huh?"

"Don't be *silly!* A face isn't properly made up without lipstick or mascara or blush or powder or eye makeup. But keep in mind that makeup, properly applied is hardly notice-

able – and all I want to teach you is how to apply your makeup properly. Are you going to do it? Just for me?”

“You *really* want me to do this? It seems like you want to make a girl out of me.” I said this in a very small voice, kind of scared that I might have upset her.

She thought for quite a long time before replying. “I can see that it might *look* that way, Polly, but what I love about you is that you’re soft and sweet. I *adore* bossing you about and will admit that I enjoy playing the dominant role in our relationship but that doesn’t mean that I want to turn you into a *girl*! When I think on it, I guess my answer to your question is that I get turned on by the idea of you doing girlish *things*. Being able to join in with my friends and be *accepted* by them. Not to worry about you turning all macho on me at any minute. Do you understand and accept this? Do you promise you’ll come to stay here, work for Kate, learn to make yourself attractive and learn to do things like learning to walk in heels – just for me?”

She read the indecision in my face but I didn’t have time to nod, let alone answer her, before she was kissing me. After that, it seemed to be accepted.

George was really mad at me for not giving him any more notice than I did. I didn’t tell him that Eve wanted me away from him as quickly as possible to lessen his influence on me. It was starting to dawn on me that she wanted to be the *only* influence on me - well, maybe Kate, who she idolized, should have some say in my development. George, after he got over his bad temper, was looking forward to coming to visit me in my new place but I suddenly thought of his coming there and catching me in makeup! Yes, Eve had told me that she was going to teach me the minimal approach – and how *masculine* I’d look – but even though George wasn’t that perceptive, the thought of him even guessing I was wearing lipstick? Oh grief! But when I hemmed and hawed, he just grinned.

“That broad of yours? She doesn’t like me, does she? You shouldn’t let yourself get so pussy whipped, Paulie! But I understand. She’s got you sucking up to her just now. Just try and get the upper hand, okay? Then we can go out for drinks. Okay?”

“A month or so – tops!” I said. He grinned and shook my hand. “Hope you’re humping the shit outta her buddy. She’s a snotty bitch – but I wouldn’t throw her out of bed myself! So that’s a date!”

I assured him that we had a date.

I should explain that Kate had interviewed me. “Look Polly,” she said. “You’re the first guy that Eve has ever asked into her apartment and I want her to be happy. I’m interested in setting up a web site for my whole corporation and I want you to be the designer. BUT? Your first job will be to keep Eve happy. You don’t? You’ll be out of there. Understand?”

I nodded.

She gave me a curt nod in response, then continued. “I’ve opened up the escrow account for you already.” She showed me a statement that was made out to my name and Social Security number. The amount already deposited made my eyes widen. “I want you to close your current accounts and transfer them into this. Once you do that, Eve will pay you an advance on a weekly basis.”

“Does that cover groceries and stuff?” I asked.

“No. That comes out of my account. The money she gives you from this one will be for your clothes, entertainment – strictly for you. At the end of six months, this account will be closed with any remaining balance paid to you.”

“Suppose you fire me? I asked.

“Balance still comes to you. The only way you lose this account is if you quit working for me. So? Sign these papers, okay?”

Smiling my thanks, I signed the papers she provided gladly.

I was glad that George wasn't there when Jane, Melanie, and Nancy came along with Eve to help me move my stuff out of my apartment into Eve's. There wasn't anything really heavy mind you – the refrigerator, washing machine and dryer either belonged to the apartment owner or were George's after all, but I felt strange carrying a bunch of my clothes down, while the others struggled with my TV set, stereo and suchlike. I must admit that it was sorta fun – lots of giggling and such – but I honestly felt that I was one of a bunch of girls more than anything else.

I was a little hurt at finding that I'd been relegated to one of the spare rooms and, for the first time, realized just how feminine it was in décor. Canopied bed with mauve muslin drapes, pink window shades. Deep white carpet, satin covers on the bed and little dolls, for heaven's sake! There was some of Eve's dresses in the closets, lingerie in the chest of drawers and makeup scattered on the dressing table and bathroom. My belongings, once put away, were hardly noticeable and I felt strangely out of sync with the girls when we'd finished. All four of them sat on my bed, pulled out their makeup compacts, powdered their noses and touched up their lipstick, all chattering away. It felt extremely intimate. Nancy actually looked at me with a smile and scooted over to make space on the bed and patted the space she had just made as if inviting me to sit in amongst them! But I didn't.

Maybe I should have because that very evening, after they had all left and we'd eaten, Eve smiled at me. “It's time, Polly. Let's go. I'm dying to teach you how to make your lips nice and plump and kissable!”

“Aw Eve! I was just going to do the dishes,” I said, fighting for time.

“Later!” she said firmly. “Come along!”

It took me quite a while to learn the technique as I kept screwing up some of the basics, but she finally watched me with pride as I worked my way through the steps. First of all, the lip balm to create the base for the lipstick itself then - this was the hardest thing to learn - creating an outline with a lip liner. Next was the careful filling in of the outline with lipstick of the same color. Then a lip gloss over the lipstick. “Not too light nor too dark,” Eve warned me. “And as gloss doesn't have the staying power of lipstick, always carry some in your purse at all times and freshen it up regularly.” Then, she taught me the trick of adding some dots of white shimmery eyebrow highlighter in the center of my lips and blending it in very carefully, the idea being that my lips looked lighter where my mouth opened, giving the impression of very full and kissable lips.

“Doesn't look very masculine to me.” I grumbled, looking at my pouting red lips in the mirror.

“Oh, stop being a grumbly old bear!” Eve teased. “You look nice!”

I couldn’t stop staring at what appeared to be womanish lips in the mirror. “Okay. I’ll take your word for that. But how often am I supposed to do this?”

She looked at me, aghast. “All the time, silly, ALL of the time! How often do you see me without lipstick, huh? And if I’m doing that to make myself attractive, what’s wrong with you thinking along the same lines and making yourself look nice for me?”

“All the time?” I wailed.
“Have a heart, Eve!”

“Just hush!” she said sharply.
“Now come and look at some nice shoes I’ve looked out for you. They’re a little small for me, so should fit you just fine!”

The following day when Eve was at work, Kate visited to discuss the basics of the web page design she wanted. I was SO ashamed in my lipstick, high heels and apron.

“What’s the matter, Paul?” She shook her head, but in a sympathetic manner, as I let her into the apartment.

“This makeup and the shoes!” I mumbled, red faced.

“Looks okay to me,” she said sympathetically. “If you hadn’t said anything, I might never have even *noticed* the lipstick. Okay, I won’t deny it; I would have seen the shoes – and the polish on your toenails. And are those stockings that Eve has you wearing?”

“Thigh highs,” I admitted, blushing a bit more remembering the lacy pink elasticized tops that held the stockings in place. Hoping like hell that Kate didn’t know what I was admitting to.

I don’t know if she did or not, but she saw my embarrassment. “Look Paul? We’re going to be working closely for a while. I don’t really know why my sister has these screwy



ideas, but I think I know why you're going along with them. I KNOW you're uncomfortable, but if I know her? Things are gonna get worse. Can I suggest a way we get rid of this tension between us?"

"I wish you *could!*" I said.

"Easy! Paul? Your lipstick needs freshening. Pull your compact out of your apron pocket and freshen up! Okay?"

I stared at her for a few seconds then realized what she was trying to do. Nodded. "Sure!" I said and pulled my compact and gloss out and touched my lips up, expertly appraising what I was doing while looking in the mirror the and in the manner that any self-respecting girl would!

She nodded. "Okay. Now that's out of the way? Think we can we get down to work?"

Her practical acceptance of what I was doing, and why, calmed me down considerably. I still felt a little uncomfortable but smiled and nodded.

Once Eve was satisfied that I was taking care to use lipstick shades that complemented what I was wearing, I was introduced to taking over my nail care. I had no illusions about what she had in mind. I knew as she taught me how to form my nails into perfect ovals that polish wasn't far behind. I must admit though that there is something hypnotically pleasurable in taking good care of your nails, getting them lovely and smooth – then testing them against an old pair of stockings to make sure there are no snags. I also enjoyed the look of proud ownership that Eve bestowed on me as one night I sat beside her on the couch, my head nestled into her shoulder, working carelessly though functionally on my nails as she and Kate argued mildly about something that had happened in their childhood. (I also found that having smooth nails is a great advantage when it comes to handling sheer fabrics in laundry, ironing, or sewing repair chores. At Eve's suggestion, I started doing Kate's lingerie as well. I had fun teasing her about a bull dyke wearing such pretty undies! She just laughed though).

Eve was soon adamant that I learn to apply polish in no more than three strokes per nail, one stroke down the center, then one more on each side. She made me practice and practice putting two coats on each nail until I was as adept as she. Naturally, I had to use the same polish on my fingers and toes, which introduced a new problem.

You see, I'd occasionally need some groceries from the local store. Most of our groceries were ordered from a local supermarket that delivered with the costs being charged to our account there, but obviously one forgets an item now and then – which is *always* a needed ingredient in a meal that one is preparing, right? Well, what I'd do would simply be to remove my makeup (I was only wearing lipstick at that time), take off my high heels and put on a pair of running shoes, hurry downstairs, do my shopping then hurry back, get into my shoes and replace my lipstick before Eve came home. (I was tardy with this one time, and she spanked me – but that's another story).

But now it was dawning on me that it would be practically impossible for me to do these quick errands – my nails were almost impossible to hide – and the amount of time I'd need to remove the polish, and then re-apply it? Too much! So the solution was simple: I'd simply put all my ingredients out before I started any meal. That way, if I was short of anything, I'd simply change the menu.

This worked quite well for a week or so. Then came the goof. I'd told Eve that I would make one of her favorite desserts for dinner that night – rice pudding with raisins – knowing full well that I had all the ingredients. Stupidly, I left the making of the pudding until the last minute, when I discovered that the milk had turned sour “Yech!” I said and poured it down the sink. Called Kate to see if she had any, but she wasn't home yet. I thought about trying to clean off my makeup and polish, but decided I didn't have time, not relishing the idea of Eve coming home and discovering me without makeup or fingernails not done properly.

She arrived with a flurry. “Gosh, I'm HUNGRY! Been *drooling* over the thought of your rice pudding all afternoon!” she said, dropping her coat over the back of a chair, laying her handbag on the cushion, and coming forward to give me a wet, smacking, kiss.

I felt very nervous. “Aw gee Eve, I'm sorry! But the milk turned sour. I called Kate but she isn't...”

She interrupted me. “What are you talking about? The little grocery store just along the street has plenty of milk, surely?”

Flustered by her obvious inability to see my problem, I started to babble a little bit. “Well Eve? It's...it's...well, I didn't think I could – you DO understand? I couldn't very well. . You think you could possibly, maybe...?” I plucked at the skirts of my apron helplessly.

“Wait a minute. Wait a minute! You telling me that you're too lazy to simply go downstairs and buy a bottle of milk?”

“But Eeeve!” I wailed and fluttered my scarlet tipped fingernails in front of her, then pointed to my lips, also scarlet. “I couldn't! Didn't have time!”

She shook her head briskly, as if trying to clear it. “You didn't have *time*? And even though it's *your* job to take care of me – you expect *me* to go and get the milk for the dessert you *promised* me? That it?”

“It's not just a matter of *time* exactly, Eve. I didn't want to go there, like this.”

“Ah! *Shy*, huh?”

Thankful that she'd finally seen my problem, I nodded.

“I understand.” She cooed. “Don't want to be seen wearing an apron outside. After all, it's for housework, right?” As she spoke, she came and untied the bow at my back. Then she took my compact and lipstick from the apron pocket before pulling it over my head. “And I see that your lipstick is maybe a little mussed?” She handed me the compact. “Why don't you fix it, Polly?”

“I'm sorry Eve,” I said, automatically taking the compact and lipstick from her, flipping the compact open and readying the lipstick, then carefully applied a minor touch-up before closing each of the items again.

While I'd done that, she went and got her handbag from the chair. She opened it up, then held out her hand for my compact and lipstick. Surprised, I handed them to her and watched her pop them both into the handbag, then snap it shut!

“What're you *doing*, Eve?” I asked.

"Well, you don't have a handbag of your own and you'll need money to buy the milk, will you not? And a girl can never tell when she'll need to freshen her make up, so I thought you just would want to carry them along with you, when you go to buy the milk."

"But...but...but..." I said helplessly as I took the handbag from her into my right hand.

"That's right!" she cooed. "Hold it properly, by the chain. And seeing you're so shy? Why don't I just keep you company?"

With that, she linked arms with me on my left side and before I knew it, I had been escorted from the apartment, out into the hallway and was being led to the elevator, with Eve chattering about events of the day as we went, our high heels tip-tapping on the hard floor as we made our way. Stultified with fear, I said nothing as we made our way out on to the street and down to the grocery store.

We passed a few ladies on the way who appraised me with curious eyes, but said nothing. The old Korean crone who ran the grocery store wasn't that polite though. I separated from Eve to get the milk while she waited for me by the register. As I carried the milk bottle there, the woman stared at me, obviously taking in my heels and my lipstick. She sneered at me as I opened the purse to pay for the milk. "You wanna-be lady?" she asked rudely taking the bill I offered in payment, seeing my fingernails.

"Oh NO Mrs. Kim! This is Paul, my fiancée!" Eve Giggled. "He's a man – *all* man!"

"No rook like man to me! Rook like woman!" The woman giggled. "Dresses rike sissy!"

"He's not a sissy!" Eve giggled some more. "He just dresses that way to make me happy. He looks after my apartment and does all the cooking. Just needed some milk for rice pudding he's making. I thought I'd keep him company. Isn't that right, dear?" She said the last to me.

I couldn't look away from the scorn on the old woman's face and was speechless as she nodded.

"I see!" she cackled. "He make good housewife foh you!" She giggled again when I took the change she gave me and put it in the purse. "Bye ladies!" she called and waved gaily as Eve linked arms with me again and led me out and away from the store, Eve carrying the milk to leave my hand free for my handbag.

"You know? Mrs. Kim must be getting old." Eve said as we walked back. "Imagine taking you for a sissy! Why anyone can see that you're just my handsome guy!"

"Eve?" I remonstrated. "I'm wearing high heels and my toenails are polished to match my fingernails! I'm wearing lipstick and carrying a handbag! I can see where she's coming from!"

Eve stopped dead on the sidewalk and turned me to face her. "Tell me Polly. Do you *feel* like a sissy?"

"No. Well, sometimes?" I said haltingly.

"Really? Want to act all swishy and girlie?" Her face was all animated and smiling.

"Well, not THAT bad," I said lamely.

A slight look of disappointment now. "Well then! See why I think you're just looking for ways to get out of doing your eyes?"

"My *what*?"

"Your eyes, silly! The windows to your soul! I want you to learn how to make them attractive too! I mean, your eyebrows are almost perfect now – and your lips look very enticing – but we just can't stop there, can we?"

"I don't see why not, Eve," I said with an attempt at truculence, but she just laughed and accused me of letting my macho instincts rule my brain.

I fretted because of that nasty old woman but Eve, delighted with her rice pudding dessert, teased and teased me until I got over it. As we sat together at the dressing table chatting doing what had become our nightly ritual of facial cleansing, it finally dawned on me how radiant my skin had become. Okay, it may not be a *masculine* thing to be proud of a nice complexion but as Eve had pointed out many times, men are often wrong in things to be proud of. I then put the experience of going to the store in perspective. Yes, the old lady may have mocked me but then again, what did she know? The other ladies had looked askance, but had said nothing, nothing at all!

Kate visited me the following day while Eve was at work. She smiled at my account of Eve dragging me out into the world – but her attitude was more like one male commiserating with another about the illogical practices of women in general than anything else. Okay, Eve was some kind of fanatic about makeup and skin care. It's not something that us males would think of – but if I wanted to maintain a good relationship and that's what it took? What the hey! Okay, she hugged me a few times and, to tell the truth, I sort of enjoyed it. But it was only a manifestation of her fondness for her potential brother in law, almost like two guys hugging, she said, although I did blush girlishly when she complimented me on my new apron and praised the pretty bow I'd tied at the back "Something I could never get the hang of, tying pretty bows!" she laughed.

She also took me seriously when I told her about Eve thinking of training me to use eye makeup. "Yeah, I can see where that would make you kinda nervous," she said. "But there again, she taught you to wear lipstick too, then forgot all about that, did she not?"

"Forget? What are you talking about? She still has me wearing it!" I replied.

"No!" she exclaimed. "Let me see!" With that, she took my face between her hands and examined my mouth closely. "If you are, it's very hard to tell," she said. Then, she gently pulled me into her – and kissed me on the lips! I was SO surprised, but found myself putting my arms around her neck and kissing her back!

"Oh good grief!" she said as we broke apart. "Don't tell me I'm turning gay! Kissing another guy!"

I had to laugh. "Sheesh, Kate! You ARE a girl – remember?"

"I guess you're right. I forget sometimes," she laughed. "But you ARE wearing lipstick. I can tell for sure now. I can taste it and I hate to tell you, sweetie, but it looks as if I've smeared your makeup."

“Oh, that’s easy to fix,” I said and took my compact out of my apron pocket and quickly touched up my lips. “Don’t know why you couldn’t see it!” I said when I finished. “That color is almost scarlet!”

She shrugged. “Maybe so, but it just looked so natural on you that it was hard to tell. That’s what I was getting at. Maybe Eve’ll get you to use tones of eye makeup so that nobody will be able to tell that either.”

This was something I’d never thought of, but that night after Eve had given me my first set of instructions in making up my eyes, I could have sworn that I *could* tell! I mean my eyelashes had been curled – then actually *powdered* – then had TWO coats of mascara put on them. I’d learned how to start in the middle of each eyelid and apply dark liner, then use a soft applicator to blend in different hues below the eyebrows. Frankly? I wasn’t about to get into some heavy discussion with Eve but I thought my eyes had a dark, sultry, luminosity about them and, despite what she said, I felt that they were decidedly feminine. Kate dropped in for a short visit and got Eve sort of mad at her by agreeing with me that she could tell I was wearing eye makeup – though after examining my face thoroughly, she admitted that she really wasn’t one hundred percent *sure*. She just had an impression that I’d done something to my eyes, although it was difficult to say what. I’ll admit that I didn’t believe her completely as I figured that she was just trying to placate her sister, but she did make me feel better.

Later, things got even better still! As Eve and I were creaming our makeup off before going to bed she smiled at me in our shared mirror. “Polly? I think you can start missing your hand conditioning now and then.”

“How come?” I asked innocently.

“You’ve got very handsome hands now, darling. All soft and smooth and manicured. I think we can find something to use them for in bed. Would you like that?”

“Oh yes. Please!” I said happily, staring at my small dainty hands with the pink polish on my tiny oval nails.

In bed, Eve taught me how to please her. No penetration of course but how and where to kiss her, using my lips and tongue – and how my hands were to be used, of course. She reciprocated by slowly working me clothes off me and kissing and caressing my own erogenous zones then, to my astonishment, fitting her lovely mouth about my penis and slowly sucking and licking me into ejaculation which she swallowed. That was a major surprise to me, as she seemed to enjoy it. I didn’t say anything, although to tell the truth, I thought it rather unladylike of her.

Later on, with my head resting on her arm, I yawned happily. “Eve? Sex with you is wonderful! Like nothing I’ve ever...”

“SEX?” she interrupted fiercely. “We didn’t have sex! And don’t you *dare* tell anyone that we did!”

“But...but, what do you call what we just did a few minutes ago?”

“Oh, *that*?” I could feel her relax. “That was just a blow job, darling! Just wait until I let you have sex with me! Then you’ll know what sex *really* feels like! But now you have me all excited again! Why don’t you use that educated tongue of yours for something other

than talking?" With that, she took a hold of my hair and gently pulled my head under the covers.

It was about then that she started giving me bikini waxing and have me shave my underarms regularly. The wax jobs stung quite badly, but she just pooh-poohed my complaints, saying how much she loved my satiny skin. She even pleaded with me regularly now to use her satin pajamas occasionally. I didn't give into her ALL the time, mind you, but it did become a fairly regular habit. I have to admit that it was highly erotic with the two of us squirming around kissing and fondling each other under the covers. For some reason, the scent I'd noticed on her pajamas the first time never seemed to lessen but as Eve seemed to enjoy it so much, I never complained.

When I was finally introduced to foundations, bronzes, powders and blushers, I guess I was brainwashed into accepting the fact that all the cosmetics I was now using on a daily basis weren't actually noticeable. One day, when I was sitting finishing off applying my makeup for the day (Eve had left for work) I must have looked in the mirror at a different angle or something because I suddenly saw a rather pretty girl looking back at me! I blinked and shook my head but she was still there! Then I moved on the seat, and I was back to normal.

Nevertheless, as I went about my housework that morning, I couldn't help thinking about it. Finally, I called Kate up and asked if she could spend a few minutes and give me some advice. She agreed and was down in the apartment in minutes. I explained what had happened that morning and my concerns, and then blurted out. "Kate? Do I look like a girl to you? Seriously?"

"Paul? That's silly! You're a guy! Okay, now and then I get a hint of makeup on you and sometimes in your aprons, especially the frilly ones? I sense a girlishness about you – but it's so *rare*, I wouldn't worry about it!"

"But I AM worrying about it!" I protested. "After all, old Mrs. Kim saw I was wearing makeup that day. Maybe other people will notice too!"

"Weren't you wearing high heels that day?" Kate asked. "Maybe it was them. I mean there's not too many guys wear heels, you know."

I looked down at the strappy heels I was wearing. I sighed. "I'd forgotten about that. I've gotten so used to them. Eve likes me to look taller, you know."

"Look!" Kate said, pulling me into her arms. "If what Eve's asking you to do is making you uncomfortable? Why don't you ask her if you can stop for a while?"

"Oh, I don't think she'd like to hear that from me," I said doubtfully.

"Want me to ask her for you?"

"Oh Kate, would you? She'll listen to *you!*" I squealed delightedly.

She pulled me into her and gave me a light but affectionate kiss. "You know, Paul? I think you're the sweetest guy I've ever met," she said, and then laughed as I blushed at the compliment.

When Eve came home that night, she was poised from the outset. She gave me my normal kiss, then said. "Darling? Kate called me this afternoon. I think that you and I may have to have a little chat?"

"Oh. I didn't expect her to talk to you *this* quickly," I answered a little bit nervously.

"You look frightened, darling. No need for that," Eve said soothingly. "Frankly, I think it IS high time we had a talk."

"About what?" I asked, still nervous.

"Why don't you pour us both a drink and bring it into the sitting room? We can get more comfortable there," she suggested.

I made her a martini and myself a white wine spritzer and we settled down in the sitting room chairs. She smiled tenderly. "I hear that you're frightened that I'm making you girlish?"

"Oh NO Eve! Nothing like that!" I hastened.

"You sure? Absolutely positive?"

"Well, maybe just a little bit."

"Yes. I've noticed it too." She said this calmly.

"You HAVE?" I gasped. "But you told me that using makeup wouldn't change..."

She interrupted me. "Polly? Do the male stars in movies look like sissies to you?"

"Of course not!"

"You DO realize that they are wearing full makeup, don't you? Lipstick, blusher, eye makeup?"

"I guess so," I mumbled.

"But you feel girlish because I want YOU to wear the same things?"

"Well, men in real life don't wear cosmetics," I argued, though even I could hear the weakness in my voice.

She shook her head. "Polly, how do you know, huh? I see men in lipstick and makeup every day! It's just a matter of confidence, of inherent *masculinity* for them not to appear feminine, I guess. Darling? I know enough about cosmetics that what you are wearing is almost impossible to detect by an untrained eye – but I started wondering about you when Mrs. Kim took you for a sissy!"

"But you don't think that she maybe saw my high heels?" I asked in dismay.

Eve paused a second. "That was my mistake. I should have thought how peculiar it is to see a man in high heels. But darling? You had become so *natural* in them that I simply forgot. And that's another thing. I mean you *are* walking more and more like a woman all the time." She let out a little laugh. "Polly? I don't know if you realize what a pretty little ass you have? And the fact that you're starting to wiggle it when you walk? I see you in your pretty aprons sometimes and fantasize how nice you might look in a dress or a skirt."

She saw the expression on my face. She stood up and brought her drink over to where I sat. She put it down on the coffee table beside mine. Then she held both hands out in front

of her. I didn't know what to do other than take a hold of them – and found myself being lifted to my feet for a consoling kiss. Then, somehow, she had sat down and I was sitting on her lap, my head nestling on her breasts!

“But Eve?” I stammered. “I'm *not* feminine. Honest!”

She tilted my face and kissed me softly. “Do you think I *care*? I find you so sweet and adorable, sometimes I think you are turning into a sissy and I sorta think I like it! Now, when you talked to Kate about seeing a girl in the mirror – was she pretty?”

“I don't remember!” I hedged.

“*Pauline!* Were you pretty? Now tell the truth! I won't think any the less of you. Was it a pretty girl you saw in the mirror?”

“Yes. But please don't call me Pauline,” I whispered.

“It's a nice name for a pretty girl. You'll get used to it.” She kissed me and fondled my breasts. Then she continued. “You see, darling? I think you were a man – sorry, *are* a man – but somewhere inside you, there may be a girl trying to get out. Now, I want to reach out to her and see if we can coax her out of there. Once we do that, or convince ourselves that there's no girl there? I can know exactly whether I'm getting me a husband, or another girlfriend!”

“But what am I supposed to DO? How am I supposed to ACT?” I moaned.

“Just be your own sweet self. Now, go and serve up dinner while I figure out ways I can help you. But before you go, I'd like you to understand that I'll probably start treating you a little differently for a while, but just try and bear with me, okay?”

“Okay. I'll try,” I said.

“That's my girl!” she said, then laughed. “Just teasing...Pauline.” Then she laughed as I blushed. “Just *teasing*, darling.”

After I'd cleared away the dishes from dinner and got them into the dishwasher, she had me go and sit beside her again. “I've done a LOT of thinking about this, Polly,” she said. “And I don't think I've been altogether fair with you. On looking back, I *know* I said I was only interested in you if you were willing to make yourself attractive to me...”

“But I *have*, Eve!” I stated in a complaining tone.

“Didn't say otherwise, did I?” she reproved me. “I'm just apologizing because at the time I made it clear that I wanted a man.”

“But Eve...”

“Polly darling? Just *hush*, please?” she interrupted. “You've done everything I asked, probably even more than I had a right to expect. But what I think happened? I know it's a silly allegory, but I think that there IS a feminine person inside you and once I introduced you to taking care of yourself in a feminine manner, she started to come out!”

I started to speak, but she held up her hand. “And what I want you to understand fully is that I find HER attractive too! I've found myself being turned on by the thought of you wearing perfume for me. I found the idea of you wearing laces and satin highly erotic. Maybe even helped her come out from inside you a little bit? I don't *know*.”

“But I don’t *want* to be a girl Eve. Honest!”

She patted my cheek sympathetically. “Think I don’t see that that’s the male side of you speaking? Not wanting any competition. Is that it? If you don’t *TRULY* want to be a girl? How come you’re so good in heels? Do you realize how good you are with makeup now? How cute you look in your aprons as you’re doing your housework?” She kissed my cheek. “How good you play the part of a girl in bed?”

“I thought I was just doing what you wanted,” I grumbled.

“*THAT’S* what I’m apologizing for! I was sending you mixed signals without realizing it. I’m sorry!” she said.

“But what are we going to do?” I asked.

She smiled tenderly at me. “Me? I’m going to try and open the door for *Pauline* to come through. If she does? Great! If she doesn’t? That’s okay too. The only thing, Polly? I don’t think I want your masculine ego getting in the way. Want you to give the poor girl a chance to come out and enjoy life! Will you?”

I shrugged. “This is totally embarrassing Eve, but I’ll *try*. Okay?”

“Promise?”

I nodded. “Okay. I promise.”

“I knew you’d see it my way!” she said, beaming and giving me a dainty peck on the cheek. “Now Kate’s coming to see us – and I don’t want you embarrassing her, okay?”

“Why would I do that?” I asked, puzzled. “And what’s she coming to see us about?”

“You’ll see!” she smiled mysteriously. “Just wait. There, I think that’s her now. I’ll go and let her in.”

Kate came in by herself and came and stood in front of me. “Look Paul. Eve has told me about this theory of hers. I’m not sure that I agree with her – you’re a *guy* for heaven’s sake.”

“Thanks Kate,” I said, semi-laughing. “She’s got me wondering too. But what’s this about me not embarrassing you?”

She took a deep breath. “Well, you know I’m fond of you? You *do*, don’t you?”

I blushed, but nodded. Looked at my hands and said. “I’m fond of you too, Kate.”

“Well, when Eve talked to me about this, I had to admit that I’ve seen signs of that. That...that...”

“Girlish side?” I offered.

“Exactly!” she said gratefully. Then added with an embarrassed rush. “And I think she’s very pretty!”

“Pauline? Look what Kate’s brought you. Isn’t this nice?” Eve said coming into the room, carrying an attractively wrapped present and handed it to me.

I sat there on the sofa, staring up at the two women who seemed to be standing over me. I had a premonition of what was inside the pretty, lightweight gift on my lap.

“Isn’t it lovely? And aren’t you going to thank Kate?” Eve cooed.

"Oh, I'm sorry, Kate. Thank you," I said, starting to open the gift although slowly.

"You're welcome, Pauline," she said. "I hope that you like it."

"She's sure to!" Eve said adamantly as I finally lifted the lid of the box and gazed at the froth of yellow and white lace and chiffon.

"Oh," was all I could say. Then, "What is it?"

"A lovely nightgown and peignoir set! Why don't you stand up and hold them up against yourself. See if they're the right length?" Eve suggested.

I looked up from woman to woman. Both were smiling down on me in a very possessive manner – as if I had no choice. I'd thought about my options before and realized that I actually didn't have any, but to do what Eve wanted. Okay, I knew I could argue and fight – might even win – but the only way I was going to leave would be to quit the apartment though keep working for Kate. With her and Eve controlling my money, I didn't have a dime of my own and wouldn't have for almost three months. The last time I'd spoken to George, he'd been royally pissed off about me ignoring his repeated suggestions that we meet, so there was little hope that he'd help me out.

I sighed resignedly and stood up. Draped the froth of the nightgown against my body.

"Oh, It's lovely!" Eve squealed.

"I don't think she likes it too much." Kate said heavily.

"*That?* That's just mean old macho Paul stopping Pauline from showing her appreciation! That's all." Eve said, taking a hold of my arm. "Come along, Pauline. We'll show that old stinker Paul, won't we? Kate? Make yourself a drink. We won't be long!"

She wasn't wrong. I floated my way back into the room, my new clothes wafting about me, my hair now parted on one side and held in place by a barrette and smelling discreetly of perfume. Eve had seemingly been aware of what Kate intended to buy for me and had purchased a pair of very expensive breast forms which she assured me looked wonderful as they bobbed around inside the loose confines of the gown. Mindful of Eve's 'suggestions,' I took my peignoir in both hands and pirouetted prettily. I smiled. "It really is lovely, Kate. Thank you!"

She gave me a searching glance. "You know? I'm still not a hundred percent convinced of all this. You sure?"

"Not really," I admitted, my phony smile dimming.

She grinned a little. "Perfectly understandable. But do you think that there's even the *slightest* chance that Pauline might be inside you?"

I shrugged. "Maybe."

She smiled confidently up at me now. "Well then! Let's find out, shall we, Pauline?" Her voice changed into a singsong cadence. "*Come out, come out, wherever you are,*" Then

she held her arms out towards me. "...and come and sit on Kate's lap and tell her how much you like your new outfit!"

Then she relented as she registered my expression, and her voice lost the teasing tone. "Look Paul. I've got an idea of how you must be feeling. After all, I'm a guy too – well, mostly – and being sweet talked into acting the way you are by a broad? I don't know if I could handle it as well as you're doing. But Eve's going to be back in here in a moment. I think she'll be awfully hurt that you're not acting as if you're enjoying yourself – as Pauline, I mean. So why don't you come and sit on my knees, huh?"

I seemed to be entering a feminine mold more and more, I thought as I drifted over and followed her suggestion, with most of the reasoning coming from the two women as they herded me along, pointing out how I'd hurt the other if I didn't take that next tiny little step into effeminacy. I settled down and into her arms with a peculiar sensation, as if I was accepting now that there *was* a girl inside me – something patently ridiculous. Kate's strong arms took me into hers; I felt a delicious languor envelop me, almost as if I was sinking into a highly sexual sleep. In a daze, I found her eyes locked on mine, not in any kind of challenging mode but as if she was searching for *something*. Then her lips found mine and her tongue was gently probing inside my mouth. I let out a small sigh and opened my mouth to give her unobstructed access. As her hands started to fondle my breasts, I slid my arms around her neck. "You're so *strong*, Kate," I said.

To tell the truth, I said this intending it to be a joke – a "You Tarzan, me Jane" sort of thing. But it came out softer than I meant and when she replied, "And you're so pretty, Pauline. So soft and white. You smell so sweet. Your eyes tell me that you want me. Are you my girl? My very own little girl?" I felt strangely complimented. Not wanting to hurt her feelings, I simply blushed and nuzzled into her neck.

"HEY you two!" Eve's voice reached me as if through a fog. "What're you up to with Pauline, Kate? Huh?"

I twisted my head and regarded her through bleary eyes. "Not doing anything, Eve. Honest."

She patted my cheek. "That's all right. I know that Kate can be a charmer when she wants. But Pauline? Your makeup's in a dreadful state."

"Eve, don't be such a pest," Kate laughed. "If she fixes it, I'll just mess it up again. So get off her back, OK?"

Eve's conditioning of me had caused me to become alarmed when she critiqued my makeup, but Kate's defense warmed me a great deal. It was with a great deal of respect that I sank back into her embrace again.

With Eve joining us, I guess that Kate felt somewhat embarrassed at openly fondling and caressing me in front of her sister. I never thought to try and move though, so I remained where I was, ensconced in her arms while she and her sister chatted. I may have even fallen asleep, as I only have a very hazy recollection of Kate's leaving.

Eve woke me up in a hurry once we were in bed though. The lovemaking we made under the covers was one of the most thoroughly enjoyable sex sessions we'd ever had. No penetration of course, though that isn't *exactly* accurate. (And I blush to say that it was her

fingers that penetrated me, though in a most ladylike fashion, I must admit.) I felt silly having her tell me how pretty I was, but I was getting used to it by this time – and if it pleased her to treat me as if I was her girl, who was I to complain? She did end up taking me in her mouth though and I finally sank back into the sensuous comfort of the satin sheets in contented delight. She wouldn't allow me to come immediately, though and I spent what seemed like an eternity squirming about under her control, pleading for relief. Finally, she nodded permission and I spurted copious amounts into her mouth.

But then she did something unusual. Without a word, she slid up my body until her lips met mine again – and then her fingers were entering my anus again. I began to ask her what she was doing, when her lips opened and something gel-like was sliding into my mouth. It hadn't much taste, just a sort of spicy sensation; it took me a few seconds to realize that I was ingesting my own cum! I started choking and gagging.

"C'mon now, Pauline! Don't make such a big production out of this. Swallow it! Girls learn to do this all the time! I'm sure you'll get to love it!" Then she kissed me again, and I had no choice.

The following morning was a workday. Luckily, it was fairly warm because she demanded that I keep my nightgown and peignoir set on while I helped get her ready for work and they didn't provide much warmth. Then she handed me a bra, panties and slip. I knew what they were for but I still had to pretend bewilderment. "What am I supposed to do with these?" I asked.

She shook her head in a resigned sort of way. "Paul? I want you to get used to breasts for the next day or so. Now, I may have made a mistake in getting a cup size that was too big for your frame but this bra should just be big enough to support you. After I leave, I want you to go and pick out a skirt and blouse or a dress to wear today."



“Can’t I just take the forms off? Put them back on tonight?”

“PAUL! Stop being so difficult! Give Pauline a chance! You said you’d try!”

“Okay,” I said reluctantly.

She came and took me in her arms. “I’m sorry for having to call you Paul, Pauline. He was just being difficult! Now when I come home tonight, you’re going to be nice for me. Right?”

“Yes Eve,” I surrendered.

Surprisingly, I didn’t have too much trouble putting the bra on. I’d always thought that a girl had to be somewhat of a contortionist to fasten the dainty little hooks at the back, but it turned out to be surprisingly easy. I had more trouble adjusting the shoulder straps, to tell the truth, but once I had altered them to my satisfaction, I was surprised and delighted by the support the bra provided. I had already discovered that the breast forms, although seemingly weightless, did exert pressure, which had started to give me a backache.

I put the panties on, blushing the whole time. I knew, apart from the bulge in my groin, how feminine I must appear. Illogically, I hurried putting the slip on over my head in an attempt to hide this femininity. I had to take a quick peek in the full-length mirror though. I looked away quickly, ashamed of what I saw.

Putting on the thigh-high stockings with the lace control tops had always been highly esoteric for me, but sitting on the bed and slowly working the sheer fabric up over my legs and under the lacy hem of the slip was almost more than I could bear. I had to try valiantly to ignore the breasts that now impeded my vision as I bent over to complete this task, the two pale orbs nestled in their cups of spandex and lace further prettified by the lace hem of the slip.

I’d become quite dexterous at applying makeup, but that morning it took me a long time because it was now Pauline that was staring back from the mirror at me. I put this down to the fact that dressed as I was, the frame of masculinity I’d thought surrounded me had now been replaced a feminine one. Slowly and carefully, I applied all of the layers of cosmetics Eve had introduced me to. I gently massaged in the foundation, and then used the bronzer to cover up the discolored areas of my complexion. I even curled my eyelashes before applying the mascara. I popped my lips to spread the gloss. Pauline smiled back at me from the mirror when I finished. The thought flashed across my mind that she *was* quite pretty. Suddenly conscious that for the first time in my life I was about to voluntarily put a dress on, I slowly walked to Eve’s closets to pick one. I was well aware of the frisson of the slip hem against my nylons as I did so.

I chose a simple wool dress, pale blue in color with a hem that came to just above the knees, and a straight skirt. It had three-quarter sleeves. Once I’d decided, I slipped it over my head and got into it quickly, making sure not to smear my makeup. I took a deep breath and tried to close the three small fasteners at the back. I was having some difficulty in fastening them when the doorbell rang. Dry mouthed, I went and checked the peephole and saw that it was Kate. I took another deep breath and opened the door.

She gave me a very nice, understanding, smile. “I’m assuming that you’re still Pauline?” she asked.

I blushed. "Yes. Good morning, Kate. Come in. Think you can help me fasten myself into this dress? I'm not used to doing things like that."

"Sure, Pauline," she said, closing the door behind her. "Turn around."

I did and, slowly, she fastened me into the dress. I hadn't put my shoes on yet and felt very petite and dainty beside her as I was imprisoned into the dress. It felt a surprisingly intimate act and I wasn't surprised in the least when as she finished, she twisted me around to face her – then kissed me. Standing on tiptoe, I twined my arms around her neck and kissed her back.

Strangely, she seemed flustered by my reaction and, though I offered to make her breakfast or a coffee, she acted very strangely and left shortly afterwards without giving me a proper kiss. I was a little hurt, but in the routine of day-to-day housework, I soon forgot about it.

When Eve got home from work though, she first chided me laughingly about my choice of dresses. "I'd have thought you would want something a little more flamboyant, Pauline," she teased. "After all, you have to impress Paul that you *enjoy* coming out as a girl – wear pretty things and suchlike. Don't try to be an old frump! Tomorrow? I want you in something pretty!"

"Tomorrow as well?" I asked weakly.

She shook her head. "I know that you're Pauline right now, dear. But when you're her? Don't let grumpy old Paul get a word in. You see, I was going to buy you some clothes today, but I found out that there'll be a pre-sale for invitees only tomorrow night. Now Sylvia - remember her the first time we met?"

I nodded.

"Well, she's a senior saleslady in the clothing boutique at Saks and she's willing to invite you to the pre-sale. Then you can use my discount and buy all the nice stuff you like! Trust me, you'll get bargains in everything that any sensible girl would dream over!"

I stared at her in horror. "You want me to go there by myself and buy a dress?"

Eve shook her head again, even more forcibly this time. "Dresses, skirts, blouses! Lingerie, shoes, stockings! Nylons! Shoes! Did I leave anything out?"

"Amongst a bunch of women?"

"Aha! *That's* what's bothering you? Well Pauline, let me assure you that you can now pass as a girl any day – just as long as Paul doesn't stick his nose in where it isn't wanted – and we'll make sure that you wear a nice panty girdle to hide your little pee-pee and keep him constrained. On top of that? Other than the occasional salesgirls, you'll be the only customer there as they're in the process of getting ready for the sale at night. Now, be a good girl and tell Paul to disappear for a while. I don't want to hear from him any more tonight. Then you can tell me all about your first day as a real girl!"

I'd been in the habit of deferring to Eve more and more and, to be honest, I had started to criticize myself for my spinelessness but now, in my womanly dress, I felt her behavior to be perfectly appropriate. I managed a smile, gave her a kiss and put my apron on to serve up dinner. "That's better!" she said, and gave me a light pat on the ass.

During dinner, I told her about Kate's strange behavior. She cocked her head to one side. "Mmm. Tell me more."

Eve was a lot more interested in the incident than I'd have believed possible. She kept shaking her head and asking me about every detail. It wasn't until I told her about Kate fastening me into the dress that she grinned. "Got it!" she exclaimed. "She was acting normal until then?"

I thought for a few seconds. "Yes, I think so. But what does fastening me into a dress have to do with it?"

"Oh Pauline. Don't you *see*? When a woman asks a man to fasten her into her dress, psychologically, she's *submitting* herself to him. Kate doesn't see you as Paul anymore! You're Pauline to her now and I think she's got a *crush* on you!"

It was my turn to shake my head. "You're kidding! *Have* to be!" I exclaimed, but with a strange combination of fear and pleasurable excitement rippling through me.

"No I'm NOT!" she laughed. "Tell me, she's been kissing you quite a lot recently, hasn't she?"

I blushed. "Yeah, but it's more friendly kissing than anything."

Eve looked askance at me. "Not a little heavier than that perhaps? A little tongue involved?"

As I blushed even more and she laughed. "But I'll bet she didn't kiss you like that when she left this morning."

I looked at her amazed. "That's right! How did you *know*?"

"As long as she thought you were just a sissy, she wasn't above chancing her arm. But now that she sees you in a different light, as a girl, she's unsure..."

"A *sissy*? She didn't see me as a sissy!" I said indignantly.

Eve laughed a little. "She's got a pretty little male in makeup and doing women's work around the house and she *didn't* take you for a sissy. Are you *crazy*?"

"But she's part man herself!" I cried. "She said she understood why I was doing what you told me!"

"And? Why was that?" she asked silkily.

I gulped. "To get into your pants." I admitted.

She patted my cheek. "But Pauline? Now you *are* in my pants, or panties, I should say. And my bra and my dress. What're your plans for me *now*, huh?"

She was using a tone she'd never used before. It wasn't mockery or teasing or condescension, but it had elements of all three in it. At the same time, the question was a valid one. "I don't know Eve. I'm sorry." I answered meekly.

"Don't be sorry, you silly little goose. You were just trying to please me, weren't you? That's what men do when they're infatuated. That's a sign that Paul is still a major part of you."

I breathed a big sigh of relief and she got up from her chair and came round to me, pulled me up into her arms and kissed me. "You're very pretty, Pauline but let me check something, okay?"

With that, she didn't wait for my reply, simply ran a hand up under my dress and felt my erection. "See, darling?" she cooed taking me into her hand. "You may *look* like a very pretty girl but Paul's still hanging about inside you too, isn't he?"

"I guess," I admitted, certainly not wanting to argue with her at that point.

"And little Polly *still* wants to please me. Is that not the case?"

Speechless with desire, I nodded.

"Well I've an idea," she said thoughtfully. I've got a date with the girls tomorrow night, so I'll be late coming home. Why don't you wear something pretty that you've bought in the morning and have Kate down for dinner. That'll please her — and please **me** too. How's that for a win-win situation?"

"But what if she comes on to me?" I asked nervously.

"If she thinks you're a guy, like you said? She won't. If she thinks you're a sissy, she might think she can make a play for you..."

"Don't you *mind* her kissing me?" I interrupted.

"Don't be crazy! You're both consenting adults. Whatever you do is between the two of you. Why should I mind? We're not even officially engaged yet! Matter of fact? If you feel like, Pauline? Why not give Kate a blowjob? Bet she'd love that!"

"You wouldn't mind if I had sex with your *sister*?" I asked, outraged.

"I keep telling you! It's NOT sex! I take *you* in my mouth to relax you, why should I object about you relaxing my sister, especially Kate, who I love dearly? What's the *matter* with you?"

"But Eve? Kate doesn't even *have* a penis." I argued.

"Of course she doesn't! She uses a dildo. What's wrong with that?"

"But surely she can't feel anything," I countered.

"I don't now about that," Eve replied. "All I see is that I give you blow jobs because I know you enjoy them and they relax you. And you won't even give my sister ONE? I think you're being pretty rotten!"

"Aw, Eve!" I said as she let my penis go, though her hand stayed under my dress.

"Well? At least you could promise to at least think about it?" Her hand was close to my erection again.

"Okay," I said after a second or two. I sighed happily as she took hold of me again and pulled me in for a kiss.

The following morning I was terrified as Eve drove me to the Saks store. I knew I could pass as a woman now with no problem. She had me fit my hair into a sort of cap thing and loaned me a wig that made me into a blonde with gently waved shoulder length hair. I

wore the same dress I had on the day before with a sort of loose swagger coat. I had matching brown leather shoes and a handbag.

She parked in an underground area allocated to employees and we walked to an elevator with a small group of other girls. She exchanged greetings with a few of them but didn't introduce me, although a few wished me a good morning anyway, which I responded to with a smile and a nod, afraid to trust my voice. Eve took me to her station first, put on her smock and put her handbag away. Jane and Tina, two of the girls who had visited the apartment, didn't recognize me at first but fussed over me and said how cute I was after Eve filled them in.

On the way to Sylvia's floor, Eve mentioned that I shouldn't worry about the cost of things as shown on the sales tickets. "Everything will be much cheaper after the discounts and as you haven't been spending much of your own money, you're loaded. On top of that? I can't see Kate grudging you anything if you overspend a little. So have fun!"

Sylvia greeted us. "Well, well, well! What have we here? A cute little pansy? I didn't know you were a chicken hawk, Eve."

"Oh, Syl! He's not a pansy, for heaven's sake!" Eve protected me, then giggled. "Though there *has* been some debate going on in that score!" Then seeing the shocked expression on my face, she giggled some more and added, "Oh, Polly! I was just teasing! Now just you run along with Sylvia and listen to what she says! She'll make sure you don't go wrong! Bye!" She gave me a quick kiss, then left without a backward glance.

"Okay, Pansy. What are you shopping for?" Sylvia asked me curtly. "Dresses, skirts, lingerie?"

"Just about. This is all Eve's idea," I answered meekly.

"Okay. Good. Come along with me, then, into the fitting room and I'll get you measured. I'm pretty sure we can fit you into a lot of stuff right from the rack, but I want to make sure."

She took me into the fitting room and introduced me to a sharp-faced, but pleasant, fitter.

"Measure Pansy here, Dorothy, would you? I'll want his size for skirts, blouses, lingerie and dresses."

"Sure, Syl, the woman said. "Daywear or formal?"

"Maybe some of both," Sylvia said.

"I don't see me having much need for anything formal, Sylvia," I squeaked.

"What *you* see, Pansy, is totally immaterial. I could use a good sale for my bonus this month, so just be quiet and do as I say. Got that?"

"Yes Sylvia," I answered meekly.

"Isn't he just the sweetest little pansy, Dorothy?" she said, patting me on the head like I was a pet. Then she added, "I'll be back in a minute," and left.

Dorothy smiled sympathetically. "Don't mind Sylvia. She's not that bad. Just gets cranky when sales are on."

"I don't think she needs to be so mean," I sniffed. "I never did anything to her."

"Oh, she'll come around. Don't worry about it. But dear, what do you want me to call you? Sir or Miss?"

"You're very kind," I said. "But I suppose that Miss would be best, don't you? Especially if other women come in."

"Very well, Miss. Want to get started?" she asked. "When I nodded, she added. "If you'll stand up on this little platform thingie..."

True to her word, Sylvia returned just as Dorothy finished. She seemed to be in a better frame of mind and listened attentively as Dorothy read of my sizes. "Thought so," she said. "Come on then, Pansy."

"Syl? That's mean, and it's not really like you." Dorothy said mildly. "I've been calling her Miss and she accepts that. Why don't you do the same?"

"Her?" Sylvia sneered, then smiled apologetically at me. "I'm sorry, Polly. Come on and lets get you some clothes picked out, shall we?"

She spent quite a lot of time with me after that, walking me around the various areas that contained clothes she thought might be suitable. She had a young assistant join us to carry the potential dresses and stuff, as she wanted my hands free to hold various articles up against myself. I started to get a little nervous as the girl took one armful of clothes to the fitting room, then came back to start another armful. "I don't know how much I have to spend," I told Sylvia nervously.

"Don't worry, doll. Not everything I've picked for you will fit or look good on you and I'll run the total by Eve before I ring it up. Just enjoy!"

Strangely enough, that's exactly what I started to do: enjoy the experience! I tried on one set of lingerie in the dressing rooms, then after that, it was just a case of color selection. With Dorothy to help me in and out of my new clothes I spent a lot of time – almost until lunch – trying things on. I shuddered when I thought on how many clothes I was buying. I mean what on earth was I going to DO with all of them? I was just experimenting with being a girl; I had no notion of making it a lifetime career out of it! But I didn't want to aggravate Sylvia again and figured I'd just donate the clothes I didn't use to the Red Cross. What does a guy need TWO handbags for, huh? And four pair of shoes? And God knows how many sets of matching lingerie – nightgowns, robes? Sweaters? Etcetera!

I was a little scared of how Eve would react, but I reassured myself by remembering what she'd told me. She picked me up and helped me carry all the packages out to the car, then drove me home where I made lunch for both of us. Then she came and lay on my bed while I emptied the packages of clothes and hung the skirts, blouses and dresses in my closet and packed the lingerie away in drawers. She wanted me to model some of the dresses but agreed that she didn't have time. She had me hold up a pretty floral print with a perky pleated skirt. "Wear that for Kate tonight. Okay? It'll look darling on you! Also? Keep the wig on as well. It really suits you."

After she left to go back to work, I started getting very excited and I actually found myself getting breathless. I tried to calm myself down about four o'clock by taking a long soak in a perfumed bubble bath, then, naked, I dusted myself off with a large powder puff.

Then I put on a full set of new black satin and lace lingerie, finding myself getting quite aroused again for some reason. Then I put my dress on and spent a long time making myself up. Lastly, I put my wig back on and studied the attractive girl in the mirror. I hadn't been too sure but as I re-touched up my lips, I was pretty sure it was Pauline looking back at me. She actually smiled.

I was nervous when Kate rang the doorbell and a strange feeling as I went to the door, my skirt swishing about my legs. I was in a dress and high heels! I opened the door for Kate. She knew who I was immediately. "Wow, Pauline! You sure look nice!"

I couldn't help it. God knows where it came from but I dropped a dainty little curtsey. "Why thank you, kind sir!" I said. I took the flowers and small bottle of perfume she'd brought me and led the way through to the sitting room. Suddenly, I felt very shy.

"You look nice too, Kate. That a new pant suit?" I commented.

"Bought it just for tonight," she answered.

"What material is it?" I asked moving close to her and handling the lapels of her tunic.

"Who cares!" she laughed and pulled me into her for a long kiss. Just a little bit of tongue though.

When she released me, she looked down into my eyes. "I think I need a cold drink though, just to cool me down. You've got me hot already, doll!"

I made us both a drink and took them to where she sat. I squealed a little when she pulled me down into her lap. "You almost made me spill on my new dress!" I protested.

"I'm sorry, doll. But that's right, you bought clothes today. What did you get?"

I blushed. "Some dresses and skirts, blouses and shoes."

"Mmmm! Some pretty undies too, I hope?"

I dropped my eyes shyly.

"Gonna model some for me later, huh?"

"Aw, knock it off Kate. I'm a guy!" I said, pretending outrage.

"Hey!" she said, but gently. She took my face in one of her big hands and forced me to look into her eyes. "Pauline? Right now, you're a girl. Got that?"

"I'm sorry," I said softly. I knew that my eyelashes were batting softly and seductively, but I couldn't stop them.

"MY girl?"

I giggled and kissed her cheek. "Only if you promise to behave!"

We had a few drinks as we sat and necked. It was very pleasant. She wasn't pushy or anything and I found myself feeling quite sexy. I was also surprised to find that I was a little woozy from the drinks as I put on a pretty apron over my head to serve up dinner; the meal was an excuse to get me away from my increasingly erotic desires more than anything else, I thought, berating myself. After all, I thought, what chance did I have of making love to this big strong woman? If anyone was ever NOT interested in being penetrated by a male, it had to be her!

Naturally, I'd set the table for two. Once the meal was ready to serve, I called her to the table and, as I brought her meal in, I became quite flustered when I saw only one place setting, though I took in that there were two wine glasses at the one chair.

"What? I don't understand?" I said, halting in confusion.

"Easy, doll. Come and sit on my lap. We can eat from the same plate. It'll cut down on your dishwashing. Come on now." She beckoned to me.

I couldn't help but giggle, but I went and put her plate in front of her. I started to take my apron off, but she forbade me. "Don't know how my technique is at feeding people," she smiled. Keep it on. It'll protect your new dress."

So I sat on Kate's lap and settled back into her embrace. Lovingly, she fed me from her plate and had me wash the food down with wine – a lot more than I was accustomed to. Finally, we'd cleaned off the plate and I laid back lazily in her arms.

"What's for dessert?" she asked.

"Oh Kate!" I said guiltily. "I never *thought*. I'm sorry!"

"Not to worry, doll," she cooed. "I've brought a dessert for you. Now just shut your eyes and lie back."

"For me? A dessert?" I giggled. "Hope it's not fattening!" But I shut my eyes and made myself comfy in her arms.

I could hear the smile in her voice. "Trust me. Fattening it isn't! Now keep your eyes shut, sweetie, and see what Kate's brought you," she cooed.

I felt her body shift under me as she reached her hand down and brought something out of her tunic pocket. Seconds later, I felt a smooth tip of something gently probing at my lips. "What's this, Kate?" I asked and felt whatever it was enter my mouth a little way. "What's it supposed to be? I asked as I licked it. "Doesn't have much taste."

"The taste comes later. Trust me," she said. "Maybe if you suck on it a little with those pretty lips?" Then, "Here. Why don't you hold it?"

I was going to say "Okay" but I suddenly found that my mouth was full. She had taken my hand and placed it around something smooth that felt like more than an inch in diameter. "There you go, sweetie!" she cooed. "Suck on Kate's lollipop, like a good little girl!"

I knew then what I was doing. Opened my eyes, I couldn't see what I was holding in my mouth so took it out and saw the blackish red dildo I was sucking on!

"Aw, Kate!" I cried – or at least tried to. "Please..."

But she took my hand and forced me to re-insert the dildo into my mouth. "That's not so bad, is it, honey?" she smiled looking down into my eyes.

Dominated, I shook my head and looked up, batting my eyelashes in a pleading sort of way. But that didn't do me much good.

"See? Just keep on sucking and licking it. You'll get used to it!"

For what felt like a half-hour, I lay there, sucking and licking the repulsive thing with Kate occasionally giving me a break by giving me sips of wine. Then she simply stood up from the table with me in her arms and carried me through to my bedroom, with me still

sucking on the dildo. She laid me down on the bed tenderly, then went and searched through my lingerie drawers. She held up a lacy pink nightgown and matching peignoir. "Buy this today, Pauline?"

Still sucking fervently on the false penis, I nodded.

"Want to model it for Kate? Show her how pretty you can be?" Then, as I just stared at her, she answered for me. "Sure Kate! I'd love to!"

Then she eased the dildo from my hand. "Into the bathroom and change, why don't you? And Pauline?"

"Yes Kate?"

"Your lipstick's all mused. Now you know that I normally don't care about feminine things like that but would you mind, as a special favor, freshening up with LOTS of lovely scarlet lipstick?"

Submissively, I nodded.

"That's my girl!" she enthused. "Off you go then!" and she handed me the nightgown and peignoir.

I tried to convince myself that I didn't know what was happening, but with scarlet, plumped-up lips and draped in clinging chiffon, when I re-entered my bedroom, I wasn't surprised to find Kate completely nude, except for a harness kind of thing, swaggering about with the dildo I'd been sucking on jutting outwards. She smiled at me. "There you are! And aren't you just gorgeous!" She sat down on my bed. "Now sweetheart? Why don't you model your new nightgown for me, huh? Just walk nice and pretty to the other end of the room, then back? Go on now!"

She made me walk like a model traversing the room for a number of times before she was satisfied. Then she stood up, her dildo pointing at me. "You find me handsome, Pauline?"

I gulped and nodded.

She crooked her fingers and beckoned me to come closer. When I was just about a foot in front of her, she put her hands on my shoulders. "Down you go, sweetie," she said and, spreading the full skirts of my gown and peignoir about me, I knelt

"That's my girl! Know what you have to do now?"

"I...I think so," I said, my voice trembling.

"Thought so! Go to it!" she said, putting a hand at the back of my wig and pulling my head towards her. I took a tentative lick at the dildo. Then I looked up at her in the most pleading manner I could.

"Come ON now, doll! You know you want to!" she said. "Fit your luscious red lips around it!"

"Just for a little bit?" I managed to say.

"You'll love it so much, you won't want to leave it! Now c'mon, sweetie! Be a good girl for Kate."

Frightened, I pouted my lips into a perfect 'O', shut my eyes and fitted my lips around it.

"That's a girl! Such a nice, soft, mouth you have. Now move up and down on it."

Actually? The *sensation* wasn't that bad – not that much different than it had been before – but the knowledge that in my clothes, demeanor and actions, I was now in the role of a subjugated female prostrating herself before a dominant male, shamed me more than I can tell.

A hand under my chin lifted my face so that I was staring into her eyes. "Won't you smile for me, pretty Polly?" she whispered. "Just a little smile for Kate? I know it'll be awkward to show your teeth. Just smile with your eyes, okay?"

It was difficult to do this, but she kept on cajoling me and, finally, figuring that the longer I resisted her, the longer it would take for her to finish with me, I started to pretend enjoyment, letting out little humming noises and attempting to smile through my eyes. By keeping my eyes on her face, it dawned on me that she was enjoying the process. Her eyes got a sleepy look, then her body started to undulate. Then I felt her knees begin to tremble and happily, sensing that she was near to orgasm doubled my efforts. I was totally shocked then when something jetted into my mouth from the dildo!

"Oh my! Did Kate forget to mention how realistic this dildo is?" she cooed in a kindly manner from above me. "It shoots cum, just like a real dick. Just swallow it! And try to tell Kate that's it's *not* lovely and creamy. I *dare* you!"

I swallowed the stuff as directed, but did not take her up on her dare. I acted as non-committal as I dared, pretending that I was still evaluating the whole experience before passing (probably favorable) judgment – which seemed to disappoint her no end.

Accordingly, I had no wish to disappoint her any further and I acceded to her request that I model some of my new clothes for her – after I freshened my makeup. Naturally, this was okay by me, as my lipstick had been terribly mussed by interacting with her dildo. She stood over me as I worked on my face though, making constant 'suggestions' for ways by which I could improve my looks. I didn't agree with her, but I went along. I had to agree that I ended up with far more noticeable eyelids, cheeks, and lipstick than normal. I wasn't too keen on the iridescent eye shadow, but I had to admit that it was quite dramatic.

With her lolling on a sofa making very nice statements on how I looked and walked and what great taste I had in clothes, I would have normally felt quite flattered as I paced up and down the room. She'd also 'suggested' that a little more exposure to her dildo would help me become more used to it. So? After a while, I was modeling my pretty new clothes, sucking and licking her dildo (which had been cleaned after she removed it from her harness, then given to me), smiling as best as I could while I concentrated on modeling the clothes properly, making sure to place one foot directly in front of the other, much to Kate's appreciative compliments and wolf whistles.

I could tell by her facial expression that she was starting to get sexed up again, so I wasn't too surprised when she beckoned me over, took the dildo from my hand and re-set it into her harness. Standing coy and transfixed in front of her, I allowed myself to be picked up and carried back into the bedroom. This time, she had me lie in the '69' position

to allow my mouth easy access to the dildo. But this time, I was surprised when she fitted a condom around my erection. I wanted to ask her what it was for, but I could only produce a mumble, as my mouth was full. She read my mind though. "Pauline? I'm SO sure you'll enjoy yourself this time, I'm protecting your lovely dress in case you want to cum. Okay?"

I thought she was out of her mind but I nodded assent in time with my lips traveling up and down the shaft of the dildo. She laughed, then patted my head.

A few minutes later, I felt a hand come over my thighs, up under the skirts of my dress, and slowly pull my panties down, then leave. A few moments later, the hand was back and a lubricated finger was slowly, very slowly, probing at my anus. I tried to arch my back away, but a spank brought me back to reality. Soon I was lying there, undulating to the pleasant rhythm of the finger making tiny insertions in and out of my body. Then the hand was gone and something else was up there probing at me. Whatever it was was larger than the finger and made of some rounded smooth plastic. I tightened my rectal muscles to reject it but Kate just let it stay where it was. As soon as I relaxed, it would advance inside me another half-inch or so. Finally, I relaxed completely. "That's my girl!" Kate whispered. "Not so bad, huh?"

I found myself wiggling appreciatively, then I squealed as the thing started *vibrating* inside me! Then, gasping, I was moving my mouth up and down her shaft while, in perfect timing, the vibrator was moving in and out of me. It took a while but I started feeling a very strange sensation deep inside me – a pressure of sorts, then, to my amazement, I started to ejaculate into the condom just as the dildo ejaculated inside my mouth. My ejaculation was unlike anything I'd ever done before. Instead of a series of *pumps*, I simply lay there as if I was being drained – thoroughly drained, may I add. I swallowed the dildo cum without complaint.

I was exhausted and so was Kate. She cleaned herself off and left shortly after that. I was just trying to get enough energy to ready myself for bed when Eve came home. For the first time ever, I noticed that she seemed a little disheveled but as she looked very relaxed and happy I decided not to rock the boat.

"I like your new dress," she said. "But what's with the makeup? Frankly dear, it looks kinda slutty."

I blushed.

"That's okay dear but don't let a guy ever dictate how you make yourself up. Gives them big ideas. Now, how did your evening go? Did you help Kate out?"

I reddened even further and she laughed. "Stop acting so silly! You were just doing me and Kate a favor. Nothing to be ashamed about!"

Afterwards, sitting, cleaning our makeup off at the dressing table, she embarrassed me by asking what had happened during the evening. Despite what she'd said earlier, though, I was still embarrassed and she started to tease me.

The teasing ended abruptly in bed though. Her hand snaked down over my nightgown and rested on my flaccid penis. "Where's my little soldier tonight, Polly?" she said. "I thought I'd reward him for being such a good little boy."

"Thanks Eve. Guess he's just exhausted."

There was a pregnant pause. Then she reached over and turned the bedside lamp on and sat up in bed. "Look at me!" she ordered furiously. "LOOK at me!"

"What's the matter, Eve?" I said, frightened by the fierce expression on her face.

"You came? You *came* while you were giving her a blow job?"

"Well, not exactly Eve," I said. "She put that thing inside me and..."

She slapped me! Hard on the face! "You make yourself up like a slut! Then flirt with Kate until she shoves her dildo up your ass? You goddamn pansy! Get out of my bed! Go on. Piss off! Sleep by yourself, you damn sissy!" And she slapped me again. I started to cry and tried to explain, but she was madder than a hornet and started shoving and kicking me until I finally fell out of bed. She leaned over the bed and stared down on me. "One more word from you? Just one? I'll get out of this bed and spank you until your little pansy ass blisters. I promise!"

Crying still, I left and went to my own bedroom and slid under the covers. I fell asleep.

It was still dark when I felt Eve slip in beside me and pull me into her arms. "Pauline? I'm sorry for what I said. Just tell me that you love Kate and I'll understand. She's so strong I can understand how she'd appeal to you. Just tell me, and I'll forgive you."

I started to cry again. "I like Kate, Eve, but I didn't let her put that dildo up my backside, it was..."

"But you said that she put her thing up you! What did you mean?"

"Her vibrator," I said quietly.

There was a pause. "Aw, Pauline! I'm sorry for hitting you. But did you enjoy it? Is that what made you cum?" She giggled. "I'm sorry. But why the heavy makeup?"

I explained, and then she made me go through everything that had happened in detail between me and Kate, kissing me as I lay in her arms, docile, soft, and feminine. Then she explained how she didn't mind me being a girl or even a guy. But the thought that I'd been nothing but a sissy leading her on had made her furious. It was all very confusing, but I dropped off to sleep in her arms.

The following morning, she told me that Jane and Tina had been disappointed in not having had more time to spend with me that morning – I'd looked SO cute! Seemingly, Melanie and Nancy had been put out because I hadn't even taken the time to go and visit them. Then Eve explained that they'd all been very excited to discover that I wanted to be a girl enough that I'd go and buy dresses and stuff. I sighed. Obviously Eve hadn't even *tried* to explain the real reason for my trip. But then she said that she'd thought it over. I needed some more practice at being Pauline, so she had decided we'd all have a girl's night in.

"Don't you mean a girls night *out*?" I asked nervously.

"No. Just wait and see. We'll have such *FUN!*" she said. "We just do all sorts of girly things – just like the slumber parties we used to have when we were little girls, a sort of adult sleepover. Tell stories, play with makeup, watch chick flicks, that sort of thing. Just girls."

"But what'll I do that night?" I asked innocently.

"Let Pauline out to play? What do *you* think?" she asked with a peculiar expression.

I knew that this was perhaps, the final test and, naturally, was in a dilemma. If I refused to attend the party, our relationship was probably at an end. If I acted too much like a sissy, ditto. But could I act the part of a girl? A proper, real, girl? Maybe some shyness would be okay; after all, it would be the first time in front of her friends. For the next few days, I practiced my mannerisms as well as I could, ruthlessly eliminating any swishy behavior and watching movies on the TV assiduously as I did my housework, studying feminine gestures and suchlike.

The big night was set for the Saturday night as Saks had late opening hours on Sundays. Over the next few days, Eve brought bags of stuff into the apartment but made me promise not to peek, so I didn't. Late Saturday afternoon, Eve had me wear one of my new dresses. It was fairly full-skirted, had a scoop neckline with a shirred bodice in navy blue silk. Then she grinned as she handed me a half apron in white lace and a shirred muslin mobcap. "Here!" she said. "This'll be something nice for you to greet our guests in!"

"Oh Eve! You don't want me to be the maid for the night, do you?" I asked, disappointed.

"Don't be silly!" she replied. "Just for a little while. Pour drinks, help them unpack and get settled. Once that's over, I'll let you take your apron and cap off. Promise!"

The girls arrived all at the same time, shrieking in wonder as I let them in. Just for a joke, I curtsied to them and they all thought this was hilarious and hugged and kissed me a lot, just as they did with Eve. Jane and Nancy were to sleep with Eve, while Tina and Melanie were to bunk with me. I was embarrassed as the two of them proceeded to undress in front of me, down to their panties and bras, and then slid their nightgowns and robes over them, then their slippers. I picked up their clothes. I hung some up, and other things I threw in the laundry bag. As I went to pour them a drink, the doorbell rang. It was Kate.

She looked at me, surprised by my maid outfit, but then the reason hit her. "Shit, Pauline! I didn't mean to disturb you girls! I forgot you were having your hen party tonight."

"It's okay, sis!" Eve said, coming to stand behind me. "Come on in and meet the others."

"Okay. But I'll get out of your hair quickly," Kate promised. "Don't want to spoil your fun."

She didn't spend a long time with us. She refused a drink, but I found her looking at me strangely, although she gave me a kiss and told me how pretty I was before she left. She did that in front of the girls and I felt a momentary pang but no one seemed to notice anything and I relaxed again.

Then I went and changed into a nightgown and robe and joined the others. They all were very nice when I came back. I was shy for a little while but they included me in their midst and hugged me (and each other) a lot. They soon made me feel just like one of them. Eve had emptied one of the paper bags she'd been so secretive about. It turned out to contain boxes and boxes of CHOCOLATES! As I was trying not to stand out from the others, I

was squealing and complaining about my diet but oohing and aahing with delight as I daintily took one sample after another. Naturally, I washed them down with sips of wine.

Then each of them pulled out little photo albums and, giggling, they pored over snapshots taken at previous parties. Naturally, it wasn't long before they noticed that I didn't have one and determined that they would start one immediately. They proceeded to use Eve's digital camera to take a series of shots of me huddled with the other girls, kissing and hugging – and mugging – for the camera. This continued through the next step where we all went through our makeup removal process, cleaning and toning our faces. But we didn't moisturize. Instead, Tina, Melanie, joined me in my bathroom while the others joined Eve in hers.

The door was closed and hot water was run into the sink. Because I'd never done this before, I was the first to drape a towel over my face and hood it over the sink and let the steam work on my face. Then as Melanie did the same, Tina exfoliated my face, then had me apply the moisturizer cream then, just in time to let me work on Melanie.

There wasn't much giggling now and it dawned on me that anything having to do with makeup or skin cleansing was serious business to these girls. Nevertheless, the bathroom wasn't that big and three girls in floating diaphanous gowns filled the area in a most erotic way, soft bodies outfitted in feminine fabrics constantly rubbing against each other. I found it to be erotic, to say the least. When we left the bathroom and joined the others, our faces were glowing and I linked arms with my friends and joined the other three in the living room.



There, after some more wine and chocolates, we all sat on the carpet and paired up and applied an Earth masque to our partners. Melanie was my partner in this effort and it was quite funny. She was a natural brunette, I think, but had recently dyed her hair blonde so that once we had applied the masque to each other, Nancy noticed that, as we were wearing almost identical negligees, it was practically impossible to tell us apart. Quite a few photographs that were taken while we waited for the masques to work prove the validity of this remark.

I was quite elated, as it appeared that I'd been totally assimilated into the group. I saw Eve smiling approvingly a few times as I'd do something, and I was more and more confident in my role playing as time passed. I almost made a mistake when she produced some magazines and the others all started drooling over some of the stud male bodies while I stayed quiet for a while. After a few moments, I felt that the others were looking at me kinda strange, so I started agreeing that one guy had a cute butt or great abs or looked really cute, and I felt myself being drawn back into the fold again.

But then Nancy said, "You're awfully quiet, Pauline" when the subject was the best boy we'd ever kissed. I blushed when I admitted that I'd never kissed one. I blushed even more when Tina said, "Aw, come OFF it, Pauline! Weren't you staying with a guy before you met Eve?"

"Yes. But..."

"Pauline!" a few of them chorused. "You lived with a guy and never kissed him?"

"But I'm a guy myself!" I protested, then I felt bad as a chilly silence filled the air. It was as if they now thought that I'd wormed my way into their happy little get-together like a worm does to an apple.

"But you were just talking about what a studly body that guy had in the magazine!" Tina said accusingly. "I *heard* you!"

"Me too!" Nancy spoke up, as the others nodded.

"You turned gay?" Melanie asked.

"No girls. Honestly!" I pleaded. "I'm just learning how to...how to..."

"He's trying to let his female persona find her way out. Isn't that right, Pauline?" Eve explained, defending me.

"I'm finding that very hard to believe!" Jane snorted before I could answer.

"He is! He IS! Just recently he had Kate down here for dinner!" Eve said indignantly. "Acted almost like a girl friend to her!"

"What're you talking about?" Jane argued. "Kate's more guy than anything else!"

Eve looked at me and shrugged almost as she had been defeated "Okay, Pauline." But then she pressed on to make her point. "Did you wear makeup?"

"He always wears makeup!" Jane snorted.

Eve nodded but continued. "How were you dressed?" she asked me.

"That floral print dress," I replied shyly.

"A dress? You wore nice undies too?"

I blushed. "Those black satiny ones."

"Did you and Kate neck?"

I nodded slowly. She paused, and then made her final point.

"Give her a blow job?"

She had made me out to be nothing more nor less than a girl getting all prepped up for a date. Not only that? I WASN'T getting in any trouble! I stared at her, then slowly nodded.

"You gave Kate a blow job? With her wearing a dildo?" Nancy giggled. "Can't be much fun, sucking on some plastic thing like that! Can't come or anything."

"But it DID!" I said vehemently, not being able to help myself. "Came right in my mouth!"

The women mostly looked shocked, but they gathered about me, demanding all the details. Suddenly I was back in their good graces and I became one of them implicitly as I described the events of that evening with Kate. There I sat amongst my girl friends, all of us pretty and creamed, and I described in giggling detail how I'd given my *boyfriend* a blowjob. With their arms around my shoulders, I suddenly noted Eve's expression. There was a look to it, as if she'd finally accomplished something. I didn't pay much attention to that; I was actually enjoying myself.

Eager not to lose this feeling of friendship I eagerly accepted Nancy's offer to have a stab at doing my hair (She was considered the expert amongst the group in that regard). Some time later, I was the only one wearing rollers, but the other girls assured me that I'd look great the following day when she brushed it out before she left in the morning. I have to admit feeling sexy when Melanie and Tina joined me in a big bed. There was nothing made of this; I was just one of the girls to them. In the morning, after Nancy brushed my hair out, everyone complimented me on how nice I looked. Tina commented just how much I was starting to resemble Eve.

"Oh, don't be silly!" I said. "Eve's beautiful!"

"Maybe so," Tina countered. "But with that new hairstyle Nancy's given you, and the way she's darkened your hair? You could be sisters!"

At that point, Nancy called Eve over. She made us both pose together in the mirror. I started to see what Tina was getting at. I was nowhere near as beautiful as Eve of course but there was a striking resemblance. Nervously, I looked at what appeared to be two girls in the mirror and had to start admitting to myself that I was turning into a rather good-looking woman. Finally, everyone left.

That afternoon, Kate told me, "I've got an advertising client coming over. Think you can make dinner for us?"

Naturally, I said yes.

"I want you to act as my host, but wear a pretty dress. Will that be all right?" She asked this, giving me a hug and a kiss.

Naturally, I was flattered; I mean I knew I'd given her a blowjob as it were and there seemed to be a nuance that I was her girlfriend, for goodness sake. What could I say but

'yes'? I set a lovely table for four early in the afternoon, then went and changed. I picked a soft yellow cocktail dress. It just seemed silly to make any part of me masculine – and Kate wanted to make a good impression. She certainly didn't want me dowdy! When I got back to her apartment, she looked great in a new pantsuit. She gave me a nice kiss and patted my ass nicely, although I did squeal a little at the possibility of her spoiling my makeup.

Later, I opened the door when the bell rang and got a terrible shock. It was George, with a sparkling-eyed Eve on his arm! Not only that but she was wearing an identical yellow dress to mine! I immediately knew the agony that women go through when they see another girl in the same outfit. Shocked out of my mind, I allowed her to introduce me to him after she kissed me hello. I could only mumble a little and be somewhat shocked at how rough his hand felt compared to my dainty little hand. He didn't recognize me! With a slight smile, she allowed me to take her stole and handbag, then linked arms. We followed George in as he greeted Kate. It wasn't long before we were all sitting around with drinks, me embraced by Kate's one arm, and Eve embraced by George. I was embarrassed by the way he was treating her, but sitting there in my dress and makeup couldn't very well lay claim to her as being MY girlfriend, now could I? Especially since Kate was treating me in identical fashion!

I think he was a little embarrassed at first by seeing what he thought were two women (me and Kate) embracing and kissing occasionally but he soon got used to it, kissing Eve with a great deal of enjoyment. To my dismay, she seemed to be getting a great deal of enjoyment from him too, her cheeks getting flushed and her often saying how she just LOVED having a good man around! She actually seemed to be using her hand to stroke the front of his pants! She looked at him invitingly, as if she wanted to be his woman!

Over dinner, things cooled down a little, although the drink seemed to be getting to Kate as she didn't make a great deal of trying to hide her hand finding my way up my skirts. Okay, I did find it exciting but my heart was in my mouth at the thought of him finding out about me. I mean think of the shame and the humiliation! I wanted to stay away from that experience as much as possible. Then I had to go to the bathroom and nothing would please Eve more than joining me! She was giggling while she linked arms with me on the way to the bathroom. And there we were, two pretty girls, fixing our makeup together, looking more like sisters than I could believe.

"I must say, Pauline, your taste in guys wasn't so bad after all!" she shocked me, as she touched up her blush.

"You didn't like him at first! You thought him kinda ignorant the last time we three met," I said jealously.

"Oh that? The last few times we've been together? He showed me that he really knows how to treat a girl!" she laughed, pouting her lips and touching them up a little. Then, "Pout your lips for me darling. Let me do yours a little!"

"But...but..." I protested.

"Would you be QUIET!" she almost thundered. "I want your lips the same color as mine!" She brought her lipstick close to my lips.

"You've...you've...met him more than once?" I managed once she'd finished with me, my lips now pouted and scarlet.

"Of course!" she said satisfactorily. "I could tell almost immediately. Women need to be treated correctly!" Her eyes grew dreamy. "And he knows how to do it." Then she looked at me scornfully. "Well? You've been so busy with Kate! Like her *girl!* What am I supposed to do, go to a nunnery?" she asked me, her eyes getting a disinterested look.

Then, before I could reply, she had left and I had to trail behind her as we went to join the guys. They had moved from the dining room to sofas in the living room. To my dismay, Eve went and made every indication of enjoyment of sitting on George's lap. I saw Kate with a commanding expression on her face. I knew I couldn't make her look bad, so I settled down on her lap as well. As I did, George sounded the death knell of my masculinity.

"You know Eve?" he asked her. "I thought that old roomie of mine, Paul, moved in with you and became your boy friend?"

She kissed him and rubbed him shamelessly. "Well? He moved in with me all right. But *boy* friend?" She tinkled a laugh. "At first, I *thought* he was a guy. I even got myself ready for him. But you know what?"

"Huh?" George said stupidly. "Got ready for him?"

"Yeah, but he didn't have a condom ready! So I thought there must be something girlish about him. She gave him a saccharine look. "You trying to tell me that you *didn't* know?"

"Girlish? Well, he didn't seem to attract girls too much," George said, but defensively.

"I must admit I'm shocked at your lack of sensitivity," Eve said. "I guess that's just a man thing. But we found out pretty quickly that he did attract mannish girls! Not only that but he had a definite tendency to look like me – and my sister likes her men dainty and feminine – especially like ME. I figured that, as she was mannish, I could maybe get him to look almost like me."

"Mannish girls?" George asked puzzled.

"You didn't recognize Paul – we call him Pauline now – sitting on Kate's lap?" Eve laughed, using a surprised tone.

"Pauline?" George said, looking at me closely now. "Oh God, Paul!" Then he paused. "What have you done? I thought you were a *girl!*"

"Made himself happy, that's what!" Kate said, taking me off her lap. "Pauline looks just like a girl, doesn't she? Now to get her to act properly, why don't you kiss and rub me like Eve is doing, George?"

"Aw, Kate?" I said wistfully.

"PAULINE!" And despite George's look of surprise, I felt I'd better give Kate a nice kiss and run my hand over her front.

Somehow, we had all moved to the one couch, almost side-by-side. There was a mirror opposite and Eve and I now made a pretty picture, sitting on our boyfriends' laps in our yellow dresses and identical lipsticks, kissing the guys romantically and toying with them sexually. This went on for a while with everyone getting more than a little sexed-up. Then

we all stopped for a little while as Kate handed me her dildo from somewhere. "C'mon, Pauline. Be a good little girl now. Get this on me!"

And with Eve and George both looking on, I had to pull Kate's pants off, then her panties, and put her dildo on her, just as Eve pulled George's pants down and released his penis. "All together now, girls! C'mon, Pauline!"

Eve laughed and gave me a semi-serious pull; we were now both on our knees. I shot a look at George who was looking at me with some pity, but arranging his dick in readiness for Eve's mouth, his eyes a little glazed. And then Kate was pulling me onto hers. There was nothing now but two girls, their blonde heads moving up and down simultaneously as their boyfriends lolled back, taking full enjoyment of the moment as we serviced them. Kate timed her ejaculation to suit George's, so that she shot into my mouth at the same moment.

I wasn't going to make any sound, but a nip from Eve made me cry out in pretended enjoyment so that the two of us yelled out in sync.

I thought the charade was over, then I heard Kate's voice. "Think you could go again, George?"

"Think so."

And Eve and I, side by side, were eased over onto our faces, our dresses intermingling, our skirts pulled up and our panties down. I heard Eve give a cry of enjoyment as George penetrated her.

"I'll show them that I'm a MALE!" I thought, so I didn't make any noise as the dildo entered me at the back, Kate's hands around my tummy, pulling me in! But regardless, I found that Eve and I were undulating together, just as girls were supposed to!

"See Pauline? Just like sisters!" Eve said as we moved forward and back in time with Kate and George gasping behind us. All of a sudden, I saw what she was getting at. My quietness meant nothing. I looked at our similarities and I had to agree.

The end