



Reluctant Press presents:

My Father's Name Is
JENNIFER



Philippa Peters

AN 'ADULT TV' E-BOOK

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MY FATHER'S NAME IS JENNIFER

by **Philippa Peters**

I. LIFE WITH MY MOTHER

"I can't afford to pay for your schooling any longer," said my mother. "You will have to go to your father and ask him for the money."

I blanched at what she said to me. "Me?" I asked her. "Why can't you speak to my father for me?"

"Because," my mother said, "the agreement between me and her only covered you for the first eighteen years. We left the issue of your university education open but your father did invest in the education scholarship that bought you your first year. The only money she sends me now is just for me."

Just for her, my mother, I thought in distress. I wanted to say, "Mother, you didn't have to buy that Jaguar Mark Whatever. We still had the year-old Cadillac you gave Pablo Something for his birthday. You didn't have to go to the French Riviera for four months and live in a Monte Carlo hotel all that time with Pablo Someone Else. If you just stayed in your New York apartment for a little while instead of going to Vail and St. Moritz for the season with Pablo's other brother, there'd be plenty left over to finance me through my second year at university."

I wanted to say that the money that 'she,' my father, was paying my mother was more than enough to finance both of us comfortably in life. The fanatical look in Mother's eyes whenever the subject of my father came up told me that it was useless to argue with her, however.

"I, I don't know how to get in touch with Dad," I said sullenly instead.

That made my mother erupt with laughter. "You still want to call her 'Dad'?" she said in a mocking tone. "Here," she gave me a business card. "That's her address. Call her. She's often said that she wanted to see you again." I shuddered. That was news to me. Mother had said the opposite many times before whenever the subject of my father had surfaced between us.

I looked at the card. It was embossed in pink with a pink rose but the black lettering could be clearly read as 'Jennifer Whitehouse,' the name my father now used. It was followed by lots of letters indicating the degrees he had accumulated as a surgeon and ophthalmologist. There was a phone number for the clinic from which Jennifer Whitehouse operated.

I turned the card over slowly. I had last seen my father when I was about thirteen and he had tried to explain to me what a transsexual was. He had tried to tell me that there were people born into the wrong sex, men who thought that they were really women, trapped in the wrong body. He had tried to tell me that he was a man like that and I couldn't believe it. I didn't *want* to believe it.

"You're a queer!" I sneered, angry and disgusted with him. I threw off his hand that had rested lightly on my shoulder. "You're telling me that you're a she-male!" I'd just heard that word in a *Maury* episode on television. Bobby, Carl and I had watched it in Carl's basement, chortling over the fairies, nancies, pansies, queens, we had used all the words, who paraded through the show. How we giggled at the men trying to pretend that they were women.

My father winced as I backed across the room. The long, elegant fingers with which he played the piano so well, went up to his face and pushed his longish hair back behind his ears in a gesture I had seen many girls do. It totally unnerved me. From my point of view, my father was telling me that he was like the drag queens we had seen on television.

"I'm not like them at all," my father said to me.

I didn't stay to listen to any more of it. I took off out of my room, past my mother, her arms folded, glaring up the stairs. I heard my father call, "Jack!" after me but I didn't stop. I ran right out of the front door and ran for twenty blocks to where Bobby lived, went in, and played *Call of Duty* with him for the next three hours.

When I got back to our house, my mother was on the phone to a real estate agent. "Yes, he has signed all the papers," she was saying. "The house is legally mine and I want to sell it right away. Yes, a legal separation is what has happened and we have agreed to divorce. I want to get rid of this house now. It's far too big for just my son and me. You can help me find an apartment in New York, yes," she went on, waving to me to go to my room.

I didn't, of course. By sitting on the stairs and listening to her side of the conversation, I learned that my life in suburbia was over. I was going to be uprooted as soon as possible. I was going to be a ward of my mother's and I would not see my father again. My mother was quite emphatic about that. My father, she said for the first time, something she repeated to me several times as that year wore on, wanted nothing more to do with his son.

When Mother finished on the phone, she came striding out of the living room and caught me sitting on the stairs. "You heard all that?" she snapped at me. I nodded.

"Is Dad ...?" I began, hesitating. I didn't know what to say.

"Molloy," my mother said, grimacing as she used my father's name, "is Molly now. He's in transition to become a she."

"Did, did you know all about it?" I asked her.

"He's always liked to wear my clothes," my mother told me bluntly. "Don't you remember him as Marie Antoinette on Halloween? Or when he was Mae West, Marilyn Monroe or Snow White? No, I guess you were too small to remember how you liked the pretty lady he became. He's been much more subdued the last few years. I thought the passion to crossdress, that's what it's called, had died in him. Apparently, it has become much worse. From now on, he's going to live as a woman full-time. He goes into some clinic on Monday for cosmetic surgery to make him look more like a woman."

"He's going to be called Molly Sheffield?" I asked her, feeling sick. Sometimes the wags in my school called me that when they heard that Molloy was my middle name.

"No, I was being sarcastic," admitted my mother. "I used to call your father Molly whenever he borrowed my wig and got dressed up as a woman for one of our weekends away. He loved it then. I should have realized that he swished far too much to ever be the real man he always told me that he was. He swore to me that he was a heterosexual transvestite attracted to women. I should have known better than to have believed anything a woman like him said to me, shouldn't I?"

I shuddered at the vituperative way she talked about my Dad. Just twenty-four hours before, I had been laughing and playing with him as he served up lollipop pitches to Carl, me and some others of my friends to practice our home run swings over on the school diamond in Fountain Park where we lived.

Now, my dad, who loved to go out and do stuff like that with me, and who encouraged me to invite friends over to our house, was gone. I was so confused with what he had been trying to tell me and what my mother was now telling me. I hated him for quite a while for what he did to my life and to my family.

I turned the card that my mother had given me back over to the name. Jennifer Whitehouse. It sounded so feminine. Surely, my Dad couldn't have a name like that.

"Here," said my mother, snatching the card back from my hands. "I'll call Jennifer for you. I have a lot I need to say to her. She needs to up my allowance, for starters. I'm maxed out on my credit cards as it is and she will have to do something about that. I can't eat at Nino's or shop at Bloomingdale's until she takes care of the effect inflation is having on my alimony payments."

It was on the tip of my tongue to say, "Why don't you get a job, Mom?" I was exhausted almost every day by the landscape job I was working at, trying to get money for food and drink when I was back at school. If she could just pay for my books and tuition, it would help, I thought, but one look at her face told me the answer to that.

I used to think my mother was so pretty. Now, I saw her in a different light. Yes, she still was attractive on the outside, I thought, but I had heard her talk about everyone she knew in such sneering terms that I knew that her beauty was just a veneer. She was always caustic about my father. She had called him 'she' from the moment he left the house, when I was still hoping for him to return. As I got older, I realized that if I had been him and had gotten away from her, I would never come back.

II. MY FATHER, JENNIFER

"I talked to Jennifer," said my mother when I got in early from my summer job. Rain had forced us all off the gardens where we were digging ditches to install an underground sprinkling system. "She has paid for your ticket to go up and talk to her about the money you want."

I was nonplussed for a moment, wondering who 'Jennifer' was. Then our conversation of the previous day came back to me. "D-Dad," I said, my tongue unable to say a woman's name and refer to the man I had known as my father, "wants me to visit him?"

My mother smiled at me. "I told you that she has wanted to see you, come and visit with you, many times," she said with a smug smile. "If you want your money for tuition, John," that was my real first name, "you have to go up to Haversham and meet your father. There's a flight up there in the morning. Your ticket will be waiting for you at the counter."

"I, I can't do that!" I protested. "I, I have to work."

"I agreed that you could visit with Jennifer for a week," said my mother, her smile getting smugger by the second. "I told her that you might not come and she said that she wouldn't pay for your education any more. She said that you could sue her if you liked."

"Did, did Daddy..." I shivered as I said that as if I was still a little boy. "...pay off your credit card bills?"

"None of your business," snapped my mother. "And if you look at the weather forecast, it's going to rain for the next week, off and on. Not much work for you outdoors, I'm afraid. You might just as well go up to Haversham and get it over with. She'll pay for you, I'm sure, if you just go up there and say nice things to her. You'll have to remember, of course, that she thinks she looks like a real woman in a dress, not the man that she really is. You have to tell her she looks nice, just like a woman. You can do that. You can be polite to a man in a dress, can't you, Johnny?"

I shuddered, not knowing that I could. I thought of my father and the way that he had looked at the end and imagined him in a dress like my mother's. It was absurd. I wouldn't go. But money got the best of me in the end and I went.

It was raining as, at the last moment, I caught a cab and went out to Kennedy, checking in for my flight just forty minutes before it left. The airline counter worker wasn't amused by my attitude, especially when I said that they could just cancel my ticket then and return my money if they had a problem with my late arrival.

I got an escort to the small jet far out on the tarmac. There were no more than twenty people aboard a plane that could carry a hundred or so. My luggage delayed our takeoff

by twenty minutes, the smiling cabin attendant told me, her sweet smile denying the cattiness of her remark.

I settled back in my seat and thought about what I was doing. I got goose bumps as I thought about the person I was going to see. I was going to be *so* embarrassed, I was sure, in the airport when I got there if 'Jennifer' was there to meet me. I hoped that 'she' wouldn't be there. What would I call her? I thought in a panic. There would be people staring at her, I was sure. How could I call such a person, 'Dad' or 'Daddy'?

I shivered; then I thought a little more about it. Would my father recognize me now? It should be difficult for him as I was so much older, taller, tanned. I thought that I was a man now, not a boy, any more. I doubted that he would know me at all. I could just slide in and decide when I saw this 'Jennifer,' if she was in the airport, whether to approach 'her' or not. I shuddered and wished that it could be my father there waiting for me. It would be *such* a relief if I saw him and recognized him. We could talk and leave all this other man-being-a-woman stuff on the side. When I left, he could go on with the life he wanted and I could go on with mine.

I hung back as the other passengers scurried off the plane. I dawdled along the ramp and even the sweet-smiling, snotty stewardess went by me. The reception area was mostly empty. Then I saw him. He had a dark raincoat over his business suit, his hair was darker than I remembered and slicked back. He was a man! I almost crowed with delight as I saw the card he was holding up that read, 'John Molloy Sheffield.'

I went towards him and smiled. The dark lenses in his glasses made his eyes seem brown but I knew that they were blue like mine. "Dad!" I said, walking up to him and holding out my hand. He shook it awkwardly as he lowered his sign.

"I'm not your Dad, Jack," the man said to me, a little smile on his face. He indicated someone behind me.

I heard the click of stiletto high heels on the marble floor and whirled around.

"Jack!" said a woman with long, flowing, very curly, reddish-colored hair, putting out her arms to me and smiling broadly at me. "You did come after all!"

I stared, goggle-eyed, at the shapely woman who put her arms about me and hugged me, smiling and smiling as she looked into my catatonic face. Her lips were so red, like the long nails on her fingers that held me. Her eyes were gorgeously made-up, her eyebrows thin and feminine. Her thin, bobbed nose was nothing like the one my father had had. Only the blueness of the eyes reminded me of him at all.

The woman hugged me lightly and I felt the pressure of her breasts against me. That woke me up to the situation I was in. "D-Dad!" I gurgled, and the red-haired woman in front of me put her finger on her lips and shushed me, looking around in amusement.

"Jennifer," she said in a soft, soprano voice, smiling at me. "Or Jen or Jenny. I answer to those as well. Oh, Johnny, you are tall. I'm so glad I wore my four-inch heels. I can look down at you a little, like when you were a little boy. It's *so* wonderful to have you here. I've wanted you to come and visit me so much. I've asked Carol to let you come at every Christmas, every birthday, yours and mine, every time she's been away in Europe, but you never wanted to come before."

"M-Mom never told me," I said, shaking as I looked at this elegant and attractive woman. She put her arm under mine just like a woman should and guided me towards the luggage carousel. I noticed many people look at her but it wasn't with a sneer as I had imagined people would look at Jennifer. They looked at her, both men and women, as if they admired her. And so they should. She was a woman, my father, a most attractive woman.

"Charlie, can you get my son's luggage while I talk to him for a little while?" asked the pretty older woman. Charlie took my boarding pass with the baggage tags and went over to the little carousel.

"Is it too much for you, Jack," she almost whispered as she lowered her voice and stared at me, "to see me as Jennifer? You weren't expecting me to be a woman, were you? You thought Charlie was me."

"I hoped," I began, swallowing hard. She still had her hand on my arm, her arm under mine, holding me just like a woman would. Her high heels clicked on the floor and I felt her sway like a woman as well.

"I'm so sorry, Jack," Jennifer, my father, said to me then. "I could have sent you pictures over the years but Carol said she would burn them if I did any such thing. She said she would sue me and embarrass you with all your friends if I tried to contact you without her permission."

"I, I didn't know that," I said. My mind was reeling at the thought that this lovely woman was a man, and not just any man, but my father.

"So what changed your mind?" Jennifer asked me, smiling prettily. She waved to a man who went by and called to her with a "Jenny, how are you?" as he passed us. "Why did you decide that you



wanted to see me now? I can't believe that you wanted to come and meet me again. I've been walking around on Cloud Nine ever since Carol said that you wanted to come and meet Jennifer."

What Jennifer said took my breath away. "It was you who wanted to see me," I said in protest. "Mother said that you insisted."

Jennifer's narrow eyebrows came together in a frown. "No," she murmured. "She raised the topic with me after we concluded our business."

"You bailed her out of her financial mess?" I asked. Her red, glossy, lips pouted as she smiled again at me. "It was about my fees at university that I had to see you because ..."

"Isn't it enough?" asked Jennifer anxiously. "I thought that thirty thousand would be enough. Carol only asked me for that much. Oh, but you must have some more for living expenses, is that it? She said you've been working all summer but I suppose it all goes out as fast as it comes in at your age. Will fifty thousand be enough for the year?"

"No," I said and Jennifer gave me a shocked look, her earrings dancing along her long, thin neck. "I mean Yes," I went on and she looked puzzled. "Mom said that I had to come up and see you in order to get money for my fees and books. She said that you insisted that I come and meet you as, as Jennifer."

Jennifer's face was a pretty picture of dismay. "But I never said that," she said, stopping and looking at me very intently. "I would never say that! I talked to Carol only this morning. She told me that if you came, you would want to stay with me for a week and get to know me again! I, I've been so happy all day! Charlie can tell you! I've been dancing and singing with joy! Funny, 'Joy' is the name of the perfume I'm wearing. I hope you're not allergic to a woman's perfume. I enjoy being perfumed and my whole house is scented all the time!"

I was staggered at what my mother had told me. "Let's not worry about that now, anyway," said Jennifer, waving to Charlie who was coming towards us with my suitcase on a trolley. "You're here, Jack, and I can't wait to show you off to all my friends."

I couldn't help the way I reacted to that. Jennifer noticed and giggled at me. "All my friends are not like me, silly," she smiled at me. "Most are disgustingly straight like you and Charlie. But if you really wanted to meet a pretty girl who is a female of my kind, I could introduce you to some really nice ones."

"Thank you," I said to Jennifer, shaking at the knees at her offer. "But I think I would prefer to find my own girl friends, if you don't mind."

"As you wish," said Jennifer gaily. "You don't know what you're missing." She laughed at my horrified face as I looked at the giddy woman who had used to be my father. It was definitely another person, much livelier and happier, that I was looking at.

"We are going to have so much fun," said Jennifer, squeezing my arm joyfully. "I can't believe that you are really here, really here in Haversham. Do you remember how you loved to play with all the machines in my office back in Fountain Park? I've a whole new set of toys for you to play with now. Are you in science courses at State? Your mother didn't seem to know what classes you were in. It would be lovely if you could be in optics and

come and work for me. Then I could see my handsome son every day of the week. That would be *wonderful!*"

III. YOU ARE NOT MY MOTHER!

Being together, Jennifer and me, wasn't wonderful. After three days, it was quite clear to both of us that my visit to her in Haversham had been quite a mistake. On the fourth day, I made her cry.

There was some comedy show on television. The comic, whoever he was, began to make jokes about Hugh Grant and Eddie Murphy.

"That's not very nice," said Jennifer as she came into her tasteful, little living room. The long white, frilled curtains about the window alcoves made it seem really 'girlie' as was every room, including my temporary bedroom, in her house.

"They deserve it," I said, hardly looking at her but knowing she was there by the swish of her dress as she moved behind the pale-flowered armchair in which I was sitting. "They're both degenerates."

"Degenerates?" asked Jennifer, in her soft, lilting voice that made me want to squirm when I thought of it as coming out of a man's mouth, my father's mouth.

"He picked up a transvestite prostitute," I said, pointing to Murphy on the screen. "Said he was just giving a girl a lift. Yeah, he was lifting her skirt. But I shouldn't be calling the transvestite 'her', should I?"

"No," said Jennifer, moving past me then in her summery dress. The white petticoats she was wearing swished and swayed as she sat down on the sofa beside me. I had been careful after the first day of being in her home always to sit in an armchair. When I sat on a sofa, Jennifer almost immediately came and sat beside me and I could smell the perfume that she was wearing. She liked to touch me as well when she talked to me.

It was the same when we went out. Jennifer always wanted to put her arm under mine and she had a way of reminding me that she expected me to treat her as a female. She waited for me at doors to open them for her and she took my hand to cross avenues and streets. Waiters would hustle to pull out her chair for her and she would smile up graciously at them, reach over, take my hand and tell everyone that I was her son.

That peeved me so much because they automatically thought that Jennifer was my mother. "Don't tell anyone that I am your son again," I snapped at her when we left this swanky eatery where everyone seemed to know her. Older women had dropped by our table to say hello to 'dear Jennifer.' They'd fawned all over me and told me what a treasure my mother was to the whole city. They wanted to know all about me and if I would be staying in the city with my mother.

"No," I told them all through gritted teeth. "I will be staying with my mother in New York."

That had produced some consternation in one or two old biddies and a couple of older guys as well. "You can't be moving on," one said almost in distress to Jennifer. "We need you here, Jennifer. Anything that New York is offering you, we will match."

"You see how it is, Johnny," said Jennifer, patting my hand, and putting words in my mouth. "New York is the place to be when you are young and my son wishes that all his family was with him there."

We left pretty quickly then. "You are *not* my mother," I told Jennifer angrily. "If you don't want me to tell everyone you are my father, at least don't keep introducing me as your son, Dad."

Jennifer jumped at that. "But most of the people you have met already know," she said a little nervously. "Penny is quite forgetful and she would have been most embarrassed for me if you or I had reminded her. It was only my closest friends I was telling you were my son."

"And they all know that you are a man in a dress?" I said to her and she gave me a sharp look.

"Is, is *that* how you see me, really?" Jennifer asked me, the large, golden bands in her ears swinging most seductively as she drove along Lakeshore Drive.

"I came up to Haversham to meet my father," I told her pointedly. "That's who's sitting beside me, isn't it?"

"Oh, yes," she said then. Her long fingers and red fingernails were shaking, the bracelets at her wrist jingling. "That's who I am, your father. I, I just wish you could see me now, though, as I really am."

Of course, I *was* seeing Jennifer as she really was. I could see that she had breasts and a figure like a woman. I could see that she had feminine mannerisms. I could see that she wore female clothes and did her hair like a woman, painted her face like a woman and I could hear her talk like a woman.

But Jennifer was my father and I kept looking for the things about him that I remembered. I remembered a few of his funny expressions but Jennifer never said things like, "Holy cow," "Darn tootin'," "Wait till the cows come home" or play the Punch Buggy game whenever we saw a Volkswagen Beetle on the street anymore.

"Oh, I had forgotten that," Jennifer said when I punched her thin arm lightly. It didn't feel like my father's arm. It felt like a woman's arm. It had embarrassed me to have to explain to Jennifer what I was doing as I said "Punch Buggy Blue" and why I'd said that. I guess that was the moment when I really knew that my father was gone and was never going to be coming back.

This glamorous woman who left her stockings in the bathroom and was always putting lotions on herself as she went in and out of her bedroom in negligees and matching silk robes and nighties that I caught the occasional glimpse of was not my father. This was a woman who was claiming to be him. She might have been his sister for all I knew.

I felt so funny as I escorted Jennifer into her clinic. Everyone was so nice to her, greeting her with kisses, both the women and the men, and telling her to get out of there and enjoy her vacation. I gulped as she introduced me as her son. Her nurses and office staff went out of their way to be nice to me and tell me what a wonderful woman Jennifer was and that I should be very proud of her.

I nodded grimly at that and followed as Jennifer waved gaily to everyone and said that we were on our way. "I only dropped in for a moment so that you could see where I worked," Jennifer said as we went to the local farmers' market and shopped. Jennifer wanted to buy all sorts of things for me but I resisted. She did buy some fruits and vegetables but she also spent time at a lot of women's booths, buying earrings, cosmetics, a purse to go with a certain evening gown and even a 'darling' pair of shoes that she saw. Each time, she had to consult with me about her purchase and get my opinion of it.

When at one point I did tell her what I thought of the skirt she was looking at, Jennifer smiled at me. "You're just like Charlie," she said. "You shop like a man."

"That's because I *am* one," I told her. I added in a low voice as she went on to ask about some silk scarves, "And so are you."

Jennifer colored then. I guess she had heard me. She tucked her arm under mine and let me guide her out of all the colorful stalls and into the parking lot. "I saw a Dr. Charles E Greenwood on the list of doctors beneath your name," I said to her, trying to change the conversation.

"Yes, that's Charlie who met you with me at the airport," said Jennifer. "He's a really nice man, as you could see, and a very good friend." Her color was a little high and she glanced at me uneasily.

"My middle name is Yvonne," Jennifer went on, trying to get off what was clearly an uncomfortable subject for her. "It was your grandmother's name, my mother, but you didn't really know her."

I vaguely remembered an old lady I had met when I was very little. "She wore a pink suit with a skirt I tripped over," I told Jennifer. Her made-up eyes opened wider as she smiled in delight.

"She would be so happy that you remembered her at all," Jennifer said. "She was very proud of you when she met you, proud of me as well. It, it was very difficult for her to have, to have a son like me."

"Would she be proud of you *now*?" I asked Jennifer. She had been shaking at what she said to me about her mother and her eyes were sparkling as she seated herself just like a woman and got into her car.

"I like to think that my mother would be as proud of her daughter as she was of her son," Jennifer told me stiffly.

The opera was in season so Jennifer took me into town to rent a tux. She spent a couple of hours getting ready to go, finally appearing in a long, black and silver gown that showed off a lot of her chest and her very real cleavage.

"If, if I, I, introduce you as my son tonight," Jennifer said, her long hair in braids pinned up on her head, a strand of jewels glinting as they caught the lights of the main room of her house, "it's so that other people won't think me a scandal bringing a young man with me to the opera. Charlie usually takes me but he has a conference in Chicago and so it was a good opportunity for you to come with me."

"I'd rather go to a ball game," I said to the exquisite, older woman who put a black silk wrap about her shoulders and picked up her purse, anticipating that I would open the

door for her to go out to the waiting limousine in her driveway. She was, after all, the woman, and I was the man.

"Oh," Jennifer said, her face stricken a little. "I didn't think! I, I was so engrossed in trying to show off my life to you. We've been doing many girlie things, haven't we?"

"I've never shopped so much in all my life," I told her bluntly.

"Well," said Jennifer with a beautiful smile, her lipstick glossy and perfect. "You do have presents and cards for your mother's birthday and for Christmas from both of us. And you have nice, new suitcases to carry the gifts in."

"I wouldn't mind going to a darn tootin' ball game," I told her. She didn't seem to notice the phrase I had used, one my father had often used about baseball.

"We'll see, darling," Jennifer said then as she had fixed herself to my arm. She gave the chauffeur a big smile as he opened the door for her. She showed and told me how to assist a girl in a long dress into a car and how to sit beside her, just as the chauffeur had done for her.

"Your mother is gorgeous," said the driver, a compliment to me as he escorted me around the car and opened the door to help Jennifer out.

"She's *not* my mother," I said shortly. The man gave me a sharp look but didn't say anything else.

The audience for the touring opera company was dressed just like Jennifer and me. Well, maybe they didn't look as attractive as her but the women were all in evening dresses and the men in tuxes. I think Jennifer knew just about everyone there. She answered questions about Charlie and introduced me as her son which produced the usual gasps of, "I didn't know that you had a son!"

"You didn't know that I was divorced, either!" exclaimed Jennifer gaily. She held onto my hand and drew me on to meet other people, stopping to tell many women how beautiful they were and that she had seen their dress in Monique's, Angelique's, Elizabeth's, Francesca's, you name it, some boutique or other downtown. "It didn't do a thing for me," Jennifer gushed to several women, not anywhere as pretty as her, "but it looks divine on you, Fiona, Marguerite, Catherine." And so on.

The comic on the television cracked yet another joke about men in dresses and Eddie Murphy's crossdressing roles in the movies. "He was probably taking out transvestites to do a little hands-on research," the comic said and the audience howled.

Jennifer got up, sashayed over to the television and turned it off. She turned to me and I could see, in amazement, that she was crying. "That is what you think of *me*," she said again. "You think that I am some kind of degenerate. You, you think that I ran out on you ..."

"Well, you *did*, didn't you?" I asked the woman with long red hair weeping in front of me. "I should have had a Dad when I was growing up but I didn't."

“But, but, that wasn’t why I left,” blubbered Jennifer. “Carol said she would explain it to you. I, I would have kept on going as I promised her but she said that she wanted a real man in her bed and to be a father to you! I tried to tell you.”

“You said that dressing like a woman was a kind of hobby.” I snarled at Jennifer then added, “like playing golf, I guess.”

Jennifer’s fingernails reached across her face as she tried to sweep her tears away. “You have never understood me at all, have you?” she asked me. I shook my head mulishly.

“I knew that I was really a little girl when I was only four,” said Jennifer between sobs, kneeling in front of me. Her wet hands on mine made me feel uneasy. “The earliest thing I remember is getting dressed up in my mother’s clothes in her bedroom, putting on her lipstick and going down to parade around the living room for her as her new little girl.”

I was most uneasy and wanted to move away but Jennifer held onto my hands and talked directly to my face, weeping and sniffing as she did so. It was all rather spooky, considering whom she was, my father.

“Needless to say,” Jennifer went on determinedly, not letting me go as she continuing telling me the story, “I was told off and swatted for that and for all the other times I dressed up until I learned to do it in secret. You don’t know, do you, Jack, how awful my childhood was. The teen years were *so* terrible. I didn’t dress up but I wanted to. I was in agony most of the time. I knew that I was a girl and that I was trying to fit in as a boy. Well, that did work very well, didn’t it? I was in the Navy and no one learned about me.

“It was at the hospital where I was a resident that I discovered my passion all over again. We had a dance and all of us doctors, we were almost all male, had to dress up as nurses and the nurses had to be doctors. Ginny helped me but she helped me too well. I got all these compliments and it quite turned my head. I loved my wig and my makeup and the stockings and paddings I had to wear as well as my nurse’s uniform.

“I was in heaven when I went home with Ginny in a taxi and the driver called me ‘Miss.’ It was awful to have to change back into drab old me. Then I had to endure photos of me being posted everywhere and all the guys asking me for dates. That’s when I started buying my own female clothes and dressing up.

“My mother caught me and I promised her I’d never do it again. Then I met Carol, your mother, Jack. When she found out about my little stash of clothing, she had to see me dressed. She bought me wigs and bras and corsets and dresses. Oh, I loved her so much as she encouraged me to dress. It was a fantastic feeling, such a relief to be able to be me and not to have to hold my tongue.

“Then we married and had you, Jack. I put everything away and swore to Carol I would never crossdress again. Carol knew that I wouldn’t keep that promise. That first Halloween after you were born, she rented two princess costumes and had me dress up as her twin, Princess Rosemary. We went to the Marino Ballroom in Fountain Park and no one recognized me as Carol’s husband. She told everyone that I was her sister, visiting her, so I had to dance with men all night long. They told me I was pretty and I was kissed so many times that I was almost hysterical when I met up with Carol. She laughed and told me to relax and enjoy it. Men like to kiss pretty girls. I was a pretty girl and had to do it properly and well.

“For some reason I’ve never understood even now, Carol wanted to go out all of the time with me dressed as a woman. She said that it excited her to see me turning on some man and that it spiced up our life as husband and wife. It was enough for me, really, to just go out occasionally with Carol. We double-dated a lot, especially with two brothers from Newell. I didn’t realize how often we were going out with Bob and Roger but Carol told me after one date that she had fallen in love with Bob Gerritson and didn’t want to be married to me any more.

“I was stunned. I begged and pleaded. I wanted to take you with me when we split up but she wouldn’t hear of it. She told me that she would pillory me as a pervert before the courts and say that I had molested you if I tried to get custody of you. It was a terrible time, full of arguments and fights, Jack. We finally agreed on the split but she insisted that I tell you all about myself. Well, I tried, but you ran away, and Carol said that she would attend to it.

“I got such cheery letters and cards from you at first. You seemed to be doing so well, Jack. And I met a ‘new woman,’ Andrea, who bluntly told me what I was and what I should do. I couldn’t do it at first, not with all the patients I had, but Andrea was very forceful. I dressed all the time with her and began hormone therapy. Then I couldn’t stand my looks any more, that nose of mine was so hideous, so I started cosmetic surgery. I told my patients and staff that I was a transsexual and I was going to transition to becoming a woman.

“You know what the staff here at the clinic did, Jack? They burst into applause and I found out they all knew about me all the time. I had my cosmetic surgery; when I came back, we had lost a few patients but we had drawn in many more. The women in the clinic were so supportive of me. They helped me by shopping with me, teaching me all about cosmetics and helping me to make feminine gestures. They helped me with my voice exercises and my diet as well.

“It has been like living in heaven these last few years for me in comparison to the repression and agony I went through earlier in my life, Jack. I thought that you were doing OK with what I had done even though you didn’t want to see me. But here you are and you are full of resentment and anger. Tell me, if you can, what I can do to make some of it right for you. Do you just want to get on a plane and go back to New York and have me out of your life? If that’s what you want, you can darn tootin’ have it.”

The mascara and eyeliner were running from Jennifer’s eyes as she finished her long speech to me. She began to really cry then as if some dam had burst inside her. “Oh,” she said. She smudged her face even more as she sat up and tried to wipe her face with her hands. “I never used to cry at all when I was your father, did I?”

I stared at the woman in front of me and thought of what I had with my mother back in New York and all the kindnesses that Jennifer had tried to shower on me in just the short time I had been with her in Haversham. I had never seen my mother cry back in New York. She had yelled a lot in frustration. She had screamed about how awful and perverted my father had been to her, and I had believed her.

Seeing this woman in her white dress, spread out on the floor all about her, shivering as she still shed tears about all the hurt she had caused me in my life, I began to realize

how wrong I had been about Jennifer. "You're darn tootin' right about you not crying," I told her, my father.

I helped her to her high-heeled feet and into the bathroom where Jennifer squeaked with emotion when she saw the mess she had made of her face. I watched her as she washed and cleaned her face, giving me a trembling look. I tried to tell her that I didn't understand her at all. I didn't understand why she was doing what she did to herself at all.

"You don't really know what a transsexual is, do you?" Jennifer asked me.

I didn't and that was the crux of the whole matter.

"If only you could walk one day in my shoes," said Jennifer as she smiled at me, her face still very pretty without any makeup on it at all. "You don't know what it's like to have long hair and earrings," she bobbed hers, "and to wear a dress," she went on. "To shave your legs and wear stockings and high heels and sashay as you walk. To have people look at you and smile in pleasure at meeting you and give you compliments on being a woman. It's so thrilling to be a woman and you don't know that at all, do you? I suppose you never will."

"It's thrilling for *you* to be a woman because you *are* a woman. A woman trapped in a man's body, or so I've read," I said to Jennifer, admiring her as she brushed her hair, then put it all back in a long pony tail.

Jennifer smiled at me. "I wish it was really a woman trapped inside me," she said then. That astounded me. "I mean, I go weeks at a time, months, and I know I am this woman, Jennifer Whitehouse. I am totally a woman, feeling it and being it all the time. Then something happens, like this sudden visit of yours, and I know only too well that I am a man in a dress, as you called me, after all."

"I've been rude," I began but Jennifer stopped me.

"Shush," Jennifer said with just a little smile. "I know that we are all fooling ourselves in a way that men can become women. Deep down inside me, despite my surgeries and hormones and what I do for myself to be womanly, I know, even though I live a woman's life, that I am your father. How could I ever be a real woman, having fathered a son like you? You are right, then, you see."

I watched her start to apply makeup to her eyes skilfully, just like any woman I had ever seen. "Dad," I started. She froze, startled, at that. "Have you had your sex changed?"

Jennifer looked aghast at me. Then she blushed. "I'm going to," she said nervously. She turned back to her mirror but her hand was shaking so much she had to stop and look back at me.

"When?" I asked my father. "When are you going to be completely a woman? I know that Mother thinks that you already are."

"S-Soon," said Jennifer.

I thought about that. "Your friends and co-workers," I said to her slowly. "Don't they think that you've already had it done, the big snip?"

Jennifer went very still. "How did we ever get talking about this?" she asked, her voice unsteady.

"They don't know that you haven't had it yet, do they?" I asked her, my father. "They all think that you are a woman, as I do."

That startled her again. "They do," Jennifer said, giving me a nice smile before she began to outline her lips and put on a fresh coat of lipstick. "I didn't think that *you* did."

"I don't think you understand me at all," I said to her with a smile. "But I *know* that I don't understand *you* at all. I do know, however, that you could be my father again, couldn't you? You could stop taking your hormones, cut your hair and be my Dad again, right?"

Jennifer finished her lips and began to powder herself lightly. "No," she said and a wry smile covered her face. "It wouldn't be that easy and I wouldn't want to do it. I doubt that some things could ever be the same." She glanced down at her breasts.

"You've had implants," I said to Jennifer with a shiver. "Just like Mother has."

"Not like she has," said Jennifer, staring in the mirror at her face. "She is much bigger than me, isn't she?"

"But you could get rid of them," I persisted. "You could be Molloy Sheffield all over again."

"So what if I could?" Jennifer turned to me and spoke directly to me, her earrings sparkling and glimmering as they bobbed at her neck. "I don't want to, Jack, and that's the truth. I like being the woman that I am and, and, soon, I really am going to become even more of a woman than I am today. Then we'll never have to have this conversation again."

"I just don't understand you," I said to her, indicating her womanly body as she stood in front of me. "You're still a man and you dress like this."

"Would you *like* to understand me?" Jennifer asked me then, releasing her hair in a cascade about her face.

I thought about it. "I guess so," I said, thinking that she was probably going to give me a hundred boring books on the subject of sex changes.

"The best way to understand anything is by the hands-on method," Jennifer said to me, her face quite serious. "Books are all right but it takes a long time. You really need to walk a mile in my shoes, as the saying goes. And, as you can see, I wear high heels."

I grinned. "I saw a news item where all these guys did a fund-raiser for women, for breast cancer I think, by running a mile in high heels. Is that what you want me to do? Wear your high heels around the house for a while."

Jennifer grimaced. "You'd pull mine out of shape," she said. "I was thinking of something more than that." She hesitated and looked me over, then made a suggestion that shocked me to my core. I couldn't believe what she said to me. "I was thinking of you spending a day with me as a transsexual, dressing from the inside out and discovering what the attraction of women's clothes is to a woman like me. Then you'd really understand why it is that I have to dress and act like a woman, whether or not I ever have the final surgery."

"You want me to spend a day as a woman like you?" I asked her now smiling face. I couldn't believe what she had just proposed to me. She didn't mean that at all. She could-

n't. I decided to try and make a joke of it all. "I wouldn't have to shave my legs or anything like that, would I?"

"Of course you would," smiled Jennifer, reaching out as she did so often to touch my arm. I gulped as she went on and told me what she thought that I ought to do to 'understand' her. As if I didn't. She was my father and he was a pervert, I thought, echoing what my mother had told me so often.

"Believe me," Jennifer went on as I stared, goggle-eyed at her, I'm sure. "Girls love a hairless body on a man and so you don't have to be scared of what people will say after you have done it. We could do it tomorrow. You could walk a mile in my shoes, my stockings, my dress, my makeup, my hair, the lot. That's what I meant when I said 'walk a mile in my shoes.' Then you might have just a little idea what it is like to be me. You would understand how lovely it can be to be a girl. You would understand why I *have* to be Jennifer."

I stared at her. "I, I don't want to dress up like a girl," I said angrily. "I'm not you!"

"No," Jennifer said with a sigh. "You will never understand what it is to be me, I'm afraid, but that's all right."

"I suppose now you're not going to pay for my university classes," I said bitterly, "since I won't prance about in front of you in your clothes."

Jennifer winced and lifted her pretty hands to her ears so as not to hear me. "Oh, Jack," she said and I thought she would cry again. "I was only asking you for a day of your whole life, just one day for you to understand me, to understand the compulsion that I feel to be the way I am. I would have given it all up for you and been your father once upon a time, but now it's far too late.

"And I never 'prance around' in women's clothes. This is far too serious for me. When I wear women's clothes, I want to feel like a woman wearing what I have on. It's that feeling I want you to know. And then you'll really know me, Jack, the woman who is your father."

I thought about it, watching her move and swish about the bathroom in her pretty dress. "And as for your university classes," Jennifer said. "Of course I will pay for them, all the way through and grad school as well whenever you want to go. I love you, Jack, and I will support my son in everything that he wants to do. All I wanted was one day to teach you, hands-on, all about me. But for a man like you've become, I know that it is much too much to ask. I respect that and I'll never ask you again. I, I'll try and get us ball game tickets today. I, I don't know what sport is playing where or when. Will something like that be good for you?"

Jennifer's eyes were sparkling again, tears obviously not very far away. I felt like such a heel, accusing her the way I had when she had been so generous to Mother and to me. I had been so misled about her. She was asking me for one thing and there were no strings attached. I thought about it, looking at the dress floating about her and seeing the graceful way she moved as she gathered her purse and turned off the bathroom lights. Well, one day about the house in her clothes wouldn't make me a transsexual, would it? It would please her and, strangely, I did want to please her, my father, Jennifer.

"One day?" I asked her. "One day in clothes like the ones you are wearing today?"

"And hair and makeup," said Jennifer, holding wavy strands of reddish-colored hair that floated back to her shoulders as she nervously let them go. "You will then know all the thrills of being a girl. You will understand why I *must* be Jennifer."

"All right then," I said, feeling more than a little foolish. I took the plunge and hoped that I would never regret it. "For one day, Dad, I can walk a mile or more in shoes like yours."

IV. A MILE IN HER SHOES

Jennifer flung her arms about me and hugged me, her smooth cheek on mine, her gardenia scent in my nostrils. "Whoa, Dad!" I said, putting my hands on her tiny waist and keeping her at bay from me. "I think that I've changed my mind."

Jennifer let me go, took my hands and almost danced in front of me. "Jack," she said, smiling, her lovely lipsticked mouth so wide in her happiness. "I do have one thing to ask of you. And you know what it is. Please, please, don't call me 'Dad' again. It makes me feel so uncomfortable. I break out in goose bumps. Don't you find it funny to look at me and call me that? Please call me Jenny or Jennifer, please!"

"I'll try," I agreed, "but it might slip out some time as that's how I think of you, D-Jenny. Well, most of the time, anyway."

"I must get this all set up for tomorrow," said Jennifer then. "My clothes will be too small for you. Let me take your measurements, then I'll call Andrea."

Jennifer scooted off to her bedroom and came back with a tape measure and started measuring me. I began to think that I had been too impulsive in saying 'Yes' to her. I was so stupid. She wouldn't mind, I was certain, when I said that I couldn't do it. I began to think of myself wearing pantyhose and having my face painted and I got a case of the wil-lies. I should never have said anything.

Jennifer, however, fairly glowed as she measured everything about me. "You mentioned Andrea before," I said to her. "Isn't she the one who forced you into becoming a woman full-time?"

Jennifer smiled and got out her cellphone. "She didn't force me into anything," she said with a grin. "Although, I say that she did. It's like a private joke between the two of us."

"Did she take Mother's place in your life after you divorced us, divorced her?" I asked Jenny. She stared at me for a moment.

"I could never divorce myself from *you*, Jack," Jennifer said to me. "And, yes, Andrea was my friend and...and my lover. I asked her to marry me since we got along so great."

"Why didn't you?" I asked her and Jennifer smiled.

"We got along so great because Andrea loved to dress me up as girlishly as she could and take me out on the town," Jennifer said, clasping her hands tightly about the phone. She seemed to be more than a little embarrassed. "She ran a model agency, still does, and she wanted me to be one of her models, her female models, but I couldn't. I had all my pa-

tients depending on me at the clinic and the hospital kept sending me all their difficult cases. I was working really hard but it was so nice to go out with Andrea and play. I think she kept me sane and made sure that I didn't get involved in any terrible scandals. She was my lifeline for many years."

"What broke you up?" I asked Jennifer. She went very still.

She began two or three times before, I think, she decided to be honest with me. "Men," Jennifer said. "Just like it was with your mother but Andrea's and my separation was much nicer and mutual. Who knows, our attraction might flare up again any time we are together."

"So it already has," I said abruptly. Jennifer was shocked at my words. She looked away and flushed. "Sorry," I said brusquely. "I should think before I speak. Mother is always telling me that."

"It's all right," said Jennifer. "It's just that we girls are delicate in what we say about each other and our relationships but you are right. We have had our moments again at times when the flame has re-ignited. But at the moment we are definitely dormant with one another."

"This Andrea has a male friend?" I asked her and Jennifer raised her eyebrows again at me.

"I think so," Jennifer said guardedly. "But let me talk to her. She'll tell me if she's tied up with someone else and doesn't want to see me."

But as it turned out, Andrea would love to come over and spend the day with us. She thought it was a wonderful idea of mine to want to spend a day as a daughter and not a son. I could hear the conversation on both sides as Andrea was yelling, I think, into the phone.

"Yes," I heard her say at the end. "These measurements are fine. I can bring you everything your daughter needs to make her beautiful. I have a show that I have to be at in the afternoon but I'll be with you at ten. We can do lunch!"

"She's going to be coming over here?" I asked Jennifer in dismay. I had agreed to one day to dress up to please her. I'd be on a plane home in three days and I likely wouldn't see her for a long time again. I would have to call her, of course, and tell her how her investment in me was proceeding. That would be only fair.

"But of course she's coming over," said Jennifer with a smile. "Oh, don't worry about her helping me to dress you properly. She's seen enough guys in dresses in her time, though she says that I was the prettiest!"

I didn't want her making jokes about all of this. I had made a serious mistake in agreeing to give Jennifer one day to be like her and understand her better. I doubted that I would even after it, anyway. I cringed at the thought of anyone else seeing me in women's clothing.

"I don't want to do this in front of her," I told Jennifer.

Jennifer hesitated and then she smiled at me. "I don't know if I should tell you this," she began slowly.

"Tell me what?" I asked her suspiciously. Whatever it was, it was going to make this whole business worse, I knew that.

"Well, Andrea is a woman now," Jennifer said to me, studying me to see how I would take what she said. "She has had the operation, sex reassignment surgery. So, you see, she won't think anything at all odd about what we will be doing here tomorrow."

Andrea might not have thought that what we did the next day was odd but *I* certainly did. Jennifer ran a bath for me after breakfast even though she knew that I liked showers. The scent that rose from the warm water told me what Jenny had done; even to a man, it was easy to guess why she had done it.

I could still back out of all this, I thought, as Jenny said that she would give me a moment to soak in the bath and get all warm and wash my hair. The shampoo and conditioner were as fragrant as the bath oils that seemed to infest the bath I eventually got into to.

I had soaked about fifteen minutes, fogging up the mirrors when Jenny came bursting back into the bathroom. Embarrassed, I had to cover myself with one of the little flannels that were on the side of the tub.

"Jenny!" I exclaimed at her. "You can't walk in on me when I'm in the bath."

"Oh, but I have things for you to do, darling," Jennifer said to me, looking so pretty in the shaped, dark skirt about her and the sleeveless, white sweater she was wearing. "We have to get rid of those strings of ugly, manly hair on your chest and at your armpits. If you want to shave your legs as well, you can. But I think that since this is your first time, you should do it chemically."

The cold touch of liquid hit my shoulder then as Jennifer began to smother me with some aromatic hair-removing substance. I was startled and even more so when she sat on the side of the bath and poured more of the cold liquid all over my chest.

"Jenny!" I yelled at her. "I didn't sign on for this!"

"Oh, but you did, darling," Jenny laughed at me, stacking three little bottles along the bath tub. "It's what I have to do regularly and you said that you would do everything I have to do." I hadn't actually said that. Jennifer was interpreting what I had agreed to very liberally, I thought. But she seemed very happy. Well, how bad could it really be?

"This is where it starts," the woman who was my father went on. "Do you want me to do your legs for you? Put it on all over your body, Jack, including between your legs. Just don't put any on your face. I have something better for that. I can trust you, can't I, to do it properly. We have to stick some things on you to make you a lovely girl today and they're far easier to take off when your skin is all smooth and hairless. Bare legs look so much nicer than hairier ones. And you *must* do your backside. Here, let me finish your back." Which, despite my protests, she did, as well as under my arms.

As the feminine odors rose about me, I ran my hand down my arm which she had treated first. A few hairs came away and I smiled a little to myself. Well, this wasn't going

to work as well as she thought. I would play the game for a while, then we could quit when it all became absurd.

I put all the liquid on me and soaked in the tub. When Jenny asked if she could come in again, I smirked at her. "It doesn't work on a man," I said, running my hand over my still fairly hairy chest.

"Not that way," Jenny said and she ran one of her little pink bath cloths down my arm. All the hair on my arm, across the back of my hand and on my fingers came off in black rolls. She did the same to my chest and I lost all of the hair I was so proud of. It had just started to grow in earnest.

"Isn't that much better?" cooed Jennifer then, taking hold of one of my toes and wiping hair off my legs.

"Jenny!" I protested, pulling my leg out of her hand.

Jennifer laughed then. "There's nothing about you that I haven't seen a thousand times," she said, smiling at me. "Who do you think it was who changed your diapers at night when you cried? You used to pee on me and think it was really funny when you were six months or so. You had a huge pecker for a little boy. I bet you still do."

"Jenny!" I screamed at her. "I'm not going on with this. Not if you are going to make remarks like that!"

"Oh, I'm so sorry," said Jennifer, instantly contrite. "I'll go and see if the wax for your face is ready and you can take off the rest of your body hair. You wait till you put your old clothes on tomorrow. You're going to feel very weird! I always did!"

Jenny went out then, leaving the door open. As I rolled about the bath, hair came off me from places where I didn't know that I even had hair. I felt like I was ten years old, taking my first shower in school as I looked down at the white part of me where my bathing shorts had prevented me from getting an all-over tan.

I heard the click of Jenny's high heels, so I got back into the concealing waters of the bath as she came in with what she called warm wax. I would have called it hot wax, boiling hot wax. She spread it over my chin, my cheeks, parts of my neck and my eyebrows.

"What are you doing to me?" I yelled at Jennifer and she grinned at me again.

"You don't have to shave much, do you?" she asked me. "I didn't either and you seem to have inherited that Sheffield family trait. This wax will annihilate the hair you have in little clusters about your face. I didn't let you shave yesterday and you hadn't the day before. When I take the wax off, it will all be gone, a lot of the roots as well. You won't have to shave again for weeks, I would think. I didn't when I did this, even though I had electrolysis as soon as I began my transition."

"But you haven't..." I began. The elegant older woman, sitting cross-legged on the throne pouted at me.

"I will soon," Jennifer said. "My transition will be over just as soon as I can get a place on the waiting list in the clinic in Montreal in Canada. That's where the best surgeon for me is located."

"Then you'll be like Mother," I said sourly. "And have a man in every resort in Europe and America."

Jennifer was startled by what I said and flushed a little.

"Well, you *will* be able to have sex with men then, won't you?" I said to her and she stared at me.

"I, I guess so," Jennifer said, flushing. "Can we get you out of that bath now and check you over to see that everything has worked?"

Jennifer scooted off then with my clothes and came back with one of her negligees. I had a sinking feeling at the pit of my stomach as I realized whom she expected to be wearing that.

I was right. Jennifer had panties, white, silk and lace things, with a satin pad for the front of the panties and between the legs of the wearer. "This is where we start," Jennifer said, laying the panties on the throne and putting the negligee on the back of the door. "Can you put them on in front of me or do you want me to wait outside?"

I didn't want to put them on at all, with her in or out of the room. Jennifer retreated into the hallway and I got up from the bath, dried my hairless legs and abdomen. I wasn't going to do it but, in the end, I put on the panties. I wanted to be covered in front of her and I could wear the panties to my room at least.

I put on the women's panties, feeling like a complete idiot. I took the negligee from the back of the door and was still looking at it when Jennifer, who must have heard me take it, burst back into the bathroom that had apparently become a public place.

Jennifer held the negligee; I slipped my arms in and she turned me and fastened the silky belt about me. "Doesn't that feel wonderful?" Jennifer enthused. She had me sit as she peeled and wiped the wax from me, hurting parts of my face terribly.

"That hurts!" I yelled and seized a cool cloth from her and dabbed at my face. Jenny lifted the cloth and put on some astringent liquid that had my whole face on fire. I yelped and told her that I was burning and she led me down to the kitchen for some ice.

I felt ridiculous as I shuffled down the hallway and into the kitchen. The light, airy negligee was floating about me, touching me. As Jennifer had predicted, I felt weird. Extremely weird. My legs felt soft and silky as I clutched at the negligee to keep it in place. A hall mirror showed the negligee parting as I walked and I could see the panties in place about my mid-section. I shivered, then squawked when I saw what had been done to my eyebrows on my face. They were thin and arched. They were a girl's eyebrows.

I held ice packs to my face. Jenny looked worried as I told her that this had gone too far and I was going to stop. The door bell sounded then, a key turned in the lock and a woman came bustling in with parcels, dress bags and suitcases.

"It's only me," she called to the house, then she saw us in the kitchen. She waved and turned on her high heels and went back out, calling, "It's Andrea Moore, Jen and Jennifer's daughter. I just have a few more items that I have to get for you."

She was back in a moment with more cases, clothes bags and what looked like hat boxes.

"You didn't tell me, Jennifer," said Andrea in her beautiful, soprano voice, a twin for the voice Jennifer used, "what color hair your daughter wanted to have. I brought some like yours in case you wanted to be copycat mother and daughter and I *had* to bring something blonde. Every girl has to be a blonde some time in her life and why not from the very start. What is it?"

Andrea Moore was as beautiful and as elegant as Jennifer Whitehouse. Her brunette hair was streaked with blonde strands, gathered at the back of her neck into a thick ball. She was thin-faced and her eyes were painted thickly. Her eyelashes were thick, curled and black, surely not real. Her fingernails and lipstick were a dark pink.

Andrea wore a grey skirt, a jacket to match and a yellow top that showed off her womanly attributes. Her breasts as big as my mother's, a size, I supposed, bigger than my father's. Jennifer had said that this Andrea was once a man but I couldn't see it. She was so petite and pretty, her dark hair shining like the earrings that hung from her ears.

"What is it?" Andrea asked again. "Don't tell me that the girl has changed her mind?"

"No," said Jennifer although I wanted to holler 'Yes.' "It's just that we have agreed that I won't call myself Jack's mother and he won't refer to me as Dad or as his father. So, we can't be copycat mother and daughter."

"Well, that's rather silly," said Andrea, taking up several bags from which hangers protruded and walking into the bedroom I was using. I heard her putting them in the closet. "And what's with this 'Jack' thing?" she asked when she came back and picked up more of the bags and cases she had brought with her.

"What is the girl's name to be today?" Andrea asked as she paused and glanced at me. "Is it Jackie, or Jacqueline, or does she prefer something more exotic like Anastasia or Penelope?"

Andrea deposited her parcels, then came into the kitchen area. In her high heels, like Jennifer, she was as tall as me. She put her arms out to Jennifer and the pair of them, both men in my eyes, hugged each other like women. Their breasts touched and pressed into one another as they hugged and kissed, gently, so as not to ruin each other's makeup.

I remembered again what Jennifer had said about Andrea and her. I felt sick as I recalled Jennifer referring to Andrea as her lover. That was before she had revealed to me that Andrea was a transsexual like herself.

"Wow, Jennifer," said Andrea, beaming into my father's face. "I swear you get prettier every time that we meet. If you weren't so hung up on Bonnie Prince Charlie, I would be after you again myself."

Jennifer flushed and looked guiltily at me and well she might. She had let me think that the man who had come between her and Andrea, when I still thought of her as a woman, had been a male friend of Andrea's. But by the look on Jennifer's face, the look on my father's face, I now knew that the man who had come between Andrea and Jennifer had been Jennifer's boy friend. I felt a little sick as I remembered Charlie Greenwood leaving us and Jennifer going out to say something to him. When she came back, her makeup had definitely been mussed up.

I looked at Jennifer and she looked away from my accusing eyes. My father had a boyfriend, I thought angrily. Jennifer had admitted that Andrea had been her lover; Andrea, despite her striking looks, was a man like my mother. No, not quite, Jennifer had been careful to point out. If Jennifer had been Andrea's lover, then would Jennifer be Charlie's lover now? I didn't doubt that she was.

"Oops," said Andrea, looking from one to the other of us then, me feeling absurd in the long negligee. "Did I let the cat out of the bag on that one as well?"

"Yes," I told her grimly and Andrea smiled at me.

"Wow, Jennifer," Andrea said then. "You didn't mention how beautiful your daughter is. You should have left her eyebrows for me, though. Wow, what cheekbones and what a face, chin and flat brows. Oh, we can do wonders for your daughter, Jennifer, wonders. None of her mothers will recognize her when I've finished with her."

V. ANDREA'S LATEST MODEL

I wouldn't have recognized myself. Andrea took over from Jennifer who was edgy and a little nervous around me. Andrea was confident and self-assured as she had me sit in front of Jennifer's makeup mirror with all the female products arrayed in front of it and went into action in transforming my face.

It wasn't until Andrea opened one of the hatboxes and took out a wig that I realized what all the cases were for. The hair looked real. I felt a deep fear in the pit of my stomach as Andrea expertly applied it to me and I was changed. I had merely looked weird as she applied foundation and highlighting to my face and did my eyes with false eyelashes and mascara. She had shaped my eyebrows, rouged my cheeks, powdered my nose and did a lot of what she had called shading, chattering away to Jennifer about how I was so much like her.

"Look," Andrea had said as she did something subtle along my cheeks. "She has the same cheekbones as her mother, doesn't she? And she has the height as well. This one could really be a model, Jenny. She really could."

I glowered at the nervous Jenny, still wondering about her and Charlie. She had said that she hadn't had a sex change yet. So, what did she and Charlie get up to in bed? He must sleep here, I thought, noting that one part of the closet was arranged for a man. The shirts there looked too big for Jenny. They might fit me, if I grew a whole lot in the next year.

The wig focussed everything back on me. Or rather at the young woman who had appeared in the mirror in front of us. "An ash blonde for the moment," said Andrea, combing the bangs across my forehead, then arranging the long, pageboy-style hair about my ears and my shoulders.

I gave a huge shiver as Andrea did that. I gaped and shook at the girlish face that looked back at me. I was hardly able to see anything of myself in that face, the female face that looked back at me in equally stunned surprise.

Andrea didn't seem to be fazed at all by what she saw. She reached into another package and brought out long, clip-on earrings which she attached to my ears. They were long,

glittering and touched my shoulders. She touched up my lipsticked mouth with some sort of gloss then and then I shone for her.

“Such beautiful lips,” enthused Andrea. “Full and feminine just like her mother. Oh, don’t get all snarky on me, Miss Whitehouse. She does take after you, she has all your best features. I could do wonders for this girl, Jenny, if you would let me. Let’s dress her up properly now for her debut as your daughter.”

I was glad that any hair on me had been removed when Andrea started taping me, showing no respect at all for my appendages or for my male body at all.

“Ow! Ow!” I gasped as I was tucked. My chest was pulled and contorted while even Jenny mildly protested for me.

“This is just a one-day thing, Andrea,” said Jenny as Andrea used tape on me with zeal. Andrea pulled up my panties then and took away the filmy robe. My skin turned to goose bumps as I looked at the flat-chested girl in the mirror. It was amazing how flat I was in front, how the bulge in my panties had vanished. It was very uncomfortable to be taped as I was.

The girl in the mirror became even more of a girl as Andrea put a bra about my chest, a bra that jiggled defiantly in front of me she set the thin, white straps over my shoulders.

“There,” said Andrea judiciously. “Your daughter could be a bikini model, Jennifer.”

“I-I’m not wearing a bikini!” I protested furiously. Jennifer was smiling bemusedly at me.

“Of course not, my dear,” Jennifer said to me as I turned to her. The hair and earrings swirling about my face and neck and set off more shudders in me.



"You're already wearing one," said the irrepressible Andrea with a grin. "What do you think a bra and panties are, little girl? I swear they get stupider, Jen, the blonder the hair we put on them."

"Jack is just doing this for one day," Jennifer began lamely, "so that he can understand why it is that I have to be a woman."

Andrea laughed at that. "And what understanding have you gained so far?" she asked me while I grimaced as she pulled the bra tighter. Then she put a waist-cinch, as she called it, about me, tightening it while I gasped again and protested some more.

Andrea slapped my backside then. The noise was incredibly loud and it made me gasp even though it didn't really hurt me at all.

"Andrea!" protested Jennifer indignantly. "Jack is *not* like us at all. He doesn't need that sort of encouragement."

I shuddered again but that was mostly because of the garter belt Andrea was putting around me, with its little suspenders banging against my smooth legs. I had to sit down then and put on stockings while my groin was feeling extremely uncomfortable. Tight there below my eyes were the jiggling mounds of a bra about my chest.

"She could have worn pantyhose," Jennifer said for me as Andrea helped me start the first stocking over my toes, about my ankle, then up over my smooth legs. I felt very weird as my bra bounced and got in my way as I attached the garter belt to my stockings. I had to repeat the stocking procedure then stand up while Andrea put some sort of padding in the panties about me.

Andrea perfumed me, then took out a long slip for me to wear. It covered my bra and panties and stopped about mid-thigh, below the level of my stocking tops. I trembled as it moved against me. Then Andrea brought out a summery dress of white, green and gold that rustled because there were petticoats sewn in.

"Well," said Andrea defensively. "You want her to feel like a woman, don't you? This dress would make any man feel a little femmy if he had to put it on. No, not a little femmy," she said, correcting herself, "a *lot* femmy!"

The two of them helped me into the dress while I cringed and knew that I had made a terrible mistake in agreeing to what I had with Jennifer, my father. The dress went over my head and made my nose begin to overload with all the strange scents and fragrances overcoming me.

Jennifer zipped me into the dress while Andrea arranged the neckline and my hair and earrings. It was awful how the dress fitted my chest and waist so tightly and bounced around my legs, rustling as I nervously moved from one foot to the other.

"I recognize this," said Jennifer then. "It's a Heather Portillo, isn't it? One from her spring collection last year."

"You should recognize it," said Andrea. "You came to the show with me last year. Nikki Harper wore it in the show. I have the shoes that go with it in that black case, Jen."

I stood there, quivering, in stockings and a dress, in women's underwear and wig as Andrea went rummaging in a box and brought out bracelets, necklaces and rings to try on me.

"Oh, these are too high," said Jennifer, holding up women's shoes with spiky heels of dark green. The toes and straps were golden while the rest of the shoes were white.

I went to sit down and Andrea stopped me. "Not like a man," she snapped at me. "Look at the girl that you are in the mirror. She sits down with grace. She smoothes her skirts beneath her as she seats herself and she crosses her legs and arranges her skirts, ladylike."

I had to do it as Andrea described it, her hands grabbing at me and making me do it properly. The tug of stockings and the garter belt made me flush and break out in goose bumps again. I felt the touch of nylon on nylon as I crossed my legs and listened to the rustle of petticoats. I shivered and looked at myself again in the mirror. I felt so strange; I could feel that my legs were smooth and there was light, effeminate material all about me.

"We have to do her nails as well," said Andrea, smiling at me as I squirmed. I wanted to get rid of all the bindings, especially the one between my legs but I couldn't as it was so buried beneath my female clothing.

"Acrylics?" asked Jennifer as Andrea began to bring out bottles and artificial nails.

"I think so," said Andrea. "You know how men are with their short nails. She'll look delightful when I've given her a proper manicure. So, what is her name, this demure girl that we are creating for a day?"

Jennifer looked at me. "Jacqueline?" she asked me. I nodded, shaking as the hair at my neck moved and caressed me.

"I suppose that you already told everyone about your son Jack," said Andrea. "So, anyone you introduced Jack to is going to know very well who Jacqueline is."

"We're not going to go anywhere near people I introduced Jack to," said Jennifer. I went rigid as Andrea took hold of my hand very firmly.

"Word will get back," said Andrea. "Remember the advice I gave to Molly way back when. She would have been embarrassed very quickly to have people know that Molly and Molloy were the same person. That is why I had you call yourself Jennifer. When we are finished here, we are going out to lunch. You never know who you will meet when we are out. Haversham isn't that huge a place, after all."

Jennifer gave me a hapless look. "Andrea's right," she said as I stared at her in alarm. What was all this about going out for lunch? That wasn't our deal. I had just agreed to dress like a girl for the day. Nothing had been said about leaving Jennifer's pretty house and going anywhere.

"Christine is nice," Jennifer said. I reeled at the thought of being addressed as 'Christine' by my father and his former lover all day long. I had gone out with Christine Woodley all through high school.

"Jacqueline," I said hoarsely, feeling the heat rise inside me as I referred myself by a girl's name.

"Listen to your mother, Christine," said Andrea, "and don't give me that funny look, my girl. When you are dressed like this, and your biological father is dressed the way that he is, you will be the daughter and she will be your mother. Don't try to get around that or you will only cause trouble for yourself."

She raised my hand then. I couldn't believe what she had done to my fingers. The nails she had attached to my hand were long, red and shaped like a woman's. Andrea smiled at the look of horror on my face as she put girl's rings on two of my fingers. Then, chatting to Jennifer, she did my other hand so that it matched the first.

"The shoes," she said then to Jennifer.

"These are too high," said Jennifer, lifting up the flimsy high heels.

"But a girl like you would want to wear them," said Andrea, "and isn't the point of this exercise to teach Christine what it is like to be you? You would have died if I had told you that you had to wear flats to go out with me to Jimmy's, wouldn't you have, Jennifer? Remember how you wobbled on those black stilettos you loved wearing?"

Jennifer blushed. "May I try these on you, Christine?" she asked me. I was blushing at the female name she called me by.

Jenny sank to her knees on the floor and lifted my nyloned foot, my dress rustling noisily as she fitted the high heel to my foot. It was a little tight but it fitted me. So it should after all the measuring that Jenny had made of me. She helped me to put my foot down and to cross my other leg. More weird feelings went through me as my nylons crossed one on the other.

I had both shoes on as Andrea finished with my nails. "Don't do anything with your nails, Christine," she said to me firmly. "Not until they've set properly."

I looked down into my flowered lap; the contrast of my nails, the rings and the bracelet against the feminine dress made me gulp. I could feel tension in my stomach as I looked down at the lumps on my chest that were the shape of women's breasts.

"Here's her voice as well," said Andrea, taking what looked like a throat spray from her purse.

"That doesn't last very long," said Jennifer doubtfully, getting up gracefully to her feet.

"We can keep dosing her," said Andrea, smiling gleefully at me, I thought. I glowered at her and was about to give her a piece of my mind and tell her how depraved she was when she reached over and pulled on my lower jaw.

The spray that she used was very cold and it almost made me choke.

"What do you think you're doing?" I asked her. Only it didn't come out like that. It came out as if I had just taken a dose of the helium gas that we used to blow up balloons at school functions. We all tried it, I remembered, and we all sounded like Donald Duck after we had used it.

Both Andrea and Jennifer laughed at the voice that came out of me. "I suppose you think that this is really funny," I snarled at Andrea but the sound of my voice—why couldn't I get it to go down into my chest and sound like it normally did?—only made her howl with laughter.

"It isn't funny, Andrea," said Jennifer to her friend reproachfully. "It's something that Andrea discovered years ago, Christine," she said to me then. "It tightens your vocal cords for a while just like helium, but it lasts a little bit longer. It helped us to develop our true female voices. In the beginning, we sounded like little girls, just like you do now. It made it easier for us to keep our voices high and not use our diaphragms and chests to talk. I'd forgotten all about that."

Andrea gave me the spray. "Put it in your purse, Christine," she said, pointing to the white, feminine object on the dressing table. "You will find that you will need it this afternoon when the waiter asks you what you would like to have for lunch."

"I-I'm not going out of the house!" I said in a panic. Even to my ears, it sounded like a little girl protesting to her mommy.

"Of course you are, Christine," said Andrea. "I have reservations at Carmelo's. I have to be there to do a little business." She looked at Jennifer who was giving me a very sympathetic look. "Sorry, Jenny, but I couldn't get out of everything I'm committed to today. It will be *so* much more instructive to the girl than just sitting around here and watching *Tootsie* or *Some Like It Hot*. So let's get moving, mother and daughter, and let you find out what the world is like for women as attractive as us."

I protested again as Andrea hauled me to my feet. I didn't have to protest any more as I nearly fell over right away as the shoes seemed to want to buckle under me. I tried to walk but I really couldn't, not until both of the women with me, yes, I was thinking of them as women by then, held onto me, laughed at me, and tried to show me how to walk like a woman in high heels.

"You said that you would walk a mile in your mother's shoes," laughed Andrea. "And she *always* wears high heels like these."

"But I had lots of practice before I ever went out," Jennifer protested.

"Lots of practice?" asked Andrea. "You could barely move. That's it, Christine, short steps. That's why we women take such short steps and seem to walk more quickly than men. We don't take huge, gallumping strides as you are trying to, my dear. That's it, short, short, short. To walk like a woman, one foot comes down in front of the other. That's what gives us the female swing and sway of the hips that men expect of us."

Andrea came behind me as I struggled with the touch of a woman's dress on my nylons. I was sure my face was aflame as I felt the shake of earrings, the brush of the wig's long hair and the bounce of the breasts on my chest. My groin also felt tightly bound as did my waist and chest.

Who would want to feel like this? I thought as Andrea's hands touched on my hips, on my garter belt, as she made me swing my hips a little more. It didn't feel delightful to me as Andrea said that I 'must' be feeling. Why would a man want to go through all of this, I wondered, just to fool someone else into thinking he was a woman?

I caught a glimpse of myself in the mirror and I did look like a woman. I caught sight of the bow in the back of the dress over my rear and shuddered when I saw how female I looked from the back. Then, one of my shoes buckled and I felt very foolish.

"I-I *can't* go out like this!" I squeaked as I tried to shout at the pair of them.

"It's just the shoes that are too high," said Jennifer. I wanted to tell her that it wasn't just the shoes. It was everything.

"I brought some others, just in case," said Andrea dryly then. "Now, Christine, show us how you sit down like a pretty girl."

I tried but I sort of fell into the armchair in Jennifer's living room. I had to do it again, and again, until I remembered where to put my hands, how to bend and how to keep the soft, rusty skirts under me. I had to cross my legs and after I had straightened my skirts and re-crossed my legs a few times 'for practice,' Andrea relented and produced some different white, women's shoes, which had what she called 'kitten heels'.

Andrea insisted that I walk in them in the exact same way that I had walked in the high heels. I could have made long strides in these but Andrea scolded me once, very angrily, when I did that. "I know that you are taller than your mother and me," she said, "but you are going to walk with us. That means taking small strides as we do, and the sway has to be here," she smacked my bottom again, "so you put your feet in front of you just as I was teaching you."

"I, I'm not going out to any restaurant for lunch!" I squeaked. Andrea picked up her purse and put another one over my arm and tried to show me how to walk with it.

Andrea looked at Jennifer then. "All right," she said and Jennifer looked at her in surprise. "But we will have to go for a car ride. I will get out and do some business. You two girls can sit and wait for me." She checked her watch. "Come on, Jenny, Christine, we have to get going. I have an important client that I have to meet at Carmelo's."

Jennifer went off to get her purse and Andrea took my arm. I was hurried out of the door and into fresh air before I could even think about it. Andrea's heels clicked on the stone path; she went around the car, wiggling like a real woman, just as Jennifer's neighbors came past the driveway.

I heard Jennifer come out of the house and the door lock behind her as I stood there in a dress in front of people I had met. The air was cool on my legs as I had never felt it before as a man in pants.

"Oh, Jennifer!" exclaimed Mrs. Traynor, reining in her huge dog, Barry the Malamute, who stopped and looked at me as if he was wondering why I was dressed the way I was. "You look *so* pretty today. Andrea! We haven't seen you in an age. You've been busy in New York, we hear."

"Very busy," said Andrea with a light, feminine laugh. "But I have to drop in and take my old friend out for lunch once in a while."

"And who ...?" began Mr. Traynor pleasantly, looking at me.

"Christine White," said Andrea promptly. "I'm trying to persuade her to sign with Moore Models which is why I can claim that today's visit with Jennifer is a business lunch."

"And where is that handsome son of yours?" asked Mr. Traynor, staring at me. "Does he know what he is missing?"

"He's at a ball game today," said Jennifer nervously. "Andrea has a fashion show to attend this afternoon and it wouldn't really be for him."

Then why am I doing all this? I asked my father in my mind as Jennifer chatted sunnily to her neighbors. I stood and shivered as a wind came up; my hair, like the other women's, blew about my face. My dress floated about my legs, sending embarrassing sensations of lightness and femininity through me.

At last Andrea came and showed me how to sit like a woman. She demonstrated the technique for me, pretending to get something off the seat of the car. Then she held the door for me. I went in as she had done, sitting, lowering my head and lifting my legs into the car just as Andrea had done. Jennifer and Andrea got in like I had, but they did it so much more gracefully.

We waved to the Traynors as we passed them on our way to Carmelo's. "This is *awful*," I whispered to Jennifer and Andrea. I tried to smile to Mr. Traynor as if he was really seeing a woman and not the young man he had met just the other day with Jennifer.

Andrea laughed. "What's so awful about it?" she asked. She was seated beside her in the front of her Beamer.

"Everything," I said as we entered traffic. We had to stop at a traffic light on Lakeshore. The woman in the car beside us turned and looked most exactingly at me. I turned back, confused and shaking with fright, but the other two hadn't noticed at all. I shook as Andrea drove right up a long ramp to the front of the huge sign that proclaimed that this was Carmelo's.

Andrea got out of the car and, with a smile, gave her keys to a young man, who grinned at her and made some remark. She smiled back and seemed to glance at him with interest. Suddenly, the door to the car on my side opened and another grinning young man extended his hand to me.

"Can I help you out of the car, miss?" the boy of the same age as me asked, taking my unwilling hand in his. I wanted to call to Jennifer for help but she was out of the car, thanking the boy with the keys for his assistance.

But we weren't supposed to be getting out, I thought in indignation as Andrea went ahead and waited for Jennifer and me. I swung my legs around and crouched as I was assisted out of the car. I hoped that I wouldn't knock my wig off and be exposed to the snide grins and laughter of the car valets.

I stood and my dress swirled and rustled about me, making me feel very odd, very silly, very effeminate. A smiling Jennifer came and took my arm, led me up the steps and into the restaurant. "Andrea planned this," I said, realizing that 'just going for a car ride' had been a ruse.

"Yes," said Jennifer. She looked up a little at me as I tried to walk in a dress. My whole body was shaking with nerves and embarrassment. I felt exposed in front of all the people there, many of whom seemed to be looking at me or at my 'mother.' "She did that to me as well the first time I went out totally dressed. It was at night and we ended up at a night club where she'd already arranged a double date for us. We danced almost the whole night. Then I had to kiss Bob Langley in the back seat of the car while Andrea was kissing

Ken, his brother, in the front. Then we went up to her room and, well, you can guess what happened there."

"You made love to her?" I gasped in my squeaky voice. I was shuddering again as a man leaving the restaurant looked us up and down, at my legs in stockings like my mother's, no, my father's! Jennifer flushed, I could see, despite the lovely makeup that she wore. "But, but she, Andrea, was a man."

"She had transitioned by then," whispered Jennifer. "And I was just like you, thrilled to be wearing a dress and a wig and perfume. I loved women as well and Andrea was a woman to me. She knew me better than I knew myself, though, and she took advantage of me while she could. At least, that's the way she tells it to me now, as if she knew better than I did where I was going to end up in my sexual orientation."

"Oh, we can't go in there," I said. I held onto her hand tightly as we approached the crowded access to the dining room.

"Of course we can, Christine," said my 'mother,' Jennifer. "You may not think so but you pass delightfully, my darling, much more easily than I ever did. I am *so* jealous of you. I wish that I looked like you do now when I started out. The pain and trouble I have had to go through! Well, you wouldn't have to. You're almost perfect as a woman. Now, follow Andrea and that waiter and smile, Christine. People who are looking at you are admiring your dress and how prettily you have been made up. Not one thinks that you could possibly be a boy."

The waiter held a chair for me and I swept my dress under me as Andrea and Jennifer had showed me and as they did themselves. Then it really hit me that I was out in a public place. It was filled with talking, chattering people and I was a girl. At least, I was dressed like a girl. The young waiter was asking me what I wanted to drink. All I could think about was why he didn't call me 'Sir' which was my rightful title.

"Christine will have a Diet Sprite or a Diet Seven-Up," said Andrea sweetly. "She isn't old enough yet for liquor."

Oh, but I do have a fake ID back in my suit jacket, I thought. It would show that I was twenty-one, almost twenty-two now. The Delta Phi guys had made a point of selling their forgeries to everyone whom they would rush for membership in their frat the next year at school. What would you say if I gave that as my ID to you? I wondered. I was shaking in my female clothes as all around me a normal lunchtime serving of the business crowd was taking place?

I had to have a salad, of course, just like the two 'women' I was with but they did let me have a low-calorie dessert, which was tasty. Then Jennifer stood up, took my hand and led me to the Ladies Room.

"I don't need to go," I hissed to her in panic as Jennifer opened the door and pulled me into the Ladies Room.

"You need to spray again," Jennifer said to me with a smile. "And after eating and drinking, a woman needs to replenish her lipstick."

There were other women in there, several adjusting their clothing as they stared critically at themselves in the long mirror. Jennifer showed me how to do my lipstick and I had

to nervously apply it myself. She suggested that I powder again and did herself so that I could copy her. I did my throat and said what she asked me to repeat.

"You think I sound like a little girl," I said. I did.

Jennifer smiled at me and put her arm under mine, easing my shaking just a little. I was passing as a girl, weird, I thought, as we minced back into Carmelo's. There was a man sitting at the table with Andrea. I almost ran for the door but Jenny guided me back. Andrea and the man were talking very earnestly as we approached.

The man stood politely and held first Jennifer's, then my chair to help us sit down in our rustly skirts. "I have met this beautiful lady many times before," the man said, giving Jennifer a huge smile. "Many times, isn't it, Jennifer?"

"Dr Jennifer Whitehouse," said Andrea formally although my father seemed to need no introduction to the dark-suited businessman.

"Charlie Greenwood's partner now," said the man, turning and looking at me. He didn't realize, I hoped, how much I was trembling and shaking as he looked at me. He frowned and looked back at Jennifer. "This is your daughter or your niece, I think, Jennifer."

"How perceptive of you," said Jennifer, beaming at the man. He was in his early thirties, I thought, with a strong, handsome, masculine face. His hair was dark, like his thick eyebrows and his chin showed a little blue where he had shaved closely. "Not many people see that about us."

The man lifted his strong eyebrows. "You have the same beautiful eyes," he said with a smile. "But this young lady," I shivered as I realized that he meant me, "hasn't had any cosmetic improvements that I can see. Not yet, anyway."

"Oh dear," said Jennifer with a lovely smile. "Is it so obvious with me?"

"No," said the man with a grin. "It's just that the perfectly bobbed nose is so hard to find outside of surgery."

"You're right," said my 'mother' with a beautiful smile.

"Grant Kinsley," said Andrea to me, introducing the man at last. He took my hand and gave it a masculine squeeze. I gave him a limp shake in return as Andrea had practiced with me in Jennifer's little house. I must have been looking a little mystified at the conversation that was going on about me. "He's chairman of the board of Haversham's leading pharmaceutical company, Shavers. He is out to use my expertise in the fashion and cosmetics world in general."

"You have managed to penetrate the fashion world in New York, Andrea," said Grant Kinsley. "You control all the local shows, my mother tells me. Moore Models is a thriving enterprise all across the state and as far as Chicago. You've got connections with all the leading fashion agencies in New York. So you can surely assist Shavers in expanding into the cosmetics market."

"You'd have to change the name of your product first," said Andrea directly. "I don't think any woman I know would want to buy something called Shavers, no matter what it was."

"Agreed," said Grant Kinsley. "We know that we are going to have to start with a huge campaign, probably using some expensive Hollywood actress or New York fashion model. That's where *you* come in, Andrea. We need to look a few years ahead. We wouldn't want to be attached to someone who would become a problem. You know so many of the girls from the beginning of their careers. We would like you to guide us through a very difficult selection process. We need to have a young woman who can become the face of our products world-wide. Yes, our ambitions do reach that far."

"I could try to help you," said Andrea with a grin. "I've always wanted to be world-wide." I expected her to make a sexual innuendo to Grant Kinsley then but she didn't. I think she knew him well and this wasn't a new conversation she was having with him.

"This young lady," said Grant, smiling and turning to me. "Jennifer's daughter, isn't it? She's as pretty as Jennifer and, if you don't mind me saying, younger and fresher because of that. She's just the sort of model that we would consider using in our campaign. She's someone we should consider very carefully for the future with our new lines of cosmetics."

"Yes," cut in Andrea quickly. "But Christine isn't a model." Grant's eyebrows went up in surprise. I shuddered as he looked at me, at my figure and my white and green dress. "Not yet anyway. I am trying to persuade her to sign with me. But you know how it is. She wants to go back to school and become a proctologist or something, like her mother."

"Andrea!" laughed Jennifer. "Please. It's possible that Christine might become an ophthalmologist like me and join me in practice but that's a long way off."

"Christine," said Grant earnestly. "You should listen to Andrea. I saw you walk into this room and I saw you walk back here to the table. I think that you would have a future as a model. I really do. You have the height, the long legs and such a pretty face. I was thinking how you would be just the kind of fresh face we would like to use in one of our campaigns."

"Now, Grant," said Jennifer. I shook with animation at what this man was saying to me about having a pretty face, as if I was really a girl. "Please don't try to turn my daughter's head. She is going back to college in the fall and that's all there is to it."

"Pity," said Grant then. "You're going to be at the Dallbrooks show this afternoon, aren't you?" he said to Andrea. "I should introduce you to my mother then. She controls the company through her shares. I like to make sure that she meets the people with whom I am dealing on her company's behalf."

"I'll be there," promised Andrea.

When Grant finally left, she smiled at Jennifer and me. "Well," Andrea said. "It looks like we are going to a fashion show this afternoon after all."

VI. THE FASHION SHOW

Dallbrooks was the most expensive boutique in Haversham, Jennifer told me, as we left Carmelo's and waited for the car to be brought round.

"I want to go home!" I squeaked at her.

"But it should be fun," Jennifer told me. "Local television will be there which is how I normally see the show. But this will be really exciting. We'll be there as Andrea's guests. She will be supplying almost all of the models to the show. She would have to leave us if we didn't go with her."

"But Grant Kinsley..." I began with a shiver.

"He'll be there," said Jennifer, "but you just ignore him. By the way, he knows me very well despite all the idle chatter he was sending your way. I double-dated him once with Andrea. He was much too young for me, of course. Charlie was really jealous of him for a while. Oh, we must look closely at the lovely dresses that are going to be on sale in Dallbrooks and find one that I can afford. I need something spectacular for the Opera again this season."

"I don't want to go to a fashion show," I squeaked at my 'mother.'

"Of course you do," Jennifer said, her pretty cheek showing off her dimple. "Any girl would and any daughter of mine would just love being in the front row and seeing all the pretty models sashaying down the runway."

I wanted to say, But I am not your daughter and you are not my mother, even if you call yourself Jennifer and dress in women's clothes. But Jennifer clutched my arm and appeared so excited that I could hardly believe it.

Andrea joined us as the car arrived. "Rose," she was the owner of Dallbrooks, "was a little miffed about having to squeeze you in until I mentioned that you were Dr. Whitehouse and her daughter. Then she went all charming with me. She would love to have you at the show, Jenny. Said something about her niece."

"Alison Robson," said Jennifer with a little blush. "I operated on her a year ago. I'm surprised that Rose remembered."

There were doormen again to take Andrea's car at the boutique. We were ushered up a huge staircase to a large hall set up for the show to take place in. I could scarcely believe that it was me entering such a place and being treated as a woman by so many elegant women who clearly worked in the boutique. I struggled to hold onto Jennifer's arm and to walk like her while all the while on the inside, panic and hysteria were threatening to overwhelm me.

Even worse, the room was partly full with handsomely dressed women watching a television crew setting up. Waitresses smiled as they passed among the women, handing out long, thin glasses of champagne.

"Let's check in on my girls," said Andrea, mercifully leading us to a long, closed door. But my relief only lasted seconds as I was rustled through a curtain and into a busy room of mostly naked young girls.

Andrea left us right away and began to tell Nikki, a tall, elegant girl chatting to a manicurist, to get ready for her first entrance. Andrea scolded the blonde girl whose face was painted very thickly for the show for not putting on a bra at least while she was sitting.

"But I don't have to wear a bra with the Noversky dress," Nikki said in a husky voice that made me almost reach for the inhaler that Andrea had given me. Andrea looked pointedly at the girl who stood up in her pantyhose, panties, high heels and nothing else, looking gorgeous as she reached for her purse. She took out an inhaler just like the one I had and puffed on it as if she was an asthma sufferer.

I just stared at her. Nikki was taller than me and had long, shapely legs. Her breasts weren't large. She and the dresser helping her went over to a rack of dresses where she put on a light blue, silky dress that looked small enough to fit a young child. She had to sit then, her legs crossed while the dresser wove in a hat, Nikki's blonde hair disappearing into the concoction.

Andrea was talking to other girls. One took off her panties right there and put on a different pair, glancing at my blushing face, I'm sure. I hastily looked away and Jennifer grinned at me.

"In here, dressed as you are," Jennifer said lightly to me, "you are a girl. You are one of us. You would be arrested if anyone suspected anything about you but clearly they don't."

Andrea came back to us then and smiled as we looked at all the hubbub going on in the room. A smartly dressed woman with glasses was beginning to line up several of the models, checking them over. "I hate these eclectic shows," said Andrea. "It's not just Moore Models here and the designs are from twenty designers. Their reps get all cross if the wrong dresses are attributed to a different designer. It's much easier with one show by one designer, using one model agency."

"How many of these girls are yours?" asked Jennifer.

"Eighteen," said Andrea. "Rosemary," she indicated the woman in glasses, "doesn't like me being here. 'Interfering' she calls it but, since most of the models come from my agency, I need to see that they are all behaving properly and are being treated well. I needed to talk to David as well." She indicated a man who was photographing one of the girls in an off-the-shoulder black dress against a Dallbrooks backdrop. "He's ready to do a little favor for me afterwards as well. Well, shall we go and join the rest of the ladies and have a fabulous time at the Dallbrooks Fall Fashion Show?"

We went out of the dressing room and immediately had to take glasses of champagne or, in my case, sparkling apple juice. An older woman in a black dress swept through the throng of women, which had grown appreciably, and came to us. Her eyes seemed to be on me all of the time.

"My darling Andrea!" said the woman with a great smile. "And Dr Whitehouse! I am so delighted to have you visiting my establishment at last. And with your daughter in one of Heather's creations! It's a Heather Portillo, isn't it?"

I shook in fright, trying desperately not to spill the apple juice on myself. "You are right, Rose," said Andrea.

"It looks superb on a girl as young and lovely as your daughter, Jennifer," said the older woman. "It would be quite wasted on an old biddy like me." She laughed and Jennifer winked at me. I wished that she hadn't done that. Dad had always done that when Mother said something silly. I knew it was my Dad there with me, in his lovely, dark

blue dress, with his long red hair massed on his shoulders, his lipsticked mouth in a wide smile of pleasure as the two of us, father and son, stood there and listened to this woman praising our dresses and our fashion sense.

"But surely this girl is pretty enough to be in our show, Andrea," said Rose Dallbrooks. "You should take her back stage and have Rosemary find some gowns she could model for us. I would love to see her in some of the Portillo evening wear we have on display today."

"Well," murmured Andrea, glancing at me. My temperature soared as I thought that she was really considering it. "I would hate to disturb your daughter, Rosemary, any more on this stressful day for her. So I won't take you up on your generous offer, Rose."

"I actually talked to Christine about doing just that," she went on with a wicked smile. "I wanted to have her in this show but she insists that she has to attend my modelling classes first. And she is probably right. Christine is used to slopping around in jeans and a T-shirt. Jenny and I had quite a time getting her dressed up to come out today. But next year, Rose, next year, I'll try to have her in your show, for sure."

My ears burned as I listened to her, standing there in my rusty dress, quivering hair and earrings.

"I've re-done the seating," Rose Dallbrooks said then. "The three of you will be in the front row with a splendid view of all the girls. I do hope, Dr Whitehouse, to make you a client of mine. Everyone I talk to tells me how beautiful you are and what style you have. I can see that your daughter takes after you. Does she have your brains as well?"

If the 'daughter' had any brains, she would be running for the door right now, I thought, not sipping from a glass that showed lipstick stains, from lipstick that I was wearing, on it. It seemed that the eyes of every woman in the place were on us as Rose Dallbrooks led us to elegant French Provincial styled chairs. I wobbled as I tried to sit as Andrea and Jennifer had taught me.

"You should use your spray now before the show begins," whispered Andrea. "It is going to be quite long."

With shaking fingers, I took the spray out of the purse I carried and used it. "Now I will sound like Nikki, I suppose," I said in my little girl voice to Andrea. The waitresses whisked glasses away and the audience began to fill up the seats around us. The fragrances wafting my way were extremely feminine, just like the scent that Andrea had put on me.

"Who's Nikki?" Jennifer asked and Andrea grimaced.

"Your daughter is as quick as you are," Andrea explained. "Christine saw Nikki Harper using an inhaler spray like the one I gave her and jumped to the obvious conclusion."

"You don't have any, any women like us in this show, do you?" asked Jennifer nervously. I felt cold shivers running up my spine as she talked.

"Only two," said Andrea with a smile. "Nikki and Peggy. I'll point them out to you."

A fanfare of trumpets brought a lot of 'oohs' and 'aahs' from the audience of women in which I was submerged. I crossed my legs tightly, my nyloned legs, and tried not to think of all the tapings and female underwear I was in beneath the dress I was wearing.

Rose Dallbrooks gave a florid welcome to everyone. Then her daughter, Rosemary, took over and the parade of women and the commentary began. We were positioned so that the models paused their sashay in front of us and pirouetted so we could see how the dresses clung to their thin, female bodies.

I cringed as I sat there. Then Nikki swept down the runway. She stopped in front of us and I was unable to believe that she was a man. She pirouetted; the little skirt flared around her and several of the women around us applauded as she went by.

"They really like that dress," said Jennifer to me then. "You would look really cute in it with your long legs like that model."

"That's Nikki, Da-Jenny," I managed to say in my squeaky voice.

"Oh, really," said Jennifer, studying the girl doing the pronounced runway walk along the far side of the stage. "Oh, she *is* stunning, isn't she?"

The models kept coming, thick and fast, in suits, in dresses, in evening wear, each section taking a half hour, if not more, to go through. Each time Nikki came through, I felt weird as I looked up at her, a man, so splendidly feminine in her strapless evening gowns and especially in short skirts.

"Which is the second one?" asked Jennifer of Andrea. The models continued to rustle their dresses as they pirouetted on dainty heels in front of us.

"You couldn't tell?" asked Andrea with a broad smile. "I wish that you could say that to Peggy. She's a bundle of nerves before and after a show, absolutely sure that everyone is looking at her because they recognize her for what she is. Here she is, in the Noversky yellow evening dress. Isn't it gorgeous? Wouldn't you like to be the model modelling that one, Christine? That tight bodice would suit a girl like you. See how it suits Peggy?"

Peggy swayed in front of us, a fixed expression on her face, not really a pout but something like one, as she pirouetted. She can *not* be a man, I thought desperately, not as pretty a young girl as she appeared to be. Her blonde hair was short and curled about her head, her makeup was flawless from a distance and heavy from close up. Andrea began to applaud her. Jennifer did as well so I joined in.

Peggy's expression burst into a smile, a brilliant smile as she looked at the owner of the model agency she worked for. She looked so utterly female that I would have taken her out in a heartbeat. I would have loved to get into her panties, as we said in college. Then it occurred to me as I was applauding with my long, painted nails, that I probably was, as I sat there in my rusty dress and phoney cleavage, in her panties, or at least ones just like them.

From there to the end, it seemed that either Nikki or Peggy was on the runway at all times; I had to admire the way they walked on their high heels. They were incredibly high, but the girls in them walked with feminine sways, pirouetted and strutted as if it was perfectly natural for men to wear mini-skirts or flirty dresses and show off their incredibly feminine bodies.

Andrea left us to talk to Rose Dallbrooks and to several other women who knew Jennifer. She, my father, happily introduced me as Christine, her daughter, so I became Christine Whitehouse to everyone. It was easiest just to smile and agree with her. More liquor was brought out as well as trays of preserved hors d'oeuvres.

"Did you sign up for any of the dresses in the show?" asked Andrea when she rejoined us. Jennifer said that she didn't know where to do that.

"Rosemary has her notebook," said Andrea with a smile. "If you really want an item, just tell her and it will be delivered in the next day or so. The bill will come by the end of the month and that's when you will find out how much your choice will cost you. Of course, you can wait for them to appear on the boutique floor. Slight changes will make them appear a little different and there are size differences as well. Just don't ask the price now, either of you. That would be really crass."

Jennifer left us to go over and smile to Rosemary. I shuddered as Jennifer looked back at me and said something. Rosemary smiled and wrote and wrote in her notebook.

"You didn't buy anything for me, did you?" I asked Jennifer when she came back to us.

Jennifer looked very guilty. "Well, my darling Christine," she said and I squirmed at the way that she looked at me. "You do seem to have been enjoying all of this. It's exciting, isn't it, to be here like this, and to be fooling everyone here. Not that *I* am. Several of the women here know me from the clinic or the hospital and know quite well that I am a transsexual. But they are nice to me and insist on treating me as they would treat any other woman. Betty Carson knows all about me."

Betty had invited Jennifer to bring me to her house where she was having a luncheon the following week with her bridge club and friends. "We so want to get you into the club," Betty said. She made a date the following week as well for my father to play on Ladies' Day at the Marine Club, the most exclusive golf club in town.

"If she knows," I said to Jennifer, my father, "why would she invite you to be in a women's club?"

"Isn't the answer to that rather obvious?" asked Jennifer, watching me shiver and shake in my rustly dress. "I think you need a visit to the Ladies Room, Christine, don't you?"

I did want to go to the bathroom but did I have to go to the one that contained women only? "C-Can't we just g-go home?" I whispered to Jennifer. She smiled at me and led me off to the Powder Room as it was called in Dallbrooks. Jennifer stood guard for me as I went to the bathroom, whispering to me that ladies did not put their panties on the floor like men did their pants. They only lowered them along their thighs or to their knees.

I had quite a time getting the tape off me and doing what I should to be ladylike even though I was alone for most of the time. I just couldn't get the tape back along my private parts as Andrea had done it. I felt bad as I tried to walk but Jennifer understood right away. She lifted the back of my dress, slipped my panties over my hips and adjusted my taping for me. No one came into the bathroom but Jennifer had pulled me out of direct sight of the door. We would have been able to have dropped my dress over my rear end if anyone walked in.

Some women did come in as I went up to the sink and washed my hands. "These nails make it so difficult," I whispered to Jennifer who nodded in sympathy.

"Of course, they do for us all," said Jennifer with a smile. "There are so many inconveniences, aren't there, that we women must put up with to be pretty."

The other two women who had come in heard her and joined in right away in agreeing with Jennifer. We all had to refresh our lipsticks and one of the women wanted to know all about the color that I was wearing. Jennifer answered the woman easily. They talked about different brands and how they tasted and dried and things that I had no knowledge of at all about lipsticks.

"It's such a pretty color," said the woman at last. "You have such a pretty daughter, Dr. Whitehouse. She's a very lucky girl to have a mother as pretty as you to look out for her."

"Grant Kinsley was asking his mother if she thought that you might be the girl they are looking for at Shavers," the other woman said suddenly with a smile. "You must be a model then."

"N-No!" I squeaked, shaking my long hair again.

"I didn't know Grant was here," said Jennifer, rescuing me. "He said that he would mention that to his mother but we've tried to tell him that Christine isn't a fashion model, even if we do happen to be friends of Andrea Moore."

The other women went on then about Grant, how handsome he was and talked about his mother and how frail she appeared to be. "He was talking to Andrea Moore," said one of the women. "I wouldn't be surprised to see him at your door very soon, Jennifer. Once he gets an idea in his head, that man is pretty well unstoppable, you know."

I stared at my image in the mirror, my lips glistening, and tried to smile at the woman whom I knew was trying to be nice to me. I stared at the four female images primping in the mirrors and knew that one of them was me. I shook my hair and my earrings shook as well. They caused a slight soreness at my ears but I didn't dare take them off.

I put away my lipstick as the women left the Powder Room with us and I realized that I was one of them, in looks at least. It was somewhat disconcerting to be moving with them, smiling at their compliments as Jennifer and I went to rejoin Andrea.

"I thought I had lost you for a moment," Andrea said as the valet brought the car for us, watched us get into the car, and closed the car doors behind us.

"What did you give that valet, Andrea?" asked Jennifer as I relaxed for a moment. The touch of a man's hand as he assisted me to sit down like a lady in the car seat had almost made me come unglued. Well, that and the way the guy had lifted his eyebrows and smiled as my skirt swished up over my thighs and showed him more of my legs than I would have wanted him to see.

"Besides a generous tip?" asked Andrea with a giggle. It was so infectious and feminine that it made me really look at her. How could someone like her ever have been a man? I couldn't believe it and wondered if she and Jennifer were putting me on.

"Well, if you must know," Andrea went on with a smile in the rear view mirror as she looked at my father, "I just gave the young man my phone number, Jenny. Well, you know me. I haven't changed at all, really. I still love variety in my men friends."

"He won't call you," said Jennifer and I could hear laughter in her voice.

"Some men like older women," said Andrea haughtily as we wended through the traffic. We turned onto roads I hadn't travelled on the way to lunch or the fashion show. "They know we are more experienced."

That brought a snort out of my mother-father in the back seat.

"Just because you and Charlie are a perfect couple," Andrea went on, confirming all that I thought about my 'mother' and Dr. Charles Greenwood, "doesn't mean that everyone has to be lovebirds and content with only one lover in their life." I stiffened at the topic Andrea was going on about so glibly. "Besides, did you see the way that Jeff looked at Christine? I gave him my agency card with my private number. What do you bet that he phones and hooks up with me in a sneaky attempt to get next to Christine and the other models who work for me? I should let him tangle with Nikki for a while after I've done with him. That would serve him right."

"Where are we going?" asked my mother then. I had to stop thinking of Jennifer in that fashion. I had heard her referred to as my mother so often on this crazy day that I couldn't help but start to think of Jennifer that way.

"We have to have photographs," said Andrea. She turned the car into a little strip mall and drew up in front of a huge sign that said, *David Backman Photography*. It showed poster-sized photographs of fashion models posing in each window along the frontage of what must be a very large studio. One of them, a girl standing in a mini-dress, her long lovely legs and long blonde hair setting off her thin, smiling, feminized face was Nikki Harper.

"But David Backman?" asked Jennifer in amazement as Andrea parked the car and set the brake with an elegant high heel.

"David owes me a lot," said Andrea, turning to both of us with a smile. "He saw Christine in the dressing room at the show and was very willing to do a little photo shoot for us. That's why I had a rack of the dresses from the show sent over. You are going to have to help me, Jennifer, and be dresser and beautician for your lovely daughter as well as me. But you will have photographs to treasure of this wonderful day as Christine after we are done here."

"This isn't what we agreed to," I said to my mother, Jennifer, as she opened the door for me.

"No," agreed Jennifer. "This day isn't quite what I envisioned for the two of us but it's more exciting than sitting around the house, isn't it? Andrea is always so lively. I could never keep up with her from the time I first met her. But you have enjoyed some of today, haven't you, Christine? I've seen you shivering a lot. I used to do that all the time, then I found out that it usually meant I was having a thrilling time. I don't get the shivers that you are getting any more from women's clothing. I really envy you for that."

I got out of the car very reluctantly as Andrea waited by the main door for us. It was threatening to be out in the open air again dressed as a woman with other people going by in cars and on foot. Several glanced in our direction. I had to hurry with Jennifer then to get off the street.

The photo studio was huge. "Andrea!" called David Backman, rushing to her to give her a big hug. "And Jennifer Whitehouse. I would love to do a spread of this wonderful lady," he said to Andrea. "I used to admire her so much from afar at your wonderful parties, Andrea, but I was far too shy to approach her in person then."

Jennifer, I noted, was smiling and looking very pleased with all the flattery that the younger man, he was about thirty, I supposed, was showering on her.

"And this is the future fashion model," said David Backman, turning and smiling at me.

"N-No!" I squeaked at him, shaking my head vigorously enough to feel my hair and earrings against my neck.

David laughed. He put his arm around me and gave me a hug. Every nerve in my body went into overload as he put his arm about me just as if I was a woman.

"Well said, Christine," David said. "We have far too many wannabes in the fashion world. But for your birthday present, I promised Andrea that I would give you the benefit of my expertise as a fashion photographer. So, be prepared to be insulted, harangued and generally made to feel about two inches tall, Christine, as these two ladies help you in and out of the lovely costumes Andrea has stolen from Dallbrooks' Fall Collection. At the end of all this, you will have a collection of photographs, I assure you, that you can take to any agency in New York. They will certainly give you an interview on the basis of what I do for you."

VII. A PERFECT END TO THE PERFECT DAY

I didn't need Jennifer to whisper to me that David Backman was gay and that I should pay no attention to his touching me, putting his arm around me constantly. I shouldn't let it bother me. It did bother me, of course. It would have bothered any young man of my age, I think, to be touched by another man even if he wasn't in a dress and a bra like I was. And his being gay wasn't reassuring to me at all!

David, I was to call him that, took several photos of me in the summery dress I was wearing. He had me sit and cross my legs, then ran up to me to adjust the hair at my ears to expose my earring and arranging my skirt about my legs before he took the pictures of me posed as a young woman.

It seemed like he took fifty or more pictures of me sitting on the sofa and fifty more of me in front of a living room back drop. Then it was time for me to change. "I don't want to do this," I complained to Jennifer. She shushed me and assisted Andrea in putting me into a tight, black skirt and a glittery, silver top that seemed to accentuate the breasts I had looming out in front of me.

"She has to wear the high heels with that," said Andrea and so I did. The skirt caught at my legs and made me take the small steps they said that I would need to walk in the

heels. They were right, of course, but, wonder of wonders, I was able to walk into the new set and not fall over. I had to handle a genuine rose and sniff from it while David told me to lean this way and that. I felt like such an idiot to be doing what I was as I seemed to tower over him as I did over my mother. Drat it, I mean my father.

"In the same outfit, with different hair," ordered David. Andrea removed my wig and put me into something long and blonde. David made no remark about me being in a wig or about the cap I was wearing over my natural hair.



"Oh, that's delightful," he said. "Keep that expression. Yes, turn in profile, oh yes, yes, yes. Oh, the camera really likes her, Andrea, just as you said. Well, time for a complete change."

I heard those words again and again over the next two hours. Andrea warned David that we were running over several times but the photographer always wanted 'just one more.' I was photographed in evening gowns, my cheeks burning as red as the hair that I had to wear for some of the shots.

"You look so much like your mother in that wig," said David. I had to stand in female silhouette and look over my bare shoulder at him, the large bands in my ears quite clearly displayed. "Now smile. Toss the hair and smile, Christine. Yes, more, a wider smile. You're happy to be here having your picture taken as a girl."

That jarred me although David said nothing else. I was certain he knew that I wasn't a girl. He was doing all this for me probably be-

cause he knew that I was a man like Andrea, to whom he owed some favor.

"He knows all about me," I said in a panic to Andrea. She immediately went for my spray and made me take a dose.

"Actually, he doesn't," she said with a smile. "I heard what he said. He thinks that you are some kind of tomboy who's just learning how to be girlish. A lot of my best models have been this way at the start and he's said the same thing to them when I've brought them in. Now we are going to see you in that yellow Noversky dress."

I was so numb that I let her change me into it, pulling the bodice so tight that I could barely breathe. I had new jewellery and a new wig, the hair already piled up high on my head. I tried to walk as Peggy had but I couldn't manage it on the yellow high heels I wore. Peggy must have worn them in the show earlier.

"This is the stairway shot," said David. I had to walk the length of the studio; my shoulders were bare, earrings were jingling on my neck and shoulders, I was clutching my skirts as Jennifer and Andrea showed me.

I wobbled a couple of times on the stiletto heels that I couldn't see but my 'mother' was always there to steady me. David posed me going up and coming down the stairs, holding my skirts out and with my hands, and long, red fingernails, exposed along the railings of the circular staircase. Then he had me twirl on the floor and took repeated shots of me as the dress flowed about me. I felt I was something worse than a village idiot for performing all the feminine moves he had me do.

I had to wear several other evening gowns, long-skirted and showing off the padded figure that I had. Then I had to change from stockings to pantyhose; David wanted to show off my legs in the short mini-skirts and flirty dance dresses the models had worn earlier. I had to change shoes with every outfit, jewellery and hair pieces as well until I scarcely knew who I was.

Finally, David looked at his wrist watch and gasped. "Is that the time?" he asked and he smiled at me. He ran up to me then and flung his arms about me, hugging me to him, kissing my cheek. "Oh, I love Chanel," he said, squeezing me against him. I teetered on my latest high heels and didn't quite know what to do. "Doesn't time seem to fly when you are having fun? And this was fun, wasn't it, Christine, even if it was nothing like you expected yourself to be doing today. I'll have the proofs ready for Andrea in a day or so, then we can do the selections for your model card. Even if you never use it, it will be a memento for both of us of a glorious afternoon. But now I have to run! I've a jewellery collection to shoot for a magazine."

And with that, David was gone, his last words to Andrea being for her to lock up.

"Well, that was very interesting," said Jennifer. She smiled at me in the ruffled, bouncy, dark green, silk dress I was wearing with a blonde wig, similar to the one I had started out the day in. "You *did* enjoy that, didn't you, Christine darling?"

"You don't have to call me Christine," I said to her in my high, girlish voice, "not when we are alone."

"She sounds just like you did when I first met you," said Andrea with a laugh, taking my mother's arm and leading her behind the partitioned area we had used for a dressing room.

The rack of clothes from Dallbrooks stood there as well as the clothes I had worn earlier that day. I had changed from the white underwear and currently was in green silk panties and bra that matched the dress I was wearing. I had been in absolute panic mode when Andrea whipped down my panties and had me wear black lace with the little red, tartan skirt with the white, see-through top I had been photographed in.

"What do you fancy, Jen?" asked Andrea. "Christine can go as she is to dinner but you and I will look dowdy beside her. I think I'm going to try on this black shortie that we didn't get to for Christine. I may not have her legs but I do have pretty nice looking ones for a woman of my age."

"I thought that we should head back home for a quiet night after all the excitement," began Jennifer and I heartily agreed with her. I had had quite enough of trying to act like a girl, being all cutesy and feminine for the photographer. I had had quite enough of dresses and long hair and perfume. My ears hurt from wearing earrings and my body objected to all the binding about me.

"And you are going to cook?" asked Andrea, raising an eyebrow and searching for her cellphone in her purse. "Please, Jen. I've tasted your cooking many times. Hello," she said to wherever she had dialled. "Hello, Marco, Andrea Moore here. A table for three. No, it doesn't have to be out in the middle of the floor. A booth would be perfect. At eight-thirty. Superb, maestro. I owe you one."

"Pisa?" asked my mother sharply. "Oh, Andrea, we can't go there in any old thing. We should go home so I can change."

"Jennifer," chuckled Andrea. "For one thing, like your daughter, you look simply gorgeous in anything. For another, what did I say recently? What do we have here but a rack of dresses that Rose will be selling for the next season or so? Not the Noversky, of course, which someone of exquisite taste and wealth has already purchased and which I have to get back to Dallbrooks so that they can deliver it to you tomorrow, Jennifer."

"You bought the yellow dress?" I asked my mother. She nodded, smiling with pleasure.

"You looked so good in it," Jennifer said, smiling broadly. "I knew that you would and I couldn't bear anyone else to have it. I'd be thinking of you all the time and wondering how you would have looked in it. Now, I know."

"But it's going to cost a fortune," I said as I stood there in the little dress that hung so lightly about my feminized body that it was almost like wearing nothing at all. "For something that I will never wear."

"More than I have given you to go to university," said Jennifer with a smile, totally ignoring my last remark. "But it's so beautiful. Who knows? Some day, you might like to wear it again and we can have a quiet day together, much quieter than this one."

"Come on, Jen," said Andrea. "Choose a dress and let me get this lot packaged." She was phoning someone else at her agency and making arrangements for the rack to be de-

livered back to Dallbrooks and for the boxes that would contain the clothes we had worn during the day returned to her office.

Jennifer chose what she called a cocktail dress, flared and very bouncy, light blue and grey. "If only Charlie knew how much this day has cost," she said with a great smile at me, "he'd be so mad at me. I shall *have* to buy this dress, shan't I?"

Both Jennifer and Andrea had changed in front of me and I saw them in their female underwear. Everything fitted them and showed off their female contours so enticingly. My mother-father's breasts bounced and moved naturally; she filled out her panties whereas I didn't without the help of the padding Andrea had put there.

Andrea was much the same as Jennifer save that her underwear was black silk while Jennifer's had been light blue. Makeup had to be replenished and I found that I could not go back to the short-heeled shoes. Andrea and Jennifer wouldn't let me.

"But I tower over you and I'm not used to walking on stilts," I complained to my mother who had little sympathy for me.

"It's only for a couple of hours longer," Jennifer said to me with a smile. "High heels make your legs look so pretty which is why Andrea and I wear them all the time. And really, you aren't that tall, Christine."

"She is for an average woman," contradicted Andrea seriously. "But that's how everyone knows she is a model. Peggy has the same reaction to heels. I have to bully her into wearing them as well. She wants to wear flats or walking thongs all the time and slouch down. Then she'd be just as tall as us and no advertisement for the lovely model that she is."

In the reflection of the shiny surface of the door, I got a first overall look at myself in the green, light, airy dress and the blonde wig. At first, I thought that I was looking at one of the posters in the front windows of David Backman's studio. I didn't recognize the girl standing there with the bare arms and the long purse over her shoulder.

"I-I can't go out like this!" I protested to Jennifer. Andrea supervised the removal of the rack of clothes and gave a 'work order' to the driver. He nodded and looked at the three of us approvingly as the woman with him just smiled and waved to Andrea.

Jennifer frowned at me. "Why not?" she asked. "You look absolutely lovely, Christine. Every man in Marco's place ... Oh! You don't *want* that!"

"I don't want to be turning on every man in the place," I said to my mother, a deep ache in the pit of my stomach. "It might be a joke to fool some people sometimes but not like this. This, this is too, too ..."

I wanted to say the word 'perverted'. It was. A man like me making other men desire him as a woman! I felt the pretty dress shimmering about me on my stockings. I felt my hair swaying against me and I felt distinctly womanly. I shuddered at the thought and looked at the person who had been my father. She would have loved it, I thought, looking at Jennifer, who was my father and not my mother as I had started to think of her. This was what she wanted me to understand about her. She wanted these feelings I had. I interpreted them as shame and embarrassment and she interpreted them as femininity and de-

sirability and they were the exact same feelings. She loved just what it was that I hated about the deception we were imposing on the people around us.

Jennifer took my hand in her equally soft one. "It will only be for a short time, darling, really. I'll beg off early with Andrea, claim that I am tired and we'll go home before desert."

Andrea came back from locking the doors the rack of dresses had exited by. "Ready to go?" she asked. "I'm famished. I hope you girls are too."

One of 'you girls' definitely was but 'she' didn't want to go to one of the trendiest places in town, even if it was on a slow night. "We would never get in there on a weekend like this," confided Andrea. "I would have to give Marco a quickie in his office to get a back table in a far corner on a Saturday."

"Don't, Andrea," said Jennifer reproachfully as I squirmed at Andrea's words. "I know that you're not really like that but my daughter doesn't."

It was amazing, I thought, that my father, Jennifer, had not once made a mistake about my supposed gender now that I was in a dress while I could not quite get hers consistently straight in my mind.

"Oh, I think that your daughter knows that I am a slut," laughed Andrea. "At least her mother is a lady. It does take all sorts, I guess."

There was a little crowd of people outside *Marco di Pisa's* restaurant, bar, night club or whatever it was. I felt almost naked as I minced along the carpet into the place, past the eyes of people waiting to get in or waiting for others to arrive.

"Andrea, ladies," beamed an old man who clearly enjoyed his food far too much. He clutched Andrea in a big squeeze, then Jennifer and finally girlish me. It was like being draped over a ball. I had to giggle at the thought of Andrea having a 'quickie' with this man. I couldn't help but wonder how she would do it but I didn't dare to ask. She would have embarrassed me by telling me how to make love to a man and enjoy every second of my embarrassment, I was sure.

We had a booth on the side of the main dining room but Marco made a point of parading us right through the main part of the eating area so that everyone could see the pretty ladies who came to his club. We crossed a small dance floor; I thought that I would fall for certain on the slippery service but with just one little wobble we made it safely to our table.

"There's Nikki," said Andrea, waving to someone at one of the front tables. Nikki smiled back at us, then leaned forward to hear what a well-dressed, older, dark-haired man was saying. "She's playing with fire with Lou Averstine, I've told her a few times. But she thinks that, since he hasn't caught on already to her games and such, he never will. I have to get that girl off to Montreal or Thailand or somewhere soon even though she's just starting to earn a decent salary as a model."

"How much is that?" asked Jennifer.

"Six figures," said Andrea, "but she does have a lot of overhead. All the models do. There are my fees as her agent and manager and there are always medical issues that have to be paid for, cosmetic stuff usually. In Nikki's case, those are different from most of the

other girls, save for Peggy. I have had to make sizeable loans to both of them to put them in the position they are in today."

"That's why you like my daughter then," said Jennifer, smiling at me as I tried to sit without my dress lifting all the way up my legs, exposing my thighs and panties to everyone. "She would require a lot less maintenance than Nikki or Peggy."

Andrea smiled. "There's always something," Andrea said. She turned to me. "You saw the girls walking about in the dressing room at Dallbrooks, Christine, didn't you? Did you notice how many were walking about without a top on and without a bra? If you were to become a model, we would have to have you get a breast augmentation, for sure. That would be the first of your expenses before you've earned a penny. And then there would be her hips. They need to be more rounded. Girls are so vain about their beauty.

"I bet it wouldn't be long before Christine wanted her nose tipped like her mother's. It all adds up. No, Christine wouldn't be maintenance-free, Jennifer. It would be the same challenge, I expect, as I am going through now with Nikki and Peggy. Don't even think what would happen to us at Moore Models if one of them gets exposed. Which is why, I think, that I must bite the expensive bullet and get Nikki up north if I can. I must get the phone number of your surgeon in Canada, Jen, and get on that right away."

"Sure," said Jennifer lightly, not looking at me.

I could have eaten a horse despite the way that I was dressed, but Andrea ordered me another salad-type meal and soup. Their meals were as small as mine but still Jennifer gave some of her chicken to me. It was delicious. I left more than half of the seafood salad that Andrea had ordered for me.

"That's enough for her," said Andrea to my mother who had served me half of her supper. "If she is ever to be a model, she will need to lose weight and that means curbing her appetite."

"It's only a one-day game," I whispered to her, uncrossing my legs and sitting normally which felt good to do.

It was at that moment that Lou Averstein and Nikki came up to our table, Nikki looking very good in her black top and short, black skirt. "Andrea," said the man, sliding into the booth beside Nikki and her manager/agent. "I was just talking to Nikki about coming with me to Hawaii as soon as winter is here and most of your fashion season is over. But she says she doesn't know when she is working and I have to talk to you."

Andrea smiled. "Good girl," she said to Nikki. "I have been talking about a foreign trip for you, Nikki, with Peggy along. You'll both come back much better for it."

"Oh," said Nikki, but she smiled and looked rather pleased. "That would be heavenly, Andrea!" She sounded so girlish, *little*-girlish actually, that I couldn't believe my ears. Was that how I sounded? I hoped not, because it would make me what my friends at university would have called a real bimbo. I shivered as I thought of Shane or Danny seeing me now, hearing me speak, imagining what they would be calling me.

"If Nicole and Margaret are going to be off to foreign parts," said Averstein, his arm and hand still tight about Nikki's waist, "then perhaps your newest model, Andrea, could entertain me at night for a while."

"Christine isn't one of my models," said Andrea with a false smile, I thought. "She is the daughter of my friend, Dr. Jennifer Whitehouse."

"Dr. Whitehouse?" asked Averstein in some surprise. "Oh yes, I saw you at the Civic Pride luncheon, didn't I, in early March? Yes, you were the one they selected as Woman of the Year, wasn't it?"

My mother-father blushed and seemed most embarrassed. "It was very nice of them," she murmured.

"And what is your daughter doing here?" Averstein asked. "Just come up for a bit of fun?"

"Actually, we were planning her university career, the financial details and such," said Jennifer sweetly. "It has been nice to have her here with me even if she has to go back to New York on the weekend."

"New York!" gasped Nikki, in her little girl voice again. "Oh, I *so* want to go there!"

"Perhaps after the foreign trip," said Andrea cryptically to the girl. I looked at her and all I could think was that this was a devastatingly beautiful girl. "I think that we should try New York for both you and Peggy. I think you will be ready for it then, though it does mean that I might have to sell your contracts to a bigger agency."

"Ooh," said Nikki, "that would be so fantabulous, wouldn't it, Loubie?"

"Great for you," said a smiling Louis B. Averstein, or so I supposed his name to be. "I'd better enjoy my darling girl while I can, hadn't I? Move your tush off my leg, girl, and let's get out on the dance floor."

"Be good, Nicole," said Andrea warningly. The girl stood up with a radiant smile, not bothering to smooth down her skirt where her frilly, ruffed panties were on show. "Be a good girl tonight. Remember that after the foreign trip, if it happens, you'll be able to party in any way you like for a while."

Nikki's eyebrows went up in a signal that she had got the message.

"She may have gotten the message," said Andrea, saying what we had all been thinking, "but that doesn't mean that she will act on it."

"Is Peggy just like her?" asked Jennifer.

"No," said Andrea. "Peggy is a one-man woman up to now. She and her boy friend have been making it since she was twelve or thirteen. She might not want to go to Montreal with Nikki. Dave, her boy friend, might not want her to. I haven't quite figured him out. She's definitely in love with him, besotted. He's pushed her forward when I have wanted him to, but I don't know if he's going to like her if she gets the big snip, I really don't. And that would shatter her, I think."

Andrea looked down gloomily at the remains of our meal. "Problems, problems," she said wearily. "If it's not one thing, it's another. here's another one coming this way right now."

I turned to look over my shoulder and there was Grant Kinsley walking in our direction. "Andrea, Jennifer, Christine," he said, nodding to each of us in turn. I felt an instant feeling of dread passing through me. "Christine, you've changed your hair," he said with a

smile. "And all of you have changed your dresses from this afternoon. You all look so lovely sitting here and not a swain in sight to look after you!"

"And you are volunteering for the part?" asked Andrea immediately.

"Maybe," said Grant with a quick grin which made his face a lot less fierce. "I saw you ladies sitting here. I was feeling like dancing and I see that Christine is dressed for dancing as well. So, I thought, why not? Why shouldn't I ask the prettiest girl in the club tonight to dance with me?"

"We, we were just going," I managed to squeak out as the other two women stared at him and me. I felt suddenly hot and awkward. I crossed my legs and Grant smiled at me. I felt every bit of the feminine clothing I was encased in, and wished I was anywhere else in the world.

"I came to ask your mother and her friend, Christine, if they would like to dance with the guys," said Grant. I saw Charlie, the man Jennifer lived with, coming through the crowd with a smile on his face. My mother lit up like a candle as Dr. Charles Greenwood approached.

"You weren't going to be back until Sunday!" Jennifer said rapturously as Charlie came and stood before our booth.

"Boring, boring conference," said Charlie Greenwood, squeezing into the booth beside my mother and leaning over to kiss her on the lips, his arm about her waist.

"My other friend is Mark Johnson who was in the bar with us," said Grant, looking at Jennifer and Charlie in amusement.

"Oh, Mark," said Andrea, waving to some man who was standing at the edge of the dining room. He arrived, grinning, his arms open wide as Grant stood up. Andrea slid out, right into the arms of the greying-haired, older man who gave her a huge hug. They stood chatting for a moment before sliding out to the dance floor.

"If you could move, Charlie," said Grant to the man clutching and caressing and kissing my father, "I could take your future daughter-in-law out on the floor for a dance."

Charlie sat up and gave me a look of astonishment that made me tremble through and through. I was certain that he was going to blurt out that I was Jennifer's son, not her daughter but he looked at Jennifer and she smiled at him. Jennifer tucked her arm about him as he helped her to her feet. I was able to slide out girlishly right into the arms of Grant Kinsley.

"Oh, this dress really suits a girl with legs like yours," Grant said to me, making me have womanly feelings again. Jennifer drew Charlie after her and was whispering to him as the two cuddled together. Grant took my soft, unwilling hand in his and pulled me towards the dance floor.

"I don't know how to dance," I told him, panic-stricken to think that I would actually be dancing with a man on the crowded dance floor. And he wouldn't know! He would think that he was dancing with a young woman in a flirty green dress.

"Neither do I," said Grant, looking back with a smile. I balked a little, sure that my little dress wasn't covering anything at all as I was drawn towards the dance floor. "There's

no real dancing going on at all. It's just clinching and swaying in one spot. Any girl can do that, can't she?"

Any girl might be able to do that but I wasn't 'any girl.' I wasn't a girl at all and I didn't want to dance with any man, either. But I didn't have any choice unless I wanted to create a scene and expose myself for certain. Besides, Grant was quite right. There wasn't room to dance at all.

Grant put his arms about me and when I hesitated, he lifted my arms and put them around his neck. I felt my dress rise a little bit as he put his arms about my waist and hugged my silly, phoney boobs against him.

"Lean your head on my shoulder," Grant murmured to me, so I did. I was stiff and rigid but I swayed a little as he directed me and we moved a little deeper into the crowd. Me, a man, was dancing with another man. Nikki and Andrea, Jennifer and Peggy might have liked doing this with a man, but I was stunned that I could even move. They might have enjoyed doing it but I couldn't because I knew that I was a man and I knew that I shouldn't be doing this. I shouldn't be trying to deceive a man about myself. It was so wrong.

"Relax," ordered Grant, not letting me go. The band stopped briefly before starting again into another song from *My Fair Lady*. "I'm not going to eat you," he said as we swayed tensely to the music.

"I *told* you that I couldn't dance," I said to him. Well, I could, as a man, but here I was being held firmly by another man and directed backwards to who knew where on the dance floor.

"You actually move very well, in rhythm," said Grant. I had to look up at him and he was smiling down at me. "There's a space coming up and we can do a little rock and roll."

"No," I said desperately, clinging to him, my arms about his neck. But Grant's strong arms directed me into a twirl. His hand passed easily over my head as he pirouetted me in my high heels. Then he had to hug me again as a crowd of people filled up all the dancing spaces on the floor.

"And you said that you couldn't dance," said Grant with a smile.

"I c-can't," I stammered fearfully. "And certainly not with these high heels."

"Well, in that case," said an amused Grant, "I'll have to hold you tightly and caress you so that you don't fall. It does work for me."

"Please," I begged him. Feminine feelings cascaded through me as I tried to dance and move like a woman. "I'm really not having a good day and this is just adding to the stupid mess I am in."

"Oh," said Grant, swaying, then spinning me with him into a new space. He lifted me from the floor and put me down lightly as we attained room. I could see Andrea and Mark Johnson, whoever that was, lip-locked together as they swayed on the dance floor, in another world from the one the rest of the dancers were inhabiting.

"What was so bad about your day?" asked Grant Kinsley.

"Everything. Nothing," I told him, shaking against him as he caressed my back and drew me tighter to him. Obviously, he still thought that I was a woman.

"Let me try to tell you what is wrong with your day," said Grant Kinsley. I clutched him more tightly as I felt his hands on the bra strap across my back. "I had a most interesting talk with Charlie Greenwood when I met him in the bar. He was telling me all about his intentions to marry Jennifer Whitehouse in the coming year. He was telling me that he went away for the week to give Jennifer some time with her son, whom they had picked up at the airport a few days ago."

I went rigid again in his arms. I could feel the panic and distress rising up inside me. I looked up at him in alarm, sure that he was gloating over me. "I asked Charlie about Jennifer's daughter, Christine, and he had no idea what I was talking about," said Grant. "I think Jennifer is telling him all about you now. He is getting very worried for you because Charlie knows what he said to me. He knows that I know very well who I am dancing with in her lovely, blonde wig, exquisite makeup, pretty green dress and high heels."

"It was just a joke," I said to him, humiliated beyond despair. He showed no inclination to let me go. I still had my arms girlishly about him and he didn't look like he wanted me to let go of him. In fact, he squeezed me even tighter and swayed me even more, my dress fluttering about me and him. "Well, not a joke. We weren't hitting it off, Jennifer and me, and she said it was because I didn't understand her."

"What teenaged boy *could* understand a transsexual father?" murmured Grant into my ear. He leaned over me and drew me close to him again as I tried to break free.

"And I said I would walk a mile in her shoes," I said. I was desperate to get away from him and to explain that I wasn't the same kind of person as my mother.

"You've done a lot more than that," said Grant, putting his face against my hair as he held onto me despite my little attempts to get free.

"I said I would do one day as a girl to know how it feels," I told him. It sounded silly and stupid. "One day, that's all."

"And this is the day?" asked Grant. "Isn't it working out in the way you expected?"

"No! Of course not!" I told him miserably. "Look at me, out here on the dance floor, dancing with another man."

"You danced with someone else before me?" asked Grant with laughter in his voice.

"Please don't mock me," I said to him. The feelings that swarmed through me almost made me cry. "I feel bad enough about all this as it is. I really apologize for the deception that has been worked on you. If Jennifer had just not called Andrea, we could have had a quiet day at home and I would still understand Jennifer a lot better."

"How do you understand her more?" asked Grant then. "You like being dressed up like a girl? You like being told how lovely and pretty that you are?"

"No," I said, pleading with him to understand. "Jennifer has a compulsion to be like this. She would probably love being out here with you. But I don't."

"That's where you are wrong, Christine," said Grant then. "What a lovely name for you by the way! It was the name the first male to be transformed into a female chose for himself. I don't suppose that you remember Christine Jorgensen, do you, not at your age."

I shook my head. The dance ended but Grant took hold of my hands and held me out there in the middle of all the other couples. Nikki smiled at me from where she was standing, if you could call the way she was pressed into Lou Averstein, standing. Her lipstick definitely looked messed up.

"You are wrong to think that Jennifer would love to be out here with me," said Grant. "She hasn't told you, I'm sure, but I had a brief fling with her when she came out here. I had never seen anyone as beautiful as her before but I was just a callow youth out of college and she was a very mature woman. I told her it wouldn't matter. And she told me what *would* matter between us. To say that I was shocked is an understatement. By the time I recovered a year or two later, Jenny and Charlie Greenwood were an item and I had missed my chance. I tried to tell her she should dump Charlie. She said, and I should have known, there is just too much of an age difference between us. I could have been her son, she told me, and she was right."

Grant moved me into a dance than, a strange rock and roll dance that we sort of made up as we went along. I had to pirouette and twirl for him constantly. Oddly, I kind of didn't mind as 'twirling' was the state my emotions were in when I thought of what he was telling me about my mother.

"Jennifer is very lucky to have a son like you who would try to understand her," Grant said when the crowd grew again. He put my arms back around his neck. "But I think that if you really want to understand your mother," yes, he knew all about her and still couldn't refer to Jennifer as anything but female, "you have to understand her effect on men and of men on her. She really is a woman."

"Yes, she is," I agreed anxiously with this man I had only met that day. I would have agreed with anything he said if only he would let me get off this dance floor. I needed relief from the disturbing feelings running through me as we danced together.

"So how are you understanding her?" Grant asked me.

"Well, my mother called this the hands-on method," I said.

"Of course," said Grant. "And it makes what I am about to do easy. Learn about your mother by doing, Christine."

That was when Grant kissed me. I couldn't believe it. I couldn't believe the emotions that soared through me as a man held me in his arms. My arms were about his neck and he was kissing me. His arms tightened about me and his hand was behind my head. I felt pressed firmly into him, my lips forming cushions.

Well, I have kissed a few girls before but I had never kissed a man. I was being kissed by a man and my wits were scattering. He took his arm from my head and stroked my bare shoulders. I didn't have the sense to move my mouth from his. He pressed my body against his; again I didn't do anything but move my mouth against his and let all the strange feminizing feelings pour through me.

My mother would have kissed Grant like this, I thought. Grant had as much as said so. She must kiss Charlie like this and feel like this. I clung onto Grant, then the shudders overcame me. He had to stop kissing me and just hold me as the tremors that went through me were worse than any earthquake. Yes, as I was learning, even though you are a man, you can feel like a woman when a man kisses you as if you are a woman. It had the potential to arouse you. I was aroused and I didn't want it to stop. God help me, I would even do it again. I think that I understood my mother a lot better after Grant's kiss. I would definitely not make any of the snide comments I had made about her and her sexuality again. How could I after this little interlude?

The music changed and I looked up at Grant fearfully. "I suppose I should thank you," I said. He was looking down at me. There were bits of my lipstick on his mouth. The thought of how they had gotten there gave me strange tingling sensations.

"I think I understand my mother a lot better now," I said to Grant, whose face was almost expressionless. "Thank you," I said in a whimper. "May we go back to my mother and Charlie now?"

"Of course," said Grant, taking me by the hand and leading my femininely dressed body off the dance floor. A lot of people were smiling at us as we went to where Jennifer and Charlie sat, looking at us anxiously.

The first thing my mother noticed, of course, was that my makeup was mussed and that part of my lipstick was on Grant's face. Jennifer gave Grant a furious look. "What are you trying to do, Grant?" she demanded of him. "Get back at me for not sleeping with you?"

"Not at all," said Grant. "I think that your daughter could explain it better to you than I could, Jennifer. You wanted to give her a perfect day, didn't you? What is the perfect end to a perfect day for a girl like Christine but dancing with a man she likes and getting one simple kiss from him as a compliment to her femininity? That's all I did, Jennifer."

Jennifer looked at me fearfully. "Is that all, Christine?" she asked me. "Is that truly all there was to it?"

I nodded, my hair caressing my shoulders. "Yes," I whispered, knowing that I was lying to her. But I couldn't tell her how Grant had really made me feel. I just couldn't.

"Then why are you still holding Grant's hand?" asked my mother.

VIII. THE MORNING AFTER

I should have asked my mother of a father why she was holding Charlie Greenwood's hand as well but, of course, I only thought of that afterwards when I was lying in bed. I lay there, knowing that a little further down the hallway, she was most likely engaged in sexual relations with Charlie, the man who slept in her bed with her.

We hadn't stayed long in the club after I got back to the table. Charlie offered to see us both home. Grant offered to drive me home if my mother would let me stay and dance some more. I was so happy when Jennifer said 'No' to that. At the same time, I found myself a little disappointed.

I looked down at my little dress and my long legs, crossed so femininely in front of me. I couldn't possibly want to spend more time with Grant Kinsley's arms about me, could I? I couldn't actually *want* him to kiss me again, could I? I tried to pull my hand away from Grant but he wouldn't let me go.

"You can trust me with your daughter, Jennifer," Grant Kinsley had said then, "for the one day she has agreed to be that for you."

Jennifer looked sharply at me then, knowing that I had told Grant everything.

"And no," Grant went on, "I am not about to share the knowledge I have gained from your pretty daughter with anyone else."

"You should really back off from all of this, Grant," said my mother firmly. "This is family and I would definitely appreciate it if you would just let us be family for a little while. And this family is definitely going home for the night in Charlie's car."

"All right," said Grant Kinsley, standing up and waiting for me to get out of the booth. He held my arm and escorted me as Charlie, a frown on his face, escorted my mother out of the club.

"What about Andrea?" I managed to squeak at last. Charlie looked surprised at the voice that came out of me.

"She's already gone home," said my mother with a trace of annoyance.

With Mark Johnson, whoever he was, I thought but I didn't want to say that in front of Grant, not with my mother so clearly annoyed. The valet went for Charlie's car as we stood there in the entrance to *Marco di Pisa*. Strangely, with all the people about, looking at me and at my mother, I didn't feel out of place, not even with my hand casually in Grant's.

Charlie's car arrived. Grant leaned over and kissed me lightly on the cheek. "Good-night, Christine," he said to me, handing his car tag to the valet who scooted off to get his car for him. Grant assisted me to the Mercedes and into the back seat. Charlie and another valet were assisting Jennifer into the front seat of Charlie's car.

I felt like I wanted to fling my arms about Grant Kinsley's neck and thank him for being so understanding. I knew, though, that I would be fighting again with my mother if I did that. I meekly lifted my legs into the car. Grant smiled at me and closed the door. I realized how high my airy skirt had drifted; Grant must have had a very good look at my green silk panties before he closed the door.

My cheeks were scarlet as we started off. "I'm really sorry, Jen," Charlie said. "I didn't have a clue what he was talking to me about when Mark and I met up with him in the bar. I didn't know that Jack was going to become a Jacqueline ..."

"Christine," said Jennifer. "And it's only for the day."

"You and Andrea planned this for the boy?" Charlie asked.

"On the spur of the moment," said Jennifer. "We didn't plan to do anything more than just go out and have lunch. One thing just led to another. Grant Kinsley came over and was chatting to Andrea about some business scheme he's dreaming up at Shavers. He was interested in Christine right away. He picked up on the fact that Christine and I were related. He did a little act for her as if he and I didn't know each other very well."

"You'll have to tell me how well later on," said Charlie Greenwood as we drove off Lakeshore Drive and into the community where Jennifer's house was located.

Yes, I would like to hear that as well. I would like to be a fly on the wall when my mother talked to Charlie and explained all about her relationship with Grant. I wonder if she had been as interested in Grant as he had been in her, even though she was an older woman, as Grant had related the tale to me. I wonder if she had let him kiss her. She must have. Grant had felt a lot for her. He had said so. The memory of him saying that made me feel very strange as I looked at my mother and tried to imagine her with Grant. It was surprisingly easy to do.

I was almost happy to set my high heels on the stone driveway of Jennifer's home and hear the click of my heels as I tried to take small steps and get into the house without buckling. Jennifer let us in as Charlie went back to the car to get his suitcases.

"I'll just get to bed," I said to Jennifer, unable to believe the girl who was showing in the long mirror in the hallway. She minced and swayed like a girl as she advanced on the mirror, then turned into my bedroom. Her long, blonde hair bounced on her neck, her earrings stung her ears.

"What's this?" I asked Jennifer who had followed me.

"That is makeup remover," said Jennifer with a smile as she pointed to a large jar on the dressing table in my room. "And that is a wig block. The untidy hair on the wig is intended to be slept in. It helps you keep the illusion going all night long as do the little earrings that you ought to wear but probably won't. It would be so much easier to do all this, you know, if you had your ears pierced like so many young people do now, no matter what their gender is."

"I didn't mean those things," I said, pointing instead at the object on my pillow. "What is this?" I touched the silky nightdress, the panties and the bra set on the bed.

"Well, if you think of it, your day only began at ten this morning so you have barely spent much over half a day in girl's clothes," said Jennifer with a smile. "Andrea and I thought that if you slept in one of my nighties, the terms of what you agreed to would be fulfilled. That nightie is one of my softest and it's sort of see-through. That's why you should wear a bra and pantie set with it. Otherwise, it might look hideous on you. I don't know."

"You expect me to sleep in a *nightie*?" I asked Jennifer, flabbergasted by her explanation of what was draped over my pillow.

"There are twenty-four hours in a day," said Jennifer, "and here is how you can pass the rest of those hours asleep and still be a person of your word, Christine."

"You *do* expect me to sleep in a nightdress," I said to the woman whom I had called my mother all night and who was in the room with me, trying to assist me out of my dress.

"Yes," said Jennifer, helping me out of my little dress. She helped me with the waist cinch and assisted me out of my bra and all the fierce bindings that had been forced on my chest. It was so weird to take off my pantyhose. My hair was falling in front of my face and my bangle earrings got in the way until Jennifer showed me how to undo them. I felt very weird, yet it didn't seem to bother her at all to see me in female underwear.

"I'd rather go to bed in my old pajamas," I said to my mother.

"Oh dear, where did I put those old things?" said Jennifer with a mock frown.

"You haven't thrown my clothes away, have you?" I asked Jennifer in a panic, quite afraid of what I would do if she had in fact done that.

"No, of course no," said Jennifer with a smile. "They shall all be returned to you after breakfast. Wear this pretty negligee over your nightie in the morning, Christine. We'll have breakfast together as mother and daughter and complete the day that promised to me."

"You really want to see me in the morning, unshaven, without any makeup in a woman's nightie and a fluffy negligee?" I asked her.

"And your new wig," said Jennifer coyly. "And, of course, as much makeup as you feel comfortable wearing. It will, after all, be the last time for you. Then I hope you will tell me what it was like for you being a girl like me for twenty-four hours."

"I'll be in a negligee, nightie and a wig so that I can say good morning to you and Charlie?" I asked my mother as she helped me to remove my false breasts and put them in a drawer in the dressing table. Then she undid the taping on me and I was glad that I didn't have any hair in the areas where I was taped. It made taking off the tape easier.

I used the cream, a gooey mess, and took all the makeup off. It took me quite a while and I'm not sure that it really got all the eyeliner off my eyes. I took off my panties and put on the white ones from the bed. The softly padded brassiere pushed on me but it was nowhere near as severe as my bindings had been.

The nightie went lightly over me and my newly filled panties.

"Goodnight my darling Christine," whispered my mother, her perfume lingering after she kissed me gently on my forehead.

"Goodnight, Mummy," I said to her. I writhed and wiggled in the softness of my clothing and the bed clothes, entering them for the first time with no body hair. My bare legs felt very weird without the constriction of my nylons or pantyhose.

I think Jennifer expected me to go to sleep quickly but how could I with the odd noises I soon realized were squeaking bed frames? I seemed to hear voices as well so I pulled a frilly pillow over my newly wigged head. No, I didn't want to hear my father, my mother, making love to his boyfriend. No, I didn't want to hear her boy friend making love to her, my father. This was all so confusing.

All I seemed to think of as I lay in bed was of Grant Kinsley's kiss and how I had reacted to it and kept my mouth on his. I almost died of embarrassment as I thought about it. It must have been a terrible kiss or else Grant would surely have kissed me again as he escorted me to Charlie's car. My ears burned as I thought again how much I had liked Grant kissing me. I had *really* liked it, I forced myself to admit to myself in the restless, small hours of the morning.

I promised myself that I would never, never, ever, allow myself to go through what I had gone through to keep my word with Jennifer. Once it was ten o'clock in the morning,

the day would be over. I could tell Jennifer how much I now understood her compulsion to be a woman and put my little adventure behind me.

I could tell her that her hands-on philosophy had worked really well and that was what Grant and I testing with our long kiss. Yes, she would understand that, I thought smugly. She would know then what a good daughter, no, what a good *son*, I was to her. In two days, I would be on the plane and I would never have to come back to such a crazy place as Haversham again.

"Sleepyhead," said a woman's voice and there was a kiss on my forehead. I was having a dream in which I was dancing with a man, floating through the air, loving every minute of it as my long dress entwined itself about me.

Jennifer was standing over me, a long, pink dressing gown about her, her hair brushed but her face quite clear of makeup. She looked so pretty. Then I realized then where I was and how I was dressed. I tried to move but the nightie was entwined all about me as if I had been dancing in it.

"Time to be up," said Jennifer and she held the negligee for me. There were high-heeled, puffy slippers for me to put on as the long nightie draped itself about me.

"Change into your other wig," said Jennifer, looking at the tousled mess of the sleep wig on my head. "And don't forget to spray. Then, come and join me."

"It's eleven o'clock," I squeaked to her as I floated down the hallway to the kitchen and the boiled egg awaiting me.

Jennifer smiled. "So it is," she said, putting two slices of toast beside my plate and a glass of juice, a small one, not the tall glass I normally took. I would normally have had three eggs as well. No matter, I could make it up over lunch when I was myself again, I thought with an inward smile.

"Where's Charlie?" I asked my mother. She looked so beautiful with her reddish hair long and curled and floating about her shoulder. I hadn't realized how long it was.

"He's quite worn out," Jennifer said, then blushed as I gave her a pointed look. "We didn't keep you awake at all last night, did we? It's been nearly a week since we've seen each other."

"Nearly a week," I said in mock awe.

Jennifer laughed at that. "That's a long time for us," she said. "I really miss him when he's away for that long."

"You love him, then," I said, wondering if I should really use that word for the emotions that bound two men together.

"Oh, I do," said Jennifer. "I really do."

"Just like you did Mother?" I asked her. She smiled and deflected my cruel little jab.

"It's not at all the same," Jennifer said. "Didn't you feel a little bit of that last night with Grant? Didn't you feel a little bit like a woman? I thought that was what you and Grant were trying to say. Anyway, I love Charlie as any woman would love her man. When I was a man, I loved your mother but it was in a very different way."

"You don't love her now," I countered.

"No," agreed Jennifer. "But I'm not a man any more, am I?"

The doorbell sounded then. "Who could that be?" asked Jennifer with a slight frown. "Oh, I know. It must be Andrea, returning our clothes. That Heather Portillo dress looked just fabulous on you, didn't it? You've got the height and pretty legs to make that dress look so wonderful. Eat up, darling. I'll go and attend to Andrea."

I ate the little breakfast, listening to the sound of my mother's voice in the distance. She was talking softly at first and then she seemed to be speaking with indignation. Oh oh, I thought, Andrea is being pushy again. I finished the egg, toast and juice and went to the sink to rinse off the dishes before putting them in the dishwasher. I heard the swish of Jennifer's nightie and robe, much like the sound of the clothing I was wearing, behind me.

"It wasn't Andrea," said Jennifer, crossing to the dishwasher to help me.

"Who ...?" I began. Then Grant Kinsley came into the kitchen and looked me over in my long nightie and negligee; my fluffy mules were peeping out beneath the moving, airy softness of the skirts about my bare legs. My mother placed the eggcup and glass in their proper places in her orderly dishwasher.

"My, my," said Grant. "You look as pretty as a picture, Christine, just like your mother. I don't think that either of you should wear the makeup you do, not when you are both so beautiful without it."

"Don't listen to him trying to flatter you, Christine," Jennifer said then. "He's just trying to butter you up so that you will agree to anything he says."

Grant burst out laughing at that. "True, true," he smirked. "And, once, for a little while at least, it worked, didn't it?"

"That was when you told me you loved older women," snapped my mother, her color rather high. She moved over to me and put her arm protectively about my shoulders. Our nighties and robes pressed together as I felt goose bumps start to appear all over me.

"I still do," said Grant with a big grin. "But you taught me, Jennifer, to expand my horizons and I have. You must admit that. I like all kinds of girls now."

I felt a heat wave pass over me. I trembled in my mother's arms. She felt it and hugged me reassuringly.

Grant stopped smiling. "Well," he said, going to the percolated coffee. "That didn't come out quite right, did it?"

"I think that you said *exactly* what you meant," said my mother.

"Actually, I was referring to all the young ladies in this town who claim to have been laid by me," said Grant, opening the cupboards until he found a coffee cup. "I have quite a reputation as a ladies' man, Christine, but I'd have to have the stamina of a bull ox to have done all the things I am reputed to have done."

"You have had a lot of girl friends," said Jennifer as Grant poured himself coffee.

"I'll admit to that," said Grant. "I *am* attracted to female beauty." He grinned to himself. "Which is why I am standing here in the kitchen of Dr. Jennifer Whitehouse, the pre-eminent eye surgeon in Haversham, admiring her and her lovely daughter."

"You know that I am a transsexual," said Jennifer proudly.

"And that you were once a father," said Grant with a sip of his black coffee. "I know all that. You told me. I prefer to think of you as a woman, Jennifer, as does the whole community, certainly all of those, like Betty Carson and Ruth Dallbrooks, who know you and want to keep you here in Haversham. I support their effort to keep such a fine doctor here in our city whether you were just a drag queen, a cross-dresser or some kind of sexual pervert."

"I've been called all of those things," said my mother, hugging me again.

Grant looked shocked then. "I never heard," he began.

"No," said Jennifer. "In the genteel circles in which we move, you wouldn't. But a lot of people think it, don't they?"

"Not a lot," said Grant. "Even when I was trying to make you my girl friend, some people asked me if I knew but the women, in particular, would always come to your defence. They'd tell me you were a woman and should be treated like one. But none of this, Jennifer, is why I am here this morning.

"What I am really here for, Christine," Grant said, talking and looking at me intently, "is that Mark Johnson has stood me up. He says that he's too busy to go to the Cubs game with me this afternoon. Charlie was saying something about you wanting to go to a ball game while you were here. I have box seat tickets so I thought of you and wondered if you would like to go. We could even invite your mother and her, her, Charlie to come with us as well."

A Cubs' game! But that would be in Chicago, miles away! How would we ever get there? I wondered. My mother had more practical concerns on her mind.

"You want Christine to go to the ball game with you," Jennifer said, "not Jack."

"Jack?" asked Grant with a frown. "Who's he? No, the invitation was for Christine. You *did* want your daughter to feel what it's like to be you, didn't you, Jennifer? Did you think she would learn that by sitting around in pretty nighties and wigs and playing at tea parties? No, if she wants to know what it's like to be a woman like you, she'll learn a lot more by going out with a man and being treated as the pretty and desirable woman she is."

"Christine has already spent a day learning what it is like to be me," said Jennifer. "Her time is up. She doesn't have to be Christine any more. She was just about to change back, after breakfast."

There was an awkward silence then. "How were you getting to Chicago, then?" asked Jennifer. I was thinking the same thing.

"In the company jet," said Grant. "It's one of the perks of being the Chairman. We get a box for the game, courtesy of one of our customers. It will be just for me and my guests, if there is anyone else you'd like to come along. Please don't say Andrea as she is the reason

that Mark isn't going with me. He's off to the beach to see her in a Mondini bikini, whatever that is. She told him it would blow his mind."

"It's a Brazilian designer's thong bikini," said Jennifer then. "It's not something for wearing in public, I would have thought. Andrea could be arrested for wearing it at Haversham Beach."

"Oh, great," said Grant with a grin. "I would really love to see pictures of that in the *Courier!*"

"Do you want to go?" Jennifer asked me, somewhat reluctantly I thought. "I remember that the Cubs were always a favorite of yours, weren't they?"

"I would love to see the Cubbies," I murmured. It would be a regret to miss seeing them in action, at Wrigley Field as well.

"Great," said Grant, misinterpreting completely what I said. "Now, why don't you ladies go and change? You can wake up Charlie, Jen, and we'll get this show on the road. There's all kind of food on the plane if Charlie is hungry. Then there are the ballpark franks. We can have our lunch there. I'm salivating just thinking about it."

Jennifer took me by the hand and we swished down the hallway into my room where she closed the door.

"You don't have to do this," she said to me. "I can tell Grant that we have changed our minds and he'll have to go to Chicago by himself. Knowing him, he'll just take out his black book and call up Kimberley, Tiffany, or whoever, and be on his way. You won't be disappointing him, really, if you don't go."

"I didn't mean," I began. Jennifer flashed me her beautiful smile, her teeth so white and straight. They didn't look like my father's teeth.

"I understood," Jennifer said. I could feel her real breasts against my chest. "And it is the Cubs at home to the Dodgers." Her cheek dimpled as I stared in astonishment at her. "I tried to get tickets for a game for you. I couldn't get any but here is an opportunity to see the Cubs."

"But what should I wear?" I asked Jennifer in my girl's voice. She smiled at me.

"Come into my closet, darling," Jennifer said. "I'm sure I've got something you can wear to a ball game."

IX. JUST ANOTHER DAY

It was an incredible day. Grant took my hand as we left the house; I don't think he let go of me for any length of time throughout the whole day. Jennifer would look at me at times and roll her eyes but she had Charlie hanging all over her so she could hardly complain about my behavior.

Grant couldn't know but beneath the little white sweater and heavy grey skirt I was wearing, I had on a Merry Widow corset that held my padding and me very tightly and in female shape. The skirt flared and was heavy against the stockings and garters I wore while the high heels I wore weren't too high.

Still, I noticed that I was taller than most of the women in the airport and taller than most of the women at the ballpark. "Who's your model girl friend?" was a typical question from many of Grant's acquaintances as he paraded a nervous me in front of the business types clustered in the hallways, discussing what the market and the Exchange were up to that day.

I trembled as Grant introduced me as Christine Whitehouse and confirmed to all of his men friends that I was indeed a fashion model.

"Oh, whom do you work for?" asked one elegant woman, holding a wine glass that I thought that she must have brought into the park with her.

"Andrea Moore, Moore Models, Haversham," I squeaked at her.

"Oh, that's a really good agency," the woman said, turning to her husband and his friends who were looking at me with Grant's arm about my shoulders. "Andrea Moore has discovered half of the finest models in New York and supplies all of the shows we have out here with girls. Will we be seeing you here soon, Christine?"

"You'll be seeing a lot of Christine next year," said Grant. He hugged me, sending strange feelings through me as my skirt shook about me. "We are trying to persuade her to be the face of the new product line we are going to launch in cosmetics. You'll see her everywhere then."

"You're overdoing it," I told him anxiously as he took my hand and led me up to the passage that led to our box. Then I got my first look at Wrigley Field in person, so to speak. It was so awesome. I had to go forward and look over the balcony edge at the



manicured fields and the players warming up in front of us. The crowd seemed alive and immense. I was so intent on absorbing it all that I scarcely noticed as Grant, I think it was, guided me to my seat.

"We have a true fan of the game here," said Grant with a laugh to my mother. I didn't care. I didn't care how I was dressed and how the ball players down there would have laughed at me if they had known who and what I was. I was in Wrigley Field! I was watching the Dodgers ending their warm-up; a real live baseball game was about to start right before me.

I was totally into the game and they all teased me throughout it. Grant bought me a Cubs' ball cap which my mother fixed with hair clips to my hair. "A man will just jam it into place," Jennifer said with a smile as Grant teased her for fussing over me.

When the Cubs came back in the ninth and won the game, I was overjoyed and I turned to Grant beside me. He flung his arms about me, grinning as he buried his face in my neck. He lifted me to my feet, swinging me about. I don't know how but someone with a long lens took a picture of us hugging. There it was in the paper next day. It must have been a slow news day but the Cubbies hadn't been winning much of late, either. Reading the sports section, I passed over it at first, thinking it was just some picture of a pretty girl at a ball game. Then I realized in shock that she was *me*. I was identified as 'Model Christine Whitehouse' while Grant Kinsley was labelled as 'Tycoon'.

After we did a little shopping, then went for a leisurely dinner before the chauffeur-driven limousine took us out to the private airport, not O'Hare. We were delayed for a little while before we got into the air and headed back to Haversham. All the time, I was treated like a girl. Grant was always there to open a door for me, to put his hand about me, to hug me against him as we walked. Yes, I managed to remember how I had to walk with a little sway and I don't think that I let Grant down. I felt rather good that everyone would think he had a cute girl friend and would be asking him about me when I left Haversham.

In the limo that met us at Haversham Airport, Grant suggested that we could go to the *Pisa* for a nightcap. "No, Grant," Jennifer told him. "Christine has learned much from all your attention to her today, I'm sure." We sat together in the back seat; my stockinged legs were crossed as he held my hand, letting his rest in my lap. "But this is the end of all this exploration of the genders. I want to have a little time with Jack tomorrow, then he has to be off to his university."

"I am a little tired myself," said Grant with a smile. I felt tension rising inside me as we neared Jennifer's house. "I should go and see my mother and have an early night."

We stopped in Jennifer's driveway. Charlie got out and helped Jennifer alight from the limo. Grant held me back. "We'll just be a moment," he said to my mother and her boy friend as they turned to look at why I wasn't following them. I couldn't as Grant's strong arm was holding me back.

"I have to go," I said, trying to straighten my legs and follow my mother.

"Did you have a good time today, Christine?" asked Grant, his arm still about my shoulder.

"Oh, yes," I told him. "Seeing the Cubs at home, live, was something I have always wanted to do."

"Did being dressed like you are detract from that?" asked Grant. I hesitated, not knowing quite what he was getting at. "Did being a girl make the whole experience weird for you?"

"Well, sort of," I had to agree.

"But a second day in women's clothes and you got used to people looking at you," said Grant. "There were times today when you actually looked like you were having fun."

"I did, thank you," I told him fearfully.

"I need more thanks than that," Grant said, reaching out and putting his hand about my waist.

"Oh," I said weakly. I knew what he was going to do. He kissed me on the lips I had freshened up in the Ladies' room at the airport with my mother. He kissed me; I knew that I had been wanting him to do that to me all day long. It had seemed as if he was going to several times during the day as he hugged me and stroked my back and shoulders.

Grant's lips pressed firmly into mine. He pulled me against him and I kissed him back. Yes, I did. My heart was fluttering as I kissed and kissed Grant, twisting my mouth this way and that. Soon his tongue was inside my mouth and he took possession of me. His hand touched my chest where I was so false, then I felt him move his other hand to my leg and stockings.

I didn't mind at all. I *wanted* him to do that. I don't know why. I wanted to kiss and kiss Grant. I didn't care at all that his hand caressed my thigh and the top of my stockings, my garter belt and the soft, hairless skin above my stocking tops.

"Christine, Christine," murmured Grant as he kissed my neck and face. I searched for his lips again. I pressed my legs together fervently as he caressed between my thighs and I felt a touch or two on my panties that made me wiggle and jump as if I had been stung.

"I have to let you go in," gasped Grant as I feverishly put my arms about his neck and pulled him over onto me. All I seemed to think about was that I was Christine. I was Christine and she had been wanting him to do this to me all day. He really shouldn't have kept me waiting for it for so long.

"Christine, Christine," Grant murmured, lifting me against him. My phoney chest bounced against him. His hands were pulling me against him. One of his hands caressed my thighs while the other caressed my tush and my mouth and clung to his.

"Christine, Christine," Grant said to me. I loved him calling me that. I *am* Christine, I thought as I kissed his hard, masculine face.

"Christine," he kept on saying. Then I realized that he was trying to get my attention, to break the passionate fondling of his face and the kisses I was pouring onto him. He tickled the edge of my panties. That got my attention as I felt an sensation then that no woman would ever have.

Grant withdrew his hands and put them about my constricted waist, forcing me against the back of the seat. Oh, it was wonderful how strongly he kissed me and the desire that I felt from it.

"Christine, Christine," Grant murmured. "You *have* to go in or I cannot be responsible for what happens between us."

Oh, you're afraid to have sex with me, I thought, as I took his hand and put it back on my thigh

"Don't you want me?" I babbled. "Don't you want me to be a woman for you?"

"Oh, I do, I *do*, Christine," said Grant. "But this isn't the time and your mother is going to come out at any moment and berate me. Besides, you are not a woman, are you? Or is your mother completely wrong about that?"

"Oh, Grant," I cried. Tears came out of my eyes and ran over my lightly made-up face. I kissed him again and he kissed me back tenderly. He was the one who pulled my skirt down and held me tightly as we kissed. And kissed. And I wept.

Grant got out of the car first and helped me down. I heard a movement from the doorway. The driver, deliberately not looking at us, got back into the car. Grant took me to Jennifer's front doorway where he kissed me again. I pressed all my body against him and he did the same to me. This must be how my mother feels, I thought, when she kisses Charlie, only *she* doesn't have to stop. She doesn't have to remember that she is a man and shouldn't be doing this.

"Goodnight, sweet Christine," murmured Grant, letting me go, opening the door for me, letting me totter on my high heels into Jennifer's house.

Jennifer took my hand when she saw my face and led me to the bathroom where she cleaned me up.

"I don't know what came over me," I said to her wretchedly. "Is that what it is like for you?"

"I always knew that I was a woman in a man's body," said Jennifer sympathetically as she put my wig on the block. "So when Donald Ferris kissed me, it was what I wanted and expected from a man."

"But I'm *not* a woman trapped in a man's body," I told my mother as she unzipped my skirt for me and helped me out of it. "I don't want to be a woman. I want to be a man."

"And so you shall be," Jennifer told me. "Tomorrow, Jack Sheffield will be back in complete possession of himself."

I shuddered as I took off the sweater and looked at myself in a woman's corset and stockings. I kicked off the high heels and my mother took off my earrings, my necklace and my bracelets.

"A kiss or two with a handsome man isn't going to make you gay, either," Jennifer told me, "not when he thinks of you as a pretty girl or a pretty transvestite."

"I'm not that, am I?" I asked my mother. She unlaced my hairless body from the alluring corset. The padding that had shaped me like a woman came loose.

"Of course not," my mother reassured me. "When you get back to school and all the girls start flocking around you as they do, you'll know what happened here was because of a man trying to re-ignite an old flame with me through my daughter, as he thought Christine was. He will never see her again, of course."

That thought was meant to reassure me and I told Jennifer that it did. But it didn't really. I felt awful as I went to bed in my own pajamas and I wept a little as I thought that I would never kiss Grant Kinsley again. I would never feel that I was really Christine again. Yes, I now understood why my mother had to be a woman. But by morning I knew I was going to be glad to leave and to not meet Andrea or any of her models ever again.

There were two things worrying me as I went through the last two days at Haversham. One was my eyebrows and how they were arched. In the end, I shaved them off entirely. After admiring my handiwork, I gave myself a complete head shave to match. I would think up some story for the people at the University. Maybe I could say I had gone camping and got such a bad case of lice that I had to remove all my hair. Yes, that would explain my body as well. I would look up a few diseases that would need such a radical hair removal.

Leaving Haversham, I hugged Jennifer for a long time and she hugged me back. I loved the scent of her Chanel perfume. "I will miss my mother," I told her as I hugged her female body to mine. "I will miss the mother who always cared for me, read me stories and tucked me into bed every night." Jennifer had always done that.

"I'm going to miss my son," said a husky-voiced, teary Jennifer. "I'm sorry that this trip turned out to be so traumatic for you. Next time, I'll come and see you. You have my number, don't you? We won't have to rely on Carol to communicate between us any more, will we?"

"No," I said, smiling at my mother as I turned to go. She had approved of my hair shave. "Next time I see you, I'll have hair again."

"I won't know you!" she said.

Trust Andrea to arrive and spoil a perfect moment. She had sets of photos for me and for Jennifer. They were all of me, of course, as the girl I was trying to forget had ever existed.

A pretty, brunette girl sat beside me on the plane and saw me surreptitiously looking at the photographs. "Your girl friend?" she asked me.

"My sister," I told her. "She's a fashion model."

"She looks a lot like you," said the girl. "May I look through them?" Of course, she stopped at the ones of me in the yellow dress.

"Oh, these are lovely!" she said. "Oh, here is her model's card. She's with Andrea Moore Models! Oh, she's going to be rich and famous."

"Unlike her brother," I told Judith, the girl beside me. "But you know how it is in modelling. Sometimes you see a pretty girl and you never see her again."

"That won't happen to your sister," a smiling Judith assured me.

"I don't really want to believe it," I told her, "but it most likely will."

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