

MY NEW CAREER

By Audrey Taylor



ILLUSTRATED BY BRIAN DUKEHART

A 'NEW WOMAN' NOVEL

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MY NEW CAREER

By Audrey Taylor

I sat at the kitchen table finishing my daily review of the want ads, when I spotted the 'college degree & 2 year contract' under a lead in of 'excellent growth opportunity' and called immediately. The woman answering, questioned me about my experience and when I told her about my college curriculum and my waitering and other jobs around school, she suggested I come in and fill out an application.

I kept control of my optimism, as I'd been let down repeatedly hearing every reason in the book why another candidate had been chosen. 'Too much experience, too little experience, too young, too short (I was only 5'4"), too whatever' (they didn't always give the reason). It was getting more and more difficult to keep my spirits up and continue the job search (more than five months since I graduated).

My mother was starting to lose patience with me. "You're being too choosy, find something to get your foot in the door" she advised.

The company was only fifteen minutes from my house and dressed in a suit and tie, I entered the reception area. A woman greeted me, requesting I fill out the application carefully, and then she'd arrange for me to see the personnel manager, who'd answer any questions I had about the position.

What an unusual application. Many of the questions were directed to the female and some of the medical questions actually asked about menstrual cycles, severeness of cramps, etc. Skipping over these, I made sure to show my word processing skills and extensive cooking knowledge (hobby picked up at home) as I wanted to include everything I knew (you never know what may be useful). My major had been in psychology, with a minor in home economics (I enjoyed many of the 'home activities' my mother had taught me). Besides my waitering jobs, I'd also worked in the school dormitories doing laundries and other cleanup projects around campus. I signed at the bottom asserting everything was true, and returned it to the front desk.

Handing me a company brochure the receptionist asked me to have a seat for a moment. I glanced through the brochure, noting that Hertech Industries specialized in nursing homes, rest and rehabilitation facilities and care for the handicapped and disabled. They had been in business over twenty five years and had over 70 locations, mainly in the warmer climates. This was their national headquarters where the central administration and computer center were located. As I admired pictures of some of their properties, an attractive professional looking woman approached me, "Mr. Ira Shipley I presume, I'm Ms. Carter, the personnel manager."

"It's a pleasure to meet you, Ms. Carter," I said, as I rose and shook her hand, looking up at her warm smile.

“Shall we go to my office where we can talk,” she suggested and I followed her shapely figure through a doorway, past several rooms and into a large comfortable office. It had big curtained windows and a beautiful flowering plant in the corner.

“It seems you worked regularly while you attended college, yet you still attained an excellent grade point average (3.4). Perhaps you can fill me in on your college experiences and give me an idea of what you are seeking in a new position.”

I began by explaining how my father had died in an accident when I was much younger and how my mother had been working hard ever since, to care for my two younger sisters and myself. It seems I was always helping out with the regular chores around the house and had newspaper routes and odd jobs to help meet the household bills. I'd paid for most of my college tuition. My good grades reflected my strong interest in psychology and my determination to reward all my mother's sacrifices over the years. “I'm looking for a position that will utilize my skills, hopefully in a company where I can also pursue my interests. I do want to grow into a position where I can make a meaningful contribution.”

“Mr. Shipley,” Ms. Carter responded, “I'm sure you'll find plenty of opportunity to learn and grow at Hertech Industries. We pride ourselves in our management training program and it's excellent training techniques. Most of our senior executives have successfully been through program. I noticed your minor at college was home economics, which is certainly unusual for a guy. I'll bet you ran into some harassment along the way.”

“Nothing really to speak of,” I replied. “Ever since I can remember I've been helping my mother around the house, caring for my sisters, cleaning up around them, preparing meals, washing hair, you name it. I had to learn how to sew, cook and do many of the other 'domestic arts'. By the time I got to college, my interests were quite strong in areas like cooking, decorating, and knitting; which my mother had taught me when I was eight. It seemed natural for me to pursue them in college. I can't tell you how often I was the only male in a class full of chattering females (I noticed Ms. Carter wince, shouldn't have said that). You can be sure that I'm really quite comfortable around women. In fact, my two best friends are girls. Ms. Carter, if you don't mind, could you tell me more about the position you're considering me for?”

“Sure Mr. Shipley. We have several management trainee positions currently available, as a group of trainees are scheduled to complete their programs in the next several weeks and will advance to new positions at other company locations. You'll find at Hertech, that we are committed to providing the finest in rehabilitation facilities and retirement communities. Our clientele receive only the finest care and you'll find that every employee is committed to assuring complete customer satisfaction. With your psychology background and especially your other interests, you seem ideal for our training program; however, you should know that we usually hire women for these positions (that explains the application).”

“Many of our facilities specialize in care for 'women only', and because we have earned an excellent reputation, the company has concentrated it's expansion in this area. We've found that women prefer being cared for by other women, but that doesn't mean there isn't room for a sensitive, well mannered person like yourself. What I'd

like to do is check the references you've listed on your application and send you home with these brochures to look over. Let's see whether you or I develop any further questions over the next several days. I'll contact you when I've completed my review of all the applicants, probably before the end of next week. I appreciate your coming in to see us," she concluded as she rose and walked me to the door.

"It was certainly nice meeting with you. I'm extremely interested in the position. I do relate well to women and feel confident I can handle whatever the position requires." I smiled at her and walked through the waiting room and out of the building.

I was floating on air as I drove home, wondering if I really had a chance at the spot. She'd said my background was ideal, hadn't she? I forgot to ask about the starting salary or the details of the training program, but I was too elated to let that bother me. I'm sure they pay like all the other large companies and if other people got through their training program, so could I. The 'women only' idea didn't faze me, since I'd been surrounded by females most of my life. I wondered whether being male would be held against me.

I played it down with my mother for I didn't want her to get her hopes up, but that evening she carefully read through the brochures and became interested in the company.

"I hope you made a good impression at your interview," she said. "These large companies have excellent benefit programs and once you're in, you can find a full career just waiting for you. It's important to pay strict attention to their rules and procedures, and to listen carefully to any suggestions your superiors make. Be sure to write this woman in Personnel and thank her for her time."

"Of course Mom, I'll get a letter off right away. Don't get your hopes up, I haven't gotten any offers yet. Meanwhile, what should I do with Beth's pants, sew them or throw them in the rag pile?" I asked.

"Patch it at the knee and then she can use it for the rest of the winter. Be sure and let me know if anything new happens with Hertech Industries, okay Sweetheart?"

"Sure Mom," I said as I went to sit in front of the T.V. with Beth's pants and my sewing kit. I went to sleep that night dreaming of working at Hertech, and slept soundly for the first time in quite a while.

Chapter 2

It wasn't until late the following week that Ms. Carter requested I come in for a second interview.

"Make sure you have all your questions ready so I can answer them and we can assure ourselves that this is the right position for you. We do make quite an investment in each trainee, and we like to be as certain as possible that we'll reap the rewards of the program."

I thanked her, said I would come prepared and leaped into the air, after I hung up.

My mother was ecstatic, insisted I get a haircut (my long hair constantly needed attention), and sat with me going over the questions I would ask at the interview. She

kept coaching me not to be too inquisitive, “trust them, they know what they're doing. They didn't get this big without knowing how to groom young men into successful managers.”

I concurred with her and planned to listen attentively to the details of the program and have faith that it would be positive for me.

When I again walked into Ms. Carter's office, my nervousness was apparent, knowing I had a good chance at the job and not wanting to blow it. She put me immediately at ease with her smile and then requested my questions.

“I'd like to understand the full job responsibilities,” I began, “and where I would be taking the training program.”

“Well, to begin with,” she answered, “the management training program takes approximately two years, and we expect you to sign a contract assuring us you'll complete the full program.

“If you leave prior to completion, you'll forfeit the 'incentive deduction' made from your paychecks, which is only paid to you at the end of your training program. It's almost like a bonus. We really want to discourage dropping out of the program. It's just so wasteful, as I'm sure you can understand.

“Your duties will require you to assist the various staff members with their regular responsibilities. You'll learn first hand each and every job function, so you can understand it's importance to the smooth and successful running of each facility. Once a job is learned, you'll move to the next one until you've gained a well rounded background in all phases of the operation. Your past experience with a variety of jobs, certainly shows your ability to handle diversified functions.

“Initially you'll be at one of several new locations in the South. They need additional help initially to bring the facility up and running efficiently. You're required to live on the premises. We provide you with living quarters as well as meals and necessary uniforms. Since you're a male you'll have to work that much harder at being accepted and becoming an effective staff member.

“We've had other young men enter our program but only a few have successfully completed it. I hope you'll be in that select group. It won't be easy. It's quite difficult to be surrounded by female leadership, coworkers and clientele and still maintain your discipline and dedicated effort to becoming an effective 'team' member. 'Teamwork' is the key to success at Hertech, and only those people who become good team members will succeed.

“Your starting salary will be \$23,000, standard for management trainees, however we'll be holding back 25% of each paycheck towards the completion of your training program. It's put aside in an interest bearing escrow account reserved in your name. Periodically you'll be reviewed by your superiors, so you'll understand how you're performing, and based on that review you may receive a salary increase. Performance bonuses are also given, rewarding those people judged to be doing exceptional jobs.

“Our company policy book, which you should read carefully, will tell you about our excellent benefits programs. Here's an employment contract for your review and signature,” she reached across the desk handing me an envelope. “Please return it by

Friday, so I can make arrangements for you to take your physical. After that we'll make the necessary travel reservations for your first assignment.”

Wow, I was overwhelmed. Before I could find words for the many questions flying around in my head, she'd handed me the company policy book and was escorting me to the door as her next appointment was already waiting.

“Don't worry Mr. Shipley, when you return the contract, we'll spend more time going over the details. You should prepare yourself to be away from home for a two year period, for we discourage home visits while you're in training.”

She smiled at me and shook my hand.

“Hope you decide to join us Ira. I'm sure you could do a wonderful job for us.” Then she turned to a young woman waiting in the reception area, and greeted her as she had me thirty minutes earlier.

I had an actual job offer literally in hand and although my head was spinning with questions, I felt inebriated.

My mother was so thrilled that she actually started crying and then I was sobbing too, as we hugged in the middle of the kitchen. Our relief, after all these months, was staggering. We soon recovered and sipped some tea as we carefully read through the contract and company benefits booklet. It was pretty much as Ms. Carter had explained to me that morning. I hadn't fully realized I would be leaving home for two years and felt a bit apprehensive as it began to sink in.

Yet my excitement at seeing new places, meeting new people and encountering new challenges was overwhelming. My career was finally about to begin. After searching five long and dismal months, nothing, absolutely nothing was going to dampen my enthusiasm.

I signed at the bottom of the last page and decided to return the contract immediately. I left it for Ms. Carter, who was tied up in conference, and returned home to get my chores done.

My house duties would have to be turned over to my sisters. Being 9 and 11, they were old enough to take on the added responsibilities. Michelle, the nine year old, handled her homework easily each day, but my mother was going to have to keep a close eye on Beth, the sixth grader who could only think of playing with her friends after school.

Ms. Carter called the next morning and congratulated me on accepting the position. She set up an appointment on Tuesday for my physical and a second appointment on Thursday to see her and finalize my travel arrangements and other incidentals.

Chapter 3

My best friends Marsha and Joan were happy for me. At the bowling alley Friday night Joan offered, “The job sounds fantastic.” She was working at the local newspaper as a messenger eventually hoping to become a reporter. “They'll train you for two years and pay you \$23K plus room and board. Are you sure you don't have to kill someone for them?.”

“Shut up and bowl Joan, it's your turn,” Marsha piped in. She asked me, “Didn't you get any idea what you'll actually be doing? Couldn't they be more specific than 'learning everything' and that most facilities are of the 'women only' variety?”

“Nope,” I answered. “I can only guess, that with rest homes and nursing homes, I'll be learning to cater to a bunch of rich old run-down ladies (I wasn't far from the truth). Kidding aside, it probably takes a lot of hard work to operate these homes, with women constantly demanding attention all day long. I'm sure my psychology training will be invaluable. I'm actually looking forward to learning effective ways of dealing with this increasing segment of the population.”

“Sounds like total boredom to me,” Joan returned from getting a spare. “Now your job Marsha, being a policewoman, that's exciting. Guaranteed to keep you on your toes, day or night. Just stay out of the bad neighborhoods and you might survive until thirty. And of course you have your pick of all those beautiful hunks in blue, only you're guaranteed of being divorced inside of five years, due to the marvelous strains of the job. Makes for quite a rosy future.”

“I still feel I can make a difference,” Marsha retorted, “and I'm starting my master's program next fall, which by the way is fully paid for by the township. Nice fringe, I'd say.”

“You're right Marsh,” I said, “don't let her wear you down, just because you get to carry a gun and she only carries envelopes. I'm sure going to miss you two. Maybe once I've gotten settled in, you'll come visit. I hope you'll keep an eye on my family while I'm gone. Let me know if they need anything, and if the young ones are okay. I feel kind of funny leaving for such a long period of time, but that's the company program.”

Later when we broke up with our little hugs, I felt nostalgic leaving my close buddies. There wasn't much we hadn't been through over the past four years, even though they were girls and I wasn't. I'd always found it easier to talk confidentially to them rather than a guy, as they were so much more sensitive and compassionate and not into macho bullshit.

On my way home, I began thinking about what to bring with me. It was going to be difficult. I was not used to packing for any kind of trip, much less a trip for two years. I would definitely need Mom's help.

Chapter 4

The doctor's appointment went without a hitch, although she said I was anemic and gave me a vitamin to take daily to remedy the condition. Otherwise I seemed in excellent health. I left her office with a large bottle of the vitamins and she suggested I take them more frequently, if I had any cold or flu symptoms. I drove home with heightened anticipation of my Thursday appointment with Ms. Carter.

She was all ready for me, with the travel documents, numerous vouchers and payroll forms for me to sign. I was scheduled to leave on the following Wednesday, earlier than she had anticipated, for they were badly in need of additional personnel at the new location I'd been assigned to. It was in Louisiana some 50 miles southeast of Shreveport, and had only been in full operation for nine months. Highpoint, as it was

called, was already completely booked and had a substantial waiting list. It was a rehabilitation facility catering only to women, and could handle up to 200 patients at full capacity.

I'd be reporting to Nicole Worthington, the managing director of Highpoint. Ms. Carter described Ms. Worthington as one of the company's finest directors and I was fortunate to be training under her. She gave me a list of items to bring and another list to be sure to leave home, which included pets. I smiled thinking I'd never get our dog Corky away from my sisters Beth and Michelle, and pocketed the lists to be studied later.

She confirmed my clean bill of health, reminding me, "be sure you take your daily vitamin until your anemic condition improves. Each location has it's own doctor on staff, and I would recommend you see her when you settle in, so she can check that your condition doesn't get worse."

I certainly didn't notice any signs of anemia, but I'd decided to take the doctor's advice and pop a daily vitamin tablet. '*Can't hurt*', I reasoned. I left with a large manila envelope full of information and a smiling "Good luck," from Ms. Carter. Once I was home, I did a little jig in the living room, to celebrate.

"Louisiana, a town called Briarcliff," queried my mother, "this is where you're getting your training for the next two years? Seems far off the beaten track, and it's probably hot as baked potatoes just out of the oven. You'd better bring a lot of shorts and bathing suits," and I handed her the list of do's and don'ts for packing. She read it carefully, as I went out to cut the grass. I had to be careful of her for the next week, as I could tell she was starting to miss me already. I was feeling a bit uneasy about leaving my sister and Mom and promised myself I would write every week and maintain contact.

Mom shopped over the weekend as she carefully followed the list they suggested, purchasing toiletries and all the other items I required. She smiled at the brassieres, panties, nightgowns and other feminine apparel, realizing the list was directed towards a woman and never mentioned a thing to me.

On Tuesday night she helped me pack both my bags and said she'd send me anything else I needed once I was settled. I told her I'd arranged to have my monthly paycheck put directly into our bank account, and I'd let her know how much to send me for pocket money. She hugged me tightly, "you're the finest son a mother could ever have. I'm sure you'll do a wonderful job and I only hope they appreciate you half as much as I do. I'll miss you terribly and don't forget you can always count on my acceptance of you and that I'll love you no matter what direction your career takes."

"I know Mom," I managed through my tears, "I love you too."

Chapter 5

The scene at the airport had been hectic, since we'd gotten caught in a traffic jam and I was frantically rushing to check my bags and hugging my sisters and Mom as they called my plane for boarding. My plane took off twenty minutes late, slowly banking left into the clouds and headed for St. Louis where I had to change planes and continue to Shreveport.

All this pressure was not doing my upset stomach any good. It had been bothering me for the past several days, severe cramps in the morning, but nothing was going to come between me and my flight to Louisiana. I was watching what I ate and hoped it would improve. There was always the doctor at Highpoint if I wasn't better soon. Reaching into my backpack for a book the vitamins rattled and I decided to take an extra one. '*Good for a cold or flu,*' I reasoned it might help with my sore tummy.

In St. Louis I laid over for an hour and a half, so I roamed the airport, enjoying my first excursion away from home. The flight to Shreveport was uneventful and we arrived ten minutes early. I spotted the sign held by the limousine driver 'Shipley', and told him we needed to retrieve my two bags and I'd be ready. We soon had them loaded and were on our way to Highpoint.

He informed me it would take about an hour. He traveled there frequently, as there were many people going to and fro from the airport, mostly women. In fact I was the first man in quite some time. I told him of my new position, and that I was used to being surrounded by women and could handle it. His southern drawl was difficult to understand. He kept up a running commentary with his being born and raised not thirty miles from that very spot. I smiled and sat back enjoying the quiet, cool, comfortable ride, realizing the outside temperature had to be in the high 80's, and it was oppressively humid.

After passing through some marshlands and desolate countryside, we suddenly pulled up to the front gate of a large property, completely fenced in. We were buzzed through and drove up a long circular driveway to the 'Administration' building, as the sign proclaimed. Off to the right were several other buildings surrounded by beautiful lawns and well maintained gardens. A picture right out of the brochure, and completely at odds with the countryside we'd recently driven through. My bags were left at the front door and the driver wished me luck as he drove off.

The woman at the front desk was startled, "You must be in the wrong place, sir. You'd better catch that limo before it leaves."

"I think you're mistaken. I'm Ira Shipley, and if this is Highpoint, then I'm certainly in the right place. If you would please tell Ms. Worthington that I'm here, I'm sure she'll clear up any doubts you have."

She lifted the phone, spoke quickly to someone and weakly smiled and motioned me to sit, "There'll be someone to pick you up in a minute. I'm sorry. It's highly unusual for a man to visit Highpoint, and I wasn't given any warning. I hope you'll forgive me for my poor welcome."

"No problem," I said, as I seated myself and studied the paintings on the wall. Glancing at her occasionally, I noticed she was quite pretty and remembering her accent I wondered, after being here awhile if I'd have one too.

Another lady walked in a few minutes later and came over to greet me, "Hi, I'm Ms. Frank, Teresa Frank and you must be Ms. Shipley, I'm sorry Mr. Shipley," she smirked. "We're all women here, so saying Mr. is a bit unusual," she explained in a beautiful southern drawl.

It looked like southern accents were definitely in and I'd better concentrate on understanding them or I could forget about communicating comfortably with anybody.

She was reaching for one of my bags, "Why don't you grab your other bag and I'll show you to your quarters, so you can settle in before you meet Ms. Worthington who's on an errand right now."

I lifted my bag, smiled at the receptionist and moved after Teresa as she was already out the door and going up the path.

She was quite strong as she handled my bag easily and her gait was a difficult one to keep up with. She stopped a moment at the top of the path and commented on the buildings we could see from that vantage point.

"Let me give you an overview of the facility. That's the dining hall over there with the two statues in front, and just to the right of it is the arts and crafts building. Behind those bushes," she was pointing to the left, "is the Rec. hall where the movies are shown every evening."

Turning to the right, she motioned to a group of buildings which looked like apartment houses, "those are the guest accommodations and behind them are the tennis courts and the sauna and pool areas. Off in the distance," we looked beyond the tennis courts, "you can see the golf course and the riding academy is just to the left of that. Many of our guests board their horses here during their stay. Our living quarters are behind the dining hall. Come on, let's get over there so you can unpack before we find Ms. Worthington."

Beyond the dining hall, we walked down a path towards a group of three buildings.

Teresa mentioned I'd be bunking with Margaret Fythe as we headed to 'B' building and up a flight of stairs to room 14. It was quite a spacious room with two sleeping alcoves on either end and a well furnished living area in the center. Along the back wall between the alcoves were two dressers and a make-up table and off to the right was a small kitchenette with a table and chairs. Over one of the dressers was a picture of a group of women in a park (seemed like a Matisse), and some flowering plants sat near each of the two curtained windows. Really quite homey.

Teresa had a similar room down the hall, #16, which she shared with Sarah Lee Curtis, a new MT (management trainee) like myself, who'd arrived on Monday. I put my bags on the bed as Teresa went to get my bedding from the housekeeper's office in 'A' building.

Unpacking, I hung up my suits in the front closet, which we obviously shared. It was full of pretty uniforms and dresses. My clothes went in the dresser nearest my bed.

As I unpacked I considered the fact that I was to casually accept the idea of having a female roommate. Since I had lived my life surrounded by females, I considered this arrangement as a part of our new integrated unisex society. *'Well, if it is good enough for the army.'*

To my amazement, I found Mom had packed some new nylon panties (an assortment of feminine colors), several brassieres (A cup) and even some nightgowns (flowery cotton prints). I should have remembered what a stickler she was for the rules, and I'm sure those items had been on the list of 'must' things to bring. I put them quickly in a bottom drawer (a bit embarrassed) and realized I had only two pair of my own underwear and no pajamas.

How did I miss that when we packed? Did Mom actually think I would wear the panties and nightgowns? Why else did she buy them? I guess she wanted to be sure I met all the requirements, even if it meant wearing feminine underwear and nighties. What a Mom.

Teresa returned, so I put aside my new living arrangements and clothes dilemma while she helped me make my bed, giving me pointers on how to do the hospital corners. "You'll learn the complete rules when you rotate to housekeeping. There are many rules for the staff and the sooner you learn them, the easier the job will be."

She'd been transferred to Highpoint when it opened, and had almost completed her training program, only two more months to go. She loved the challenge of making this the best facility in the company. "Ms. Worthington's a super boss, tough but very fair. She takes care of the staff members who give their best effort, especially when she needs it."

Teresa enjoyed her current assignment on the welcoming committee, and was looking forward to kitchen duties which she was scheduled to begin on Monday.

As we finished straightening out my area, I admired Teresa's lovely figure in her uniform dress with it's puffy short sleeves, well defined bust line and a skirt that reached just above her knee (she looked no more than 23 or 24). She smiled at my attention as we pushed my empty bags under the bed.

I washed up and combed my hair before we went in search of Ms. Worthington.

"She was in the kitchen earlier helping one of the new MTs get acclimated to her duties (what's this kitchen duty?)."

After admiring the girls in the kitchen, who were preparing for a meal (all dressed alike in a cute functional uniform), Teresa and I followed Ms. Worthington's trail back to the admin building.

The cute receptionist smiled as we passed on the way to the inner offices. Teresa peeked into a large corner office and motioned me to follow her as she entered.

"Hi Ms. Worthington, I've brought you some fresh eager hands, that can't wait to get started. This is Ira Shipley," looking at me, "and this is Ms. Worthington, the director of Highpoint."

"I'm happy to meet you, Mr. Shipley," Ms. Worthington greeted me with a deeply accented throaty voice, as she put aside some papers she'd been reading. "Won't you have a seat? Thank you Teresa. You can continue with next week's outline and I'll see you later."

Teresa left us alone.

“It's a pleasure to meet you Ms. Worthington and I'm certainly ready to begin my management training program.”

“Good, that's nice to know. Since Teresa has already gotten you settled in, we can start reviewing the company philosophy.” She pulled out a booklet from her desk drawer and handed it to me. “All the company rules are in there. Study them carefully. I understand you're rooming with Margaret Fythe. She's the riding academy supervisor, and I'm sure she'll be happy to answer any questions you have. It's your responsibility to know and abide by the rules. I don't enjoy disciplining anyone, but I do insist that everyone adhere properly to company policy.”

“One of the first rules you must learn is the correct way to address the guests, as well as your fellow employees. We always use Ms. or Mrs. and the person's surname, especially while on duty.”

“You must also make an immediate effort to develop the proper accent for this area. You'll need it to be easily understood by the guests. Listen carefully to the girls for guidance.”

“I know you're a man, but we'll have to change your outward appearance at once, so it doesn't disturb the guests. You see, most of the women chose this facility because of the 'no men allowed' rule, wanting to leave behind any hint of their previously demoralizing relationships with men. They certainly need no reminder from you. It's important we avoid any complaints from the guests (I remembered the receptionist's reaction), so your image must change immediately to that of a female.”

She watched the astonishment register on my face and continued, “You were told previously that this facility was constructed with the female gender in mind. Bathrooms and changing rooms for ladies only, activities strictly geared to women like sewing, crocheting and make-up classes. You name a feminine interest and we pursue it here. Can you imagine a guest's reaction seeing you enter the bathroom dressed as you are?”

She had me thinking.

“I've asked Cecile, who's on her way over, to assist in your initial transformation. I hope you'll give her your full cooperation, as the change is imperative for your stay here.” She must have seen the look of anguish on my face as she advised me, “Give it a chance. I think you'll be surprised at how easily you'll adjust if you don't fight it, and just go along with it.”

“Tomorrow morning when you're ready and you've studied all the rules, we'll begin your training at the sports academy. Come see me first so I can check you out. Be sure to read the guest brochure and familiarize you with the variety of activities we offer. Cecile will fit you for your uniforms and you must be sure to care for them properly. Don't forget, the most important lesson at Highpoint; 'the guest always comes first!' Once you've completely absorbed that, really deep down in your bones, your successful career at Hertech will be assured. Have you any questions?”

I stared at her with disbelief, “This is quite a shock. Ms. Carter never mentioned this aspect of my appearance at our interview, although she did tell me this was a 'female only facility'. I never realized I'd be expected to alter my appearance,” and I

smiled, “although my mother must have had an inkling since she packed some girls underwear without telling me.”

Then anxiety hit, “I won't have to make any other changes, will I?”

“Of course not. We're only concerned with your outward appearance, changing it enough to convince the guests. How feminine you become is your own business. At a minimum you must appear to be a girl with perhaps some masculine traits, not a feminine boy. This will mean some subtle changes on your part and I do hope you'll make your best effort to develop the right image. It'll be so much easier for you to progress through our training program, as I'm sure you can understand what a hindrance your male appearance would be.

“Ah, here's Cecile now.” she said as a tall blonde strolled into the office.

“Hi Ms. Worthington, this must be the new MT who needs some modification with her masculine appearance.”

“Yes, Ms. Cecile Baker, meet Ms. Irene Shipley. No more Mister.” she said to me as an aside (I noticed how she'd subtly changed my name), “She's ready for your assistance.”

I slowly nodded my head (*give it a chance, she did kinda say a 'masculine girl' was okay*).

“Cecile's the manager of the clothing store which takes care of all employee uniforms as well as the extensive clothing needs of the guests. She does a marvelous job, and I'm sure she'll do wonders with your transformation. I suggest you don't delay, staff dinner is served promptly at 5:30.”

“I'm happy to meet you,” Cecile said as she offered her hand in greeting. “Let's get moving,” she said, giving Mrs. Worthington a goodbye wave and leading the way out.

Ms. Worthington gave me an encouraging smile, as I followed Cecile towards the Arts & Crafts building.

Cecile led me around to the right, to a large picture window displaying a variety of women's wear, beneath a sign that read 'Petticoat Junction'.

The store took up the whole ground floor under the arts & crafts section. As she opened the front door and reversed the 'back in a minute' sign to 'open',

I felt myself entering a new world.

“Take off your clothes so I can measure you and get the proper undergarments to help your disguise. Go in the changing room over there while I get the measuring tape.”

Things were going so fast I had difficulty realizing what was happening. Ms. Worthington's advice kept running through my mind (*just go with it, you'll be surprised at how easy it will be*). I was down to my underwear when she entered the changing room and began measuring me, noting it on a pad.

“You'll have to remove everything, as I've got a special contraption for you to wear to hide your male organs safely away.” She handed me a rubber-like panty which she told me to put on first, while she left to get me some clothes.

I removed my underwear and pulled the rubber contraption up my legs with difficulty. When I had it in place, it totally flattened my male equipment so that nothing showed through, as the full length mirror confirmed. It felt extremely tight and would take some getting used to.

Cecile returned and smiled “that's certainly a good start,” as she placed my arms in the straps of a white brassiere, fastening it behind me. “Put these panties on,” handing me a matching white nylon pair, “and remember to wear the 'flattener' whenever you leave your room.”

The panties looked lovely with no unsightly bulges as I examined the results in the dressing room mirror.

She assisted me into a uniform dress, different from what she was wearing, “this is the style for the sports academy. You're able to move more freely with the pleated skirt and the closely fit bosom. It looks like you're a size 10,” her hand went over my waist and hip, “however until your figure changes, we'd better get you a girdle to nip in your waist. (*until my figure changes?*) Take the dress off and relax a minute.”

In a moment I struggling into a panty girdle while she set up an appointment for me at the beauty salon. It almost reached my brassiere and had a front zipper, which Cecile tugged closed as I held my breath. From another package she pulled out two of the most realistic looking breast forms and settled them into my empty bra cups.

“These should add some authenticity,” she offered and I tried adjusting my breathing to my upper chest. When the dress was on again, it fit much more snugly in the bosom and was smoother at the waist. “Your appointment at the beauty salon is in ten minutes. Let's get you some socks and shoes.

“Starting immediately, I suggest you speak like the other women. Copy their accents and the high pitch of their voices. It will sound strange at first, but if you persist, you'll get used to it no time. Let me hear you try. Don't worry about sounding silly. Come with me as I get some clothes for you to use over the next several days.”

As I followed her around the shop watching her select an assortment of undergarments and uniforms in my size, I gave her a running history of my college days, in the sweetest voice I'd ever used. She found some socks and shoes for me to wear and carefully coached me with my accent. After I got over the initial embarrassment I soon settled into a higher register.

Ten minutes later we left the shop, with me carrying two large bags of clothes and wearing a hat to hide my hair and face. She lead the way down a path toward the medical center. I felt strange in the dress and heels (2") and talking in my new voice, but had little time to be concerned, as I hurried to keep up with her.

The beauty salon was on the side of the medical building actually occupying the ground floor beneath the doctor's offices. I was quickly ushered into a corner cubicle before anyone could notice me, as I'm sure I looked unusual in my dress and male features. Before being seated, I traded my dress for a pink gown, which was short and left my legs available for inspection.

Soon my hair was being shampooed and conditioned while other hands were creaming my legs and giving me instructions not to move even if they started feeling a

little warm. My legs were spread apart with my toes rested lightly on the foot stand, my gown having been tucked neatly out of the way. My hands rested in soaking dishes and while my hair was still damp a pretty girl named Gina began cutting and creating the new me.

“Your hair is so fine and because it's long, we have a lot of options. Because of the time constraints, I'll only do some preliminary shaping now. Set up an appointment for a permanent sometime early next week and we'll really work on you. With a permanent, your new style will hold much better and be a whole lot easier to care for.”

I told her 'sure' as I peeked in the mirror, becoming aware of my foamy legs and my pink girdle being right out there for all to see. I couldn't move my hands, legs or head, so I blushed and shrugged it off. No unusual bumps were showing, thanks to the 'flattener', so I just fit right in.

Gina kept snipping and combing, and we had a running conversation with me concentrating on developing my new accent, responding to her many questions. I was actually beginning to think in a soft feminine southern accent and she encouraged me to remain in that thought process. “If you constantly think and speak in this voice,” she offered, “it will soon be natural and you won't have to give it any further thought.”

My legs started burning and Cynthia, the manicurist, got a wet washcloth and proceeded to remove the cream from my burning legs along with all my hair (I guess hairy legs weren't an asset at Highpoint). She soon had my smooth legs dry (and tingling), and after replacing my socks and shoes, returned her attention to my hands. She'd pulled down the pink gown and received my silent 'thank you' for returning me to decency. I admired her protruding bosom when she leaned over as the 'flattener' worked overtime to keep me under control.

Donna came by and booked an appointment for me on Tuesday at 1 P.M., for a permanent and a pedicure. I thanked her and wondered if I would be able to get time away from whatever I'd be doing at the sports academy.

Meanwhile Gina was blow drying my hair, which hung down close to my shoulders. Cynthia was applying pink polish to my fingernails, saying she would match my toenails when I came in on Tuesday. The aromas from the salon were intoxicating, as Gina plucked my eyebrows, “just to straighten them out a little,” is how she put it. Several minutes later she put some lipstick carefully on my lips, sprayed my hair and turned the chair around, “meet the new Irene?”

If Cynthia hadn't been holding my hand, I might have hit the ceiling. Staring at me through the mirror, was an attractive brunette. She had soft bangs with flowing curls covering her ears and I continued searching for a hint of my former self. “I can't believe it's me,” I said as I watched her lips move. “I'm so changed.” I moved my head and watched her movements match mine. She smiled as I appreciated her attractive appearance watching her stand up and seeing how lovely she looked in her uniform.

“Talk a little higher, and watch out for your nails until they're completely dry,” she reminded me.

I watched her lips respond, “Thanks Gina, I can't believe that is really me.”

Cynthia smiled at me as I admired my new pink nails and she helped me back into my dress. My bare legs felt strange in the slight breeze as all of us hurried to the dining hall. They carried my clothing bags so my nails could dry.

We walked up some stairs with me using care in my heels and entered a large dining room. At least fifty women were already seated and eating and the noise level was deafening. They all wore some kind of uniform, similar to mine and it was easy to see the uniform colors at Highpoint were different combinations of pink, yellow and lavender.

We picked up trays and entered the kitchen. I followed along, absorbing everything. We got to choose between chicken and fish for an entree. With vegetables, dessert and drinks, we returned to the dining room and found seats at a table that was currently filling up. I noticed many of the girls wore name tags on their uniforms as I met the girls at our table being introduced as Ms. Irene Shipley, a new MT just arrived today.

It felt strange, looking at my food over the curves of my breasts, and I smiled to myself as I glanced around and saw that everyone else had similar curves to deal with. I definitely fit in. It was difficult to enjoy the meal, as the tight girdle compressed my stomach. Remembering my cramps in the morning, I felt comfortable with the limited amount of food I consumed.

After dinner, Cynthia and Gina went to their rooms. It was a lovely evening with the sun just beginning to set, displaying its many colors before disappearing over the horizon. I strolled towards the Rec Hall getting used to my new appearance, the bounce of my bosom (the falsies really had some weight) and the strange feel of the clothes.

For the first time I saw guests as they walked past me down the Rec. Hall steps. They certainly seemed fit enough and in good spirits, some of them wiping sweat off with towels hanging over their shoulders. They paid me no heed, easily accepting my new appearance as a woman. Inside other women were on a volleyball court, packing up to follow the first group I'd just passed.

Off to the right there were ping pong tables, two indoor squash courts and an exercise room. As I walked by I noticed, a variety of the latest equipment; and one lonely lady just getting off the treadmill and wiping down. I hesitated as she smiled at me and our eyes met, returning the smile I noticed my feminine reflection in the glass. "Whew, what a good workout." she said to me as she left the room walking towards the locker room. I followed along.

"I'm glad you enjoyed it, Ma'am," I responded in my carefully accented voice. "You certainly look in fine shape," she had to be in her early thirties, "and I'm sure a hot shower will feel perfect now, before dinner."

"You're right and thanks for the compliment," she answered as she pushed the locker room door open and motioned me ahead of her. "You're new here aren't you? I'm Mrs. Ann Saunders and who are you?" she inquired. "I don't see a name tag."

"I'm Irene Shipley and you're right, it's my first day here." I started feeling uncomfortable as she began undressing right there in front of me. "I was just walking

around checking out the Rec. hall.” My soft accent still sounded strange to my ears, as I watched her remove her shirt and then her brassiere. Both were dripping with sweat. Her large breasts stood out firmly, and caused an immediate reaction in the crotch of my panty girdle.

“That's nice,” she smiled at me. “It's a pleasure to meet you and if you've got some time later, I'd be happy to show you around the grounds.” Her voice was lovely to listen to and she spoke rather slowly so I could follow her easily, even though she was distracting me in other ways. “I've been here almost six months, so I know my way around. I'll probably be ready by nine. If you're game, I'll meet you outside 'Petticoat Junction', that's the clothing store in the Arts and Crafts building. Are you familiar with it?” She pulled down her shorts and panties, grabbed a towel, and looked for my response.



I was mesmerized, as she seemed unaware of her nudity. I begrudgingly looked away. “I picked up my uniforms there earlier so I should be able to find it again. I'll meet you there at nine.” I answered hastily almost forgetting my accent, and watched her walk to the shower (what a perfectly shaped rear end). Then I turned to escape from the locker room, feeling quite skittish from my first intimate encounter at this 'all women' facility.

By the time I reached my building, I thoroughly understood why my male appearance was unacceptable. I made a firm commitment to myself to avoid discovery at all costs. I was actually getting accustomed to the tight girdle and brassiere, and enjoyed the skirt brushing against my smooth thighs as I walked. Mrs. Saunders' nude body popped into my mind and I realized I'd probably be seeing a lot more naked females in the future. This job was certainly going to be a strain on my libido and my flattener.

Passing several girls in the hallway, I reached my door and bumped into a tall brunette rushing out of the room. “Hi, I'm Margaret, I'll be right back,” and she scurried off to the right before I could respond.

I threw my bags on the bed and settled in on the couch throwing my legs up on the ottoman to give them relief from the heels. My calves were killing me. I browsed

through the guest brochure and was impressed with the list of activities. They actually included a library, water-skiing and ballet classes. It seemed, almost any leisurely activity a woman could think of, was available at Highpoint. There were even weekly square dances.

From a daily activity sheet distributed in the evening at dinner, the guests could review the next day's choices. There were daily activities like tennis and swimming, while water aerobics and canoeing had regular weekly times. Special events like stage shows, picnics and tournaments were announced separately.

Just then Margaret walked in, came over and shook my hand with a big smile, "Welcome. I'm Margaret Fythe and you must be the new MT." She was close to six feet tall, was holding a bottle of shampoo, had a statuesque figure, long flowing hair and was much younger than I had anticipated for the supervisor of the riding academy. She couldn't be more than twenty eight.

"Yes, I'm Irene Shipley, and it's a pleasure to meet you. I start the management training program tomorrow. I must tell you that I'm really a man. Ms. Worthington suggested I'd fit in better disguised as a woman, especially around the guests, so therefore this is what you see." I stood up raising my arms and doing a full pirouette. I was using my newly acquired accented voice without any effort. I watched her face go through a range of emotions and finally her broad smile returned as full realization sunk in.

"So, Irene is not all she appears to be, interesting. You definitely look authentic. Is this the first time you've dressed like this?"

"As a matter of fact, it is. It feels so strange, and I hope I can handle all the subtleties this disguise requires."

"I'll help where I can. Your voice sounds very good, you've really gotten the accent down pat. Where are you from anyway," she asked, "and what's in the bags?" approaching my bed and peeking in.

"I'm from upstate New York as a matter of fact, right outside of Rochester, not fifteen miles from the corporate headquarters. Cecile packed me clothes to wear for the next couple of days until she can put together additional uniforms and clothes in my sizes."

Getting no response I asked, "How long have you been here? I hope you don't mind my being your roommate. I assure you I won't take advantage of the situation." That sounded strange after I said it, as she was so much bigger than I, and maybe I should be getting assurances that she wouldn't take advantage of me. "I've got to study the rules tonight. Later I'm meeting with one of the guests who offered to show me around the place."

She smiled as she went through and pulled out my new clothes from the bags, examining them as she straightened them out. "I've been with the company for five years; at Highpoint since it opened, and I don't mind rooming with a man, as long as you don't behave in their stupid macho ways. I used to have a steady boyfriend, until he began to show me off like one of his possessions, buying me revealing dresses and

parading me around in front of his friends. Men are so dumb, it astonishes me. But don't get me started."

"Learn the rules. It's important to get off on the right foot. If you have any questions just ask me, I'll be happy to help. What time are you meeting your guest?" She was hanging up my new uniforms in the closet, cautioning me to take good care of them, "The uniform allowance is not too generous."

"I'm meeting Mrs. Saunders at nine," I answered from the couch. "She's quite nice. Thanks for hanging those up for me."

She shrugged, "No problem. Mrs. Saunders's one of our more classy guests. I'm surprised you hit it off with her. She's been strictly a loner, very unsociable." She put my new underwear away in my dresser sorting my underwear from home in with the new stuff Cecile had provided. "Be sure you carefully read the rules about 'fraternizing with guests'. I'd hate to see you get in trouble on your first day."

She was finished putting away my clothes and grabbed a huge towel heading for the bathroom, "I've got to wash my hair."

I heard her singing in the shower, as I turned my attention to the handbook. She was nice, and seemed quite comfortable with my unusual circumstances. I checked my watch and saw I had an hour to study, and didn't look up again until Margaret called from the bathroom, asking me to get her nightgown and robe for her. "They're hanging on a hook in the closet."

I found them easily, and reached past the partially opened door with the flimsy nylon set, receiving a pleasant 'thanks' for my effort. I was back at digesting the 'guest do's and don'ts', when Margaret came out of the steaming bathroom with her hair wrapped in a towel and her body outlining the pink nylon robe I had recently given her. I momentarily lost my composure as I stared at her voluptuous curves, totally understanding why her boyfriend had been impressed. She frowned at me and sat at the vanity, beginning to brush out her hair. I finally looked back at my book, a flush coming to my cheeks. This was going to be difficult to handle on an everyday basis, my penis straining for release from my flattener and girdle, and my whole body feeling tense and explosive. How was I going to live so intimately amongst women, and keep control of myself? I hadn't anticipated this aspect of the job.

"Do you know where there's a phone I can use to call home? I told my mother I'd let her know I arrived safely," I said.

"Sure, there's one at the end of the hall, just make a left when you leave the room," she directed.

Ten minutes later I was back, having reassured Mom that everything was fine. I'd dropped the accent which hadn't been easy (I was already thinking in my high feminine voice) and omitted telling her how I was dressed and about the whole female appearance thing. She'd only worry unnecessarily.

Returning my attention to the rules booklet, I queried Margaret, "Do you think it's all right to be walking around the grounds alone with Mrs. Saunders tonight. This rule about no intimate relationships between guests and employees worries me."

She turned to look at me, “Intimate means just that, no sexual playing around. If you're only strolling around the place that's fine. Don't forget the rule about responding positively to any guest requests whenever possible. If Mrs. Saunders requested your presence to accompany her around the grounds, you'd be hard pressed not to accept her invitation. And especially in Mrs. Saunders case, since she rarely makes requests of any kind. I'm not familiar with the details of her problem, but the entire staff has been briefed to be especially aware of her needs. So use care in how you relate to her as you'll want to nurture her interest as much as possible.”

“Wow,” I was surprised, “I hadn't realized how complicated this would become.”

“What did you think this place was, a holiday resort?” she asked. “It may look like it, but you can be sure that every 'guest' has a compelling reason for being here. Many of these women have left unhappy marriages; that's why they've specifically requested this facility. We offer a comforting and accepting atmosphere so they can heal quickly and completely. I assume you have a psychology background.” she watched me nod assent. “You'll soon be using your background to help you solve the variety of problems the guests bring to us. We may function as housekeepers and waitresses, but we're constantly interacting with them, hopefully helping them solve their individual problems.

“I'm sure you've already noticed, how I refer to the women as 'guests'; never as patients. This rule keeps them feeling special and avoids attaching a stigma to their being here. It's almost nine, you'd better let me comb out your hair, so you can be on time for your stroll with Mrs. Saunders.”

Five minutes later I was heading to the clothing store, with my lips freshly painted, thanks to Margaret. It was pitch black outside, must be a 'new moon', and while I waited in front of Petticoat Junction, I thought how easily one could mistake Highpoint for a resort. Pretty dresses faced me from the well lit window as I wondered which one I'd be wearing in the future. I adjusted my bra seeking some relief from the unfamiliar pressure on my chest and shoulders. The weight of the falsies forced me to hold my shoulders back and I could feel the strain in my lower back. It had been a long day and it wasn't over yet.

Mrs. Saunders arrived wearing a white blouse and culottes outfit with a sweater draped over her shoulders. Watching her approach, I recalled my last sight of her walking to the showers and immediately felt my arousal return.

“Hi Irene, have you been waiting long?” she asked as she touched my shoulder.

“No, just a minute or two, Mrs. Saunders.” I smiled at her. “It's sure dark out tonight. Where shall we begin?”

“By you immediately calling me Ann, that's where. I know it's a rule, but the other way is so stuffy and I'm tired of listening to Mrs. Saunders this and Mrs. Saunders that. Okay?”

“Sure Ann, no problem.” That was easy.

“Good, that sounds so much better, especially coming from someone as charming as you.” She took my arm gently and led me away, “First, let me show you where I live. Then, if you'd like, we'll go see the pool and golf course.”

We strolled leisurely, conversing about Highpoint and all the activities going on each day. Keeping fit was of particular interest to her, so she worked out three times a week in the fitness room where we'd met. She also swam regularly and played golf twice a week with some other guests whom she didn't really care for. There wasn't much to choose from in the way of intelligent company. But she'd felt immediate interest when she met me earlier and definitely wanted to get to know me better.

We arrived at her building, Cedar Court, and rode the elevator up to the fifth floor, entering her apartment (507) a moment later. She led me through an entryway into a rather luxurious living room. Carpeting you could disappear in, beautiful couches, an entertainment center spanning the entire wall and several interesting paintings on the walls, greeted my astonished face. At her suggestion, we took off our shoes (good-by heels) and went through the living room into an adorable kitchenette area.

"Want something to drink," she asked as she opened the refrigerator. "There's coke, orange juice, lemonade. . ."

"Orange juice is fine, thank you," I answered.

She put out some pretzels for us to munch and then grabbed my hand and pulled me into the largest bedroom I'd ever seen. "Careful, I'll spill the juice," I said as I walked around the room admiring her huge king sized bed. The bathroom had a large hot tub sitting right in the middle of the room. "I've never seen anything like this before. It's so spacious and comfortable. Do all the guests have quarters like this?" It seemed like a dumb question, but I couldn't imagine every guest living in such luxury.

"This is probably one of the more elegant accommodations available, but the others I understand are also quite attractive. With all this comfort and no one to share it with, is it any wonder why I'm lonely and bored? Come let's take our drinks to the living room and have a nice girl to girl talk, unless you'd like to try the sauna."

"The living room sounds fine," I said as I strolled back and got comfortable on the large gray sofa (*the sauna sounded divine too, but . . .*). Ann put on some music and sat on the other end, as she shifted the conversation to me and how I'd found my way to Highpoint.

We talked for over two hours like we were long lost buddies. When I glanced at my watch and saw it was almost midnight, I literally jumped up, "Thanks Ann, for such a lovely evening. It's late, I really must get going," and started putting on my shoes.

"It was marvelous having you over, Irene. I do hope you'll visit again real soon." she reached over and gave me a soft kiss on the cheek. She smelled delicious as I breathed in her aroma.

"I'd love to," I said walking to the elevator.

She followed me in her bare feet, pushed the button and leaned against me while we waited.

"I'm sure you'll do fine tomorrow, don't be nervous," she coached me. "I'm sorry I didn't get to show you around, maybe next time. Sleep well sweetheart." She hugged me, as I heard the elevator door opening. I returned her hug, enjoying her soft pliant body, and then was watching the door close, as I waved good night.

The parting sensuality had felt wonderful as I thought about the evening with Ann while I walked back to my room. It was beautiful out and I tried to caution myself; this could definitely lead to trouble. But it had felt so right and I refused to let any 'rules' interfere with the good vibes going on inside me.

Ann Saunders was a lonely lady, quite charming and intriguing, who was seeking a sincere friendship. What's wrong with that? Hadn't Margaret told me earlier that employees were supposed to be there for the guests whenever they made requests. The parting hugs expressed friendly feelings, right?

When I entered my room, Margaret was already sleeping, and I turned on a small light by my bed to undress and prepare for bed. It sure felt good removing first the girdle and then the flattener. My little guy was kind of numb having been cramped away all day long, but was enjoying his freedom now. I washed off the make-up as best I could, and put on one of the nightgowns my mother had sent, since there was nothing else to wear. It was cotton, hung almost to the floor and felt weird. Looking in the bathroom mirror, I saw a feminine me staring back, amazed at how much I'd changed since my arrival 12 hours ago.

As I lay in bed, I wondered where all this was heading and then my exhaustion took over and I was lost in dreamland, in a room full of naked women doing exercises.

Chapter 6

I woke to my alarm at 6 A.M., and heard Margaret go into the bathroom. I listened to the shower as I slowly sat up and went looking for some slippers in the closet. There was a pink pair about my size which I put on and searched for a coffee filter so I could get some coffee brewing. It was perking when Margaret came out of the bathroom, wrapped in a towel, smiling a good morning to me. "Do you know what time I'm supposed to see Ms. Worthington this morning?" I inquired.

"Yeah, she stopped by last night, and was a bit surprised you weren't tucked in yet, It must have been close to eleven. She wants you at her office at nine this morning. She was annoyed that you were out with a guest before she'd had a chance to talk with you. I'm sure she's going to drill you thoroughly on the rules later for she said you were supposed to be studying."

She'd begun dressing in front of me, again thinking nothing of pulling up her panties and fitting her bra neatly to her beautiful breasts while I watched. She was something else, but I had to look away as my erection was noticeably poking through my nightgown.

"Sounds like I'm in hot water. I'd better review the booklet again after breakfast. By the way, what time is breakfast?"

"From 6:30 to 7. Guests start at 7:30 and go until 10," she said. My clock showed 6:35, so I poured myself a cup of coffee, conceding there was no way I was getting dressed and down to breakfast this morning and said good-bye to Margaret as she left. I sat around reading the rules booklet carefully for the third time, and it started to sink in; how completely I was surrounded by the female sex. They were everywhere. In my first day I'd already seen two naked ladies, both of whom were barely conscious

of my presence, like I was irrelevant. I just didn't matter. My male ego felt deflated, and then I was running to the bathroom, as severe cramps hit me again.

After a shower, I almost felt recovered, as I took my vitamin and went to dress myself as a female, for the first time. Pulling up the panties over the rubber flattener and then the girdle felt kind of nice as they passed over my shaved legs and I examined the rest of my body for hair. Returning to the bathroom, I carefully looked at my chest and arms, hairy and certainly not feminine. I undressed again and found some hair removal cream in the bathroom closet. Putting it first over my chest and arms and then over my hips and behind, I got everywhere I could reach. The mirror showed my fuzzy back, and I resolved to ask Margaret for her help, possibly this evening. I went back to studying the rules, until the burning sensation made me hurry to the shower and rinse off.

The mirror sure showed the difference. I was now smooth as a baby, so I powdered myself and began to dress again. I closed the bra, after inserting the falsies and admired how authentic I looked. I thought of Mrs. Saunders breasts and wondered how real ones would feel (dream on).

It was almost 8:30, so I stopped daydreaming, put on a dress similar to yesterday's, socks and shoes and combed out my hair until it resembled yesterday's appearance. Spraying it generously so it would stay in place, I sat and carefully applied lipstick to my lips, blotting them as I'd been shown. I barely had time to glance at myself, smile, and grab the booklets as I scrambled out of the room rushing over to the admin building for my nine o'clock appointment. I didn't want to be late my first day.

With feelings of apprehension about my appearance, I walked past the receptionist, nodding hello and went straight to Ms. Worthington's office. Whew, it was just nine o'clock. I knocked on the door and waited for her to ask me in. "Good morning, Ms. Worthington," I said in my newly accented voice. "You asked to see me this morning?"

"Yes Ms. Shipley, you definitely sound better this morning." she answered, as she slowly gave me the once over. "Your appearance has also improved significantly. Cecile and Gina can certainly work wonders, and I hope you'll work hard at perfecting this look in the weeks to come. Here's your name tag," she handed it to me, "be sure you wear it at the waist of your uniform, until everyone has had a chance to meet you."

"Thank you, Ms. Worthington. You can feel confident that I'll do my best to avoid detection."

"I understand you met with a guest last night. You were out past 11. I hope you're aware of the company rule about socializing with guests. Under no circumstances will I tolerate an intimate relationship between an employee and a guest. You realize they put their trust in us and we must be extremely careful about taking advantage of their vulnerable positions.

"Mrs. Saunders has been with us for six months and this is the first time she's shown any interest at all in spending time with another individual. Her condition is quite sensitive. Would you please relate to me everything that happened last night, including how you met and what you talked about on your walk."

I looked at her and carefully related how I'd been exploring the rec hall and our first meeting. I went on to relay our conversation and how she'd offered to show me the grounds and my acceptance, not realizing there was any possibility of a problem. When Margaret informed me of Mrs. Saunders' reclusivity, I realized this needed careful handling. I conveyed how we'd spent several hours at her apartment, relaxing, listening to music and just enjoying a comfortable conversation. "I'm really sorry if I violated any rules. I was only responding to a very pleasant person," I concluded. (I certainly didn't mention Mrs. Saunder's nudity, or our parting hug).

She just sat there watching me closely, and then got up and walked around her desk. "Ms. Shipley, it's imperative that in the future you check with me first before making any plans to spend time 'one-on-one' with a guest. My entire staff works closely together, I repeat together, to help these women recover from their problems, and it's imperative that no individual staff member tries to do it alone. Be sure to use the team.

"That you were there for Mrs. Saunders, on such short notice, is commendable, and we'll be monitoring her behavior to see if she continues to leave her shell. But remember, contact me first in the future."

"I understand," I responded, "and I'll check with you if anything further develops. She did seem to enjoy my company, and I'm pretty sure she'll want to see me again soon. I just have that feeling. What do you think I should do in that case?"

"If that occurs, accept the invitation and call me so we can discuss it further. Let's move on. I hope you studied the rules, when you weren't out socializing." She began drilling me extensively on all kinds of situations I might encounter while on the job, and she seemed surprised that most of my answers were correct. She was impressed and said she'd call the sports director, Ms. Mary Peters to see if she was ready for me to start. She requested some privacy so I went to wait in the reception area.

Smiling at the pretty receptionist, I learned her name was Patricia Wheeling and that she'd been in the MT program for four months.

"I've learned so much in new areas that I've never been involved in before," she told me in her sultry voice, "and I'm looking forward to my next area, housekeeping, which I'll probably start on Monday. I've already been through the beauty salon, the riding academy and the kitchen and I can't begin to tell you how much my perspective has changed, in just four months. Why look how much you've changed in just one day. Can you imagine, what four months will bring?" She turned her attention to the computer momentarily, inputting some information and then printing out reports, while I sat and considered her question.

I looked at her lovely hair and perfectly made up face wondering where I would be sitting four months from now.

Patricia was soon informing me how each guest's progress, in their individual rehabilitation programs, was carefully monitored. "We have an excellent success rate at Highpoint, returning guests back to their normal environments with a positive perspective on life. It's really rewarding to watch the improvement in the guest's behavior as they develop new positive attitudes about themselves. You'll see. Just be careful to follow the rules and go with the program."

“Thanks for the info and advice Patricia, can I call you that? Or should it be Ms. Wheeling? I'm still unclear about that,” I said.

“When we're alone you can call me Patricia, but in the company of others I'm Ms. Wheeling,” she smiled at me. “It's so you don't forget when you're with guests, and once you've learned it, you won't have any trouble you at all.” She picked up the buzzing phone, “Ms. Worthington is ready for you,” she informed me. “It was nice chatting with you. Maybe I'll see you around or we can get together for lunch sometime and share tidbits.”

“I'd like that.” I smiled at her and returned to Ms. Worthington's office.

“Ms. Peters won't be ready for you until 1 P.M.. Meanwhile I've made an appointment for you with Dr. Smith to check out your anemia problem which I noticed in your records. On the way out, see the receptionist for a daily guest schedule which is self-explanatory. By the way there's a map of the facility on the back to help you find your way to the sports academy. Pick up an employee schedule too which shows your meal times and the hours for each of the activity areas.”

She rose from her desk and put her arm around my shoulder (she was a good 6 inches taller), “I'm really pleased you're with us, Irene. You seem like a sensitive and perceptive individual, and I have a feeling you're going to be a marvelous addition to our staff here at Highpoint.”

She walked me to the receptionist, got me the schedules she had mentioned, and bid me adieu.

I left the building heading towards the doctor's office which was supposed to be right above the beauty salon. Dr. Smith was expecting me for my second medical exam in a week.

Chapter 7

I watched Irene leave, then picked up the reports that Patricia had prepared for me. Glancing at her for a moment, I saw a prime example of the success of the MT program at Highpoint. I grabbed a fresh cup of coffee and returned to my desk.

I sat and thought back to the time when Patricia had first arrived at Highpoint four months ago, bringing his tough Chicago background and strong masculine feelings of superiority. The satellite office in Chicago had made a questionable choice in hiring Patrick, his former name, but with persistent assurances from Dr. Smith and myself we finally persuaded him to explore the feminine role.

“Just try it for a week,” we'd suggested and finally overcoming a fierce inner struggle he gave it a chance.

With the medication kicking into full gear that week and the constant feedback and assistance from the women he worked with, he'd ultimately surrendered to his new image. His feminine deportment progressed quickly after that with hardly a hint of further resistance. Today she approached each new phase of the training program with unbridled enthusiasm, no hint of returning to her former male role.

I wonder whether other locations were having similar results with their male trainees. I'm glad I had suggested this idea to the lovely corporate personnel manager,

Dorothy Carter, at the annual budget conference last year (we'd had a beautiful weekend together). The company had been having quite a problem with discrimination suits being brought against them, since they'd been hiring women exclusively for the management trainee program.

When I suggested including men who were carefully screened, and who would accept altering their gender identity for the sake of the rehabilitation programs, it met with a great deal of skepticism. But my insistence got them to agree to a test at Highpoint. They evaluated the results at our quarterly meeting last June, and although it was still early in our first conversion (lovely Joanne) they'd expanded the male recruiting program to six additional test locations. I'd have to check on the results with Dorothy when I saw her at our next meeting.

Irene seemed perfectly suited to the program and would probably be the smoothest conversion yet. Patricia and Joanne had needed so much convincing, and Dr. Smith and I met daily with each of them, while carefully introducing female hormones into their everyday diet and in Joanne's case even resorting to hypnosis. Today, they were both eager participants. Joanne was already halfway through her training in just over nine months, which was well ahead of schedule and exceeded the rate of many of the real girls. Maybe hypnosis should be used for all trainees. I'd have to give that some serious thought.

Returning my attention to the reports in front of me, I carefully noted the progress of each guest, making recommendations that might assist with their recoveries. Later I dictated these ideas to Patricia, who typed them up, by guest, and distributed them to their assigned section. There were 15 sections in all and each section chief would utilize these recommendations directly with the appropriate counselor, as they saw fit.

Section chiefs worked hard at Highpoint. Each had an average of 13 to 14 guests they were directly responsible for, supported by 5 or 6 counselors handling individual guest therapy sessions. Twice a month I met with each of my section chiefs and their assistants, reviewing in detail the behavior of their assigned guests. Most of my Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Fridays were devoted to these meetings. I had a marvelous group of section chiefs, and their hard work and dedication was the primary reason for our excellent results, in spite of being operational only nine months.

Recently, however, unusually heavy staff turnover had put increased burdens on the remaining personnel and they had performed beautifully in spite of the added pressure. The arrival of six new MTs in the past week, including the newly transformed male Irene, would be assuming therapy duties much earlier than usual to help relieve the pressure. I must remember to thank the entire staff for their outstanding effort over the past six weeks.

Later I admired Patricia as she sat with her lovely legs crossed awaiting my dictation.

"I'm assigning Ms. Shipley to Roseann's group, section 12, replacing Marylou," I said, watching her frown as she felt the pain of her roommate leaving just last Monday.

She and Marylou had enjoyed a marvelous intimacy and close friendship. Patricia was thankful she'd had so sensitive a woman to relate to, especially when she'd gone

through such a drastic change to her perspective on life. Marylou was probably the most important factor in Patricia's accepting her feminine role and becoming comfortable as a woman.

Watching her closely as she returned from her musings I continued, "Be sure to let Irene know when her group meets and what is expected of her. She seems quite sweet and receptive. I think she's going to do well here, just as you have darling. I'm really proud of your accomplishments in the program. These last two weeks you've mastered the administrative functions so well you might want to consider specializing in this area in the future. I hope you'll continue your fine effort when you go to housekeeping on Monday. By the way, I've put you in for a special bonus and a salary increase which you should see in your next paycheck."

"Thank you Ms. Worthington." Patricia was smiling from ear to ear and a slight blush showed on her cheeks. She continued in her sweet lilting voice, "You've really been so patient with me and my getting comfortable with being a woman." She looked glowingly at Ms. Worthington, "Lately I've been feeling a strong sense of self worth, something I never felt before, never even knew it existed for me. I'm so grateful to you and Dr. Smith for helping me find my true self and well being."

"We're so happy you feel that way. I assume you've been seeing Dr. Smith regularly for your shots, am I right?" She hesitantly nodded 'yes' as I studied her protruding breasts, widening hips and broadening derriere that gave her away whenever she moved. She was embarrassed by her femininity becoming so apparent, her flowing curves announcing her developing womanhood.

"You've become so beautiful," I said watching her blush as she felt my stare. "I do hope you'll be a big sister to Irene, and assist her if she encounters any problems. I'm sure you remember the problems you encountered early on. She'll love having someone who is sympathetic and understanding if she too runs into difficulties. Let me know if anything needs my attention."

"Of course, Ms. Worthington. I don't mind keeping an eye on her. If there's nothing else, I must get my section lists completed, so they're ready for the section chiefs this afternoon." She rose to leave, but I quickly came around the desk, and gently pulled her into my soft bosom, holding her firmly yet tenderly for several moments. Her initial tension melted away as my warmth blended with her delicious curves (and she remembered Marylou and then way back to her childhood and the comfort of her mother's bosom). Her body completely surrendered to fully experience the blissful moment we were sharing. I had difficulty controlling myself, satisfying my urges with a lingering kiss to her neck.

When she left a few minutes later, she knew of my total acceptance and a smile lit her face as she began thinking about her bonus and raise. Her current success made her glow (or was that Ms. Worthington's lips?) and she couldn't wait to greet each day. She'd surely made the right decision when she first started the program at Highpoint.

I returned to my desk with a feeling of deep satisfaction at Patricia's wonderful development, enjoying her contentment and hoping Irene's conversion program went as smoothly.

Chapter 8

Entering the doctor's office, I gave the receptionist my name.

“Oh yes, Ms. Shipley.” she acknowledged. “Ms. Worthington set up your appointment a short while ago. Dr. Smith should be free in about ten minutes. In the meantime, would you please fill out this form for our records.” She handed me a detailed questionnaire, similar to the first one I'd encountered at the corporate office, and I again completed it as carefully as I could, starting out with my new name, Irene Shipley. That seemed to be what they expected, but I'm sure the doctor wouldn't be fooled once she did any kind of examination. I still left the menstrual cycle questions blank. I gave it to the receptionist, watching as she studied the form and typed up a label, beginning my medical file for the doctor.

Several minutes went by and then a guest came out to the receptionist to set up another appointment. After she left, the receptionist showed me to an examining room, asked me to undress to my panties, and put on the gown she handed me. I sat on the examining table, with the gown covering very little, and felt embarrassed about being seen in my flattener and girlish underwear.

“Hi, I'm Dr. Smith.” I looked up into the beautiful blue eyes of a good looking woman, dressed in whites and appearing quite professional. “You must be Irene Shipley, the new MT I was speaking to Mrs. Worthington about. She mentioned you had an anemia problem she wanted me to check out, and I thought we'd bring you up to date on your vaccination shots while you're here. Are you having any discomfort from your condition?”

“Yes doctor, I've been having severe cramps in the morning for the past five days of so. I can't seem to figure out what I've eaten that might be causing them.”

“Are you taking any medications?” she inquired.

“Yes. The company doctor back home, gave me a special vitamin for my anemic condition. I take one every morning with breakfast” (forgetting to mention the extra ones I'd taken for the cramps). She took notes as I answered her questions about family illnesses and any allergies I might have, etc. When we finished she had me stand up and undress and carefully examined me from head to toe, taking measurements at my hips, chest, waist and other spots; noting everything in my file. She asked me about my feelings, having to appear as a girl while in training, encouraging me to share with her any problems this created for me.

“It's highly unusual, but I do understand how important it is to the guest's recovery, and I certainly want to do well in my training program. Ms. Worthington said I'd only have to alter my appearance to elude detection by the guests,” I responded.

“You're right. If you let yourself go with it, you'll find it much easier to accomplish a female image and effectively hide your masculinity. For at least the next several weeks, you should take some special pills which will neutralize your masculine responses. Tell me the truth. You've been here one day. How many times have you had the normal male reaction, having seen some woman in either a state of undress or just looking desirable?”

I smiled. "Several times already. You're right, it's not easy being around so many lovely ladies without responding."

"Once you've begun to feel comfortable with the loss of your male response, we'll look into making your appearance more authentic, possibly hiding away any telltale bulges to avoid accidental exposure. That could be real embarrassing." Thoughts of locker room discovery caused me to shudder.

"Enough for now, let's get your vaccination shots completed, which the nurse will give you, and then stop by my office for your suppressant medication. I'll also give you something for your upset stomach." She left the room and I waited hesitantly for the nurse to appear.

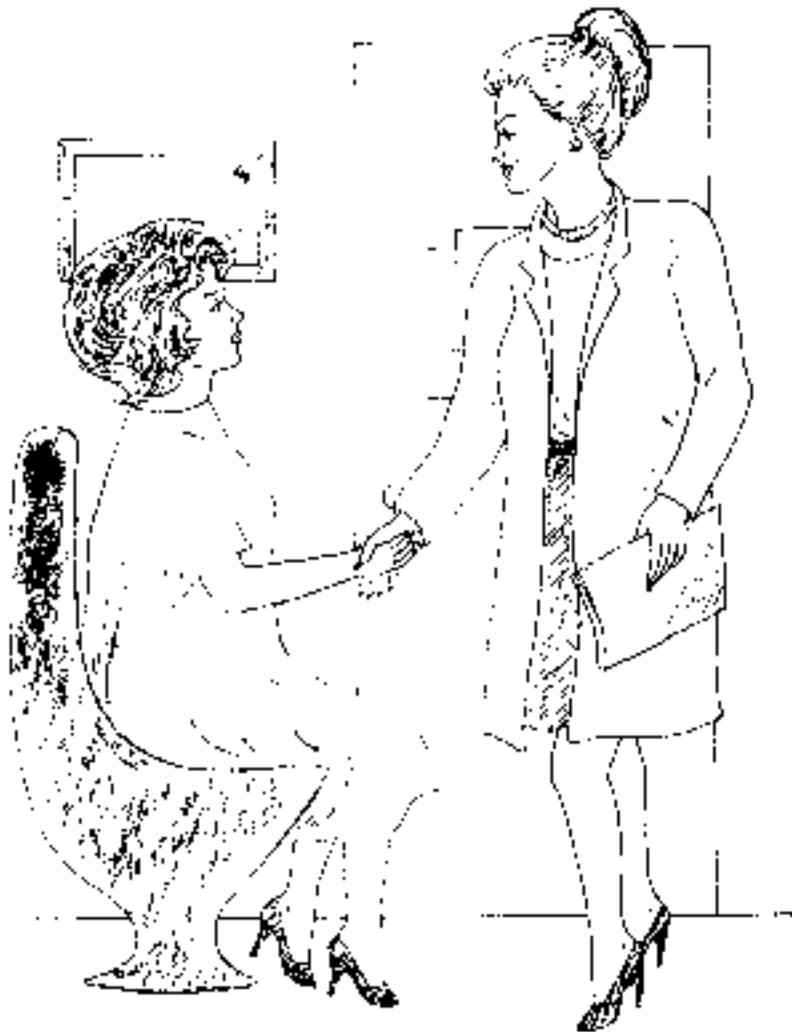
'*My appearance more authentic, hide telltale bulges,*' I wondered what she was alluding to.

The nurse came in with a smiling "Good morning," carrying a tray full of needles and syringes and I almost screamed.

"You must be kidding. You have one, two, three, four, five (I counted out loud) needles that are for me, is that right? Where am I going, Angola?"

"Calm down, Ms. Shipley. These are only to ensure that no unnecessary illness occurs at Highpoint. Everyone working here receives them, so why don't you drop your panties and offer me a good target, so we can get started," she prompted me, as she prepared the first needle, propelling some liquid out the end.

I sighed and turned around presenting my smooth behind to her. She wet swabbed me and I felt the prick of the needle and the medication enter as she emptied the syringe. "Good," she said, "now hold that position," as she prepared the second shot. This time she used my other cheek, and I again felt the medication entering my body. The third shot went in my left hip, "We don't want one area to get too sore, do we?"



The fourth shot she surprisingly put in under my left nipple, it was a small needle, and then did the same on the other side with the last shot, telling me these were special inoculations against a particular bacteria which was common in their marshland area. I was sore all over as I dressed and went into the doctor's office. She smiled in my direction, as she finished talking on the phone.

"I've got company sweetheart. I'll see you later and explain the entire matter," she said as she hung up and looked at me. "So, how did your vaccinations go? So many of the women have difficulty taking all the shots at once, so we administer them over several days. Nurse Prout said you handled it quite well, so you shouldn't have any trouble with your follow-up shots over the next several weeks. In the meantime if anything bothers you or you get a reaction that you're unsure about, do not hesitate. Just stop by and I'll be happy to check it out."

"Thanks Dr. Smith. I just have one question. Those shots in my chest seemed unusual," I was rubbing the area, "what are they for?"

"People who are not from this area have a susceptibility to contacting a bacteria called celuloctus. It attacks the lungs and chest area causing high fevers and severe bronchial congestion sometimes leading to pneumonia. Because we're situated in this isolated area, surrounded by marshland and some of the wildest scrubs and undergrowth, we like to be on the safe side. This warm climate takes some getting used to, so be sure not to overdo your outdoor activities."

"Here's your medications. The proper dosage is on the labels. Take the male suppressant twice a day, with breakfast and dinner, and the stomach medication three times a day, which should alleviate the cramps pretty quickly. Continue your daily vitamins and we'll check your anemia again in three months."

"Be sure to make your follow-up appointment with the receptionist on the way out. Unless you have a problem, Nurse Prout will handle your booster shots next week," and she rose, leading me to the door.

"Thank you doctor," I said and then stopped by the receptionist, her name tag said Sarah Thatcher, and made another appointment for next Wednesday at 8:30 A.M..

I left the office, feeling prepared for space travel. I should be safe from just about any germ imaginable. It was eleven o'clock and suddenly hunger pangs hit me. The employee sheet said lunch was at 11:45, so I decided to take a walk to locate the sports academy.

I passed several of the guest buildings. They each were 12 stories high, and I noted their names, 'Elm Court, Cedar Court where Ann lived, Apple Court, etc., a total of five in all. They formed a horseshoe configuration around a large outdoor pool area, filled with chaise lounges, and occupied by women of all shapes and sizes. Music played over a stereo system, and now I realized where many of the guests were spending their time.

The indoor pool was in a building right past the outdoor area. Inside was also a large locker room and a small coffee shop where small groups of ladies were talking or playing cards. I admired several cute waitresses as they walked by. Their short

skirted uniforms and revealing tops got me wondering if I'd be expected to dress similarly.

In the large indoor pool women were doing laps while others participated in a water aerobics class given at the shallow end.

For a moment, I watched the gorgeous instructor and then realized my medication would soon be depriving me of this enjoyment. *Was I ready to give this up? Did I have a choice? I either went with the program or I went home. And then what? Sit around reading the want ads every day. I couldn't handle that again.*

I left through a door at the other end of the pool. Straight ahead was the seventh hole of the golf course, I could see the flag on the green, and momentarily watched some women taking their approach shots. Off to my left were tennis courts, and I walked past them spotting what turned out to be the tennis pro shop, and went in to inquire where I was.

An adorable blonde behind the counter answered my query, "It's not far, Irene Shipley," she read my name tag. "It's a small building just past the indoor tennis courts. There's a path that leads right to it from the beauty salon. You're new here, aren't you? I haven't seen you around before."

"Yes. I just got in yesterday and I'm starting my training program this afternoon at the sports academy," I answered.

"Welcome to fantasy land. I'm Susan Kramer, I've been at Highpoint 3 months, and let me tell you, it's the most exclusive place I've ever been at in my five years with Hertech."

She seemed to need an interested ear so I stayed awhile, hoping to learn all I could about Highpoint. She'd spent her own training period at a facility outside of Tallahassee, Florida, but it was nothing compared to this. She was currently an assistant section chief for section nine, and also the assistant manager of the sport's academy. She was handling the tennis shop as they awaited the arrival of new MTs.

"That must mean me," I piped in. "I'm to report to Ms. Peters at one o'clock. I was wandering around getting a feel for the place. It's quite impressive. It seems to have everything anyone could wish for."

"It does, but don't get too excited. It's primarily for the guests, who spend an exorbitant amount of money to come here. All we get is the privilege of working hard to keep things running smoothly. Even on your days off, the golf course and indoor pool are off limits, and other facilities are restricted to when the guests are not using them. I'm in 'B' building, room 8, if you want to come visit some time," she offered.

"I'm in the same building, room 14, so the same goes for you." I saw it was past 11:30 and asked, "When do you guys eat, it's almost lunch time?"

"I'll be closing the shop in about five minutes, and will take a 45 minute lunch break. The guests are used to the shops being closed when the staff's eating. They understand that our nourishment is important, most do anyway. If you'd care to wait, I'll walk over with you."

"I'd really like to catch a glimpse of the sports academy before going to lunch," I said. She didn't mind, so I watched her close up and put a, 'be back at' with a clock showing 12:30 sign in the window. She locked the door and we walked past a bubble covering several indoor tennis courts, and there it was, a small building with a sign 'Sports Academy' over it's front door. We walked by casually, while she was told me about her family back home, and continued up the path going by the medical building where I'd so recently been treated like a pin cushion.

"My mother thinks this company is the finest in the entire country," she explained. "I'm able to save a large proportion of my paycheck and still help out at home where things are pretty rough right now."

We walked up the steps of the dining hall and I noticed the name over the doorway, 'Fairyland Farms', which brought a smile to my face. What a wacky place.

We both chose salads with a fruit punch when we surveyed the offerings. Sitting at the next available table with some other staff, we continued our own conversation through lunch, occasionally laughing out loud at some funny story she told. We had a similar sense of humor and decided to meet after work, planning to go to dinner together later. She was very pleasant to be with, and when we parted after lunch I felt disappointed watching her leave.

I returned to my room for my medication and to relax until one o'clock.

Chapter 9

"It went smooth as silk, and when I told him about the celuloctus bacteria, you had to see his bulging eyes. Nicole, his journey to femininity has begun, and if he doesn't pay attention, he'll be a lady before he realizes it. The new booster shots he'll be getting will really speed up the conversion process and make the changes permanent," I concluded, moving the phone to my other ear as I completed my notes in Irene's medical file.

"Loretta, I'm so pleased. I was observing Patricia this morning, and I think her male alter-ego is totally gone. She's unequivocally into her femininity. And her body changes are more pronounced with each passing day, causing her to blush with surprising frequency, as she's unable to hide her budding femininity from the world. Like we were in our teenage years."

"I hugged her today, and could feel her breasts and overflowing buttocks. I got dizzy with anticipation of her joining us one evening for dinner. Could we do it soon? She was so yielding and passive, her personality so changed from when she first arrived. And just think Loretta, she's helping us to meet the levels required in the discrimination codes, since we're now hiring males at almost the same rate as females."

"Nicole, I must go sweetheart. I've got three patients backed up and you know how they complain when they're forced to wait. I'll see you later at the apartment, and please remember, we can't start with dinners until they've reached full womanhood. Patience darling, it'll be worth it," and she whispered, "til later darling."

I buzzed the nurse telling her I was ready for my next patient, Mrs. Mason. The pains in her left side were usually gas, but since she wouldn't accept this simple ex-

planation, she had to be pampered and coddled, and then I'd most likely recommend a massage after a light dinner.

The amount of hypochondriac cases presently at the facility, close to 50%, was not unusual, especially when dealing with women who were feeling their age and had money to burn. They were nurtured by the staff, indulged with luxurious apartments and given the finest guest services, certainly receiving their money's worth while residing here. When they began feeling better, quite often it was difficult for them to voluntarily leave and frequently relatives had to coax and persuade them in order to get them home.

Some of the women had left taking an employee or two with them, wanting to continue the attention they'd grown accustomed to. The staff that left with them, usually became wealthy overnight, often signing five year contracts that left them quite comfortable once they were completed. This was causing enormous problems for the company, since capable replacements on short notice were almost impossible to find. Often vacancies were not filled for a while and it cost the company valuable time searching for qualified replacements while causing inconveniences to the guests.

That's why the "no intimate contact with guests" was such a strongly enforced policy, and yet, who could keep track of all the hankie pankie that went on in a facility with over three hundred women. It was literally impossible. At least without men there were no unwanted pregnancies and that was the reason we vaccinated all men soon after they arrived, assuring this record would remain intact.

Examining Mrs. Mason and gently probing her side, I asked her about the food she'd recently consumed. Meanwhile I thought of Nicole's idea of using males in the MT positions thinking it would lower the chances of losing employees to the whims of their rich patients. It was too early to judge the results. The program was only running nine months and Joanne, their initial male recruit, was just now approaching her final conversion operation. Soon we would see how reliable an employee she would become.

The new drugs Irene would receive, would speed up the feminization process and help her feel more natural as a woman fairly soon. I'd better remind Sally when she administers the booster shots next week, to get Irene talking about her feelings while the recorder is on. Then I can listen and decide if she needs any change in her dosages. I wanted to remain in the background, so the booster program would appear to be just a routine procedure.

"Mrs. Mason, I want you to eat a salad for dinner, and be sure to schedule a massage tonight before going to bed. Shall I have Sarah arrange it for you? I can find nothing else wrong with you, so be sure to get a good night's sleep, and let me know tomorrow if you still have any discomfort."

"Thank you doctor," she sighed her relief, "that's certainly good to hear, for an old lady like me. I'd appreciate it, if you'd arrange the massage for me in my room at 9 o'clock. That should certainly relax me so I can get a restful night's sleep." She reached over, shook my hand, and left my office. I buzzed Sarah at the front desk, asking her to arrange for Mrs. Mason's massage.

I momentarily thought ahead to my evening with Nicole Worthington and had to rub my expanding nipples, that were anticipating the delightful evening ahead. I arose and went to the next examining room to deal with Mrs. Jordan's headaches.

Chapter 10

Cleaning the counter, I wondered how Ms. Mary Peters had gotten the job of sports academy director. She was at least thirty pounds overweight. Her clothes fit like they were glued on. Obviously she'd gained the weight since coming here. She was at her computer terminal working away while I was doing a thorough clean up of the office. I still had to look forward to cleaning the equipment room in the back, which was in total chaos.

Tomorrow she planned a tour of the pools and rec. hall, and would decide what would be my function on Monday. I'd be rotating on a weekly basis through the various functions in her area. She was intent on preparing for her evening section meeting, being the leader of section 8, and was unable to spend more time with me now.

Every once in a while as I cleaned, I stopped to rub my chest, which wasn't easy with the breast forms in the way, but both nipples were very sensitive, probably from the shots I'd received in the morning. I felt kind of sluggish throughout my body, realizing it was probably due to my fighting off the minor infections which the vaccination shots would prevent in the future. 'Wasn't that how they worked,' I thought to myself, as I moved to the shelves behind the counter straightening out the papers and dusting.

"Where can I get a ping pong ball and rackets," a guest's voice requested, which startled me not having heard her enter.

I turned around smiling, "You've come to the right place. They'd probably be in the back. How many rackets do you need?"

"Two," she replied. "No, better make that four, in case some others join us," she added, so I went in the back and after some serious digging located four ping pong rackets and a ball. "Thank you, Irene," she said, reading my name tag, as I handed her the equipment. "I'm Mrs. Brenner, and I hope you have a nice day," she turned to leave.

"You too, Mrs. Brenner. Have a fun game." I returned my attention to the shelves, as Mary looked up from her work and praised my handling of the guest.

"You're a natural with them, I can tell." She sighed deeply, "Me, I don't socialize very well. Maybe it's my upbringing, but ever since I was 8, I've had trouble being comfortable around people. I had no friends that I can remember."

"You're probably wondering what am I doing here in such a demanding position, which requires frequent contact with peers as well as guests? Well, I'm committed to overcoming this hang-up. But even with six years under my belt at Hertech, it's still difficult for me," she confided. "Don't know why I'm telling you this. Guess I needed to talk to someone and you're a good listener."

“Hey, I don't mind.” I answered her as I took a break from dusting. “If you feel like talking, just go ahead, it helps pass the time as I'm getting all choked up from the dust on these shelves. Can we open the door and get some fresh air in here?”

“It'll only bring the bugs,” Mary answered. “We do have a fan somewhere in the back room. Why don't you see if that'll help?”

Soon the fan was working and it certainly moved the hot air around a lot, but wasn't much relief. “Is this the only building without air conditioning?” I asked.

“Nope, there's the boathouse and the maintenance shack. You can't blame them, it's not cheap keeping the humidity and heat out, but it certainly would have been nice if they had. How I got stuck here, seems to be the story of my life. Whenever there's a dirty job to do, I seem to get the call.”

“I've really got to get back to my section report. It's not going to get done if I'm talking to you.” She turned back to her computer, and left me rubbing my chest once more.

Later, I was in the back room cleaning up and trying to make some order out of things and Mary came to help. “Four hands are better than two,” she smiled. “My section report's ready so let's see if we can't organize this room, so my life will be a whole lot easier.”

“It depends what the four hands are doing,” I replied with a smile. She too smiled and we both spent the next two hours sweating, cleaning and organizing the equipment. We got to know each other better, and I really liked her, but she was badly in need of a self-confidence boost, as I repeatedly heard her denigrate her abilities. Yet it was her skills at organizing and labeling areas that finally got the room in order. “I can sure use a shower,” I said. “I don't think there's a dry spot on my body.”

“Irene, you're a charm. I haven't sweated this much in a month of Sundays, and this room has never been so clean. Want to check and see if there's a dry spot on me,” she suggested raising her arms. I looked at her clinging dress and wondered what I looked like. We'd been constantly flirting all afternoon, and had thoroughly enjoyed the game.

“Is there any place to get some cold drinks, I'm dry as a bone?” I asked.

“There's a coke machine over by Elm Court,” she pointed to a guest building across the way. “Why don't you get us a couple of cans, bottles I can't be trusted with.” We looked at each other smirking. “I'm going to get ready to close, it's almost 4:30.”

Returning with the cokes, I greeted Susan and offered her some of mine, as we watched Mary put the 'closed' sign up and lock the door. “Why don't we go for a swim before dinner,” Susan suggested.

I thought of how I would look and knew I'd never pass in just a swimsuit. “I'm just going to take a long bath and relax for awhile,” I replied. “Maybe Mary wants to go?”

Susan looked disappointed, but decided to go anyway and Mary joined her. Susan said she'd be by for dinner around 5:25, as I left her and walked upstairs to my room.

It felt wonderful getting out of the tight girdle, bra and the flattener and just sitting in the bath oils and hot water soaking off the day's grime. My nipples became extended and were sensitive when I played with them, and I wondered if the breast forms were the cause of the irritation. Could also be the heat. I felt my other sore areas where the needles had intruded and tried soothing them by gently soaping them beneath the water. I washed my hair, as the hot weather and dusty work had made it all frizzly.

As I was drying off, Margaret peeked in and asked how long I'd be.

"Another minute," I answered in my soft accented voice. I didn't have to think about it any more. Mom was going to have difficulty understanding me the next time we talked. Wrapping a towel around my body and under my armpits, as I saw Margaret do yesterday, I left the steamy room.

"You can't leave your clothes all over the place like this," she was pointing at my stuff from yesterday and today, scattered on the floor around my bed. "Staff laundry is done on Friday. Your laundry bag is probably up on the closet shelf. Be sure you put your name and room number on all your inside labels and on the laundry bag. Many of the dresses and underwear look alike in this place, making it impossible to sort them out if there's no identification. I'll show you where to drop it off in the morning, if you're ready on time," she smiled at me, alluding to my slow start that morning. "I've got to get in the shower," she said and I heard the bathroom door close, as I dried my hair.

I still felt uncomfortable being naked around Margaret, so I used her temporary absence to get dressed in fresh clothes, including new panties and a bra sent by my mother, to check the fit. Doing laundry once a week, left me with a definite need for more clothes, which Cecile should have for me on Monday. If the underwear was okay, I'd ask Mom to get me a bunch more, certain they'd be cheaper than purchasing them here. I'd have to fill Mom in on what was happening pretty soon anyway. Soon she'd want pictures of me at Highpoint; that's why she'd packed the camera.

I was still brushing out my hair, when Margaret pranced out of the shower feeling refreshed and letting me know it. She was really an 'up' person, full of life, and it kind of rubbed off being around her, even as I studied my reflection in the mirror, noting the absence of my masculine image. I looked decidedly feminine, even without make-up. *'What happened to the masculine woman I was going to become,'* I wondered. I combed out my hair and sprayed it, thinking about my Tuesday appointment for a permanent, that promised easier hair care in the future (I'm for that). I touched up my lips with lipstick, trying a new pink color, which I thought looked attractive.

Margaret thought so too.

"Irene, are you ready?" Susan called through the door. I let her in, smiling at how nice she looked in her fresh uniform.

"Just about there," I answered, putting some socks and shoes on and walking out with a 'see you later' to Margaret. 'I hadn't introduced them', I realized as we walked down the stairs, and I apologized to Susan.

“No problem,” she informed me, “I know Margaret from a visit to the riding academy I made several weeks ago.”

We were famished and looked like twins in matching uniform dresses entering the Dining Hall. At one point while we were on the food line, she laid her hand on my shoulder, causing a tingling sensation to run down my whole arm. It felt good being near her.

We sat over dinner discussing Mary, who had joined her earlier in the pool, and had complimented me profusely on my strong effort in helping organize the equipment room. “She couldn't stop praising you, as if I didn't already know how nice you are,” she smiled at me.

“Flattery will get you everywhere,” I responded. “What happens at night around here,” I wondered as we ate dessert.

“Some girls get together in their rooms for TV or music, and there's a strict 'no loud and unruly behavior' rule that carries drastic punishment you don't want to know about, believe me. There's also evening section meetings usually twice a week, where the progress of each guest is reviewed carefully. Have you been assigned a section yet?” I shook my head no. “That'll happen shortly, I'm sure. My section, #9 meets Monday and Wednesday evenings. They're usually exhausting meetings and can run well past midnight sometimes.”

She continued, “Almost every night there's a movie shown in the rec. hall, in fact it's a sports academy responsibility and you'll probably be part of the rotation starting next week. I'm on tomorrow night and I'd be happy to show you the ropes if you'd like.”

“Thanks. I think I'll take you up on that,” I responded.

“Finished?” she inquired. “Let's get out of here. Let's go watch the sun go down and enjoy the quiet evening,” she said as I stood up with my tray, putting it by the dishwasher before following her into the cool evening air.

I felt bloated. The girdle was really squeezing me in and I thought a good walk would help alleviate it. We walked past several guests who were congregating outside their buildings, taking the evening air before dinner.

“The water's so refreshing, they change it regularly,” Susan advised me as we passed the beautiful outdoor pool, with several guests still enjoying it's cool refreshment. “Perhaps you'll join me tomorrow after work. It'll be fun.”

What could I say? She really didn't understand my swimming dilemma.

As we approached the clubhouse Susan suggested, “Let's borrow a golf cart to see the course and then we'll have time for the riding academy.”

She was already asking before I could object and it wasn't that important. A moment later she was driving us down the first fairway. It looked really plush as the evening shadows decorated the grass. The night air was invigorating.

She started telling me about my roommate, how she was the ringleader of a group of macho women who were full of themselves and constantly showing off at every opportunity. Susan wasn't impressed with Margaret's behavior, “probably from being

around horses all day and having to handle the tough chores and the difficult animals. Other than that, she's not a bad dude.”

“Look,” she stopped the cart and got out, “you can see the corral and stables from here, and the lake just beyond it.”

We were on some high ground, and the barn wasn't more than 200 yards away. To the left of the corral was the hint of water and I thought I saw a boat, but the shadows made it difficult to identify anything at that distance.

She walked over to me, putting her arm around my shoulder. We watched the setting sun, as electricity sparked between us. Soon we were facing each other and our lips met, so soft and yielding as our lipsticks blended. Soon her probing tongue was tasting my lips and exploring the insides of my mouth. I couldn't remember ever feeling so enchanted. I threatened to break through my girdle.

She gently tugged me down beside her on the grass. As we continue to kiss her thigh pushed between my legs pressing firmly against my crotch. We locked together in a passionate embrace, our lips glued in total surrender. Somehow my hand found her soft breast and lovingly caressed it. Both her hands were squeezing my ass (watch out for my shots) kneading them demandingly. Soon she groaned against my lips straining to break away and then with a loud screech she leaped over the edge, squeezing me to her while she spasmed for several moments, persistently nibbling on my lips throughout. I stayed tightly pressed to her, seeking out every last spasm, until she pushed me away so she could recover.

“Irene, you're unbelievable,” she said after awhile. “You're so attractive, I've been wet all day thinking of you.” Susan leaned on my shoulder looking at me, her leg draped over mine. “I can't understand it. I've been totally distracted since you walked into the pro shop this morning. Is it happening for you too?” she asked.

“I'm not sure. This has never happened to me before,” I kissed her ear. “It was wonderful. I love talking and sharing with you, but I really must make a confession before we go any further.”

“Don't worry, I've heard it all and nothing's going to change how I feel about you,” she assured me.

“I wouldn't bet on that,” I cautioned. “You see, yesterday when I got here my name was Ira, and I was a man, although at the moment that's hard to imagine.” Suddenly she sat up and was staring at me through the shadows.

“Ms. Worthington said I had to change my appearance, for the guests could not handle the sight of a man. She told me how negative their male relationships had been and therefore they requested a 'women only' facility for their rehabilitation.”

“I hope this doesn't end it for us. This has been a beautiful evening for me,” I concluded.

I watched her sitting there and looking at me as a huge grin came to her face. “So that's why I felt so strongly about you. You're a man. I've never had feelings towards a woman before, and was having a hard time understanding them. I'm really not like most of the women here, who in the absence of male companionship will find love and

intimacy amongst themselves. You're the first person I've been interested in since I've come here. It's certainly a relief to know I haven't crossed over the line yet, although your maleness is definitely hard to detect. I certainly didn't notice any unusual bumps when we were locked together before.”

“I can't understand how I've gotten into the feminine role so quickly, but being surrounded totally by women, with everyone assisting me each step of the way, has certainly had it's effect. As for the bumps, I'm wearing a 'flattener' which is quite effective.”

“Irene, I think this must be our secret. If anyone finds out I'm seeing a man, it could endanger my status here.” She smiled at me. “But it's a risk I'm willing to take.”

“Me too, your soft and delicious lips are so inviting, and I loved sharing your climax with you. My 'flattener' kind of deadens the area, but I hope to release him soon so we can both enjoy his reaction too,” I sought some interest on her part.

“How does it feel, looking and acting like a girl all the time?” She skipped right over my invitation and was trying to comprehend my predicament. “What an unusual request they've made of you for a job, don't you think? It must feel strange surrounded all day long by females and not having any male company whatsoever? I'm just so full of questions, as you can see,” as she put her hand on my cheek and kissed me softly and sensuously.

When our lips parted, I tried recalling her questions as they blended together in my head. “I know what they're asking me to do is highly unusual, yet this was my first job offer in over 5 months, and I hate giving up on it too quickly. Especially since I'm eager to begin helping the guests with their problems. It was a primary motivation for my seeking the psychology field.”

“Ms. Worthington said I only have to appear as a woman, that I don't have to physically change at all. I've already adjusted my voice pretty effectively, don't you think? I hope I'm not making a mistake? I haven't had someone to talk this over with, and I'd really appreciate your honest thoughts and opinion about what I'm doing.” I looked at her, kissed her on the nose, and watched as she thought about her answer.

“I can see what you've been up against. You certainly pass easily as a woman, and your voice is perfect, I can hardly tell you're not a native from the area.” All of a sudden she laughed, “Now I understand why you hesitated at joining me in the pool.” She smirked, “I'd imagine your curves aren't quite right for a bikini yet.”

Then she got serious, “I understand your reluctance at giving up on the training program right away. I think your initial decision to give it a chance is correct. Of course you realize, that once you've finished the program, you can transfer to a regular facility and go back to your normal male self.”

“That's what I've been thinking, too,” I said.

She studied my face in the moonlight, “In the meantime, if I can help you with anything at all, be sure to ask. Nothing's changed for me. I care a lot about you and want to continue to see you. Let's be careful that nobody catches on. Let them think we're just good friends, who like to hang out together, okay?”

“Absolutely. Your help will be passionately appreciated,” I hugged her and kissed her neck. “We'll just be kissing friends,” as I met her lips once more.”

It had gotten dark as she drove back to the clubhouse without any trouble, (thanks to the pathway lights). We left the cart outside the recharge room, and walked back to 'B' building. It was after nine when we shared a parting hug at the stairway and went to our rooms.

A moment later I was barging in on Margaret, lying on the couch in the passionate embrace of a blonde, lots of legs exposed. I immediately headed for the bathroom. I spent five minutes taking care of things, including the removal of my girdle and flat-tener and washing off traces of lipstick in strange places all over my face and neck.

When I reentered the living room, Margaret and her blonde friend were having some tea. I met Wendy Stevens and we all sat in the living room chatting for awhile. I found out she was also a new MT, arrived just last week, and was currently 'learning the ropes' at the riding academy (including 'Lesbian Love 101' from the supervisor). She was really nice, from somewhere out west and full of enthusiasm for the job. She left around ten, and Margaret thanked me for being so considerate when I first arrived. “Being roomies, I hope we can count on each other's discretion. Especially our intimate relationships, totally locked lips.”

I confirmed our pact and she handed me some papers, “Here's some messages I picked up earlier. Our mailbox is downstairs by the entrance and the key is on a hook by the microwave.”

“Thanks Margaret,” I said opening the first envelope which was from Patricia, the pretty admin receptionist. She'd enclosed a letter assigning me to Section 12, telling me my section chief was Roseanne Morris who lived in room 6 in building 'C'. I was to contact her as soon as possible, so I could attend section meetings and start to assist with guest therapy sessions. I was excited but left it til the morning, as I was too beat to start dealing with it now. Margaret informed me that Roseann was one of the two cooks in the dining hall, she handled breakfast and parts of lunch, and was probably already asleep as she started work every morning at 4 A.M...

There was also a hand written note from Patricia, welcoming me and offering to meet me one evening to answer any questions I had about Highpoint. She lived in B9, so all I needed to do was knock on her door and say hello. It was sweet. She was just down the hall, maybe over the weekend.

“Margaret, what happens on weekends around here? And days off, how does that work?” It hit me I was totally ignorant.

“Well, each area's different, yet somewhat similar. Everyone's entitled to two days off a week and each section chief must post a monthly day-off schedule for their area. Most areas operate on weekends so the women rotate usually getting either a Saturday or Sunday off.”

“Some women spend their days off in Shreveport enjoying a change of scenery. You need permission from administration, if you want to leave the grounds. Otherwise you can utilize the facilities, except the indoor pool and golf course, always remembering that the guests have priority in every area.”

She began undressing while she spoke to me, and I naturally looked away, not wanting to cause her embarrassment. When I realized she was oblivious of me and proud of herself, I looked at her fine breasts as she removed her bra and rubbed beneath them, where she was irritated.

She smiled at me, "Like them, huh? Well until you've got a pair that can match them, you're of no interest to me. I gave up men a while ago. They're just too pushy and can't be bothered with a woman's needs. I've found much more satisfying relationships with other women who are sensitive and understanding of me. Sorry to break it to you kid, but you've got to do more than dress up to gain my interest." She removed her panties, rubbing her crotch unabashedly. She reached for a towel and went to shower.

I was in a bit of shock. She was so brazen and so attractive. It was a moment before I opened my second letter;

Dear Irene,

Your visit yesterday was delightful. While talking with you, it hit me how much I'd missed having someone to share my thoughts with.

My husband Eugene left me for another woman almost ten years ago, and I haven't really trusted anyone since. You're the first person I've felt comfortable with. I hope we'll be able to see each other again soon, maybe Saturday night.

There's a movie playing, 'An Affair to Remember' with Cary Grant and Deborah Kerr which I'd love to see with you. Let me know if you'd like this or perhaps you want to do something else.

Just call me, my number is 1712, or leave a message in my mailbox Room 507, Cedar Court.

Until then, hope you are enjoying your new job.

fondly, your friend,

Ann Saunders

Guess I'd made a good impression on her. I'd certainly had a pleasant time myself. Too bad her husband had been such a shit. 'Why are men so selfish, constantly seeking new conquests over women to affirm their maleness?' I wondered. I'd never felt the need to show off like that, strutting around like a big shot. I guess my close relationship with my mother was a strong influence on how I viewed the world.

I felt sort of obligated to spend more time with Ann, especially since she responded so well to me. I hope Susan understands. I'll let Ann know tomorrow and discuss it with Ms. Worthington.

Margaret came out of the bathroom with her towel wrapped around her hair, naked as a jailbird. I froze again, enjoying this unadvertised benefit of my new job. She knew I was watching her and smiled as she donned her nightgown, and I proceeded into the bathroom to do my thing. I showered, brushed my teeth, took my medication

and put away my toiletries in the cabinet, moving her things around a bit. Dressed in my nightgown I ventured back into the room.

She was drying her hair, so I picked up my clothes from the floor, and started putting my name on the labels since I couldn't afford to lose any. Soon my full laundry bag sat by the door with my name and room # on the tag. Margaret told me to be ready by 6:25 A.M.. After setting my alarm for 5:30, I tried reading but my eyes wouldn't stay open, so I turned out my light. "Good night Margaret, sleep well," I called out.

"You too sweetheart," she replied. "My light will be off in a minute."

I never noticed it go out.

Chapter 11

"A little higher and just to the right, darling. Oh, that's it, you've got it," I sighed as Loretta massaged me through my nightgown, relieving the kink in my back that had bothered me all day. "So, no difficulty getting Joanne's consent. Just as we anticipated. She certainly resisted in the beginning, but now she's looking forward to joining our ranks as a full fledged female. Just ask her roomie, Elaine. I'm sure Joanne can't wait to match Elaine everywhere, including a wet pulsating vagina."

"Nicole, you're incorrigible, and I love it," Loretta said as she rubbed my behind while I stretched out comfortably on the bed. She had marvelous hands. I reached over to hold her thigh while she worked my nightgown up to my waist. "Speaking of pulsating vaginas, there's one here that fits the description," as her palm found my crotch and her fingers began to slowly titillate me. I squeezed her fleshy thigh as I pressed myself firmly against her.

"You're making me drippy," I whispered breathlessly in her ear, turned over quickly and pulled her to me, crushing her breasts against mine in a passionate embrace. Our lips locked together, tongues exploring deeply and soon we were sharing wondrous climaxes. What a marvelous lover she was. I was so lucky.

Relaxing afterwards Loretta inquired, "Shouldn't we be covering Irene's appendages soon with the new vaginal disguise? It'll allow her to swim and shower with the other women, once her breasts have begun developing, which shouldn't be long now. Perhaps another week, just give those booster shots a chance to work. I'll schedule the operation right after her shots the week after next. I'm sure we'll have no trouble convincing her of the need for making her disguise completely undetectable."

"You don't think you're rushing it a bit," I asked.

"Not really. This new improved hormone she's receiving will bring out her feminine characteristics and essence very quickly," Loretta stated. "She'll be feeling mostly feminine thoughts before the week is out."

"The previous hormones operated much slower, causing the delay with the 'vaginal covers' and making it more difficult for Joanne and Patricia to accept their feminine roles. Remaining out of the pool and showers for almost two months was a real strain. Once we removed that hurdle, they both flowed into their femininity. Almost over-

night, any lingering signs of masculinity disappeared and haven't been heard from since.”

“I think, by our not waiting, Irene will thank us. She'll be able to participate in everyday activities without any hesitation.”

I turned over, bringing my lips to Loretta's breast, rolling my tongue around her nipple playfully. “I want to know when Joanne can join us for an evening, so I can properly check out her new equipment. It's unfair, you get to sample all the merchandise, before I even get a feel,” I pouted.

“What you're doing reminds me of Mrs. Schaffer who asked my nurse Sally today, to suck on her nipple to see if it would alleviate an itch she had.” Loretta pressed upwards towards my lingering lips.

I hesitated, “So what happened?”

She sighed as I attached myself again, “Well, Sally tried it for a while thinking it was an innocent request, until Mrs. Schaffer started to moan loudly and encourage her with 'that's it, suck harder'. Sally realized she was in trouble. She didn't want to disappoint a guest and knew she had gone too far to retreat gracefully.

“So, 'Sally confided in me', she put one hand on Mrs. Schaffer's other breast, and put two of her fingers into Mrs. Schaffer's mouth, thereby keeping her quiet and giving her something to suck on. Sally continued stroking and sucking, hoping I wouldn't come barging in, and finally Mrs. Schaffer exploded, uncontrollably biting down on Sally's fingers, and causing Sally to smother her own scream into Mrs. Schaffer's breast.

“When I innocently strolled in several minutes later, Mrs. Schaffer had difficulty remembering why she was there, and Sally was grimacing through her pain, her fingers held behind her back trying to alleviate the agony.”

Loretta moved slightly under my lips as she pushed against my tongue.

“I think you're beginning to understand what poor Mrs. Schaffer went through, aren't you?” I asked.

“You're not stopping now, are you?” she pleaded.



“So what was the outcome,” I asked as I playfully licked her erect nipple and attached my lips once more.

Loretta moaned loudly and felt herself starting to lose control. I quickly released her, allowing her to momentarily relax and continue her story. “Later as I was bandaging Sally's hand, she told me what had transpired and I started laughing so loudly, Sarah had to close our door as the patients outside were getting fidgety. Sally asked me how I would have handled it, and I told her she'd been almost perfect, having cured the patient's ills before I even got there. Her only mistake was where she put her fingers, and I suggested a much friendlier place, no teeth to contend with.”

I chuckled, returning my lips to Loretta's pulsating nipple, and wondered how Joanne would taste. It was definitely exciting watching the transformation of these men. Pure pleasure watching them slowly realize, then accept and finally rejoice in their feminization.

If only there was some way to get my ex-husband into this. It would certainly be poetic justice, after the beatings I'd endured during our marriage. He'd finally caused me to lose my baby and almost my life as I remembered that night five years earlier when he shoved me down the stairs. “You'll never have another baby,” the doctor had told me, as I recovered in my hospital bed. There must to be a way to get even with that bastard. I'll discuss it later with Loretta and see if we can't dream up something creative to attract him here and catch him in our web.

Suddenly Loretta started pushing demandingly against my mouth and hands and her marvelous fingers penetrating my vagina drove all other thoughts from my mind.

Chapter 12

The bell was clanging as I reached over and knocked my clock to the floor. It was still dark as I sat up, rubbing the sleep from my eyes and looking for my slippers. It took a moment to adjust to the darkness and then I shuffled into the bathroom for a quick shower. My stomach still felt bloated from last night, yet my cramps were gone and I thanked the medication and the doctor who had given it to me. My nipples still bothered me so I soaped them gently and wished I didn't have to wear those breast forms which had to be causing the irritation. I'd better get used to them soon.

A moment later Margaret came into the bathroom, sat down to urinate, and finally joined me in the shower asking if I needed my back washed. “You really could use some 'Neet'. You've got hair all over.” She rubbed it in a moment later after I gave the okay, feeling too embarrassed to object. She was gentle and passed her hands over my hips and ass several times playfully while I winced when she hit my sore spots. I waited on the side for the cream to work while Margaret went under the shower, soaped up her beautiful curves, and got me to help with her back. She leaned back into me momentarily enjoying our contact, wiggling her cheeks against me suggestively. Then, as if coming to her senses, she stepped under the spray and quickly rinsed off.

Soon I was rinsing off too and we were standing together on the mat, drying off like any comfortable roommates might do. “Thanks for doing my back,” I said.

“That's what roomies are for, silly,” she patted my arm, “would you mind helping me with my hair?” she asked, sitting down at the vanity.

“Let me put something on,” and I reached for my flattener and panties desperately needing the modesty, and then slowly worked out the knots in her hair.

I'd often done this for my mother and sisters and I handled it easily. Then she was saying, “Now it's your turn, sit down sweetie,” and we switched positions. I watched her through the mirror, nude except for panties, brushing out my curls as I admired her pretty face and swaying breasts as she stroked my hair. “You've got a nice touch, Irene. I knew my new roomie wouldn't be all bad, even if she's a man. When are you going for your permanent?” she asked.

“Next Tuesday. I've got to remember to ask Mary for some time off after lunch.” I stood up next to Margaret admiring my hair. She put her arm over my shoulder and we looked at ourselves in the mirror, smiling. Except for my obvious lack of breasts and my narrower hips, we were like two girlfriends admiring each other.

“When you grow some of these,” she lifted her breasts, “we'll truly be like two sisters,” she said.

“What do you mean, when I grow some breasts?” I asked.

“You do want to fit in here, don't you? Your program runs for two years, and I imagine you'll want to swim and shower like the rest of us. Breasts would sure go a long way to making you a convincing lady, don't you think?” she inquired.

“But I'm a man,” I said, with not much conviction, seeing my reflection in the mirror. “Men don't have breasts,” I stated, wondering what a full pair like Margaret's would feel like.

“Exactly, that's my point. You'd be so authentic. Enough, we've got to get going. Remember, having a pair of breasts at an all women's facility, would certainly make your life a lot simpler, and I certainly wouldn't mind at all,” she smiled as she pinched my ass and went to finish dressing.

Soon we were both in uniform and lugging our laundry bags to building 'A'. I asked her where everybody shopped for their clothing needs. “The Petticoat Junction has loads of things to choose from, much better than the stores in Shreveport, which I checked out. Cecile brings in all the latest fashions for the guests and you'd be surprised at the selection she has. And we're entitled to a 50% employee discount on everything.”

The laundry room was big, taking up the full basement of the 'A' building. We left our bags on a counter with a bunch of others, (pick up was after 6:30 that evening) and went to breakfast. It was 6:30am and I was starved, even if the sun was just beginning to show itself.

Margaret introduced me to several girls as we sat down, including Patricia who I sat next to.

“How's it going?” Patricia asked. “You look so nice, quite a difference from the person I remember greeting just two days ago.”

"Thanks," I answered. "This look sure makes it a whole lot easier to fit in around here." I glanced at her as she put some food in her mouth, noting how attractive she was. Who wasn't attractive at Highpoint?

"Aren't you finding it difficult to change your identity so completely? Becoming a girl on such short notice has got to be troubling you, I'll bet?" she asked, seeking to draw me out.

"Not really. I can understand how important it is for the guests not to see a male walking around, and so I've decided to do what I must to perfect my disguise during my training program. I'm actually getting accustomed to the girdle, although it certainly curbs my appetite. I do have some irritation on my chest, probably from the brassiere which I'm sure will pass soon. Other than not being able to swim, the change is almost challenging and I'm also starting to appreciate the complexities of appearing feminine all the time," I smiled at her.

"You've certainly gotten the accent down pat and you really look attractive in your uniform. I'm glad you're comfortable with the change," Patty said, remembering back to her own rebellion during her first week. "Don't forget, if there's anything I can help with, anything at all, be sure to let me know. I'm right down the hall from you, room 9," she returned my smile. I had no inkling of how fully she understood my predicament, but I was not to learn of her conversion until much later, well after she'd assisted me through the many changes I was soon to encounter.

"Thanks," I said, "If anything does bother me, I'll be sure to look you up. Have a lovely day." I said as I rose to go to the sports academy. I said good-bye to Margaret and decided to detour into the kitchen, seeking out Roseann, my new section chief.

She was super busy, a buxom blonde in the usual towering white hat and wrap around apron, checking on a half dozen girls who were preparing for the guest's breakfast. She took just a moment, "I'd be happy to meet with you at 2:30 when I get off duty. We can spend about fifteen minutes acquainting you with section procedures and other pertinent information." I told her I'd do my best to be there.

She also told me section 12 met on Sunday and Thursday evenings, 7:30 til 10, and to make myself available at those times. Attendance was mandatory. She returned her attention to the kitchen, so I left and since it was only 7:10, strolled back to my room for my medication, enjoying my swirling skirt as I walked.

Patricia's question about my change was troubling me, causing me to wonder if I shouldn't be resisting more. I looked at my reflection in the mirror as I downed my medication, seeing only an attractive girl; thought about Highpoint being a 'women's only' facility, and decided that fighting the change to a female disguise would only be detrimental to my training program and interfere with my ability to handle guests and their problems.

Once I completed my training program, the valuable experience I gained here, should easily help me get a job at any rehabilitation center I chose, and I could then kiss this female disguise good-bye. The male repressant medication I was taking would keep my normal male reactions under control, and I'd only have to give up swimming, unless I could figure out way to put some convincing bumps in the top of my bathing suit.

I wrote a short note to Mrs. Saunders saying I'd be happy to join her at the movies on Saturday. I told her I looked forward to spending a pleasant evening together. I delivered the note to her mailbox on the way to the sports academy where I sat on the steps until Susan showed up. She looked terrific and we held hands enjoying the tingling sensations that sparked between us.

“Good morning girls,” Mary startled us, as we dropped our hands. “Ready for a fun day at the sports academy? Irene, come, let's do a tour of the area. Susan, would you mind covering until we return. We shouldn't be more than a half hour, tops.”

“Sure, I'll take care of it. One of the waitresses can open the pro shop for me,” she offered. She took the key and went inside while Mary and I started off towards the pool.

“I'm responsible for the two pool areas, the 16 tennis courts, and the rec hall,” she advised me. We passed by the lifeguard chair, where a shapely lifeguard sat on duty. “On Monday you'll begin in the pool area, reporting to Shirley Watson, who's my pool assistant.” We headed towards a woman supervising the cleaning of the pool. After my introduction, we continued our walk. “She'll rotate you from the waitress position to the pool maintenance position and then the following Monday you'll report to the tennis courts. Of course there's the indoor pool,” she gestured towards the building I'd been through yesterday. “You'll learn more about that next week when you're training here. Come, let's go see the rec. hall,” and we headed by Apple Court, passing several guests on their way to breakfast.

She took my arm as we walked, filling me in on all the rec. hall activities. She told me I'd be on the schedule for showing movies, probably next week. I told her I'd be learning to handle it tonight when I helped Susan. Mary was cozy with me as we walked, leaning into my arm with her breast, causing agitation in my panty girdle (look what's still functioning).

“I can't tell you how much you impressed me yesterday,” Mary continued. “I'd been meaning to clean out that equipment room for the longest time, and with your enthusiasm and determination we got it done. And you're so easy to talk to. I'd really love to get to know you better. I live over in 'A' building, room #9, all by my lonesome, and I thought maybe you'd like to stop by tonight after dinner and then we can walk over to the movie together.”

“I'd love to,” I said stepping through the rec hall door, having no idea what I was getting myself into.

She gave me the grand tour, not realizing I'd seen the place yesterday on my own. In the locker room two women were receiving massages. “When you're in the social director's area with Sandy Bennett, you'll learn massage techniques. She handles all the guest requirements, which means a lot of handling. It's a difficult area because the guest's seek attention at all hours of the day and night. She has only two full time masseuses assigned to her and frequently must use additional staff to meet the demand. These women may be here because of their problems, but in the meantime they enjoy being treated like queens.” Mary led me through the workout room, “You'll learn to utilize each of the apparatus in this area so you can properly assist a guest on request.”

“Boy there's a lot to learn,” I said, feeling overwhelmed as we headed for the exit. “I do have several requests to make.” She looked at me and stopped for a moment as I went on, “My new section leader, Ms. Roseanne Morris, asked if I could meet with her today at 2:30, for about fifteen minutes, so she can brief me about my section. I also have a 1 P.M. salon appointment for a permanent next Tuesday and on Wednesday I have to see the doctor in the morning at 8:30 so I may be late. Other than that, I'm all yours,” I smiled spreading my arms and then added, “except I just remembered I have to pick up the balance of my clothes on Monday, which I desperately need, so I may need some time for that.”

“Aren't you the busy girl? (she wouldn't understand my 'no' answer). Well let's see, I'll schedule you for a day off on Tuesday so you can take care of your beauty salon needs in comfort. Let Shirley know you may be a little late on Wednesday, and maybe you can pick up your clothes at lunch time, if you can catch Cecile at the shop, otherwise get permission to take a ten minute break. You'll be spending much of today with Susan and myself and you can take a break at 2:30 to see your section chief, no problem. Does that do it?” she smiled and took my arm again as we walked to the tennis courts.

After explaining the maintenance and scheduling duties, we returned to the office. She suggested I spend the rest of the morning with Susan learning all about the pro shop. Susan and I were both grinning like Cheshire cats as we left the office and relieved Estelle (her uniform showed a lot of leg) who returned to her duties at the pool. Susan explained the various procedures which took all of fifteen minutes and then we sat around gabbing the balance of the morning.

Chapter 13

“Irene accepts her female attire without any hesitation,” Patricia was saying, “and seems to fully understand how upsetting it would be if the guests saw her as a man.”

“She's certainly isn't going through what you did initially.” I stroked her shoulder as she sat by my desk. “Remember your struggle in the beginning.” She grew tense under my hand as she thought back to her early days at Highpoint.

“I was so stubborn. My masculinity seemed so important at the time. Isn't it funny, once I got through my first week, I never regretted staying in the program. Now I can't wait to become a section chief, so I can dedicate myself to helping these women recover from their illnesses and return to their normal lives. It's so fulfilling to watch their improvement and know that I've made a difference. Don't you get that feeling?”

“All the time. It's a primary reward for many of the staff at Highpoint,” I answered.

Patricia continued, “I realize I'm slowly becoming more feminine which really helps me to identify with the guests and understand their problems in a more personal way. It's remarkable how I never understood why women were so emotional and moody, but now that I feel frequent mood swings myself, it all seems natural.”

I smiled at her, “Being a woman isn't easy, but can sure have it's rewards. It's wonderful how Irene is accepting her disguise without resisting. Still, better keep a close watch that she doesn't suddenly rebel.”

“You can count on me, Ms. Worthington,” she replied.

“Patricia, you're such a sweetheart,” I whispered and leaned over to kiss her gently on the lips. “Your compassion for the guests is admirable, and is a key to their recovery. I'm impressed with your wanting to become a section chief and I will definitely consider you when an assistant's position opens up, even though you haven't completed your training program.” She glowed as I pulled her to her feet, “Go finish the weekly schedule and let me get back to the reports.” I patted her lovely behind, urging her on her way. “I'm going to miss you next week when you go to housekeeping.”

Chapter 14

Susan turned on the camera as I doused the lights, and 'Tara's theme' enveloped the audience. We'd picked up the movie at the admin building and I'd carefully watched Susan prepare the projector and thread the film through and onto the empty reel. There were three reels so I'd get to change the film twice during the evening. I leaned back watching the civil war epic as I felt Mary on my right.

Mary slowly leaned into me with her breast and I felt we were back in her room lying on the fluffy pillows in the living room. She'd really come on to me, and we'd had a hot and heavy make out session right after dinner. I felt like a traitor to Susan, and here she was only two feet from me in the dark and I was enjoying another woman's breast against my arm.

Mary had been so loving and her needs were so transparent that I had difficulty turning them down, feeling that a little cuddling could go a long way for her. But she'd insisted on coming to the movie, and I didn't know how to discourage her without giving away my relationship with Susan (had to keep it secret). I was waiting for a moment alone to let Susan know what was happening, but Mary wouldn't let me out of her sight. Her hand was on my leg, caressing me lovingly and was starting to again move towards my crotch. She'd discovered my true sex earlier when she'd literally stripped me and brought me to orgasmic delights.

Then she'd threatened to give away my secret if I didn't spend time with her whenever she requested. She was sure a passionate woman, and I hope she didn't anticipate my spending every waking hour satisfying her desires. She'd been fascinated with me, saying she'd heard rumors of men posing as women, but no one had been able to substantiate them, that is until now. Her fingers were fiddling around my crotch (she'd made me leave my flattener and girdle in her room until later) and I was starting to become aroused as she grasped my manhood through the panties and squeezed it positively. Thank God Susan was engrossed in the movie and wasn't paying me much attention other than squeezing my hand. All of a sudden I was climaxing as Mary squeezed me tightly and I almost jumped out of my seat.

“What's the matter Irene?” Susan inquired feeling my sudden movement.

“Nothing,” I managed to sputter out, “I've got cramps and I need a bathroom quickly. Which direction is it?” Mary reluctantly released me and I saw her smiling beside me and licking her fingers while I made a face at her and left.

When I was finally sitting on the bowl, I relaxed and cleaned myself up. Mary was definitely becoming a problem and I was debating whether to tell Susan. Would she

accept my being intimate with another woman after our beautiful evening together just last night. No way. I'd have to get out of this one on my own.

Later I helped change the reel and by the second time I easily threaded the film without help. I kissed Susan's cheek and left before the movie was over, pleading exhaustion, with Mary tagging along behind me. Outside my room, she was again persistent, kissing me deeply until I responded to her passion, praying no one would happen by. As I closed my door, I realized how powerless I'd been with her all evening, and how thoroughly I'd enjoyed myself. I was witnessing a new side of my personality, one I'd never seen before.

I took a quick shower, soaping my nipples gently which continued to be irritated and were definitely extended, probably due to my recent stimulation. Margaret was already sleeping, so I quietly prepared for bed, donning my nightgown and taking my medication. I'd forgotten to get my flattener and girdle, so I'd have to stop by Mary's in the morning. I was completely exhausted and enjoyed the feeling of being desirable to Mary.

Chapter 15

I couldn't believe it was already Tuesday morning, my first day off. I had my 1 o'clock appointment at the beauty salon and my two guest meetings which I was really looking forward to. I laid back in bed, absent-mindedly caressing my extended nipples, until tremors shot through me and my face flushed recalling how Mary's sensual lips had caused me to cry out for release last night.

Wow, did we enjoy ourselves at the square dance earlier in the evening. I didn't sit down for one dance the entire night. If Mary was tired, Mrs. Saunders . . . uh, Ann whisked me off to the next square forming up. I'd felt so pretty in my new dress. Cecile had helped me select it just that morning when I'd picked up the balance of my uniforms and other clothing needs. The closet was stuffed and Margaret was threatening to disown me if I took up one more inch of space.

I was still getting used to the short waitress outfit required at the pool, and the accompanying 3" heels which forced me to walk differently (I could feel my butt gyrating). Thank goodness I'd worn comfortable heels to the dance.

Mary had taken up much of my free time the past several days, but I wasn't complaining. I was so busy trying to keep up with all the new things hitting me each day, I'd barely had time to say hello to Susan.

My Saturday night 'date' with Mrs. Saunders had gone beautifully. We enjoyed the movie and went back to her place to talk and relax. She was showing signs of coming out of her shell Ms. Worthington had informed me. She told me to continue being as friendly and comforting as possible. "Handle any advances by her with extreme care. She can be very sensitive to rejection." I was to make every effort to keep control of the situation and encourage her to share her troubles and concerns with me.

At her apartment, we'd sat around drinking wine and listening to Tchaikovsky while she talked of her past. She was a member of the Saunders' family, multimillionaires in oil from Tulsa, Oklahoma, and had married right out of college when she was only twenty two. Her honeymoon turned out to be a disaster, as she learned of her hus-

band's primary interest; her money. He'd made her life miserable for four years, as she repeatedly tried to win him over and constantly had to absorb his painful rejection. Finally, with a substantial payoff from her mother, he'd packed up and left. She'd felt empty and a complete failure.

Her father had also forsaken her, feeling she was totally to blame, "Ann was probably too demanding and self centered. Women should remain in the house raising the children, volunteer for charities and leave their men alone," she'd overheard him voice his opinions to her mother. Nothing about love, respect, mutual interests or meaningful communication, which had been nonexistent for her. She couldn't comprehend how her mother had put up with her father's attitude all these years. Another relationship for her with a man seemed almost impossible (she should only know).

Suddenly she'd reached over and softly kissed me and after hesitating a moment, I demurely pulled away, trying to discourage further advances (can't let this get out of hand). It had felt delightful, but I'd reminded her of the strict rules about intimacy with guests. She'd poo-pooed that, reminding me she was spending quite a handsome sum of money, which she was sure permitted her leeway to pursue the lovely creature she was with. I glowed as she kissed me again and couldn't help responding, enjoying her sweet sensuous lips and obvious desire. Soon we were both highly aroused and I don't know how I was able to maintain my composure. Fear of my true sex being discovered mortified me.

We stopped for a breather and I reminded her I had work in the morning, which caused an immediate frown to appear as she had wanted me to stay the night. I gently declined, inviting her to visit me at the pool, to see me in my cute waitress outfit, which she did do late Sunday afternoon. We made another date for Tuesday (this evening), to have dinner at her apartment, promptly at 7:30. I'd agreed, anxiety propelling me to leave quickly and I'd finally staggered into my room at 1:30 dead on my feet.

I slowly got out of bed, carefully checking that my legs still functioned after last night's dance marathon. I made it into the shower and enjoyed the soothing hot spray all over my body, particularly on my behind which seemed puffy. I'd talk to the doctor about that tomorrow morning.

Gently rubbing my tender nipples, my mind wandered back to Sunday, hectic Sunday, when I'd reported to Mary in the morning, and watched her growing fascination ignited by my skimpy waitress uniform. She'd cornered me in the equipment room, holding me tightly as I tried to pull away, mashing her lips to mine and thoroughly tonguing out the insides of my mouth. I hesitantly started to respond to the sensuous feel of her breasts and thighs pressing into me. Fortunately (I think) a guest intruded, before she'd lowered my panties, requesting racquets for racquetball. I took the opportunity to return to my waitressing duties, a little disheveled and not before promising to meet her later after dinner.

Sunday I'd befriended a fellow waitress, Joanne Fields, an MT like myself who was soon having an operation which would keep her out of action for several weeks. Some woman thing needed fixing (little did I know). We handled the pool guests together, and covered for each other when nature called or when either of us needed a break.

At lunch I learned she was from Arizona and had started her program when Highpoint first opened. She'd had to make a big adjustment at the beginning, but was happy she had, as she loved her job and all the wonderful people. The atmosphere here was just so marvelous for individual growth.

Dr. Smith had assured her the operation was strictly routine and she'd feel like a new woman, once she'd completely recovered. I'd wished her well and then she surprised me, telling me about her relationship with Elaine, her roommate.

"Soon you'll learn that most of the women have a steady," she explained, "and even some threesomes exist, although quite precariously. Once you've established a niche it's difficult to change, so be careful who you pick. I've been extremely fortunate," she smiled at me. "Elaine's been a wonderful friend and lover. She's helped me overcome some pretty difficult personal problems which weren't easy to resolve. You know, she manages housekeeping, and is also the leader of section five and probably my best friend in the whole wide world," she concluded as we returned to the pool area.

Later while I served the guests their orders, I wondered what niche was meant for me. Who'd have envisioned me as a pretty waitress, when I'd signed the contract less than three weeks ago. Life can sure take some strange twists.

But this was Tuesday and as I dried off from my shower, I carefully examined myself in the mirror noticing for the first time that my hips seemed puffy and both my ass cheeks appeared fuller and more rounded. My nipples extended out and were certainly larger (were they actually growing?). The falsies and Mary's sucking had to be the cause of it I thought as I felt the small lumps beneath each nipple. Another thing I'd check with the doctor tomorrow. Hopefully she'd recommend something to ease the irritation.

After I had my flattener and panties on, I walked into the room and finished dressing. Over my girdle I wore some shorts and a light yellow blouse covering my pronounced cleavage (oh what falsies could do). I'd actually gotten used to these two mounds protruding in front of me, often wondering what a real pair would feel like. Being completely surrounded by so many real breasts made me curious.

On my way to the coffee shop for breakfast, I thought of my first section meeting on Sunday night. It was exciting how the group explored the problems of each guest, examined their behavior carefully looking for positive signs of change and exploring ideas that might help. It was intense and very supportive, each counselor knowing the group was there to help. I was given the direct responsibility for two guests, currently covered by Andrea Watson, who was leaving next month and was slowly transferring her guests to other counselors. She was going to fill me in on the details later today, after we met with each of them.

All I knew was Mrs. Schaffer was listed as a hypochondriac, suffering from lack of attention and love, while Mrs. Brenner was carrying around a strong hatred of her stepfather that interfered in every relationship she entered. Both women had been here almost four months and were definitely responding to treatment. Mrs. Brenner was substituting a female companion for the usual male one, which was considered a positive solution at Highpoint. I would sit in today with Andrea at each session to take

over their regular twice a week meetings. One was at 11 A.M. and the other at 4 P.M., both in the admin building which had special offices for this use.

After breakfast I roamed around enjoying my free time and worried about how to find time for Susan. Between Mary, Mrs. Saunders and the job, I had so little time for anything else.

Last night, coming home from Mary's some time after midnight, I'd caught Margaret again, this time in bed with Wendy. They hadn't cared one iota, as I washed up and got in bed and laid there listening to the sounds of their lovemaking. I'd just come from a completely satisfying session with Mary and yet I tossed and turned until they finally subsided and Wendy left. Margaret had come over to my bed (naked and smelling wet), kissed me on the cheek and thanked me for being so quiet and discrete.

By 11 A.M. I was at the admin building meeting Mrs. Schaffer and Andrea and sitting around for the next hour discussing her loneliness and how unattractive she felt and how uninteresting she was to everyone. I watched Andrea trying to reassure her, reminding her how much she had to offer and that she should be proud of who she was. I could see Mrs. Schaffer wasn't buying it.

I'd have to try a different tack if I was going to reach her and help her gain some self esteem. Possibly I'd look at her interests more closely and find things she did well and then build on that. She accepted me as her new therapist, and we made another appointment later in the week. Andrea and I sat around afterwards and she gave me additional background information she thought could be useful. I asked about Mrs. Schaffer's interests and found out she was an avid reader, loved to swim and was crocheting a sweater for her sister who visited regularly. I'd have to delve further.

Later as I sat down for my permanent, Cynthia checked my fingers, told me to be more careful as she fixed two nails and I apologized saying how unaccustomed I was to keeping my nails out of trouble (both broken by Mary in a fit of passion). Then she began working on my feet and noticed my legs were showing some stubble so she creamed them while my feet were soaking in warm soapy water.

Meanwhile Gina had washed my hair and was asking how I liked my current style. "I could do without the bangs," I answered, "and I'd like something that's real easy to care for."

Gina showed me pictures of various styles and I reluctantly chose one with a full top, parted off center and straight down the sides, reaching to the shoulders, although mine was not yet long enough for that. She liked my choice, felt it was good for me and began shaping and cutting in earnest. I sat and browsed through some ladies magazines, soon closing my eyes and relaxing, breathing in the wondrous feminine aromas in the air. Soon Cynthia was wiping my legs clean. They felt so smooth as she ran her hands over them searching for missed spots and causing me goose bumps. She watched my reaction with a playful smile. My flattener was straining to contain my arousal as I gave her a weak smile mentally adding her to my list of lonely females seeking friendship.

Just then Gina rolled over a hair dryer, putting my head full of rollers beneath it and I again closed my eyes envisioning Cynthia spreading my legs and encompassing

my penis in those lovely full lips of hers. My legs began to separate and I had to move my thoughts to less erotic subjects, before I completely embarrassed myself.

I had to write Mom and ask her to get me more underwear for I was changing at least twice a day. I'd also have her throw in some nightgowns (her original selections fit well and were comfortable). I'd better tell her about my feminine appearance as she was sure to find out sooner or later and probably already had an inkling, having bought me the feminine items in the first place.

As I was lost in my thoughts, Gina asked me to hold still a moment as she pinched my ear and then I felt a sudden sting. After inserting a gold stud she did the same to my other ear, squashing all protest with, "authenticity darling, authenticity. All women have pierced ears and we can't have you sticking out in a crowd, now can we? The studs stay in for a week. Rotate them once in a while and use alcohol to clean them each night before you go to sleep. Any problems, come see me. You'll be wearing your first set of earrings in no time. Welcome to the club, darling," Gina smiled as she started removing my curlers.

What could I say? It was done and I realized that earrings would certainly add to my femininity and reasoned to myself that the holes would close once I stopped wearing them (what did I know?). In resignation I raised my eyebrows to Cynthia who was smiling at me as she applied the pink polish to my newly shaped toenails. Before Gina sprayed my hair, she again plucked my eyebrows, shaping them even more than before.

When I looked in the mirror, I was fascinated with the lovely lady gazing at me. The eyebrows and earrings made her face ultra feminine. I complimented Gina watching my lips move, and then shook my head, falling in love with my hairdo watching it bounce and swirl. There was no question, my own mother couldn't recognize me. After my toes were dry, Cynthia put my socks and shoes back on, and I immediately headed over to the pro shop to show Susan.

It was almost 2:30, as I glanced at the note Cynthia had slipped into my pocket. She asked to come over after dinner to her room, C5, if I could make it. That sounded nice, I thought, a short stop before seeing Mary.

Susan was straightening out the tennis dresses as I walked in, and almost didn't recognize me when she looked up. "Is that really you, Irene? You look so changed."

"I know. Gina can work wonders," I said leaning over to kiss her and watching her turn aside to avoid my lips.

"Not now sweetheart, there's someone in the back changing and I'm not really happy with you lately. Having a relationship with someone who doesn't have any time for me, is not my idea of 'okay'. I'm sorry, I thought we had something special. But you always seem to be with Mary or Mrs. Saunders, while I sit around staring at the four walls, wondering what I'm waiting for. Nope, that's not for me. Thanks anyway." She finished just as the guest came out of the dressing room holding her tennis outfit.

"I'll take it," Mrs. Massingale said, "just charge it to my account. Thanks Susan, you've been so helpful."

As the door closed I turned to Susan, "You're not even giving me a chance. Mrs. Saunders happens to be a guest and for the first time has requested to spend time with someone, which just happens to be me. Should I tell her no, that Susan won't like it?"

Mary's an unusual woman who's difficult to reject. I'm trying not to add to her already low self esteem. I'm sorry if I've neglected you, but I had hoped you be a little more understanding."

"Irene, I appreciate what you're having to deal with, the new job, the totally new image and all the new rules and people you're encountering. It's just that I'd rather wait until you're ready to commit some real time to me. I want to be together regularly," and tears started coming to her eyes.

I held her shoulders, tried apologizing, feeling bad that she was hurting. She shrugged me off and asked me to leave. She had work to do and didn't want to talk any further.

I felt numb and decided to look for Patricia. She'd offered to listen to my woes if I needed her, which was certainly now. Her room was empty, so I went looking in housekeeping area, thinking I might catch a glimpse of Elaine, Joanne's fantabulous roommate.

Patricia was doing washes in the back room. I told her I needed to talk with her about my troubles, and we arranged to meet for dinner. She'd come by my room at 5:30. Just then Elaine walked over and asked who I was (she was lovely, no wonder Joanne was in heaven). I told her who I was and why I was there and she walked me to the entrance, reminding me to seek permission first before disturbing anyone at work. Days off were to be spent with those employees who were also off, not those who were working.

I felt worse than before, and went to my room to write home. Telling Mom about my required feminine appearance wasn't easy, but I finally mentioned it offhandedly. 'They've asked me to adjust my appearance for the comfort of the guests, to a more feminine one and I've gone along with it temporarily, knowing it's important and not wanting to make a fuss', is how I put it. Then I asked her to pick me up the extra clothes I needed, giving her my sizes. I told her of the new guests assigned to me, how beautiful the place was and how cooperative and supportive the entire staff had been so far. I told her I was feeling well and asked her to give my love to everyone.

I mailed the letter on the way to the admin building as it was almost 4 o'clock and time for Mrs. Brenner's appointment. Andrea as I entered the building at the same time and talked awhile about Mrs. Brenner before she arrived. Her session went smoothly, with Mrs. Brenner accepting my taking over without reservation, recalling me from the sports academy on my first day, when she'd come in for the ping pong rackets. I knew she'd looked familiar.

Basically Mrs. Brenner was suffering from emotional starvation, having recently divorced a husband, who had totally neglected her for his business. She was overwhelmed by negative feelings for her stepfather, carrying them inside herself and invariably using them to judge any new man she met. We didn't delve into them this session, deciding to review instead what she'd been doing over the past several days.

She was developing a friendship with Mrs. Martha Cooper which seemed to be going well, giving both of them companionship. It had not reached an intimate level yet and was being watched by another counselor, Laurie Stevens, from Mrs. Cooper's side. I found out later, checking with Laurie that Mrs. Cooper also suffered from acute loneliness and both women definitely seemed suited for each other. Both were recently divorced, financially comfortable and only in their mid thirties.

The general policy was to discourage guest relationships, since they usually went home in opposite directions causing each of them hardship. Why risk it, yet these two women had gravitated to each other, providing much needed friendship and interest. I'd have to determine quickly whether I wanted to encourage this or guide her in another direction. We scheduled our next session for Friday at 11 A.M.. Andrea and I talked afterwards with me writing down ideas to help me decide about her new friendship and her overall recovery.

I learned that all counselors were allowed time off for therapy sessions whenever they were scheduled. Andrea showed me how to properly prepare a therapy report. Ms. Worthington was a stickler and reviewed each report looking for solutions to the guest's problems.

As I was leaving, the receptionist, a new MT named Phyllis, asked me to see Ms. Worthington for a moment, so I went to her office. She was reading some reports as I stuck my head in the doorway, and she looked up, motioning me to enter and take a seat. "So Irene, how are you doing? It's been almost a week, and I'm sure it's been hectic learning the ropes and getting acquainted with the routine. I've noticed good reports on Mrs. Saunders from Michelle Walker, her counselor, but I thought we'd chat a little and see what you've managed to learn."

"You're right, it's really been a challenge, learning the routine and getting comfortable in my disguise. I've just taken over therapy responsibility for two guest's today, and I'm sure looking forward to working with them."

"About Mrs. Saunders, well, we enjoyed another lovely evening together. We sat around her apartment after the movie and talked about her marriage, many of her disappointments and even explored how her father felt about



women in general. It was quite enlightening, how she's had to endure some unbelievable male attitudes, and how difficult it can be to feel worthy and self confident when you watch your mother accept a diminished female role under your father's thumb. I was sympathetic to her plight, realizing perhaps for the first time, how subjugating the male gender can be."

"You've come a long way this first week," Ms. Worthington commented, "and I'm pleased that you've managed to draw out Mrs. Saunders. She's finally talking to someone about her feelings, which is a major step in the right direction. Did she make any overtures towards you, or suggest further involvement?"

"Well she did kiss me several times, feeling a bit romantic I guess, and even invited me to stay over her at apartment. She's rather lonely. We made another date for dinner tonight, and I hope to reach a fuller understanding of her father and how Mrs. Saunders views her own role in life, in light of her mother accepting the status quo. What do you think?" I inquired.

"You'll got to be cautious about too much personal involvement, and it's not a good idea to stay over her apartment. If she pushes it you'll certainly have a dilemma. We can't let her discover you're a man. That might ruin everything you've already accomplished." I nodded my agreement. "I'll discuss this with Dr. Smith and see if she can't suggest a solution. You're starting to see first hand, how women are subjugated and how each generation passes this to the next while submitting to the male dominance."

"By the way, your disguise is most convincing. I hope it's not causing you too much distress, but I'm sure you now understand how necessary it is." She looked at her wrist watch, "It's almost time for dinner, so run along and keep up the fine effort. I'm very pleased," she smiled at me as I rose to leave.

"Thank you Ms. Worthington," I said, and hurried back to my room to change for dinner. I took a quick shower, and was drying myself when I heard Margaret knock. I let her in wearing a towel and retreated to the bathroom for my clothes, saying I'd just be a minute. Thank goodness my hair didn't need fixing. I put on the dress from the dance, that's all I had, and checked myself in the mirror before going out to greet her.

Much to my surprise, she came over and hugged me, and immediately suggested I borrow one of her dresses. She saw this one yesterday, and you don't wear the same dress two nights in a row, unless you hadn't been home yet. I smiled and followed her to her room and watched her select a dress from her cramped closet, for me to try on. The one she picked looked good and fit quite well. "We're about the same size," she said casually.

On the way to the dining hall she added, "You're welcome to borrow anything in my wardrobe whenever you need to, as long as it's not on my body. You know you can drop by any time and just hang out if you want. My roommate Marylou was just transferred and left me all to my lonesome," she pouted.

I thanked her for her, noticing her sadness about Marylou, and decided to visit more often. When we settled in the noisy dining room, she wondered about my appetite. I told her of my dinner engagement later with Mrs. Saunders, which impressed her. "Not many of us lowly staff get to eat a private dinner in a guest's apartment. She must have good vibes for you," she was fishing.

"It's therapeutic for her. She's had a hard time finding companionship and someone to talk to," I answered her query. "Anyway," I went on, "I wanted to talk to you about something else. I'm having particular difficulty with a woman here who insists on having an intimate relationship with me and threatening to expose my true gender if I don't cooperate. I'm uncertain how to deal with her. I don't want to undermine my effectiveness by having my male gender uncovered. Any idea what I should do?"

She finished a mouthful and thought out loud, "I assume you don't want her to get in trouble, although if it were me I'd go right to Ms. Worthington. She has no right to blackmail you like that. I could talk to her privately and threaten to expose her if she doesn't leave you alone. She might fear losing her job, since she'll know another person is aware of her behavior."

"That sounds intriguing. You're right I don't want to expose her and get her in trouble. Let me give it some more thought. Listen I hate to run, but I've got two appointments back to back before my dinner date, and I'm already running late," I bent over to kiss her cheek and whispered a sincere 'thank you' in her ear, enjoying her intoxicating perfume (had to find out what it was).

Cynthia was straightening up as I walked in her open door with a 'hi'.

She smiled "welcome," putting on some music and offering me a soft drink before we sat comfortably on her couch to chat awhile. She stroked my leg telling me how nice they felt and how much she enjoyed helping with my transformation.

I explained to her why I'd accepted the position at Highpoint and the change in appearance. She didn't mind at all telling me how she enjoyed her specialty of nails and waxing, as it had been her hobby throughout her teenage years.

We laughed together at her younger brother's interest in nails, as she'd often used him to practice on, early in her training. She'd encouraged his interest, until he decided to take a nail care course himself. Today he was working in a specialty nail salon and wore unisex outfits in the ultra feminine environment. He was certainly showing signs of increased femininity, starting to wear limited make-up, earrings and of course his fancy nails. Her friend thought she saw the outline of a bra the other day under his uniform.

Cynthia had never seen a man change his appearance as convincingly as I had, which really aroused her as her roaming hands were doing to me.

Suddenly her roommate came in, Lily Simmons, the librarian and dance teacher who was stunning in a wistful sort of way. I stood up breaking our mood, and said hello as Cynthia introduced us. Her hand felt soft and yielding in mine, and I wondered if I was falling in love again as a tingling sensation went up my arm and invaded my whole body. She smiled down at me (was everyone taller than me?) and I thought I was melting as I stared at her beautiful green eyes and full rosy lips, watching her smoothly pivot away, and head to the bathroom. When I recovered, I used the interruption to part from Cynthia's tantalizing stroking, telling her I had to meet someone. We parted with a casual kiss, quite tasty, and I hurried to Mary's room.

She was happy to see me, casually wondering about my lateness, which I shrugged off with a slightly upset stomach. I watched her lock the door, and felt her insistent

fingers helping me out of my dress. As we got into bed she shed her negligee and the next hour we delighted in each other's passions. Even though I was not a full fledged participant (who was I kidding), I was highly aroused by her desires, and loved the helpless feeling of submitting, acknowledging her power over me. This was new territory for me. When I was with Mary, I released these completely subliminal desires, enjoying my shame and abandonment to the fullest.

The medication was definitely suppressing my aggressive masculine feelings, for I was completely the passive partner. When she allowed me to leave, after using my 'talented tongue' (as she called it) to bring her to her third shattering climax, I washed up and dressed quickly, hurrying over to Mrs. Saunders apartment. I breathlessly rang her doorbell noting it was almost 8 o'clock; a full half hour late.

Chapter 16

"Nicole darling, one week is much too soon to install the vaginal cover. I thought two weeks was rushing it. Remember we waited two months with the other girls. She should be developing breasts and hips before we hide away the penis, or else she'll have a difficult time understanding the necessity for it's concealment," Loretta was insistent.

"I'm telling you Irene is embracing her change completely," I responded. "She's completely committed to her feminine appearance and understands the importance of concealing her male identity. She had her ears pierced today without a whimper. I'm sure if you push the right buttons, she'll be requesting you to do it."

"Remember she's the one holding off Mrs. Saunder's advances. Dealing with the anxiety of discovery is quite difficult for her. I think she's also got her own feelings for Mrs. Saunders intertwined in there somewhere and desperately wants to give in to her passions. Besides, she's also committed to helping with Mrs. Saunders recovery and for that reason alone I think she'd gladly volunteer to have it done. I told her I'd be talking to you, about finding a solution to her dilemma," I concluded my argument.

"Nicole, against my better judgment, I'll explore it with Irene tomorrow morning and see if she's receptive. If she resists we'll just have to slow down a bit. I hope you haven't forgotten the resistance we had to overcome before," Loretta reminded me.

"You present it the way I've suggested and she'll be eating out of your hand. She's really a remarkable find, extremely compassionate and perceptive, much more so than many of the women we hire. Once she completes her change, I expect her to become one of our best counselors."

"Well darling, shall we eat in the dining hall or find something in the fridge. Maybe I can interest you in a hot appetizer I've got right here. Just move up my thighs," I grinned as she approached me and I knew we weren't going out again tonight.

Chapter 17

Ann was pleased to see me, almost relieved. My lateness had upset her, and I hadn't called. She'd delayed dinner and after we poured some wine, she called and arranged for it to be served at 9 o'clock, "That should give us enough time to unwind. You seem a bit harried. Is something wrong, darling?" She came and sat by me plac-

ing her cheek against mine. Could she smell Mary on me, I'd barely washed my face, but she took no notice, so I relaxed, enjoying her closeness.

How could this wonderful lady have had such difficulty in her relationships with men? She was so caring and there for me, I was momentarily choked up, wanting to share my difficulties with her, not caring that she was the patient and I was the counselor. But I hesitated and we slowly parted, leaning back into the soft pillows. I told her about my day and recalled how much I had enjoyed myself at the square dance last night.

"I haven't had such a good time in a month of Sundays," Ann sparkled. "You're a good dancer (first time in the woman's position) and I'm already looking forward to next week's dance. Who's that other girl you were dancing with? I can't contain my curiosity, as you can hear," her voice was quivering, definitely afraid of my response.

I sat wondering how to answer. She valued our friendship and was feeling a bit possessive not wanting to share me. "Ann, I want you to know that I'm here, not because you're the guest and I have to be. I'm here because I truly enjoy your company. I care about you as a person and want you to stop burying yourself away from everyone. You have so much to offer and life is much too short to waste it reacting to ignorant fathers and selfish men."

"There are other women who I see and share good times with. I'm sure you'll understand, that at 23 I'm just beginning to explore the world, learning the types of people I enjoy and what really turns me on. It's an exciting time for me. I count myself lucky to have such a wonderful friendship and communication with a caring person like yourself," I watched her reaction as I finished.

She was studying me and I watched the tension leave her face as she placed her hand on my cheek and her eyes showed her adoration. Our lips met and we softly blended together sharing our feelings for each other. Her tongue played with mine gently, and when we parted there were smiles on both our faces, knowing we had passed a hurdle and there was trust between us. We settled back into the couch.

Ann started talking about her childhood, how she resented her mother's cowering down to her father while she watched, powerless, from the sidelines. She was educated by governesses and tutors, and had very little contact with children her own age. She hated being an only child, often questioning her mother when she was going to get a baby sister or brother. It was lonely, yet she'd learned to play by herself creating fantasies to make her life interesting. Like a prince would come and take her to his castle on his big white horse, or a circus would come to town and she'd get a job as the daring lady who flew through the air to be miraculously caught by a handsome young man on the trapeze. Her fantasy life was the savior of her childhood.

"Did you ever do any traveling with your parents?" I inquired.

"We did go to Europe one year for three weeks. I was about ten years old, and all I remember is constantly packing and unpacking and walking around museums and ancient ruins which didn't interest me very much. I remember I couldn't understand the television, but it was a welcome change from my regular routine and that made me ecstatic. I never complained even once. It's too bad, I'm sure I'd enjoy that trip much more today, if I had someone interesting to share it with," she beamed at me.

Disregarding her implied invitation I asked, "After your marriage ended, what did you do with yourself?" Before she could answer my own thoughts continued, "It must be awful being so wealthy that you've got to be constantly on your guard when meeting people. It's almost comical, like a huge barrier made of money, acting as a separator and making it extremely difficult to find happiness. That certainly hasn't been my problem. We often had trouble putting dinner on the table." I sat and remembered my mother and how dedicated she'd been to us, frequently having no supper herself, so we could eat.

Ann studied me, watching some tears form in my eyes as I thought of my mother and how much I loved her. "You were lucky. Your mother sounds like a marvelous woman. I'd love to meet her someday and tell her what a great job she did raising her daughter (uh oh, trouble)."

"Enough serious talk, let's move to another topic. I love your new hairdo and I'm making an appointment tomorrow to get mine done. I haven't been happy with these loose ends and I think I'm ready for a new style. What do you think, sweetheart?"

"Ann, you look lovely just as you are. But if you want a change, then by all means do it. I think you'd look great if you swept the sides back," I pushed her hair that way, "and fluffed the top a bit more." She smiled at my suggestion.

Dinner arrived soon after that and we enjoyed some delicious lobsters, getting all messy and laughing as the juices and shells went flying when we cracked them open. After dinner she suggested we take a shower together, and I blushingly declined, worrying how long I could hold off Ann's discovery of me.

Then she shocked me. "Irene, when are you going to stop fretting about your womanhood. I know you're not perfect. It's okay," she dropped the bombshell. I sat there with my mouth open staring at her.

"How long have you known?" I asked.

"Ever since you stared at me in the locker room when I undressed that first day. Only a man would be that enthralled with what I have to offer." She smiled at me and continued, "I really don't mind if you're a man. You have some marvelous qualities that I'd adore in anyone, regardless of their gender, and I certainly know that I'm a changed person when we're together."

"What about your feelings toward your father and your ex-husband? Do you anticipate disaster with me?" I inquired.

"I'm a mess. Let's go take a shower and we can discuss this as we get cleaned up," and she took my hand leading me into the huge bathroom. She helped me undress, "You certainly got the lobster juices all over your dress," and I felt it slide to the floor. "I see you've had your ears pierced. I'll show you how to clean them to avoid infection." Her hands were all over me and I was soon naked and following her into the shower.

We spent the balance of the evening discovering the wonders of our each other, and later when she fell asleep with her arm over my waist I too drifted into contented oblivion.

Chapter 18

The sun was shining in when Ann turned over and I suddenly realized I was not in my own bed. I had to get moving. I sat up trying not to disturb her, and went to the bathroom to dress. She was still sleeping soundly. I took one last look at her (she looked marvelous), and stole from the apartment.

It was 6:10 as I entered my room and heard Margaret in the shower. I looked at myself in the mirror, smiled at myself and entered the bathroom to take a shower. Margaret was just stepping out so I squeezed around her (she grabbed my ass) and soon had the hot spray relaxing my smooth body. Later as I put my flattener back on, before a fresh pair of panties, I remembered how accepting Ann had been of me, enjoying me in spite of my not accomplishing any male arousal (medication was in full effect). We'd found so many other ways to please each other, it hadn't mattered.

When I came out of the steamy bathroom, Margaret smiled knowingly at me, "And where has my sweet little roomie been hiding all night?"

"Don't be catty Margaret. Ann, eh. . . Mrs. Saunders asked me to stay over, and I was so fatigued I fell asleep without realizing it. Don't make a big issue out of it, okay."

I put on a fresh uniform, one of the waitress outfits and didn't think twice about showing my legs when I walked (I kind of enjoyed it). I was getting my booster shots this morning, and I went over in my mind the questions I'd saved for the doctor.

I had certainly enjoyed my day off, but now it was back to the grindstone until my next one on Sunday. Margaret and I went to breakfast together, while she explained that she had to prepare a guest's horse for a trip. The guest was going home today.

I saw Joanne at breakfast and she told me her operation was scheduled for next Tuesday. I mentioned I might be a little late, as I had to see the doctor for some booster shots, and a strange look came over her as she studied me with a questioning expression. Did she know too, I wondered.

I was still getting over the shock that Ann had known all along, and recalled her answer to my question. She'd also noticed how straight up and down my body was, almost no curves and my shoulders were too pronounced. She'd also seen hair under my arms (hadn't shaved them yet), but otherwise I'd been passable. Had other's also noticed? Why had Joanne just looked at me so strangely?

We separated after breakfast, and I took the opportunity to catch up on some letter writing.

By 8:30 I was sitting in the doctor's office waiting to be called, browsing through some magazines.

"Good morning Ms. Shipley," Nurse Prout greeted me. "How are you feeling? Any reactions to last week's shots?" she asked as she led me into one of the examining rooms and I could see the tray was already prepared.

"Well, I did have some questions for the doctor."

“Why don't you try them on me. If it's something I can't answer we'll get the doctor involved, okay?” she prompted.

I removed my dress and underwear at her request, standing naked except for the skimpy robe and hesitantly said, “Well, several things have been bothering me. First, my nipples have been sore all week, kind of irritated and I was wondering if my breast forms might be causing it. They also seem inflated,” as I showed her my protruding nipples, “and then there's my behind which is feeling kind of sore and puffy. And my hips too.” She patiently listened and waited until I finished, “Is this a normal reaction?”

She'd prepared the first needle, and as I leaned over she swabbed down my left cheek inserting the needle before she replied, “These inoculations are quite strong. They'll probably continue to cause even more puffiness in the areas you mentioned,” she emptied the contents and removed the needle, “but you can be assured that eventually, once the series is completed, you'll be protected from a variety of illnesses that are prevalent in this area.”

She was already sticking the second needle in my other cheek as I inquired further, “When will the puffiness go away?”

“Not right away,” she answered as she emptied the second syringe and I felt the serum inside me. “Once the vaccination series is complete, you should get some relief. Tell me Irene, how is your disguise working? Are you having any difficulty being accepted as a female?”

“Not really. I'm surprised myself at how easily I've settled into the feminine image and role. Aside from being discovered by one or two people soon after I arrived, I've pretty much fooled everyone.” She put the third shot into my other hip, emptied the large syringe and started testing the area around my nipple to identify the sore spots. “Right there, it hurts if you press too hard. It's very sensitive. Can you put the booster somewhere else?” I asked hopefully.

She kept poking and said, “It's most effective when given in the affected area, so let's see if we can't find a spot that's not tender. How's your male side been handling the change? Has the medication controlled your reactions effectively and, by the way, you haven't mention anything, are the cramps still bothering you?” She'd found an area that wasn't sore, right beneath my right nipple and inserted the needle, quickly emptying it before I could object any further.

The fluids entered my chest as I answered, “The medication was very effective with my stomach cramps. The pills relieved them almost immediately. My male response has definitely diminished, almost totally disappeared. Why I'm actually starting to react like a female in some situations. The other night at the dance, all I could think of was who would ask me for the next dance. I assumed the female dance position without any thought. It's scary, how my perspective has changed so much (I didn't even mention Mary's domination).” The final needle was emptied under my other nipple in a carefully selected spot. My boosters were complete, so my body relaxed releasing the built up tension I hadn't realized was there.

“Well, you're surrounded by women, so it's no wonder you're starting to react like one,” she offered. “I'd say you're doing well and your initial reactions are really quite

normal. Sit for a moment, let me check with the doctor, to see if she wants to see you." She left me sitting there. I began to feel the heaviness in the areas that had received the inoculations. They were certainly careful about illness in this place.

Several moments later Dr. Smith walked in, "Hi Irene, Nurse Prout tells me you're doing fine. You had no problem taking your booster shots. That's good. Since the cramps are gone you can stop that medication immediately." She was exploring the puffy areas around my breasts, and then moved to my hips and behind, checking them carefully. "There's really nothing to worry about. The tenderness and puffiness is absolutely normal and will continue to get more pronounced as a direct result of the vaccination series you're receiving. Once it's complete, the tenderness will go away almost immediately."

"That's good news," I said, wondering about the puffiness while watching her gently rotate my left nipple, feeling it expand under her fingers. It felt nice, making me a bit euphoric.

"I was speaking with Ms. Worthington last night," Dr. Smith was saying as she tested my other nipple causing the same erect reaction, "and she mentioned your fear of having your masculinity discovered. She thought I might have a solution, and it just so happens, I do. It's called a 'vaginal mask', a recently developed device that conceals the penis while providing the authentic appearance of the female genitalia."

"A vaginal mask?" I was surprised, trying to fathom all the implications of such a disguise. I recalled my discussion with Ms. Worthington and wondered, "Would I have to wear it every day, even when I urinate? Can you tell me more about how it works."

"It's really quite advanced," Dr. Smith answered. "It's made of a soft plastic material designed by a plastic surgeon to fit snugly over the penis, effectively concealing it away while giving the outward appearance of a vagina. Female impersonators are constantly seeking ways to make their appearance more authentic."

The doctor continued, "It's considered minor surgery which I do right here in the office and it remains on until it's removed. It has a special opening, so the wearer can urinate without removing it. Once it's on, you'll be able to go in the women's shower and no one will have an inkling you're a man, especially if the puffiness in your breasts continues. After a short while, you won't even be aware it's not real, as you'll actually feel sensations through it. It would really complete your disguise."

"How long would I wear it?" I asked trying to understand my options. "Would it be a problem if I wanted it removed?"

"Your penis or the disguise," she inquired seriously.

I stared at her in disbelief, "Are you kidding, the mask of course."

"I'd discourage you from removing it during your stay at Highpoint. It is a surgical procedure which will take time to heal, and unless you're committed to the program I would advise against your doing it," she cautioned me.

"Thanks for your candor doctor. I'm not really sure you can understand the constant anxiety I have of my maleness being discovered by a guest. I really don't want to endanger anyone's recovery. I constantly worry about it. I'm concerned that it will in-

terfere with my interfacing effectively with the guests I'm responsible for." I looked up at her face and asked, "When would you do it?" There it was, the question she'd patiently been waiting for.

"It just so happens I have some free time this morning and could probably squeeze you in, if we decide right away, but I really don't want to rush you into something you're not certain about. I'll have the nurse prepare the operating room and you think of any other questions while I get the permission forms ready. The procedure shouldn't take more than fifteen minutes, but you'll need the balance of the day to recuperate," she advised and I started thinking over my options.

I would be here for the next two years and as Margaret had said earlier being authentic would sure make my life simpler. It was only a cover, what could be the harm? And my penis wasn't responding anyway, so what difference did it make if it was hidden away. Having no further worries about discovery was certainly appealing.

"I'm certain I want it done." Dr. Smith smiled at my firm commitment to her.

She gave me a consent form to sign confirming my permission and full understanding of the procedure. Nurse Prout gave me a strong sedative and assisted me into the operating room. She'd already had the pool supervisor notified that I'd be out the rest of the day. Lying down on the table I started feeling woozy as the sedative took effect. I wondered what I'd gotten myself into, remembering she'd said two years and that I hadn't said good-bye to my penis properly. My concerns seemed to float away as the doctor entered, smiled down at me and prepared herself for the operation.

Meanwhile the nurse had rolled over a table full of medical supplies and instruments. My legs were separated and strapped into the stirrups (had they been there before), and a draping was placed over my body as I felt a needle enter my crotch area. Nurse Prout carefully used a special depilatory assuring that no pubic hair would ever grow again. Soon there were poking and probing sensations, but no real pain. I laid back with my eyes closed trying to relax, as I felt the pressure of something being attached, while the nurse kept a reassuring hand on my arm.

"I'm almost done," Dr. Smith said a few minutes later. "You must be careful over the next 48 hours, not to knock or bump into anything, allowing it to properly heal. It's held in place by about thirty stitches, which I'll remove next week when you're in for your shots. After that you shouldn't have any trouble even going horseback riding if you like."

I looked at her through droopy eyes, smiling at her comforting words, hardly realizing that she'd just effectively removed the last vestige of my masculinity. I wondered how Mrs. Saunders would react and Mary; she'd so enjoyed playing with me. Would she lose interest?

I lay on the table watching the doctor remove her gloves, "that's it young lady. Now you can concentrate on your job with no further worries." I felt her words sink in, picturing myself in the ladies shower as just one of the girls. My breasts would have to develop more before I'd feel comfortable with that scene. The doctor said they would continue to grow (puffiness) from the boosters I'd received. Maybe Margaret would get a roommate she could be interested in after all.

The doctor left and Nurse Prout offered me her arm so I could sit up. “Easy now. It'll take a little while for you to recover, so just take it real slow.” I was feeling dizzy and she helped me bend my head between my legs. I peeked but couldn't see anything upside down. When I sat up again, I looked down only to see a bandage over the area. She assisted me to a standing position and I felt wobbly leaning heavily on her for support. We slowly walked together to the examining room and she helped me get dressed.

Putting on my panties, without the 'flattener', was fun even if I couldn't see beneath the bandages. My whole crotch area was numb and Nurse Prout told me the Novocain should wear off in a few hours. I'd probably feel a little sore, but it go away quickly. When I was fully dressed I waited in the doctor's office.

“Irene, it's important you take it easy today, no exertion or strain. The bandage can come off later when you need to urinate, and other then keeping the area clean it needs no special treatment. It may feel strange the first few days but once you're accustomed to it you'll be fine. Let me know if you have any problems urinating, other than remembering to sit down each time,” she smiled at me. “I'll check you next week when I take the stitches out. If you've got no further questions,” she helped me stand up and assisted me to the receptionist.

“Thanks doctor,” I smiled weakly as she returned to her office. I set up next week's appointment, and walked gingerly out of the office. My crotch area definitely felt funny. I'd forgotten to ask about my penis, when it was released, whether there would be any problems with it functioning properly. That caused me to frown, and then I started thinking again about Mary's and Ann's reaction, wondering how to tell them as I walked upstairs to my room and took off my dress before lying down. I was asleep a moment later.

Chapter 19

“Okay, you were right, Nicole. She accepted the mask without a murmur. With the medications and booster shots she's receiving, her breasts should be developing nicely by next week and I got the distinct impression that she couldn't wait. You're right, she's dedicated to the job, and is so concerned with the guests' welfare, that she totally disregards what these changes might mean to her personally. She seems oblivious to her growing femininity and will probably be a full fledged sorority sister before the summer.”

“What a nice present we're giving her,” I said. “I'll be sure Irene gets easy duty for the next several days, so she can heal comfortably.”

“Loretta, is Joanne set for Tuesday? I hope the specialist lives up to her claims of being able to create fully functional female genitals. I want Joanne to experience the full orgasmic delights from a women's perspective.”

“Don't worry, I've checked her out carefully, and she's 'the expert' in the 'gender modification' field. I'm confident she'll deliver as promised, and Joanne will enjoy many beautiful years as a 100% woman. By the way, any response to the advertisement we placed in your home town Gazette? Did we get your ex-husband to bite on our bait?” Loretta refilled my glass with the Chablis I'd brought for dinner.

“Funny you should ask, I received an answer today but I didn't have a chance to open it yet. It's in my purse,” and I got it from the dresser. The envelope indicated we had reached my old hubby as his name was staring at me from the upper left hand corner. I grinned and carefully opened the envelope to draw out the letter. I read it to Loretta,

Dear Mrs. Cornwall, (I'd used a fictitious name)

I am applying for the handyman position. I have many years experience fixing just about everything around a house including plumbing, electrical work, carpentry, painting, cement work and all kinds of machinery (I didn't remember him being that good). Since you include room and board, I would accept the \$15,000 salary you advertised. I'm prepared to sign a year's contract as you indicated, and wear the company uniforms on the job (what fun we're going to have). I can start whenever you'd like.

Yours truly, Philip Dubin

I was psyched, “Loretta, you're a genius. We've got him on the line. Now we've got to be sure he gets the company physical and receives his shots. Can you go up there Friday and take care of it yourself or do you want to take Sally as support?”

“Slow down. Getting him to take his shots is one thing. Putting on the uniform is quite another. I definitely want to take Sally, it's a three hundred mile drive and if he's such a macho man I don't want to risk dealing with a naked man all by myself. Friday's impossible. We'll try for next Friday. There's too many things going on right now,” Loretta brought me back to reality.

“I'll have Cecile adjust some uniforms offering pants with a feminine flair, but he'll have to wear the 'flattener' and panties, there'll be nothing else available. We'll need plenty of tranquilizers to keep him cooperative in the initial stages, especially at the beauty salon. Oh, I'm getting all excited thinking how he'll look and be suffering as we steal his masculinity. Such sweet revenge and I can't think of a sleazier bastard it could happen to. One thing is for sure, he'll never get the final operation. We'll leave him with a vaginal mask and boobs performing slave duty for us. He'll beg us to renew his contract, and we can decide his final destiny at our leisure.”

“Nicole, you're too much. I'll plan to go up there next Friday, so you write him and set up an appointment at a hotel in town. Get Sally and me a suite. We'll stay Friday night and drive back Saturday with the new recruit. I think I'll use hypnosis initially to overcome any objections he might offer. You'd better make provisions for a room for him and figure out how to keep him away from the guests until he's presentable.” Loretta's delicious lips met mine anticipating out sweet revenge.

“Come let's go to bed, I've just sprung a leak. Can you examine it for me? You are the plumber, aren't you?” I smiled as I took her hand and walked her to the bedroom. It was a highly satisfying evening for both of us. We didn't get to sleep until well into the morning hours.

Chapter 20

“Irene, who'd have thought you'd grow into a perfect roommate,” Margaret giggled as she soaped up my breasts from behind. Several times in the past week she'd followed me into the shower and made sure I was sparkling clean. She'd accepted my

'mask' without too many wiseass remarks and was thoroughly enjoying my breasts almost as much as I was.

“Easy, I just got my booster shots yesterday,” I cautioned. Dr. Smith had removed the stitches and pronounced me ready for the world, particularly the ladies locker room. She'd been pleased with my developing breasts. We both agreed they were essential to my acceptance at the swimming pool, where I'd joined Susan and Mary for my first dip only two days ago. The bathing suit took some getting used to. My growing hips and buttocks were filling it out well and my vaginal mask certainly completed the picture in front.

My God, time seemed to be flying by. My second week in the pool area was almost over. I'd already learned about pool maintenance and assisting with swim lessons and water aerobics. Each morning I wore my swimsuit beneath my uniform for invariably I ended up in the water sometime during the day. My tan marks matched up comparably with all the other ladies.

I tugged up my one piece tank and covered my breasts, admiring myself in the mirror. Adjusting the crotch so it laid smoothly I checked out the total look. That adorable woman looking at me, was me and I inadvertently was aroused by her. The doctor was right, I definitely could feel stimulation through the vaginal mask.

Mary had initially been as shocked as I, but as she watched my growing femininity, she continued her dominating ways with me, and I remained incapable of resisting her. Her lovemaking brought me unparalleled delights. She'd awakened a deep arousal in my vagina and my ultra sensitive breasts astounded me. I responded as any typical submissive female, without a hint of resistance, and with total abandonment.

Ann was different. She'd been alarmed at the drastic changes taking place, and had immediately suggested taking me away from there before anything further occurred. I'd patiently soothed her, telling her I was fine and the changes were necessary if I was going to be at all effective with my job. After all it was a 'women's only' facility.

It seemed like daily I became aware of yet another feminine aspect to my changing personality. Something would light up inside me and I'd smile realizing, 'that's how a woman feels'.

Our lovely evenings together continued, as we developed a close and caring relationship and enjoyed our growing intimacy, in spite of her reservations. I was now staying overnight on a regular basis (Ms. Worthington had conceded after some heated discussions). I even kept some uniforms at her apartment so I could go straight to work in the morning. We loved sharing an intimate breakfast together, casually dressed in our nightgowns and robes, and frequently shared some passionate moments before I absolutely had to leave for work.

She was progressing well with her therapy. I'd met with her counselor Michelle, attempting to find things I might do to aid in her recovery. I really had mixed emotions about that. I certainly wanted her to get well (she already seemed okay to me), yet I knew I'd miss her terribly when she left.

I was also becoming more comfortable with my changing body. My hips were expanding already providing a place for my hands to rest comfortably. My rear end had grown significantly, forcing me to walk with an “adorable wiggle”, is how Ann described it. I stared at my behind in the mirror admiring it's roundness, still unconvinced it belonged to me. When Mary grabbed my cheeks during moments of passion, I yielded in complete submission. My breasts were already feeling cramped in my brassieres (B cup), and I often found myself staring at them in the mirror in admiration. Ann's and Mary's constant attention to them (causing me thrilling arousal), resulted in my feeling self-conscious, whenever they were exposed to somebody's view. I adored them, watching them grow with impatience, wanting to have beauties like Ann.

I was in love with Irene, more deeply each day, reveling in how wonderful it was to feel like a woman. At this rate, I hadn't a clue of how I would return to my male self once I'd completed my training program. So what! Being Irene was too much fun, and I checked my hair and uniform carefully before leaving for breakfast behind Margaret's adorable derriere.

That afternoon, during our regular session, Becky Schaffer, spoke of her younger sister Emily (who'd visited on Sunday), and wished she was home again to spend more time with her. She went on to talk of their childhood years, how Emily had always been the star pupil in school while she had been just average in spite of putting extra effort in with tutors.

Somehow Emily always succeeded at being the center of attention, until Becky had finally gained the spotlight by marrying John Schaffer, the quarterback on the football team, who'd pursued her relentlessly for several months. That he'd strayed from her almost before the honeymoon was over, expressing a need for excitement she couldn't provide, had hardly tarnished her victory. Eventually they'd separated, and she'd become morose and distant, returning to her mother's home and choosing to remain out of the limelight. No further competition for Emily.

Emily enjoyed visiting her older sister Becky, as it provided her with desperately needed relieve from her never-ending household duties (three screaming kids). Emily usually left with some new sweater or trinket Becky had made, which she passed on to her mother, “just something Becky thought you would like”. Her mother was genuinely concerned but felt funny visiting 'that place' so waited at home patiently for her daughter's return.

This was no easy struggle for Becky; to find her self worth after being denied it throughout her formative years. We tried identifying things that made her feel good, like crocheting and knitting, and her regular thirty laps in the indoor pool. I wanted to expand on these activities. She'd recently started participating in a daily ping pong game with some other guests and she looked forward to it each day with enthusiasm. She was quite a good player. I also suggested she might like to assist the swim instructor with giving swim lessons, as she was quite an advanced swimmer (I'd already cleared it with the instructor). She was surprised by my suggestion and told me she would consider it. Our third session came to a close.

As I wrote the session up afterwards, I noticed we'd neglected to talk about her father and made a note to pursue that next Monday. I took a deep breath feeling my

breasts lift, knowing I was helping Becky towards recovery and knew my development was helping me perfect my role of lady therapist. Standing up, I enjoyed the fact that I no longer needed a girdle, feeling beneath my skirt for a moment. I felt dampness on my smooth softening thighs, caused by my seating in one position for the past hour in deep concentration of Mrs. Schaffer. I straightened out the crotch of my panty, casually stroking myself and enjoyed the delicious sensations I felt.

I visited Joanne later, who was in the infirmary and would be there for several more days. Everything had gone well, and she couldn't wait to return to the training program. Nurse Prout had just changed her dressing and I noticed the bandages caused the middle of her nightgown to puff out. She shared some funny stories about Katherine, her replacement, who was having some difficulties learning the pool scene. I left her with 'feel better soon darling' and a kiss and hurried over to dinner which had already begun.

Later, while we were preparing for bed, I mentioned to Margaret that I'd love to try horseback riding. We arranged for me to go on my next day off, which was Saturday. She was drying off from a shower, having spent the evening with Wendy, and was strutting her stuff as usual. She came over to me, placed a kiss on my cheek and complimented my appearance, which she'd been doing more regularly the past few days. Was I starting to get to her? I fell asleep dreaming of being on a big black horse with Margaret's arm around me, holding me close as we gently rode through the fields.

Chapter 21

"Nicole, last night was heaven." Loretta swept back my hair, and leaned over to kiss my neck, actually sucking on it a little. My God, she was so passionate, and I loved waking up to her soft lips and body.

"Darling, I can't seem to get enough of you. Stop that," I squirmed as her tongue started licking my neck and moved towards my breast. As she approached my nipple I couldn't help but lift up to meet her, anticipating her wet demanding mouth. What a delight.

Later as I stepped out of the shower, I thought back to two nights ago, and Patricia's introduction into our sorority. She'd come for dinner (having fully recovered from her operation), and spent a beautiful evening with Loretta and I. We'd decided to leave Joanne out of this one (she was such a hot tomato). We sat around reminiscing about Patricia's stay so far and how she'd steadily grown to love her female status. Her conversion had been a complete success as we discovered later after dinner. Her passionate response to our lovemaking was a tribute to the miraculous technique the specialist had accomplished yet again. Patricia had left in the morning a completely satiated woman, having difficulty walking on her wobbly legs. Her smile remained on her face all day.

Loretta and I congratulated each other and planned a group picnic to include both Joanne and Patricia, possibly on Sunday. Getting free time for the four of us was difficult. And soon Irene would be joining us, she was progressing so nicely. I'd received word only yesterday that another male recruit was arriving on Thursday. I'd have to warn the public relations area to be on the lookout.

Over breakfast we discussed the progress of our new handywoman, Phyllis. Her life style adjustment had been remarkable. Just yesterday she appeared in her new uniforms (full dress) for the first time. I continued avoiding direct contact, knowing she would recognize me. She still had no idea what was ultimately in store for her, and we intended to keep it that way. She understood that her feminine appearance was a requirement of the job. We would continue to subtly alter his body until there was no turning back.

Loretta had certainly shown perseverance when she'd interviewed him almost six weeks ago. It's a good thing Sally had been with her and in uniform (making it official), as Loretta had carefully examined him. She'd had to handle his flabby body, which had not been easy for her. He was fifty pounds overweight, a direct result of excessive drinking which Loretta warned him about. No alcohol was permitted at Highpoint. Sally had efficiently administered the full set of vaccinations. He'd resisted initially, saying he was in excellent health, but gave in when she told him it was a requirement of his being hired. He'd questioned the shots in his chest, not understanding the necessity for putting them there, but Loretta insisted and he again relented (not working in eight months certainly made him pliable).

They'd helped him into the uniform, repeatedly explaining the necessity for the 'flattener' and the girdle, and made sure he didn't see himself as they walked him to the car. The initial uniform had pants, but was definitely styled for a female, and he'd continued to question the need for his wearing it. He'd signed the one year contract, conceding that his first three week's salary would be held until year's end (we'd have him by then).

Sally had patiently explained the 'women only' nature of the facility, and the need to tone down his masculine image. He sat in the back seat next to Loretta and fantasized about the fun he'd have, being amongst all these women. Along the way, Loretta had no trouble hypnotizing him and carefully instilled in him a feeling of security whenever he wore his uniform. She'd also suggested that a nightgown would help him sleep at night, in place of his uniform.

All had gone smoothly since then. Phil had become Phyllis of course. He'd been lightly sedated for his first visit to the beauty salon where they'd feminized him. His pixy hair style (wait til his hair grew out), shaven legs and trimmed fingernails with a light pink tint made him angry. Further hypnosis was used to help him realize the necessity of these changes. Hypnosis also assured his taking of the medication, which helped bury any further masculine feelings that might have erupted.

That first week he mended the fence around the corral and Margaret kept a close watch on him. A week later with tender nipples and a puffy behind, he'd submitted to his booster shots with very little resistance, having a vague sense that his masculinity was fighting for survival. But it was too late. He left the doctor's office wondering why he continued to feel so comfortable in his uniform, which he even wore on his day off.

I secretly observed his feminine development with utter joy and had already decided he would remain at Highpoint so I could continue to make his life miserable. He was working 14 hours a day, as my supervisors had a never ending stream of projects for

him to do. He'd already lost twenty pounds and was regularly attending a sewing class, so he could adjust his own uniforms which constantly needed mending.

After his second week the 'vaginal mask' was installed. Loretta insisting that he wouldn't need his penis for the duration of his work contract. The suppressant medication had effectively buried his libido. In his sedated state he'd argued for a while, but Loretta pointed out that his pierced ears, attractive hairdo and growing breasts were making it a whole lot easier for him to fit in and make friends. This would allow him to go undetected into the women's showers (one of his fantasies), and would relieve the need to wear the 'flattener' and girdle all the time. That caught his attention and when he was reminded that it would be removed when he left, he gave his reluctant permission and we all bid adieu to his male equipment.

"I noticed Phyllis talking to a guest yesterday," I mentioned as I sipped my coffee. "Should we allow this? Ever since she finished her voice lessons she's become so sociable. I'm afraid she may interfere with a guest's recovery." I looked at her lovely face.

"Nicole, if you really think Phyllis is dangerous to our guests than we should do something. Under hypnosis I've already suppressed all her male memories, and she experiences menstrual cramps whenever she desires another woman or if she rejects her own femininity. And you know she can't leave the grounds. Maybe we should let her have some relaxation or she'll start to collapse under the pressure."

Loretta hadn't experienced my agony that he'd been totally responsible for. "Absolutely not. He should not be allowed to socialize. Please add this to his hypnotic program today! It will satisfy my revenge knowing he's in pain whenever he needs to talk with someone," my hatred was hanging right out there and I started to wonder if this had been such a good idea. I was enjoying his humiliation, almost too much, and was starting to lose my perspective for my job. Because of him I was wallowing in my negative feelings and wasn't really having fun.

Wasn't I there to help women recover from their aches and pains? What about myself? Wasn't it time for me to let go of my tormented past, let my angry feelings dissipate and allow the healing process to begin?

"Loretta, I've changed my mind. Let Phyllis mix with his fellow employees, but discourage any contact with the guests. He's not trained to handle their special needs and I don't want him inadvertently making a mistake." That seemed more appropriate.

"I agree," Loretta smiled knowingly at me. "Maybe you can let your wounds heal. They've been open and festering for too long. We've really accomplished a lot with Phyllis. Her attitude towards women has changed dramatically. You should see how courteous and respectful she's become."

"She's accomplished a load of projects and the managers are competing for her time with new requests every day. And I hadn't told you this, but she recently moved in with Louise Smiley, at Louise's invitation. They've been meeting regularly for picnic lunches on the golf course. Poor Louise, her shyness has been such a hindrance to her social life here. Perhaps Phyllis will provide her with some desperately needed companionship."

“Loretta, you're too much. Highpoint's unofficial matchmaker.” I laughed, “They must be going crazy as Phyllis experiences menstrual cramps every time they try to do anything. Poor Louise, we shouldn't make her suffer for Phyllis's past mistakes. Maybe you should remove her inhibitor for a few days and see what occurs.”

“Wow, look at the time, I've got to run,” as I pecked her cheek and hurried to the door. “Talk to you later darling.”

Chapter 22

I slapped Mrs. Singer's behind playfully, asking her to turn over. She was stark naked and after several grunts and groans she accomplished the move, presenting me her lovely front as I adjusted the towel covering her. My excellent technique at massages had earned me quite a reputation. I was the first one called when extra help was needed. I enjoyed relieving the accumulated tensions and bringing smiles to a guest's face as she relaxed beneath my probing fingers. This was my third night in a row of helping out and Mrs. Singer, whom I'd never met, had specifically requested me.

Mary was beginning to lose patience with the constant interruptions in our love life and I'd noticed lately she'd been meeting frequently with Patricia and also Suzanne after dinner when I was tied up.

Thinking back to last night, I thought of Ann's threat to talk to Ms. Worthington if they didn't start calling other people. She wasn't very pleased with my intimate handling of all these women. “Ann, Sandy Bennett should be getting another girl by next week,” I'd tried to diffuse her annoyance.

“Irene, I don't like sharing you with anyone. Lately my jealousy feelings have been intense and I'm constantly wondering what you're up to when we're not together.” She leaned over, kissing my neck. “When are you going to realize that I want you all to myself. I don't care if you're not all you appear to be, I still want to marry you and set up house together.”

“Who's perfect anyway? To me you're a complete delight. I only know that I love being with you and I'm looking forward to spending the future with you. When I leave next month I want you along.”

“Ann, you know how much I love you.” I looked deeply into her beautiful eyes absorbing her inner feelings before going on. “Do you realize you're asking me to give up my career and become totally dependent on you (this definitely appealed to my recently uncovered submissiveness). And what about Mary? She'll have a conniption if I leave, and you know how much she's changed due to our relationship. She's becoming a social butterfly. I'd hate to see that unravel. And besides, I did sign a two year contract. How can I leave after only four months?”

“Irene darling, each of these problems has a solution,” Ann stood up and went to mix us some drinks. She handed me a rum and coke, sitting close by me again, “As a wedding gift I've decided to give you 2 million dollars so you can be independent and pursue your own interests without any meddling from me. I really don't want you dependent on me; in fact it's just the opposite. I want us to be together strictly because

you want to be there with absolutely no strings attached.” She licked my ear and playfully tugged on my diamond earring (a recent present from her, just gorgeous).

“Mary will adjust and I think you'll be surprised at how quickly she'll find a new relationship. You're right, she's become quite sociable, in fact, did you see her dancing with Patricia the other night. They were so intense they had difficulty separating when the music stopped.”

Ann didn't understand my need to be subservient to Mary's desires. I relished my feelings of complete surrender.

I sighed as Ann cupped my right breast squeezing it ever so gently, slowly teasing my nipple. My arousal was instantaneous. My nipple stood erect and I lifted towards her seeking more contact. Our lips met and her tongue pressed into my mouth with desire. I licked her soft yielding lips as we embraced. Her hands were kneading my soft ass cheeks and then we were separating as her lips floated past my belly and found my pulsating nest. I too was tasting her own quivering lips, sucking on her inflated clitoris, lost in her overflowing juices. She began pumping against my face as I grabbed her cheeks holding her firmly to my open mouth and questing tongue. Her orgasm was spectacular as she pressed my head against her (would she ever let go?). When she finally did, I was gasping for air, even as I tongued her wide open womanhood reveling in her sweet aroma.

Later in the shower we washed each others backs and she commented, “Your rear end has blossomed beautifully.” Her hands ran enchantingly over both cheeks, “You've become a lovely woman right before my eyes. I hope you'll carefully consider my proposal for I don't know what I'll do without these cheeks to hold. I'm so looking forward to our seeing Europe together, in fact I spoke to my travel agent the other day and she'll be booking a three month tour for us starting a week after we return home.”

As she combed out my hair at her vanity, “I also have another surprise. I've been in touch with a leading specialist in gender modification and she's assured me that we can obtain the latest in female genitalia for you whenever you're ready. She says you'll actually be able to feel and respond like any normal female and I can't wait to have you explode into my mouth as I've been doing in yours so many times these last few glorious months.”

“That sounds interesting,” I responded wondering if I was really ready to take the final step just yet. We both got into bed in our cute nighties and she'd assured me I could take all the time I needed for my decision. She wanted me to be comfortable with it when I finally did decide. As I completed Mrs. Singer's massage and assisted her up from the table, I wondered what was in store for me. I washed off the oils from my hands, looked at my pretty figure in the mirror and contemplated leaving Mary.

She'd been so important in my acceptance of myself as a woman, helping me to bury my male identity entirely. She'd been so satisfied and content lately, showing signs of interest in other women around the facility. What a change from when we'd first met. I didn't really owe her a thing. She should probably be thanking me for putting her in touch with her own desires and raising her self confidence and self esteem to levels she could be happy with.

Ann was right, Mary was interested in Patricia, had actually hinted to me about bringing her in to our relationship as a participant. I'd actually been fantasizing about a threesome myself, awaiting Mary's demands which I'd passively accept. I wondered how Patricia would respond.

Two million dollars. That's a real chunk of cash. How does someone turn down a wedding gift like that? Ann was serious about my marrying her. She was such a wonderful person, and I always looked forward to being with her. I was starting to anticipate the European trip with growing excitement. Three whole months, just the two of us exploring all the diverse cultures and history.

Would I be the bride? Mrs. Brenner popped into my head and her friend Margaret Cooper. That had been a good decision, allowing them to continue seeing each other, and now they were leaving Highpoint together with a bright future ahead of them. Would they be getting married, I wondered?

I'd never expected to be a bride, but with the way my body had developed so wondrously, did I have a choice?

I was seeing Dr. Smith tomorrow for my boosters. She'd eventually explained to me that the boosters were responsible for my feminine development, and that I should continue them for a while longer, so my body remained convinced I was a female. Stopping now could confuse the heck out of me, so I quietly submitted to the weekly vaccinations.

My full breasts required a 'D' cup now and were actually larger than Margaret's beauties. We'd compared ourselves in front of the mirror the other day after showering and she conceded and then made me sleep with her so she could hold them all night long.

As I walked up the path enjoying the rubbing of my smooth thighs and the gentle bounce of my breasts, I started to reminisce about the last few months. Mrs. Schaffer's full recovery had been so rewarding, how she'd left with a firm conviction to purchase a pool facility and dedicate herself to helping people in the water. I remembered how disappointed the swim instructor had been at losing her capable assistance.

Then there was the fleeting romance with Lily, the librarian. Our personalities had been too similar (not an aggressive bone in either of our bodies). Dancing with Elaine, Joanne's roommate, had been heavenly but those two were so deeply entwined with each other. Susan and I had never developed beyond our initial evening together, and she'd been transferred recently to another location somewhere in South Carolina. Our good-byes had been subdued.

Should I accept Ann's proposal and give up my growing career at Hertech. Just last week Ms. Worthington had reviewed my performance and given me an excellent rating. I'd left her office feeling all lit up. She'd given me a big hug of congratulations and I remembered her soft yielding body with nice feelings. I entered my room, grabbed my messages and dropped into the couch to relax. There had been an unspoken promise to hug her and her perfume had enveloped me.

Mom had written. I heard Margaret in the shower and opened Mom's letter smiling at her appreciation of how adorable I looked in the new dress she'd sent me. Everyone was getting used to seeing me as a female and my sisters were actually making comments about wanting to look like me when they grew up. She wanted to know more about who Ann was and why I was losing so much weight, "Are you eating properly?" she asked (I'd lost 15 pounds since my arrival). "We're getting along well financially. When are you going to need some pocket money," she inquired not realizing that any needs I had at the store were charged to my account and automatically taken from my paycheck. She finished with her enthusiastic approval of how I'd adjusted to the position and how much she loved me. I had a tear in my eye.

I looked forward to telling her about my excellent performance rating. Then I wondered how she would react to my marrying Ann? She'd probably have a heart attack. Especially when she realized I would be the bride. I'd probably give her half my present so she'd be able to kiss her job good-bye and relax at home, giving more attention to the girls. That would be worth seeing.

"Hi Irene," Margaret came out of the bathroom dressed for bed and gave me a welcoming kiss. "You look exhausted. I suggest you tell Sandy you need a few days off from the massage parlor, or you're liable to end up on the doctor's couch." She helped me to my feet, "Go wash up, I'll get your nightgown."

I went to the bathroom and did all my nightly preparations including my meds. I'd better talk to the doctor tomorrow about how pooped I felt. Margaret helped me undress and put on my nightie and tucked me in before she put out the lights.

"Good night sweetheart. Sleep good," she whispered, but I didn't hear her. I was already floating in dreamland.

Chapter 23

"Isn't this a lovely picture of Irene," I inquired of Loretta who sat by my side looking with me through the album that had just arrived. "She looks radiant in her gown, and I can't remember attending a more joyous celebration. Makes me think of marrying you."

"Sure, that would look great in our prospectus. Highpoint's managing director and lead doctor recently married and have set up house together," Loretta smirked at me. "Nicole darling, we'll just have to content ourselves with the current arrangement which I happen to be extremely happy with."

"You would be," I smiled as I leaned over to kiss her softly. Later we were closing the album and Loretta was thoughtful. "Our two new male recruits, Samantha and Rachel, are certainly doing well their first week. I'm convinced that our success with new male trainees will improve significantly with the use of Irene's profile acting as the criteria for hiring. Except for losing her to Mrs. Saunders she was definitely our finest conversion. She's a natural therapist and is certainly doing the right thing, pursuing her own private practice once she returns from her honeymoon. Imagine that Nicole, three months roaming around Europe in leisure. Not too difficult to handle, I'd say."

I grabbed her thigh playfully squeezing it, "This is what I like to handle. I'm so relieved my hostility for Phyllis has dissipated, and she's providing Louise with suitable

companionship. Louise has certainly brought out the femininity in Phyllis these past several weeks, as she seems to totally dominate their relationship. She'll never return to the miserable individual she was previously, that seems certain."

"She couldn't anymore. Her development is too far along for her to even think about it, not that she'd even want to. I was very pleased with Irene's final conversion step, with the newly improved internal transplant substituting for the external one used for Joanne and Patricia. If ever you change your mind, I would recommend the internal one for Phyllis."

"I'm preparing covers for Samantha and Rachel next week after they get their boosters. They've both perfected their accents and their breasts are already becoming sensitive and extended. It was smart putting Rachel in with Mary Peters to soften the blow of Irene's departure. And I'm sure Samantha will gain quite an education from rooming with Margaret."

I stretched out and decided to invite Joanne and Patricia for a bridge party next Saturday. Our last get together had turned into volcanic eruptions for all concerned. Loretta pulled me up and led me to the bedroom and we were soon curled up together kissing each other good night.

Chapter 24

I couldn't believe it. Married six months already. It seemed like just yesterday I was walking down the aisle in my lovely wedding dress, smiling at Mom and feeling on top of a cloud. I read the lovely card from Ann addressed to 'Mrs. Irene Saunders'. Yes, we'd decided I'd take her name, since she still dreaded the last time her name had changed and I enjoyed the feeling of belonging to her. I opened the present underneath, uncovering a beautiful diamond bracelet, which caused me to rush over and plant an adoring kiss on her rosy lips. "I don't deserve you," I whispered. Would I ever understand what had transpired this past year and would I ever comprehend why Ann loved me so much? Sitting down again I smiled at her and wiped a tear of joy from my eye.

I'd better hurry. My first patient arrived in forty minutes, and I knew how long it could take to get myself together. After my morning appointments, Ann and I were meeting for lunch and a round of golf at the country club.

Putting on my make-up I remembered back to the first time I'd seen myself in the beauty salon mirror, marveling at how natural my appearance had become. I now looked feminine without make-up, I guess because I was. The operation had been a total success and my new vagina brought both of us unbelievable joy. My private practice had grown in the past several months, as I'd gotten regular referrals from my contacts at Highpoint. I'd become a women's specialist, not really a surprise since I naturally seem to grasp their problems and the difficulties they encounter with their male relationships. My perspective was definitely unique having personally experienced both sides of the fence. Ann says I should promote this point, but I prefer keeping that part of my background private. I'm content with handling those women who come to me through regular referrals.

I so enjoyed Marsha's visit last week. She'd been to the wedding, but we'd had so little time to spend together. Last week we sat around leisurely and caught up on all the happenings and she got to really know Ann and see how wonderful she is. She'd gotten over her initial shock of my transformation and all her intimate questions were answered when we showered together after a tennis match (something we'd never done in college).

She's been doing well in her masters program and is expecting a promotion soon. She wants to specialize in rape prevention and has put in for a transfer to the next opening in that department. Joan recently got a promotion to assistant editor for local news, and is thrilled to be doing reporting, finally. Marsha mentioned that my mother's so proud of me, she has a large wedding picture on the piano, and my sisters (who are planning to visit over Christmas) still mention being the flower girls at my wedding. When she left, I cried as we hugged and I promised I'd make the next trip real soon.

I'd heard through the scuttlebutt (Patricia and I write regularly) that Mary has one of the new MTs bunking with her and seems quite content. Although I sometimes miss those tantalizing feelings of submission, my life with Ann is so complete and loving that I easily forget them. I can't think of anything more a girl could ask for.