



*Reluctant Press* presents:

# Metamorphosis

Lynn Brown



ILLUSTRATIONS BY ALEXANDERSSON

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A 'HER TV' E-BOOK

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# Metamorphosis

**By Lynn Brown**

Sitting at my vanity looking in the mirror as I adjust a pair of long pendant rhinestone earrings to each lobe from under a long cascading curl from my auburn brown upswept hair, I feel very feminine and beautiful. I had just returned from spending the entire afternoon at the beauty salon having a pedicure and manicure. My long red fingernails glistened as I adjusted the clip-on earrings to my lobes. In addition, I had been given a facial with makeup and had my hair set for this special occasion, our first wedding anniversary. I wanted to look my best for tonight.

Before attaching the long feminine earrings, I had changed into a pair of high-cut black lace nylon panties. My small perk breasts were resting in the 36-B bra section of the long line black satin "Merry Widow," showing ample cleavage. The black satin-covered bone-enhanced foundation garment gave me a strikingly narrow waistline. Hanging from the bottom of this wonderful creation were four long black garters to which I had attached a pair of fine, thin black silk stockings encasing my long slender and smooth legs, an asset which I was most proud. Over sheer nylons, I had completed my dressing by putting on an additional pair of black lace nylon panties.

I felt extremely feminine, sexy and alluring as I saw my reflection in the vanity mirror. I had been pampered today as a lady should be at the beauty parlor. It was nice to be able to take my time dressing without having to worry about makeup and styling my hair. I could take my time dressing.

Putting on the black crinoline, then the "off the shoulder" black V-neck silk cocktail dress, I proceeded to liberally spray myself with the "White Diamond" perfume, a birthday present. After slipping into the three-inch black patent pumps, I was ready to celebrate our first anniversary by dining at the most exclusive restaurant in Memphis. My

long, black elbow-length opera gloves and a black beaded clutch purse were lying on the bed.

My thoughts were interrupted about six-thirty as my wife, Janet, came into our bedroom. "Sorry to be late. I had to resolve a situation at the office and it took longer than I expected. I called to change our dinner reservation to eight-thirty. My, but you look absolutely fantastic tonight. Try to relax while I take a shower and get ready for our special night," she offered after giving me a quick kiss on the cheek. "I do not want to spoil your makeup," she added.

As Janet went into the bathroom, I decided to pour myself a glass of wine and relax. Seating myself at the edge of our lounge chair, as any proper lady would, I started reflecting back upon my past life.

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It was a little more than three years ago that I moved to Memphis and started living with my older sister, Betty. I had dropped out of high school when I was eighteen. Neither I nor the teachers were sad to see me leave. I had been in constant trouble for my entire Junior year and Senior year until I turned eighteen. I was constantly harassing the teachers. I did not study nor was I interested in school.

Reaching eighteen, I became a drop out. Living at home with my elderly parents, I found a job which gave me some money which I quickly spent either on girls or beer. The girls I hung out with were also dropouts. Soon, with all the partying, I was unable to keep a job. I could have cared less as work kept interfering with my social life. Soon I was sleeping until noon, lounging around the house until after dinner before partying the balance of the day. My money ran out, and I stole some from my Mother's savings. When she caught me, I told her she had an obligation to clothe and feed me as well as see that I had spending money. While Mom did not agree with me, nothing changed, so I expected her to comply.

Finally, Mom had enough and told me to leave the house. I had friends so it was not a big deal. I moved in with a small commune and continued partying. However, several members of the group said that I should help pay the bills and insisted that I find a job. On the second day of working, I quit. To get some cash for food, I decided to rob a small neighborhood cleaner. Of course I got caught.

Since it was my first offense, the court let me off with a fine and released me into my sister's custody. Mom had called her and asked her to please see what she could do to straighten me out. Therefore, I was put in Betty's custody and moved to Memphis. My sister shared a two-bedroom apartment with another girl. Betty was twenty-four and her roommate, Alice, was about twenty-five. I moved into the second bedroom. At the time, it never occurred to me that Alice had been sharing the bed with Betty.

Now settled in Memphis, after I had unpacked my belongings and put my clothes away, I was awaiting dinner. Betty had me set the table while she and Alice cooked. After dinner, I was surprised when Betty told me I was to wash the dishes and clean up the kitchen. I did as she asked but not a very thorough job. Saturday, I slept late; I was back

into my old routine. That night while Betty and Alice went out, I watched television while drinking a six-pack. Betty found me asleep on the sofa. She was able to drag me to bed and I lay on top of the covers the rest of the night. In the morning, I was told to find a job or I would be returned to Jackson, TN, where I would go to jail for two years. I agreed to look for work.

And work I did, moving from job to job, always finding some excuse to quit before being fired. In between jobs, I would lay around the apartment, go to the pool and basically do nothing. My room was a mess and my clothes were never clean until Betty insisted that I wash them. Finally Betty talked with me.

“Charlie, you have to change your attitude or I will change it for you. Your room is a mess as are your personal habits. You cannot keep a job so I have found one for you at the Steak and Ale Restaurant. You start tonight. I will take you and introduce you to my friend, the manager.

“In addition, your room is a pig sty. You are to make your bed each morning, dust and vacuum your room and the entire apartment twice a week. You will pay me \$75 per week for room and board as your share of the household duties and expenses. Also, you will wash your clothes once a week.”

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I started to complain when Betty stated, “If you do not cooperate, I will send you to jail!”

Betty drove me to the restaurant and introduced me to Phyllis, the manager. She and Phyllis had been close friends for several years. Phyllis had me fill out the forms, then she gave me an apron, explaining that I was to be the busboy. She took me into the restaurant to show me what was expected while explaining that the waitress would share some of the tips but I would be working for minimum wage while the wait staff worked for \$2.25/hour plus tips.

By the time Betty picked me up at ten-thirty, I was tired. The place was extremely busy Saturday night. My share of the tips was five dollars and I worked hard, keeping the tables cleared and clean.

After several weeks, I decided not to show up for work; I went out drinking. Returning to the apartment, Betty was furious as Phyllis had called checking to see if I were sick. Betty laid into me that evening.

I tried to defend myself, telling her, “It's not fair. I work as hard as the waitresses but I don't share their tips. I would like to be a waiter. I think I could serve the customers well and bring home more money.”

Betty grilled me regarding my statement for more than thirty minutes. Finally she said, “If you think you want to wait tables, I can arrange that for you. Go take a shower and get rid of that awful beer and cigarette odor from your body. I will call Phyllis and see if you can still have a job.”

As I finished showering and was drying off, Betty knocked on the door. "Are you sure that you would be content to wait tables at Steak and Ale?" I replied in the affirmative. "Dry off and come out to the den. Leave your towel on!" she commanded. I had never heard Betty be so determined and bossy.

"I have discussed the situation with Phyllis and she is willing to give you another chance. However, there is one slight problem which I told her we could overcome if you are sincere in wanting a good job. Are you willing to do as I instruct and learn what you need to be able to wait tables?" she asked.

Still a little drunk and not in complete control of my senses, I replied, "Whatever it takes, Sis, I will do. You have my word on that."

"Good. Even though you have many faults, I do know that your word is your bond. Now the problem is that the wait staff at Steak and Ale is all female. In order for you to fit in, you will have to wear the waitress uniform. While you may think this is a joke, I am very serious. Not only will you have to wear the short plaid skirt, but for all purposes, your gender will have to be changed."

"No way am I going to have an operation!" I said while my head was still spinning. "The deal is off."

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"I didn't say you had to have a sex change, just become female in thought and dress. I think you are man enough to handle this small detail," she said with a grin on her face. "Just wear a dress and act feminine. Are you going to stand by your word?" she asked. "If you don't straighten up and take this job, the only alternative is jail. I am tired of your sloppy ways, which starting today *will* change. If you had a job and made decent money, then maybe you would become a better person."

*What the hell*, I thought, *anything is better than being a busboy*. "How am I going to be able to pass as a female while working with other girls and customers?" I asked in a clearer tone.

"Leave that up to me. We will begin this coming week. For starters, you need to shave your arms, legs and the small amount of hair from your chest. Go to the bathroom and shave. Also, be sure to shave under your arms. See me when you finish."

In less than thirty minutes, I returned to the den. Betty had a yellow nightgown which she handed me. "Put this over your head while keeping the towel on. After you have slipped into the nightie, put on this pair of opaque panties. You might as well get used to the feel now. Tomorrow, Alice will join us for a brief shopping trip. Now go to bed."

As I went into my room, looking into the mirror on the door, I saw that the long flowing lace encased a nylon nightgown. It felt exciting as the smooth nylon rubbed against my hairless legs. As my arms brushed the sides of the long gown, goosebumps formed on my arms. Slipping between the sheets, I fell fast asleep.

It was late morning when I awoke to find a note from Betty. "Dear Sister, I let you sleep late today. There is a change of plans. After your shower, I want you to pick up the apart-

ment and clean it thoroughly as Alice is planning a small party tonight. See you at six. Love, Betty."

It was strange to be sitting in the long silky gown, having my coffee and breakfast before taking a shower. I enjoyed the nightgown and did not want to give it up. However, I did take it off, putting it in with my dirty clothes. Something told me to clean the apartment better than I had previously. Betty was pleased when she returned from work. After a light dinner, I helped clean the kitchen and set out beverages for the party guests.

At seven-thirty, the bell rang and a group of ten women entered the apartment. Several of the girls were extremely attractive, while some were more than slightly masculine in both dress and mannerisms. Betty introduced me to the group as her brother who had stopped by to spend a week visiting. During the party I noticed a very attractive brunette whose name was Janet. She had dark-brown eyes that sparkled. She had a wonderful smile where her cherry red lips framed her pearly white teeth. She was approximately 120 pounds and stood 5feet 8inches, while I was 145 pounds and stood 5feet 6 inches. I was strongly attractive to her.

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During the party, I tried several times to talk with Janet in private, but she smiled and continued to mingle with the rest of the women. After the party, while I was helping Betty and Alice cleanups from the night's events, I asked Betty, "Is there something wrong with me? I tried to get to know Janet, but she politely brushed me off. I wanted to ask her out."

Alice started laughing and was joined by Betty. I wanted to know what was so funny.

Betty answered my thoughts. "Dear Brother, I thought, with all your running around, you would be more worldly. In case you have not been aware, Alice and I are lovers. All my friends, including Janet, are gay! They are not interested in you as a man. However, starting tomorrow evening, Alice and I are hoping to change that. We will be training you in the feminine ways so you can work at the restaurant. Which reminds me, I talked with Phyllis today. She is expecting you to work a week from this Saturday, so tomorrow evening we are starting your training. I plan to take several days of vacation this week. Alice will take some time off to assist with your becoming a waitress. Maybe later, with perfect training, Janet might become attracted to you." Both Betty and Alice had a good laugh as my face turned pink.

As I headed to the bedroom, Betty called out, "Charlie, wait just a moment. I want you to start wearing nighties from now on. I saw that you put the yellow gown in with the dirty clothes." She returned from her room carrying a long pink nylon gown with spaghetti straps. The gown was embellished with red roses and pink lace. As she handed me the gown, I again started blushing but said nothing.

Betty woke me up, telling me that she had prepared breakfast. "So just come to the table in the nightie you are wearing. You can change later. Let's move. We have a lot to do today." I was embarrassed showing both Betty and Alice the gown I had worn as they noticed a bulge under the full skirt. I sat at the table as quickly as I could. Alice pointed out, "Sweetie, you need to learn to brush your skirt under you before seating yourself. This is

very important and your first lesson in becoming a girl." Again, both the girls had a great laugh over my situation.

After breakfast, Betty told me to take a shower and again shave under my arms but NOT my legs. While I was soaking in the shower, Betty had entered and set down a pile of clothes saying, "I've laid out some powder and a puff. Put the powder into the puff, then dust your body, particularly around your manhood. Then put on the pair of panties, followed by the brief. If you have trouble with the brief, call me."

Doing as she instructed, I donned the panties and struggled to pull up the small but binding brief. Once the satin front was in place, my stomach looked smaller and my buttocks were squeezed into this tight foundation garment. Betty was waiting outside the door as I started to my room.

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"Yes, this will do for the moment. You will have to wear the brief to hide your manhood. Now come into my room so we can finish getting you dressed. Put on this pair of panties over your brief. Two pairs of panties and the brief should help you hide any potential problems today and make you extremely aware of the soft feel around your pretty butt," she told me while handing me a white nylon panty with three rolls of lace at the legs and an inch-wide lace border around the elastic top of the panties. A matching brassiere followed this.

She had me hold out my arms as she slipped the shoulder strays in place, then reached behind me to close the eyelets. From her dresser she brought out a pair of realistic false. "I wondered why I kept these after High School when I developed. Something told me I might have need for these at a later date," she teased.

Bringing out a pair of beige pantyhose, she rolled them down to each toe while explaining how to put them on and work them up into place. Then Betty smoothed each leg.

"Since I do not have a dress or skirt that would fit you, put on your sport shirt and slacks as well as your shoes."

Doing as told, knowing it would not be wise to argue with Betty, I finished dressing. I went out to the den to await Betty who was getting herself dressed. She came out after a few minutes

with her purse and keys. "We are going shopping for your new wardrobe. I know this will be embarrassing for you but you will soon become accustomed to shop." I reluctantly followed Betty to the car.

After a short trip, we arrived at the Oak Court Mall with our first stop being Macy's. I followed behind Betty hoping that no one would notice the bulge under my shirt. I had put on the largest and fullest shirt possible to hide the protruding objects held in place by the brassiere. Finally we came to the Misses' Department. A young clerk came over to Betty as she was looking in the size 12 and 14 sections.

"Miss, might I assist you? I believe that you wear a size 10 and those racks are on the other side of the aisle," the clerk offered.

“Yes, you may help me, dear,” replied Betty while trying to hold in her laughter. “This is my dear brother, who has decided that he wants to wear women’s clothing. Of course, I have no idea as to his correct size. What do you suggest?”

The clerk took a long look at me, turning her face to cover her laughter. “I believe you are in the correct section. I would say he needs to start with a fourteen. Here is something that would look lovely on him,” she told Betty while holding up a pink silk print dress, scoop neck and a full skirt. “Also, here is a nice blue cotton Dacron with white sailor piping and side zipper. We can start with these. Please follow me to the dressing area,” she said, handing me both dresses.

Once inside the stall, Betty told me to remove my shoes, pants and shirt. I did as told, knowing Betty could make a terrible scene if she wanted. I was thinking to myself, “Why did I ever agree to do this. I must have been drinking too much not to notice that there were only waitresses at the restaurant. Charlie, get a hold of yourself, you know that you agreed and gave your word to your sister. Maybe after a bit, she will negate the agreement.”

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“Hurry up, Charlie. Stop stalling! You know what will happen if you do not go through with our arrangement. I have every intention of letting you become feminine as you begged me. Remember, this is being done at *your* request,” Betty exclaimed in a loud voice so all in the dressing area could hear. About that time, she opened the door. I was humiliated, standing in the middle of the small room with the door open so anyone around could see me dressed in the white lace-trimmed panties which I was wearing on the outside of everything at Betty’s insistence, hose, along with a bra filled out with a pair of falsies.



“My, but your brother looks absolutely darling in his undies. He has *such* good taste in lingerie,” the sales clerk said. “Now let’s get you into one these pretty dresses. Would you like to try on the pink first? Surely the color will be just right for you.”

Betty and the sales clerk came into the cubical leaving the door open, allowing several ladies to see me putting on a dress. Slipping the pink silk dress over my head, the clerk zipped up the back, explaining, “This *does* look darling on him, however, I believe the dress needs to be a size 12 instead of fourteen. Have him change into the sailor dress while I exchange it for the correct size.” Betty helped me into the Dacron dress which turned out to be a correct fit. Soon I was back into the pink silk dress and being led to the three-way mirror, where the clerk checked the hem. It was slightly long but Betty said it would be just fine once I was wearing a pair of heels.

Rather than allowing me to change, Betty had me follow the clerk into the department so I could choose a skirt blouse and sweater outfit. Everyone in the store watched as a young man with medium-length hair was parading around the store wearing a dress and lingerie and looking at sweaters, blouses and skirts.

Betty supervised my selections, making sure I had at least four skirts, three sweaters and four blouses to try on. Once again, the door was left open while a small group of ladies and several clerks watched as I tried on every outfit.

Betty kept asking me questions as to my thoughts on each outfit, asking where I was planning to wear them while insisting I consider which accessories I would require with each outfit. The less I talked, the more questions Betty would ask until we made a final choice of two skirts, one sweater, and three blouses. We were buying so many clothes, I asked Betty, “Do I really need all these clothes? I do not want you to pay so much!”

“Dear sweet little brother, do not worry. I am glad to help you become a fashionable young lady. This is a pleasure to help you fulfill your dreams and desires,” she loudly expounded so all in the area could hear. Then she whispered to me, “You will repay me each week from your wages and tips. We will work out a plan later.”

Betty paid for the clothing as I changed into my shirt and pants. Again as I came out from the dressing room, women were waiting to see me exit and pick up my purchases. A middle-aged woman, showing compassion, said, “You will make a sweet girl with the proper hair and makeup. My son, who has two children, is a crossdresser. I hope you will be happy too.”

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Betty and I went to the car with my purchases. I thought we were finished shopping but Betty said, “That was a lot of fun, but the best is yet to come. Let’s return to the mall for additional items for your new role. I remember how you use to tease me when I was in high school and the dirty little tricks you played on me. It looks as though today I am getting all my payback in one day. Come on, we have a lot of shopping left to do!”

It did not dawn on me that I could be more embarrassed or humiliated until we entered the small store with the awful name, “My Pretty Undies.” Thinking that I would be

required only to choose some lingerie, since Betty knew the sizes I was wearing, it might not be such a major disaster. I should have known better.

A middle-aged woman, the store owner, approached us. "Good afternoon, how may I be of assistance?"

Looking at me, Betty asked, "Charlie do you wish to tell this nice lady what you wish to buy or would you like me to handle all the details while you choose some lovely undies for yourself?"

Betty knew that she had me at her mercy as I replied, "I will let you handle our shopping if you would."

"My young brother has decided that he wants to wear women's clothing and find work as a woman. We would appreciate your help by making sure that he has the right sizes. I lent him some of my things for today, but he needs to purchase his own undies. Would you be kind enough to assist him?"

"It would be my pleasure. Tell me, has he wanted to wear ladies' undies in the past?"

"I did not know until the other night when he snuck a nightie from my closet. He did the same again the next night. When I discovered what he had done, we had a long talk and I told him that I would assist him in becoming a proper girl in both dress and decorum."

Immediately, I started to defend myself. Betty certainly had stretched the truth but she countered, "Charlie, go with this lady to the dressing room and strip down to your underwear."

Following the lady, I went to the rear of the store and into a cubicle. Betty followed and told me to remove my shoes, pants and shirt. Again I stood in the undies, awaiting the lady, who returned with a measuring tape.

"He does have a cute figure. Let me suggest that he obtain a waist cincher to add a few curves in the right places. Please raise your arms while I measure your bust line." I did as told. She took the tape. "Chest 36, waist 30 and hips, 34." Turning to Betty she asked, "What cup size do you wish him to have?"

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"Charlie, do you wish to be a small, medium or large busted girl? I know that you like to look at large busted women in magazines. Keep in mind that the larger the bust, the more weight you have to carry and support. While I think he would prefer "D" cups, perhaps at 18, he needs only a "B". He will be a lot happier with that. In fact, the falsies he is wearing are for a "B" cup brassiere," Betty told the shop owner.

"In that case, we will go with 36 B, size five or six in panties, a size small cinch, and a medium size nightie. I will bring back a set of undies for him, to make sure we have the proper fit. Just stay here a moment, dear." Betty and the owner left me standing in the dressing room while they made a selection. Returning shortly, Betty handed me a bra, panties and cinch.

I removed the outside panties, pantyhose and bra. Of course I had trouble removing the bra hooks in the back. Both ladies had grins on their faces while my face became redder. Betty had chosen a very lacy and most feminine white satin bra with matching panties. Small threaded flowers and lace ran through the bra and panties. Like the panties I had just removed, these had three rows of lace about the legs and two rows of white lace and satin ribbon around the waistline. The clerk helped me into the bra, fastening the hooks, then adjusting the shoulder straps once my falsies were back in place. Next came the cinch which had been reinforcing stiff ribbing, and a stretching material of white cotton, decorated with white lace flowers. I took a deep breath as told, then the cinch was closed in front with about a dozen hooks, enveloping my waist which was reduced almost two inches. The size five panties fit perfectly, giving me a smooth rounded bottom as well as a smooth front, even though I could feel my manhood straining under the brief I was wearing.

“My brother will wear these under his male outer wear while he chooses the rest of his lovely unmentionables,” Betty told the owner. She had me dress and join them in the store.

Betty, enjoying herself at my expense, kept asking me questions while describing the undies she was holding in front of me. “Shall we get high-cuts, regular fit or bikini panties? Of course you need matching bras. What colors do you prefer? Every girl needs a black panty and bra for her sexy dates. Surely you will be going out somewhere special such as to a party or dinner and dancing.”

Once I had decided on ten panties, four pairs of white, one black, and the rest in bright pastel colors, along with five matching bras and two waist cinches, we went to the night-wear section of the store. I had to hold up every gown, both long and short, until Betty was satisfied that they would be feminine enough. We passed on all simple gowns without lace trim as well as any cotton nighties. Finally, after an hour of looking while I had held each gown in front of me, we made a choice of seven gowns, two of which were full-skirted Baby-Doll nighties.

Many people had been noticing my selecting lingerie for the past two hours. As Betty gave the shop owner her credit card, she explained to all the customers and the other sales clerks that had been watching, “I’m glad to help my brother select his new wardrobe. I know he is thrilled to be able to own and wear such wonder lovely undies. He wants to dress as a girl and I believe he will be as pretty and as well dressed as any real girl when we have completed his change.”

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I heard several comments from some of the shoppers; only one person thought it was “a sin” for me to want to wear such items. Most of the comments congratulated my sister for being so open minded and thoughtful by helping her younger brother.

Just as we were ready to leave, the owner of the store asked me, “Dear, did you want a slip to wear under your dresses? Oh, you might also require a girdle for certain dresses, particularly if you plan to dine out.”

Betty gave me a quick stare, nodding her head, forcing me to reply, "That is very thoughtful of you to mention. I completely forgot. Yes, please show me the slips." Everyone in the store followed us to the counter where the slips were stored. I stood by as the owner found a lacy slip, form fitting, in size 36. She handed it to me, saying, "You do not have to try the slip on, but put it up to make sure I have the proper length."

I held the slip in front of me while all others were watching. Betty came over, showing me that I needed to hold the slip slightly above the bust line, letting it fall straight down. Once the owner was satisfied, she found the same slip in pink. We moved across the counter to another area, where I was shown several girdles. All were panty-style, but one, which Betty thought would be appropriate, had a high-rise waist with a side zipper and eyelets. The front and back consisted of strong satin panels. Both Betty and the owner insisted I try on the girdle. Back to the dressing room I went. I struggled into the girdle under my sister's supervision. When I was able to hook the sides and close the zipper, Betty and the owner insisted that I step out into the fitting area to the three-way mirror to see how the foundation garment fit. Of course, the crowd was waiting and welcomed the opportunity to witness a man wearing a tight girdle.

The shop owner acknowledged that the girdle "Is a perfect fit. It's even reduced his waist an addition inch. I think when your brother wears his girdle, he can do without the waist cinch."

Returning to the dressing room, I was allowed to remove the girdle. As I picked up the packages at the front counter, I was glad we were leaving the store and the mall. Starting out the door, the owner spoke to Betty and me, "Thank you so much for your business. Charlie, you are welcome anytime, with or without your sister. Have you decided on a feminine name?"

Before I could tell her that this was my first day in women's lingerie and I had never even thought about a female name, Betty replied, "Thanks for mentioning that. It slipped my mind. After a lot of discussion last week, he chose the name Holly."

I could not say a thing, even knowing that Betty lied. Once again, Betty was in complete control; I knew from her stare that I was to go along with anything she said. "That is a pretty name, much sweeter than Charlie," the owner replied. "Thank you, Holly. I look forward to your next visit."

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Betty assisted as we gathered all our packages. Heading to the car, she mentioned, "We have been shopping for a long time. Would you like to stop for a quick dinner? Alice will be picking you up shortly to finish your shopping tour."

We stopped at the TGIF restaurant several blocks away. When it came time to order, I asked for the strip steak and baked potato with a beer. Betty quickly told the waitress, "No, he will be having the garden salad with baked chicken and low calorie ranch dressing with water to drink. I will have the same." Turning to me, she whispered, "Holly, we need to put you on a diet to slim your waistline. Starting today, you will exercise and be on a low-calorie diet. Once you have accepted your new role, you will thank me."

During dinner, I did not say much to my sister. While I was angry with her, I knew that it was my fault for letting this happen and not being sober enough to realize that I was using the tips as an excuse to leave yet another job. Unknown to me, Betty had talked previously with Phyllis, setting up this entire scenario before I was hired as a busboy. I had taken the bait and was now trapped into becoming female.

Before leaving the restaurant, I had to relieve myself. Inside the restroom, I decided to use a stall rather than the wall-mounted urinal. It took a while as I had to remove four items of clothing prior to urinating. Betty jokingly asked if I had any trouble. I was mad and did not reply to her comment.

About five-thirty, we arrived at a strip mall where Alice greeted me. She had finished her shift as a nurse at the hospital and was still in her smock and pants. Betty told her that we had a successful shopping trip and would meet us home later.

Alice took my hand, leading me into a discount shoe store. Alice chose a young woman about twenty-five to help us. She told the lady, "My friend wishes to become a woman and needs to purchase several pairs of shoes. I am being supportive by telling him I will assist in his change. Holly needs pink and black three-inch pumps as well as a pair of lower heels for daytime wear and some walking shoes." From Alice's comments, I summarized that while I was in the restroom, Betty had clued Alice about my shopping experiences.

The lady removed my shoes after seeing that I was wearing hose. After measuring my feet, she returned with several boxes. First I was put into a pair of two-inch heels, dark blue with open toes. After trying on several pairs of shoes, it was decided that I required size eight medium (B width). When the clerk brought out a pair of three inch black pumps, I had difficulty walking around the store until I had learned to balance myself better. The pink heels were similar to the black pumps. Alice insisted that I choose the pink walking shoes and insisted that I wear them out of the store.

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Next stop was at "The Sports Authority" where Alice had me pick out a running suit. She insisted on a pink nylon suit with white stripes down each pant leg and jacket sleeve. Additionally, Alice chose two sports bras in my size. I thought that I would not be embarrassed at this store when Alice did not require me to try on the outfit. While at the cash register, Alice asked the clerk to remove the tags as "we wish to wear this outfit home." The clerk obliged and showed Alice to the dressing room. Following behind her, I knew that I was to wear the outfit home. Alice watched as I slipped off my new walking shoes, removing my pants and shirt. She gave a little whistle when she saw me in my lingerie for the first time. Leaving the store, I noticed the puzzled look on the clerks face as she saw I was wearing the feminine jogging outfit as well as having a noticeable bulge under the jacket.

Thinking we were going home, I questioned Alice when she turned away from the direction of our apartment. I asked her where we were going, as I could not think of anything else needed for my transformation. She told me just to relax. Soon we pulled into a

strip mall and parked in front of Mary's Beauty Salon. Alice came around to my door assisting me from the car and reminding me, "Betty mentioned that if you refuse to cooperate in any manner, she will personally return you to Jackson in the morning."

After two hours at the salon, I had been given a manicure and a pedicure which meant my nails were colored bright red and I had my hair washed, cut, and styled into a short feminine wavy bob, complete with bangs and a permanent. Before leaving the salon, the beautician took out a tube of bright red lipstick, matching my nails, and applied it to my lips. As I left the salon, I had been completely feminized.

Our shopping was still not complete as we stopped at the local Walgreen Drug store to purchase a few cosmetics that Alice said I would need for the next week. Alice guided me as I chose lipstick in both bright red and pink with matching nail polishes, eyebrow pencil, mascara, eye shadow (multicolors in one container) blush and moisturizing creme as well as several makeup brushes, a lighted vanity mirror and feminine deodorant.

It was nearly eleven when we returned to the apartment. Betty, seeing me completely in a feminine outfit with girlish hair and makeup, was taken back. "Sister dear, I had no way of knowing how lovely and feminine you could become. If I did not know you were my little brother, I would have assumed you were a young girl. By the time you learn to handle yourself as a woman, in dress and manners as well as applying your makeup, I guarantee no one will mistake you for a boy.

"I know you must be exhausted after all your shopping. I will help you put away your new purchases as I have stored all your pretty things we bought today. Let me show you where everything is to be kept," Betty volunteered to show me each dresser drawer and closet.

When I noticed that all my male clothing had disappeared, I asked Betty what happened. She replied, "I have put your clothes in the Goodwill collection box. Except for your wallet which we will change out in the future, everything masculine is gone. You will not need it for several years therefore, but you will not be tempted to wear anything other than feminine clothing. The only pants you have are the ones you are wearing."

She continued, "You must be tired so hang up your jogging outfit and put your dainty undies in the clothes hamper in your bathroom. I have laid out a nightie for you. Wear the white lace panties you have on under your nightie. See you in the morning. We are starting your training. Good night, Holly!"

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Too tired and knowing not to argue, I took off my jogging suit and all the undies except the white lace panties. Suddenly, I noticed that my room had been changed dramatically. There were a new pink satin bedspread, pink sheets and pink lace curtains in the windows. In my bathroom hung a fresh set of towels and washcloths, all in pink.

It was six-thirty in the morning when Alice came into my room. "Wake up, Holly. It is time to do our morning exercises. Take off your nightie but leave on your panties. Slip this sports bra over your head and then put your arms through the straps." I did this even though I was half-awake. "Put your falsies into the bra, sweetie, then put on your jogging

suit. Here is a pair of anklet socks to wear with your new walking shoes. Brush your teeth and fluff your hair before we go. Also, put on your pink lipstick. I forgot, you don't know how to put it on. Just bring the tube and meet me in five minutes. Be a good girl and do not keep me waiting!" she laughed.

Doing as told, I hurried. Meeting Alice in the den, she took the lipstick, adding some to my lips. We walked at a brisk pace for thirty minutes outside the apartment before returning to do three sets of twenty-five sit-ups. After showering, I came into the bedroom where Betty had laid out my clothing for the day. A panty brief, white nylon panties, matching bra, waist cinch, stocking, the new white slip, along with the blue skirt and a white blouse with two-inch open toed heels. Betty watched and instructed me as I dressed.

After breakfast which Alice had prepared, I cleaned the kitchen before reporting to Betty. For the rest of day, Betty tutored me in sitting, standing, walking and all the feminine mannerisms. In addition I was shown the proper way to vacuum and clean the apartment. In the afternoon, Betty taught me the way to apply makeup. We practiced for more than three hours until I was able to apply an attractive face, which satisfied Betty. I then changed into the three-inch heels to practice as we had in the morning. That evening, Betty supervised as I prepared dinner. Alice returned home about six-thirty, sitting down to a good home cooked meal along with a glass of wine. Betty and Alice suggested I relax by doing some reading while they cleaned the kitchen. I was given a copy of "Woman's Day."

In the evening, we reviewed the day's training. The balance of the week, the same routine was followed. Since I had improved with the makeup, we spent additional time on laundry, housekeeping and fashion discussion. Betty started giving me pointers on how to talk like a woman, using my hands as well as employing certain phrases in describing the topics I was talking about.

At the end of the week, the three of us went out to dinner. Betty said that I looked my best in the pink dress which of course called for the matching pink undies and the pink three-inch pumps. After a short time, I was confident in my mannerisms and my composure. Only my voice was somewhat masculine. Betty told me that on Monday we would begin voice training. The three of us enjoyed a fine dinner and a movie.

Since I had been used to sleeping late and lying around, all the activity was taking a toll on my energy level. Alice came home on Friday, bringing me two types of vitamins and insisted that I have a booster shot of vitamins which she injected in my buttocks.

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The second week, we worked on projecting a lighter voice and talking softer. We practiced talking into a tape recorder then reading from a fashion magazine into the recorder. After the third day, I was becoming more proficient at speaking.

One afternoon Betty, and I went to the salon, where I had my legs, arms, back and chest waxed. Betty told me it was a lot better than having to shave twice a week. I still had to shave under my arms, though.

One evening at the start of my second week of training, Betty came home with a package which she handed me. To my surprise, there was a box containing a pair of realistic

falsies. Betty informed me that they were to be glued to my chest with a special adhesive which would hold them in place until a solvent was administered. Every month I would have to remove and re-glue the falsies. I was told to take off my blouse and brassiere while Betty glued the fake bosoms to my chest. She then applied some makeup around the edges until she was satisfied the falsies looked as though they were part of my chest. Once Betty had finished, I arose from the bed, feeling new weights on my chest. Looking into the full-length mirror, I was astounded at the results. I now had perfect 36-B breasts. Betty told me to replace my bra, instructing me to bend forward, inserting the breast into the bra cups, then slipping the shoulder straps into place.

Alice had taken several days of vacation to coached me in the proper procedure in waiting tables. For this practice, I wore the three-inch black pumps.



She taught me to bend at the knees while keeping my back straight as I served the imaginary guest in our kitchen. It seemed that Alice had worked her way through college by waiting tables.

“To obtain a larger tip, you may wish to bend low enough with the male customers to show some cleavage. Just enough to hold their interest. However, when serving ladies, keep your breasts away from sight by bending and keeping your back straight. Learn to judge your customers. If the group at the table is drinking, always ask if they would like another drink or glass of wine before the meal comes. Once the meal has been served, ask if they need anything else, then suggest a glass of wine with dinner. This means an bigger tab and possibly two to three dollars additional tip,” Alice offered.

“Always check with them twice during the meal, once after they have been served and again halfway through the meal. Quietly stop by the table to refill their water or beverage glasses. Another tip is to always

have their check ready at the end of the meal. Do not make them wait for the check. First ask if they want dessert. If they say 'no,' get their check to them immediately. Watch from a distance and, as soon as they are ready to pay their bill, handle it. Of course, keep your eyes on your other tables. These little tricks can mean the difference between a 10% and 20% tip.

“You will be surprised at how much better your tips can be if you try to give good attention to your customers. I am sure you have heard some of the girls complain that they did not get a great tip. When you hear the girls complain, watch and see if they have followed the pointers I have given you. The larger the tip, the better you will feel. You have to work a set schedule, so see how much more you can earn when properly doing your job.”

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Saturday afternoon, Betty picked up two sets of my uniform from the restaurant. There was a white nylon draped neck peasant blouse, a short red and black plaid skirt which was rather full but short along with a short vest or waistcoat in matching red, a short white full multi-layered petticoat and a pair of flounced white panties. The panties were full of lace with rows upon rows of ruffles. Betty told me that these were designed to be shown, but I was to wear both my brief and regular panties underneath the uniform undies.

Handing me a package, Betty announced, “Alice and I brought you this Wonder Bra to wear with your uniform. It will give you additional cleavage.” I had finished my shower, washed and set my hair, polished my toenails and fingernails before Betty had arrived.

Both Betty and Alice came into my room supervising me as I dressed for my new job. I had been in my brief and panties along with my waist cinch, from which I had taken off the garter snaps, since I would be wearing pantyhose. Betty held the white bra as I slipped my arms through the straps, bending forward to insert the attached falsies into the bra cups before taking liquid makeup and blending the falsies with my natural skin. The bra pushed my flesh together, giving me an abundance of cleavage. Next came the black sheer pantyhose hugging my smooth hairless legs.

Betty decided that she should do my makeup for this evening. After twenty minutes, I was tucking the blouse into the short skirt which covered the large expanse of petticoats. I stepped into the ruffled panties and slipped on the three-inch heels. Betty then attached gold pendant earrings and placed a small gold chain with a zirconium pendant around my neck.

Betty and Alice stood back as I looked into the mirror reflecting a lovely teenage woman, in a short, very sexy outfit. Betty exclaimed, “Holly, you are beautiful! I never thought I would say this about my brother.”

Alice had me go into the kitchen and pretend to serve Betty who was seated at the table, using empty glasses and dishes. Alice was watching closely as I served Betty, making certain I was following the lessons I had been given. Satisfied with the way I handled myself, she said, “Pretend that Betty is a male customer, now serve him.” I gave Betty a good

glance at my cleavage as I bent slightly forward. Alice had to laugh as she caught Betty looking down into my bra.

It was approaching time to leave the apartment, when Betty suggested, "Holly, I know that you are embarrassed having to wear this costume in public. Put this raincoat over your outfit to give you some privacy when going to the restaurant. I did not think that you were ready to change in the employee lounge so you will have to dress at home. I will drive you when I can, but you will have to catch a bus in the evenings."

"Thanks sis, you are thoughtful," I answered while putting my arms into the pink raincoat, then tightening the belt. Betty showed me I had closed the coat to the right before fastening the belt. She undid the belt, putting the coat to the left, then tied it securely so my short skirt would not be seen. Walking to the car, I could hear the petticoat and skirt as they brushed against the cotton raincoat.

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Betty accompanied me into the restaurant and into Phyllis's office, then assisted as I removed my coat. Phyllis's mouth dropped wide open. She was not able to speak for several seconds, then she exclaimed, "My God, Holly, you are absolutely beautiful. Betty, you have done wonders with his looks and makeup. There is no doubt that he going to be able to pass as a woman. Turn around slowly, Holly!"

Betty and I both knew what Phyllis was asking. While I turned on my heels slowly, Betty was instructing me. "Holly, tell Phyllis that you are looking forward to working for her."

Answering in my best feminine voice, I told her, "Phyllis, I appreciate you letting me wait tables at your restaurant. I intend to become your best waitress and to show you how grateful I am for this opportunity." By now, I was no longer ashamed nor upset by being forced to wear ladies apparel. I had, after the first week of training, become accustomed to the soft materials and I enjoyed looking pretty and smelling wonderful. Betty "helped" by reminding me of the consequences if I did not comply with her wishes: two years in jail.

"Holly, I'm glad Betty convinced me you would be able to fit into our group. You look the part and appear in every way to be female. Remember, only I know your secret. I must insist that you conduct yourself at all times as a woman, including when using the changing room and toilet. I will introduce you to the other girls.

"I understand that you have had training in waiting tables. Tonight I will instruct the hostess to give you ONLY two tables, until you have gotten your feet on the ground so to speak. I will help you whenever I can tonight; I want to be sure that our customers have adequate service. Ask me whenever you have a question. Understood?"

"Yes, Ma'am," I replied. Betty again thanked Phyllis. Turning to me, she said, "Call me when you are finished tonight and I will pick you up." Phyllis told Betty she would call thirty minutes prior to closing as I would be expected to do side work after the customers left. Betty pecked me on the cheek while reminding me to behave myself in a ladylike manner.

I followed Phyllis into the main dining room where all the waitresses had gathered for the evening briefing. "Girls, I would like you to meet Holly, our new girl. Holly worked at our Jackson branch recently."

Everyone was friendly and introduced themselves to me. I was uncertain at first as I thought someone might recognize me from my service as a busboy. However, no one said a word. I looked at the other girls in their uniforms with the short skirt, flounced petticoats and ruffled panties. All had long slender legs. It suddenly dawned on me that I looked the same as the other girls, with long legs covered in silk stocking and wearing high-heeled shoes.

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I did notice that only two other girls had three-inch heels like I was wearing. What male would not be staring at these girls in very short skirts and long slender legs, with such soft hair and pretty faces? I would have loved to be my male self and enjoy these feminine creatures. I would be unable to flirt with any of these delightful beauties in hopes of taking them to bed as I had become one of these desirable beauties.

Phyllis gave us our table assignments along with the daily specials. She saw that I had been briefed as to what would be expected of me. Soon thereafter, I had my first table of two, a young man and his date. I introduced myself, saying, "Good evening, welcome to Steak and Ale. My name is Holly and I will be your waitress tonight. Would you care for a cocktail or a glass of wine while you look over our menu? Tonight's special is a 12 ounce cut of Prime Rib with potato and salad bar for \$16.95."

After waiting a short time, I received a drink order. "While I get your cocktails, please look over our menu. I will be glad to answer any questions when I return." Several minutes later, I served their cocktails along with water. "Have you a chance to look over the menu?" I asked, "or will you need additional time to decide?"

Taking their order, I said, "Enjoy your drinks. When you are ready for the salad bar, I will put in your order. In the meantime, enjoy yourselves." When the couple left for the salad bar, I placed their order. Their entrees were ready just after they finished their salads. Taking a plate and bending my legs while keeping my back as straight as possible, I placed their dinner before them. I asked the man, "Would you care for another cocktail or some wine with your dinner?" Both decided on a glass of wine. Serving the wine, I said, "Is there anything you need?" With their negative replies, I smiled sweetly, saying, "Enjoy your dinner!"

About that time, my second table opened up. There were four businessmen. When serving their cocktails and beer, I made an extra effort to bend lower, exposing some cleavage as Alice had suggested during my training session. After the second round of drinks, I went to check on my first table. I filled their water glasses and asked if they cared for another glass of wine. Taking their order, I returned as soon as possible, bringing a second glass of wine. Once again, without saying anything to the man and his date, I filled their water glasses.

By this time, the group of men was ready to order. I took their selections, then asked if they would like to order some wine. One gentleman smiled at me with a wink and ordered two bottles of Zinfandel. They went to the salad bar and I turned in their order immediately as the restaurant was beginning to fill up.

Back to the first table, with a little selling on my part, the couple decided to order dessert. When I served them, I refilled the water glasses again and asked if they would like coffee. Once the coffee had been served, I returned to my second group with two bottles of wine, which I opened. I poured a few sips for the man who had ordered the wine. Again as I poured, I bent over slightly, awarding the gentlemen with a look at my cleavage as well as the lace on the upper portion of my bra cup.

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At the first table, I returned to ask if they wished anything else and inquiring if their dinner was satisfactory, leaving the man with the check. Stepping aside for 30 seconds, I waited as he took out his credit card. I immediately took his check to the cashier and returned, thanking them for dining with us and imploring them to have a pleasant evening. The bill was for sixty-five dollars and I received a fifteen-dollar tip.

About the time the first couple left, my order for the men came out. Checking my ticket, I served each one their dinner and filled the wine glasses. The gentleman in charge ordered another bottle of wine. While poring and serving, I was conscience of each man staring to see as much as they could not only of my breast but my ruffled panties whenever I bent over. I waited until they started, asking if anything else they needed. Here I received my first bit of flirting as one answered laughingly, "Yes, sweetie, I certainly would like to have you join us this evening. You are really a beauty!" I was on the receiving end of a flirtation! Not being sure how to handle the situation, I remember what Alice had told me: "When in doubt, just smile!"

Once again, I filled glasses and asked if they needed anything else, to receive the reply, "Just you, Holly." The head man smiled and apologized, saying that his friend was just kidding. After dinner was finished, they ordered another round of drinks. When they had finished, I asked the head man if he wished some coffee. He declined and continued talking with his group. By that time, another set of four people came to my first table and I went through the speech with them. They all declined cocktails so I gave them time on the menu.

In the meantime, I was keeping my eyes on the head man at the second table. Seeing his nod, I brought the check to him. The tab was close to two hundred fifty dollars. When I returned with his card and sales receipt, he immediately signed my copy, leaving me a sixty-dollar tip. Of course I thanked him and suggested that he ask for me on his next visit.

While serving the other party of four, which consisted of two older couples, I smiled at both the men and women, remembering not to show off my bosom. The men tried to look and admired my slight wiggle as I walked from the table. I heard one man say to his wife, "Dear, you need to wear some pretty panties like our waitress is wearing."

She replied, speaking to the other woman, "He would not know how to handle me if I did." They all had a large laugh. Their tip for the evening was ten dollars.

Later in the evening, I had a couple as my last seating who left a five-dollar tip. For five hours, I received ninety dollars. I tipped the bus boy five dollars, netting me eighty-five dollars for five hours of work plus ten dollars of minimum wage. I had a lot of spare time between customers so I did not have to work too hard. All the girls cleaned their stations before leaving. Phyllis had called Betty around ten so she was waiting at the bar when I finished.

Phyllis was pleased with my attitude and work. In fact, I had made the highest tip ratio of the group as I averaged almost 20 percent for the night. During the next two weeks, I continued to maintain great tips as I increased my table load to four tables. I found that having fewer tables resulted in my giving better service and getting better tips.

Every evening, either Betty or Alice would arrive at the restaurant to give me a ride home. Once at the apartment, Betty would have me tell her about work, then I would give Betty all the tip money I had received that evening. The money was for room and board plus repayment for my new wardrobe and expenses at the beauty shop and personal cosmetics.

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Alice had been assigned to work the three to eleven shift at the hospital so she and I were on almost the same schedule. By eleven-thirty, I would be getting ready for bed, removing my makeup, moisturizing my face and doing my toiletries. The alarm would go off at seven and I would don a sports bra, wearing the panties I had used under my nightgown, then I'd get into my jogging suit and walking shoes. Alice and I would walk three miles, then exercise doing sit-ups, bending and toning our stomach muscles. After exercising, I would prepare breakfast while Alice showered. Once breakfast was completed, I took my shower and dressed, wearing the lower heels. After I cleaned the kitchen, I had a schedule to follow in cleaning the house, doing laundry and keeping the apartment in order. Alice would fix lunch but I would clean up the kitchen afterwards.

Since I was working Tuesday through Saturday from 4:30 until between 10:30 and 11:00, I did not have to leave until after Alice. At two, I would take a short nap for forty-five minutes, then proceed to do my hair and makeup as well as change into my uniform. One of the other waitresses would pick me up a little after four to give me a ride to work. Since I was not wearing the raincoat, I was much more conscious about my short puffed-out skirt while riding in the car. Over the next year, I never really got over the feeling of being so exposed.

One night I came home very tired and mentioned the fact to Alice. She suggested that my new routine was causing this feeling. I would soon be able to adjust but in the meantime, I should double my vitamins. She would bring home another shot to help boost my energy level.

After a month of working, Phyllis called me into her office. I did not know what to expect. I was surprised when she congratulated me on my "fine" work. She had several re-

quests from several patrons who insisted that I wait on them. This was the first time she could remember anyone requesting a waitress by name.

When Betty picked me up that Saturday night, she had brought along my blue skirt and the powder blue sweater set, along with a slip and panties. "I thought you would want to change tonight and join Alice and me at the club for some fun. It's time you had a little break from work. I will join you in the employee lounge while you change," she stated.

Several girls were in the lounge as we entered. I took my street clothes and went into a stall where I changed. Getting my purse, I redid my makeup and brushed my hair before using the vial of perfume. This was the first time I had gone into the lounge but I acted as though everything was natural, including going to the toilet.

Emerging from the lounge, I found Betty who had been talking with Phyllis. After she handed me a small blue leather clutch purse, I followed Betty to the car. I had to lift my skirt up as I slid into the passenger's seat. "It is about time you have an evening to relax, Holly," Betty stated, "and spend some time with the girls."

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We arrived at the midtown club called "The Libido." The club was packed but I followed Betty to a table near the dance floor where we met Alice and several other girls to whom I was introduced as Holly, a cousin of Betty. As we sat down, a slim blond waitress approached our table. Betty ordered a beer for herself and a Diet Coke for me. She was determined I would not be drinking as I had when I first moved in with her.

After my order had been placed, one of the girls at our table asked me to dance. Since the dance was a fast tune requiring us to dance together but not with each other, I was able to move my hips and body to the music without much difficulty. I found it surprising that wearing high heels could enable a person to have more mobility than trying to dance in tennis shoes.

While I was being escorted back to the table, I felt her hand giving my butt a slight pat and rub. My face was reddening as we sat at the table. Betty noticed, saying, "Holly dear, you are a little flushed. Is everything all right?" When I whispered to her that I had been fondled, she just laughed. Later during the evening I was asked by a stranger to slow dance. It was awkward at first but I adjusted to follow my dancing partner rather quickly. It was strange having a girl leading me around the dance floor, bringing her body into mine. I was not too fond of this partner since she was quite Butch ,wearing pants, Oxford dress shirt with a mannish haircut. I was the one wearing perfume and she smelled of cigarettes and beer. I was becoming aware of my past rather quickly.

When the dance was over, she put her hand on my skirted rear, guiding me back to the table. Later during the night, I danced with both Betty and Alice, both of them in skirts and sweaters. I admit I was slightly aroused from dancing with Alice as she led, keeping me close to her. I could feel her breasts as they pushed against my padded chest, rubbing against my bra.

Overall, it was an enjoyable evening. I kept looking for Janet but she was not at the club that night. Since Betty and Alice lived together, I was able to join them in the car as we returned to our apartment. While getting ready for bed, Betty came to my room, knocking on the door, "Holly, I talked with Phyllis tonight. She is letting you have this Tuesday off. Therefore, I do NOT want you to shave your face tomorrow or Tuesday. You have an appointment at the Spa on Tuesday afternoon for a session of laser treatments to remove your beard. Just put on lipstick and mascara during the three days before your appointment. As I understand, you will need three or four treatments over the next three months. Your complexion will become much creamier."

I started to object to this further feminizing process, but I remembered when Betty told me the conditions of my agreement and what would happen if I did not fully cooperate with her demands. Therefore, I just nodded my head in agreement. Getting undressed for bed, I looked in the mirror, realizing with my shaven body, a creamy complexion, as well as with how feminine my face had become, I would not stand a chance in jail. Thus I slipped the pink lacy nightgown over my head and slipped between the covers.

Much to my dismay, the laser treatment was not so bad. The only problem was wearing a dress while having a good growth of hair on my face. In forty-five minutes, I was putting my dress back on, meeting Betty in the waiting room. We scheduled my next appointment for three weeks. Betty told the receptionist that she also wanted to treat my hands during my next visit.

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Nothing exciting occurred during the next month as I followed the same routine: walking and exercise for an hour, fixing breakfast, showering, cleaning the house, taking a thirty-minute nap and then doing my makeup, followed by taking the bus to the restaurant where I would change in the stall into my costume for work.

One night when the restaurant was not busy, I decided to see what tips I would receive if I waited upon my tables as many of the other waitresses did, with decent service but not being attentive to the customers' needs. I made one table wait fifteen minutes for their check. I received a two-dollar tip for a forty-dollar tab. That night, I compared my tips with some of the other girls. I received about the same in tips as those whose service, or lack of, earned for that evening. Two of the older waitresses, who knew how to please their dinners, received almost twice the tips as I did. In the past I had always earned better tips. Alice was correct in her teaching as it became obvious that I was becoming a more mature-thinking young person. Betty and Alice were helping me become a better and a more productive person.

Keeping this in mind, I never questioned when I was given a booster shot of vitamins at the end of the month as well as at the ends of the following two months. By the end of the three months, my face was void of all hairs because of the laser treatments. I admitted to Betty that it was nice not to shave again. It was then she suggested I have all my body hair removed except around my manhood.

On the subject of manhood, I began to notice that my male libido was decreasing and I began to itch around my chest. When I expressed concern to Betty, she mentioned something about changes in the season and that I probably had dry skin. She suggested my rubbing body lotion twice a day, before and after work, on not only my chest but also arms and legs.

With my routine and increasing capabilities in cleaning our apartment, I found that I had several hours a day to relax. I was becoming bored. After telling my sister about it, she suggested that I call the city school system and inquire as to what I would have to do to obtain my high school diploma. When questioning the person on the phone, I was told that there was a two-hour GED class held within a mile of our apartment. The lady said each person had their own schedule and was guided toward obtaining a General Equivalence Degree. After discussing this with Betty, I decided to enroll in the class.

On my first day, there were about fifteen students and three teachers. After completing the forms and telling the teacher the extent of my schooling, she gave me a series of tests. It surprised me when she gave me the results. It seemed that I was good in math skills and English but I needed work in Science and History. She gave me several books to read and showed me how to study. While I went to class three days a week, I was beginning to enjoy school. Within a year, I took the exam and passed.

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Betty was pleased with my progress during this time. Again, after several months, I started feeling strange and complained to Betty regarding my chest. She found the solvent to remove my artificial breasts from my chest. As the forms were removed, both Betty and I gasped. I had small breasts of my own forming. My nipples were hard and there were two small mounds sticking upright from my chest. "Holly, you are growing your own breasts!" Betty exclaimed as she took one into each hand, gently caressing and playing with the nipples. She guided one of my hands with hers, leading it to the protruding lump on my chest. "Soon you will not need these falsies," she laughed.

Standing in only my panties and panty brief, I examined my entire body. My skin was silky smooth, my face was thin and definitely girlish, my legs were long and nicely shaped and my butt seemed slightly rounded. I had been noticing that my panties had been getting tight lately; I assumed that it was because of the material shrinking during laundering.

I had no idea that constant wearing of women's clothing could produce such changes in a four-month period of time. Maybe it was because I had been reading all women's magazines and was only with women at work and in the apartment, that I was becoming so adapt at becoming girlish in looks and figure as well as my mind which was now accustomed to thinking feminine thoughts. I had not had an opportunity to be dating girls since I had moved to Memphis.

"What am I to do?" I asked Betty with tears in my eyes.

"You might wish to make the best of the situation since you will still be in skirts until your two years of probation are ended. When I went to Jackson last month to talk with the

court, I told them that you had improved and had a steady job with good income. The female judge asked what brought about the sudden change in your attitude and I explained about your job and that you had become female in your gender and at work. She said that if your attitude continued to improve, then you should remain in dresses for the entire time of your probation.”

Funny, but I took this news very calmly. By rights, I should have been angry with Betty and myself, but I had been accustomed by this time to wearing very soft feminine clothing, as well as wearing heels and makeup. My hair had grown longer. I started washing and brushing daily, looking forward to changing hair styles several times a week. In the evenings, when working, I still wore the short, curled wig.

Betty and I went shopping that Sunday afternoon, purchasing another pair of falsies, smaller than the original pair. In addition, I purchased six pairs of white panties in size six which fit my hips better.



The following week, Betty had another party at the apartment on Saturday night. Leaving the restaurant that evening, I was met by Alice who gave me a ride home. I did not have time to change from my short sexy uniform. When we arrived, the party was going strong. Betty introduced me as her cousin Holly from Jackson who had moved in with her and Alice temporarily. Several of the more Butch girls came over, introducing themselves. Betty purposely had seen that I did not have time to change into something more appropriate for the evening, even though many of the girls were wearing slacks.

As I stood with a drink in my hand, I heard a sweet voice behind me. “Holly, my name is Janet Davis. I wanted to tell you that you look very sexy and beautiful tonight. I adore your uniform. Betty tells me you are a waitress at Steak and Ale.”

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I was floored as here was the same woman I tried to talk with

four months ago who would not give me the time of day. Now those pretty brown eyes of the beautiful woman were “coming on” to me. We spent the next hour becoming acquainted with each other. Janet was four years older than me. She had finished college last year and was working as an assistant administrator for the Hilton hotel chain.

I wanted to dance with Janet but no one else was dancing. Wanting to touch this lovely woman, I reached for her hand but she pulled it away, using as an excuse the need to refill her glass. She walked away and I was alone, watching her mingle with some other guest. When the party was breaking up, Janet came over to me, taking my hand in hers and asking, “Holly, I would like to take you out to dinner next week. What would be a good evening for you?”

It took me by surprise when this woman, whom I was charmed by, asked me out. “I don't work this coming Monday or Tuesday. I would love to have dinner with you,” I said, hoping not to be too giddy or excited. I did not want to lose this girl. It was agreed she would pick me up Tuesday evening for a casual dinner at eight.

While helping clean our apartment the next morning, I mentioned to Betty about my date with Janet. Betty and Alice asked who had issued the invitation. They both gave a sigh of relief when I told them Janet had asked me. Seeing the looks on their faces, I questioned them, “Why do you ask?”

Knowing that I had expressed interest in Janet several months before, they explained that, while Janet is quite feminine in looks and dress, she was dominant in character. If anyone came on too strong to her, she would automatically back away. I told them of my wanting to take Janet's hand and how she had left me immediately.

“You must be something special, if Janet came back after your incident. You are Holly, not Bobby, and you need to respond to Janet as you do on your job, remembering that you are FEMALE and feminine. It is your femininity that has attracted Janet. Remember she is NOT interested in dating males. The more you can become Holly, the young beautiful lady with class and grace, the more Janet will like you. If you show any male characteristics or aggressiveness, you will be bound for disappointment.”

Tuesday afternoon, I washed and set my hair. About six-thirty, I had finished my shower, shaved under my arms and took the razor to the little hair left on my legs. The previous week I had a laser treatment to my face, arms and legs, rather than waxing, but I wanted smooth legs for tonight. From my dresser, I took out the small panty brief which I put on, covering my masculine anatomy, followed by the deep blue full-cut lace-edged panties. After fastening the matching satin bra, I turned it around so I could place the glued falsies into the cups of the very delicate lace bra. Once I had stepped into and fastened the dark blue satin garter belt, I pulled on a pair of sheer light beige nylons up each leg, fastening them to the dangling garter straps. Before doing my makeup, I went to the dresser, retrieving the matching dark-blue nylon slip with the full lace bodice and three rows of dark blue lace at the hem of the slip.

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At my vanity, I took more than thirty minutes applying foundation, liquid base, eye shadow and liner, an eyebrow pencil to my brows which I had thinned, mascara, blush and bright red lipstick along with a glossy sealer. Once satisfied, I applied my White Diamond perfume in all the sensual spots.

Carefully, I pulled the light-blue cashmere shell over my head, being careful not to mess my makeup. Pulling the dark navy wool and Dacron skit into place, I pulled the back zipper into place after fastening the hook. Reaching under my skirt, I pulled the slip down, removing any wrinkles. Then, reaching for my sweater, I pulled it tight, smoothing the garment so it was smooth and tight across my breasts. My nylon-clad feet slipped easily into the two-inch Navy slingback heels. I went to see Betty who lent me her faux pearl necklace with matching clipped earrings and a Navy clutch purse. "Since you will be dating, we will have to go shopping so you can have your own purse and jewelry," Betty quipped. "You certainly look beautiful tonight. I never thought I would be saying this to my brother," she laughed.

I had just put the long-sleeved light blue matching cashmere cardigan over my shoulders, securing the top button, when the doorbell rang. It was exactly eight o'clock as Janet entered our apartment. She quickly took me into her sights, checking me up and down before saying, "Holly, you are very lovely tonight. I've never seen you dressed so beautifully. Shall we go?" she said, saying goodbye to Alice and Betty while holding the door open for me.

Before Janet arrived, Alice reminded me to be the female tonight and let Janet assume the male role. Janet looked lovely, wearing a wool full skirt with a pink petticoat and a long-sleeved red lamb's wool sweater, showing off her perky breasts. Her lipstick was the same shade that I was wearing. Janet opened the car door for me as I slid into position as any lady would. It now was natural for me to enter a car as I had been corrected profusely in the past by both my sister and her lover.

Janet took me to a quiet, nicely decorated Italian restaurant. She ordered not only the wine, but after asking me if I enjoyed Veal Marsala, ordered our meals for both of us. The atmosphere, dinner music of light classical selections, the food and company were outstanding. I was sorry when the evening ended. Janet walked me to my apartment door and asked for the key. Unlocking the door, she handed me the keys then, without warning, she put her hands around my waist. Our breasts touched and the softness of our sweaters intertwined as she pulled me into her arms. Her ruby lips met mine. It was a soft lingering kiss. While I was wanting to pull her closer to me, a little voice in the back of my head kept saying, "You are a girl. Act as a woman would, do not get aggressive!" I just enjoyed her long kiss.

After I thanked Janet for a lovely evening, she asked, to my delight, "I would like to see you again. I will be out of town for several weeks but would love to get together when I return. I will call you. I really enjoyed your company tonight, Holly."

After changing into a pink long length full-skirted nightgown, I did not remove my makeup as I still was wearing and feeling Janet's lipstick on my mouth. Like a young teenager, I had wonderful dreams of Janet that night.

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Months passed and I was seeing Janet about once a week. Sometimes we would go on a picnic or to a movie. The best times were when we went dancing at the club or a small cocktail lounge and our bodies would mesh together. I always remembered not to get aggressive. Janet was the man and I was the woman in our relationship.

After finishing my GED classes, I took shorthand, typing and computer skill classes. One evening after working at Steak and Ale, I mentioned to Betty that I would like to find a job in an office and work only Friday and Saturday nights at the restaurant as I would like to see more of Janet rather than on Monday night or late Sunday. "Since I receive more tips during the weekend, I could make more money working a full time job." Betty agreed to my plan.

Within days, I was hired as a receptionist at a major company with headquarters in Memphis. The pay was \$12 per hour and I would work Monday through Thursdays. I would also receive medical and dental insurance. I told Phyllis that I would appreciate working only Friday and Saturday night, to which she agreed.

Just after I had taken the reception position, I started having problems with my chest. Betty and Alice suggested I take off my bra. They went to the kitchen, returning with the solvent to remove the falsies glued to my chest. To my amazement as I looked in the mirror, I had grown a set of women's breasts. Betty and Alice suggested that this had occurred as a resulting of continually wearing women's clothing and that my subconscious desire was to grow breasts. It was no longer necessary for me to wear the falsies but I had to use inserts to completely fill the cups of my brassieres.

Janet and I started seeing more of each other. We had been dating about six months. One night at her apartment after returning from a light supper, we were watching a romantic movie. Over the course of the last four months of dating, we were beginning to do some heavy petting. We were watching the love story of two women. During the bedroom scene, Janet took her hand away from mine. Sitting straight up on the sofa, she looked me in the eyes, saying, "Holly, we have been dating each other for a while now. You have never touched my breasts, much less caressed my body. Every time I think you are ready to have sex, you back off. Am I not attractive to you? Do you not want to make love with me? Are you afraid or what?"

I just could not take any more as I had fallen deeply in love with Janet. It had been hard to reject her advances but I did not wish to lose her. Tears came to my eyes and I started sobbing, "Janet, I want SO MUCH to have you make love to me, but I have a terrible secret that I have been withholding from you." I continued crying as Janet consoled me.

"It cannot be all that bad. You are a beautiful girl and I love you. What can be the problem?" she asked, trying to comfort me. "Nothing cannot be resolved. Why don't you want to have sex with me?"

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Wiping away some of my tears ,I said with a quiver in my voice, “I would like nothing more than to be your lover, but I have a huge secret that I have been hiding from you. I could not allow myself to fondle your beautiful body because I would not be able to control my urges. This would lead you to discover my dark secret. Betty is my sister and I am her brother. I have been masquerading as a female to keep out of jail for something I did over a year ago when I was stupid. I was afraid if you knew I was a male, you would never see me and I would not be able to cope with that. I remember when I first met you, you would have little to do with the male me. At the time, I did not know that you preferred women. I love being with you. I've always looked forward to being with you but I could not bring myself to tell you. I want to love you and cherish you. Please do not hate me for deceiving you!”

To my surprise, Janet leaned over and gave me a long romantic kiss. “Holly my dear, I have known of your masquerade for many months now. When we started seeing each other regularly, Betty told me of your promise to her and the circumstances behind your posing as a girl. You are truly feminine in manner and mode as well as dress and mind set. This makes me want you more than ever. I love the feminine you!”

Taking me by the hand, she led me to her bedroom. Janet observed my every move as she assisted me in taking off my clothing. We were both standing in panties and bras when she reached behind me, unhooking my lacy pink demi-bra. Dropping my brassiere to the floor, she unhooked her own black satin full cup bra, showing her 38-C perky breasts.

We went to the bed. By this time, I was intense and happy. I did remember to let Janet take all the initiative in our lovemaking. We petted and caressed each other, kissing lips and other parts of the body. Finally, Janet pulled down her high-cut black nylon panties, exposing her feminine charms. I started to pull down my panties when I felt her hand grab mine. She said, “Keep your panties on, Holly, and love me as a woman.”

Janet guided me through the art of loving, woman-to-woman. When Janet had experienced two quick climaxes, she whispered, while darting her tongue into my ear, “I have been waiting for this a long time, my sweet Holly. I *knew* you could please me.”

She released her hands from my neck, lowering them until she found the elastic band of my pink panties. Once she removed them, she noted I was wearing the panty brief which she quickly removed, releasing my penis from its hiding place. My shaft barely stood out. I was ashamed that I did not have enough to satisfy Janet. However she started fondling, kissing and stroking my tool until it became semi-rigid. She then started masturbating me until I did reach a small climax. Reaching into a drawer at the side of the bed, she brought out a two-way rubber dildo. Placing one end into her vagina, she lubricated the other end and inserted it into my anus. She drove the tool into me, dragging it back and forth. About the time I climaxed, Janet let out a loud scream. Both of us were completely satisfied. We fell asleep between the cool satin sheets.

Since that fateful night, Janet and I spent many days and evenings together. We attended plays, concerts, picnics and walks along the riverfront during the day. Some days we dined in restaurants and some days I prepared dinner for her at her apartment.

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Christmas Eve, Janet was invited by Betty to join us for dinner (Janet had to visit her parents in Jackson, Mississippi for Christmas Day). Since I had the day off and my main duties at the apartment consisted of preparing the meals, I planned and cooked dinner. For the main entree, I had bought a Honey Baked spiral ham. Over the past year, I had been preparing meals and enjoyed cooking. Along with the ham, I had fixed candid yams, fresh green beans, sliced carrots and dinner rolls. I had chosen to have a bottle of White Zinfandel along with sweetened ice tea. For dessert, I decided to prepare Janet's favorite, a triple-layer chocolate cake along with vanilla ice cream. I spent all afternoon cooking and arranging the table. At five o'clock, I was ready to bathe and dress.

Emerging from a long soaking tub filled with a bubble bath, I dried myself and powdered my hairless body. It was nice not having to shave since all my body and my facial hairs had been eliminated by laser treatments. Earlier in the afternoon I had washed and set my long brunette hair by pulling the sides to the back where I secured it with a long red hair clip.

My hair was glistening from the constant brushing (200 strokes each night and 100 in the morning). My breasts had grown over the past months and I laid them to rest in my black satin, ribbon-entwined bra. Carefully, I tucked my manhood between my legs, securing it in place with a satin panty brief. Over the brief went the matching satin panties with lace and ribbons. Looking in the mirror, I saw a very feminine form, with pretty shapely legs, a nice bust, small waist, long glistening hair, along with a flat stomach and rounded hips. Because of the exercise and diet, I now weighed 120 pounds.

From my dresser, I chose a red slip, red garter belt and beige sheer stockings. Once I had donned my lingerie and put on the three-inch red pumps, I sat at the vanity, carefully putting on my makeup after moisturizing my face. Finishing my makeup, I decided to wait before applying my lipstick. Carefully, I pulled the cowl neck red lamb's wool sweater over my head, then stepped into the full red wool skirt which zipped in the back. From my vast collection of jewelry, I chose long pearl drop earrings for my pierced ears and a single strand pearl necklace. Outlining my lips with a pink pencil, I filled them in with the bright crimson red lip stick (kiss proof) and put perfume in all the sensuous places, including behind my knees.

By the time I had finished dressing, the ham was ready to come out of the oven. I put on a white organdy bib apron with red ribbons weaving throughout the outer edges and hem. Betty and Alice finished showering and changed into pretty skirts with long-sleeved cardigan sweaters over the matching short-sleeved shells.

The doorbell rang. Betty was in the den and she opened the door for Janet. After she took off her coat, I could see Janet's full emerald green taffeta skirt over a huge lacy white petticoat. She was wearing a very sheer, soft, emerald green nylon blouse which showed her white fancy slip and bra. Her brown hair was in an upswept style and her three-inch green heels matched her skirt. Around her neck was a silver chain with a diamond pendant. She had long silver tinsel-type strand earrings which graced her lovely slim neck, almost touching her shoulders.

I opened a bottle of champagne and poured four glasses which I placed on a small tray. Carrying the tray into the den, I served everyone. Then Betty made a toast for the Holiday Season.

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Excusing myself, I went into the kitchen to finish heating the vegetables. Setting the food on the table, I called the girls to dinner. Taking off my apron, I started to sit when Janet pulled out my chair for me. I thanked her and gave her a huge smile. Conversation was light and everyone enjoyed their dinner. I cleared the table and let the dishes soak in the sink before joining the girls in the den.

Alice decided it was time to open our presents. Alice handed Betty her gift, a silver watch. Alice opened Betty's gift to her, a man's watch. Everyone laughed. Alice handed Janet the gift which I had purchased for her, a matching pink shell and cardigan cashmere sweater set. Janet leaned over, giving me a short kiss on the lips.

It was my turn as Janet's gift, wrapped in red paper and silver bows, was opened. There were two boxes; the first contained a light pink nylon babydoll nightie with matching panties. The second box contained a long white peignoir set consisting of a satin nightgown with a full lace bodice, V-neck and white ribbon throughout the entire gown. Under the nightie was a very sheer negligee with long sleeves trimmed with satin cuffs and hem. The sleeves were full at the top of the gown tapering to the satin cuffs. There was a note with the gown which said, "For a special lady! You may wish to keep this gift in your closet to be used for a special event in the near future!" As I thanked Janet for the lovely gifts, she whispered to me, "We will discuss this last gift later in the evening."

We all opened our other presents. Betty and Alice had decided that I should change my perfume, giving me a bottle of Red Door for a gift, as well as several skirts and blouses which I could wear to work. They suggested to me, "Holly, you and Janet enjoy yourselves. We will do the dishes and clean the kitchen, as you have outdone yourself preparing dinner tonight."

Thanking them, I excused myself and went to the restroom. Before returning, I had freshened my makeup by adding more mascara and lipstick as well as by adding additional perfume. I found Janet on the sofa with her shoes off and her feet folded beneath her. There was a large expanse of lacy petticoats showing which I found very inviting. She motioned for me to sit beside her. Taking my hand in hers, she leaned forward, kissing me softly on the lips. When I responded, she put her arms around me, planting a long sensuous kiss on my painted lips.

"I wish to discuss the note I wrote on your last present. Your gown is to be worn only for a very special occasion. Holly, I love you dearly and I know that you love me too. I would like to make us a couple but I have certain terms that must be agreed upon before I can commit to you. You know that I am gay. However, you are a very special person who for all practical purposes is a woman. I do not want to marry a man. But you are a very unique and special man whom under the proper circumstances I would like to marry."

I was not quite following Janet until she continued, "I do not want a husband but I would want a *wife* who would love me, take care of me as a woman does a man, be a full-time housewife and be happy and contented with being my lifetime partner. I want the wife to be *you*. I would be the husband and breadwinner in our family of two as I do not wish to have any children."

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Janet rose from the sofa, kneeling on the carpet, spreading her skirt around her. Looking into my eyes, she asked, "Holly, would you do me the honor of becoming my wife?"

I had to ponder a minute as I realized that she was asking me to remain in dresses, lingerie and makeup for the rest of my life. I was happy knowing Janet wanted me to be her mate, regardless of the usual circumstances. Quickly I said, "Yes, my love. I will be your wife forever."

Janet rose from the floor, unbuttoned the top of her blouse. Reaching into the cup of her beautiful white brassiere, she took out a diamond engagement ring and placed it on my finger. I stood as we embraced and kissed each other.

Hearing my high-pitched squealing, followed by silence as we kissed, Betty and Alice came into the den, catching us in an embrace. Happily, I showed them my ring as Janet told them, "Holly has accepted my proposal to be my wife." Congratulations were given to both of us.

When asked when the ceremony would take place, Janet looked at me. "Is the middle of May a good time for you, Holly?"

Over the next four months, Alice and Betty gave me a shower and the girls at Steak and Ale threw me a second one. The wedding was set for the second weekend in May. We had decided on a simple ceremony to be held in a small Unitarian chapel overlooking the Mississippi River on a Friday evening. The local Unitarian church was friendly to gays and welcomed them into their congregation, but drew the line at performing marriages of gay couples. Janet and I told the minister that while my name was Holly, I was male. The minister determined that she could perform the ceremony and without reservation, she pronounced us Man and Wife. Janet had made reservations for us to honeymoon in Barbados with a suite overlooking the ocean.

Time sped rapidly as I arranged to take vacation time from my reception job and weekend job as a waitress. Janet insisted that I give up my job as a waitress, and worked only part-time at the office. Alice insisted that I should double the dosage of vitamins each day; it was no longer necessary for me to have monthly shots. She said I needed the extra support the vitamins provided.

Friday, the 10<sup>th</sup> of May, found me at the beauty salon, having my hair done into an up-swept style with curly locks covering my ears. I also got a manicure, pedicure and a facial with makeup. Later in the afternoon, Betty, who was my bridesmaid, assisted me changing into my wedding gown in the dressing room of the chapel.

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I had dressed in my prettiest lacy, white silk panties. I was zipped and hooked into a strapless Merry Widow corselet with long dangling suspenders and rosette clasps holding the long ultra sheer white nylon stockings on my smooth long legs. The Merry Widow subtracted several inches from my waistline as well as holding and showing off my perky breasts. Betty held my hand as I stepped into two full-length petticoats and a taffeta overslip. She sprayed perfume on my wrist, bodice, the nape of my neck and behind each leg. As I sat on the vanity stool in the dressing room, Betty slid a pair of white garters entwined with blue ribbons up each leg, then she slid the white three-inch satin slippers on my feet.

Carefully, Betty gathered the skirt of the pure white French Taffeta wedding gown, lowering it over my head. The gown was a pure white off-the-shoulder model with a ruche skirt with delicate rosettes in the center of each pickup. The beaded lace bodice of this lovely shirred empire waist gown was adorned with metallic embroidered lace. Once the gown was on, the hem reached the floor. Betty zipped the gown shut in the back, then proceeded to close the pearl buttons which would conceal the zipper running the entire length of the bodice. My hands were encased in long Nylon gloves with pearl buttons running from the wrist to below my elbow.

To the rhinestone tiara, Betty fastened a Cathedral veil which was fashioned from a dramatic expanse of tulle cascades, approximately 3 yards long, from the headpiece. By the time I had reapplied lipstick, I heard the music from the chapel organ. Within fifteen minutes, I was walking slowly down the aisle, meeting Janet who was wearing a black form-fitting tuxedo. Her hair was brushed into a ponytail held in place by a silver clip. She was wearing only a modest amount of makeup, mascara, pink lipstick and a touch of blush.

After the ceremony, we had a reception in the church hall. There were almost a hundred guests. Janet had hired a deejay to provide music for dancing. The doors of the hall opened onto a large deck where we could dance as well as see the sun setting across the swift moving waters of the Mississippi River.

The following morning, after staying at Janet's apartment, I dressed in a pink full-sleeved silk blouse which showed my lovely lacy pink honeymoon lingerie and a pink Dacron and cotton pleated skirt. The entire outfit was a wedding gift from Betty and Alice. Janet wore a yellow, full-sleeved Dacron blouse and tan A-line skirt. We both wore heels that day. Janet loaded my two suitcases and my cosmetic bag as well as her two suitcases into the car. Parking at a long-term lot, we took the shuttle to the airport.

At the gate for our flight, Janet was talking with the agent whom she knew from the club. After hearing that we were just married, the agent saw that we were given a complimentary First Class upgrade for our flight.

Our honeymoon was very romantic. Janet saw that I did not have to lift a finger during our trip. She had arranged for airline tickets, airport transfers and hotel accommodations as well as deciding on room service for breakfast and choosing our dinner reservations.

She had both of us scheduled for a beauty treatment and massage during our stay at the Hilton in the beautiful tropic island of Barbados.

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Several months after our honeymoon, Janet decided to buy a two-bedroom condo overlooking the river, located high on the bluffs. I was happy with taking care of all the household duties such as cleaning, cooking and laundry. Many nights, Janet would call, giving me several hours notice that we would dine out. We enjoyed married life, together sharing our time with each other, dining out, taking in a movie, going on picnics, spending occasional weekends away from Memphis in New Orleans or Chicago, or just relaxing at home, reading, playing cards or dancing to music in our house.

One evening, Janet, who had just finished dressing, came into the den wearing a black silk pant suit with a white silk blouse cut very low, showing her ample bosom. On her feet she was wearing black sheer hose and three-inch black pumps. Her makeup was impeccable and her face glowed, showing off her long brown hair. She was wearing a pearl cluster earrings and a single strand pearl necklace. She had her black evening purse and black nylon gloves.

"You look beautiful tonight," I told her after staring at her for a minute. "Simply gorgeous. Happy anniversary, my sweet Janet."

"Happy first anniversary, my darling. You are beautiful. I am lucky to have such a wife. Your dress is perfect for tonight as we are dining at the best restaurant in Memphis, Chez Phillippe. Have I told you how much I love you? You are the best thing in my life. It has been a wonderful year. I would kiss you now but we better not mess our makeup. Besides, if I did kiss you, with the way you look tonight, we probably would not make our dinner engagement."

Handing me my purse and gloves, she continued, "I promise you, we will more than make up for that later tonight!"

THE END