

MISTRESS

By Susan M. Scott



ILLUSTRATED BY BRIAN DUKEHART

A 'NEW WOMAN' NOVEL

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CHAPTER I Bad News

Michael sat in the waiting room, his hands folded tightly in his lap. Anxiety clearly showed on his young face. It had been over an hour and his mother was still with the Doctor. Desperately, he hoped that this Doctor would disagree with the physician at the public health office. If Michael's mother really needed an operation, they had no idea where the money would come from. It was going to take nearly all of their savings just to pay for this examination. They had gambled, hoping that Doctor Williams would find that Doctor Phillips had made some error.

“Michael Walker?” A nurse in a starched white uniform asked as she stepped into the waiting room. “Doctor Williams would like to see you in his office.”

Michael stood up and followed the nurse through the door and down the hall to the Doctor's office. A black-haired man dressed in coat and tie was sitting behind a large desk. The walls of the office were covered with book cases and plaques, all in a dark walnut that matched the desk. Sitting stoically in a chair across from the Doctor was Michael's mother, Joanne Walker. The doctor told Michael to take the other chair.

Doctor Williams was surprised by the close family resemblance between the woman and her son. He knew from her chart that Joanne Walker was forty-five years old. Had he not known, he would have guessed her age at closer to thirty-five. She was five feet, six inches tall and had dark auburn hair, close to the color of horse chestnuts. Quite trim at only one hundred and twenty-five pounds, her figure was attractive and slim. Her breasts were full, nicely shaped, and still high on her chest. The only thing hinting at her poor health was the yellowish pallor of her skin.

Her son Michael was approximately her height and probably five pounds lighter. He was a remarkably skinny boy for his eighteen years. His thick hair was the same shade as his mother's, proving that her color was natural.

Michael's features were somewhat soft and, as he examined him, the Doctor thought, “He looks more like her thirteen-year-old daughter than her eighteen-year-old son. It's a pity, such a lovely woman dying.”

The Doctor decided that he could not put off the distressing news any longer.

“Michael,” he began. “Your Mother wanted you present when I tell her the test results. I approved. She will need both your support and your prayers in the coming months. I know that I'm the second physician you have consulted with. I want you to know we have checked, double-checked, and again rechecked our results. Joanne, I wish I had good news. You must prepare yourself. My results agree with Doctor Phillips. I'm afraid your liver is failing, the disease is already well advanced. Our tests

show you have already lost close to ninety percent of your liver function. You only have a few months left.”

Joanne had expected that there was little hope. Even in her worst fears, though, she had been thinking she would have a year or two. She could barely speak after the Doctor's sentence of doom. Michael reached over to hug and comfort her. Joanne gratefully accepted her son's supportive embrace.

Her horror of death was great, but Joanne was more concerned for Michael.

“Michael is still so young,” she thought. “He will need me for years. How will he grow into manhood without support and guidance?”

Michael was just barely able to keep from crying. He loved his mother. He had never known his father. He had no other relatives. Mother was his whole life.

“Doctor! Surely there is some hope, some procedure that modern medicine can offer?” the boy begged.

“I'm afraid this will be very hard on you. I see that you have no insurance. There is a good chance that we could successfully transplant a liver. Your mother would be an excellent candidate for a transplant. There is a world-class program here, at the Oregon Health Sciences University. The surgery is tremendously expensive and would need to be done within the next three to four months. The State health plan's management has decided they just can't afford to pay for that kind of surgery. Unless you have somewhere you can obtain a significant amount of money, I'm afraid there is no hope.”

“That's not fair! You mean my mother must die when there is a procedure that could save her just because we are poor?”

Joanne now quietly sobbed as she listened to the conversation. She clutched her son as she cried.

“You are right Michael. It isn't fair. More people need this surgery than receive it. The number of people needing a new liver far outstrips the availability of donors. Given those unfortunate conditions, a candidate's suitability and ability to pay are both considered in deciding who will get the few livers that are available.”

“I don't care what it costs! We will find a way to come up with the money!” Michael declared.

Joanne smiled at her son's pluck but knew that there was little chance they could find or borrow the funds.

“I'm not ready to die. Why not at least know how much the operation would cost,” she thought.

“Doctor Williams, please tell us. How much would we need?” Joanne asked.

“Around a quarter of a million dollars,” the doctor said solemnly.

He hated hurting people. *“Joanne Walker will die because there aren't enough donors. If only more people and their families realized how many lives could be saved if they would just donate their healthy organs at their death,”* Doctor Williams thought bitterly.

“A quarter-million dollars?” Michael asked in shock.

“Yes, close to that much, maybe more. Then, following the surgery, about five thousand a year for anti-rejection medication,” Doctor Williams replied, a note of apology in his voice.

“OK, we will find a way. How do we proceed, Doctor?” Michael asked after a moment of thought. There was a firm, determined look around his mouth that Doctor Williams could not help but admire.

Joanne raised her face to her son's and smiled. “*He is a good boy,*” she thought with pride.

She knew, though, it was still her job to help Michael accept the inevitable. “Thank you for that dear, but its not to be done. We should leave the good Doctor and begin to plan for the time we have left.”

“Mother, I won't give up. You will not die for want of money. I WILL find a way. There must be something I can do that will justify a loan or something.”

“Doctor Williams, where do we go from here? How much time can you give us to come up with the money?”

Doctor Williams made a decision right then. “I'll tell you what I will do. I will recommend Joanne be admitted to the transplant program. I will also call Doctor Greenwood at the Medical School and speak with him. He runs the transplant program and we went to medical school together. It will take six to eight weeks for you to be evaluated, admitted, and placed on the waiting list. The waiting list is based on degree of liver failure rather than time of admission to the program. Those with the greatest need are considered first. Of course the first person on the list may not match closely enough to an available liver. Then they go to the next person. You should have six to eight weeks to demonstrate to the program that you have the financial resources. It's not much time but it's all I can do.”

“Thank you, Doctor,” Michael replied. “I don't know how, but we will manage to do it. The boy's determined tone heartened his mother.

As they took the bus from Northwest Portland back to their apartment in the Kerns neighborhood they were thankful for the doctor's aid. He had told them there would be no bill for his consultation. Joanne had thanked him deeply and was silently grateful. She had no hope that they could get that much money. Joanne knew she could not keep her job much longer. The few hundred dollars they had would help once they were forced to live on Michael's meager pay as an apprentice window dresser at Yak's. In a way she was glad it would be over soon. If she went into a long, protracted decline, the strain might destroy her boy's spirit, as well as his financial future. Her only happy thought was for the love she felt from her son.

When they entered their small apartment, Joanne felt simultaneously happy and depressed. She had succeeded in making it their home, yet no amount of homeyness could hide their poverty. It was a one-bedroom apartment with a small dining area that they had set up for Michael to use as a sleeping alcove. The white walls were covered with bookcases made from cement blocks and boards painted black. Joanne's own tiny bedroom was just large enough for her dresser and bed. Furniture in the liv-

ing room was limited to a desk, an old faded couch, a coffee table that was also painted black, and a twenty-year-old nineteen-inch television. The desk had a second chair that they could use on those rare occasions when there was company. There were a number of paintings, all without frames. They were gifts from friends who were artists and lacked the means to share anything but some of their own work with a friend. Each one brought to mind a face. Joanne sadly realized that her word-processing job had taken her away from the more bohemian friends she had once cultivated.

Michael seemed distracted. The boy went to the couch and just sat. Joanne knew he was thinking about how to get a quarter million dollars. She shrugged her shoulders.

"It might as well be a billion," the woman thought. She went to the kitchen and busied herself making a light dinner while she mentally made a list of things she must do before her demise. Briefly, she stopped to cry, but quickly got control of herself. Her practical nature knew that there was no point in crying and that she needed to think very carefully about what she would do with her remaining time.

Michael was quite busy himself. He turned over in his mind many ways to get the money. None seemed the least bit promising. The boy decided his best bet was a loan based on his future earnings. He would go to his bank the next morning and apply for a loan.

Three days later, Michael was discouraged. The boy had been to five different banks requesting a loan. The loan officers were very nice, even sympathetic, but they each informed him that applying for a loan was a waste of his time. One had very carefully tried to explain to the distraught boy that if the money was spent on an operation and then Michael chose not to repay the loan, the bank was totally unprotected. The meaning of the term 'unsecured loan' had become quite clear to Michael.

The boy had even gone to the Multnomah County Library and researched all the bank robberies in Portland over the last five years. Even robbing a bank seemed hopeless. The average take was under ten thousand dollars and seventy-five percent of all bank robbers were captured within a week. Michael knew himself well enough to realize that a successful robbery was over his head. Even if he was wildly successful and robbed three banks the chances of coming up with half of what he needed were almost nonexistent. As the week went on, his mood went from dark to black.

Joanne worried about the boy, but decided to give him a little time to realize the futility of his quest to find the money. She did, at his insistence, go to the Health Sciences University and began the evaluation process for the transplant. Everyone was very nice but she was aware from the first minute they all knew her case was hopeless. Joanne began to focus her time on tending to those arrangements she felt necessary before her certain demise. At night she indulged herself and cried a little. She did not wish to die. She still felt young and attractive. For years she had planned to start her life fresh when Michael entered college. She had even hoped that there might again be a man in her lonely life, to hold and cuddle with in the night.

Three weeks after they heard the grim news, Joanne realized that she was worse. She would soon be out of sick leave at work and would be forced to resign or be fired.

She had been missing more time each week now for several months. Michael was more of a problem. His mood was black and he was not willing to discuss her pending death. She decided to wait a few more days before pressing him, but realized it could not be much longer. There were things to be discussed and arrangements to be made. She was filled with horror, imagining Michael just finding her dead in her bed one morning and not knowing what to do. She pictured the boy sitting with her corpse for days unwilling to admit the reality of his loss. Joanne had always loved Michael's sensitive and emotional qualities but now she wished he could be relied on to be more practical.

“What's the good of making arrangements for disposal of the body if I can't rely on him to keep his head and call the funeral parlor?” she thought.

In desperation she wrote the boy a long, loving note explaining exactly what was to be done with her remains. It explained that all was paid for and whom he should call. She also included the information he might need, including bank account numbers, records, and her will.

A week later Michael was cleaning the apartment while his mother was at work and found the note. Reading it over, his soul felt as if it was tearing in two.

“She really is going to die and in spite of all my boasting, I haven't been able to do anything,” he accused himself.

Tears flowed down the boy's cheeks as he tried to continue cleaning. He knew he had to finish and get himself pulled together before his mother returned. The boy struggled, and bit by bit the apartment was cleaned. When he thought he had a grip on himself, he decided to carry the trash to the building's dumpster in the basement. The trash room was near the building's laundry. There, his grief overtook Michael again. He thought he was alone but was surprised when he heard a voice.

“Why, Michael Walker, what can the matter be?” It was Mrs. Cole, the landlady.

Everyone in the building had warned Michael and Joanne that Mrs. Cole was not really a nice person. Joanne had taught Michael to ignore rumors and the boy had always made a point of being polite. Mrs. Cole's building was well maintained and she respected her tenant's privacy. She was about fifty-five, white-haired and a little plump. There were many rumors concerning things she was said to have done, but Michael didn't believe them. Occasionally, strange people visited her, but the boy never considered her friends any of his business. Mrs. Cole appreciated Michael and his mother, Joanne. They were always pleasant to her and minded their own business. She was concerned when one of the few 'decent' people in her building seemed as upset a Michael clearly was.

The boy tried to answer her question, but the tears just kept coming.

“You poor dear,” said the woman. “Why not come to my apartment and have a little tea? Then you can tell me all about it and I will find a way to help.”

She helped the boy to his feet and guided his shaking form up the stairs to her apartment. She sat him on her couch and went to make the tea. By the time she returned, Michael was starting to regain a little self control.

"I'm sorry to trouble you, Mrs. Cole," he began. "I'll just be on my way now. Thank you for helping me back up the stairs."

He started to stand but the woman took control. "Michael, you sit back down instantly. You aren't going anywhere until I know what's wrong. You and your mother are two of the best people in this building. I will help if I can."

Michael realized he needed someone to talk to. Slowly, he let the story out. He told her of the visit to the doctor, the diagnosis, the second opinion, his own efforts to come up with the money. Finally, he finished with the letter from his mother discussing what he should do when he found her dead.

The white-haired woman listened in silence. She smiled slightly when Michael revealed to her his abandoned plan for robbing banks.

"My boy, you have got pluck. But you're right. Robbing banks pays very poorly," Mrs. Cole said.

"I know, but what else can I try? I must do something. To save my mother I would do anything," Michael protested.

"Michael, do you mean it? Would you do anything?" inquired the woman.

"Just name it! If it will provide the money for the operation, I'll do it. Why, I even considered prostitution, but from what I read, I couldn't make more than a few thousand in the few weeks remaining."

"That's interesting, Michael," Mrs. Cole continued. "You mean you would let men have their way with you?"

"Yes, even that. Anything that will raise the money. I'd cut off my arm if I could sell it for a the quarter-million the operation costs."

"If you are serious Michael, there may be a way," the woman began slowly.

"Someone might pay that much for my arm?" Michael asked in wonder.

"No dear. Not your arm, but your person. I know I can count on your discretion. Once, many years ago, I was a Madam and ran a pretty nice little whore house. I saved my money and was eventually able to buy this building and a few others and get into property management as an alternative to selling young peoples bodies. I know a man. A very rich man of unusual tastes. He might advance you the money if you were willing to meet his needs."

"Who is he? How can I get a hold of him?" Michael demanded.

"If you still want to know tomorrow, I will call him and arrange a meeting. Let me tell you more about what he will demand in exchange for the money."

"Call him now, Mrs. Cole. I will do anything, but time is important. I must demonstrate financial means to the transplant program next week."

"If you go ahead with my suggestion, that won't be a problem, Michael. This man's tastes may be more than you are bargaining for. You said that you would give up an arm. I believed you. Will you give up something more important to you?"

"Anything, Mrs. Cole. My legs, my eyes. What ever."

“What about your manhood?”

“My what?” the shocked boy replied.

Mrs. Cole continued, “Your manhood. This man—I shall call him Mr. H.—likes boy-girls. Boys who grow breasts and live as girls in every way except the secret they keep between their legs. A secret that is just for Mr. H's enjoyment. He likes to force boys to become girlish and then he keeps them as his mistress. He treats his mistresses well, providing them with money, but they must be his sex slaves. Doing whatever his perverted fancy may desire.

A friend from the old days came by last week. She told me that the last boy-girl I found for Mr. H. had run away a few months ago. The man is now desperate for a new mistress.

“Michael, I'm not in that business any more, but looking at you I'm sure you could make a perfect little boy-girl, ...if you were willing. Are you interested?”

Michael stared at Mrs. Cole for a long moment. He had never imagined that such a being as a boy-girl existed. He could barely imagine what one would be like, let alone contemplate actually becoming one. But he was desperate. Even if he was only clasp- ing at straws, the boy felt he must do something.

Hesitantly, he replied, “Yes Mrs. Cole. If I can be paid enough to save Mother, I will gladly do whatever is required.”

“Good boy! I was sure that there was more to you than talk. Now you go home and think about it overnight. If, on reflection, you think you can really live as a girl and give pleasure in bed to a man, come see me in the morning. I'll call around and find out what we must do if you want to proceed.”

A confused and bewildered boy left Mrs. Cole's apartment. For the first time, Michael had real hope that he could save his mother. He was also very afraid of just what it might entail.

With his slight build he had been unsuccessful with girls all through high school. Many liked the good-natured and helpful boy, but were unwilling to consider him more than a friend. He had found also, to his dismay, many girls were stronger than he was. Few were willing to go on a date with the class weakling. Even as a senior, when he tried to date the mousiest freshman girls, he was turned down. Michael had hoped that in college his body would fill out and that the more intellectual girls would look beyond his skinny arms and slight frame to see the love he was prepared to offer.

He was horrified at the idea of becoming some kind of fake girl and being the object of those romantic couplings he had imagined himself someday engaging in.

Joanne noticed her son seemed different that night. Michael's mood was less black, but he seemed worried. It was as if he was considering some matter of great significance. She hoped that he was finally considering the reality of her coming death. She wanted to talk to him, prepare him, and be sure that he would be all right before the darkness engulfed her.

The next morning Mrs. Cole heard a hesitant knock at her door. She smiled to her- self. She had been fairly sure that the boy would be back, but there was always the

chance he would change his mind. She vowed that if he wanted to go ahead, she would get him and his poor mother a very good deal. Plus, of course, a very nice commission for herself. She opened the door and found Michael waiting.

“Mrs. Cole, I still want to go ahead if there is enough money in it to save my mother,” he announced.

“Come in Michael, and lets talk.”

She lead him to the couch again and suggested he sit down.

“I want you to trust me. I will negotiate for you and get enough to pay for your mother's operation—and more—but you must do as I say.”

“OK, just tell me what to do,” the boy meekly replied.

“First you must go with me to Mr. H's attorney today. I arranged the meeting last night. If you can convince her that you are willing, she is authorized to negotiate a contract and start the process. The meeting is in an hour. Do you want to go ahead? If you do and we sign a contract, there will be no backing out later. The process will start today.”

Michael's throat was very dry. He was so afraid that he had trouble speaking. In reply he shook his head up and down, yes.

Mrs. Cole took the boy downtown to meet Mr. H's attorney. There was a one-way window in the attorney's office of which Michael was completely unaware. Ms. Janik, the attorney, seemed nice enough. She conversed initially with Mrs. Cole about trivialities. They were interrupted by a very brief phone call, then the women got down to business.

Mr. H. had been watching, and listening, and, when he was sure he wanted Michael, had been the voice on the other side of the phone call. The lawyer already knew the type of agreement he would make and proceeded to close the deal. Before Michael knew what was happening he was being escorted by Ms. Janik and Mrs. Cole to another office in the same building. It was a medical office.

CHAPTER II The Contract

Laying on his bed, Michael tried to make peace with himself. His hand wandered down to the bandages on his thighs. That was where they had inserted the implant of female hormones. He knew that unless the implants were removed, his body would start to change, becoming increasingly feminine. Michael thought about removing the bandage and then using tweezers or pliers to pull the implant out. But then there would be no money for his mother's operation.

"No! I must endure this for her sake," the troubled youth thought to himself. *"Besides, the other changes are permanent anyway."*

Michael moved his hand back up his body, feeling the satin of the panties they had given him to wear in exchange for his boxers. His legs, groin, chest, arms and face were now hairless as smooth as any girl's. With a shudder, he remembered the procedure.

Mrs. Cole had stayed with him even after the Doctor had ordered him to undress.

"You just agreed to learn to live as a girl, Michael. You must transition to a new mind set, not just learn to wear the clothes and submit to the medical procedures. From now on, you will need to be modest around men, hiding your body's charms from them. Around women, you must learn to relax. In a few months you will be so girlish in appearance that modesty around women will be unnecessary and inappropriate. You may as well start learning now," Mrs. Cole had advised the boy.

Michael was very embarrassed but did as he was told. When he was nude the Doctor carefully examined him, making frequent notes on a chart. Doctor Jane Cooper was totally businesslike, although she did allow herself a smile as she examined and measured the boy's genitals.

Doctor Cooper was pleased with the boy's slight frame and underdeveloped masculinity. *"This time they are sending me a good subject. He will feminize very well. Much better than the last boy they tried this with. In a couple of months this one will readily pass,"* she thought. The doctor knew that there would be a hefty bonus for her if her client was pleased with the transformation.

After the measurements were taken, she had Michael, still naked, lay face down on her examination table. She then made a small incision in each of his upper hips and implanted the packets of time-release hormones. Doctor Cooper didn't like men and always enjoyed guiding the feminization of what she considered to be a member of the oppressor sex. She was happy to transform these boys into the sexual playthings of other men. She felt she was protecting women from being forced into being kept by a man. As she worked, she explained what she was doing.

"Michael, these implants are my own formula. They are based on those used by women for birth control, but they are balanced to maximize your feminine transformation without chemically castrating you. It's very important to your future lover that your male equipment remain functional. I will also be giving you two sets of pills. They are color-coded. One is pink, the other is blue. You will take one each day and every two weeks you will switch color. The pink pills for two weeks will enhance your feminine appearance and outlook. The blue pills will protect and temporarily enhance the

male function of your genitals. So, like a woman, your body will have cycles. For part of each twenty eight day period you will be hormonally-inclined to the feminine. For part of the cycle you will find yourself able to relate to women as a male. I will be adjusting the strength of these drugs to optimize the feminization of your body while allowing you to retain your ability to function as a male for a few days each month. About as long as a woman's period.”

Michael's mind was still reeling with this information when the Doctor announced she was done. Mrs. Cole helped Michael up and escorted the shaking boy into an adjacent room. There she fastened his wrists in large padded plastic shackles and used ropes to raise his arms well above his head. His feet were spread wide apart and secured to the floor with thin plastic webbing. Michael was virtually immobilized and spread-eagled in a standing position. The doctor then summoned her nurse who brought with her a large tub of blackish goo. The nurse put on gloves and proceeded to spread the substance over Michael's body. She worked from his cheeks down, covering his sideburns, upper lip, chin, and neck. She then covered his neck, underarms, arms, shoulders, back, and chest with the sticky stuff. The nurse continued down until even the tops of his feet were covered. As she worked on his rear, she was quite careful to spread the goo into the crack between his tight buns as well as carefully covering every millimeter of his groin, penis, and testicles.

The goo began to tingle and itch.

“What are you doing?” Michael demanded.

The doctor just smiled at the goo-covered boy. She brought a set of cables over and attached electrodes to the hardening stuff on his body. The boy lost track of exactly how many she attached, but as it took her over an hour, he was sure there was well over one hundred.

“Now, Michael,” the doctor explained, “this will hurt.”

The tingling and itching soon turned into an ache that enveloped the boy's whole body.

“This is my own invention,” Doctor Cooper continued. “I will run electricity through the electrodes . The gel on your body connects these electrodes to every hair on your body. You're young and strong. The pain will only last a few minutes. Then, when we remove the gel and the electrodes all your unsightly masculine body hair will also come off, forever. You are not the first to receive this treatment. I have been through it myself. As you experience the pain, remember it really only hurts about as much as a bikini wax, spread over your whole body. Are you ready?”

“Just get it over with, Doctor Cooper,” the boy begged.

The doctor smiled. She walked over to a control unit on the wall and adjusted a dial. Then she threw a switch and Michael's world filled with pain. Electricity was shooting into every hair follicle in his body, penetrating to the root and killing the hair. His body arched and he tried to scream, but found he could not. Caught in the flow of electricity, he writhed in rhythm with the current's pulsing. The doctor twisted the dial to adjust the pulses, sending ever-increasing electrical charges to the boy's dying hair follicles. After ten minutes, she turned the machine off. Michael's body hung limply

from the restraints. Mrs. Cole and the nurse unstrapped the boy and gently lowered his limp body to the floor.

When Michael came to several minutes later, Mrs. Cole was beside him mopping his brow with a cool cloth.

“It's all over now, Michael. Just rest for a few minutes. When you are strong enough, I'll help you to the shower,” the older woman advised the boy.

Michael's whole body ached. He needed twenty minutes of rest before he could stand. Then he allowed Mrs. Cole to guide him from the 'torture' room to an adjacent bathroom and shower. Mrs. Cole stripped off her clothes and got in the shower with Michael. The boy was surprised. Her body was still shapely and firm. Although the sight of Mrs. Cole's ripe body would normally have stimulated the boy into producing a fierce erection, Michael was much too tired to do more than merely notice Mrs. Cole curvaceous form.

The woman gently used warm water and soap to remove the almost fully-hardened gel. When she was done, she surveyed her work, smiling with satisfaction. Every hair on the boy's body, other than those adorning his head, eyebrows, and eyelashes, was gone. Even his sideburns had been removed to create a feminine pattern of head hair. In some ways he was more naked than a newborn and certainly more hair-free than most women. Even his groin was stripped of its modest cover.

Mrs. Cole helped Michael out of the shower. After drying her own wet body, she dried his and helped him into the panties he now wore. She had also given him several additional pairs and informed him that starting the next afternoon she would supervise the conversion of his wardrobe.

“You have received a very generous agreement and I have been hired to ensure that you keep both to the letter and the spirit of the contract,” the woman informed Michael.

As he drifted into sleep, Mrs. Cole's final words resonated in his mind. “In about two months you will be living full time as a girl and will be ready to start to thank Mr. H. for his generosity. I will go over the details with you tomorrow and check every day to be sure you are living up to your part of the bargain.”

The next morning Michael awoke excited. He was going to the transplant clinic with his mother that morning. He now possessed a letter confirming that his mother had insurance that would cover the entire cost of the liver transplant and subsequent medical care, including the ongoing cost of medication. Michael quickly slipped a long-sleeved shirt, socks, and jeans over his pantied and now hairless body. He took one of the pink pills Doctor Cooper had given him and tried to hide his excitement from his mother. The Doctor had given him only the pink pills to start with. He was to take one each day for two months. Then they would start alternating with the blue pills every two weeks.

“That way your body will change more rapidly,” the Doctor had informed him.

“Are the blue pills male hormones that will counteract the implants?” Michael had asked hopefully.

“Oh no, Michael,” the doctor had replied. “Your male hormone count will decline to about that of the average woman your age. We don't want to counteract your new female balance. Stopping the pink pills for two weeks will allow your body to assert a little of its own masculinity, though. The blue pills include herbs that will stimulate your penis, Ginseng, Saw Palmetto, Yohimbe, Ginkgo and a few others. In addition, there are a few things that will soften your skin and make your breasts swell. You may even experience feminine cramping and need to take PMS medication. So you see, the feminization process will not stop. We will just allow your little male thing a chance to play with the big boys once in a while.”

Michael realized that he must keep the price he was paying for her surgery a secret from Mother. He hoped that the feminization process would not proceed so quickly that she would realize that he was changing. The boy knew his mother would rather die than have him become some man's bizarre sex toy. Michael was determined that she should not find out. At this point, however, he still didn't really believe that his body would change that much.

“I have always been male, although a little undersized. A few chemicals aren't going to make that big a difference,” he reassured himself. *“At least not very soon.”*

At the transplant center he filled out the financial paperwork while his mother was being examined. The boy decided to tell her that an unexpected medical endowment to the Health Sciences University was allowing the transplant program to go forward with her surgery.

“The longer I can keep her from asking questions, the better my chances of keeping the arrangement secret,” he reasoned.

After they returned home, Michael slipped out to pay a visit to Mrs. Cole. She was expecting him and had him take a seat.

“So how did things go with the doctors today?” Mrs. Cole asked him as she handed the boy a cup of coffee.

“Well, I hope. I turned in the financial information. We should hear from the program about my mother's admission in a few days.”

“How did she take the news?”

“News? News about what? We won't hear from the program for a while.”

“Why, the news about your being able to pay for the surgery!,” Mrs. Cole pressed.

“Well, I haven't exactly told her about that, Mrs. Cole. I was thinking that I would tell her that the University came up with the money somehow. Given my agreement with Mr. H., I thought I'd keep the deal a secret, at least until after the surgery.”

Mrs. Cole thought about that for a moment before replying. Michael nervously waited for her reaction.

“That may be very wise Michael,” she finally commented. “It's unlikely that she would approve. But it will create some problems.”

“What kind of problems, Mrs. Cole?”

“Michael, you really must call me Margaret. I look around every time you say 'Mrs. Cole', wondering where my mother is.”

“OK, Margaret. What kind of problems will be created by my keeping the agreement a secret?”

“Won't she think it a little strange that you are wearing lingerie? What will she say when you come home wearing makeup, or heels, or a skirt? Even if you keep your new feminine wardrobe a secret, what will happen when she finds your makeup or notices that your nails are shaped and painted? What will happen when she notices that you need a bra? I think you should consider these things, Michael. It's possible that your 'secret' can't be kept more than a few weeks.”

“Oh no! Mrs. Cole, I mean Margaret, you mean I have to change right away? I thought we would wait a few months to see what the pills and implants do.”

“Michael, the changes will occur much faster than you think. The chemicals will start to produce noticeable changes within two weeks. The world may not notice but you can bet your mother will. In addition to the physiological changes, we need to start getting you ready socially. You must learn how to dress and behave like a young lady. The contract calls for you to begin 'dating' Mr. H. in ten weeks. That's not much time. You will need to work hard if you are not to disappoint him.”

“Ten weeks! Can't I just maybe practice here with you, a little each day and prepare?” Michael pleaded.

“You will need to do that. It will be almost impossible for you to really learn to be a convincing girl in public if you spend your time at home trying to act as if you were still a boy. You will need to practice every waking minute.”

“But I am still a boy,” he pleaded.

“No you are not. You were a boy but you are now a boy-girl. Right now, your body has as many female hormones in it as any teenage girl entering puberty. If you think this contract is just a matter of wearing a dress and occasionally sleeping with a guy, you are mistaken.”

“But will I really change that much?”

“Michael, I have seen Doctor Cooper's formula work on other boys. She is very good and has improved the drugs since I last worked with her. Let me assure you, the changes will be profound. In ten weeks you will not be able to pass as a boy in public.”

“What if I just run away after the surgery?”

“From Mr. H.? I would not advise it. He can be a warm and kind man but you have made a deal and he will expect you to keep it.”

“But what can he do? It must be illegal to have a contract like the one I signed. Why, its prostitution! Maybe even slavery.”

“Mr. H. is not concerned much about what is legal. If you skip out he will, shall we say, repossess your mother's new liver. Mr. H. has some very scary people working for him. People who will do what ever he asks, without questions. Like you will be, they are all well paid. Like them, I advise you to be loyal to him.”

Michael was stunned. "Repossess her liver?" he asked in shocked disbelief.

"At the very least. Even if you kill yourself instead of running away he will feel cheated and seek vengeance. Probably against Joanne."

"But Margaret, what about the last one? The boy who ran away a few months ago. He was able to get away."

"Yes but Mr. H. didn't make a quarter-million dollar payment up front to HER. She was a lot more 'her' than 'he', particularly at the end. She was getting an apartment and about forty thousand a year. Mr. H. felt that after five years he had gotten his money's worth out of the cost of transformation. You are to get an apartment and over fifty thousand a year in benefits and money plus that monster up-front commitment. He will insist on getting his money's worth."

"Over fifty thousand a year?"

"You didn't really read the contract did you? I thought not. Yes, in addition to paying for all of Joanne's medical needs, you will earn a salary of forty-eight thousand dollars a year as his personal assistant. You will have a clothing allowance and you will be expected to spend every dime of it. For that kind of money Mr. H. expects you to be sweet, feminine, sexy, and at his beck and call. You must be his mistress for at least ten years. If you stay with him until you are thirty he will pay you a pension for life."

Michael was stunned. Although the boy hadn't really considered running out on the contract he was shocked at the magnitude of the consequences if he did. His thoughts had only gone as far as providing for his mother's surgery. Now he started to realize the extent of the commitment he had made. He was expected to spend the next decade living as this man's mistress. Michael knew that he couldn't keep this a secret from his mother for very long.

"Margaret, what am I to do? If I start to act feminine around the house Mother will see it. She will demand to know what is going on. When she finds out, she will kill herself rather than let me go ahead and meet my end of the contract."

Margaret realized the boy was right. Joanne Walker absolutely doted on her son. If she thought she should die to protect him, she would kill herself, and fast, killing Mrs. Cole's commission and training fee at the same time.

"We do seem to have a problem, Michael. I'll tell you what we can try. I will ask Mr. H. if he can use his influence to move Joanne's surgery date forward. For the next few weeks, we will limit your conversion to things you can cover or remove. I think we can keep the secret for up to a month. I will let you practice here with me. We will also see if we can arrange for you to start dressing at work right away. With luck that will be more than enough time. After the surgery you will confess to Joanne that you are a transvestite and that you think you may be a transsexual. You will tell her that for years you have been secretly hoarding and wearing women's clothes. That you feel you must finally come out of the closet and try living as a woman."

Michael thought about it for a while. He was terrified at the prospect of dressing as a woman. The boy had to admit that Margaret was right. If he told his Mother he liked to dress like a girl she would try to understand. She might even want to be supportive

and help him. He hated the idea of lying to her. It would work though, he thought. It would save her life and hide his secret.

“OK, Margaret, we will try that. How will you arrange it for me to dress as a girl at work.”

“Good girl!” the older woman replied. “I told you Mr. H. was influential. He owns the building Yaks is located in. If he wants you dressed as a girl, there will be no problem. We will keep some clothes for you here, at least until your mother goes into the hospital. You can change before and after work.”

Michael realized that she was right. The store didn't really care what he wore. He worked in a back office four evenings a week with the window designer. Also, Monday through Thursday nights, he worked after the store closed redoing one or more of the store's dozen display windows. His biggest problem would be changing in the afternoon at Mrs. Cole's and then getting downtown. Coming home, he took the last bus which was almost always empty. He normally would get home well after one in the morning and his mother tended to be in bed by then.

He was snapped out of his reverie by Mrs. Cole's sharp command. “Now strip! I want to be sure you are wearing panties and check your body for any hairs that Doctor Cooper's treatment might have missed.”

Reluctantly, he removed his shirt, T-shirt, shoes, socks and pants. Standing in just the red satin panties, he let the woman examine him. She went over his body very careful. Margaret was pleased to find that his body and face were entirely hairless with the exception of his eye brows and eye lashes.

When she was done, she rubbed her hand over the hidden cock in his panties. It stirred at the contact and she smiled. The organ appeared to be in good working order. She pulled the panties down to his knees and examined his groin and rear.

“Michael, did you take your pink pill this morning?” Mrs. Cole inquired as she checked his privates.

The boy was surprised when Mrs. Cole pulled down the satin garments. He was very nervous at the way she had touched him as she examined his groin and rear. The contact with his cock was brief but stimulating. Michael was embarrassed when he felt it start to harden.

When she was sure his body was as hairless as a newborn's, the woman returned her attention to his male tool. It was still slightly hard. Michael was shocked when she took it in her hand and started to massage it.

“Mrs. Cole! What are you doing?” the boy demanded.

“I need to be sure everything works right, Michael. Just relax and enjoy it,” she advised the boy with a smile. Then she lowered her mouth to his tool and sucked the tip into her mouth. The organ promptly grew to full erection and the experienced woman used her mouth and tongue to stimulate Michael's arousal. Her head started to bob up and down as she slid the now-solid rod of flesh in and out of her mouth. Margaret reached around the boy and grasped his ass cheeks in her hands, massaging them in rhythm with her sucking.

Michael stared at the head bobbing before him in disbelief. He had never even been French kissed and this woman was giving him a blow job. His wonder faded to passion as the skillful woman brought him toward orgasm. When he came, he shuddered in disbelief. The sensations were exquisite, far exceeding those he had experienced when masturbating. Michael was surprised when he realized that the woman was swallowing his cum. When she was sure he was done, she stood and pulled his naked form into her arms. She brought her mouth to his and began to deeply kiss the boy. Once he was kissing her back, she transferred a little cum that she had saved to the boy's mouth. Then she broke the kiss.

"Michael, I want you to taste it and then swallow it. Do it now!" Mrs. Cole sternly instructed him.

The boy was disgusted but did as he was told. The cum was salty but not bad tasting. Still, he found the experience repugnant.

"Why did you do that?" the boy asked.

"Do what Michael? Suck you off or make you taste it?"

"Both."

"To be sure that your equipment functions normally. Mr. H. is quite insistent that your feminization stop short of ending your ability to function as a male. Doctor Cooper needs me to 'test' you at least weekly and then report to her. I must admit, though, I thought it might be fun, and it was. Was it your first time?"

"Yes, Margaret, it was."

"Good, I thought so. I like being the first with a virgin and I haven't had a chance at one for years. We will try other things later as you become more attractive. Like most women who work as prostitutes, I reached a point where I like women better than men. Making love with a man is work. When you are more womanly, I may teach you how girls pleasure each other.

"I made you taste it because you must become used to tasting cum. By signing the contract you committed to learn and do all the sexual things a call girl must do to keep her customer happy. Your role won't be like that of a wife who can dictate to her husband what she likes and does not like to do. Your role is to please. I know for a fact that Mr. H. likes his member sucked. You must be conditioned to do it, willingly and well. He wants you brought to him inexperienced with men, though. His passion will be to break you to him, to first take you and then make you yearn for him."

"I may have to let him do what he wants to me, Margaret. I may even learn to pleasure him. I assure you, though, I will never come to like it," the boy replied, defiance in his voice.

"I think you are wrong, but your attitude is all that Mr. H. wants. Now, lets get you dressed for the day.

Mrs. Cole went to her room and brought back a stack of silky garments.

"I want you to wear these under your clothes today," she informed the boy.

She passed him a pink garter belt and helped him put it on. This was followed by a pair of matching pink panties. Michael eagerly slipped the panties on, pleased at finally being able to cover his nakedness. Mrs. Cole then gave the boy a pair of black hose and instructed him in how to put them on.

“After your nails grow out you will have to be very careful not to run your nylons,” she informed the boy. “These are quite dark and no one will notice the difference between them and your normal socks.”

The final garment was a delicate pink cotton and lace camisole. It had inch-wide straps that crossed Michael's shoulders and held up the delicate garment. Margaret took the boy over to a mirror. With a shock the boy realized he already looked somewhat girlish. His narrow frame, thin waist, and smooth hairless face and body made him look almost like a fourteen-year-old girl rather than the young man he wanted to be. Only the angles of his bones, lean muscles, flat chest, and flat rear preserved a sense of his true sex.

“You really will be quite pretty,” Margaret commented. “In a few weeks, when you start to have a little shape, you might even turn out beautiful. I can just barely resist having you put on some makeup now. Hurry and get dressed, we got a late start today and I don't want you to be late for work. Tomorrow morning, put on your boys' underwear when you get up. When I see you, I will exchange it for something more appropriate. We will start you practicing with a little makeup tomorrow. While you are working I will be building your wardrobe. Who does the laundry? You or Joanne?”

“I do now that Mother is so sick. She barely has the energy to go to work anymore, let alone do housework.”

“Good! Then she won't notice that your underwear is changing. You can do laundry here in my apartment rather than at the Laundromat or in the basement. That way I can teach you about dressing and makeup and Joanne won't wonder why you are spending so much time with me. Is she still going to work?”

“Yes, Margaret. Mother still works afternoons, although I don't



know how long she will be able to continue. She found that she was too tired to work full-time a few weeks ago.”

“Good. At least for now your afternoons are mine. You spend the morning taking care of Joanne and your apartment.”

Michael put on his clothes and shoes and went to work. On the way to the store he felt very strange. The unfamiliar undergarments felt sensual against his skin as he moved. The nylons made his pants move strangely against his legs. At first, Michael was sure everyone could tell that he was wearing women's underwear. After a while, he realized that the only thing about him attracting attention were his blushing cheeks. Everyone at work treated him normally and after a while he relaxed, realizing that, if he was careful, no one would find out what he wore under his shirt and pants. So long as his shirt and pants were made from fairly heavy material, that was.

CHAPTER III Out of the Closet

The next morning, Michael awoke with severe cramps in his lower abdomen. He took a pain killer together with his little pink pill and got dressed. The night before, he had carefully put away his feminine undergarments, slipping them to the bottom of his drawer.

"I can't put them in the hamper until I'm ready to do the laundry," he thought. *"Mother might see them when she puts her own clothes in."*

It felt reassuring putting on his old jockey shorts and T-shirt. As he cleaned the apartment and made his mother's breakfast, Michael realized that the smooth sensuous feeling of girl's undergarments held an attraction for him. After his mother left for work, he was eager to get to Mrs. Cole's apartment.

He hoped for a repetition of the blow-job he had received the previous day. He was to be disappointed.

Mrs. Cole met Michael at the door and had him strip almost as soon as the door was securely closed. On the couch was a pile of ice green lingerie and gray hose. After quickly examining Michael again to be sure that they had successfully killed and removed all his unsightly male hair, she had him slip into the delicate underthings. Again, there was a garter belt, panties, and another delicate camisole. This time the camisole was made of nylon tricot that matched the panties and garter belt. Margaret watched her charge put the garments on. She was pleased to see that he remembered how to slip on the hose without running them and how to attach their tops to the garter straps.

When he was done, she handed him a pair of low-heeled, open-backed silver slippers. For a minute, Michael just stared at the shoes. Mrs. Cole supported him as he placed his feet in them and tried to stand up. Margaret had the boy practice walking for the next half hour. Michael found that he could successfully move around the room if he was careful to take short steps and kept his posture straight.

Watching him move, Mrs. Cole smiled. *"Without thinking about it he is swaying his hips slightly and walking in a way that will prove quite provocative once he develops feminine curves,"* she thought.

Mrs. Cole gave Michael a short tricot robe that matched his underwear and lead him to her bedroom. She had him sit at her vanity and laid out an assortment of cosmetics in front of him.

"This is your makeup, dear. I purchased it yesterday. Until your mother goes into the hospital for her transplant you will keep it here. Since we are delaying working on your mannerisms until later, we will focus the next few weeks on your learning all about makeup. You have a lot of catching up to do. Most girls are expert by the time they are sixteen," she informed the uncomfortable boy.

She began by telling what each tube, pencil, and container was. Then she told him about different looks that he would learn.

"Your makeup must change for different occasions. Just like your clothes. What you wear to work will be different from what you wear for an evening out. For a bou-

doir seduction you will need another look. You will need yet another look for going to the beach, sailing, or for sports like golf or tennis.”

Michael was amazed. “I had no idea there was so much involved in putting this stuff on,” he commented. The boy had observed that his mother seemed to have a lot of different kinds of make up and different colors of things like lipstick, but he had never imagined that makeup would require so much study.

“We will start with basic day wear, the kind you will wear to work.”

“Wear to work!” Michael's shock terror was clear in his voice. “I can't wear makeup to work!”

“Oh yes, you can and will!” Margaret informed him.

“But then everyone will see! What about keeping this all a secret?”

“We are only keeping your transformation a secret from your Mother, remember. Today Mr. H.'s agent is talking to the store managers about you. They will know about you and understand that you are to be accepted and helped when you get there this afternoon.”

“They will know about me?”

“Yes, that you are a transsexual who is starting hormone therapy and will be coming to work dressed and made-up as the charming young girl you hope to become.”

Michael sat in shocked disbelief. Yesterday, he had only gotten through the day by reassuring himself that no one could tell what he had on under his shirt and pants. Today they would all know. Worse still, Margaret expected him to wear makeup to work. He realized that all too soon she would be putting him in skirts and dresses and expecting him to wear those out in public. Seeing his shock, Mrs. Cole decided the best remedy was to distract him.

“Now today, we will start with lipstick. No girl is ever dressed until she has her lipstick on. With your creamy cheeks and fair skin you won't need much powder or blusher. We will save foundation for more glamorous looks.”

She passed him a tube of bright red lipstick and told him, “Try putting this one on.”

Hesitantly Michael took the tube. He just looked at it for a moment.

“We don't have all day, Michael,” Mrs. Cole scolded. “Now open it and put it on.”

Slowly he opened the tube and extended the column of red paste the way he had seen his mother do it. Trying to be careful, he applied the stuff to his lips. Mrs. Cole made him redo it over and over again until she thought he was getting it acceptably done. Michael's lip's were raw from removing the stuff after each application.

She then taught him how to apply his eye shadow, mascara, and blusher. Three hours later, Michael looked in the mirror and could barely recognize himself. After his make up was done to her satisfaction, Margaret insisted in putting a wig on him. The auburn curls that surrounded his face in conjunction with the makeup transformed him more completely than he thought possible. For the first time, he realized that he might really be made into a convincing girl. The chestnut-colored wig was close to his

own hair color. The boy accurately deduced that Margaret had purchased it especially for him.

“This would be an attractive look you might wear to work. For today you can remove the lipstick, blusher, and eye shadow. I'm afraid that the mascara is the kind that stays on till it wears off. You will only need to put it on every three or four days.”

Michael removed the makeup and the wig hoping that Margaret wouldn't object. She didn't but the boy almost came to tears when he realized that the process of putting the lipstick on so many times had bruised and discolored his lips to the point where it looked like he was still wearing lipstick.

“I can't go to work like this, Margaret!” Michael insisted to the woman. “I look like I still have makeup on.”

“It will be fine, Michael. They expect you to start transitioning. A hint of makeup today will just confirm what they already know. If anyone gives you a tough time, just ignore them. I think you will find most people will go out of their way to be understanding. You will need a new name. What should I call you?”

“A new name?” Michael hesitantly asked.

“Why, yes. The people you work with are sure to ask you what they should call you.”

The horror of the situation was almost overwhelming to the boy. “I don't know. Can't I just be Michael for a few more weeks anyway?”

“Not if your story is to be believed. When you tell your mother, she will want to know. I have an idea. For now we can call you Mickey. That's not unduly masculine but not clearly a girls name either. When you tell your mother, why don't you let her help you pick out something really feminine. You know—like Susan or April or Jane or maybe Anne, after her.”

Michael knew he was trapped. “OK Margaret. For now, it's Mickey.”

“Good girl, Mickey. Now you better finish dressing and get to work.”

Mickey slipped on her shirt, pants, and shoes and left.

After he was gone, Margaret decided the day had gone well. She had been tempted to put Mickey in a skirt and blouse she had picked up for 'her' that morning, but had decided to wait until 'she' was farther along.

“*Maybe after she is wearing a bra,*” she decided.

When he got to work 'Mickey' immediately noticed that everyone was taking a hard look at him. When he saw his boss, Ms. Morrison, she surveyed him critically.

“I think you will turn out just fine,” Ms. Morrison informed him. “The hint of makeup today was a good idea. Everyone will be wondering if what they heard is true. Now, they will just steal a look instead of needing to come by and ask you. So what should we call you now?”

“Thank you, Ms. Morrison. I was thinking it would be nice if people called me Mickey. At least for now. It's not such a sudden change. Later I may want something more, ah . . .,” the boys voice trailed off.

“Feminine?” Ms. Morrison asked.

Mickey just shook her head up and down in assent.

“OK, Mickey. From now on you can call me Lori rather than Ms. Morrison. Since you're joining the club, so to speak, you will be treated like one of the girls. Don't worry. The store is full of gays and lesbians. I'm sure no one will try to give you a hard time. How long till I get to see you in a dress.”

Mickey started to sweat. “I just started the hormones and stuff yesterday Lori. I think I want to wait a while before I go much farther. You know—sort of wait to until I can pass.”

“Well, for my money, I think you could pass a causal inspection today if you went all out. Take your time, Mickey. I've always thought you were too slender to be a guy. I think you might make a much better girl. Lets get to work. I have a new concept for the east wall display windows I want you to start on tonight.”

On the bus home, Mickey relaxed. The bus was empty except for the driver and it was dark. The boy felt exhausted. Everyone he knew at work had come by to see him. Some had just wandered by and taken a good long look. Some had wanted to talk. He had explained that he was now going by “Mickey” so many times that by the end of the day he was answering to the name without having to think.

Just before Lori had left, she had kissed him on the cheek and placed her hand on his hip. The attractive woman's attention had flustered the boy.

“Just as I thought,” she said after the kiss. “You're wearing a garter belt and panties. I think you probably look real cute in them. You know, you should get new shoes. Your employee discount is good in the women's departments. Or better yet, let me treat. Why not pick out some nice shoes to wear before you go home? Just write down the stock number and give it to me. If you're wearing nice hose, you should wear shoes designed to be worn with nylons. Those men's shoes will ruin your hosiery. I want to see you push the envelope a little more tomorrow,” Lori ordered with a sly smile.

He was wearing the shoes. He hoped his mother was asleep because they were certainly women's shoes. It had taken him over an hour to figure out his size and find a pair he thought he could live with. They were black leather pumps with one-inch block heels and a strap that went over his ankle. When he was standing, his pants came down far enough to cover the tops, leaving only the slightly pointed toes and thin soles to hint that they were not boys' shoes.

Mickey—or was it Michael—felt very confused. Lori had been friendlier to him today than ever before. He wondered if the stories about her might be true; that she was a lesbian who had no use for men. In the past, she had been all business, talking with him as little as possible. Today, she had been friendly and had chatted with him about many things, both work-related and private. He had never felt like her partner in working on the windows before. More typically, he felt like a slave who carried out her designs without discussion. Tonight, however, she had even asked his opinion about which hat to use with a particular dress. Mickey had decided he better accept the shoes. He didn't want to upset the positive impression he seemed to have made.

“Well one thing is for sure,” he thought to himself. “The first day I wear a skirt to work, Lori won't give me a hard time.”

The next morning he had stomach cramps again. He quickly took some ibuprofen along with another pink pill. A half-hour later, he was feeling better and took a shower. Mickey found that the warm water also seemed to reduce the cramping in his groin. He decided to ask Margaret about them as he got dressed. He had to be careful dressing. His body had never had much hair but he had possessed a soft down on his arms and a noticeable amount of hair on his lower legs, all of which was now gone. Before dressing, he checked to be sure that his feminine underwear and new shoes were well hidden.

“Michael!” He heard his mother cry from the living room.

He rushed to her and found her sitting, holding a letter and crying.

“Mother, what's wrong?”

“Nothing is wrong dear,” Joanne said through her tears. “I've been accepted into the transplant program. They got a grant or something and I'm on the list. Oh Michael! I may live!” Michael hugged her sobbing form to him. Her relief at the news was so tangible, he could almost smell it in the room. Through her tears, she laughed.

“Oh I'm going to live!” Joanne repeated over and over.

Mickey realized that his mother had hidden her pain and grief so well that he hadn't really realized just how depressed she was.

“She was protecting me,” he thought. “Trying to keep me from feeling bad or knowing how much she feared the end.”

A great sense of relief and gratitude filled the boy. *“Mr. H. has saved my mother's life. I must thank him and the best way to do that is to give him what he wants.”* Still holding his mother's sobbing form he vowed, *“I will become whatever he wants and give him all the pleasure I can.”*

Later, after Joanne had gone to work, he went to see Margaret. She had him strip and again presented him with a delicate stack of lacy feminine underthings. Today they were black. Before she let him say anything, she also gave him the wig and helped him to put it on and secure it to his own hair with bobby pins. As he slipped on the new black satin garter belt she had given him, Mickey showed Margaret the shoes he had picked out the night before.

“Size Eight B. My, for a man you DO have small feet. But it will help out now as we redo your wardrobe. You said these were a gift from your boss?”

“Yes, Ms. Morrison told me she wanted 'to see me push the envelope.' I picked them out but she said she would pay for them,” Mickey explained.

“How nice of her. Well, we will reward her by being a little more daring today. Instead of dark hose, today you will wear light-gray stockings. That will help. Let's try a little more makeup today, also. After you have practiced for a while, we will do something very subtle but noticeable to the close observer. You say she treated you better than ever before?”

“Yes she did. It was very strange, but kind of nice.”

“Well, we want to reinforce that. While you finish putting on your undies, I will slip back to your apartment and see if I can find you a much lighter shirt. Showing off your nice smooth arms and a hint of that lacy black camisole should do the trick.”

When she got back, Mickey saw that she had brought his light blue short-sleeve cotton shirt. Mickey had avoided wearing the shirt knowing that whatever he had on underneath would clearly show. In particular, he was thinking of a black lace camisole with spaghetti straps over his shoulders. He knew, though, there was no point in arguing. Besides, Lori had been quite firm. Margaret was probably right about giving her more of a hint about his new underwear.

Margaret had the boy slip into a pair of gold mules with two-inch heels. Mickey found that the higher heels were not much different than those he had worn the previous day.

As he practiced walking, he spoke, “Margaret, the last two mornings I have gotten these terrible cramps. Could they be related to those pills?”

“Oh dear. I should have realized this would happen, Mickey. The cramps are from your body adjusting to its new hormonal balance. It's the implants more than the pills. They should go away eventually but I'll call Doctor Cooper and get you something for them. I'll stay up tonight so you can stop by and pick up the prescription when you get home. There is a good film on the late show anyway.”

After Margaret decided Mickey was doing well in the shoes, she lead the boy back to her vanity for another makeup lesson. They covered the same things they had the day before but also added lip and eye liner to the lesson. Today, it took the boy much less time to get it right, even using the new cosmetics. Margaret decided he was a quick learner. She had him keep on a hint of light blue eye shadow, a touch of blusher and pinkish lipstick. The lipstick's color was just a hint lighter than Mickey's natural lip color. The lip liner was a shade darker still and gave the boy's lips a fuller look.

Looking at himself in the mirror, Mickey could see the boy he had been fading in favor of someone new and feminine. With the curly hair cascading around his face and down to his shoulders, he looked like a prim young girl getting ready to wear makeup to church for the very first time.

Margaret gave Mickey a black satin robe to slip on. It only came to mid-thigh, showing a healthy amount of his now nylon-covered legs. In the wig, makeup and two-inch mules, Mickey looked almost convincing. They walked into the living room for coffee and more practice walking in heels before Mickey had to get ready for work.

“I must not tell Mr. H.,” Margaret thought. *“If he saw him right now, the man would demand that he come to him tonight. I must proceed slowly enough so that the dear boy can manage to surrender rather than just submit to rape.”*

“How is your poor Mother doing, Mickey?” Margaret asked.

“I meant to tell you earlier, Margaret. She received a letter from the transplant program today, telling her she had been accepted. She is supposed to go tomorrow morn-

ing and pick up a beeper. They will use that to tell her to come to the hospital when they get a liver that matches her blood type.”

“Why, that is wonderful news dear! We may be able to proceed to your dressing full-time sooner than I had hoped.”

“I guess so, Margaret. I hadn't thought about that aspect of it. But Mother was so relieved. She had hidden it well but I saw today just how terribly afraid and unhappy she has been. I'm very grateful to you and Mr. H. He seems to be fulfilling his end of the contract very well. Today, I decided I want to meet my commitment to him. These clothes and the rest of the changes are still strange, but the man HAS saved her life. I must repay him. If you want me to wear a skirt to work, I will.”

Margaret was very pleased. She decided that it was time to add a little personal reward to further bind the boy to his new feminine life.

“Mickey, in time—not a very long time—I will put you in a skirt and send you to work in it. But not for a few days. For now we will keep a lower profile and not risk Joanne finding out what we are doing.”

Mickey removed the wig and robe and slipped on the shirt and his own pants. In the lightweight shirt, his belt felt too loose. He decided to try to cinch it although he had never gotten it to the next loop before. He was surprised when it easily closed. Mickey now had a twenty-five inch waist. The tighter belt created a hint of shape in his hips that was accentuated by the one-inch heels on his new shoes. Before leaving the building, Mickey got a light jacket to cover his shirt. Looking at himself in the mirror, he realized that anyone who took a good look at him would see the makeup. Looking down at his shoes, he hoped that if they did, they would assume he was a girl rather than what he was.

At the store, Lori was quite pleased to see Mickey. After he took off his jacket, she made him stand still so she could inspect his appearance.

“Quite nice, dear. Your makeup is quite subtle, yet feminine. That shirt is cute, particularly with that nice camisole under it. Is it black satin?”

“Yes, Lori, it is.”

“Mickey, you do seem to have interesting taste in lingerie. I can't wait to see you in a bra. You did say you were on hormones, didn't you?”

“I started them this week. I don't know how long it will take, but the doctor said I might see some changes in about two weeks.”

“Oh what fun! I remember when my breasts blossomed. It seemed to happen almost overnight. I was thirteen. In the spring, when school ended, I was flat-chested. The next fall, I started high school wearing a B cup, the same size I still wear. I hope you change as fast. Promise that you will let me see when they start to develop?”

Mickey didn't know how to reply. Lori seemed fascinated by him and the changes he was going through. Not knowing what else to do, he agreed. They got to the store and Mickey found that work was almost fun. They chatted and joked as they labored. The time just seemed to be flying by and they were getting more done in less time than ever before.

In the past, he had always had to wait for Lori to tell him what to do. Now, she started by explaining her whole concept and involved the boy in making many of the decisions. As a result, he was able to accomplish many tasks without having to ask for instructions, greatly speeding up their work. To Mickey's surprise, Lori decided to stay and help him finish the windows that night. She normally left at nine when the store closed. Since her day started at noon and Mickey's started at five, he had never expected Lori to stay.

They finished the east display windows about two in the morning.

As they were cleaning up, Lori realized the boy had probably missed his bus.

"We got the whole set of windows done two days early, Mickey," she commented. "But, I made you miss your bus, didn't I? Please let me drive you home. You live on the east side, don't you?"

"In the Kerns neighborhood on Glisen Street. I can catch a cab outside the Hilton, Lori. It's only an eight-dollar cab ride."

"Nonsense. It won't take an extra five minutes and you will need your money for more new clothes. I want you to have something now. Lets go pick out something nice you can wear home."

"But Lori, just yesterday you got me these shoes. This is my job. I don't expect presents," Mickey protested.

"Oh, fuss and bother. When the manager sees that the east windows are done early, he will give me a bonus. I couldn't have done it without you. You must let me share. It's settled and I don't want to hear another word of protest. Now, what would be nice? It's probably too soon for a skirt or a dress. I know, a blouse! You can wear girl-cut blouses with your pants. There are those nice ones we just put in the window. They are a little fully-cut, but they don't have darts. With your dark red hair, you would look divine in the white one."

"But, they're in sort of a feminine fabric, Lori."

"Well that's the whole idea, dear. They're rayon. But lots of men are wearing rayon shirts this year. Lets go try one on you."

Feeling he had little choice, Mickey went with her to try on the blouse. It was only when Lori insisted on coming with him to the changing room, 'to check the fit,' that Mickey realized what she really wanted was to see him in just his underwear. Not knowing what else to do, he decided just to let her. In the changing room, Lori's eyes were glued to him as he took off his shirt and opened his belt and pants. All through the evening she had been 'accidentally' bumping into him and finding reasons to touch his body. When she would pat him on the back or touch his shoulder, her hand always lingered and then caressed him slightly before she took it away.

Not sure where modesty should lay, Mickey allowed his pants to drop down his hips as he slipped on the silky rayon blouse. It had short sleeves that exposed his smooth arms and no top button creating a Vee neckline. Lori's eyes drank in the sight of his panties and garter belt. She was very pleased and a little excited to see that his legs

were as smooth and as free of hair as were his arms. When he was dressed, she came over to him and hugged the boy.

“I was right. That blouse is perfect on you! But, will you let me do just two more things?”

“Well sure, Lori. But what?”

“Hold still for a second and I will show you.”

Lori returned to her purse and got out a deep red lipstick. She returned to the boy and first unbuttoned the top button on his blouse allowing a little of the black cami-sole to show. She then opened the lipstick and applied the deep red color to his lips.

With your dark hair and in that white blouse, I just had to see you with red lipstick, dear. You are really quite pretty that way. It's a pity your hair is so short. Why, it will be months before you can do anything really fun with it. Maybe we could play with it in a couple of weeks. I could pick you up some Friday and we could make a day of it—try some different looks for your hair. Maybe do a little shopping and lunch. Sound like fun, Mickey?”

Mickey looked at Lori for a second. It was now quite clear to him that she was finding his transformation fascinating. She was about thirty years old, thin, had dark blond hair and was about his height now, but she was wearing flats while he was wearing one-inch heels. Her well-shaped rear indicated that she worked out and her breasts, while not large, seemed well-shaped under her clothing.

“Sure, Lori, that would be great. You know, I'm still not used to what is happening. Every day, I do many things for the first time. I would appreciate any help you want to give me as well as your friendship.”

“Then it's a date. A week from Friday, I'll pick you up at ten in the morning.”

“Great, except I may have to cancel. My mother is waiting for a liver transplant. She is wearing a beeper and it could go off anytime. If she is in the hospital, I will need to be there with her.”

“Oh, that's right. Mickey, I really like the changes you are making, but isn't this sort of an odd time to come out of the closet?”

“I can't explain it but I just had to do it now. It couldn't wait. But mother doesn't know. I'm not going to tell her about me until after she recovers from the surgery. She doesn't need anything else to worry about right now.”

“But how can you keep it a secret? The clothes, the cosmetics, even your shape is changing.”

“Our landlady is letting me change at her apartment. She has sort of taken an interest and is helping me out. She likes mother and wanted to help me keep all this a secret until after the surgery.”

“That's very nice of her,” Lori's voice showed a hint of jealousy as she spoke.

“I guess she sort of looks on me as her granddaughter or something. She is over fifty and seems very lonely.”

Lori imagined a matronly woman in a plaid house dress, knitting and looking over the tops of her bifocals at Mickey. She stopped being jealous but was a little surprised at her own reaction.

"I guess I want him, or her or whatever," she thought.

For the first time, she realized that she harbored strong feelings for this strange boy. As far back as college, she had learned that she preferred girls to boys. Yet, this one was exciting her. Looking at his thin form and red lips, she sighed. She knew her panties were wet from just being around him.

"Maybe he will be better," she thought, reminiscing about the clods that had tried to make love with her over the years. *"Or maybe I'm older and my needs are different."*

They collected their things and walked to the parking garage near Lori's car. On the way home, Lori continued to steal glances at Mickey. She knew she had a crush on the boy. She hoped he was becoming interested in more than just her friendship. When she pulled up in front of Mickey's apartment building, she parked.

Before the boy could open the door, she pulled his lips to hers and deeply French-kissed him. He responded by opening his mouth and allowing her tongue to enter. Lori placed her hand on his chest and slipped it inside the rayon blouse to caress the satin camisole. She ran her hand over his chest and felt his small nipples harden through the delicate fabric. Lori's sense of urgency eased as she felt a bulge forming in Mickey's pants. She also felt disappointed at the boy's flat chest. Gently, she pulled away. Mickey tried to follow but she held him back.

"It's not you Mickey, it's me," she explained. "I do want you but it's too soon. When you seem a little less male, we can try this again."

Mickey was a little surprised, quickly realizing that Lori was only interested in him as a girl or, at best, as a boy-girl. He got out of the car and waived as Lori pulled away.

"Well, all this may have a silver lining," he thought as he entered the apartment building. *"If dressing like a girl and growing breasts makes me attractive enough to Lori for her to be my friend and maybe want to get intimate with me, that will be a real bonus."*

Mickey found the door to Mrs. Cole's apartment unlocked. Stepping inside, he saw a medicine bottle on the coffee table with a note attached. It was apparent that Margaret had gotten tired of waiting up and gone to bed. Looking at his watch, Mickey saw that it was now almost three in the morning. He picked up the bottle and read the note.

"Sorry to miss you, Mickey.

It's almost two and I can't stay awake much longer. Hope all went well for you at your job tonight. I'll see you tomorrow afternoon. Maybe we can find time for a little treat I have in mind for you after your makeup lesson.

Doctor Cooper suggested you take one of these pills each night before going to bed. She thinks it will help with the cramps. She also said the cramps should stop in about two weeks and that eating less might help.

*Love,
Margaret"*

Mickey realized he had been eating almost nothing the last few days. He hadn't felt hungry and with his upset stomach he just wasn't interested.

"Maybe that's why the cramps haven't been as bad. I haven't eaten much," he thought on the way back to his apartment. He resolved to eat lightly until he was sure the cramps were over.

Mickey quietly slipped into the apartment and went to his room. He stopped to take one of the new pills hoping it would help. He left a note for his mother explaining that he had worked late and probably would sleep until about ten in the morning. Very carefully, he removed his clothes, folding the blouse and lingerie and placing them in his dresser. He decided he would wear the blouse again tomorrow, so he set it aside with his new shoes.

Looking in his dresser, he realized that some of his boy clothes were going to have to go if he kept getting new feminine clothing every day. Still wearing the black satin panties, he slipped into bed. As he drifted off, he realized that it also would be nice to wear the silky smooth camisole to sleep in, but he would have to wait until his Mother went into the hospital to indulge himself.

CHAPTER IV A Girl Now

The next morning, Mickey's cramps were bearable. He slipped out of the black panties and dressed in boy's clothes before going to have coffee with his mother. As he dressed, he realized that he rather missed the soft luxury of the smooth feminine underthings he had been wearing. Without nylons, his pants felt scratchy against his now hair-free legs. His jockey shorts felt coarse compared to the silky panties he was becoming used to.

Joanne was still in a good mood. She rushed Mickey through his coffee so the boy could go with her to the medical school to pick up the beeper. Mickey could tell that although her mood was better, she seemed very tired. Joanne called her office and told them she would be in late. Her boss said that was fine, but he wanted to see her when she came in.

Their trip by bus to the Medical School took longer than they had anticipated. The doctors wanted to run a few more tests and there were lots of forms to fill out. Finally, the explanation of the beeper took over a half-hour. What would be required of Joanne when she came to the hospital for the transplant was quite detailed. Joanne was late getting to work and Mickey was late getting to Mrs. Cole's apartment.

At work, Joanne's boss, Mr. Marks, regretfully informed her that unless she could increase her hours to full-time he would have to let her go.

Joanne was hurt, "After I have been with the company over ten years you're firing me?" she asked.

"Not 'firing,' Joanne, letting you go. Last week, you were only in eighteen hours. This week, you will be lucky to get in fifteen hours. We know you are sick and wish we could retain you, but I need someone who can be here full-time. You will receive a substantial severance check."

"Today, I received confirmation that I will receive a liver transplant in the next few months, Mr. Marks. After I recover from the operation, the doctors tell me I should be able to return to work, full-time. They said I would be as good as new. Can I have my job back then?"

"Joanne, that could be months from now. We will fill your position very soon. Tomorrow if I can find the right person. If there is another vacancy when you want to return to work, I will be glad to consider your coming back. I can write you a very good letter of reference as soon as your doctors assures me that you are capable of working again."

"But how will we live? My son and I need to eat and pay the rent?"

"I'm sorry, Joanne, but I can't let that be my problem. Now, please go quietly and clean out your desk. We will make your termination effective at the end of the day. I will have a check ready for you by five."

Joanne started to protest again but thought better of it. Clearly, it would do no good and would make her even more upset. She mustered all the dignity she had and rose to leave.

“Mr. Marks, I have always found you a reasonably good boss. I assume that you have personally very little latitude in this matter. If I live through the surgery, I will not be returning here to seek re-employment.”

“As you wish, Joanne. I shall miss you and hope all goes well for you.”

After Joanne left, he called accounting and ordered Mrs. Walker's severance check to be made up.

“Make it for two months salary at full time,” the man directed.

“But company policy is two weeks!” protested the accountant.

“Yes, but from both a liability and publicity angle, it's important that she leave here thinking well of us. 'Corporation Fires Terminally-ill Employee' is not the kind of headline we want to read about our company in the Oregonian.”

That afternoon, on the way home on the bus, Joanne worried. *She had been pleasantly surprised by the size of her final check. “If we are careful we may be able to get by on this until I can find another job,” she thought.* She hated to burden Michael with even more worries but decided she should tell him as soon as she could.

“He has been so helpful and resourceful lately. Even getting me admitted to the transplant program through that grant. He may see a way out for us that is beyond me,” she thought.

When Mickey knocked on Mrs. Cole's door, it was quite late. He would have to leave for work in just two hours. The boy hoped she wouldn't be too upset with him. He was surprised to find her still in a negligee. It was almost mid-afternoon. Hastily, he apologized and explained about the unexpected length of Joanne's visit to the Medical School that morning.

“That's OK, Mickey. We will cut things a little short today and spend more time tomorrow. Now undress, I have several very nice surprises for you today and we will need to watch the clock,” she instructed.

Mickey was more relaxed about being nude in front of Mrs. Cole, now that he had been through the ritual several times. She looked him over carefully before letting him go to the frilly pile of pale yellow lingerie she had set out on the couch.

“I think Doctor Cooper's treatment has worked perfectly, Mickey. I can't find a single hair on your body,” she commented when she was done. “Now go ahead and get into your frillies.”

Today's lingerie was nylon and lace. Mickey slipped on the now-familiar garter belt, panties and camisole. The hose Margaret had set out for the boy were white. Mickey hesitated for a second. They would be much more obvious than the darker colors he had worn the previous days to work. Finally, with a shrug, he realized that there was no point in trying to delay the inevitable.

“Besides,” he thought, *“I agreed to fully cooperate with what they are doing to me as thanks for saving Mother's life.”*

Mickey carefully slipped on the hose and attached them to the garter belt's six straps. Standing, he was surprised when Margaret presented him with a shoe box.

“You can't wear the same shoes every day, Mickey. You should have at least two pair so that you can let the leather rest a day between wearings. They will last much longer that way. Now, slip them on.”

Mickey opened the box. Inside were a pair of navy blue leather pumps with one inch heels. They were clearly women's shoes. The heels tapered to a narrow point and the toes were even more pointed than his other 'girl' shoes. Mickey was stunned. This was worse than the white hose.

“Put them on, dear. I'm dying to see you in them,” Margaret urged.

Again, he realized that he had little choice. Slowly, hesitantly, he slipped the shoes on and stood up.

They were actually easier to walk in than the open-heeled mules Margaret had made him wear the previous afternoon. After a few hesitant steps, he realized that they were fairly comfortable and that he could safely move about in them.

Mrs. Cole lead the boy to her bedroom and its vanity table for another lesson in make up application. She had him put on the auburn wig again and proceeded with the lesson. After an hour of practice, she had him finish with a little more blusher and eye shadow than the previous day. In addition, she had him apply both eye- and lip liner, and use a slightly bolder lipstick color. Looking at himself in the mirror, Mickey saw a slightly plain young woman. Her makeup was subtle but obvious. He realized that the plainness of his face was largely the product of hard angles that were too prominent to soften completely with makeup. Without the wig, he didn't think anyone would see him as a girl. The world would see a skinny boy wearing makeup. He almost wanted to ask if he could wear the wig but resisted. Everyone at work would come by to look at him again if he wore a wig. The boy knew he didn't want to repeat that experience.

“Why, you look quite lovely, Mickey,” Margaret encouraged him.

The boy was feeling overwhelmed by both the transformation and his fears about going out in such obvious makeup. He didn't really notice when Margaret guided him to her large bed and had him sit down on it. The boy did take note, however, when she dropped her negligee and stood before him in just her underwear.

Margaret was wearing a black merry-widow, opera hose and black satin panties with black lace. She was strikingly attractive. Her mature figure was still well-shaped and pleasingly supported by the merry-widow that pushed her ample breasts up, seemingly offering themselves to the boy.

“I have been having such fun getting new underthings for you, Mickey, I decided to get some for myself. Do you like it,” she asked.

“Its really quite lovely, Margaret,” he replied.

The older woman laughed and sat down on the bed beside Mickey. She turned to him and pressed her red lips against his freshly-covered pink ones. As she kissed the boy, she pushed his back down onto the bed. Mickey felt the sensuous slide of her lipstick-covered lips against his own. His manhood, concealed in the pale yellow panties, stiffened. It became harder when Margaret slipped her hand down his lace-covered

body and started to rub it. She laughed again as she felt his penis come to full attention. Margaret reached inside his panties and grasped his tool, drawing it out into the open. She guided Mickey, holding his penis like a handle, up onto the bed.

Margaret swung her leg over the boy's hips and placed his now-rigid member against her own cleft. Mickey realized that Margaret's panties were crotchless as his tool slipped between the lips of her puckered sex. The woman started to slide her hips back and forth across the boy's hardness, exciting herself with the friction against her labia and clitoris. She adjusted the angle and took the excited member into her. As she impaled herself, she brought her hands to the boy's chest and began to massage and play with his erect, but small, male nipples.

"Like this, Mickey?" Margaret asked as she drove them both toward climax.

"Yes Margaret! You're wonderful," Mickey gasped. He could not believe what was happening. This tantalizing older woman was having sex with him. It was his first time. Mickey felt elation and confusion. The latter came from the strangeness of his position. Yes, he was making love, but he was on his back and the woman was in charge. His confusion was heightened by the seductive, silky underwear he was sporting. Margaret's manipulation of his nipples had them almost as hard as his cock. Mickey had always imagined that when he made love it would be the girl on her back accepting him. The boy felt as if he were the one being made love to. It made him feel weak and vulnerable.

Margaret felt her own orgasm coming and changed her angle to hasten the boy's. Mickey was lost to reflection as the skillful woman used her sex to bring him off. Margaret laughed and let her orgasm overtake her as she felt the boy shoot his load of cum deep into her. It had been a long time since she had a man and she realized that she had missed it.

"This boy feels great," she thought. "Imagine what a man would be like."

Margaret lowered her heaving chest to the boy's and cuddled him in her arms while they both recovered. When she felt his tool shrink and leave her cleft, she stood up.

"That was sweet, Mickey. We haven't much time, though. I have an additional present for you. Why don't you repair your makeup while I get it," Margaret suggested as she put her negligee back on and went to the closet.

Mickey was still feeling foggy but he understood Margaret and went to the vanity. It took him only a few minutes to touch up his makeup and reapply the pink lipstick. Still in a daze, he turned to Margaret. She held up a pair of navy blue slacks.

"These should go perfectly with your new shoes, dear," she said as she passed them to the boy.

Mickey accepted the slacks and went back to the living room where he had left his new blouse. He put on the blouse followed by the slacks. As he started to draw the pants up his legs, he noticed that the zipper was at the side.

"Girls' pants!" he thought with a start. Again, the boy realized that resistance was futile. He finished putting on the pants and stood up. Margaret guided him to the mirror.

Mickey was amazed. The pants' higher waistline emphasized his shape, making his hips seem wider. The opening of the blouse showed just a hint of pale yellow lace. With the wig on, he looked very much like a fourteen-year-old girl who had not started to fill out yet. Looking closer, he could still see the harder, leaner outlines of his former self. The boy knew, though, that most casual observers would assume he was female. Others would just be unsure. He reached up and started to take off the wig.

"Leave it, Mickey. With the wig to help, you will get by as a girl. Without it, you will just be a joke," Margaret warned the boy.

"But I am a boy, Margaret!" Mickey protested.

"You just gave me clear evidence that you have something male about you dear, but you are no longer a boy. Just look at yourself! Is that a boy? You are a boy-girl now and much sooner than you think you will effectively be a girl. Of course you may have moments in bed, with others, using that delightful rod you have. Even then, you will respond more like a girl than a boy. That's what just happened, you know. I had you. Not the other way around," Margaret laughed as she lectured Mickey.

"Now put on your coat and go to work. I'll help you change when you get home. I can't wait till I can get you into a nightie to sleep in, but that will have to wait."

Mickey was crushed. He knew he must do as she said. On one level, he was happy he could pass even a casual inspection. Appearing to be a girl would make the bus trip to work easier than looking like a boy wearing makeup.

When he got to work, his worst fears were realized. It seemed as if everyone in the store came by to get a good look at him. Most were just curious. Some clearly showed distaste for a male who would surrender his masculinity. A few stopped to give him a hug or a few words of encouragement. Lori was the nicest. Mickey was starting to look on his boss as a real friend. Although he knew her thoughts about him were divided.

"Why, Mickey!" Lori cried at seeing him, "You look wonderful. I love your hair. I'm so glad you decided to do something with it. Those shoes and slacks go perfectly with your new blouse."

Mickey thanked her and confessed he had a problem. "Lori, I need to use the rest room."

Lori laughed, "You don't need permission, Mickey. Just go when you need to."

"But Lori, which one should I use?"

"Oh, I see your problem. Well, it may cause a few eyebrows to be raised, but looking the way you look today, I'd say you better use the 'Ladies.' However, this is a big step. If you use it today you must never use the men's again. We can't have you switching on us. That means that you need to continue to push the envelope. I want to see you looking a little more feminine each day. If you aren't ready for that, use the 'men's,' but I'd expect the men who see you in there to give you a pretty hard time."

"Thank you, Lori. I don't think there is any going back for me. I'll use the 'ladies.' With this hair and these pants, the 'men's' would just seem wrong."

“Good girl!” Lori ran her hand down his chest as she spoke. “Poor Mickey. We must do something about your underdeveloped chest. In this modern day, there is no reason for any girl not to have a little shape.”

Mickey found his trip to the 'Ladies' room relatively painless. The booths provided privacy. The other women looked at him for a moment, nodded their heads and then ignored him. Since his shift started late in the day, the store was not very busy.

For the rest of the evening, Lori was quite polite to him but a little distant. She continued to touch him, but seemed torn. Mickey realized that he still retained enough masculinity to repel her strong lesbian sensibilities. He almost wanted to get a bra to wear to make his appearance more convincing. Then he got a grip on himself.

“Margaret will have me in a bra soon enough,” he thought. *“There is no reason to hurry that along any faster than I have to.”*

When Mickey got up the next morning, Joanne told him she had been fired. The boy tried to comfort his mother. The woman was concerned both about her loss of self-esteem as well as becoming a burden on Michael. He held her for a while.

“Mother, things have been going very well for me at work the last week. My boss, Lori Morrison, is starting to involve me in design of the windows and other displays. I think I may be in line for a bonus and maybe a raise. You'll see, we will work out the money thing just fine. After the operation, you will be able to get a job, maybe a better one than you had before. You need to save your strength right now, anyway.”

Joanne felt much better hearing about Michael's prospects for a raise. *“At least we will be able to get by,”* she thought.

When Michael left to go to work three hours early, Joanne was surprised.

“Michael! You don't have to be there for hours. Come, have some lunch with me. You're looking too thin lately.”

“I'm sorry I didn't tell you before, Mother, but they changed my hours. I'm pulling a lot of overtime lately. That's why they're considering promoting me.”

“Don't let them take advantage of you, Michael. I know we need the money, but your health is more important than your job.”

“Yes, Mother. I have been feeling a little upset in my stomach lately. Mrs. Cole gave me something that works well for it but I don't seem to have much appetite.”

“That was nice of her. I think maybe you should see a doctor, Michael. Mrs. Cole's advice may be sound, but we don't want to take any chances.”

“OK, Mother. Mrs. Cole is letting me do our laundry at her apartment instead of the Laundromat. I'll be going by this weekend. Maybe she knows a good doctor.”

When Mickey got to Margaret's apartment, he was breathing hard. He hated lying to his mother. He quickly explained that his mother would now be home every day and he would have difficulty getting away for extended amounts of time.

“Your 'change of hours' idea was inspired, Mickey,” Margaret congratulated. “But we will need to adjust our schedule. Since you will be spending much less time here

than I had planned, we will have to be very 'on task.' I'm afraid we won't be repeating our little interlude of yesterday afternoon.”

Mickey was disappointed. He had now tasted love and he wanted much, much more. He had hoped that Margaret would want to engage in sex with him every day. With a sense of defeat, he accepted her statement as inevitable and started to undress.

Margaret had him change again into fresh underwear. Mickey was relieved that she was still not giving him a bra. After putting on the satin garter belt, he was surprised and perplexed by the teddy she presented him with. It was made from a white and very lacy lycra material. Mickey had difficulty figuring out how to wear it until Margaret explained the plastic snaps that closed the delicate garment between his legs. The snugness of the garment surprised the boy. Because it was held up by the inch-wide straps going over his shoulders, it pushed his male equipment more firmly against his body than the panties had. Much to the boy's embarrassment, Margaret helped him arrange his male parts within the constricting garment. She pressed his testicles up into Mickey's body and pulled his penis back between the boy's legs. Looking in the mirror, Mickey was amazed at how flat he looked down there.

“You need to look flat today, dear. I have a new pair of slacks for you that will fit quite snugly over your crotch. If you are to pass, we can't have any masculine bulges ruining the pants' lines.”

Margaret had selected cinnamon-colored hose for the boy. Much to his amazement, she also presented him with another pair of shoes. These were dark brown and had one and one-half inch heels and open sling backs. Putting them on, Mickey realized that there was nowhere left to hide. He was dressed in clothes that were unmistakably feminine. The teddy held in his narrowing waist and seemed to soften the angular lines of his hips.

Margaret had Mickey put on the wig and then do her makeup. The older woman was pleased to see that Mickey could put the makeup on almost flawlessly. She had the boy redo it several times experimenting with different color combinations and effects. Today she ended by having Mickey apply a dark gray eye shadow, darker blusher and deep red lipstick. The combination made the boy look more like a grown woman who was perhaps an athlete. The girl in the mirror looking back at Mickey was in her twenties, flat-chested and thin. She looked as if she was made up for a night on the town.

Time was running short. Margaret presented Mickey with a pair of dark-tan stretch pants and a turquoise satin blouse. There was also a wide, dark-brown leather belt that emphasized Mickey's shrinking waist line. In these new clothes, his waist was less than twenty-five inches. She also gave the boy a black, lightweight coat and a dark-brown shoulder bag that matched his shoes and belt. The coat was midi length. Inside the purse, Mickey found a wallet, tissue, powder, and a lipstick. Opening the wallet, Mickey found a check and a letter. The letter explained that Mickey was a transsexual undergoing hormone therapy who now was living as a woman. It was from Ms. Janik, Attorney at Law. The check was for four hundred dollars made out to Michael/Mickey Walker.

“What's this for?” the perplexed boy asked.

“It's your salary as Mr. H.'s personal assistant. While you are learning the job, you will get a check like this every week. In about nine or ten weeks when you take on the full responsibilities of the position, the size of the check will be increased to about fourteen or fifteen hundred, depending on taxes. You will need the letter to cash the check and arrange things at your bank. You may also use it in any awkward situations that involve the police. You will move into the apartment he will provide for you within a few months. Mr. H. insists that you be available to him, day and night, to meet his personal needs. He has agreed that you need not move until after your mother is fully recovered.”

Mickey was shocked. The last few days had been like a game of dress up. It was strange, but he had started a relationship with his attractive boss and was having sex with Mrs. Cole. The specter of his commitment to his unseen benefactor weighed heavily on him. He was silent as he slipped on the coat, closed his purse, and left for work.

At work, Lori was again pleased by his appearance but commented on his lack of any real shape. People were starting to get used to his changing appearance and the number coming by for a look seemed to have gone down. Lori still went out of her way to touch him and explore his clothing with her hands to determine the type of underwear he was wearing, but she didn't seem interested in intimacy. She was just curious. Several times, she did advise him about his movements, posture, and gestures. The woman even suggested that he needed to soften and raise his voice. Mickey realized that her suggestions were meant to be helpful and he tried to seem appreciative of her advice.

During the next two weeks, Mickey's life settled into a routine. He left for work early and spent at least two hours with Mrs. Cole. The older woman continued to give him makeup lessons and to augment his feminine wardrobe. She also spent some time teaching him how feminine garments were worn, cleaned, and stored. Slowly, Mickey's collection of male clothes started to decline. It took less than ten days to exhaust his supply of jockey shorts and Tee-shirts. A few more days and he had only one pair of socks left. He wore these back and forth to Mrs. Cole apartment.

At work, things settled into a routine. Other employees started to accept Mickey's change without much thought. Lori remained friendly and continued to involve him in the design of the store's windows and internal displays. She continued to make helpful comments about his mannerisms and voice. In spite of his desire to avoid changes that might tip off his mother, Mickey found himself moving with more feminine motions, speaking more softly and even raising the pitch of his voice some. The pitch had been somewhat high for a man's and it didn't take much change for it to sound feminine. Mickey realized that much more important than the pitch of his voice, was how he spoke. His conversation became less assertive and included a growing number of questions. Instead of saying that he thought the red dress would look good in a particular display he would ask if the red dress might look good in the display. Lori responded very positively to his less aggressive manner of speech. Mickey found her taking his suggestions much more seriously when he presented them as questions. Lori continued to encourage him to do something about his shape and occasionally mentioned that his nails needed a coat of polish.

Two and a half weeks after he received the implants, Mrs. Cole noticed that his chest was a little puffy and that his nipples and aureoles were enlarged. It was the day before his planned date with Lori Morrison.

“You're starting to develop breasts, Mickey,” she informed him. She carefully re-measured the boy and clucked with satisfaction.

“Your waist is down to twenty four inches, but your chest has expanded from thirty-four inches to thirty-five. Your hips have also gotten a little more rounded while your calves and arms are smaller,” she informed him.

Mickey was amazed. He hadn't noticed these changes, although he had felt his nipples were more sensitive the last few days. He almost hated wearing the courser male clothes now because the fabric was so hard on these sensitive, developing organs.

“Do I have to start wearing a bra now, Margaret?” he fearfully asked.

“Not today, but it won't be long. Today, I'm going to give you a cream to rub into your developing breasts. They will be growing very fast and we need to avoid stretch marks. The cream will help keep your skin supple and reduce the pain that may accompany your blossoming.”

“God, Margaret! Do I have to grow breasts? Why can't this guy just get off on me dressing and acting like a girl?”

“Mickey, that is a pointless question. Mr. H. wants a mistress with real breasts. It's part of your agreement. A lot more will change besides having breasts blossom on your chest. That will be one of the most pronounced changes, but other changes will be quite noticeable, too. Maybe I should put you in a bra today to help you get used to the idea.”

“Please wait a little, Margaret,” the boy pleaded. “I do accept the changes. It's just all happening so fast, I'm not having time to adjust.”

“Actually Mickey, it's happening slower than I would like. You're not doing your nails yet. We haven't seriously started to work on your behavior and mannerisms. Why, you haven't even had your ears pierced. In fact, it was a big delay not giving you breast implants sooner. You could have nicely-shaped breasts by now. Mr. H. decided he was more interested in the ultimate sensitivity of your breasts than he was in their size. The hormones will create nice fat nipples and very sensitive breasts, although they may never be really big.

“We are waiting to do many things until after your mother is recovered from her surgery and you have confessed your transvestite inclinations to her. If the surgery doesn't happen soon, though, you will have to talk to her before. In another few weeks, you will have unmistakable breasts that any mother would spot in a minute.”

Later, as Mickey went to work, he wondered how long he could continue this way. His life was an ordeal. Every day, he first had to dress and act as Michael. With each passing day, he had to concentrate harder to keep any of Mickey from showing when he was around his mother. Then he would visit Mrs. Cole and become Mickey. Later, at work, Mickey was who he was, and Lori expected him to be increasingly feminine.

Every night, he was exhausted. His stomach cramps were still bothering him and he was continuing to lose weight, in spite of the swelling of his hips and chest.

CHAPTER V Joanne's Transplant Operation

The next morning, the beeper went off. Michael called a cab and went with his mother to the hospital. They had a liver available and the doctors thought it would be a good match. After testing to check on Joanne's health and to confirm the match, the doctors decided to go ahead. Michael and Joanne hugged for a minute. A nurse brought a wheelchair and took Joanne to be prep'd for surgery. Michael called Lori and explained that he was at the hospital and would have to cancel their date. Lori was very understanding and wished Joanne good luck. The boy then called Mrs. Cole and explained that he was staying at the hospital until his mother was out of surgery.

“You do that, Mickey,” she replied. “Come see me as soon as you can. We have lots of things to do and we need to get started.”

Mickey agreed that he would come see Mrs. Cole as soon as he got home. As he hung up the phone, the boy shivered. He knew that Mrs. Cole was really going to push him now that his Mother was in the hospital. The doctors had told them that she would be in the hospital for at least four weeks, possibly as long as six, depending on her recovery time. Then, there was the possibility that the liver would be rejected and she would not recover.

The operation took over fourteen hours. When it was done, the surgeon told Mickey his mother was doing as well as could be hoped for and that he should get some rest.

“She is being moved from recovery to the Intensive Care Unit, but we won't let you see her until tomorrow. Don't worry, I think she will be fine. She is still strong and wants to live. I think she will accept the new liver and recover quickly. Right now, we have her so full of drugs she wouldn't know you were there.” the surgeon informed the boy. “I want you rested. Joanne will be very susceptible to disease, particularly right now. I don't want you getting sick on me, or her. I need you here, smiling, and healthy to encourage her.”

Michael was exhausted and saw the wisdom of the doctor's advice. It was nearly midnight. The boy figured that if he went home now he could be back in the morning.

Michael took the number eight bus downtown and then transferred to the Sandy Boulevard line. As he entered the apartment building, it was just one in the morning. He thought about going straight to bed but knew he should check in with Margaret Cole first. Not really wanting to, he forced himself to her door and knocked. A moment later, the smiling older woman opened the door and pulled him inside. Margaret was wearing a white flannel night gown and pink terry-cloth robe. She looked very feminine and cute, Mickey thought.

“Mickey, you're finally home. How is Joanne?” Margaret asked.

“The doctor said she was doing fine and he expected a quick recovery.”

Margaret hugged the boy. “That's just great. So, are you ready for the next big step?”

"I don't know, Margaret. It's been a really long day and I'm very tired. Maybe tomorrow, after I get back from the hospital, would be better."

"Oh, fuss and bother, Mickey. I swear I won't keep you awake for more than another hour. Now, pick up those suitcases and let's go to your apartment," the woman ordered. Her voice was firm and Mickey realized that however cute she might be, she was going to insist on getting her way. He saw the two large suitcases by the door and understood that those were to go upstairs, to his apartment.

As he carried the large suitcase down the hall and up the stairs, he was glad it was late. No one else was around to see them or wonder what he was doing in the hall with Mrs. Cole in her nightdress.

When they were safely in his apartment, Margaret had him put the suitcases down on his bed. She opened them both. A faint smell of roses assailed his nose as he peered in and saw that both were filled with feminine clothing.

"Now undress, dear. We will start by getting you ready for bed. This will be such fun. Your first nightgown. I have been longing to see you in this," Margaret commented, holding up a black baby-doll satin nightie.

Mickey almost smiled but was able to conceal his pleasure. The last few nights his budding breasts had been painfully sensitive and the idea of the soft satin covering and protecting them had been so attractive he had almost gotten out of bed and exchanged his pajama tops for one of his satin camisoles. He didn't want Mrs. Cole to know that he was secretly starting to like how the feminine clothes she gave him felt.

As Mickey undressed, Margaret watched closely. She saw that in the last day and a half Mickey's breasts had puffed out a little more and the boy's waist was continuing to shrink. His skin was finer and there was a slight glow to his eyes that hadn't been there before.

"Monday, I think he will be ready for a bra," she thought.

The older woman enjoyed his embarrassment as he slipped into the lacy tap pants and top that made up the nightie.

"Now let's lay out all the clothes I brought you. Then we will put your old boy things in the suitcase and put away your new wardrobe. It's not very extensive, but it is a good start," she informed the nervous boy.

They spread his new things out on the bed. His drawers were already full of panties, camisoles, teddies, garter belts, and nylon stockings. On top were his new slacks and blouses. He had been wearing these for weeks now and there were five slacks and seven blouses. Under these, they found several boxes of shoes. All the new shoes had two-inch heels. There was a pair of red patent-leather pumps, another pair of pumps with sling backs made from white kid, and a pair of open-toe pumps also with sling backs made from dark-blue leather.

Looking at the three new pairs of shoes, Mickey knew that they were not made to be worn with pants. Under the shoes, Mickey found several pairs of new hose, and two pairs of girl's knee socks. He wasn't very surprised when they opened the second suitcase and he found a skirt on top. It was dark blue and cut full. Looking at the skirt, he

realized the color matched the open-toed shoes. Under the skirt was a gray corduroy jumper. Under that was a red dress of heavy satin. Looking at the delicate garment, Mickey realized that it would come only halfway down his thigh, at best. He next found a white linen skirt, very tailored and elegant. Mickey thought it might come to the top of his knees. He couldn't imagine wearing these garments in public, yet he knew that he was already passing as a girl with many casual observers on the bus and in the store.

Under the white skirt, Mickey found a matching white jacket and a black satin blouse. Beneath these, he found several slips, and half slips, and below these, three lacy, padded bras. One was white, another pink and the third was pale blue. The boy just could not get himself to pick up the delicate satin garments. Looking down at his chest, he saw the shape of his now-enlarged nipples pressing out through the silky fabric.

“Mrs. Cole,” he cried. “I can't! I just can't! I don't need a bra and I don't want one.”

Mrs. Cole went over and hugged the boy.

“There, there, Mickey. Monday morning you will find that you can. We will wait a bit on the skirt and dresses but in few weeks you will need a bra and your growing breasts need the training now.”

She reached into the suitcase and brought out a large jar and passed it to the boy.

“This is a new cream Dr. Cooper sent over for you to use on your breasts. You must use it each night and morning. Your breasts are growing quickly, and while they grow, they will hurt and itch. This cream will soften the skin and reduce the discomfiture. It will also avoid unsightly stretch marks. We want your breasts to be one of your best features. I think they will be, too. They may never be big, but they will look good on you, well-shaped, and will give delight to you and your partner when you make love.”

As she spoke, Mickey sat on the bed holding his head in his hands and quietly wept. Looking at the boy, Mrs. Cole saw a figure that very well might have been that of a young girl, perhaps crying over some bad news. The figure's smooth skin and narrow waist were accented by the slight points made by budding breasts shaping the front of the nightie. She comforted her charge a bit more and then, in a very matter-of-fact way, began to put Michael's boy clothes into the suitcase. She had already gotten all his underwear. Now, she took the last of his socks and all but two pairs of 501's and two blue workshirts.

“These will be all you need until your Mother returns from the hospital. Then you will have your little chat with her and you can be rid of these nasty, rough clothes forever.”

Margaret closed the suitcases and carried them to the front door. She came back and opened the bed and helped the still-weeping boy slide in between the sheets. Mickey was surprised when she took off her own robe and climbed onto the bed with him. She ran her hands up his chest until they came to rest on his new budding breasts.

Squeezing the nipples slightly she asked, “Are they very sore, dear?”

“Yes, they hurt, almost all the time, Margaret,” Mickey replied through his tears.

“Then, lets try the cream and see if it helps.”

Margaret pulled his nightie up revealing the slight ruby-tipped cones. She opened the jar and, after warming the cream in her soft hands, began to gently massage it into the boy's breast buds. A sensation of deep, soothing warmth spread into Mickey's chest. The pain and itching slackened and then disappeared and he felt his nipples harden into erection. He stopped crying and looked at Margaret in wonder. Her round pixie-like face was very sweet. In the room's soft light, her white hair formed a halo around her head.

Watching Mickey's nipples become aroused, Margaret giggled, “See. Having breasts can feel very good. Do you want to feel my breasts?”

Margaret ran her hand down into the boy's panties and grasped his hardness. It was nearly fully erect and pulsated as she squeezed it.

“Is my girl done crying and ready to play?”

Breathlessly, the answer came back, “Yes, Margaret. Yes, please!” he begged.

Margaret lifted her nightgown over her head. Her breasts swung free in the room's soft light and, still grasping his tool, the woman lay down beside the boy. She was nude and he saw that she still retained a firm body and attractively small waist.

“My breasts feel itchy, too. Please use some of the cream on them, pretty please,” she prompted with a sly smile.

His tears almost forgotten, Mickey found the jar and rubbed the slippery cream into his hands. The boy's hands shook as he brought them to Margaret's full breasts and began to rub the cream in. He remembered how she had rubbed his own chest and tried to mimic her. Her moans told him he was succeeding. He was amazed, seeing her large pink nipples swell to fullness as he caressed the bottoms of her breasts. She still held his male hardness. It was now at full attention and the boy longed to push her naked thighs apart and press his tool into her.

He ran his hand down her stomach and pressed his palm against the rich folds of her cleft.

“Oh, that's so good,” Margaret laughed. She spread her legs slightly, allowing his finger to slide into her cleft and raised her hips to greet his probing hand. Squeezing and massaging his manhood, Margaret used her other hand to guide the boy in pleasuring her. In wonder, Mickey saw her flush and begin to breathe hard as his finger, now smooth and slippery with her lubrication and the cream on his hands, following her silent instructions, excited her. He tried to move on top of her, but grasping his tool firmly, she held him away.

Margaret shuddered in orgasm as she clasped her thighs tightly around Mickey's probing hand.

“That was sweet. Now I have a special treat for you. I want you to use your tool to bring me off by making love to my breasts.”

“But how, Margaret?” asked Mickey.

Using his tool as a handle, Mrs. Cole pulled up and forward until his thighs straddled her chest. She placed his hardness in her cleavage and then guided his hands to the sides of her breasts. She pressed in and the excited boy felt her breasts close and enfold the steel-like hardness of his member. Margaret moved her hands to the boy's pantied rear and grasped his rounded, smooth bottom. Looking down, he saw, and felt, his cock enveloped in her soft, and now, lubricated cleavage.

“Fuck my breasts! Manipulate, massage and slide your bar of hardness between them!” Margaret instructed as she squeezed his behind in her strong fingers.

Mickey drove his tool forward at her prompting. Then, Margaret used her grip on his buns to pull him back and forth until his body understood the desired motion. Mickey pressed her breasts together and rubbed her nipples as he slid his well-lubricated cock up and down the older woman's chest. Amazed, he saw her lift her head and move it down to kiss the tip of his cock at the height of each thrust. The boy stopped momentarily to move a pillow behind Margaret's head to support her efforts at tasting his tool.

When he resumed his thrusting, she captured his cock at the top of his stroke in her lips and held him there as she licked and kissed the tip. A moment later, she released his member and, laughing, let him slide it back and forth again. Margaret used her hands to guide the boy's speed and held his climax in check until he brought her to orgasm again. As she shuddered in pleasure, Mickey watched, amazed.

“I haven't touched her sex, only her breasts, and she is coming!” the boy thought.

Then he went over the edge, to orgasm, as Margaret pressed her finger into his tight anal opening. His cum shot out and covered the top of the woman's chest with white hot liquid. Mickey was a little embarrassed that he was making a mess on his lover, but Margaret only laughed.

When he was done, she pulled his lips to hers and kissed him deeply.

“That was very sweet, my pretty boy,” the older woman whispered into his ear. “Now use your tongue to clean me up and I will teach you more.”

Mickey was eager to please this goddess who brought such pleasure. As he licked her he tried to pleasure the woman. He got more than just a taste of his own seed this time. She had softened him with the sex and, this time, he found that the taste did not repel him. He decided that it was really quite sensual to lick the cum off your lover's body. Mickey smiled as he observed Margaret's nipples rise again into erection. He obeyed willingly when she directed his head to her now dripping cleft. Understanding what she wanted, he started to lick the delicate pink folds of flesh. She moaned and instructed the boy in how best to pleasure her. Only after he succeeded in bringing her to orgasm did she take pity on his hard tool.

Margaret arose and, rolling the boy to his back, mounted him, engulfing his seven-inch hardness in her body. She was tired and used her skill to bring them both off again quickly. As she felt his hot cum squirting into her, she shuddered and whispered into his ear.

“Mickey, you see how much fun you can have with a pair of breasts and a well-trained tongue?”

“Oh, yes, Margaret!” was his shuddering response.

“Someday, someone will show you what a disciplined, experienced lover can do with your quivering loveliness. I promise it will be delightful.”

Her words echoed in his ear as Mickey slipped off to sleep. In his dream, he imagined a huge phallus sliding between his own suddenly large breasts. His nipples tingled and came to such firm erection that they almost hurt.

Mickey awoke with a start to find Margaret leaning over his chest and sucking his now hard nipples. It was early morning and the light entering through the window softened her features, making her appear very desirable. When she saw he was awake, she raised her head and giggled. Her voice was light and her laugh reminded the boy of a young girl's. Mickey reached for his male tool already aroused and ready, but she pushed him back.

“First, you must learn more of the art of pleasuring a woman,” she sternly warned the boy.

She moved around and lowered her cleft over his face. Margaret waited and was pleased when she felt her charge's tongue caress her cleft. She kept him at it for over an hour, instructing and advising the boy as he licked and sucked her, learning just what she liked. Only after Mickey had succeeded in bringing her to four hard climaxes, did she lower her own lips to his impatient tool. Margaret took her time savoring the boy's taste; then she expertly stimulated him to orgasm and enjoyed the taste of his cum.

They relaxed in each other's arms for a while. Then, Margaret got up and lead the boy to the shower where she had him clean every part of her, even her secret crevices and depths. Then she did the same for him, pausing to once again relieve his youthful excitement.

She helped him select his delicate underwear for the day's visit to the hospital. It would be his first time wearing feminine undergarments when he was with his mother. Mickey found that after he got over the nervousness about his underwear, it was really no different being with his mother this time. Mrs. Cole had allowed him to wear the girl's knee-highs over his hose. His shirt was loose-fitting and bulky enough to hide the delicate lines of his camisole. Before he had left home, the boy looked in the mirror and realized that the budding points on his chest would soon show. They would show now if he hadn't been losing weight. Mickey dreaded the day when Margaret would insist that he wear one of the bras. Those garments' soft padding and distinctive shape under his shirt would be apparent to all as they emphasized his newly-feminine curves.

Michael spent the afternoon in the hospital with his mother, holding her hand and talking about little nothings with her when she was awake. Joanne was still heavily sedated and drifted in and out of sleep. When he got home, Mrs. Cole spent the whole evening working to help the boy improve his makeup skills. She sent him home with a new nightgown and a peck on the cheek. Mickey was disappointed that she didn't either keep him there for the night or come home with him.

Seeing his concern, Margaret laughed, "I enjoyed our sex play last night, too, Mickey. The point was to have some fun and to make sure your equipment was still working well. Of course, I also wanted to instruct you in some of the finer points of making love to a woman. We will do it again, but not often. You must remember your future sexual relationship will be with Mr. H."

"Margaret, I feel . . ." the boy's voice trailed off.

"I know, dear. But it's not love, its biology. When a man makes love with a woman, he bonds with her, particularly if they do it more than once. It's nature's way of making men stay with the woman they impregnate and help raise their children. Be assured that Mr. H. and you will also bond. Part of what I am teaching you is how a woman relates to a man and how their intimacy becomes more than just a social contract."

"Margaret, won't Mr. H. object to what we have done?"

"Not at all. He has no objection to whatever kind of relationships you have with women. He considers all of that to be lesbian contact for you now. It was covered in the contract. However, you are strictly forbidden from engaging in any intimate contact with males, unless instructed to do so by Mr. H."

"He might want me to?"

"Not if you learn from me and succeed in getting him to feel bonded to you. But, if you don't create such a bond, you will be just an expensive toy to him. As such, he may decide to share you with his friends and acquaintances. He may even want to watch for his own amusement as you are forced to submit to a variety of degrading experiences. I remember about fifteen years ago, Mr. H. found out his boy-girl had cheated on him with another man. He had his men place the poor thing in a breeding rack at a kennel, spread a goo on his rear that made him smell like a bitch in heat, and then watched as every stud in the place was brought in to couple with the wayward creature. I understand he found the experience quite exciting and forgave his mistress after she had been cleaned up and begged him to take her back. You will not want to give him any excuse to do anything but love you."

A very worried Mickey returned to his apartment. He undressed and slipped on the long flowing nightgown Margaret had given him. As he climbed into bed, he determined that he must learn all he could about the art of pleasuring a man. He was committed to the mysterious Mr. H., but wanted to ensure that no others would be forced on him.

The next morning, Mrs. Cole again helped him dress before he went to the hospital. Seeing his mother while wearing feminine undergarments was not as embarrassing as it had been the day before. He was a little worried, however, that the twin cones erupting on his chest might be noticed. Although he used the cream Margaret had given him, they still itched and seemed to get bigger every day. Joanne was more alert and they had a nice chat before she tired and wanted to go to sleep. She had always been a very observant person and as Michael stood to leave, she was surprised.

"Michael! You look so thin. What's been happening with you?"

"Its nothing, Mother," he nervously replied. "My stomach is still giving me trouble. I saw a doctor about it and she gave me a prescription. She said it might take a few weeks to get over."

Joanne decided to let it go. She was very tired and wanted to rest. Michael was clearly not telling her the whole story, but there was no point in trying to get the truth out of him. At least not until she was home and could do something about helping him.

"He is probably just worried about me," she thought as she drifted off.

The next morning, Joanne was even more alert. She thought she noticed something odd about Michael's shape, but wasn't sure what it might be. It was a work day for Mickey. When he got home from the hospital to get ready for work, Mrs. Cole met him at his apartment.

"Mickey, today's the day. Undress, including your camisole. You have developed enough so that it's time you started wearing a bra. Get out the pink one, it will go with your other lingerie," Margaret instructed.

Mickey stripped down to just his garter belt, panties and nylons. Looking down at his chest, Mickey realized that the growing mounds on his chest stuck out well over an inch now and his nipples were larger, too, extending beyond the cones of his budding breasts. The rose-colored areola around each nipple had expanded to roughly two inches in diameter as well. Margaret stood behind the boy and cupped the two mounds in her hand, pressing them up.

"You see, Mickey, you do have something to put in a bra's cups. Soon you will need a bra to avoid irritating them with friction against your clothes, even your satin camisoles, when you move."

She slipped the garment over his shoulders and around his chest and taught him how to fit the cups to his breasts. After she adjusted the straps and had him fasten the bra, she let him put his camisole back on before going to the mirror. Mickey hoped that the bra's shape and his budding breasts would be hidden by the camisole. Looking in the mirror, he was very disappointed to see that the slight padding of the bra



pressed the camisole out in an unmistakably noticeable way. For the first time, he realized that the camisole was designed to be worn with a bra. It emphasized the recent growth of his mammaries.

“You look very nice in that, Mickey, but hadn't you better finish getting ready for work?” Mrs. Cole teased the boy as he looked at his reflection.

After having Mickey do his makeup, Mrs. Cole had him put on an ice-blue satin blouse with a square neckline. It was a short-sleeved pullover. The blouse's short sleeves emphasized Mickey's thin arms. He realized that in this feminine garment his arms looked slender rather than skinny. Margaret passed him a pair of gray slacks with a side zipper. They were cut loose enough so that his male equipment was not obvious. The pants came with a blue leather belt that matched the open-toed shoes Mrs. Cole had given him. The boy shuddered at the thought of wearing those out in public. Mrs. Cole surprised the boy, giving him a ladies' tailored jacket. The jacket was in a gray that matched the slacks. The jacket had no lapels and came to a little below his waist. It had one button and pockets on either side without cover flaps. There was no breast pocket. Without being told, Mickey slipped on the blue leather shoes and went to look at himself in the mirror.

Standing before him was a thin young woman. The padded bra and darts in the blouse, as well as the jacket, emphasized the femininity of the image. He was even exhibiting a hint of cleavage. His makeup emphasized his eyes, making them seem large. His lips seemed to pout and were colored a bright red. Only his hair seemed out of place. It had been over two months since he had last had it cut and it was looking a little longish, but still quite mannish.

“Mickey, I think we can dispense with the wig from now on. Your hair is finally long enough to do something interesting with,” Margaret announced.

Margaret had him sit down at the vanity and went to work with a brush, some mousse, and hair spray. She moved the part to the top of his head and used the mousse and brush to add body and flip his hair into a deep curl that turned in. The effect framed his face. Suddenly, he was looking at a girl in the mirror. The older woman then placed a silver necklace with a hanging pendant in the shape of an owl around his neck. A matching chain bracelet went on his right wrist and a silver ladies' watch on his left. Margaret clipped two silver-colored earrings to his ears.

“We will pierce you ears soon, but clip-ons will work until after you have had that little chat with Joanne,” she advised Mickey.

Mickey was in shock. If he didn't know better he would think the image in the mirror was a girl. A rather pretty, if somewhat thin and underdeveloped, girl. He realized that the weight he had lost was making a big difference in how he looked. At the same time, his features had softened a little and both his chest and his hips were growing.

“Margaret! I can't go out like this,” he protested.

“Of course you can, dear. In fact, you must if you aren't to be late for work. Here is your purse. I put your things in it while you were admiring yourself. Now, scoot!”

The boy took the purse and stood to leave. The purse matched his shoes and belt. It was small but had a silver shoulder strap. Looking inside, he saw his Tri-Met bus pass, wallet, keys, powder, lipstick, eye shadow and small packet of tissue.

He started to resist as Margaret pushed him gently toward the door, but then decided it was of no use. Terror gripped him as he left and began the long two-block walk to his bus stop.

"I might as well have worn a dress," he thought as he walked. *"I look so feminine that it wouldn't have made any difference."*

The trip downtown was uneventful. Most people ignored him. A few men gave him long looks. With a start, the boy realized that they were looking at him because they found him attractive.

When he got to the store, though, it was different. Everyone went out of their way to tell him how nice he looked. Lori was thrilled.

"Why, Mickey, you look lovely! I just love what you have done with your short hair. It makes a world of difference in your appearance," Lori praised him.

They had another productive day and Lori stayed late to help him finish a window. As they worked, she always seemed to be brushing against him and gently placing her hand on him. When they were done, she stood very close in front of him and placed her hands on his protruding bra cups.

"I missed not having our little date last Friday. I have to be out of town next week, but can I count on you for the following Friday?"

As Lori spoke, she lightly pressed his budding breasts and the boy felt his nipples harden. To his embarrassment, he saw them push away from his chest, extending into Lori's eager hands.

"I guess that should work fine. The doctors don't think mother will be ready to come home before then. I would want to go visit her in the morning."

"Then its a date!" Lori smiled as she spoke. "I'll swing by and pick you up about two."

As she stopped speaking, the woman leaned her slender figure toward his and gently pressed his lipstick-covered lips with her own. The kiss was long and the two started to feel aroused. But when Lori felt his male tool becoming hard and pressing through his pants into her abdomen, she stepped away.

"You're still a little more boyish than I am comfortable with, dear, but I think in two weeks you will have developed to a point where I feel we will have some real fun."

Lori again drove Mickey home, kissing him lightly before she let him out of the car. As she drove away, she fantasized about opening his blouse and bra and getting to play with a very real and well-shaped set of breasts. Her fantasy moved lower to his rounded hips and smooth hairless form. The image of his stiff manhood appeared to her. Lori was surprised that she was intrigued rather than repulsed by the idea. She had always associated cocks with men. She didn't like men.

"It will be like a girlfriend with a really nice little dildo," she thought with a laugh.

Lori had been with many young women and several had enjoyed wearing a dildo to 'do' her. She realized that it wasn't the presence of the boy's penis that had put her off during the months they had worked together. Mickey was a genuinely likable person. His masculine appearance and behavior had been a real turnoff. Now that he was almost as feminine as a girl, she realized she really didn't care what he had between his legs. Lori decided that she would press Mickey to become even more feminine. She started to plan things she would soon do.

"I have just got to get her into a dress," she decided.

The next ten days went by quickly for Mickey. He visited his mother every morning as Michael. Then, Mrs. Cole helped him become Mickey. Had him practice with makeup and work on his mannerisms and movements. Then, he went to work where Lori was increasingly friendly, but was quick to correct anything he said or did that she thought wasn't feminine. On the weekend, he spent most of the days with his mother. She was progressing very nicely and the doctors had told her she could go home in another week or so if she continued to improve.

Joanne was still worried about Michael. He seemed much thinner but he also seemed softer. She had even imagined she saw breasts showing under his shirt one morning. After failing to draw him out on the subject, she decided she would have to bide her time until she was home and could really have a serious chat with him.

Later, Mrs. Cole made him try on his skirts and dresses and practice moving in them. He was surprised how much different wearing skirts was from even the very girlish slacks he had been wearing. Mickey begged her to not make him wear the skirts and dresses to work. The boy felt overwhelmed by Margaret and Lori's constant pressure on him to be increasingly girlish. Between that and the continued growth of his breasts, he hardly knew who he was anymore. Mickey considered just telling his mother that he was now living as a girl named Mickey. Then, at least, he wouldn't have to change personalities twice each day. He decided against it.

"It just would not be fair to burden her with that while she is still recovering," he thought.

On the night before his 'date' with Lori, she stayed late to work with him again. As they were finishing up, she presented him with a large box wrapped in pink paper with a light-blue satin ribbon.

"Don't open this now, Mickey. I saw it and felt that it would be perfect for you. Promise me you will put it all on tomorrow," Lori begged.

Mickey knew he was trapped. Of course he must promise and he was certain that in the box was a dress or at least a skirt.

"Of course I will wear it for you tomorrow, Lori. You really shouldn't have, you know."

"None of that! Your work has improved so much the last month that Mr. Martin, the manager, ordered me to pick something out for you. So you see, it's from all your fellow workers and not just me. In fact, he talked with me about the possibility of promoting you now that you are developing a better feel for women's fashions. How does the title 'Assistant Window Designer' grab you?"

Mickey was thrilled at the idea of a promotion. He accepted the gift and promised to not peek until the next morning. When Lori dropped him off that night, she leaned over and again pressed her hands to his budding breasts. As she did, she smiled and brought her lips to Mickey's.

“They are definitely bigger,” she thought as she kissed the boy. “I’m sure that 34 AA bra will be perfect on her.”

CHAPTER VI Lori and Joanne Have a Conversation

On the bus home, Mickey thought about his visit with his mother. Joanne was now fully aware and the boy could tell that she knew he was going through something traumatic. He had even seen her sneaking sidelong looks at him. He feared that his breasts were starting to show, even when he wrapped his chest with an Ace bandage to minimize their swelling forms.

"I will have to talk with her soon," he realized as he went up the steps to Mrs. Cole's apartment.

Mrs. Cole was waiting for him. She was excited about his date with Lori and was curious about the content of the big box. Mickey was surprised when she told him she wasn't going to help him get ready.

"Today, I will watch as you do it yourself. I'm sure you can dress and make yourself up quite expertly. We will talk tomorrow about your next steps. Now hurry! You have a little more than an hour," she encouraged him.

As he undressed, Mrs. Cole noted with pleasure that his nipples and aureoles had continued to grow and now were almost the size of those on a developing fifteen year-old girl. When he was down to just his red panties, he opened the box. It was worse than he had imagined. With a groan, the boy picked up the rayon print dress. It was sleeveless, pale gray, and had buttons down the front. The print was of small sky blue flowers with yellow centers. It was very feminine and very short. Mickey was sure it would not reach even to his knees once he put it on.

Margaret clapped her hands with enthusiasm, "Why that will look just darling on you, dear. What else is in the box?"

Knowing he really had no choice, the boy set the dress aside and examined the rest of the box's contents. There was a sky blue underwear set including tap pants, garter belt, bra and a half slip. The bra was a 36 AA cup with unusual padding. There was also a pair of dark blue hose, gray sandals with two-inch heels and a matching belt and skirt. There was also a sky blue bikini in Lycra spandex that Mickey couldn't figure out.

"If Lori wants me in a dress, why give me a bikini?" Mickey wondered aloud.

"Oh, I know, dear," Margaret started to explain. "The tight bikini bottoms are meant to be worn under the tap pants. They will prevent your having any unsightly and unladylike bulges down there. I'm sure Lori included the top so that you would have the set for future use."

A small box Mickey almost overlooked included a thin gold chain and a set of matching earrings. The earrings were designed for pierced ears. Margaret smiled, knowing that Lori must be planning to get Mickey's ears pierced that day. As the boy slipped his panties off, preparing to get dressed, she put the earrings in his new purse.

Mickey slipped the tight Lycra bikini bottoms on and carefully pushed his penis and testicles back between his legs. Then, he bent over to put on the garter belt and hose. As he slipped on the dark blue hose, his breasts brushed against his thigh.

Looking at them in the mirror, Mickey realized that they appeared much larger when he was bent over. "*Why they look like real breasts,*" he thought with a start.

Mickey fastened the nylons to his garter belt's six suspenders and reached for the tap pants. He stood and looked in the mirror and was amazed. He looked like a girl. His breasts were bigger than he had realized and, with the bikini concealing his male parts under the tap pants, his groin looked suitably smooth. Reluctantly, he picked up the bra and put it on. The boy found that he had to pull his breasts up in the bra cups because of the extensive padding in the underside. His breasts looked much larger with the bra on than they had with his training bra just the day before.

"It's a Wonder Bra," Margaret informed the concerned boy. "It's designed to push your breasts up, creating extra cleavage and the appearance of much larger breasts. Don't worry, though. I'm sure that in just a few months, yours will be as big as the bra makes them look without any help."

"I don't think I like it, Margaret. It makes them look so big. Can't I just wear my regular one? I have one that is blue!" Mickey begged.

"Of course you can't. This is a very nice gift and you need to show Lori and the others you work with, that you appreciate their thoughtfulness. You will wear it today and you will wear it next week. In fact, while you are out I will replace all your bras with new Wonder Bras so that your shape won't seem to change each day."

Knowing he had no choice, Mickey reached for the slip. Margaret had made him practice putting on slips and half slips so he knew to step into the pale blue circle of nylon fabric. Once he had it properly positioned around his waist, he looked down and gasped. The short slip barely covered the clips that attached his nylons to the garters. The slits up the sides exposed his naked thighs to the bottom of his panties.

The boy went to the vanity and proceeded to apply makeup to his face. Twenty minutes later, he was done. He hated doing it but Mrs. Cole's teachings were now ingrained. His makeup was perfect and his lipstick color matched the red centers on the flowers in the print on the dress.

Going back to the box, Mickey realized he was going to feel exposed, like never before, if the dress covered no more of him than the slip. He reached for the gray fabric and unbuttoned its front. It went on much like a man's shirt. Mickey was used to buttoning things on the "girl side" after his weeks of practice. His worst fears were realized as he closed the last button. The dress didn't cover much more of him than would a large man's shirt. In many ways it covered less. The deep, square collar exposed the tops of his breasts, making the most of the Wonder Bra's effect. The dress had wide shoulder straps, but no sleeves, leaving his slender arms bare. From the waist down, the dress opened out into a very full but short skirt. Afraid to look in the mirror, Mickey slipped on the shoes and turned to face Margaret.

"Well, how do I look?" he asked uneasily.

"Like a dream, dear. Just like a dream. Now, turn and take a good look at yourself in the mirror," Mrs. Cole instructed.

Mickey hesitated, then turned to face his image in the mirror. A very pretty girl looked back at him. She seemed young and was thin, although her prominent cleavage

hinted that very feminine curves were wrapped within the dress's smooth fabric. The dress had a tight-fitting top that outlined his form to his small waist. The hem line was at least six inches above his knees. Mickey knew that if he was not careful with how he moved and sat, he would be exposing his stocking tops and naked thighs.

Mrs. Cole had measured him the day before and found that with his weight loss, he was down to a twenty-four inch waist and one hundred fourteen pounds. Mickey knew that with the growth of his breasts and the new padding on his hips, he must have lost even more in terms of male body mass. His legs and arms were almost delicate. There were no unsightly large muscles in his calves and his shoulders and neck were proportionately thin.

"I guess I look OK," he mumbled.

"Just OK, Mickey? You are lovely! If you didn't have a date, I would take you to bed with me right now!" Margaret gently kissed him, being careful not to damage his makeup. "Now lets load your purse."

The purse was small and was quickly filled with what Mickey had come to learn were the 'Essentials'.

A few minutes later, a very frightened girlish figure walked out of the building to wait for Lori. It was a warm, sunny spring day; there was a light breeze. At first, Mickey enjoyed the soft air moving around his legs under the skirt but was taken by surprise when a gust of wind flipped his skirt up revealingly. He used his hands to hold the short skirt down. The action accentuated his thin waist and hips. The boy was very surprised and embarrassed to hear people in passing cars calling out.

"Hey, beautiful, want a date?"

"Oh, my heart is breaking!"

"Oh, baby!"

Mickey shook his head in disbelief, "*What total jerks!*" he thought. "*No wonder women hate that sort of macho behavior!*"

A few minutes later, Lori pulled up by the curb. Mickey quickly climbed in, thankful to get away from the eyes and comments of the passing male drivers.

"Mickey, you look scrumptious!" Lori exclaimed. "I knew that dress was perfect for you. I see you figured out what the bikini bottoms were for."

Mickey looked down and blushed as he quickly rearranged his skirt. In his haste to get into the car, he had not been careful and the dress had bunched around his thighs revealing his panties and smooth crotch. Mickey was amazed at how light the fabric was. He could barely tell he had anything on or where it was.

"I'm sorry, Lori. Some of the guys driving by were yelling things at me and I was so eager to get off that sidewalk, I forgot to pay attention to my skirt."

"Don't be sorry, I really enjoyed the view. You should be more careful, though. That kind of absentmindedness would be taken as a come-on by lots of men. After you have lived longer as a girl, it will come naturally to you to be sure you are properly covered all the time. It becomes second nature." Lori pulled into traffic and started to drive.

“Is that's how men react when girls dress this way? I haven't had this kind of problem before.”

“It's the Great Game! Girl, do you have a lot to learn! Men are stimulated by what they see. We girls dress to play with that. Even if you don't want a man, it's sometimes fun to watch as they try to get a look at your breasts or thigh.”

“Why did you want me to wear this today? I mean either I let the wind blow the skirt up exposing my panties, or I had to hold the skirt down and look like I was showing off my figure.”

“And a nice figure it's turning out to be! I thought that you would look cute in that dress. I was right! Men are not the only ones who can be turned on by the sight of a little unexpected breast or thigh. I guess I got my wish. What would you like for lunch, dear?”

“Someplace not too crowded,” Mickey meekly responded.

“No way! Today the world gets its first real good look at you. I know just the place! We can be there in a minute.”

A few minutes later, Lori was parking at the curb in front of the Widmer Brewing Company's pub on Russell Street. Inside, she guided Mickey to a table near the bar from which they could see and be seen. Lori looked around, enjoying the rich variety of woods used in the Pub's interior. The place wasn't crowded at first. As they waited, more people were coming in. Mickey was feeling very exposed by the time the waiter brought them two pints of Blackbier. Every man in the place seemed to be looking at their table. He was sure they could all tell he was not a real girl.

“Mickey, what's wrong? You seem terribly nervous,” Lori said.

“All these men are looking at me, Lori. I'm sure they can tell I'm not a real girl,” he whispered back.

Lori laughed, “It's so hard to remember that you are new to all this. They are looking at us because we are two foxy women. Men like looking at women. I have seen what's going on and they all are thinking about bedding us. No one suspects that you are anything other than an attractive young woman out on a lunch date with a friend.”

Mickey was shocked. It hadn't yet dawned on him that men might want him sexually. The mysterious Mr. H. seemed remote. Mickey had never met the man and barely believed he existed. The idea that these men were sizing him up as a potential sexual partner made the boy blush deeply.

Lori was amused by Mickey's embarrassment but decided she should do something. The woman's plans for her friend that afternoon didn't include fighting the boy's jittery nerves. She opened her purse and got out a small cloisonn pill box.

“Here Mickey, take these. They will help you relax,” Lori explained as she placed two five-milligram Valium tablets in Mickey's hand.

“Lori, what are they?”

“Just a mild relaxant. You look fine, but if you keep blushing and looking like you want to hide, the men will start to wonder. Most women your age are very experienced at dealing with being looked at. You don't want to stand out, do you?”

Mickey took the pills. A few minutes later, their salads arrived. Mickey started to feel a little less anxious and was able to chat with Lori. They talked about a series of windows they would do the next week, showing off the store's summer dresses. By the time they were done with lunch and back at the car, the drugs and the beer had taken effect. Mickey was chatting away about clothes and fashion. When Lori prompted him, the boy was even able to talk about which of the dresses he might try. Mickey barely noticed what was happening when Lori parked again and gently guided the boy into a place called The Bob Shop. Mickey knew it was a beauty parlor and was surprised.

He dimly realized he should object as he was guided through a series of chairs; people did things to him but somehow it seemed perfectly OK to relax and just go with the flow. Lori stayed nearby and was constantly reassuring him and chatting with the beauticians working on him.

Three hours later they emerged. Mickey looked stunning. His auburn hair had been cut and permed into a mass of tight curls that floated around his face. His ears sported the new earrings Lori had included in the box given the boy the night before. His nails were shaped, lengthened and painted a bright red that matched his lip color. They had removed his make up and redone his face to make the most of his new hair style.

Lori drove to her apartment. As she drove, she slipped her hand over to caress Mickey's knee. She petted his leg a little, then slid smoothly up Mickey's thigh and under the dress's skirt to touch the soft, naked flesh above his stocking tops. Mickey scooted closer to Lori on the car's bench seat.

Hesitantly, he reached over and caressed Lori's thigh through her gray linen pants. As soon as Lori had pulled into her parking space and stopped the car, she turned to Mickey and placing her hand over his left breast, brought her lips to his. Almost automatically, his mouth opened and their tongues touched. Mickey felt his penis stiffen within its confinement. The boy was surprised to feel his nipples harden at the same time. He brought his own left hand up and caressed Lori's breast.

The woman responded, squeezing his breast and opening the top button of Mickey's dress. Lori was excited. Mickey's softer form, very real small breasts, and feminine appearance had totally overcome her earlier reluctance. She wanted Mickey and she didn't care that he might not have quite the same plumbing she had become used to. Reluctantly, she pulled away.

“Let's go inside where we can be more comfortable,” she whispered in a husky voice.

Once inside the apartment, Lori almost dragged Mickey to her large bed and pulled the boy down on it with her. She wrapped her body around his, realizing with a smile that his narrow frame was smaller than her own.

"This is going to be great," she thought to herself as she again slipped her hand under the skirt to Mickey's dress to caress the satin panties and naked thighs hidden there.

Mickey didn't object when she finished opening his dress. He sighed with pleasure as she kissed the tops of his breasts. His skin was flushed and he gently opened Lori's blouse and brought his hands to the well-filled cups of Lori's gray and white cotton bra. It was a sports bra made by Jockey and he wasn't sure how to get it off her.

Lori pulled away for a moment. "Here, let me help you," she said.

She finished taking her blouse off and pulled the bra up over her head and off. Then she opened her pants and wiggled out of them and her cotton panties. She was naked and her breasts seemed very large and inviting to Mickey. The stiffness in his panties became an uncomfortable hardness. He slipped out of the dress and removed his bra. Lori's eyes beamed at his pert cones. The nipples and the areola around them were larger than she had hoped. Mickey removed his panties and the constraining bikini bottom and turned to face Lori. His penis was hard and stood out from his smooth, hairless groin. It was a little over six inches long. Lori reached for Mickey and, grasping his shoulders, pulled his form and lips to hers. Their breasts rubbed together. Mickey's nylon-covered legs wrapped around Lori's thigh as their bodies met.

Lori was intrigued by this creature. She was a little surprised that she felt no repulsion as his erect tool pressed into the soft curly bush above her cleft. She wanted more. The woman turned and brought her mouth down to kiss Mickey's shaft. As she did so, she shifted around to position her sex above Mickey's mouth. The boy was quick to understand and eagerly extended his tongue to pleasure her.

His lessons with Mrs. Cole soon were rewarded with the sound of Lori moaning as she pressed her now-wet labia to the boy's lips for a deep genital kiss. With her own arousal rising, Lori willingly accepted Mickey's cum when his tool exploded in her mouth. It was the first time she had ever let a boy come in her mouth. She knew that if Mickey was not doing such a great job of sucking her to orgasm, she wouldn't have been willing to taste him. Now she realized that tasted good and she savored the flavor as her own orgasm overcame her.

When her climax passed, she again turned around to kiss and cuddle with Mickey. They caressed and played with each others breasts, laughing and kissing as they pleased each other. An hour later, Mickey was pleased to feel his penis again becoming erect. Lori noticed as well and smiled to herself.

"May as well! After all, I liked the taste of it in my mouth. Maybe I will like the taste inside other places," she thought.

She pushed Mickey to his back and placed her hips over the boy's using her hand to guide his tool to her cleft. With a quick thrust, she took him inside and began to rock her hips against his as she excited her own sex. Lori realized that it was much like the lovers who had used a dildo on her.

"Only better," she thought. *"Because it's alive and hot and pulsing inside of me instead of just a plastic sex toy."*

Lori came several times before she felt the boy's body quiver as he again was overcome with his orgasm. She held him in her arms until she felt his tool shrink and slip from her body.

They took a shower together and after, dried off, moisturizing, and powdering their skin. Lori lent Mickey one of her nighties and they went to bed. Lori slept in the nude but enjoyed seeing and touching Mickey's girlish form through the pale blue nylon baby doll nightie. They slept in each other's arms.

The next morning Lori awoke, hearing a groan. She glanced over at Mickey who was looking in the mirror.

“What's wrong, sweet thing?” she inquired.

“I was going to go visit my mother today and now I can't. The things you had them do to me! The pierced ears, the nails, the hair, won't come off. I won't be able to pass as a man at all! She will know right away that I'm becoming a girl,” he complained.

“Not just becoming a girl, Mickey dear. For my money, you are now a girl. My girl, by the way. My sweet little lesbian lover. Don't let that little dildo you wear between your legs fool you. You are now a girl— and a very fetching one. It's about time your mother knew.”

“Maybe your right, Lori. I'm sure not much of a boy anymore. But I had wanted to wait until she was home from the hospital to tell her. She is still very sick.”

“My guess is she is already suspicious. Why don't I drop by the hospital and tell her this morning? You know—the concerned boss looking after you. Then, I'll drive over and get you. If it goes well, you can return to the hospital as Mickey. If it goes badly, I will help you get as close back to your old self as you can. Although, I don't think that is very close anymore. I'm surprised she hasn't noticed those lovely breasts of yours already.”

After a long argument, Mickey agreed. In a way, he was very relieved. They dressed and Lori drove him home, then she continued on to the hospital.

Mickey went into his apartment and looked at himself in the mirror.

Mickey turned from side to side, looking closely at his reflection. What he saw was an attractive young woman. Her legs, arms, underarms, chest, neck, chin, upper lips and cheeks were attractively free of hair. She was thin but the weeks of hormones coursing through his body had made his skin finer, his hips a little rounder, and created a pair of distinct yet still small breasts. The weight he had lost had narrowed his shoulders, and taken his always thin arms and legs to a slenderness that was very feminine. His waist looked quite small and he knew he was now under twenty-four inches.

“*Lori is right,*” he thought. “*There isn't much of Michael left.*”

Mickey undressed and got his mother's tape measure. He used it to check his measurements.

“Thirty-four, twenty-three and three-quarters, thirty-five,” he said aloud. “Girls' proportions.”

Mickey slipped on his mother's pink satin robe and looked at himself again. He stared at the reflection for a long time. He realized that he hadn't been admitting to himself how fundamental were the changes that he was going through. Looking into the mirror, Mickey slowly came to terms with "herself".

"I'm a girl now. I still have a penis but I now dress, live, and work as Mickey. I even have a lesbian lover," he thought. *"I will need to tell Lori about Mr. H. and my obligation to him. I guess I should tell Mrs. Cole that I'm a girl now. "*

Five miles away, Joanne Walker was surprised when a stranger walked into her room. She expected Michael, who was uncharacteristically late. The stranger was a young woman, thin, and tall, about five foot seven in her heels. She was wearing a gray knit dress, black shoes and purse. Her look was strong, yet feminine. The woman's short dark blond hair, clothes, and trim body sent a clear message.

"A business woman," Joanne thought.

"Mrs. Walker?" the stranger asked.

"Yes that's me. Can I help you?"

"Well that's an interesting question. Yes you can, but really I came to help you. My name is Lori, Lori Morrison. Mickey, I mean Michael works with me at Yaks. I'm his boss."

"Is he all right?" Joanne responded with concern in her voice.

"I think so, but he needs your help. That's why I've come to see you."

"Michael is my only child. He has been wonderfully supportive to me the last few months. There isn't anything I wouldn't do for him."

"I hoped you would say that. You see he has been very unhappy for a long time. Lately, he has found himself but he is afraid to tell you of his needs and desires."

"Ms. Morrison please speak more directly. Tell me, what is his problem? I assure you I only want to be supportive."

"Oh dear, I'm sorry. I don't mean to beat about the bush. It's just not easy to find the right words. You see, Michael does not want to be your son anymore. He wants to be your daughter."

"My daughter!" Joanne exclaimed.

"Yes, he wants to live as a girl, to become a young girl and later a woman. He wants this very badly and has started hormone therapy. For the last several weeks, he has been coming to work dressed as a girl and is now well-accepted—and I must add—well-liked as Mickey Walker at the store."

"Mickey Walker? This isn't some cruel joke, Ms. Morrison?"

"Please call me Lori, Joanne. It's no joke and you will find Mickey a charming girl who you can be quite proud of."

"Lori, this is all rather hard to accept. I knew something was wrong. He seemed preoccupied and he has changed some lately. I thought I noticed that he was develop-

ing breasts but ruled that out as a product of my own imagination. I guess I was wrong. If this is what he wants, the poor dear must have been very unhappy.”

“Then you aren't too disappointed?”

“Disappointed? Not in Michael. He has always been so gentle and slight that I have thought maybe he should have been a girl. I guess the thought of not having any grandchildren is a little disappointing. I had looked forward to that.”

Lori beamed at Joanne, “Well Joanne there may still be some hope for that.”

“But, if he becomes a girl, what hope can there be? I know these trans-what ever-they-are-called, when they have their sex change, can't have children.”

“Joanne, that's true but Mickey is a long way from having his sex surgically changed. You see, last night we were lovers.”

“How can that be? You just said he wants to be a girl.”

“Its not really fair to burden you with all this, Joanne, but for your daughter's happiness I think I should. You see, I'm a lesbian. Last night, I took Mickey as my lesbian lover. I have been this way my whole life. But, you see, I would like children, too. If things work out with Mickey, I was thinking of having a child with her. She is already much too girlish to go back to being a boy but we may, together, you and I, prevail on her to not go all the way with the change.” As Lori spoke, a tear ran down her cheek. She had only just now realized her own secret hope that Mickey would be the partner she had longed for. Attractively feminine, soft, and gentle but someone with whom she could have a family.

Joanne saw the hurt and fear in Lori's eyes. She also saw hope in the chance that grandchildren could be had. She reached out to Lori and embraced the younger woman who tried to comfort Lori.

“You would be happy with this? Having 'her' father your children? What if 'she' decided to be completely changed into a woman? What if 'she' wants a man in her life? If I must accept 'her' as my daughter, isn't 'she' too young to settle down with one person?”

“Joanne, I'm not sure myself. I could love Mickey. It's just too soon to tell. I know she likes and responds to me, but we may end up just being friends. If she wants a man, I might be willing to share her. All these questions are good, but they can't be answered yet. We need time.”

“Yes Lori, we all need time. You need time to decide what you want. I need time to get to know my daughter. Michael-Mickey—needs time to get to know herself and what she wants.”

“Then you don't mind too much?”

“How could I? It is the person I love, not the gender. But, I don't care much for the name Mickey. It reminds me of that stupid mouse.”

“When you were pregnant, what were you going to name your baby if you had a daughter?” Lori asked, now smiling.

“Marsha. I was going to name her Marsha, after my own mother. Do you think that she would agree to that?”

“I'm sure of it. Why don't I go now and bring 'her' back, so you can start to get acquainted with her.”

“I'd like that, Lori. But she doesn't have to be Marsha. I just want to start to get to know her. I always wanted a daughter. It will be fun helping her learn all the things girls need to know.”

“She will surprise you there. She still has a lot to learn but your landlady and I have both been trying to help her through this transition.”

“Mrs. Cole? I know she and Michael always got along well, but they have never been close.”

“Oh, but they are now. Your 'daughter' told me that Mrs. Cole found her crying in the laundry room one day and wormed the truth out of her. She has been helping her ever since. I think she has been getting her clothes and teaching her about makeup. I think she even helped her find a doctor who would help her with hormones and hair removal.”

“I guess that was very kind of her. I just wish 'Marsha' had trusted me enough to bring her problem to me.”

“She wanted to, Joanne. She told me how she hated deceiving you. The poor dear just couldn't bring herself to talk to you until you were better. But just yesterday, I forced her into some things that made it necessary for you to know.”

“Forced her? Lori what did you do?”

“Nothing and everything. I gave her a Valium and then took her to my beauty parlor. They pierced her ears, permed her hair, and gave her permanent long finger nails. She really is rather pretty. I'm afraid it would be almost impossible to get her dressed convincingly as Michael now.”

The two women talked for some time, getting to know each other. As they talked, Joanne realized she liked this young woman. Lori clearly had a crush on her child. It became easier and easier to speak of her child as 'she' and 'her'. When Lori left, Joanne found she was really looking forward to seeing 'Marsha'. Secretly, she hoped that before anything permanent was done, Lori and Marsha would in fact make her a grandmother.

“I must thank Mrs. Cole,” she thought. “For taking such good care of my child and helping her while I was too ill.”

CHAPTER VII Marsha

Mrs. Cole saw Mickey as the new girl was dropped off by Lori. She realized that they had spent the night together and hoped nothing had happened that might make Mickey's acceptance of Mr. H. more difficult. She decided she better check on her charge. As an excuse, she took the new Wonder Bras she had purchased to Mickey. She found Mickey wearing a charming pink satin robe, sitting by a mirror lost in thought.

"Well princess, how was your date?" Mrs. Cole inquired as she came in the apartment. "I see you have taken another step forward."

"Oh! You mean the hair, Margaret?"

"That, and the pierced ears and beautiful nails. It looks like your boss couldn't wait for you to take those steps on your own."

"Lori was kind of insistent. She gave me a relaxant and then, after a few beers, took me to this place. They were doing things to me for hours."

"A beauty parlor. I was going to take you to one in a week or so. It didn't take all night to do your hair, though."

"We spent the night at Lori's apartment, Margaret. Since you seem to want to know, we made love."

"Did she let you take her, or did she take you? Don't get upset, its important that I understand the nature of your relationship."

"I suppose all these questions have something to do with the mysterious Mr. H.?" Mickey asked.

"With your ultimate relationship with him, yes. I arranged the contract for you and we are both obligated to show good faith. If she took you, then there is no problem. If you took her, then we may have one. Mickey, just relax and tell me. I swear, I'm not jealous or anything."

"I don't really understand, Margaret, but I know you have been a good friend. You could say that Lori took me. She took the lead. She was always on top."

"Good! Then I see no problem with your continuing to see her. Now undress and let me get a real good look at you."

Mickey remembered that he had promised to cooperate. The boy stood up, slowly undressed, and stood nude before Margaret. She walked around the boy, examining him in minute detail. She felt his breasts, his rear, his arms and shoulders. She even grasped his male tool until it started to grow.

"Mickey, Dr. Cooper's formula is working wonders. The changes in your body have progressed as far as I thought they would in five or six months, and its only been that many weeks. At this rate, you will need another new cup size soon. I think Mr. H. will want to start seeing you in about two weeks."

"So soon, Margaret? I thought it would be months yet."

“So did I, but Dr. Cooper warned me that your transformation would be faster than I had seen it occur before. Mickey, if Mr. H. saw you today, he would want you tonight. You are already feminine enough to excite him. I said two weeks to give you time to get used to the idea. You will need to get your life in order. Once you are seeing Mr. H., you will not need to work. If you wish to continue working, you must ask his permission. You must decide if you are serious about Lori. If you are, she will need to decide if she can share you.”

The prospect of so many changes in his life nearly overwhelming the boy. Mrs. Cole decided that she should soften the blow.

“You can get dressed now, Mickey,” she instructed him.

As the boy slipped back into his feminine clothing, she proceeded to explain.

“Mickey, you should look forward to the start of your relationship with Mr. H. If you make an effort to please him, he will go out of his way to keep you happy. Right now, you are just a huge cost in his books. When he starts to feel repaid, you will find him warm and, I think, very kind. He wouldn't mind your affair with Lori. As long as you are living as his mistress.”

Margaret chatted on as Mickey finished dressing. He did find himself wondering what this man might be like. He wondered what being taken would be like. The idea of a man touching him didn't seem so abhorrent when he looked in the mirror and saw his budding breasts and smooth rounded hips. Lori had made him feel feminine when they had made love. Mickey had to admit that he was now often having feelings that were different than what he was used to. He thought they must be part of a new feminine outlook. The girlish boy was enjoying being soft and yielding. The idea of being overpowered was exciting. By the time Mrs. Cole kissed him on the cheek and left, he wasn't sure that he didn't like what was happening to him.

An hour later, Lori returned.

“Joanne was wonderful, dear. She really wants to start getting to know her new daughter right away. She only had two reservations. If you had been born a girl, she would have named you Marsha. She wants you to be Marsha, now that you are her daughter. I think I may be able to help you with the second concern she has, but I want to think about it for a while. We need to get you all pretty so you can go visit her. Hurry!”

Mickey could hardly believe Lori. Mother knew, and all she wanted was for her daughter's name to be Marsha! Lori selected an outfit for 'Marsha' while the new girl put on her makeup. An hour later they were in the car heading back to the Medical School. 'Marsha' was wearing a gray, full-cut skirt and a white long-sleeved satin blouse. Underneath, she was wearing pink panties, Wonder Bra, garter belt, camisole and cinnamon-colored hose. The top of the blouse opened just enough to reveal a hint of lace and cleavage. Her shoes, purse and belt were black kid leather. The shoes had two-inch heels that made her almost Lori's height. The new girl had done an excellent job applying her make up. Her shadow was blue and her lips were a light red. It didn't quite match the scarlet on her fingers, but it harmonized and the darker red lipstick seemed too emphatic for afternoon wear. Marsha wished she had taken the time to redo her nails. She knew that pink nails and lipstick would be better.

At the hospital, they calmly proceeded to Joanne's room. Just before they got to the door, Marsha froze.

"Lori, I can't go in there!"

"Oh course you can, dear. You must! Joanne is waiting to meet you. We can't disappoint her."

Lori firmly grasped the new girl by the hand and, half leading, half pulling, brought her into the room. Once they were inside, Joanne calmly looked her 'daughter' over.

"Sorry it took so long, Joanne, but 'Marsha' had a case of stage fright," Lori said, trying to cut the tension in the room.

"Come child. Don't you have a hug for your mother? You are greatly changed but if you're happy this way, it is for the better," Joanne prompted.

Marsha rushed to her and hugging Joanne, began to cry and apologize for not being honest with her.

"Now, now, dear. I can't have been easy on you all these years. You know I am really rather pleased. You are quite pretty. I don't think poor Michael would have ever been as successful as a man as you already are as a woman. Stop your crying, sweetheart and tell me; how far do you intend to go? You're quite lovely now and if my eyes don't deceive me, you are blossoming. Are you planning to have the surgery for the total change?"

"I don't plan to at this point, Mother. I want to try living this way for a while before I make any decisions that are that final."

"Why, you even sound like a girl, dear. That's good. In some ways, the least important part of being a girl is what we have between our legs. I must tell you, I am looking forward to getting to fuss over you and help you learn all the things you will need to know. I always wanted a daughter! Now I have one."

As they talked, Lori smiled and withdrew. She wanted to leave them to get to know each other



without her around to complicate things. Marsha had her phone number and would call when she was ready to leave. Lori had gotten the new girl to agree to spend the evening with her at her apartment. Since it was Saturday, Lori hoped to keep her there for the night.

Lori's every wish came true that evening. Marsha was soft and yielded to her every whim. After a long night of love, she again helped get Marsha ready and then dropped the new girl off at the Hospital.

On the drive home, Lori laughed at herself. *"If I'm not careful I shall develop a real taste for cum,"* she thought to herself, remembering the taste of her pet's seed exploding in her mouth.

It had been good, though. Marsha had brought her to a long series of orgasms using her soft red lips and delicate tongue. Lori had wanted to repay her in kind and had done her best to pleasure the new girl. Lori had not taken Marsha's male tool within her sex that night. She had focused instead on claiming the new girl as her lesbian lover. The older girl didn't want to risk any unpleasant male assertiveness shattering the bliss of their time together.

The next week went quickly by for Marsha. Michael started to fade from her mind as she lived full-time now as a girl. Lori had explained at the store that Mickey was now Marsha, since her figure was now too well-developed for such a tomboyish name. Marsha had shared her new name with Mrs. Cole who had nodded in approval. Margaret had arranged for Ms. Janik, the attorney, to start the process of legally changing the new girl's name to 'Marsha Michelle Walker'. Her new identification would indicate Marsha Michelle was female. With Margaret, Lori and her mother all prompting her, the new girl became noticeably more feminine each day.

The next Friday, Joanne was able to come home. She was still weak and needed a great deal of rest. The doctors had assured them the transplant was successful. They had promised in a month she might be able to start looking for work. When she got home, she had Marsha do a fashion show so that she could see all the new clothes her 'daughter' had acquired. During one change, she had caught a glimpse of the new girl's breasts and was surprised at their size. A double crescent moon shape was starting to replace the "swollen cones" stage of development.

On Saturday, Lori called and asked Marsha if she could come over for a movie and maybe spend the night. Joanne insisted that she would be fine. Marsha hesitated and then agreed. Mrs. Cole had told the new girl that her next weekend was booked with Mr. H. Margaret had called the man and he was very impatient to see Marsha. The new girl knew that she must tell Lori about Mr. H. that weekend. If this was going to change things between them, Lori had a right to know.

Marsha dressed carefully. Her lips were bright red. Her eyes were sultry. She wore a new mini-dress she had picked up at the store that week after work. She just wrote down the stock numbers and turned it in with the tags and the store would deduct the price, minus her discount, from her next check. It was very frilly and she was quite proud of it. It was the first feminine garment she had picked out entirely by herself. When Lori saw her in the dress, she was quick to cover the new girl's lips with her own. As they kissed, Lori ran her hands down Marsha's back and then back up under

the skirt to caress her friend's rounded bottom. Lori was surprised when Marsha resisted her as she tried to get the new girl to her bed.

“Lori, we need to talk. There is something I must tell you,” Marsha began.

Fear gripped Lori's heart. She had heard that phrase before. It had always been followed by the news that her lover had met someone else, generally a man.

“You have met a man and don't want to play our girl-to-girl games anymore!” Lori lashed out.

Marsha started to cry. She didn't want to hurt Lori. She felt she loved the strong, intelligent older woman. But how to tell Lori and not lose her was beyond the new girl. Lori felt like a jerk as she watched Marsha cry. After a moment, she wrapped her arms around the auburn-haired girl.

“I'm sorry I barked at you, dear. I don't want to lose you. Others have said those same words to me. Marsha, they hurt me. I love you and want what's best for you. Tell me your news. I will try and understand.”

Gradually, Marsha was able to stop crying. She began her story at the beginning. Lori learned of the new girl's desperation to help her dying Mother, Mrs. Cole's suggestion about being Mr. H.'s mistress, her trip to the lawyer, then the doctor; finally the news that next Saturday night Mr. H. was going to claim her. Lori went from disbelief to anger to wonder as the story unfolded.

“Then, you never really wanted to be a girl?” Lori asked.

“Never in my life, Lori. At least not until last weekend. When you told me I was 'your girl', I knew I wanted to be just that. Then Mother was so pleased that she finally had a daughter. Now, I have come to sort of like being Marsha. I remember Michael's horror and dread at what was going to happen, but its like a bad dream that lingers. It's not me any more.”

Lori reached over and kissed the new girl. This time, Marsha kissed her back, without restraint. They were lost in their embrace and passion for a while. Then Lori gently pushed Marsha's lips away from her own.

“This Mr. H., you say he doesn't care if we are lovers? He only prohibits you from seeing other men?”

“That's what Mrs. Cole tells me. Next week, I become his Mistress. Margaret says if I please him, he will let me keep my job, keep my friends, even get married if that's what I want. But I must continue as his Mistress for at least the next ten years.”

“Poor dear. This is so awful. Is it really his plan to keep you feminized but also preserve the function of your remaining male part.”

“That's what's in the contract. I must keep it, its part of what he wants. Margaret said I'm now a boy-girl and that's the kind of sex he likes.”

“You're all girl to me, dear. If you want me, I will see if we can continue as we are. I love you and can't stand the thought of losing you. Even if it means I must share your love with a man.”

“Do you mean it? Oh Lori, you are too good and kind! I swear, you may have to share my body but never my love.”

Their emotions overwhelmed them as their lips again met. Neither even considered conversation again until the next morning. Knowing that the next weekend she would have to surrender her lover to another, Lori tried to empty love's cup that night. She straddled her lover's hips, welcoming Marsha's hardness within her cleft repeatedly.

As Lori pumped her sex on Marsha's stiff shaft, she smiled to herself. *“This is an experience that I can give her that is different from any that a man can.”*

To Marsha, the following week seemed to fly by. *“Time moves all too fast for those approaching execution,”* she thought grimly as she took the bus home that Thursday night.

Early the next day, Mrs. Cole took the new girl shopping to buy her clothes for her date with Mr. H. Margaret explained that he was taking her to the Opera to see the Marriage of Figaro. After the opera, he was planning a late dinner, then on to a suite at the Vintage Plaza Hotel. Margaret insisted Marsha needed a new dress, heels, underwear, and a nightie. It was Marsha's first real shopping trip. Margaret wanted the new girl to enjoy it. She lead her through a variety of stores and changing rooms until their arms were full. They caught a cab in front of the Hilton and took their purchases to Margaret's apartment. It was three in the afternoon.

“You go up and look after your mother for a couple of hours. Tell her you will be out all night. If she wants to know you should tell her you have a date with a man you met at the store. Be back here at five. It will take more than two hours to get you ready. I will check in on Joanne from time to time. Mr. H. may want you to spend Saturday night with him, too. If he does, don't worry, I'll explain that you have been detained and are spending the night and the next day with Joanne. Now, scoot!”

Marsha returned to her mother and prepared her supper. Margaret had told her not to eat much. After she had done the dishes and made sure Joanne was comfortable, she explained that she had a date that night.

“With Lori?” Joanne inquired.

“I'm afraid not, Mother. It's with a man I met at work.”

“Oh my! Marsha, do you think you are ready for that?”

“There is only one way to find out, Mother. I'm still learning so much every day. He asked and he seemed nice. Its a special date. He is taking me to the opera.”

“How does Lori feel about this, dear. You two seem so well-suited for each other. Won't she be hurt?”

“I'm afraid she is, a little. We talked about it on and off all week. Today she told me I should go. Lori thinks I won't know what I am or what I want unless I have tried it with a man.”

“You don't mean that you might sleep with this fellow?”

Marsha went over and hugged Joanne. "Yes dear. If he wants me, I'm spending the night. Margaret said she would look in on you. She is going to help me get ready in a little while."

"But, does he know that you aren't a born girl? Does he know what you have in your panties?"

"Yes, Mother, he knows. I told you I met him at work. Everyone at work knows all about me. I was really quite the sensation for a few weeks."

Joanne sat without speaking for a while. "*So my new daughter is going to sleep with a man,*" she thought. "*This may be the end of my hopes for grandchildren.*"

Aloud, she said, "Now, you make this man take it real slow and gentle. Don't let him hurt you."

Marsha put her arms around her mother and hugged her. The new girl desperately wanted to tell her mother the truth. That she had no interest in this or any man. All she wanted was to make her mother happy and spend more wonderful nights with Lori. They both cried for a while before she had to leave to get ready.

As the new girl was going out the door, her mother called, "Marsha, when you're all dressed, please come up for a minute and let me see. I didn't get to see you in a formal going off to a prom. Most mothers get to watch their daughters grow up. It's not really very rational but I want to see you looking beautiful, and I want to take your picture. I think there is film in the camera."

"I promise, Mother. As soon as I am all prettied up, I will come back up so you can see."

A few minutes later, Marsha entered Margaret's apartment. Mrs. Cole had her undress completely. Then, the older woman inspected her again very carefully. She was pleased to confirm that the new girl's body was still perfectly hairless. Her breasts were now able to fill an A cup bra and her waist was a bit narrower than it had been two weeks before. They had checked Marsha's measurements that morning. The new girl was now thirty-five, twenty-three, thirty-five. Mrs. Cole was confident that in a few more months Marsha would be filling B cups and have a thirty-six inch chest.

"We will start with an enema, dear. In fact three of them. Two to cleanse you, the third to soothe your insides and lubricate them."

Marsha was shocked. Mute, she let Margaret lead her to the bathroom where a double enema was administered. The first was painful. The second was less so because the new girl was already empty. Before the third enema, Margaret had the new girl take a long bubble bath. The tub was filled with skin softeners and heliotrope-scented mineral salts. Following the bath, the third enema soothed away the pain. Curious, Marsha touched her anal opening, finding it well-lubricated and sensitive.

Mrs. Cole had Marsha rub moisturizing cream into her skin until it nearly glistened. They then patted her dry and powdered her whole body.

"From now on dear, this will be your bath routine every day. You must keep yourself silky smooth and soft to the touch. Lori will like the results as much as your Master."

“Margaret! You don't mean I have to give myself enemas every day do you?”

“Of course not,” the woman laughed. “That is for special occasions. But you will need to take special care of your cute little bottom. All girls must learn how to care for their sex once they become active. What you need to remember is that your anus is now a sex organ. Keep it fresh as you would want Lori to keep her cleft. Make sure the apartment Mr. H. gets for you has a bidet. You will find it invaluable in that area. From tonight on, you will want to stay away from harsh paper.”

Marsha listened seriously. The new girl was sure Margaret was giving her good advice. Still, she really could not believe that it wasn't all just a strange dream.

“Margaret, now that I'm about to meet him do you think I might know his name. It might help me relax if I knew who will be Master.”

“Your right dear, it might. I guess it won't do any harm now. You will know in a few hours anyway. Mr. H. is Philip Happ, you know the big brewer. He is about fifty-five and quite handsome.”

“But, all the newspapers imply that he is some kind of gangster!”

“He may be, or he may not. It's not for you to worry your pretty head about. He has always been kind to both the girls and boy-girls I helped him get together with. He was even very kind to me one night about twenty years ago.”

“With you, Margaret?”

“Why, certainly! As you well know, I like a roll in the hay as much as the next girl. Philip is a delightful man and I will remember our night together forever. But he is rich and a rich man can cater to his tastes. Now, lets get you into your new undies. We don't have all night.”

Marsha slipped on the scarlet garter belt, then the matching push-up satin bra they had purchased that day. It was strapless and caused her blossoming breasts to ride high on her chest. Sitting on a chair, she slipped on a pair of black opera hose. They felt strange going on, but once she had the garter straps adjusted, the new girl had to admit they were quite sexy. Then. Marsha slipped on a matching scarlet satin thong panty. She slipped her manhood back between her legs and the tight panties created a nearly-smooth front.

Looking at herself in the mirror blushed, “Margaret, I show. These panties are too skimpy.”

“They're just right. Philip will love it if you show just a little. If you are careful how you sit and move, no one else will notice.”

Margaret led Marsha to her makeup table and helped her do her hair and then her makeup. They created a dark, glamorous look that made the new girl's eyes seem big, her cheeks high, and her lips crimson. They shaped and then painted her finger- and toe nails using a matching shade of red. While Marsh waited for the second coat to dry, Margaret brought out a flat box about one foot on each side. Opening it, Marsha gasped.

“Margaret, are they real?”

“Yes and no. They are synthetic emeralds, but still quite expensive. The settings are ten caret gold, again of good quality but not outrageous. Here, let me put them on for you. With your reddish hair they will look wonderful.”

Margaret placed a necklace of half-caret stones around the new girl's neck and fastened the clasp at the back. From the necklace, a large five- caret stone nestled in the deep cleavage the push-up bra had created. Next, earrings with dangling green stones went in her ears. There was a small circle of glittering stones left. Marsha was surprised when Margaret fastened it around the new girl's right ankle. Finally, the older woman withdrew a small gold ring with five glittering green stones set deeply in it. The older woman slipped it on Marsha's engagement finger.

“Are these mine? Why would he buy these for me?”

“He wants you to feel valued. They are yours, to remind you of his generosity and that you are his. You are to wear the ring always. As long as he wants you as his Mistress, anyway. Now put on your shoes, dear.”

The dazed girl slipped on the new three-inch heeled pumps. They were black patent leather and had a lace work of small peak-a-boo openings fanning out from their open toes. When Marsha stood, she was unsteady for a minute in the extreme high heels. She reached for a short scarlet petticoat. As she stepped into the garment, its three layers of satin spread out to form a large circle around her knees. The dress was black velvet and strapless. Its tight bodice hugged Marsha's chest, pressing her breasts still higher. Several layers of fabric had been sewed at an angle to form lines that lead to the new girl's narrow waist. At the waist, the dress opened out to create a swirl of soft black that dropped to her knees just covering the satin petticoat. Margaret passed her a black patent clutch purse and led her to the mirror.

Marsha was amazed. She looked radiant. Her short hair emphasized her long, thin neck. The necklace glittered and drew the eye to her mounded breasts. As she gazed at her reflection, Margaret sprayed her with perfume. Then the older woman dabbed a little of the scent between the new girl's breasts and behind her ears. She even had the new girl raise her skirt and petticoat and sprayed a mist of the scent on the front and rear of Marsha's panties.

“You look wonderful, dear. Good enough to eat. Now, let's go show your mother. We can tell her the emeralds are glass if she asks. How do you feel?”

“Amazed, Margaret! Amazed and something else. I hardly know myself. But I must admit I like this girl in the mirror. I guess I feel pretty. I have never felt pretty before. It's really rather delightful.”

“You are quite pretty, child. You will be feeling pretty for years to come. Welcome to the sorority.”

Joanne was shocked when the duo entered the room. For a moment she wondered, “*Who is the gorgeous young woman.*” Then the realization hit her, “*It's Michael—or Marsha.*”

Aloud she said, “Your lovely, dear. Why, if I had known you would look this good, I'd have put you in skirts years ago. Margaret, please get me my camera. I must get her

picture. Every mother dreams of seeing their daughter dressed like a fairy princess. I shall treasure these shots.”

Marsha blushed, but allowed herself to be photographed. Margaret helped her pose and as the camera clicked, the new girl started to enjoy the feel of the dress twirling around her as she moved. She smiled, and frowned, and even managed a pout before they were done. Joanne put out of her mind the concerns she felt about what would happen to her daughter that night. She didn't want to risk spoiling Marsha's evening. Her daughter was clearly enjoying being dressed up. A car honked in the street below. Joanne kissed Marsha gently on the cheek, careful not to muss her makeup, and wished her a good time as Mrs. Cole lead the girl away.



CHAPTER VII Mistress

On the stairs, Marsha froze.

“Margaret! I don't know if I can do this!” Marsha whimpered.

“It's too late now for second thoughts. If you relax just a little, you will have a very nice time. There are thousands of girls all over town who would trade places with you in an instant.”

As she went out the front door, a tall white-haired man greeted them. He looked elegant in his tuxedo. Marsha guessed he was at least six foot-four as she looked up into his eyes.

“Good evening, ladies. Margaret, this fascinating creature must be Marsha. My dear, you are prettier than Mrs. Cole lead me to believe.”

“Marsha, this is Mr. Philip Happ, the gentleman you have been prepared for.”

Marsha held out her delicate hand to take the man's. “I want to thank you sir, for all you have done for my poor mother. You have saved her life and I shall be eternally grateful. Thank you also for the lovely clothing and jewelry. I never imagined wearing such beautiful things.”

The man grinned broadly and pushed a shock of his white hair away from his eyes. “It's payment enough to see you in them. We must be off. The curtain goes up in an hour and we must see and be seen. You may be cold tonight; I brought you this.”

As the man spoke, he wrapped a fur stole around the new girl's narrow shoulders. “Its not real fur. Don't want any animal rights types giving us a hard time. I hope it will keep away the chill.”

The stole was light gray and was lined with red satin. Marsha was amazed by the man's foresight. She had been cold; for an instant she felt, “*This man is wonderful.*”

Impulsively, she leaned over and gently kissed him, “Thank you so much Philip. I was a little cold.”

Philip escorted her to his waiting limo. She held his arm to steady herself as she came down the stairs in her heels. Once in the car, she looked around in wonder. It was huge inside and had a small TV as well as a bar. Noting her amazement, the man proudly explained all the gadgets. Before she knew it, they had pulled up in front of the Auditorium and Philip was helping her out of the big car. She almost lost her balance and was relieved when she felt his strong arm wrap around her waist supporting her. She leaned into him, looked up smiling and said, “Thank you.”

As she spoke, a flash went off, and then another. Marsha looked around in disbelief as news photographers took picture after picture of the couple as they entered the Auditorium. Philip lead her to the members lounge and slipped a glass of dark red wine into her hand.

“I know this must all be frightening to you. I promise you that soon you will have no regrets. Now, hurry and drink your wine. We must go to my box in a few minutes.”

They drank the dry Pinot Noir and went to their box. Marsha was a little relieved to find that the boxes were quite open and offered Philip little privacy. They were seated

and soon the light dimmed. The conductor came to the podium. Marsha had never been to the opera before. She was thrilled by the sets and costumes. When the music began, she felt transported. At the first intermission, Philip pressed another glass of wine on her as she chatted happily about how wonderful the music was. The man was knowledgeable about opera and was able to answer all her questions. Marsha found herself admiring him. During the second act, she stole several lingering glances at Philip. In the dim light of the concert hall, his thick white hair looked like a lion's mane, framing and surrounding his strong features.

The new girl found she didn't mind when she felt him place his hand on her thigh. Later, she did not object when he placed his arm around her shoulders and guided her out during the second intermission for another drink. The wine and the music were relaxing her and she found herself leaning just a little against him. She giggled when she realized that each time he looked at her, his eyes were lingering on her nearly exposed bosom. In the corridor, on the way back to their seats, they were alone for a moment. Philip pulled her into his arms and kissed her deeply. For a second, Marsha resisted. Then, impulsively, she wrapped her delicate arms around his neck and pressed her form against his. They kissed for only a minute, but Marsha felt his manhood grow to firmness as she had pressed her hips to his. As they took their seats again she wondered at herself. She had liked it. It felt strangely powerful to be able to use her charms to tease a man to hardness. Marsha blushed and smiled as she considered what else she might like. During the final act, she didn't object when Philip's hand first rested on her shoulder, then moved down to caress the tops of her breasts. She leaned closer to him, giving his hot fingers fuller access to her charms.

When the final act ended, they applauded and then worked their way through the crowd to the limo. It was waiting for them where it had dropped them off. Once they were in the car, Philip pulled her gently to him. Marsha again resisted for a moment before allowing herself to be kissed. The kiss went on and on and the new girl was feeling quite excited. Her own hidden male part was stiffening. With a shock, she felt Philip's hand sliding up her thigh and caressing her member. She gasped as his hand brought her to total hardness.

Breathless she asked, "You like me? You like what I am?"

"You are magnificent. Exactly to my taste. Gently, he pushed her back on the seat and raised her skirt and petticoat. He ran his hands up her thighs, stopping to explore the naked white flesh between her stocking tops and her panties. Philip pulled her panties down and released her imprisoned tool. To Marsha's wonder, the man lowered his face engulfing her rod in his mouth. Expertly, he sucked her and was soon rewarded with her cream shooting into his mouth. He drank it all and then gently readjusted her panties and skirts.

"Just an appetizer, my dear," he said as he again kissed her. Marsha nearly melted with pleasure.

A moment later, the limo pulled up in front of Pazzo's restaurant. Philip escorted her inside. As they entered the restaurant, a hush overcame the room. For a second, Marsha was the center of a hundred sets of admiring eyes. They ate a very light meal

of wine, crustini, and pasta. Marsha had only a few bites. Philip smiled at her dainty bites, knowing how she had been prepared for him.

After dinner, the large man wrapped his arm around Marsha's slender waist and guided her through the hall that connected the restaurant with the hotel and to the bank of elevators. For a second, the new girl stiffened as she realized that they were already in the hotel. She tried to pull away in fear, but Philip grasped her waist with an arm of iron. A moment later, Marsha stopped struggling.

“Don't worry. It's natural that you should feel nervous. Try and relax. Your fears of this new experience are harder on you than you will find the experience,” Philip whispered to the frightened girl.

Marsha tried to calm down. She reminded herself that she had vowed to show this man how deeply she appreciated him saving her mother's life.

She looked up at the strong man and smiled, “Thank you for understanding Philip. I am frightened, but willing.”

Philip leaned over and lightly kissed her neck. Then, he guided her into the elevator and pressed the button for the penthouse level. Marsha was amazed again when he ushered her into the penthouse suite. The rooms seemed vast and the furnishings were elegant. There was a terrace with a view down Broadway. Through a set of double doors, she saw a huge bed with her new black night gown laid out on it beside her high-heeled black mules.

“While we were enjoying the opera, my chauffeur picked up a few of your things and brought them here for you. You will find there is a change of clothes in the closet for tomorrow as well as your night gown,” Philip explained.

Marsha wanted to run for the door. Only her promise to this man held her. That, and the fact that she had found his growing intimacies increasingly exciting. The memory of the orgasm he had given her in the car was still vivid.

“I must do something to repay that, to repay it all,” she firmly told herself.

The sound of a cork popping startled the new girl. Looking around, she saw that Philip had opened a bottle of wine and was filling two elegant long stemmed tulip glasses with blood red liquid. As Marsha took a sip of the wine, she realized she was a little bit drunk.

“I've already had four glasses of wine tonight, all on an empty stomach,” she thought. *“Maybe it will help me relax more.”* She took another sip.

Philip turned on a stereo, the music was romantic and haunting. It took a moment before Marsha realized the instrumental piece was a tango.

“Marsha, would you like to dance?” Philip asked.

“I'm afraid I don't really know how, Philip.”

“Let me teach you, my dear. I love the tango and once you are comfortable dancing it with me, we will paint the town.”

He took her glass and set it to the side with his. Turning, Philip pulled her into his arms. He waited a moment and started to move, giving her instructions as he led her.

The steps were simple to start off, and the new girl soon felt she could move with the music. The man's strong arms and firm body lead her so effectively that she was amazed how easy it all seemed. Philip smiled at her and continued. Once he felt her dancing smoothly with him, he added small variations. They danced four songs in together. Marsha found that she enjoyed the music and was getting excited by the dance and the close contact with Philip. At the end of the fourth song, the man dipped her deeply and covered her lips with his as he raised her. Marsha slid her arms up and around his neck, returning his kiss now with passion. Their tongues mingled for a moment. Marsha's nipples became incredibly hard with arousal.

Philip let their lips separated and whispered, "Why don't you slip into that lovely new night gown. I'll wait for you in the bedroom."

Looking into the man's downcast eyes, Marsha realized that she was ready. She blushed, but nodded her head in assent. Marsha picked up her glass of wine, then went to the next room to collect her nightie and the mules. She changed in the bathroom. After using the water closet, she washed very carefully to be sure she was as clean as possible. It was something of a relief to slip out of the dress and her other constricting clothes. She kept her red satin panties on. Before she put on the gown, she looked at herself in the mirror. Her nipples were still hard and her breasts were flushed, as if they were blushing. She wished they were larger.

"They looked much bigger when I wore the Wonder Bra and the dress," she realized. Still, they were well shaped now and very sensitive. She hoped Philip would not be disappointed by their small size as she slid the gown over her head.

Her shoulders were bare except for two narrow straps; the gown had an empire waist that accentuated her breasts. It then fell smoothly to just below her knees. It was very elegant and made her feel girlish. She stepped into the mules, now glad of the practice Margaret had insisted she have in walking in heels. To steady her nerves, she finished her wine.

As she entered the bedroom again, she tried to smile. Philip was already in the big bed. The man had turned down her side invitingly. He had lowered the lights in the room, but she realized that he was not going to turn them out. Marsha saw that he was nude. His tall form was lean. A thick mat of white hair covered his chest.

"You look delectable, Marsha. Please, come join me," he encouraged the frightened girl.

Hesitantly, Marsha took a step toward the bed. Her mind was firmly made up, she would join Philip. She even thought she might like the experience. Her feet, though, seemed to have a will of their own. Philip quietly watched Marsha's struggle. He understood that it was the new girl's first time. He was confident she would join him. The man hoped that by Sunday she would eagerly share his bed.

Marsha slowly crossed the twelve feet to the bed until she stood beside it. She was easily within Philip's reach. The man restrained himself. He could see that she was breathing hard. The man held out his hand to the frightened new girl. Hesitantly, she took his offered hand and allowed him to draw her into the bed. Philip gathered Marsha gently into his arms, slowly bring his lips to hers. His hot kisses combined with his body pressed to hers renewed her arousal. She ran her hand through the thick

white mat of hair on his chest. Her nipples hardened when Philip caressed her breasts. He slipped the gown off her shoulder, pulling it down to reveal her pert but small right breast. Philip moved his mouth to the girl's neck, then her chest and then onto her breast. He drew her nipple and areola in and gently licked and sucked on the delicate ruby-colored flesh.

“Yes! Oh yes, Philip! That feels so good!” Marsha moaned as the man expertly made love to her breast.

Knowing he had her aroused, Philip moved his hand up under her gown and began to massage her male part through her satin panties. When he felt it was fully erect, he slid the panties off her hips and down her legs until she was free of them. Reaching behind him, Philip scooped a quantity of vaginal lubricant into his fingers. Marsha moaned as she saw Philip begin to rub the slippery substance on his firm tool. She felt yielding, she felt feminine, she felt ready for Philip's loving.

She readily cooperated as the man raised her legs placing his knees over his shoulders. Looking at him, his eight inch tool seemed monstrous, but she wanted it. She wanted the experience of being penetrated. Marsha smiled as she remembered the sensation of pressing her hardness into Margaret and Lori. She had been curious about how it felt to them. Now she would find out.

The new girl tried to relax as she felt the slippery staff slide into the crevice of her behind. Philip guided the hot hardness back and forth across her anal opening teasing her and stimulating her sensitive flesh. The shaft stopped moving and pressed against the tight orifice. Philip brought his still slippery hand around and grasped the new girl's hard penis and began to massage it. The sensations were exquisite. Marsha hardly realized it as her arousal increased and the man's shaft slipped into her. Sensing the beginning of the penetration, she pressed her hips back. It hurt, but she as the tip gained entrance within her, she knew she would not be satisfied until it was all inside her. She tried to force her hips back further onto the impaling rod. Philip held her.

“Not so fast. Let your body adjust to the penetration. Try to relax and soon we shall be truly joined,” Philip encouraged the new girl.

Gently but firmly, the man worked his hard tool into the new girl. Each movement forced a fraction of an inch more into her. Expertly, he massaged her breasts and penis, keeping her arousal at a fevered pitch. When it was half within her, Marsha felt almost overwhelmed by pain and frustration. Tears ran down her cheeks and still she pressed back, desperate to taste the base of the man's cock. Philip took nearly a half-hour to work his tool completely into the new girl. She was breathing in gasps and tears covered her cheeks at the end. She thought he would split her in two, but still she wanted more. As he felt her body adjust to his impaling member, Philip began to slowly draw himself in and out. At first, his thrusts were short, barely moving his tool an inch back and forth within Marsha's body. As he felt her respond, he lengthened his thrusts. Marsha felt the pain ebbing and new sensations started to emerge—pleasure, and a growing excitement.

She smiled up at Philip, happy that he was fully within her. *“I like it,”* she thought. *“I like being penetrated more than I thought it was possible to like anything.”*

Seeing her tears dry and her face smiling, Philip began to pump the girlish form with vigor. He continued to arouse her small penis and her breasts with his hands as they coupled. Carefully, he held his own orgasm in check until he saw and felt Marsha's cum erupt and cover the new girl's stomach. While her orgasm was upon her, Philip allowed himself to go over the edge, shooting his own cum deep within her. Marsha felt the hot explosion within her and loved it. She liked the heat of it and the sensation of her body accepting his seed.

She wished that she was a born girl for a second. She wanted his child growing within her. Then she remembered that Philip would not have wanted her if she was a born girl. It was her hint of remaining masculinity that excited him. As the man's tool softened and slipped out of her, Marsha moved her legs off his shoulders and arose to embrace him, covering his lips with her own. It was her first kiss of passion given to a man. Philip returned the kiss, sensing that this boy-girl was now his. He removed her night gown and they lay down together to gently kiss and cuddle until sleep overtook them.

During the night, Philip awoke and took her again. This time, he placed her on her stomach and pleased her sensitive bottom with his strong hands as his shaft sank into her. The second penetration was better than the first for the new girl. She barely felt any pain and was quickly brought to orgasm.

They stayed in bed till late the next morning and Philip took the new girl twice more, each time teaching her new ways to couple. Marsha blushed, laughed, and giggled as she learned all the pleasures the man could give her. When they finally got up in the morning, Philip ordered room service while Marsha took a long bubble bath. A half-hour later, she slipped on her nightie and joined him at breakfast. She was too embarrassed to talk much, but kept looking up at the man, smiling and blushing. After they had eaten, Philip showered and then returned to her without dressing. She was sitting on the couch looking at a magazine. He drew her gown off her again and dropped to his knees in front of her, taking her tool again into his mouth. After another orgasm overcame her, he sat beside her and gently pulled her face to his lap.

Marsha knew instantly what he wanted. She eagerly took his tool into her mouth and tried to return to him the pleasure he had so recently given her. It took a while, but she was rewarded when his cum filled her mouth. She decided she liked his taste. They stayed in the room another day, ordering food and wine from room service every few hours. Marsha ate lightly, but found that their frequent couplings gave her an appetite.

Late in the afternoon, while Philip took a short shower, she called her mother and explained that she would be gone another day. Joanne had seemed a little hurt and upset, although Marsha could tell she was trying to hide it.

Sunday afternoon Philip told her they must leave and the new girl cried. Then she attacked him, sucking his tool into hardness with her mouth and straddling his hips to take him once more within her. They coupled fiercely one last time, then reluctantly got dressed.

"As she slipped into a new A-line skirt, Marsha coyly asked, "When will you want me again, Philip?"

The man laughed, "I want you again right now you little vixen, but I have to go to New York for a couple of weeks. You could come with me?"

"Oh Philip, I'd love to, but I'm afraid I can't. I need to stay with my mother while she recovers. I feel guilty now for being away just two days. Then there is my job. I'd like to keep it if I can. May I?"

"As long as you will come running when I want you, you can do what ever you like. You know, you don't need to work?"

"Yes, I understand that, and appreciate your generosity. I will feel better, though, if have something to do when you are to busy to be bothered with little old me."

Philip laughed again, "It would serve you right if I retired and kept you with me all the time. If you want to keep your job, though, its OK. However, as soon as your mother is able to be on her own, I want you to move into a place of your own. I want to able to drop by at night."

"I'll tell Mother in a few weeks that I am moving out, Philip. I guess we can visit each other. Where will I live?"

"When I get back, we will visit a few places. There is a nice condo at Riverplace a friend is selling. It has a balcony and a view of the Willamette. I f you like it I'll buy it for you. If you stay with me for ten years, its yours."

"Philip, that's sweet but I'd stay with you because I like you, and to thank you for your generosity in helping my Mother. You don't need to bribe me."

Philip was startled; the girl was clearly sincere. He never had developed a real emotional relationship with his previous mistresses. He wasn't sure where it might lead, but he knew the girl's words made him happy. He quickly went to her, embracing and kissing her gently.

"Marsha, that is the nicest thing anyone has said to me years." As he spoke, he had a tear in his eye. Seeing it, the girl's heart melted. She was instantly happy she had given him pleasure.

Marsha giggled and rubbed her breasts back and forth across the man's chest. "You hurry back from New York and I will do a lot more than just say nice things to you," she teased.

An hour later, she watched his limousine pull away from the curb from the front of her mother's apartment building. She was wearing a simple white blouse with her new skirt and carried a medium-size suitcase. Over her arm was her new silver gray faux fur stole. As she entered her apartment, she was a little nervous. She knew her mother might not approve of her spending two nights with Philip. She hoped she wouldn't have to tell her much about what they had done.

Mrs. Cole and her mother were in the living room, watching television.

"So, the princess is back from the ball. Did you have a good time, dear?" Mrs. Cole quickly asked.

"Yes, Margaret, I did. Philip was a delight to be with and treated me with great kindness. I will be seeing him again weekend after next. He will be in New York till

then," Marsha replied. She tried to be cheerful but the dark looks her mother gave her was distressing.

"So, you tried everything and now you like men?" Joanne asked.

"Mother please! It's my life, let me lead it my way. Yes, I did try everything. If you can imagine it, I probably tried it and more. I liked it all and I really like Philip. I don't know about other men. For now I'm only interested in one man. I may have loose morals from your viewpoint, but I don't just sleep around."

"What about Lori? What will you tell her? Don't you sleep with her, too?"

Mrs. Cole realized that the two were going to have to talk this out and excused herself. As she went out the door, she Marsha heard reply.

"I like Lori, too. So I have a girl friend and a boy friend! I have slept with Lori and I will again if she still wants me. My sleeping with Philip doesn't change how I feel about her."

"Won't she feel hurt?"

"I think she will, but that's between us."

Marsha carried her suitcase into her room and slammed the door. Tomorrow, she would see Lori at work and she realized that even if she could keep her job, she might have to quit. The new girl sat on the edge of her bed and softly cried. An hour later, she was still crying when her mother came in. Joanne moved to her daughter quickly and hugged her gently.

"I'm sorry dear. I didn't mean to get angry at you. You're right, it's your life. When Lori came to see me and tell me about you, she also told me a secret. She is thinking that she may want to have a child with you. I wanted to be a grandmother and I got mad at you because I was afraid that if you decide you like men you will never have any children. I'm sorry. It was selfish of me and unfair to you. Particularly after you have been so wonderful to me while I have been ill."

They cried together for a while.

"Oh, Mother! Whether I like men or women you might still be a grandmother. I could adopt, you know. Did Lori really say she might want to have a baby with me?"

"You won't tell her I told you?"

"No, but it's something to think about. If it makes you feel any better, I do love her. I can't explain what's going on with Philip, but Lori knows all about it. I think I will continue to see Philip for a long time. If Lori will have me, I would like to live with her. My legal sex is now female. They changed it based on the hormone therapy so I can't marry Lori. We can be committed lovers if she wants me. I'll be seeing her at work tomorrow and I'll find out if she can handle sharing me."

The mother and daughter talked for hours that evening. When Marsha dressed for bed, Joanne stayed and watched. She was amazed at how feminine the new girl was already. Marsha had turned her back to her Mother when she changed her panties, revealing a womanly, or at least girlish behind. She turned and gave the older woman an excellent view of her breasts as she lifted the nightie over her head.

The next morning, Marsha took a long soothing bath. Her anal opening was a little sore. Still, she found that she missed having Philip around. As she bathed, she planned things she could do with him on his return.

“Two whole weeks to plan his seduction,” she giggled as she powdered herself after the bath.

She wore a new outfit to work the next day. It was part of the result of her shopping trip with Margaret. It was a light cotton dress from India. The dress had elastic sewn into it, creating a tight tube from her waist to just under her breasts. The fabric was quite thin so she chose white underwear and both a half slip and camisole. She redid her nails in a light pink and used a matching lipstick. As she brushed out her hair, she noticed that it was getting longer. Marsha looked forward to the day when her hair would be long enough so that she could shake her head and brush Philip's chest with her hair as she straddled his hips with his shaft impaling her. The idea made her nipples hard.

At the store, Lori was barely civil to her all afternoon and into the evening. Everyone in the store knew of the budding romance between the two and several women came by and asked what was wrong.

After the store was closed and they were alone, Marsha decided it was time to talk.

“Lori, can we bag this for tonight? I'd like to go somewhere and talk. I love you and you're being so cold to me that it hurts,” Marsha complained.

Lori walked over to her bag and pulled out a newspaper. It was the Living section of the Sunday Oregonian. She opened it to the society page and threw it on the table in front of Marsha. At the top of the page was a two column color photo of Marsha in her black velvet dress hanging on Philip's arm and looking up at him adoringly at the entrance of the Civic Auditorium.

“Looks like you really like being this man's sex toy. Tell me, that whole story about needing the money for your Mother's operation is just a crock, isn't it? You're really just a little fairy that likes being used as a whore! Today, you waltz in here wearing an engagement ring and wiggling your hips. I guess you really like being butt-fucked. Too bad I don't have a dildo with me! You could bend over and I could do you right here!”

Marsha looked at her friend in shock. Tears formed in her eyes and started to roll down her cheeks. She knew her friend was hurt but Lori, in her anger, was being hateful.

“I'm sorry I hurt you, Lori. The story I told you is true but it's also true that when I met Philip I liked him. He screwed me every way he could and I liked that, too. I made a promise to him and I will keep it. It's kind of nice that I like him and what he does to me. Lori, that doesn't change the fact that I love you. I wear his ring because he told me I must. It's not an engagement ring. It's a symbol of his ownership of me. If you don't want to deal with all that, I'll go away. I'll call in tomorrow and quit. You won't have to see me anymore.”

Lori just stared at her crying friend. She looked so little and forlorn. She cursed herself for her anger.

"I behaved just like all those men I think I'm better than," she reprimanded herself.

"Look kid. I think I love you but what we have here is a real mess. Let's go to my place and see if we can work this out. I need something, but I don't know what. That is, besides a stiff drink."

They went to Lori's apartment and talked nearly till dawn. Then they went to bed and very tenderly made lesbian love. Lori had decided what Marsha must do. It had taken hours, but the new girl had reluctantly agreed. Late the next morning, Lori took her lover to a tattoo parlor. They surprised the tattoo artist with their request.

He took Marsha and Lori into the back room and told the new girl to undress. When she was in just her panties, he washed her breasts with rubbing alcohol. Marsha tried to hold still, but she was crying. Lori held her as the man pierced each of her nipples and then inserted a one-inch gold loop in each. He then brazed the loops closed. Marsha's breasts now permanently had gold rings in their nipples. The new girl slowly got dressed. As Lori drove her home, the older woman smiled.

"You wear his ring on your finger to show that you are his. But, you wear my rings in your body to show that you are mine," Lori said with satisfaction as she climbed out of the car. Marsha took the rest of the week off to let her nipples heal. The pain was not as bad by the weekend. She spent Saturday night with Lori. The older woman was sorry for her friend's pain, although she still felt it was necessary.

"Marsha, sometimes all we have to hang onto are symbols. When you are with Philip Happ I will know that the symbol of your commitment to me is there. Just as you wear his ring as a symbol."

That weekend, they made love often. By Sunday afternoon, Marsha was able to smile again. Lori realized that she had missed her lover's lighthearted giggle more than she had realized. Looking at the new girl stretched out on her back on the bed nude, the afternoon light playing across her body, Lori smiled. The glint of the narrow gold loops shining from her nipples sparkled in her eyes.

"She is my girl," she thought. Lori went to her bathroom and flushed her birth control pills. When she returned, she climbed onto the bed and gently sucked Marsha's tool until it was hard. Then, she kissed her friend on the lips and rolling onto her back, pulling Marsha on top of her. The new girl smiled and kissed Lori back with passion. As they kissed, she wiggled her hips and worked her erect member into Lori's soft, moist cleft. They made love slowly and gently until they both came.

Epilog Six Months Later

Marsha was waiting on Fifth Avenue outside Yaks. It was almost midnight. She smiled as Philip's big white limo pulled up. The door opened and she climbed in and threw herself in the man's outstretched arms, covering his lips with a deep kiss. She turned the intercom on.

“Just drive around for a while, Charles,” the new girl instructed the chauffeur.

Marsha laughed as she opened Philip's pants and drew his manhood into her hand. It immediately began to swell.

“Naughty boy,” she teased. “You were gone three whole weeks. Now you will have to make it up to me.”

She lowered her head and licked his growing tool.

“Oh and Lori hasn't been around to take care of your wanton needs, Little Miss Hot Pants,” Philip replied with a laugh.

“Of course she has. But you know there is something I save for only you.”

Marsha sucked him to hardness. She was now an expert. Then, she climbed onto his lap and let his rock-hard tool slide against the crease between the delicate, rounded cheeks of her bottom. She had taken her panties off and lubricated her anal opening before leaving the store. Still, there was a little pain. It had been too long since the last time.

As his shaft slid deeply into the new girl, Philip laughed, “You wicked girl. If I had been late, would you have grabbed the first man who walked by?”

Marsha held up her finger bearing his ring. Then, she opened her blouse and bra and stopped his mouth by puling it to her breast. “Philip, don't tease. I wear your ring as my pledge that this ass is exclusively yours.”

Philip played with the ring in her nipple with his tongue. “But you wear Lori's rings and your nipples are not exclusively hers.”

“Yes, she has to share them with you. She knows that they mean that there will be no other woman in my life and no man other than you.”

An hour later, they went up to Marsha's condo at Riverplace. As they passed Lori's room, they looked in on the sleeping woman. She had known that Philip would be coming over and decided to go to bed early. They could see the rounded form of her stomach. Her pregnancy was to the point where she had switched to maternity clothes just before Philip's trip.

Marsha gently closed the door and lead Philip to the other bedroom. She had three weeks to make up for. In spite of her antics in the car, she wasn't about to let the man sleep until he had covered her at least twice more.

Philip wistfully followed her, knowing that she was in one of those moods. He almost wished that Lori was awake to help him satisfy her. The older woman sometimes would join them in bed and assert her ownership of at least a part of the new girl's body. Philip enjoyed the sight of Marsha licking Lori's cleft as he impaled his auburn-

haired beauty with his rod. Lori would not let him touch her with his member but she did kiss him and would let him pleasure her sex with his tongue.

Watching Marsha undress, he decided he was glad to have her to himself tonight. Her breasts now filled a B cup and stood out proudly as she dropped her bra to the floor. He undressed and joined her on the bed.

The End