

A Cross Dressing Adventure Fantasy

# THE NIGHT



By **Tawni Katherine Bonds**



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## FOREWORD By CAROLLYN FAITH OLSON



It is an honor for me to introduce a fabulous new talent, *Tawni Bonds*. Tawni is a main character in one of my biggest selling novels "*Crowning Glory*" and now she has written her first book.

"*The Night*" is an exciting Erotica tale of intrigue, cross dressing, S&M and more. I predict that, with the series of books she will release within the next year, Tawni will become one of the most exciting authors in years.

"*The Night*" begins innocently with Richard, who has transformed himself into the beautiful and statuesque Heather, standing on the balcony of a hotel room exploring her femininity, but too afraid to walk through the hotel room door and out in to public. That would all change the following day when a note is slipped under the hotel room door, which will change Richard/Heather's life forever and leads the reader on a wild erotic journey.

Tawni has been a dear friend for the last five years and one of the most beautiful ambigender girls I have had the privilege to know. Tawni's writing style is as sexual and enticing as her overall beauty, so I am sure you will love every word of "*The Night*."

So, sit back and enjoy..."Or you will never know what could be."

Love,

*Carollyn Faith Olson*

## 2 Tawni Katherine Bonds

# THE NIGHT

**By Tawni Katherine Bonds**

~ ONE ~

THE intense sensual sensation of the stockings sliding up his freshly shaven legs made him feel giddy with anticipation and excitement. Pulling the satin cords tight, then tighter, the corset enfolding him, embracing him, giving him those delicious curves transformed him, made him feel special, thrilling. Exotic and forbidden chills rolled through his body as he stepped into, then zipped up, the form-fitting black sleeveless dress – encasing him in soft, clingy fabric. The cool feel of the shoulder length satin gloves hugging his bare arms added to the thrill of this taboo but magical transformation. His breathing becoming more and more shallow and excited as he slid into the 5" stiletto heels, lifting him, shaping his legs and ass further. He applied his make-up with great care. Each stroke of the brush, each wave of the mascara wand bringing him closer to his fantasy. He slide the large dangly earrings into his pierced ears, the weight of them further electrifying him. Adding bangles and rings completed the look and he was fully

transformed. He loved feeling the taut excitement of the deception caressing his body with every move. All of his body becoming a symphony of erotic sensations as she moved about his hotel room. His every move heightening his awareness of her sexuality, of her sensuality.

It felt so good to be a woman. Even if only in this room and only in his head. Feeling the dress hugging his curves formed by the corset - so tight, so confining and supporting at the same time. The silky gloved fingers gliding over his nylon sheathed legs sending shivers up his spine and tsunamis' all over his body. The long thick black hair of his wig brushing his bare back with every step or turn of his head.

All these sensations were building the sensual tension inside his head, and his sex. Yes, to be a woman! A beautiful sensual creature. To be desired by others! To tantalize and entice the way a beautiful flower does a bee. To have the ultimate power of allowing them or not. To make them beg her. They'd do anything just to be with her, look at her. Oh, to be that woman!

He walked slowly to the full length mirror afraid to look lest the reality shatter the fantasy. Then, being unable to resist, he stole a quick glance at the sensuous woman he was hoping to be, the sensuous woman he had become.

He was unsure if he had pulled it off, if he passed. So overwhelmed by the aromas and sensations he found it hard to separate the fantasy from the reality. Which, after all he rationalized to himself, didn't really matter. This was his private fantasy. Not meant for the public. Not meant for anyone but himself. This fantasy - This beautiful woman he had become for tonight. Tall. Lean. Taut. Sensual. Erotic. Powerful in her beauty and being. This was all for him. And to think that real girls took it all for granted. Shocking, he thought. Wasteful. The great number of women he had seen on the streets, on TV, in ads that he had wished he was - all taking for granted the power, beauty, the sensations, luxury of being a woman.

Then, a dangerous thought flashed across his brain. Darling even. "I need to be seen by some one. I need affirmation." He needed to know that he could pass, that he could make someone believe he was a woman. Yes. How? Go to the bar? No, no - Much too dangerous. He might be recognized by a colleague or friend. The hotel staff might throw



him out. Worse, they might not recognize him and think he was a call girl. Or worse - a Hooker. Picked up by the police. Exposed as a freak and humiliated. No, no. The rules of sanity and safety dictate that he must never go out. Never be seen. That's the rule. This is private. If he were caught it would mean public shame, ridicule, labeled a pervert and rejected - or worse! But still...

To feel like a woman. To wander outside where the cool breeze could caress him, could kick the amazing sensual current coursing through his body up a notch. To feel it slide up his legs, beneath his skirt and lightly kiss his nether region. Yes. The thrill. The sensations! Could he do it? Could he pull it off? Could he really pass as a woman?

Another look in the mirror. Yes! He could!

No, he couldn't! Too many people and surely he would know some of them. After all they were all here on business. All in the same hotel. At the same conference. What to do?

He walked around his room, hips rolling, ass swaying, stealing glances of himself in the various mirrors around the room. "Act like a woman. A confident woman. Be a woman." Who would know? Isn't that the secret? To just "BE" a woman. If he were comfortable with it then no one would even take a second glance in his direction. Right?

He found himself drawn to the balcony doors. "The darkness will hide me from prying eyes," he thought. And if they did see him, they'd only see a very sexy womanly form from afar - if anyone even bothered to look up and see him. He's too far away from the ground.

But what if someone else was out on their balcony? What if the guy in the room next to his was standing there smoking or something? What if! "I have to do this!" he said to himself! "I have to prove to myself that I can!"

Adrenaline pumping, he slid the glass doors open and taking a deep breath, the sheer curtains fluttering around him, stepped out into the night.

All he was aware of as he stepped out onto the exposed balcony was the searing erotic electricity that was flowing through his body - charging every nerve ending. Every perception razor sharp. His breathing stopped, but every sen-

sation, every color, sound, smell or feel was cranked up a hundred fold!

He was suddenly outside. The breeze doing exactly as he had imagined! Waves of sensation rippling and rebounding all over his skin. His nipples hardened. Feminine sensuality flooded him. He was feeling exhilarated! Alive! Wonderful!

The ground below his balcony empty and dark. No neighbors on their balcony's. He was safe. He began to breath again as he wrapped his arms around himself feeling so incredible in the cool night air. The unexpected weight of his breast forms cradled against his arms kicked the level of sensations up yet another notch. He slipped a gloved finger beneath them and teased his own nipples, imagining, pretending and tidal waves of sensual torturous pleasure exploded within him!

Oh! To be a glorious woman. To always be allowed to feel these feelings, these sensations. To feel this good. To be desired! Wanted! To have men see him and want him. Or for that matter, beautiful women, too. Lipstick lesbians. Yes. Oh yes! Please, God! Why can't this one wish come true?

Then the sound of a car coming to a stop below his balcony brought him back to reality and he quickly retreated to the safety of his room. As wonderful and fulfilling as that experience was, it was late and his first meeting was too early. Time to shed the dream and return to reality. Sadly. To become boring old Richard again. The responsible worker drone toiling for his keep.

But also time to satisfy his manly urges and go to sleep. As he shed layer after layer of 'Her' the feeling of being a woman stayed with him. He lay back on the bed, surrounded in a sea of fluffy comforters, his own hands began to drift over his imagined female body. The light touches and caresses filling him with the heat of a woman in need. His eyes closed, his mind fully open to the woman he had become, he lost himself in an ever building orgasm until he could not hold back anymore. He exploded all over himself, hot sticky fluids landing on his eyelids, mouth, neck, breasts and tummy, until he was spent. And then, in the softness of the evenings fantasy, he drifted off to a deep,

warm, wonderful sleep – only to wake up a bit disappointed that he was, in fact, just Richard.

## TWO

AFTER a long, day filled with endless meetings, meaningless business chatter and mediocre conference food, Richard returned to his room drained and feeling too tired to even indulge in last evening's fantastic fantasy activities. Too tired to think. Too tired to even fantasize about it. He flung his coat and briefcase on the bed and collapsed into a chair by the phone where he could jack into the internet and begin to work his way through his mountain of office emails – the result of being out of the office for even a day. As he sat there, reading through the emails his mind began to drift, his eyes to wander – and that's when he noticed it: A red envelope lay on the floor by his door.

It was not addressed. It had no markings on it at all except his room number. He turned it over, nothing on the back, but it was sealed with a red wax oval containing the letter "A". He thought he could smell a faint aroma of flowers. "Curious," he thought. He broke the seal and opened the envelope and slid out a thick, textured card with a type written note on it:

*Beautiful woman:*

You are cordially invited to the penthouse tonight at 11PM. Please attend dressed as you were last night on your balcony.

A vision. A dream.

Do not be afraid. I know you. I know what you want. What you need. What you deserve.

I can grant you your deepest wish.

Please come. Or you'll never know

what could be.

~ Love ~

He dropped the note like it had suddenly burst into flames. He was stunned and afraid. He was appalled and panicked as horrific thoughts of the end of his career and life as he knew it raced through his head. "Who sent this? Who SAW me? What do they want???" Blackmail? Oh my God!!!! I am so screwed!!" But, deep down, he was also just a little bit excited. Someone had seen him and someone thought he was a beautiful woman! He *HAD* passed!

He stared at the card on the floor. That smell of flowers rose up to meet him as he pondered the situation? His mind was a jumble of confusion, fear and dread. He tried to sort it all out: Of course going to anyone's room was out of the question. Especially dressed as a woman. It was just never ever going to happen. As a matter of fact, he is never going to dress again. What was going through his mind last night? Best just to forget the whole thing and maybe it'll all just go away.

Still, the card that lay on the floor beckoned to him as the scent of flowers rose through the air. Someone thought he was a beautiful woman! Someone was interested in him, at least from a distance. The answer to the question he was searching for last night: – could he pass – was lying on the floor. It said 'yes' – at least at a distance. The desire to live his fantasy once more was ignited in him again ... even if he did not leave the room tonight! He had to feel those magical sensations again! He had to fill his should with those feelings again. He just had to!

He picked up the note, sniffed it, studied the words again and lay it on the desk next to his laptop. No. He could not do this thing, but it was so amazing that someone had asked!

He went back to his emails but, more so than before, note floated in his head. The perfume surrounded him. His concentration was shot and he found himself surfing the Internet instead of working. He stopped on a website he visited from time to time. It was filled with very feminine, hot and lovely CDs, TGs, and real GGs. His mind seemed to always be dreaming of being one of them – so beautiful, sexy, confident, alluring, naturally beautiful. A knock on

the door interrupted his dreaming. He glanced around a tad confused and surprised. Another knock on the door and something slide under it - *ANOTHER RED ENVELOPE*. He froze where he sat, staring at it for a beat before almost knocking his chair over as he dashed to the door and grabbed it.

It was sealed with the same wax seal with the letter 'A'. His breath caught and with shaking fingers he fumbled it open. Inside was a hand drawn likeness of a woman on the balcony - a woman that might resemble him from last night. Long flowing hair, short tight dress, beautiful long legs and, to his gratification, a soft, beautiful feminine face. There was only one word on the page, hand-written in red ink: "Please"

The inner woman and man he was seemed to be doing battle inside his head as he felt both excited and terrified at the same time. "What was going on here?" he thought. "Is this getting kind of creepy? Or..." No. He could not even consider going. He had too much at stake. His job, his life, his family and friends would brand him and make him an outcast if they ever found out about him. He'd lose it all if anyone discovered this sick side of him – he would risk losing it all and his life would be destroyed.

But nonetheless, 15 minutes later he found himself soaking in a hot bubble bath mulling it all over. Turning it around and around inside his head. Fantasizing. Dreaming about what might be if he did it. Wondering if he had the courage to follow this dream. He lay back and closed his eyes, and it all began to unfold before him... to reveal itself in the best light possible:

*She knocks on the door. Footsteps. It swings open revealing a tall attractive man dressed in an expensive tailored suit. Tension. Fear. The man smiles, charming, and then takes her hand, leading her into the lavish suite. He gently strokes her hair. Caresses her chin, looks deep into her eyes as a servant offers them glasses of champagne. He takes two glasses and dismisses the servant. He toasts her. They sip the bubbly and then he takes her in a romantic embrace. Then lifting her in his strong arms, sweeping her off her feet, carries her away into the bedroom – thick fur blankets, a fireplace, warm and inviting. He gently lays her on the deep plush pile of fur before the fireplace, hands her the glass of champagne*

*and settles beside her. Close. The heat from his body drawing her into an embrace, igniting her passion as she returns the...*

Bam!! He woke with a start, water splashing! What was he dreaming!? He wasn't this sick was he! A homosexual! Even a cross-dresser who goes out in public. He could never go to a stranger's door dressed as a woman. Not even consider it! Had he lost his mind!? He got out, toweled off, slipped into a hotel robe and turned on the television, as he settling on his bed. A report on the latest fashions was playing across the screen. Headline: Shape is back in! Corsets and curves. Shorter skirts and heels are coming back too. Good.

He lay back, closed his eyes and tried to relax. What was that sound? His eyes drifted to the door. There, on the floor, was another red envelope. He sat up. The envelope called to him but he thought, "Wow, this guy just did not give up! He's either crazy or crazy persistent." He stared at the envelope. "But still," he thought, "it's kind of cool that someone wants me that much." Then that rational part of himself kicked in, "There has got to be a way to stop this without exposing myself to the entire hotel. Without exposing that I am cross dress being stalked by some random tranny chaser!"

Glancing back to the envelope he became annoyed at this intrusion. "How dare whoever this was!" he picked it up, turned it over – same wax seal - and without thinking opened it. Inside it this another note and a card key:

Don't afraid. Come.  
You'll be glad you did.  
~ Love ~

"Yeah," he said harshly, "Fat chance Buster!" He tossed the envelope and card key into the wastebasket. "Maybe I should change rooms," he thought. "Maybe I should do that tonight. Now." And he flopped down on the bed and thought about this... and as he did, his laptop screen lit up with an image. "Odd." He thought. He had an eerie feeling as he rose from the bed and looked more closely at the screen. It was a grainy image of a woman. On a balcony! And ... it was ... HIM! Or Her – someone had snapped a

photo of him last night. The angle was from the ground, but was pretty clear.

For the second time in one night he was shocked and terrified. And enticed. The image was him all right. No doubt about that. And maybe he was prejudiced but he thought he looked like a pretty attractive woman. Not at all like a guy in a dress – his biggest fear and one that he thought the cold light of day would reveal. The woman in the picture had great legs – no doubt about that. She also had a nice slender body with a tiny waist! “Has this image been doctored?” he wondered aloud. “My waist isn’t that small, is it?”

Then some remnant of sanity raised its head: “Wait!!!” he thought, “I should be more concerned that someone had taken this picture of me, found my email address and sent it to me! That’s the real crux of the matter!? Just what was going on here? But then again,” he smiled to himself, “the girl in that image is really attractive.” As he stared at it all the feelings he had experienced last night flooded his mind and body. The yearning to dress again grew. The need to feel those feelings again: the feelings of being a woman. The need. The desire.

He looked at the clock. Eight PM. Maybe he did have the energy to dress again tonight. He would not be attending the mystery man’s party – that was for darned sure! But that didn’t mean he couldn’t experience those feelings and sensations again, here in his room, did it? Giving in to this tidal pull of his soul, throwing all the mysteries of the moment out the window, he responded to his question: Yes! Let’s do it!

And a short time later...

### THREE

HE was ‘Her’ again. Every fiber of his body seemed charged. Transformed. The palpable sensations of the feminine fabrics against his skin. The aromas of the make-up. The electric tingles rushing all over his body. The tinkling of the dangling earrings and jangles of bracelets. The feel of

the stockings sheathing his bare legs and the caresses of his gloved hands.

Yes. He was definitely 'Her' again. And in spite of all the warning bells going off somewhere deep inside his head, he found himself out on the balcony again. Soaking in the sensations of the night. Drunk with the feel of it all. With this taste of womanhood. And knowing that on this very balcony some 'Don Juan' had fallen for this image of a woman, Him, only made it all that much more intoxicating and exciting. That much more erotic. That much more powerful. He was a woman. A believable, attractive woman. And he had proof!

He caressed his bare arms. Let the breezes caress his legs. Let his long black hair fall past his shoulders and cascade down his back. The breeze ruffling it against his bare back sending thrills and chills coursing through him. All his senses alive, yet lost in the sensual haze of being this woman.

He jumped at the harsh sound of a knock on his door. In fear, he retreated into the shadows as the stupidity and foolishness this situation flooded back to him: A man dressed as a woman in a foreign city. He sighed deeply.

The knock came again. "Room service", the voice said.

He crept to the door and looked out the peephole. A waiter with a cart standing by the door, distorted through the peephole to be almost cartoonish. On the linen covered cart were three dishes under cover and a rose in a vase. "Room service", he said again, looking straight into at the peephole. He pulled back from the hole, "He saw me! He knows someone is here."

"Um... I didn't order any room service." He said through the closed door.

"Yes, Ma'am, it was sent to you with the compliments of another hotel guest. I have been instructed to give you this note as well." He looked back through the peephole. In the waiter's hand was another red envelope!

"Um, OK. Ah, yes." Pause, "Just leave it by the door, please."

"I'm sorry Ma'am, I have to have you sign, Ma'am."

"O.K. Um. Give me a minute." Feeling trapped, his mind raced to figure out what to do. "OK just, just bring it in. I'll be in the bathroom." He quickly scanned the room for finding that he had left, scattered around the room, all manner of female articles of clothing and accessories: Stockings, shoes, a dress, make up, a wig head.

Knock, Knock, Knock!

"Umm! Ok! Ah..." and he just leapt into the bathroom as he unlocked the front door. Maybe the waiter would think this was just a normal woman's room. Maybe the waiter... Wait!?! The waiter called him 'Ma'am.' What???? Did he have a female voice? His thought was interrupted by the sounds of the waiter entering the room. He locked the bathroom door and listened as the waiter rolled the cart in and set the service up on the table. He could hear the sounds of something being poured into a glass, the rattle of the silverware and the approaching footsteps of the waiter.

The waiter knocked on the bathroom door, asking, "Please sign, Ma'am?"

"Right. Uh... Just slip it under the door here?" he said as he cringed at the horrible falsetto voice he was suddenly affecting.

The check slid under the door and a pen followed it. He signed, adding a generous tip, hoping that that might silence the man from sharing anything he may have seen with his colleagues. He slid it back out and listened as the waiter said, "Thank you, Ma'am. Have a good night!" and left.

When he heard the door close, he cautiously opened the bathroom door, peering around to be sure that he was alone again. The waiter had laid out a beautiful table. The vase with the single red rose in it was set thoughtfully in the back center and a cut crystal glass filled with a dark smoky aromatic liquid was the focal point of the array. A red envelope was leaning against the glass. He stood staring at it, transfixed. Afraid. And yet attracted to it. Curiosity growing.

He cautiously approached the table, studying the elegant elements laid out before him. He was suddenly very aware that in spite of being dressed as he was, this was not all fun and games. That something was hanging in the air

and he was not sure what it was. He stopped, feeling the tension in the room, the electricity in the air, the desire to give in, and the fear and sanity to reject. This battle in his head was paralyzing. He could sense that something was about to change as he reached out for the envelope.

Slowly, he opened it and read:

Come  
You'll be so glad you did.

"That's it!? " He said out loud. "That's all there is!?" He was angry and a bit un-nerved at the same time. Who does this guy think he is?! Who was this guy?!

He sat down in a huff, crossing his legs. The move distracting him as he noticed how effortlessly and enticingly he had just performed this very sexy female move. How shapely his legs were. The feel of the stockings sliding against one another teased his senses again. He absent-mindedly picked up the drink and sipped it. As the liquid warmed his throat he suddenly was angry again. Angry at the intrusion of this phantom man.

The drink was warm and velvety. Scotch? No. He sipped it again. Not quite, but similar. It was full of flavor that he could not place. He drank again. The warmth of it spreading through him as his absent-minded stroking of his leg reignited the sensual waves shimmering up and down his spine. He was feeling... erotic.

He picked up the note. "Come". Come indeed he thought. He stood and crossed the room to the wastebasket, catching a glimpse of herself in the full-length mirror. She paused and looked. Really looked. Studying the woman in the mirror, herself, closely. Could he pull off this deception? Could he pass? In public? Did he have the strength of will and confidence to strut out that door?

She felt in this moment, looking at herself in the mirror, that maybe she could. Maybe she might. Maybe she should!

"Why not?" she said out loud. And hearing her own voice coming out of that female vision in the mirror brought the entire affair to a crashing halt. The voice of a man. Not the sultry voice of the woman he thought he was being.

He flopped down in a depressed heap and took a gulp of the drink - deflated and depressed that he could not pull off the deception. That he could not go on this mysterious date. He sipped again. Maybe the drink would give him courage or at the very least make him drunk enough to believe in the mirror and not his voice. He gulped the rest of the drink down. All gone. "Now what?" he asked himself a bit morosely. "Now what?"

As he sat there he began to review the evening so far. The waiter had heard his voice and repeatedly referred to him as "Ma'am." What was that all about? Maybe he is being too harsh on himself. Maybe his voice *did* pass. Maybe? He said a few words out loud. He altered his pitch - well, not so much his pitch as where in his body his voice was centered. He raised it to the top of his neck. Yes! That sounded better. Shifting his attention to the TV, where a female newscaster was reporting, he listened to her voice - it was actually lower pitched than his but it was so much more modulated. He gave that a try... WOW! That helped a bit. Maybe he could speak in a female sounding voice - sort of. Maybe he could get away with it if he only whispered. Didn't Marilyn Monroe talk like that? He tried it out. "Happy. Birthday. Mr. Pres -i- dent." Nope - that just sounded dumb.

Jumping up he changed the channel to a talk show with a female host and guest. He listened to their voices, focusing on their pitches and then he noticed something that had never occurred to him - that they were using words differently... They were saying things like, "I wonder how that made you feel?" instead of, "How'd you feel?" They were gesturing more than he did. He was beginning to feel like he understood something fundamental about women and how they communicate. It was intense. Sitting on the corner of the bed, his legs together, heels flat on the floor, he really studied the woman on the TV, but his senses were being flooded with what? More detail? Yes. There was more detail in this room. And the colors were richer, subtler as well. He looked around- so many different shades of white and red and blue than he had ever noticed before. He looked at the red envelope, the red was so rich, a Chinese red, he thought. His body was feeling lighter and more 'in tune(?) like he was really here. "What is happening to me?" he thought. "I'm feeling... so... wonderful."

Was it the drink? This worried him a great deal. He stood up and went to the mirror paying very close attention to how he was doing: Balance seems... better than ever in these 5-inch heels. His eyesight was clear. He started doing math in his head to check his facilities. No. He wasn't drunk. He wasn't "impaired" in any way. He was just seeing and feeling so much more – as if a veil had been lifted and he was now really and truly present in this life. Wow! What ever that drink was, he wanted more and he was going to have to find out where he could get it!

He stared at herself in the mirror and liking what he saw decided that she was up for an adventure. Maybe not a rendezvous with a stranger but something more than hiding in this room.

And in that moment she knew it was time. Time to go. Time act on this courage and see what she could really do. Time to be real. And oddly, for the first time ever, she feeling very confident she could be a real woman - at least for a while. And that was a very intoxicating feeling and it was flowing through him, giving him the power to do it.

She fixed her lipstick feeling the soft, sensual clothing gliding against her skin and the cool air caressing her legs again, s/he knew that it was, indeed, time. Time to let it all in, all the sensations that surrounded her, flooded her as she moved. She knew that the experience of being a woman is the ultimate experience for him. The experience she was born to feel, to be, to live. And he was in its power.

As she turned the doorknob to leave she found yet another red envelope on the floor.

Come to me having no fear.  
I am a friend and can be trusted.

If you would be more comfortable,  
then meet me in the bar.  
I will be waiting for you there  
for twenty minutes from 10:40 on  
I will make myself known.  
Please, do come, pretty Girl.  
You will not regret it.

~Love,  
A.

This time it was signed with an initial, "A."

## FOUR

HE paced the room restlessly, his stiletto heels musically tapping away on the wooden floor by the door when he crossed it. The empowering feelings he had just experienced were fast evaporating.

He glanced over at the glass on the table. Empty. He raised it to his lips and let the last few warming drops of it drip onto his waiting tongue.

Yes, dressing in the room was fast losing its thrill. "Maybe just once down the hotel hallway. Who would see me?" he thought. "And if anyone did, who would know it was me?" He brightened at the thought. He strode over to the mirror to check his face. But when he saw herself staring back, the face in the mirror said aloud, "That's a stupid thought." Her newfound voice startled her. He liked it. He wanted to hear more of it so he added, "Stupid for Richard, but..." and here she added a sexy little sound, "mmm, maybe not for me?" She tried it again, "Oh Honey, don't be so hard on yourself." She said. Then in a more breathy voice, "Oh Sweetie, you look fantastic. Just do it and live a little!"

She went out onto the darkened balcony, the cool night air embracing her. The unmistakable ecstasy of sensual electricity blazing up and down her body. The thrill of it all – even the danger of it all. Maybe more so because of the danger of it!

"I'm like a junkie who needs bigger and bigger thrills", she said, and this time, without trying, her voice was even more feminine. She smiled. "Ooohhh God! PLEASE Make me a real girl. Even if just for one night!" And her voice was that of a woman's: a deep, velvety, sexy, sultry female voice.



She resolved to venture once down the hotel hallway. To throw caution to the wind. No one would be in the hallway at this time of night - would they?

As she headed towards the door, she stopped once more to touch up her makeup. As she turned and saw the cut crystal glass on the tray she realized she might need a bit more courage. So, breaking her cardinal rule of never consuming anything from the over-priced Mini-bar, she opened a mini-bottle of wine, poured it into a glass and downed it in one go. She straightened her clothing; one last look in the mirror, and feeling her courage peaking she strode to the door.

She peered through the door's peephole: No one in the hallway. She stood, straining her hearing for any sounds that might signal approaching danger.

She cracked open the door. Silence. Pause. Her heart beating a million miles a minute now. Slowly she opened it. No one in the hallway. Dead quiet.

He was scared. She was alive! He was a woman. She strode out into the hallway. Every nerve end buzzing. Every molecule of her body straining to hear someone coming. She strutted down the length of the corridor swinging her hips, which her heels made almost natural. "Relax. Be a woman. Smaller steps. Sink into it. Squeeze the thighs together. One foot directly in front of the other. Shoulders and elbows back. Loosen those hips. Yes! That's it. Sensuous. Slow. Cat-like."

She stopped to study herself in the mirror-covered elevator doors. He was a woman (if you didn't look too closely). The corset shaped his waist wonderfully. She had a tiny waist, sexy hips. A well proportioned chest – thanks to the breast forms. Her long dark hair falling to the side revealing one long dangling silver earring. His lips were red and full. His bright blue eyes were beautiful, sexy eyes with the smoky make-up on. Yes he was passable.

"DING!" The sound sent an electrical shock through his body that made him actually jump! The elevator doors slid open. He turned, frightened, and began to hurry down the hallway back to his room. Two young men deep in conversation exited the elevator, seeming not to notice him. He was afraid to look back. And she was afraid not to. Were

looking at him/her? Did they know? Of course they did. They had to. Who was he fooling?

At his room door he turned the handle. The handle did not move. LOCKED!

Of course it was locked. When was it ever not? The key? OH MY GOD! THE KEY!!! He had forgotten the key. It was in the room on the desk with her purse!

What was he going to do now? The two guys were approaching. And as full scale panic set in he said out loud, "Oh my God!"

"Having trouble miss?" one of men inquired.

She shook her head no. Now was not the time to try his new female voice out. What if he was completely delusional and was truly fooling himself. He could not risk it.

"Locked out," said the second one.

"Oh my God!" he thought in a panic. "What do I do!?"

"Excuse me," she blurted out as she turned her back to them and headed towards the elevators. He could feel their eyes tracking her down the hallway. "Slow down you dummy," he thought to himself. "You are giving yourself away!!" And he tried to relax back into the powerful, slinky, female walk she had developed. Taking smaller panicked but less hurried steps, her butt swaying with each one, she continued down the hallway that seemed to be a thousand miles long suddenly.

Then he heard the rise and fall of a 'Wolf' whistle come from one of those guys.

He heard the second guy say "Whoa! Did you see that?" as he turned the corner to the elevators.

He was devastated. She had been 'read!' Found out. He had failed in this horrible impersonation and was in a pickle. He was trying to figure out how to get back into his room without being found out as the receding voices of the two guys continued, "Man, she was hot! We should help her..." Whatever his friend replied was lost in the rising noise of panic in his head.

"What should I do? Call the front desk? Go to the front desk? NO! Oh God! What a mess. What a mess!" He stood at the closed elevator doors looking at the reflection of himself in their polished surface. Looking at himself being mis-

erable and trying to figure out what to do. Where to go for help. But in the end all he could do was utter forlornly, "What a mess. What a mess!" out loud in desperation.

"I think I can help you," a low sultry voice said. By habit he turned but he wasn't prepared for what he saw: A tall, gorgeous, auburn haired woman with the most beautiful face ever. She was stunning. She was everything he had always wanted to be. Sexy. Confident. Killer body. Magnificent breasts. Tiny waist. Long exquisite legs ending in sexy high-heeled shoes. Over-the-elbow leather gloves. Tight, short, sexy black dress. And her features were perfect. A small, full mouth. A perfect elegant nose and two of the most sensuous beautiful green eyes he had ever seen. They were absolutely dripping with sensuality.

She put her hand gently on his arm and purred softly, "Come with me, Sweetheart."

And he did. He had too. He wanted to.

The elevator door opened and she ushered him in. She pushed 'L' for lobby as the doors slid shut. Silence. Floor after floor flashed past on the wall counter. This extremely hot woman standing next to him asked, "Were you coming down to meet me, Darling?" She said this as she put her gloved hand on his bare upper arm.

He was stunned for the second time in as many minutes. This woman... this sensual creature next to him... had seen him as a 'her' on the balcony last night and wanted to meet with him? Um, her. "I mean who am I?" he thought. "What am I?"

Did she know? How could she not know?! He was having trouble understanding what was going on? His mind slowly hazed over as his situation became more real to him and at the same time, more surreal to him.

"Men can be a bit scary, can't they?" She said in a sultry, teasing voice, a slow sexy smile lighting up her face.

"Ummm...yes," he whispered.

She slid her arm gently around his waist. The warmth that it radiated – oh my. The sensuous heated feeling that flowed from the contact filled him with a glowing trust. She leaned closer and whispered in his ear, "You are so beauti-

ful, my Dear." Her hot breath tingling his skin, igniting his sensual feelings, "Shall we get that drink, Beautiful?"

And she kissed him on the lips. A wet, sensuous, tingling, wild, electric kiss that exploded his mind. Lipstick on lipstick! More sensual and erotic than he could have ever imagined. She pulled back and looked into his eyes, then smiled a deep all devouring smile.

"I think I may have found heaven", she purred.

## FIVE

The elevator doors opened and he found himself in the lobby of the hotel. People were everywhere: People at the front desk, at the concierge. Others, just coming into the lobby from the night. They all stared at him. Or them? What a sight they must make.

The reality of where he was and how he was dressed came crashing in on him with a physical shock to his body that he staggered. *What the hell was he doing!?* He could feel every eye on him as his heels clicked much too loudly on the marble floor as they crossed the lobby to the bar.

Then it occurred to him that maybe they staring at the stunning woman with him, guiding him? Was it all her? Maybe he was all but invisible next to her beauty? Walking with their arms around each other's waists. A Transvestite and a Goddess. What a sight they must be! "Maybe I should just go with it," he thought to himself.

Nervously he took another quick glance around the room. Yes they all were stopped in their tracks. Some Manhattan housewife was scolding her husband to "close your mouth and stop drooling." And as they continued through the lobby, what little courage he had had was quickly shrinking into nothingness. He wished that he could disappear from the face of the earth. His embarrassment rising quickly, flushing his face red - even through the make-up!

The Goddess that was now guiding him into the bar and towards a table by the window. Every head in the place turned to appraise them, to "clock" them, making him feel humiliated at his bad female appearance. They all know.

They had to. As they sat down, the Goddess leaned close and whispered, "You are very beautiful. And they were staring at *us* because *we are* quite a pair: Two stunningly beautiful women. Either of us alone would stop traffic. But together... Well, women like us usually have a couple of hot guys around so we can drape ourselves on their arms and become their little play things as well as buy us anything we want. So get rid of your fears, My Sweet. You *are* beautiful. Now just sit back and watch what happens next."

And exactly as if it was written in a movie script, the waitress came over to them and put two glasses of white wine down before them. "Compliments of the gentlemen at the bar," she said, indicating with her head. He stole a peak in the direction the waitress had indicated and glimpsed two businessmen at the bar staring at them, then raising their glasses in a toast.

The stunning woman who had brought him here, suggested that Heather close her mouth, smile at them and then focus her attention back here. "I'm Alexandra," she said, "My friends call me Alex. And you are...?"

She glanced around the room again. Yes, everyone *was* still looking at them. But as his gaze would meet theirs they would look away, or worse, raise their glass and offer a hopeful smile.

"And you are?" Alex repeated.

"I am..." and she paused, thinking, "What do I call myself? She had never named this version of herself. And she was surprised as she found herself saying, "Heather." Heather she thought? Where'd that come from?

She took a gulp of her wine and crossed her legs. A move that seemed to attract even more attention from just about every man in the bar. "My goodness," she thought, as she lightly stroked her calf, "I could get to like this... attention." She scanned the room noticing that every eye was on her and that made her feel kind of powerful and yet, still not completely convinced that she was pulling off this wonderful illusion. Alex leaned in closer to her and under the cover of the table, lightly stroked Heather's knee, creating new chills cascading and tumbling through her, terminating in, to his surprise, his sex. "Men are so easy when you know

how to do it," Alex said. "And you seem to be a natural Sweetie."

Alex sat back and raised her glass, "To women." Alex sipped it and Heather took another small gulp of hers. She felt the warmth of the liquid flow through her, relaxing her a bit. She took another sip and before she knew it her glass was empty and she was feeling a bit more 'normal'.

In a low sultry voice Alex said, "You are a stunning girl, my sweet Heather."

Heather replied, "Me? You're the stunning one, Alex. I wish I was you."

"Really?" she asked raising an eyebrow in a knowing look and chuckled. Her hand began lightly caressing Heather's knee again, steadily moving up her leg, further confusing Heather with the resulting exquisite rush of feelings. But before Heather could answer, the waitress was setting two more glasses of wine on the table. "With the compliments of the two gentlemen over there," she said indicating the fireplace.

Alex and Heather glanced at the two smiling men by the fireplace, who, like the others before, raised their glasses in a silent toast to them. They were dressed in business suits, dark and well cut. Expensive shoes, clean cut, both dark and handsome. "And so it goes," Alex said toasting the gentlemen, a flirtatious smile playing on her lips – then turning back to Heather.

Heather didn't have time to think about that meant. It was all happening just too fast. Too wonderful. Too much like a fantasy. A confused whirling dervish of sensations and emotions. And ones that she was beginning to realize she was kind of okay with. She had always thought that she was a Lesbian trapped in a man's body. And that had worked out for him so far. But he had never dreamed of being with a man. That was kind of yucky and just not right. Being dressed as a woman was 'not right' enough, but when you add that to being with a man when dressed this way – well, that was really not right... but, to his/her surprise, he was liking the attention. Liking the power. Enjoying the free drinks. And discovering that as long as the men did not want to beat the crap out of him for wanting to be a girl, and did not start trying to hold or kiss him, well, he

was kind of okay with it. And that confused him. And he made a mental note to figure this out later when he was not feeling so wonderful from the wine, attention, clothing and of course, Alex being such a hot woman. As a matter of fact, this was kind of cool – a dream come true!

The guys from the fireplace came over to the table and asked if they could join them. “What do you think, Heather?” Alex asked with an inviting flash of smile to them.

Panic! Wait. Stop. No. This is not... “Um. Sure. I suppose,” Heather replied, not sure how to get out of this and what ‘this’ was that she was getting into. It was getting scary again. Could they tell? Could anybody tell? His fear of being read flooded back and all her confidence disappeared. He tried to not look at the men, turning his head away, hoping that the long hair of the wig would hide his face.

“I’m Mike and this is Dan,” the one with the dreamy blue eyes said.

Alex replied, “This is Heather and I’m Alex. Pleased to meet you.”

“You girls are,” he paused for effect, raising an eyebrow, “very beautiful.” He said this turning to Heather who was still looking away.

“Thank you,” Alex purred. “Here on business?”

“Oh yes. We most definitely are!” Mike replied. “And I can see you two are here on business as well,” he added with a wink.

Alex took the measure of him in that moment, fully catching his meaning. “No,” she replied coolly, “just in town for the conference.”

“That’s what we’re here for as well,” the Mike said as he leaned in closer. “We work for Dewitt-Loral,” added Dan. “We manufacture boxes and manikins. And we thought you would be a perfect model to take a cast for our new line of ‘Elegant Girl’ manikins.”

“Oh, does that pay well?” Alex idly inquired as her eyes drifted around the room. Heather still was not looking at either of the men, growing more and more uncomfortable by the second.

"Let me clarify," Mike hurriedly interjected. "Taking casts to make molds from – yes, we pay for that. It pays residuals – sort of like modeling but, um, well, maybe we can talk about this over dinner?" he asked hopefully.

"Would you excuse us for a moment?" Alex said as she rose and pulled Heather with her. "Powder our noses." She explained with a wink as they left the table. Once they were in the relative safety of the powder room Alex turned to Heather and asked, "Are you interested in these... ah," and she made air quotes with her fingers, "gentlemen?"

"No. Absolutely not," She stated. "Listen. I've got to tell you something."

"I know," Alex replied. "You're straight. They all are... until they are not."

Heather looked confused, then angry. "I'm not looking for a date!" she emphatically whispered. "I wouldn't even know what to do on one! And if these guys find out I'm not a girl... well, then..." she trailed off looking worried.

"Oh, you're good, Sweetie, but not that good," Alex answered her back. "Let me set you straight. Your hands, Adam's Apple. Too big, but easy to disguise if you know how." She smiled a inviting sultry smile. "And I know how, Lover."

Heather looked at Alex surprised and more confused than before. She sputtered, "Then... what am I... I mean... Oh my God!! What's..." Alex put a finger to Heather's lips to quiet her.

"You will make an absolutely incredible sexy looking sexy woman, Pet. And I can help you complete your journey. Yes, I am that good, and I have done it many times before with girls like you. But none of them have had the potential you do. Your look is all ready so good. So hot. You're within reach of perfection. Of being the absolute most stunning and desirable woman ever. Beautiful, inviting and innocent, with just the right amount of smoldering sensuality about you. And the perfect drug for my special addiction: Women. God, I love women. I hope you do too, Baby-girl."

Heather was stunned yet again. She was not sure what was happening. If she let herself believe it, she might have accidentally wandered into the most erotic, perfect dream scenario ever! She might have a shot with Alex – as incredi-

ble as that seemed. Then it hit him. "A shot with Alex?!" A guy (or girl) like him didn't have a snowball's chance in hell of ever having someone like her. He was thinking about sleeping with Alex? Laughable, but he was so incredibly turned on by the thought. He was so incredibly hot right now. Was that the wine talking? His 'man's brain' taking over? Should he be thinking of her 'that way'? Should he NOT be thinking of it!? He WAS a lesbian trapped in a man's body, for Goodness sake! And this was his dream come true. Maybe the wine was confusing him. And maybe it didn't matter.

"Come on. Let's at least have some fun with these guys. Tease them with a smile, a little fluttering of the eyes and innocence; torture them with little accidental touches, a hand on their arm, letting our skirts hike up just a tad. Drive 'em crazy and then leave 'em frustrated and to their own devices," She laughed. "They kind of deserve it, you know. I mean, what's up with that 'I can see you're here on business' stuff?"

"I don't know," Heather said with an unsure voice. "I-I-I've never been out before. I don't know what to do. How to act? And if I am really not passing...."

Alex looked at her for a beat, lust burning in her eyes. She pulled Heather to her and embraced him tightly. Heather became even more flustered and confused with this new onslaught of emotions flooding him. His body stiffened. But then, Alex's aroma, her touch, the softness of her hair on his cheek - He melted into the embrace.

"My baby," Alex cooed, kissing him on the cheek, eyes, nose, with those sensual, luscious lips of hers. "My sexy little girl," she purred. "I'll teach you all you'll ever need to know. Just follow my lead."

Their electric passion from the embrace was steadily increasing, adding to the heat and confusion he was feeling. The chills. The waves of tingling pleasure boomeranging all over his body. Clouding his/her mind. He was drunk from the closeness of her and her sweet sensual scent. This woman. This stranger who knew his darkest, deepest desires. And it was O.K.!!!!!!! This, Heather acknowledged to herself, was a dream coming true!

At that very moment, Alex's tongue snaked into his mouth, prying his lips apart. Taking him. Being the aggressor. A surge of her tantalizing full-tilt erotic power flowed into him, making him shudder, weakening his knees. Alex could feel him submitting to her and began to use all her female powers of erotic sensual touches, kisses, and heat - playing him like a fine instrument. A lick, a nibble, a caress. Heather abandoned herself to Alex. Her hands drifted down to his butt. He swooned. Alex played on, pushing new buttons that he did not even know he had. Her head fell back, his hair falling, tickling his bareback. One of Alex's hands strayed to a sex-hardened nipple under the breast form he was wearing. Lightly. Back and forth. Feeling it grow harder under her touch. And then a pinch. Heather moaned, feeling his body alive with pure sexual energy. In his mind, in this moment, he became a woman. He became a woman.

Alex, lifted Heather's head and pulled her closer until Heather's face was buried in the crook of Alex's neck. "We have two very eager gentlemen waiting for us, my Pet. Do we need to make our apologies and continue this up in the Penthouse?"

Heather opened her eyes slowly in a sweet haze of sensual desire. Took in all of Alex's beauty and simply said, "I am yours."

Alex ran a fingernail gently up Heather's spine sending more jolts of erotic energy careening through her body. "First, lets take a rain-check from the guys. Then off to the Penthouse," Alex declared. "But first, we do need a little touching up before we head out." Alex was looking at the two of them in the mirror; limbs entwined, make-up smudged. "But let's not lose our place," she admonished. They both touched up their make-up, Alex fine-tuning Heather's a bit before they headed back into the bar to make their apologies to the guys and teasing them with the promise of a 'maybe'.

As Alex was making their excuses, Blue-eyes began to lightly stroke Heather's arm and shoulder with a sad puppy-dog look in his eyes like he'd just missed Christmas. To her shock and dismay, Heather found his touch was sending some tingly chills and his demeanor both disarm-

ing and kind of charming. Dan was equally disappointed, saying, "Let us at least show you the town?"

Alex cupped his chin in her palm confidently, looked deep into his eyes and said, "Later, Lover. It's a school night and we have to be fresh for tomorrow morning." Seeing their faces fall she added, "But we might be free tomorrow night." She left that statement dangling in the air and they snapped it up.

"Tomorrow night! Sure. Here's my number. Please call give me a when you know you'll be free?"

"If? And absolutely, Dan," Alex purred. Heather was amazed at the poise and power of this woman. She had these two guys figuratively, and literally, in the palm of her hand. They were basically drooling and panting to be with them. Nothing seemed capable of throwing Alex a curve. Amazing.

As the girls exited the bar Heather could feel every eye in the place on them once again. On these two stunning women. One of which was... him!

## SIX

RICHARD was in heaven. He was strolling across the lobby, in heels, to take an elevator to the Penthouse with the most beautiful woman he had ever even dreamed of and he was passing as a sexy, sensual woman too. Not a clumsy drag queen. Not a guy pretending to be a woman – a woman that everyone but him can see he wasn't. No. He WAS a woman. A desirable, beautiful, sexy woman! Alex proved it. The gentlemen in the bar proved it. Everyone in this lobby who was clocking these two extremely hot girls proved it!

As the doors of the elevator began to close, Heather could see that all the eyes still on her. She smiled back realizing that no one had charged across the lobby yelling, "QUEER!" or "FAGGOT!" or anything. Instead, as she relaxed a tiny bit into herself, she had felt... *beautiful*. And that felt good. She had felt beautiful under the harshly appraising eyes of others. Not herself looking at herself in a mirror in the secret place of a locked room, but out in public. She relaxed more thinking back on the bar, the glasses of

wine appearing and men with toasting her in the bar, to Dan and Blue-eyes. "Wow," she thought, "I passed." Her smile widened across her gorgeous face as Alex turned to drink her in. She began to smile too.

The elevator ride up to the penthouse was matched only by the rise in Heather's nervous energy. The increase in her sexual tension. Her complete attraction to this woman - Alex. No - her total addiction to her. She had no idea of what was waiting for her, but as the elevator climbed, so did her heartbeat.

The floors passed slowly in silence in this old elevator and as they did reality began to slowly invade as well. Heather was beginning to come down from the high of being out, being sought after and pursued with gifts of drinks and smiles and toasts in the bar. Reality was slowly beginning to remind her that this was not '*normal*'. That she was, in fact, a man in a dress - no matter how good he looked and no matter who else thought so. Doubts started to eat away at the edges of this fantasy, growing with each passing floor, threatening to destroy it. The euphoria of seconds ago was slowly beginning to cool and the hard light or reason was poking up its nasty little head.

Alex continued to study Heather's face. Sensing that her companion (or was it 'victim?') was beginning to waiver, She leaned in close to Heather. Then a bit closer still. Then she gently pinned Heather against the wall with her body, trapping her hands behind his back. Alex leaned in slowly and deliberately, a devilish smile playing on her lips and kissed him. On the mouth. And once more her tongue snaked into his open mouth, sending tremors of pleasure goose bumping up and down his spine. She gently but firmly forced her knee between his legs. Her nylon stocking sliding against his, forcing his legs further apart. The slippery sensation of stocking against stocking electrifying Heather further still. Alex slowly began kissing him in a sensual trail downward: Down Heather's soft neck, down her bare shoulders, down to her chest. Being pinned, Heather could do nothing but selfishly enjoy the pleasures and talent of Alex's hot, wet mouth on her skin. Alex kept licking and teasing as she worked her way down Heather's hungry body, until she reached his breast. She gently exposed Heather's nipple with a long slender finger, all the

while keeping him pinned in the corner of the elevator with her body.

Heather was experiencing the intense new feelings and they weren't quite all male. They weren't centered in his groin, like normal, but were running rampant all through his body like wildfire and saturating his being. Surprising to him was that they emanated from his nipples and rocketed down to his pelvic area before exploding in rings of hot and cold - Emanating out, overlapping. She trembled, shivered and was becoming weak in the knees.

"This must be what it feels like," she thought as she continued to fall into this sensual stupor under Alex's magical spell. "This must be what it feels like to truly be female." And a moan escaped her lips as she was rocked by another onslaught of electrifying tingling sensual cascading waves.

To Heather's disappointment Alex released her, stood back and smiled a knowing smile. A smile that said she had him totally: mind, body and soul. That he had tasted his most intimate fantasies and he was hooked now. That this gorgeous female creature with a cock was completely and irrevocably under her spell. The power. The thrill. The realization of Alex's own private fantasies. This was real - for both of them!

Heather remained frozen in the position Alex had pinned her in: arms behind her back, legs apart, eyes closed, least she break the spell and wake up. Alex ran her long slender fingers lightly down Heather's arms, from her bare shoulders to her hands pinned behind her. Then, outlining his tiny waist and sensual flaring hips, she let her fingers slide further down Heather's body: Down her shapely thighs, the backs of her knees, her calves and then slowly up the inside of her legs and thighs. Slowly, deliberately pushing the hem of Heather's dress up. Gently, lightly, caressing Alex's fingertips rose closer to his sex. Wave after wave of sensuous energy building inside Heather until she thought she would explode from the pleasure. Die of the magnificent sensations. And Alex, being the master of touch, kept the erotic tension building, teasing. And she was like a drug to Heather now. One that was completely and instantly addicting.

Alex's red polished fingernails skimmed across Heather's mound and up across her tummy, arriving to

gently trace the circles of her breasts through her dress. Then moving up to trace her collarbone, the sides of her neck. Finally, holding Heather's head in her hands, Heather's eyes still closed and lost in the overwhelming erotic sensations, Alex began to caressing Heather's face with her soft lips. Kissing her eyelids, her nose, her lips. Tongue darting into her open mouth. Alex's hands dropped to Heather's nipples, rolling and pinching as her stocking sheathed leg began sliding up and down the insides of Heather's thighs - adding to the cascading sensations that had completely overwhelmed Heather.

Heather thought Alex was trying to either kill or enslave her with the pure, powerful, sensuous, erotic, fantasy-come-true, pleasure she was pouring into her. She felt herself swooning, but that would be a great understatement. What she was feeling was just too powerful to describe. Too personal to express. She was totally immersed in this ultimate fantasy, a fantasy that Alex, the magical woman, somehow seemed to know intimately. And was executing perfectly.

The elevator bell chimed delicately, mingling with the soft moans of pleasure that were escaping Heather's lip. The doors opened and Alex gently guided her to the penthouse suite. The doors swung open revealing a warm dark space inside. Alex, her arm around Heather's waist gentle ushering her into the open space. Once inside she turned to her saying, "We've only just begun, My Love. Only just begun."

## SEVEN

THE room was dark with a warm smokiness that crept away from the flickering yellowed light thrown from the candelabra suspended overhead. In the pool of light that it created was a large polished heavy dark wood table with a few chairs sitting around it. The room emanated warmth that seeped into Heather, making the trance she was still in from the wine and the elevator ride deeper. She could feel something way back in the dark recesses of her mind that was quietly calling out, "Run!" But she was to intoxicated

by the wine and company to heed it. Trust and relaxation seemed to be oozing out of the shadows and embracing her.

Alex gently spun Heather to face her. "Now where were we?" she purred as she playfully and seductively pulled Heather to her. She leaned back against the table, her beautiful bare arms wrapping around Heather's tiny waist and her long, achingly shapely, legs wrapping Heather's equally beautiful legs - squeezing them together. Nylon on nylon. More electrifying chills. A kiss. Long. Deep. Sensually overpowering Heather. Erotic tidal waves cascading through his body and exploding in his brain. His temperature rising with each passing second. His heart thumped. And his sex throbbed.

Alex pulled Heather's hands behind his back, wrists crossed, and held them there with a surprisingly strong grip. "I know you," she cooed breathlessly into his ear. The heat from her words setting him on fire further. "I love you," she whispered as she reached up with her free hand and began to stroke his hardened nipple through his dress.

Heather was overcome. Trapped in the web of this delicious woman, who is torturing her with incredible, deep, sensual, erotic magnetism. She swooned letting her head fall back. Her breathing quickening as she moaned. She surrendered and that moan that had escaped her lips signaled this to Alex.

"Yes My Darling," Alex continued. "Give in. Indulge yourself. Be selfish. The only one you need to please right now is... you, My Princess."

Alex released her wrists and lightly began to trace her torso with magic fingers of hers. She exposed Heather's breast form and her nipple underneath. Then putting her warm, wet lips on it began to lick, suck and nibble it. She lapped at it. Licked it wide and slow. Her teeth nipped at it gently every now and again. Heather shuddered from the intense waves Alex was creating. Unbelievable waves of electrifying sensual energy radiating from this nipple and paralyzing her. Alex licked again while her hand danced tantalizingly over Heather's thighs. Heather quaked as the powerful sensations began deluging her being. She thought she would cum from the intensity of the cascading erotic avalanche. She was so close, yet not like any male version of 'close'. This was so intense and... different. She could not

remember ever feeling it like this. Deeper. Stronger. But how? How was this happening? Alex hadn't even touched his cock - that was still tucked away tightly between his legs.

Alex continued to press the wide flat part of her warm tongue against his nipples - alternating between them. Gently. Up and down and up and down and Heather was inundated with passion and sensation. Weak knees, trembling, gasped breaths, moans. Steamy. Carnal. Obscene. Enticing. And... so incredible!

Alex, feeling Heather close to having an orgasm, suddenly stopped. "No, no, my Sweet," she mock-scolded, her hot breath kissing Heather's ear, "Not yet. Much too soon, Lover. We still have so much more to feel and experience." And taking Heather by the hand said, "Come with me."

Alex led her into another room. A bedroom. Draped walls of plush curtains hung lazily to the floor, a large bed covered in satin and silk sat in the middle of the space - dominating it. Its sturdy four posters rising from its corners like mighty Oaks in a forest. Candles sat flickering on every available surface and Heather could see herself and Alex walking together in the mirrors that covered all the walls and the ceiling. They were surrounded by images of themselves and Heather leisurely thought to herself how hot these girls were. Lips, eyes, legs, heels, miniskirts, tits, hips... they were really enticing Sirens.

Alex pushed Heather lovingly down onto the bed. Pulled his heels off and massaged his feet. Slowly, sensually. Alex soothed Heather for a long time this way. Her message slowly working its way up over his caves, thighs, pubic mound. Heather abandoned to the sensations groaned, her breathing becoming panting. Alex reached behind Heather and unzipped his skirt, pulling it off and starting all over at his feet again. Tingling, licking, sending powerful waves of convulsions through her victim as he lay their lost in her sea of lust and desire. As she worked her way up to Heather's waist this time, her hands undid his top, scooped in and threw out his breast forms and began to really inflict serious sensual play on him.

Her teasing touches combined with her talented tongue teasing, nibbling and licking. His mound. The inside of his

thighs. His tummy. His nipples. His neck and ears. Long deep thrilling kisses all over his intensely sensitive body.

Time had long ago stopped for Heather. She could not believe this incredible woman and what she was making him feel. Teaching him to feel. She tried to return some attention to her, but Alex deflected his hands or mouth away as she continued. "Lay back and let Heather come out. Let Heather be born a true, full, sensuous woman," she whispered in deep sultry whispers. Almost as an incantation that Heather felt in her soul. And Heather had no choice but to lose herself in that command as Alex continued to tease and tantalize every inch of her being and soul. Heather's body was soft clay in Alex's hands. Her curves, legs and lips. Her mouth and tickling hair teasing her exposed skin. Woman. Orgasm after orgasm built and exploded inside her. At least heather thought they were orgasms – female orgasms. Her cock was still trapped, tucked tightly backwards between her legs, yet she kept cuming and cuming but only inside!

Alex sat up and took in the incredible, lovely sight of Heather laying on this bed in her total power. She moved off the bed, and Heather began to move as well, but Alex stopped her with a gesture and a sultry smile. Heather smiled back and laid back into the satin and silks all around her.

Alex reached under the bed and pulled out three belts. She bound each of Heather's wrists to his thighs with them. With a third belt she bound his ankles tightly together. She kneeled back down on the bed next to him, running her fingers ever so lightly across Heather's exposed chest, raising goose bumps. With her other hand she dangled a black satin blindfold. Heather dumbly stared at it through the cloud of newfound sexuality and emotions, becoming concerned somewhere in the corner of her mind and at the same time, becoming Alex's toy willingly. Heather nodded slightly to Alex, who then gently, but firmly, placed the blindfold on him and tied it tightly behind his head. "Heather," Alex purred, "Let me show you how to accept what you really want to be... and are all ready. I promise you that this will raise the senses to new places."

Being deprived of sight made every touch a surprise and so much more intense. It made every sound and aroma so

much more extraordinary and somehow, more physically tangible, more of the fabric of the game. If she had thought she was going to explode with the amazingly wonderful sensory overload before, this elevated it a hundred-fold. Heather's mind raced to catch up with everything that was happening to him – her. To feel everything. And she realized profoundly that they were now beyond his wildest fantasy and she was ok. More than ok. She was ... happy for the first time in his/her life. To be a woman – unbelievably fantastic. With another beautiful sexy woman – Oh My God! So great! And this woman had him bound and tied...Oh God!!!! YES!!!!!! Dreams come to life! And she was feeling and experiencing everything she had ever fantasized about... and had never dreamed of because she could not have even imagined anything *this* wonderful, *this* intense, could even exist.

Alex was tuned into Heather's nervous system and played each nerve ending to its fullest. He was lost in his female self and living life as she should be. Feeling "right" for the first time ever, bathing in pure femininity, feeling pure femininity, experiencing pure femininity.

Alex slid her fingers up and down Heather's legs and used her tongue and lips to further titillated her. Always stopping just short of his sex or detouring around it. She was driving him mad with desire and an ever-increasing need. Desire and need for her. Desire and need to explode, to crest the mountain, to be fulfilled. Desire and need to be a woman ... always! Alex was building it within him/her like a fine architect or a master composer built a structure or emotion of pure and perfect resonance.

Finally Alex pulled up her own skirt revealing her smooth, hairless sex nestled between 6 black garter straps. Her stocking tops, dark and lacey, stopped short to reveal her creamy white smooth thighs. She straddled him and, on her knees, worked her way up until her sex was just above his mouth. "Now my darling," is all Alex said and Heather did not hesitate. She gently, tentatively, licked her sweet wetness with a long, slow lick that sent shivers up Alex's spine and made her moan, "Yes." Heather probed Alex's succulent sex with her tongue to find her spot. "Ooohhhh, yes," Alex groaned. He licked deeper. He circled the lush pussy lips using his hot, wet tongue to send some of the

pleasure Alex had given him back into her. Uncontrollable spasms began rolling through Alex. Heather was being tightly squeezed by Alex's legs in response to her licks and nibbles.

Heather could feel Alex as a woman would feel another woman now. She licked, nibbled and kissed her like a woman. Like a woman who knows what a woman loves. What a woman feels. What a woman needs. Alex moaned and hissed, squeezing him with her legs, taking short gasping breaths, leaning all the way back, sinking into her own world of sensation. Heather used her tongue, lips and nose to drive Alex to her climax, and Alex, being overwhelmed with Heather's prowess abandoned herself to the building orgasm. Teasing her own nipples, squeezing him with her knees, moaning, her long auburn tresses being tossed in the frenzy of lovemaking. Heather's mouth, lips and nose driving Alex along and finally driving Alex to a earthshaking climax. Alex shrieked, thrashed, moaned and writhed - finally pulling away from him when she could take no more - when each and every touch - no matter how light or where on her body began to feel like a stab of pleasure so intense she just could not take it any longer.

The teacher had been schooled by this pretty little boy/girl. Exhausted Alex fell sleepily next to him and Heather loved it as she groggily drifted in her sea of new-found femininity. She had loved in a new way. A way that she did not know s/he was capable of. And she was good at it. It came naturally to her. And Alex had brought this all out of him. Alex. This amazing creature that had actually lived up to her written promises. Sweet, beautiful Alex.

Alex lay with the still bound and blindfolded Heather. She nuzzled her neck saying, "We're not through yet, my beautiful talented Heather. I think you have earned something special."

Alex kissed Heather a soft sweet, wet, sensual kiss on the lips as her hand came to rest on Heather's nipple. Heather was stunned, more by the gesture, than the feelings of intense sexual energy that was blossoming throughout her body again.



## EIGHT

ALEX, body coated in a light sheen of sweat, gleamed in the dim light as she lay next to Heather. Heather could feel Alex's body heat seeping into his very essence. Feel her overwhelming sensuality. She wondered what was next, but loved the suspense of not knowing. Of being completely in her control. Not having to decide. She loved her more deeply in this moment than she could comprehend. And she loved this whole thing so deeply that it scared her. "If only this could last forever," she dreamily thought to herself. Alex rising and leaving without a word disturbed her reverie. "Being in surrender mode means I don't have to know where she is going or what she is doing," she thought idly. Small bits of tension returning as she tried to move but realized she was still bound and blindfolded.

Alex returned a short time later and just stood looking down at her captive girl – bound and helpless. "God she was beautiful!" she thought to herself as she admired Heather's sweet sculpted face, flawless skin, full red lips, her corseted curves and magnificent legs. And those eyes of hers! Alex pulled the blind-fold off to look into those deep green eyes and she suddenly felt as if she was losing herself falling into them.

Heather ached for Alex and her beauty. "I would give anything if I could be her," she thought to herself as she lay there looking up into Alex's languid blue eyes. The more she gazed into them the more she felt herself flying away into them. She wrenched her gaze away with great difficulty and noticed that Alex was now dressed in a tight, short red leather dress that accented and complimented her curves and tall lean body. It was low cut and showed off her magnificent cleavage and her incredible long legs veritabily flowed from the short hemline. She had on a short leather jacket that flared at the waist - which accented just how tiny it was. With her long red hair falling past her shoulders she was truly a fantasy woman. She was what boys dream of and men yearn for. And this fantasy girl had come to life directly out of every male's mind. She was the "IT" girl!

Alex leaned down and kissed Heather a long sweet tender kiss, and then put the blind-fold back in place again.

"I'll be right back, my Pet," she cooed. "I just have to get a little something for you." Heather listened to the musical clicking of Alex's heels on the floor as she walked away. The 'tip-taping' growing fainter until it was gone altogether. And then Heather was alone.

She gladly remained where she was - much too happy to even want to move. She lay on the bed, still bound as she relived every detail and sensation of the events of this night lest they all slip away from her. The warm silence enveloped her, as did the Alex's scent, which still hung in the air. She was so satisfied, so satisfied in this moment. Her every nerve keenly attuned to the sensations of her bonds, silky clothing, soft bed, aromas, even the feel of the air and temperature. This was what being alive was all about! This was living! Heather tested her bonds, making sure she was still being held tightly in place. Her mind drifting in and out of fantasies and realities - some from tonight, some from the depths of her mind which were now bubbling up in waves. So much had happened to her. So much had been released from her inner self. So much that she was not sure if she could go back to being vanilla ever again. Vanilla and drab. Horrifying thoughts to her now. And laying here bondage and in love - lust at the very least, she lost track of time.

She was still deep in erotic thoughts when she heard the door open quietly. Then Alex's voice whispered, "Awake?" Heather nodded. "Good," Alex said with the sultry sound of a low tiger growl in her voice. "I have a surprise for you." She pulled his bound figure up from the bed. And then guided him gently to his knees on the carpet. She stepped back and admired Heather. "You are so sexy, my darling." With those words, Heather felt something on his nipples. Something that seemed to be searching, maybe the end of a stick or, could it be... a riding crop!? Heather moaned out loud as her nipples were being teased into life, shooting out tentacles of powerful sensual energy charging her body once again. As the power of this built, Heather's senses once again sharpened and she could smell the leather of the crop which, she found, intensified the feelings even more. But then it stopped. Heather sat so still, fearing the sting of the crop - if that is what it was. A moment of stillness, then, licks and kisses on her nipples! Overwhelming chills and waves of sexual energy charging throughout her body at

this. She moaned out loud. She sat back on her heels - she had no choice - and let it all wash over her, through her, deep into her. Alex made her feel so much a woman.

"Stay exactly like this," Alex commanded as she walked away. Heather sat there - not moving a muscle. Waiting. Wearing only her body suit top and make-up. Hands still tied to her thighs. Ankles bound together. Her long hair cascading down her back. Blindfolded. Heather was in heaven.

And then, without so much as a sound, she felt something pushing past her lips! Forcing its way into her mouth! She opened to accept it. Hard but soft, firm, warm. It had a musky fragrance and she thought it tasted a bit salty. With a shock Heather realized that this was a cock! Erect. Warm. Hard and soft at the same time. She froze but the member pushed further into her mouth. She tasted the sweet, salty, pre-cum and was simultaneously repelled, and inflamed by it. Then, she ignited with a sudden sexual desire for this cock. She began to suck and lick it's tender underside with her tongue.

"That's it, my sweet," Alex whispered close to her ear as she stroked and rolled Heather's nipples between her fingers - sending new ripples of incredibly intense sensations crashing throughout his entire body. He felt it all. How tight his muscles were. His sex throbbing trapped, still tucked tightly between his bound thighs. Alex's tongue moved to his nipples electrifying and spreading sexual heat throughout him like wildfire. But most of all, the sweet taste of a hard cock combined with this sensory overload made him quiver and shake, moan and sigh. Suddenly, nothing had ever tasted so wonderful to him.

She began to lose herself in the act of mouth on skin. Feeling the heat and hardness grow. From somewhere near heavy breathing and moaning. Hands gripping her arms at the shoulders. Another pair of hands guiding her head firmly to the task at hand. Heather writhed with these erotic sensations. Alex continued licking and kissing his breasts. Heather's focus narrowing to only the sensual waves wracking her body and that velvety hard cock in her mouth, moving faster and harder, thrusting in and out. Deep. Then stopping. Becoming harder still, deep in her

throat. She began to gag. The voice moaning louder, the hands gripping harder.

Just as it was all too much, the cock convulsed, the hands holding her head firm as spurts of warm gooey liquid filled her mouth. Spurt after spurt, filling her, dripping from her lips. Oceans of cum, hot, salty-sweet, shooting out. The hands holding her head tight to the cock gave her no choice but to swallow it. Incredibly erotic. Intensely sensual. She moaned out loud around the deflating cock, cum dripping, but her fire still hot and ready for more..

Then hands: one, two, four of them began stoking her body. Powerful erotic sensations, intense sensual waves racking her, contorting her. Mouths kissing her body, her nipples, her bound legs. Stroking her crotch. Pulling her gently to the bed. Untying her ankles and positioning her body so that her chest was on the bed and her knees still on the floor.

Someone gently slid their hands under her chest to continue teasing and rolling her nipples. Someone else kissing her face. Alex? And then she felt coldness being gently messaged into her anus. "Ohhhhhh", Heather moaned. "Mmmmmmmmmmm..."

And then a warm hard cock slid slowly into Heather. Filling her. Gently, slowly, almost tenderly. In and out so slowly, building. It had to be another person. Yes? Alex? She was to overwhelmed with all the sensations, to much in her own world of ecstasy to think this through. To figure out the 'who' and 'how' and 'why's' at just this moment. Too overcome to do anything but be in the moment, ruled by passion. Drifting away on the tidal waves of sensations. That cock filling her. That pure joyous feeling of being a woman. The passionate hot sex filling her and the electricity of erotic everything sweeping through her.

As the thrusting of the cock increased, she was rocked forward by their force. The hands tightly gripping her waist, pulling her back onto him. More hands teasing and pinching her nipples, thighs, waist. Fingers sliding in and out of her open, moaning mouth.

Suddenly she was flipped over onto her back. The cock pumping into her, a renewed onslaught of passion, of need. Hot lips and tongue glued to her right breast. Licking, suck-

ing, biting. Then a second mouth doing the same on her left breast. Then, a large, hard cock slid into her moaning mouth. This time she needed it, wanted it and was lost in it all.

She writhed, licked, sucked, gasped. She approached the edge of the ultimate pleasure and was kept hovering there, but she could not go over, no matter how hard she tried. It was fantastic! It was highly erotic. It was frustrating. It seemed only a second in time that lasted forever.

But then something new took over her entire body: A different kind of orgasm than she had ever experienced before. It was deeper, more intense, and it radiated from somewhere in her crotch and nipples at the same time! She moaned loudly around the cock thrusting in and out of her mouth. She quaked as she rode this magical wave of orgasm... but it did not come from her own cock. It surprised her because it came from her crotch but not *her* cock! And when it ended, leaving her covered in sweat and feeling more wonderful and fulfilled than she had ever felt, it immediately began to build again. Build until she experienced another orgasm of the same magnitude... and then another and another! And she could have gone on all night like that. These deep orgasms seemed inexhaustible – a dream come true! This was a miracle and left her breathless and passionately, erotically, giving into these multiple orgasms.

And then, through all of the incredible waves of sensual pleasure, she felt a hand dig between her legs and free her own manhood. Felt lips wrap around her own cock. Tighten and moving up and down. And then a warm, luxurious, wet sensation seeped through all the other sensations and ripples, shudders and explosions. That unmistakable feeling of a tight, warm, wet vagina sliding down his shaft as Alex(?) mounted him. Nirvana! But not quite as sweet or powerful as the dozens of orgasms she had just ridden to one explosive conclusion after another. But it was the final straw. That hot orgasmic, wet, slippery, perfectly tight and velvety magical contact: She exploded again. Moaning breathlessly around the cock in her mouth, which also began to spasm, jerk and spurt. She screamed out as she was sweep over the magnificent, deep waterfalls of sensual eroticism. Her back arching, muscles contorting, body out of control. Suddenly, she could feel the dick filling her in-

sides begin to cum also. The warmth of the cum filling her, spreading through her. The mouths still teasing her nipples. Alex still riding her. The cock in her mouth. She came again. Long, hard and surprising her. Another orgasm crashing over that one, washing her away in a sea of never-before magical ecstasy of sensation. She didn't know if she was a man, woman or both. She only knew that she had never felt like *this* before and wanted it to never end!

She was shocked by the power of all this in retrospect. She was completely undone by it. The feelings, the sex, the power. She was astonished. And she was frightened by how much *he loved it* all. Such a radical departure from her own private fantasy to this intense reality which was more than she could have ever even imagined.

Alex continued to ride her, moaning, laughing. The mouths came off her nipples and the cock pulled out of her mouth and her ass – as if on some cue – all at the same time – leaving her feeling so empty. Empty like never before. Only Alex was still using her. Faster and faster. Harder and harder. Wetter and wetter. Up and down, up and down. Moaning, laughing.

Heather lay quiet under her, still blind folded, and felt her legs being pulled together and re-bound. Then something around her neck. A collar? And as she began to moan out loud at the magic Alex was producing by riding her, a ball-gag slid into her mouth. And Alex beginning to cum screamed out in pure unadulterated sensual release. All these sensations and Alex cuming drove Heather over the edge still again, but this time from her cock – she came again with Alex. Another deep, Earth shaking, rolling, intense orgasm. On and on they writhed together, moaning, screaming, shuddering, sweating and cuming until Alex was spent.

Finally, after a forever, and yet only a few seconds(?) Alex collapsed on top of Heather, drenched in sweat. They lay together for a long time, breathing hard, being one, sleeping. It seemed like forever. It felt like Heaven.

And Heather noticed, as she drifted off to sleep still bound, that the last orgasm, *his* more 'normal' orgasm was completely different from all the other orgasms she had had this magical evening. Not quite as good or long or intense as the overlapping ones. Not quite as sweet and toe

curling. Not quite as earthshaking as those had been. Hmmmmmmmmm....

## NINE

HE woke up with sensual images of last night dancing in his head. He was alone. He was in a hotel room. A bit groggy, he looked around. Yes, this was his hotel room and he was in bed. Confused by the flittering visions of last night. "Did it really happen," he asked himself. "Could it really have happened? Could it all have just been a dream? Albeit, a very vivid dream?"

Last night. Mmmmmmm. A dream come true. Fantasy come to life. The whole thing was just unbelievable if it had actually happened at all? Did he really want it that bad that he had just dreamed the whole thing up? He swung his legs over the side of the bed, rubbed his eyes and wished that he could dream it again. Be that woman again for just one more night. Feel those feelings again. He had loved it and it had been more than he had ever believed it could be. He threw the sheets back to see if he may have had a wet dream—there were no signs that this wonderful, sexy, intense thing that rocked his very core had happened.

He just wanted to go back to sleep and dream that dream again. It felt so real. So intense. So magical. But it had to have been just a dream. "I mean, seriously," he thought as the cobwebs were clearing from his brain. "A stunningly beautiful and fantastic woman picks up a transvestite in a hotel hallway, takes him to a bar where everyone falls in love with him? Then men send drinks and winks galore, and that followed by sex? Not just sex with the extraordinarily hot woman, but intense bondage and forced sex! With others! And then a blow job that *HE* gave to at least one other man!" Out loud he said, "C'mon!!! And, Fuck!!! I would never put a dick in my mouth!" His voice rose from wonder to outrage, from serenity to anger in the length of that sentence. But why? *IF* it was a dream, *HE* dreamed it. If it was a reality, then *HE DID* it. So what was the anger all about?

He needed some coffee to get his head working and figure this out. And he was getting dangerously close to miss-

ing the first session of the conference he was supposed to attend. But this dream, the puzzle of it gnawed at him. And why was he so angry thinking about it?

He lay back on the bed ruminating for a long time. Finally, no closer to any answers, he had to get dressed and leave or be very late and in trouble with his boss and work buddies. No need to spend the weekend here. He should just go the conference, checkout and head home. "But," he thought as he leaned back on a pile of pillows, staring into the room, thinking about that magnificent dream. "Man! What a dream!"

Time to get moving. He got out of bed, and bent down to put his socks on and found that he had rope marks on his ankles - to his surprise and great delight. Rope marks! He looked at his wrists - faint, but marks were there as well! This was unbelievable! The dream was ... dare he think it - REAL!!! He let out a whoop!

He was elated! Thrilled! "Oh my Gosh!!!! It was real!" he squealed out loud to himself! He was on cloud nine! He had done it! He had gone out and PASSED!!! No! He was sought after as the woman he dreamed of being! He had experienced what had to have been female orgasms! AMAZING ORGASMS!!! And they were so much better than a man's. What he had experienced last night was not only unbelievable and fantastic but also shockingly educational and enlightening! He learned so much about himself and about his "Herself". He could not stop grinning as he showered and dressed in his old corse business attire- slacks, Oxford Button-down, black belt, Tie, matching Sports coat, clunky shoes. He said their names in his head with a dull, deadpan monotone as he put each item on. He did this as he dressed amidst all the finery of womanhood scattered around the room. As he put on his 'clunky shoes' he longingly eyed the 5" stilettos he had worn last night. "They're so comfortable to wear I have no idea why women complain so much about them," he mused.

As he threw his coat on he saw it on the floor by the door: a single long stemmed red rose. And tied to it with a bit of beautiful red ribbon, another red envelope. He picked up the Rose and the envelope attached - addressed to Heather - and the fragrance that enveloped him immediately sparked flashes of last night in his brain. Flashes as if a still

photographer had followed him around: 2 guys trying to help him/her at his/her door; A lobby full of people staring at her and Alex in midstride; Toasts from gentlemen in the bar as they sat at their table; Being pinned in the elevator while Alex kissed him/her; The table lit so eloquently in Alex's entry room; ropes binding him/her; tongues; nipples; blindfolds; the colors of sensual erotic explosions in his/her head as his/her body was being teased and tortured, kissed and licked, sucked and fucked. The smell and taste of the cock in his/her mouth, the orgasmic Atomic-Bombs going off with cocks and dildos and fingers in his/her every opening.

He excitedly opened the letter and read:

Alex  
 "Heather, my love,  
 You are truly a beautiful woman.  
 If you enjoyed last night then please come and  
 join me again tonight.  
 Eight-Thirty PM sharp, in the Lobby Bar.  
 Don't be late, Lover.  
 ~ Love,  
 A.

He was very excited. He could hardly believe that it had been real. That he hadn't dreamed it at all, but that those things *HAD HAPPENED* and he had actually experienced them, lived them! And now to have another invitation to do it all over again!!!! HOW AWESOME!!!!

And of course, reality poked its ugly little head up with the intention of spoiling everything when he went down to the conference. His head was still a bit in a daze when his bunch of fellow employees, office buddies, corralled him. They said that the keynote at the conference had been cancelled "due to sudden illness of the speaker." So they were all going to blow off the event and the rest of the day, and tonight head out to a great steak dinner, followed by a visit to the most outrageous strip joint ever, The Playhouse.

The guys were really excited about this because it was the premier strip club in the world and his boss, Bill, read from his iPhone, *"completely unlike any other. Its three levels furnished and decorated with a modern, warm and uncanny inte-*

*rior. Scene located in the central part of the club, four bars and three VIP rooms makes an ideal, comfortable condition for fun. The Playhouse dancers are sensual, sexy and help you relax after a hard day or they can provide the craziest night ever. And most of their friendly staff and amazing girls speak English, which is definitely not imperative, since you're probably not going there to talk,"* he finished with a laugh. All the others joined him guffawing and back slapping like little kids who were going to do something Mommy would not approve of.

"Rich," Bill said, "Time to earn your keep. You're in charge of hiring the limo and booking us a table at the best damned steakhouse in the city!" Bill turned to Tom, the company accountant, saying, "Otherwise, Tom, here, will have to dock everyone's paychecks a day for failing to show," he laughed at his own joke, then continued, "Everyone. Bar at 8:00 sharp. The last to show, drinks are on you – and not on the company card!" They all laughed and headed their separate ways.

Richard was really depressed now. The last thing he wanted to do was go eat a heavy steak and watch girls grinding into the laps of his happily married office buddies. And then, of course, as he was the only single guy, they would make him buy a lap-dance too – all jeering at his uneasiness with having some girl, who's name he would never even know, sitting and grinding into him. He just did not understand the point of it – unless getting so incredibly frustrated and embarrassed was fun. "I guess it is – for them," he morosely thought. "They all were married! Were they going to cheat with the girls? Was there a way out of this 'boys night out'?"

Now he could imagine BEING one of those girls. He had dreamed it a thousand times. *That* would be fun. Dressing so slutty and looking so wonderfully hot, teasing, tantalizing, earning tips for flirting – and big ones too he had heard. Oh man!

The rest of his day was spent in a fog – flipping back and forth between excited anticipation - if he could figure a way to be with Alex tonight, and depression - at having to forego her in favor of a group of rowdy bores.

He sat around for a bit after booking dinner at Morton's Steak House and ordering the limo. He was trying to figure out, A) If he could get out of spending the evening with the

'guys', and if so, B) what excuse would work, and, C) if he *should* try to get out it at all. After all, his boss had sort of ordered him to join and all. His future career might be dependent upon this outing. Just as each future of his career is dependent on the next crisis being solved successfully. He was just tired of it all. It wasn't fun. It didn't feel good. There was no real reward beyond continued indentured servitude to the company that would easily sack him if the books say they should. There was no real loyalty. He himself had hung his head in embarrassed shame as a buddy or co-worker had been let go for no good reason beyond, "profits are down this quarter." The whole thing sucked!

He soaked in a bubble bath to think it through more. Ordered room service from the tub and shaved. He wasn't paying much attention and before he had realized it, he had shaved his legs and armpits as well as his face. Now that told him something! At least he knew where he would rather be as opposed to where he *had* to be.

The room's doorbell rang out, startling him. He jumped out of the tub, wrapped a thick, towel around his torso, went to the door and peeped through at the room service waiter outside. As he began to unlock the door he noticed the way he was wearing the towel! It was wrapped around his body just under his armpits, "Uh, just a moment, please." The towel hung to just below his sex and he was distracted absolutely girlish he looked in the mirror. His legs were very sexy looking, all wet and shiny and shapely.

Knock-knock! "I'm in the bath, so I'll unlock the door, then just give me a second to hop back into the bathroom, then just bring it in. OK?" He didn't wait for a reply as he unlocked the door and jumped into the bathroom before the waiter could get the door open far enough to bring the food in - just like last night.

In the bathroom, the mirrors reflected a woman, wearing a towel around her body – somehow a small bit of cleavage was showing above it. The towel hung like a shapeless tiny Minidress and the woman looked great in it. He studied her in the mirror, wrapping another towel around her wet hair. He noticed that even without the make-up and wig, without the corset squeezing her waist in, she was kind of... well, she was very... that is to say, he found the girl in the

mirror very attractive! And he was feeling every bit as wonderful as she looked as well.

Later, he found himself sitting on the balcony in a thick, luxurious hotel robe and slippers, picking at his light lunch of a garden salad and white wine, admiring his freshly painted toenails. "Funny," he thought, "Not really very hungry. The salad really seems to satisfying me – for now. But I never eat salads." He was usually more in need of a nice juicy cheeseburger with crispy fries. And the thought of fries led to steaks and steaks led to the problem about tonight! He still needed a way out of tonight's planned dinner and strip club visit, or "Steak-n-Strip" as his boss, Bill, was calling it in the numerous texts he was sending everyone.

Richard ran all the usual excuses through his mind: Have to hurry home, someone's sick; I'm sick; I have dinner plans with a lady friend. Even as they materialized in his brain he knew that none of these excuses would work. They all knew him too well. They knew him well enough to know that he has no family left and it would be extremely rare for him to be having a 'date' with anyone other than the shared secretary at the office – who he regularly took to dinner after they finished up some late night work or proposal or the like. If they only knew it was never a "date" with her but a "thank you" to her for diving in and helping – unlike any of them ever did. No, he had to think of something! Something they would believe. "Think! Think!" he said, fingers to his temples in a desperate act of trying to divine the answer.

As many trepidations as he might have about being with Alex and whatever she had planned for him tonight, there was really no doubt that he wanted to do it. The choices were pretty simple: Go with the guys, "bond" over meat and potatoes and get bored (or envious) with the strippers or be Heather again and go with Alex and see what happened tonight! "Heck, maybe this is worth quitting over?" he thought. "No. That's stupid. But there has got to be some way out of this."

He sipped his wine and studied the cars coming and going. Musing that just the other night this balcony had held great fear of discovery for him. That he had, in fact, been discovered and it turned out unbelievably fantastic also did

not elude his thoughts. His mind drifted into the images of Alex and last night again...

And then something slowly dawned on him. He only owned one outfit and he wore it last night. He needed a different outfit for tonight! But where would he find it? How would he shop for it? He was afraid to go out into the real world dressed as a woman to shop. Not in broad daylight. And the one outfit he owned had taken him years to assemble over the Internet and in furtive trips into stores to pick up something for his 'wife.' On these he usually brought along a list on a piece of paper so he could look like he didn't know what he was doing, but still get what he wanted.

He wandered in and flopped down on the bed, flicking on the TV as he tried to figure out some solution to all his problems. Watching TV, waiting for the day to pass and feeling pretty low, he came to the realization that there was no way to get a new outfit for tonight so he might as well drown his sorrows with the boss. And that sucked!

And the day did pass slowly and miserably for him. After a short time of depression and bad TV he decided he could at least go window-shopping. That would probably distract his mind from the miserable night to come. He put on a shirt and slacks, slipped on his loafers and went downstairs to the main shopping area, next to the hotel, to wander around. All the while he could not stop trying to figure some way *out* of the boss's night and *into* Alex's night.

He saw a few things in windows that he liked, here and there: A body suit made of a sheer shimmering knit material with Silver Lame threads woven throughout it; a flouncy, bone colored peasant's blouse in silk; a little black dress - to die for - sleeveless with a turtleneck and very tight; a form fitting black leather jumpsuit with lots of silver zippers; thigh-high black leather Stiletto-heeled boots; a beautiful pink linen business suit - skirt and matching jacket with a nipped in waist; a pleated kilt skirt - sexy school girl but more classic; He even found a rubber shop that had the sexiest latex body top and skirt. If only he could buy any of it he moaned to himself. He sighed deeply and stared into the window of the shop with the little black dress. "If only..." he said out loud.

"Why not," said a voice close to his ear. Started, he jumped wide-eyed and with a little yep. Alex was standing next him, looking into the shop window as well and smiling a smoky-hot smile. "Why not just go in and buy something that you would like?" she asked in a voice that held a bit of challenge in it. "You..." and here she made 'air-quotes', "Scared?" She chuckled as she turned to lock him in her gaze. "Of what?"

"I, ah, I...I, um. What size do I wear?" he asked trying to cover the shock of seeing her here. Her beauty was even powerful in the harsh light of day. She was dressed in an off-white knit dress that showed a generous amount of leg and clung to her every curve and valley as if it were painted on. Her legs, magnificent in nude colored stockings and boots, with at least five-inch heels, made her so incredibly model-sexy that she was causing a scene just by standing on the sidewalk. She was so smoldering and sensual and yet beautiful and elegant – and she moved with a slow sultry gracefulness as she stepped closer to him. He was lost just looking at her, into her deep green eyes that she transfixed him with. Pools of infinite calm, but with a fire burning deep and hot within them. She was smoking hot he realized yet again.

"Depends on the brand," she answered matter-of-factly. "Come on, let's go." She said taking his arm and leading him into the store. He was reluctant until he realized that he was with a woman, so no one was going to think twice about him being in there. He also became worried – not because he might be found out, but because he *WAS* found out! How did Alex know it was him – Heather? His head began swirling with fears when a female sales clerk approached, saying, "May I help you?"

"Yes. This fella' needs some of everything," Alex replied, squeezing his arm as she said this. Richard began to blush bright red immediately. He was incredibly embarrassed and could not find his tongue to utter a single sound. The sales girl looked at him expectantly. Waiting for him to say something. All he could do was continue blushing a deeper red. Alex watched in bemusement until she just had to laugh out loud. And that laugh of hers was like beautiful, sweet delicate wind chimes to Richard's ears.

“Ok, we need some black satin bras and matching panties. Some deep Chinese Red ones as well, and maybe...” she turned to Richard, “Oh let’s see, maybe some in purple or blue too.”

“What sizes?” the sales girl asked.

“Panties, um, medium. Bra, about a 38-C,” Alex said while sizing up Richard, who was still tongue-tied and red. “And then we are going to need the Little Black Dress like the one in the window, at least 2 different garter belts,” Alex continued, “Some stockings, seamed with Cuban heels, maybe a skirt or two and some blouses – satin, cotton dressy.” The sales girl nodded as she began guiding them to the private dressing area while writing down the particulars. “Oh,” Alex continued, “We also are going to need a few baby-dolls in satin – of course, maybe a sheer black night gown – something very sexy...”

“Honeymoon?” the sales girl asked looking up from her pad.

Alex smiled at her, “Us? I’m just helping.”

Richard was getting very excited by all this while also dying a thousand deaths inside. He leaned in close and quietly demanded, “Alex. What are you doing?!” His tone was exasperated and flustered.

“You’ll thank me later,” was all she said. Turning back to the sales girl, “Some black sheer stockings, Size B. And at least one more outfit, you choose – something short, tight and sexy! Oh, and 2 pairs of heels, one black one to match the LBD and one pair to match whatever you pick out for us. And of course one pair of sexy boots if you have them.”

“Of course,” smiled the sales girl, eager to make the commission from this sale! She led them into the private sitting area, complete with mirrors, offered them, “coffee, tea or sparkling water,” then headed off to collect the items. She stopped at the curtained doorway, “I assume the dress is...” she looked Richard up and down, “a basic size 8, and the shoes would be...” she stared at his feet, “about a 9?” Richard corrected her without thinking, “Size eight also.” Alex chimed in, “Size 9 would be correct and 8 on the dress is good to start with. But bring us a few options please.”

The sales girl disappeared through the curtains as Alex turned to Richard and in a slightly scolding tone said,

"Sweetie. Trust me. I know exactly what size you need. Now be a good little girl and do what I say. When its time to try on the cloths, you will do so without complaint. Understand?"

'Try on the clothes!' he whispered urgently as his mind shouted it - reverberating over and over in his head. "Try on..." he sputtered out loud. "In front of..." he stammered.

"What are you afraid of Darling? Alex asked with a smile, moving closer to sooth him. Stroking his arm. Calming him. "Listen, she's going to bring in a lot of things for 'your bride' and you are going to go into that dressing room - with me - and try on everything I tell you to. Do you think she would ever imagine that these things are for you?" And she laughed again. "Well, little darling, she won't and even if she did, the commission is going to be too large for her to jeopardize it by embarrassing you. So just calm down, be a good little girl and do as I say."

He thought this over. He wasn't sure Alex was telling him the truth, but then, he had no reason to believe she wasn't either. Still not sure he was going to go along with this, he tentatively nodded to her. She squeezed his hand and smiled, "You're going to be fine my little Pet. Just fine."

The sales girl brought in an armful of panties, bras, garter-belts, sheer Baby-dolls and nightgowns. She hung them in the dressing room. Turning to Alex, "Why don't you get started and I will bring the rest as we gather it. OK?"

"Thanks," Alex said as she took Richard by the arm and led him into the curtained off room. Once inside, Alex turned to him and simply said, "Strip."

And, reluctantly he did. Alex had him try on a number of bras until she found the correct style and fit for him. She put that one aside handing him the panties. "I'm sure these will fit, so take off those sweet little tiger patterned panties from last night and try these." Richard was indeed wearing the same soiled panties from last night. He looked down and did as he was told. Alex took them from him and dropped them into the waste can saying, "Old news Girl-friend."

The sales girl knocked on the wooden frame around the curtained dressing room, "I'm just going to hang the dresses out here for you to try on. I took the liberty of selecting a few different styles - some more racy, others more

subdued, in case you wanted to try those as well. The shoes will be stacked here by the chairs for you to try on. Just let me know if you need anything else at all: Coffee? Wine? Or assistance. I'll be back in a few minutes."

The panties fit Richard perfectly. Alex was right. Richard's fear and embarrassment was still high but at least it was not affecting his vocal chords anymore. He turned to her expectantly. She turned to him. "What?" she asked.

"Well," he began hesitantly, then cleared his voice, "I, um, I don't think I can go out tonight." He finished and looked up into her green eyes. Alex waited for him to continue with an expression that could best be described as neutral on her beautiful face. Richard continued, "Yeah, um, my boss, ah kind of, ah, 'ordered' me to join him and the office guys at 'Steak-n-Strip' tonight." He paused, lowering his head, "And I can't figure anyway out of it." He felt like crying. He wanted what this woman had to offer. He wanted to be Heather. He felt so right being her.

A slow smile grew on Alex's face. Richard peeked up to see if she was angry or... "My little girl," She purred to him. "My sweet little thing. You are adorable." And she pulled him into her arms. "Absolutely adorable," she breathed into his ear. She lifted his chin so they were looking directly into each other's eyes. "You just don't understand your power yet - the power of women." Richard just stared into those eyes of hers wanting what she had - confidence. "I suppose the plan is for you all going to meet in the lobby bar for a drink before you big-time, high-rollers head out for the night. Yes?" She asked confidently. He nodded. "What time, My Pet?" she asked with a sigh.

"Eight o'clock. Sharp," he answered. He was feeling somehow hopeful now because Alex was acting as if this was a non-issue. He was eager to learn what her plan was, but afraid to ask. Alex made him feel very submissive, even in his boy mode. He was still looking into her eyes when Alex pulled him closer still. He was so close that he was practically breathing her breath. Her scent enveloping him once again and fogging his mind.

"Leave it to me, Lover," Alex said in a singsong voice.

Richard, still in a daze, felt a smile growing on his face. Alex returned the smile and continued, "All you need to do

is text your Boss just before eight, saying that you are running a few minutes late. Then be sure you show up dressed to the nines and all pretty and sexy for our date at eight-thirty. In the bar. Got it?" She asked.

Richard nodded asking, "Yes, but what are you going to do?"

"Nothing at all," her smile turning sultry. "But you will not be missed and I am sure 'the guys' will be very happy with how their night turns out." Her smile lingered as she let this sink in. Then Alex reached, around him, through the curtains and grabbed the dresses hanging there. She sorted through them and handed one to Richard, saying, "Now, try this on Sweetie. You're going to look great in it... and feel even better wearing it."

Some time later they left the store with a great many shopping bags in tow. Richard had tried on dozens dresses, skirts, tops, shoes, boots, and even gloves. It was one of the most fun, gratifying and exhausting experiences of his life! And he was elated! The Little black dress got fit like a glove and felt even better! He had several bra and panty sets in black, red, Forest-green and purple, sheer stockings – some with seams in the back and a few with cute little bows in the back. He had 2 pair of gloves, shot ones and Opera length, and a pair of new chandelier earrings he couldn't resist. The credit card bill was hefty and Richard wondered how women could afford all this? It was so expensive!! But Alex insisted that he look great, because it would make him feel great. And part of the power of a woman is knowing what the right clothes do to men... and other women.

And Alex seemed to be right about the sales girl, too. She was incredibly helpful, suggesting various sizes and items. Asking questions when it seemed appropriate to get the right item of clothing or fit. She seemed either completely unaware that he was the one trying everything on, or she just didn't care that he was. She smiled, offered coffee or wine several times and chatted and laughed with them. At one point had said that she loved "helping lovers in love." All in all, it was a very successful experience and Richard felt he might even be comfortable enough to try shopping on his own now.

As they strolled down the line of shops, Alex stopped him in front of the rubber store. She turned to Richard and

pulled a small midnight blue velvet box out of one of the bags and handed it to him. "A 'coming out' gift," she smiled. Richard didn't know what to say or do. "Open it," Alex said with obvious joy. He slid the wide black ribbon off, and slowly opened the little velvet box. Inside, displayed like a priceless jewel against the light colored velvet was a black choker made of thick ribbon with a little heart, made of pearl, dangling from it. He was overwhelmed. Heck, he was overwhelmed with the entire afternoon but mostly by Alex's attention and kindness in helping him find, try on and purchase all this wonderful, sexy clothes and lingerie. And now this! His eyes became watery and he hugged her tightly, whispering, "Thank you so much."

"I expect you to be wearing this little gift and the little black dress tonight," Alex breathed quietly back to him.

Richard was overcome with emotion. This was not like him but he gave into it. "I will," he mumbled trying to wipe the tears from the corners of his eyes. "You are just so... so wonderful!"

"I am, aren't I?" she said with a chuckle. They both stood there awkwardly for a beat. Then Richard turned to face the window before he became even more emotional. He spotted the latex dress in the window he was admiring from before. He stared at it, both excitement and anticipation replacing the tears in his eyes.

Alex kissed him lightly on the cheek saying, "See you later," and adding a wink. As she started down the sidewalk she said, "Sweetheart, you can do it." And she was gone leaving him standing where he was, staring at the empty space she had just occupied. He returned his gaze to the window. Took a deep breath and stepped into the store.

Thirty minutes later, he returned to his hotel room excited floating and on air. He set down the loads of new clothes and smiled to himself: he bought the rubber top and skirt (and the silicone and power to maintain them!) all by himself! That little latex number fit so perfectly and felt so good - he blushed thinking back that when he was trying it on, it fit so very tightly that he could hardly conceal his growing erection. If that didn't get a reaction out of the sales girl, then probably nothing would. He now felt so free and happy because he had a fair idea of how to go about buying clothes for himself. As a matter of fact, after looking

at, touching and enjoying all the things he had purchased so far today, he decided he needed a purse and went back out and found the most darling messenger style purse in black with a leather and golden chain strap! On his way back to the room he passed a store and bought some lipstick, deep red, and mascara and eyeliner - black and "parrot" blue.

Back in his room he tried on everything to see how he could mix and match. He walked an imaginary catwalk, sashaying back and forth, doing the "Model Walk and Pose, turn, walk and pose" routine he had seen on TV, putting on his own private late afternoon fashion show!

The fabrics felt so wonderful on his smooth and sensitive skin. His new shoes, ones that actually fit properly, felt so wonderful on his feet that he wondered why men were not wearing them all the time! And, they added to his already feminine walk. Each outfit was perfect and each one bolstered his self-image and confidence as the woman he longed to be. He had even bought a ladies watch, some rings and bangles as well as the new dangly earrings. And, "Egad!" he thought to himself as he put all the credit card bills on the table with his business expense receipts, it *is* expensive to a woman! But oh so worth it!!!!

It was almost seven o'clock at night when he finished his fashion show, playing with the new make up and figuring out what he would be wearing tonight. Seven O'clock!!! He had to start the transformation! He was excited by the prospects and the Alex's image floated into his brain - exciting him even more. She was Magic! And he certainly did not wish to be late for his second and last night out as the woman he was meant to be! And with the woman he wanted to be! "Tomorrow," he thought sadly, "I have to go back home. Back to my little apartment and my 'normal' life. My real life. That boring life I have been living all these years - that he 'Vanilla life'." (Big Sigh). "Tomorrow I go back to being plain old boring stick-in-the mud Richard..."

"So tonight is all I have," he brightened. "Tonight's the night. Tonight is going to be all Heather's!"

## TEN

AT Eight-Thirty, the appointed time, Heather was in the hotel bar once again, sitting at a table, dressed hot and sexy in her LBD. She was alone for the moment. She felt magnificent in her skin-tight, sleeveless black Mini-dress that stopped a generous amount above her knee so as to show off her beautiful long legs.

At 8:33 the waitress set a drink down in front of her and indicated a guy sitting at the bar who toasted her and smiled as she glanced in his direction.

The fear that had once (was it only yesterday?) kept him from appearing in public as a woman immediately blossomed into an all-consuming paranoia. The old question – “Am I passing?” – suddenly bloomed in his head and bludgeoned him. “Dressed as a woman and in a public bar!” His brain retreated into the old pattern was shouting at him again. “Someone from the conference might be in this bar and recognize me! This is CRAZY!!!” All the alarms in his head were going off at full volume.

“Have to get out of here. Must leave!” his mind screamed. He was back in full male mode now. He stood to leave but the man who had sent the drink over was starting towards her table. The dress seemed to be hindering Richard’s every movement. The heels seemed to be designed to insure that he could not walk. The clothes, so skimpy, that he suddenly felt naked!

The man was now standing at his table, blocking his escape. He felt cornered. Very conspicuous, and very afraid.

“Hi. My name’s Ted. Mind if I join you for a minute?” he asked politely as he pulled a chair out for her to sit.

He (Heather) was stunned. He (Heather) was afraid to speak, lest his voice give him away. He (Heather) was afraid to let this guy join him lest he be found out. The moment seemed to hang in the air for an eternity. Clocks slowed to the point that they might as well be frozen in time.

Heather’s mind began to swirl as Ted gently took her arm and guided her into the waiting chair, sitting down



next to her. "Big mistake! Don't let him sit down," she heard from somewhere very close and loud in his mind.

Richard seemed to be separated from Heather as he watched her cross her long shapely legs without understanding what affect that would have on any man. Ted gave a long admiring look at them, and then shook himself out of it, saying, "Oh my... those are some seriously beautiful gams, Miss...?"

Loud laughter rolled through the bar like thunder. Heather looked to see where it was coming from and was shocked and frozen solid - mouth open and stunned. Ted seeing her reaction looked to where she was looking: a crowd of men, smoking cigars and laughing were sitting at a back table with an equal number of very pretty girls sprinkled among them. And one girl, particularly beautiful. His gaze returned to Heather. "That's Alex," he said casually and then added, "but I think you knew that all ready?" He looked back to the crowd of men and women Alex was apparently 'hosting'. Stunningly beautiful girls in great clothes, with even greater bodies. Each of them sexier than the other - but Alex was still the queen. All of the girls were very attentive to the men.

Heather's mouth opened and closed for a second then she snapped her head around as if she had seen a ghost. She took a large sip of the red wine still on the table.

"Something... wrong, Miss... ah?" Ted asked. "You look kind of frightened."

Heather just stared straight ahead, frozen. Her mouth opened and she whispered to him, "Please. Just get me out of here."

Ted looked surprised but said, "Sure thing Sweetie. I just have to pay the bar tab and have a quick word with Alex."

"No!" Heather said with great urgency and grabbing his wrist tightly. "No! No no no no..." but at that second Alex appeared next to them.

"Ted. I see you've all ready met my Heather."

"You didn't tell me she was this beautiful, Alex," Ted said with a wide smile on his face.

"I didn't have to," she replied as she laid a hand on Heather's shoulder possessively. "And would you have believed me if I did?" Alex asked with assured confidence.

"Well, I guess not," he replied turning his appraising gaze back to Heather who was still sitting frozen. "Heather's a bit, um... odd at the moment," he said to Alex.

"I can see that," Alex said, bending down to Heather's ear. "Oh my lovely poor thing. Are you worried that your boss and co-workers might see you? Is that what has got you all in a tizzy?" She asked in a low voice so only Heather could hear.

Heather nodded her head. "Don't worry, Love," Alex said standing up, "they've all ready 'noticed' you and sent me over to ask you to join them. Us."

Heather's mind shut off in that instant – Click! She was just a mannequin now for all intents and purposes. Her body functioned, she breathed, her heart beat but she had no mind. The fear and shock were just too much for her.

Alex lifted Heather by the arm, Ted helped, and as the three of them began to walk over to where all the men and women were giggling and watching. Heather began to quake. "Shhh, shhh, little girl. It'll all be all right – you'll see," Alex whispered. "Trust me, Love. Trust me." Heather stopped and Alex moved in front of her. Looking deep into her eyes she quietly said, "Sweetie. They don't know its 'You' in there. You must trust me. This is your 'coming-out' party because when you pass this test you will understand how beautiful you are; how completely and naturally you are this woman, the person. All your fears of discovery will be forever banished. Ok, Lover? Trust me?"

Heather slowly nodded. Then awkwardly leaned in and whispered, "Bathroom. I need to go to the power room. Please?" Alex asked Ted to tell the group that they'd be right with them and walked Heather out of the bar.

Ted joined the festive group, introducing himself as a friend of Alex's and delivering her message that "Heather and Alex would be right back – just going to the ladies room." Richard's boss, Bill, all ready with a buzz on, loudly exclaimed, "They better be right back!!!! That Heather looks totally hot! She should join us for Steaks and fun!" And everyone laughed.

In the ladies room, Heather turned to Alex angrily, "You can't be serious! You expect me to sit down with my Boss and the guys and, and... and WHAT!?!?"

Alex took her by the shoulders, "Calm down Honey. Trust me. You can do this. I promise you, you can do this. And, trust me, they will never even get the least bit suspicious that you are not what you appear to be. They will only see a very hot, sexy girl. Have I led you wrong ever?"

Heather thought for a moment, eyes locked on Alex's. Her brain was working furiously trying to put it all together. The fear of being discovered and losing her job and reputation was looming like a huge flashing neon sign. "Heather," Alex said giving her a little squeeze. "Heather. You. Can. Do. This. Trust. Me." She tried to hug her.

"That's my BOSS!!! He knows me!!!! You said you were going to take care of them!!!! Is THIS what you call taking care of them?!?!?!?!?" Heather angrily whispered.

"As a matter of fact," Alex said coolly. "Yes. Those girls out there are *my* girls. And your Boss is now in the care of my girls - along with those idiot guys you work with. My girls know how to handle them. To make them to do what they want them to do. And you know what they want them to do?" She looked at Heather sternly. "They want them to have a good time, spend a ton of money on them, take them to a nice dinner and fall asleep thinking they all did something 'naughty' so they will be afraid to compare notes. And my girls will get that done. And they're going to have a great time getting it done!"

Heather didn't know what to say to that. Alex continued, "And if my girls want to have fun with *your* guys, well, that's their business."

Alex's features had hardened a bit as she delivered this to Heather. She looked at Heather, evaluating if he was getting it or not. A lot of emotions crossed Heather's face as she processed this, ending up with one of accusation. "Alex," she said in a voice that was gaining in volume, "If they will never figure out who I really am, HOW DID YOU!?" How did you know it was me this morning on the street? When I was window-shopping? How did you know that the Heather you seduced so perfectly last night was Me!? Or him... Richard! I mean... ARRRUGH!!!!"

Alex, looked at her as her identity crisis grew to the point where Heather did not even know if she was Richard pretending to be Heather, or Heather masquerading as Richard. A smile began to soften Alex's features. "Heather. Sweetie. I can assure you that the resemblance between Richard and Heather is nil. Limited only to height. You bear no more likeness to your male counterpart than a Balsa-wood glider does to a fighter jet – both are plane but beyond that..."

Heather crossed her arms, not looking convinced. Alex continued, "The point of tonight is that I CAN introduce you to your own boss and co-workers and they will never, ever suspect that it is you.

Heather remained skeptical. "OK – I knew you were Richard because I checked on you. I have a pretty intense ability to research my potential... friends. When I took the picture of you on the balcony, I counted the floors from the ground up, and the rooms from the side of the building over. I have some influence at this hotel and it was a small matter to discover your identity, where you are from and so on."

Heather exploded, "You spied on me!!!!!!!"

"No, no," Alex quickly replied, "I checked you out is all. The only thing that you can even consider spying, was that I managed to get a picture of you from the security cameras when you checked in. That's all."

"So you spied on me," Heather flatly repeated. "You spied on me."

Alex moved closer to Heather, who tried to back away, but Alex put her arms around her and held her in place with surprising strength. "Listen to me Heather. All of this is for your own good. All of this is to help you reach your potential. I have invested a lot of time in you. Why? Because you are so beautiful – you bet. Because you will be in my debt at the end of this – absolutely. And because girls like you are very rare and I have a talent for spotting them. Each one of the girls at the table with your Boss and co-workers used to be a man trapped in their bodies. I showed them how to break out. How to have some fun. How to feel fulfilled and get what you want out of life. I do that because, I too, was like that."

Heather looked shocked now. She was not sure she believed what Alex was saying. Alex pulled a picture out of her clutch and showed it to Heather: IT was a nice looking man with glasses and a dog. "Who's that?" Heather asked.

"That's me several years ago. I was you. Now look at me, Sweetie."

Heather's eyes darted from the picture of the man to Alex and back. Still not sure she believed what Alex was saying she challenged, "Prove it. Prove that picture is you."

"How?" Alex responded. "That's the point, Sweetie. I can't. I bear no resemblance to that version of me than you do to Richard." Alex implored Heather to understand, "You. Are. Heather. You can do this. You will do this. And you will thank me when you finally see that no one will ever connect Richard to you."

Heather thought this over. Her body sagged as she leaned back against the table behind her. She looked at Alex – up and down, then back to the photograph of the man. She lifted her eyes to see herself in the powder room mirror. Studying her reflection she slowly realized that she, herself, would not even recognize that this was Richard. Slowly, as that realization set in, she began to smile - Smile and think that maybe, just maybe, this might all work out.

She straightened up. She still did not want to go and meet her Boss and office pals, but she also was really beginning to believe that they would not recognize her as Richard. Slowly, she could feel a change creeping through her body. She was feeling stronger in a weird way – stronger now that she was believing that she was not Richard and that she *was* this visage of the beautiful woman she was studying in the mirror.

Alex gently took her by her shoulders and stared deep through Heather's eyes, into her soul, "Are you ready, Sweetie? Are you ready, Girl, to seize your future?"

Heather nodded, then embraced Alex tightly – embraced her like any girl would embrace another girl. A tear began to run from the corner of one of her eyes. She squeezed her lids closed tightly and whispered, "Yes. Thank you, Alex."

A beat, then Alex softened, "One more thing Heather: nothing's for free in this world. But girls like *US*; we can

pretty much have whatever we want. A little smile; let your leg brush against his under the table; a giggle while you lay your hand on his arm; his hand brushes your thigh; a flash of panties as you cross your legs. It's so easy when you know the 'Tricks' – the power of womanhood." Heather just stared at her, becoming mesmerized by the fantasy Alex was laying out for her.

"Girls like you enjoy being a woman so much more than genetic girls. You love the clothes, the shoes, the make-up! You don't complain about how hard or uncomfortable or expensive it is to be female. You appreciate the gift. You want it so badly that the minor inconveniences of mani-pedi's, corsets, 5-inch heels, facials, workouts and diets just feel like part of the fun of being a girl. You know I'm right," she said, still looking into Heather's eyes. She took Heather's hands in her own. The electric touch of Alex infused Heather with a surge of faith. Faith in Alex. Faith that this was right with the universe – after all she had not yet been struck down by the gods.

Alex continued, "But of all the men who want to be or can be girls – even if for only one night: *You* are a stand out. *You* are something special. When I saw you up on that Balcony I instantly saw it in you. You only needed a little push. A helping hand. And a teacher to show you the power you all ready have and how to wield it. Well, my class pet, this is the next lesson on your journey. So let's go out, be charming and enjoy being the powerful sexy women we are."

Heather was ready. Ready to believe that maybe she was special and she could wield the power. She was completely under Alex's spell and felt she could do anything as long as Alex was with her. She asked hesitantly, "Do we have to go to dinner with them?"

Alex laughed, taking her hand, "No, Sweetheart. I have other plans for you tonight. Plans you are going to love. Now, trust me?" Tentatively, Heather shook her head yes.

After a brief touch-up at the mirror they faced each other: Heather took a deep calming breath. Alex smiled encouragingly and said, "You look like a million bucks, Darling. Now let's go have some fun."

Heather replied in a small voice, "What will happen to me if they see... the Richard in me?" Alex just chuckled as

she led her out of the ladies room and over to the table where all the guys and girls were.

As they approached the table, all the men stood up to greet them. Introductions all around. Frank, one of the Richard's office buddies, pulled another chair up to the all ready-crowded table. He made a big show of dusting it off with his napkin and gallantly gestured Heather into the seat.

Heather was very, very nervous and when Bill asked her what she was drinking, she opened her mouth but nothing came out. He looked at her more closely saying, "Have we met before?" Heather, in a very whispery Marilyn Monroe voice, quietly said, "I don't think so." Bill burst out laughing, saying, "That line never seems to work but I keep on using it!"

Someone handed Heather a glass of champagne, which she gulped down. Bill, studying her closely, asked, "So Heather, you live here or?"

Before she could answer, Ted put his hand on her arm saying, "Whoa there, Bill man, she's with me – isn't that right Heather?"

"I...I'm in copiers," she stuttered, stunned.

Ted, Bill and Alex looked at each other, then laughed. "That is she is presently in copiers," Alex interjected. "Heather is considering moving here to work for me."

Heather looked at Alex surprised; but was swept away with her natural beauty again. Her perfect shape. Her swelling, luscious breasts. Her long beautiful legs, tiny waist, deep green eyes and long luscious auburn hair. She became totally lost in her - as always. Coveting her looks and wanting to be her. She admired Alex's calm and authoritative demeanor. "Yes," Heather said, "I am."

Ted then raised a glass and began hitting the side of it with a spoon to get everyone's attention. "I purpose a toast to Alex and Heather, and the fine gentlemen of... of... whatever your company is, and the wonderful women who have joined you all here tonight!" They all clinked glasses and drank.

Ted sat back down and his arm around Heather. She began to study Ted more closely – her 'awareness' seemed to

be kicking in and she saw that he was tall, had a muscular build under that expensive suit. Armani? Good taste. "Oh my gosh! Am I checking him out!?" she thought to herself. "But I'm a confirmed lesbian," Heather assured herself as her eyes moved to Alex's beautiful face. "So I just need to relax a bit... Yeah. Nothing is happening here..."

Ted was looking at her with a smile on his face. His arm around her felt good. His body was turned to hers and his free hand came to rest on her thigh – which also felt pretty wonderful to her. She turned to stare at Ted in bewilderment. Things were going fast. Bordering on out of control. She really liked this physical contact – more than she should she thought. Through the haze, as if coming from a far distance, she thought she heard Alex saying good night. Good Night!? Her attention snapped back to this present situation just as Ted was standing and pulling her chair out for her. "What is happening here?" she thought in confusion and bewilderment.

Heather robotically stood and Ted put his arm around her again and pulled her close to him. Alex leaned in to kiss her good-night and whispered in her ear, "You see – no one here is even noticing that Richard never showed up, much less that you used to be him. Now text Bill that you have food poisoning or something. Go with Ted - He is your final exam. Pass it my Love. Come to the penthouse when your date is over."

Alex said her goodbyes to one and all and she was gone, abandoning Heather to Ted's firm grasp and care. Heather had no idea of what was happening. All eyes around the table were on her and Ted. All the eyes of her office buddies and her boss! Not one of those pair of eyes seemed to see Richard. Only Ted and Heather. And, if she was not mistaken, they all seemed to be looking at Ted with, what? Envy in their eyes. "Wow!" she thought as the haze began to clear a little. "Wow, Alex was right. All they see is Heather. Not Richard." She took this in as Ted began saying his, "nice to meet you's" and all. And as she and Ted were about to walk away, something came over her. She leaned down and gave Bill, her boss, a little peck on the cheek, leaving lipstick prints there, and said, "Maybe next time, Tiger." She winked at him, smiled to herself, and, arm in arm, walked out of the Bar with Ted.

## ELEVEN

Ted gently guided Heather into one of the hotel elevators. As soon as the doors closed Ted pulled Heather into a tight embrace and kissed her. A long, deep kiss - and on the mouth. Heather was repulsed, but could not withdraw. Ted's embrace was very firm, very strong. He nibbled her ear, his hot breath tickling her neck, his strong arms pinning her arms to her sides.

She was resisting him. But something inside of her wanted to please Alex and therefore, at her instruction, Ted. She fought the feelings. She was not gay! But that kiss. The strong arms holding her. She could feel herself beginning to waiver. Was she gay? Ted pulled back and held her at arms length, looking deep into her eyes. "Heather, you are so beautiful," he whispered. She faltered a little and leaned into him, feeling his arms tightening around her, his hot breath once again on her neck, his fingers lightly tracing up and down the side of one shoulder. "Oh my goodness," she thought as the waves of sensual energy washed over her from his touches. "Oh my god..."

Finally, closed her eyes tentatively, she could do nothing but surrender and she kissed back. Still feeling this was wrong, but not as much. She surrendered a bit more. Then something new flooded her body. Chills, goose bumps, cold-hot waves. A mass body-tingle. She didn't know exactly what, but it something major was shifting. Something cataclysmic. And she knew that everything had changed... maybe forever!

When the elevator reached Ted's floor, and the doors opened, they were still kissing. He did not release her from his embrace even after the doors closed again with them still inside. He gently pushed her arms above her head and leaned against her, holding her arms high with one large powerful hand. He began to lightly caress her thigh through her stockings. His hand rising slowly, leaving a trail of wonderful tingles, and then descending back down. Up and down so lightly that her skin rippled at his touch with sensual pleasure. Up and down and up - higher with each repetition until he was tingling all the way up... to her

crotch. Creating the same wondrous sensations as Alex had the night before in almost the very same situation.

She shuddered as the erotic tingles flooded and overwhelmed her. Everything in her body rippled with hot cascading sensations - against her will! She could feel something drawing her inexplicably towards him. Forcing her to return his kiss deeply and passionately. She fought it but lost when his hand lightly graced her inner thigh, close to her stocking tops, close to the 'Garden of Eden.' "I AM not into guys! I AM not gay.," her mind shouted out to her. She should not enjoy this - no matter how right it felt. No matter how he was making her feel. No matter how... She faltered, swooned and gave in to his intense passion, lust, heat. As she surrendered, finally and completely, her last cognizant thoughts were, "Whatever Ted had in mind... it was OK with her."

THE next thing she knew, she was staring up at the ceiling in another luxury suite - not knowing how she got there.

She remembered the magnificent kisses, the lightly creeping hand sliding slowly up her thigh, under her skirt, and then...well here she was.

She moved to swing her legs to the ground but discovered that they were tied to something. Her arms were tied together and held to something above her head. She wriggled and discovered that she was still clothed but completely immobile. There were ropes or belts holding her waist, head, knees and shoulders in place. She literally could not move more than an inch.

Ted floated into her field of view. "God! You are so sexy and beautiful. But even beauty must be tamed," he said with mock ruefulness.

Heather thrashed in her bonds, afraid now. What was this mad man going to do to her!!! She began to shout, but he covered her mouth with his in a kiss. A kiss that overwhelmed her again. He leaned back and whispered to her, "Think for a minute, Heather: Alex wouldn't send you off with me if she thought I would put you in any danger. I can get her to come here and tell you that everything is ok if you like. Or I can release you if you would rather..." As he said this, his fingers were lightly stroking her breasts. She raised her head as far as she could and see that Ted was stoking

her through her top. Heather was afraid and very surprised - but his light strokes on her breast forms seemed to be clouding her mind as incredibly intense rushes of cascading waves rolled throughout her body causing her to squirm.. "How could she be feeling these feelings?" she wondered.

Ted's hands moved down her torso, thighs, legs and removed her high heeled shoes. He focused his attention on her feet and Heather responded as if she was the Grand Receptor of Sensation, of erotica. She writhed in pleasure, squirmed with intense erotic surges that ricocheted all through her body and seemed to come together in her groin. She lost herself to him for the second time that night. But this time she did not fight it - but surrendered to it, enjoying the feelings that had taken over her body.

He played with her from her feet to her neck. He slowly, deliberately, unzipped her dress, and with a very sexy smile on his face leaned down and began to suckle her breasts. Firm, beautifully shaped breasts with nipples so sensitive - creating deep, intense and powerful tidal waves of over-powering, sensual pleasure inside her.

"Beautifully shaped BREASTS!!" The thought slowly surfaced in her mind. "On me...her!? His?! What!?" She had to look again, to fight her way through these massive erotic tidal waves of pleasure. She strained against the bonds to see what she thought she felt. Heather raised her head as far as she could against the restraints. She opened her eyes slowly, gasping from the sensations Ted was inducing inside her, to see two perfectly shaped, large breasts rising from her chest where the forms should have been!

Ted teasingly licked one of the exposed nipples causing her to throw her head back and gasp out loud at the intense sensation. So intense. She had imagined it, but never felt anything like this before! Ted pinched the other nipple lightly, rolling it between his fingers.

"Oh my God!" She gasped out loud. "Oh God Yes. Oh Yes. Ohhhh Yesssss!"

Ted continued to work his way slowly back down to her feet, tantalizing every square inch of her body on the way. Heather glistened in the dim light. She was coated in a light sheen of sweat from straining against her bonds as she

writhed from the sheer ecstasy he was creating within her. The feelings, sensations. Giant rippling, crashing waves of immense erotic power, electric sensual power, her hips thrusting into the air uncontrollably at his masterful touches, licks and nibbles.

Ted slowly worked his way back up, licking and lightly caressing her legs through her stockings as he went. Slowly he climbed her, coming closer and closer to her garden of delight.

In the back of Heather's mind, she could sense quiet panic beginning. Why? What was her fear? She was completely in her own world where everything was beyond her wildest imagination. But it kept growing as Ted came closer and closer to her 'garden of pleasure'. "Wait!" She cried out. She had no 'Garden of Pleasure' - but instead a large, erect surprise waiting for him. She suddenly struggled to stop his advances. "Stop!" she moaned again as she continued to struggle. Her bonds making her struggles useless.

Ted's hands rose under her skirt, bunching it up around her waist.

"Please? Stop!" she heard herself whisper. "Stop!"

But Ted pulled her panties down with his teeth and ... very slowly ...

"Nooooo," she moaned more urgently. "Ted, please..." her voice almost purring like a cat instead of sounding stern and urgent as she intended.

Ted, very sensually, very lightly, let his wide, warm, wet tongue slide over one of Heather's thighs. "Feels so good..." she thought. He continued down to the inside of her thigh, getting so close to discovering her truth.

"Nooooooooooooo," she moaned out loud as firmly as she could. But she was overwhelmed by these amazing sensations that were - no, that HAD taken over her body. She was feeling things she had never dreamed of before. Ted was a master. Whatever he was doing to her, making her feel... he was making her feel things so intensely, so magically, so wonderfully that she was losing the fight to stop him.

Ted's magic tongue and fingers continued playing her body, getting closer to the big, bad discovery - the one that

could cause this to end very badly. Ted let his hot, wet tongue slide very, very lightly over Heather's sex. This was it, she thought. The touch of his tongue there, on that spot, was an explosion of intense and wonderful sensations that made her buck uncontrollably against her bonds. She was breathless at the new and unbelievably intense waves of hot, carnal pleasure! She moaned out loud uncontrollably, fervently.

He lapped at her again, slightly more firm but still very gently. Heather, lost to everything but those powerful erotic explosions, writhed as violently as the restraints allowed: hips uncontrollably thrusting into the air again as she gasped and moaned. Ted licked again, slowly, widening his tongue, hitting more of her sensitive area. Dragging its hot, moist, soft, perfectly textured mass slowly over her sex until it touched her clitoris.

Heather exploded! She lost all control. No longer caring if he found out. It just didn't matter. She had never felt anything like this. Nothing so all persuasive, all controlling, completely intense and so very, very wonderful. She howled her pleasure out. Screaming and moaning. Thrashing against her bonds, completely lost to everything but those amazing, magical, intense feelings wracking her body in the most incredible ways. Whatever Ted was doing to her – within her – she was now begging him *not* to stop!

Ted continued his slow, maddening licks. Her body becoming so sensitive to his touches, she was driven even deeper into this all-encompassing ecstasy. When he reached up with his wet fingers and began stroking her nipples, she escalated her cat-like moans into all out gasping and groaning! Then he forced his fingers into her mouth and she tasted something warm, sticky and salty. She lapped it up eagerly, silencing her, even as her pelvis continued its uncontrollable thrusts into the air.

She desperately wanted to open her legs to him, to have him inside her but she couldn't separate them even an inch – the restraints were too tight. She begged him with the power of her mind and body, to replace his fingers in her mouth... with his cock. She tried to beg him around those fingers. She tried to show him what she needed by treating those fingers as if they were a cock – sucking on them, using

her tongue and wet lips, bobbing her head on them as much as she could.

But, to her surprise, he stopped everything and left the room. Heather was breathless. She was afraid that she had done something wrong. Had she had somehow insulted him? Disgusted him? But she needed that cock... *HIS COCK! IN her heat and her need, she mused that just minutes ago, she herself was repulsed by the thought of even kissing a man. And now look at her. She had become a sensual sex machine – and one in great need.* Her hips still thrust into the empty air.

The sudden emptiness she felt. The need that was fast growing within her. She wanted it! She needed it. She MUST have it. Her hips continued to pump ... Trying to control herself. Trying to calm down. She tried to quiet her need and involuntary movements. Tried to calm her mind. Tried to be quiet and just enjoy the bondage.

And then it hit her. Where was her own cock?! She could not feel it. She had not felt it. Ted had not seemed to discover it! She tried to see if it was there as her mind raced trying to figure out what Ted had done to her... or, she thought, "Was he really that good with his tongue." She lifted her head as far as she could to see, and, ignoring her new breasts, tried to see her crotch. She could not see any sign of her manhood from this angle.

Before she could resolve this question, Ted returned. Standing over her, looking down at her, fire in his eyes, desire burning within them both.

"Open," he said. And all thoughts concerning where her own cock was disappeared as Heather thought she was going to get her surprising wish – to have his cock in her mouth. But instead he forced a ball gag into it. As he tightened the strap behind her head he said, "Don't worry my Princess. Just lay back and enjoy this. It's all for you - right now." He added with a grin. "It's all about you, Heather. It's all about you feeling the woman you have become."

Then he released her bonds enough to roll her over and refastened them until she was held in place - this time spread eagle, with arms and legs bond to the four posts of the bed. He slid a pillow under her pelvis so her ass was in the air "Don't move until I tell you to. Ok?" he asked and

very slowly began to massage her juicy, wet sex with his sweet, soft hands until she was moaning into her gag.

He reached under her to squeeze her breasts, so softly, so sweetly. Then refocused on her ass and pussy - careful so that 'just-the-right- pressure' was applied and 'just-the-right-places' were being stimulated. Her passion was building. Her body singing electric at his masterful touches. Sexual tension building uncontrollably within her. Building higher, and more intense until she thought she would pass out from this much wonderful, powerful and all encompassing sensation. Her breath coming in short gasps. And when she could no longer stand the pleasure, when she thought she would die for it all, when she could not even imagine that anything could feel this good, she quaked and erupted with a new and unexpected orgasm - the depth and strength of which she had never ever dreamt of. She thrashed and writhed and screamed into her gag until her body when rigid, every sweaty muscle straining against each other, poised on the peak of the wave, riding it as far as she could, and then, hovering there for a second, an hour, a day, slipping over the edge and the long sweet fall back to earth. She collapsed into a sweaty, heaving heap.

Ted began to kiss her neck gently. Heather was breathing heavily. Slowly opening her eyes she looked at Ted with in a new light. Something that she had not noticed before seemed to be showing itself to her: his complete sexual prowess? His rippling tanned muscles defining every line of his taunt body? His manly strength? (Something he, Richard, had never had even as a man.) No. What it was, she realized, was that she *wanted* him. She was so attracted to this man. In a way she had never before felt with anyone other than Alex. And she trusted him.

And then she felt it for the first time. Something she would never forget - ever. A hard cock, HIS hard cock, knocking at her sex, from behind! Ever so slowly, pushing at her wetness, her sex, it penetrated her, sliding slowly and gently into her bit by bit - sending new sensations roiling throughout her body, through her tired, exhausted body. But a body that responded to this new sensation. A body that was now completely in sync with her mind. "I want him."

Ted murmured into her ear, "Your tiny waist and sweet, sweet breasts are mine. Your tunnel of pleasure - this pussy - is just for me tonight."

And he slid his cock all the way into her with a thrust that made Heather moan. She instinctively began to slowly push back against it. He reached around her and began to lightly massage her breasts and she began to ripple alive with those enticing erotic currents. Flooding her senses. Sensations she had never known before. Sensations a thousand times more intense than last night's. Her new breasts so sensitive! So many new feelings seemed to drive her while the cock was sliding in and out, filling her and retreating, building the sexual tension more, to the inevitable avalanche of ecstasy.

And then she was shocked to realize that his sex that was pumping in and out of her felt so different than the one from last night. A different and much more powerful and wonderfully, sensual feeling. Not at all like last night. This was feeling tremendously, intensely, incredibly more... hot! More powerful! In and out, he continued and her thoughts were swept away by the sheer force of those sensations careening through her.

She was uncontrollably thrusting her hips back against his sex. She was straining and tensing with the ever-growing and impending orgasm. Building bigger and bigger with each thrust - she heard herself begging him through her gag to make her cum. Push her over that deep cavern of love; she lost in the tidal waves of pleasure.

His thrusting into her was growing faster and faster, harder and harder, while his fingers continued pinching and rolling her nipples until she was screaming into her gag to take her completely and totally.

And then she felt him, tense, his cock rock hard, frozen deep inside her - she could feel his heart beating inside her. Then a spasm and warm, luscious hot liquid, burning deep into her depths - triggering her own orgasm, even as Ted began to moan and piston his cock deeper into her. And she once again, she uncontrollably exploded with wave after wave of the most gigantic, all encompassing, world shattering orgasmic waves, tensing her and controlling her completely. All she could do was scream her joy into her gag and let it happen - ride it as her body sang out - until it was

over... all to soon for her... and Ted collapsed on top of her in a sweaty and spent heap. Her body, ringing with the after shocks of such a wonderful and intense climax as she had just experienced, wanted more. Demanded more! But could she wait? Give the poor guy a break before she got him going again.

If the world in sunlight is a full, richly colored experience compared to the world at midnight under a moonless sky, this orgasm was the sunlight compared to the ones from last night. And compared to the ones before last night, well, the ones before last night were nothing. Just a weak flashlight in a dark room. This orgasm she had just had defied any description in words. Any comparison that could be made would fall so far short of the actual experience that there is just no point in trying to convey what it felt like. The best that she could think to say, by way of explaining it to someone who had never experienced something this powerful, this life changing, was simply, "Wow."

She pushed back into him as his manhood shrank and withdrew itself from her. Leaving her feeling empty in yet another new way. But not for long she smiled.

## TWELVE

It was still dark outside and Heather was alone now. She must have either passed out from the intensity of the over-the-top amazing sex or just drifted off in the afterglow – she couldn't really remember. It was all so dreamy, foggy, wonderful. She rolled onto her back and stretched. Her breasts were sore – Ow! She looked down at herself and the two magnificent breasts were still there. She smiled – they were really great looking breasts! And they felt even better. The weight of them on her chest as she lay on her back was... magnificent! It was a feeling she could never remember having before. She glanced further downward.

Her crotch was smooth and when she felt for her cock IT WAS GONE! How could this be?! Was she still dreaming or?

Suddenly panicked! Suddenly Scared! And then, just as suddenly, ecstatic! She jumped up and ran into the bathroom to see herself, her sore breasts bouncing painfully as

she moved. (So that's what bras really do!) When she looked in the mirror she was stopped her cold in her tracks.

There, before her, reflected in the silvery glass, was an incredibly beautiful, curvy, auburn haired young woman! A woman with a petite little waist, long shapely legs, luscious breasts and a face radiating beauty. Oh, she could still see her old self mixed in there, but now she was truly beautiful. This creature in the mirror was totally feminine and, oh, so hot! She tentatively touched herself, almost afraid it was not real and at the same time wanted it to be very real. The reflection did the same. She reached up and lightly rolled one nipple, MMmmmm her nipple grew hard at her touch and felt so wonderful. And the reflection in the mirror showed her the look of pleasure on her own face. Her fingers lightly touched her taut skin as they slid down over her tight belly, all the way to her sensual mound. There, she tentatively, reached under her sex to see if her cock was somehow hidden there. The mirror image did the same and, No. It was totally gone! BUT HOW!? How was any of this possible! How could it happen? Was she dreaming or had she been drugged and surgically altered? What day was this!? How much time has passed since... since? Since Ted?!

She dashed out of the bathroom to find Ted but he wasn't here. Just the thought of Ted made her want to do things to him she would have never even thought of before. To tie *him* up and tease and pleasure him! To lightly run her fingers all over his body. Lick his long velvety hard sex. Mmmmm. Drive him mad with desire! Yes... fun!!!! And then to take him, at her pace, over and over again until he begged her to stop. "Yes," she smiled, "I think I have an unquenchable thirst of sex! And I love it!"

She got dressed and studied herself in the mirror waiting for Ted to return. Touching her sensuous curves, her full sexy lips, long slender neck, smooth shoulders and arms, and hips. Those girlish hips! She loved herself very much in this moment. She would have loved to make love to herself - her old 'him' self and her new incredible 'her' self.

She looked at the clock: 1:30 AM. She began to explore herself - sensuously. Erotically. MMMMMMMMMMMM. "Oh God! I can do this to myself?" she thought as her eyes popped open wide. Then Alex's face and body popped into

her mind. MMMmmmmm. How sweet to make love to her! Yes! "I should find Alex right now..." Mmmmmmmmm, still touching herself, feeling the little waves of pleasure radiate from her nipples through the silky fabric, the stocking tops revealing her bare soft skin to the coolness of the air. "Oh, yessssssssss," she thought, "there is nothing bad about this!"

She decided Alex must be in the penthouse. Her sex throbbed when she thought of her. She reached down to find that she was wet with at thought of Alex! She examined her glistening fingers. Sniffed them, "Not a bad aroma," she thought. And then, very tentatively, she reached her tongue out and lapped at them. "MMmmmmmmmmmm, sweet," she thought in delight.

Dressed and ready to go, she confidently walked into the hallway, down the corridor to the elevator. Sadly no one was around to see her! She stepped in and pushed the 'P' button. What a difference from last night! Still unbelievable! Still waiting to wake from this magnificent perfect dream!

The elevator stopped at '17' and the doors opened. Three men, dressed for clubbing entered the elevator. Each one's eyes scanned her from breast to heels, then up to her face. As the doors closed, one of the men nervously "a-hemmed" while elbowing one of the others. He nodded. They all stood still as statues as the elevator rose.

"We should be going down," he said, turning to look at Heather with a crooked little smile. His buddies tried to hide their chuckles. "Not up," he added. Heather met his gaze and held it until he looked away from her embarrassed at his accidental innuendo.

Heather spoke with a voice that surprised even her. It was more sultry than before: low and dripping with sensuality. "Yes," she said, "There's so much more fun... when you go down... than you would expect..." The men all exchanged nervous looks, as an inviting smile crept across her face. "Otherwise, I suppose," she said, holding him with the force of her gaze, freezing him in place, "You wouldn't be in this elevator car, would you?"

The men, not quite sure they were hearing her correctly all looked into Heather's eyes, "Are you... g-going down, Sweetheart?" One slowly asked.

Bing! The elevator doors opened on the top floor. Heather stepped out and turned to them. "Definitely." She said, "But at the moment." And the doors slid closed. Heather turned, smiling with her newfound power and confidence.

She knocked at Alex's door. Waited. Slowly, it opened, revealing not Alex, not Ted, and not one - but two very, very beautiful women wearing nothing but black thigh-high stockings, thigh-high stiletto heeled boots and shoulder length black leather opera gloves. They both had very thick black eye make-up on and a thin silver chain around their waists that had another thin length of silver chain coming down the front, disappearing between the lips of their sex and attaching in the back.

Standing aside, they beckoned Heather into the room. The suite was dark and her eyes took time adjust to it.

She heard Alex before she could see her. Alex's soft sweet moans echoing through the rooms. Heavy breathing and the sound and smell of love making seeping into the entrance room.

The two girls silently came up behind Heather, each gently taking an arm and leading her into a room lit only by a single candle. As Heather's eyes adjusted she thought could make out many people - all naked, spread-eagled against the wall - Or was it just the wallpaper pattern? The girls began to unzip her dress, sliding it off her bare shoulders, revealing her sweet new breasts. One of them gently locked her mouth over Heather's nipple, her tongue sending little shocks of electricity straight to Heather's crotch and raising goose bumps all over her body. The other girl attached something around each of Heather's wrists and then silently disappeared into the darkness of the room.

Heather was becoming lost in the sensations blooming all through her body from the girl's attention to her nipples. Heather quivered with each lick, nibble or pinch, quaked with the passion that was building so suddenly within her. She felt her arms rising, being pulled up and apart by whatever the other girl had affixed around her wrists.

The second girl came back and slide the dress down Heather's curvy body, letting it fall to the floor, leaving her standing in only her garter, black silk panties, stockings and heels. The first girl buckled leather cuffs to each of Heather's ankles and disappeared into the shadows. Heather stood still, realizing that she was in the process of being pulled spread-eagle by the ever-tightening chains attached to the cuffs.

"Ohhhh," she moaned in her breathy, sensual new voice.

Her arms being pulled upward and apart, her legs slowly reaching their maximum spread. She knew she was being spread-eagled to match the pattern on the wall. She tried to test the bonds but was soon being held tightly in position - tautly and securely - by the chains.

The first girl returned to licking, nibbling and sucking Heather's nipples. The other girl came up behind her and gently but firmly slid a butt-pug deep into her ass. Cool and lubed, it slid home, filling her up. Next a dildo was slid into Heather's all ready dripping sex. "Wait!!!!" Heather's mind stammered, "What is happening?" she thought desperately? She still was not sure this was really happening. She still was not sure that this wasn't a dream - a really good dream - but a dream. She was still not sure that her own cock was not there - really. But that dildo slid deep into her pussy seemed to raise a new panic just before the sensations of the vibrations it began generating overwhelmed her and slid her mind back into the love of being a sexual toy herself!

The first girl approached Heather's spread and chained body, fastening a slim silver chair around her waist, running the chain through both the dildo and butt-plug and fastening it to the back of the waist chain. She pushed a button on a remote and the dildo stopped vibrating. She pulled the silver chain taut driving the plug and dildo deeper into Heather. The sensations! Heather moaned and wriggled... It felt so good. *SOOO GOOD!*

Heather tried to fight those amazing sensations. She tried to fight off the erotic, sensual waves the devices caused her to feel. Those powerful waves, chills. But she lost to them utterly when the dildo buzzed back to life and began to move and vibrate inside her. Her struggling became writhing. Her protests became moans. And she be-

came completely lost in the sensations. New sensations. Ones she had never felt or even dreamed existed before. She was overtaken by them. Driven to distraction, losing herself, losing track of the room. Of who might be watching or not. Who might be enjoying the show? Gasping, moaning, groaning, grinding, bucking. "OHHHhhhh Yessssssss!!!!"

She did not know how long it was before she convulsively erupted, long and hard, with another deep orgasm that went on for hours, days, weeks!

And as the orgasm faded, she hung in her bindings, collapsed, limp, sweaty and exhausted. But it was not long before the dildo began its machinations again, forcing her to begin the climb back up the ladder of sensual tension, of quaking and writhing, deeper, quivering and shaking with the ever-increasing powerful erotic waves. She was performing a dance: A dance to the erotic gods of sensation.

This time it took longer before she hung sweaty, limp, panting and very satiated again.

"Hmmm. What do you say now?" Alex asked stepping from the shadows, holding the remote in her hand. Walking around Heather, trailing her finger across Heather's back, around her ribs and across her still erect nipples.

Heather flinched from the sound of her voice and then from the fingernail across her nipples. She breathed, "I love it. But how did all this..."

"Let's just say I know how to pick 'em, shall we," Alex purred. "I know a thing or two about true desire and what the right mind and body can do with a little help." She flashed a deeply sensuous smile at Heather. Alex's hands rose to Heather's breasts and began to play with them while she talked. "Do you want to know what this will cost you? This 'dream come true'?"

Heather was becoming distracted again by the sensations. Alex played her so well. She remembered that from last night. So well.

"Ohhh," she sighed between waves of pleasure, "anything you want. Anything... (Moan)... you want... (Moan). Mmmmm anything"!

The dildo came to life again and Heather began to writhe and dance as she hung from her bonds. She hardly noticed that her body was being lifted into the air by the chains. Alex fixed her mouth on a breast adding to the building pleasure. Heather moaned loudly and bucked wildly. Her moans growing into long screams of carnal pleasure. Alex reached down and began to stroke Heather's clitoris. Immediately Heather gasped, groaned then screamed as she came hard, violently, powerfully. She came again and again; all the while Alex played her nipples and clitoris, orchestrating each successive orgasm, bigger, larger and more powerful than the last.

When Heather thought she could stand no more, when she thought she would die of pleasure, when she thought her entire body would shut down... Alex grabbed the dildo and pumped it in and out while continuing to lick and suck Heather's nipples. The chain's increasing and decreasing tension against the butt-plug forced it in and out in synco-pation with the dildo. Heather screamed out her orgasm to the universe. Long, hard and loud, second after second, minute after minute, hour after hour seemingly, until she fainted. Passed out from the sensual pleasures being inflicted upon her new being.

## THIRTEEN

ONE of Alex's girls was waving smelling salts under Heather's nose when she came to. The pungent smell snapped Heather's head back as she regained consciousness. She tried to cover her mouth as she coughed but she found that she was still tied spread-eagle and suspended from the ceiling.

"Ahhh. Too much, too soon," Alex apologized.

"No, no. Please. Oh God. Oh God, no. Its ... its never too much," Heather said with her deep velvety, breathy whisper.

"Well, now that I've got your attention, you do want to know what's going on," Alex asked as she slowly walked around Heather's beautiful bound body. She tugged at the waist chain as she spoke – each little tug sending new sex-

ual tidal waves careening through Heather. Each new wave of sensation decimating her sensitive body. Each set of waves causing her to throw her head back and writhe dangling in the air, trying to make that orgasm peak.

"That drink I sent you last night? It did this," Alex said indicating Heather's magnificent body. "It and something else. Something that no one believes even exists." Alex cupped Heather's chin in her hand. "What has happened to you? Well, you have your wish, that's what. You are a sexy, beautiful woman now. A woman in every respect, except..." Alex tugged the chain again causing a moan to escape Heather's full, erotic mouth.

"One: No period for you. Ever. So you're not really a woman because you can't become pregnant. No children. None. Ever. Period. A double edged sword, as you may eventually see." Alex gestured to the black booted girls who instantly began to lightly suckle Heather's breasts. Heather's body was thrown back into sensual passion – always ravenous for more. Once again the shock of the pleasure so intense that it thundered through her body, shaking her sweat-matted Auburn hair free from her sweat covered naked back.

"Two: Your mind is still your mind. That is male. At its core. This means you will begin to see that being a woman is a bit harder than you fantasized. A few obstacles will become evident as your male ego begins to clash with your new reality. A glass ceiling is something that is real, limiting what you can achieve. And wait until you see how you men have treated us. This is all a wonderful way to give you your dreams and make you suffer from them as well. You may eventually wish to become male again." And she pumped the dildo several times throwing Heather into a frenzy of contortions, moans and groans, and pelvic thrusts. "Or maybe not. We'll see."

"I was a lesbian trapped in a male body too. Don't be surprised - You are exactly like me. The same burning dreams coloring your entire life. I saw it in you as if it was a powerful beacon of light on the balcony that night. A beacon to those that can see. When you walked out there to drink in the night 'en femme' it was like pouring fresh blood before a Vampire's door. You called me to you... like many before you. And like many more will do. And now you have the

same beauty, the same body and almost even the same face as I do. The only real difference is: I have the maturity of experience and you, well; you are just a pup in this big old world. You're going to need me, Sweetie. You're going to need my protection and education. And I so want to protect and educate you, my Pet. "

With that Alex kissed Heather on the lips while giving a series of tugs of the chain. Heather's hips rocketed forward as her eyes closed with the passion. Waves of pleasure cascaded through her body and came to point where her lips met Alex's.

"Yes. Sex will always be this good and you will always want it – because you have that male brain and that male sex drive, I suppose. You all want it – all the time. Anyway you can. And that is where this whole thing comes together. I can help you here... for a small price."

Heather slowly opened her eyes as the sexual tidal wave of pleasure receded away from her. Her eyelids were thick with sensuality. "What do you mean?" she whispered through the erotic haze in her head.

"I mean," Alex replied as her fingers curled around the chain, "that you *need* the sex to survive. To stay female. If you refrain from having sex for more than forty-eight hours you will slowly revert to your old self... *FOREVER*. No going back. This is a once in a lifetime gift I have given you... and, of course, that is the third and most binding way you are different from genetic females."

The two girls were causing Heather great distraction. She was in the throws of yet another building world shattering orgasm. She wanted Alex to keep pulling the chain but was deep into the feelings and sensations that were rocketing around her body to ask. Her hips began to buck of their own volition while she tried to concentrate on what Alex was saying.

Alex motioned the girls to stop and they receded back into the shadows. But Heather was too close to stop now. Her body continued to writhe and pulse with the impending orgasm. It was with great frustration that the feeling began to ebb away, leaving an emptiness, a desire, and a demand she had never experienced before.

Heather slowly opened her eyes, her nipples erect and cooling, the feeling of the butt plug and dildo filling her. Alex's incredible body so close she could touch it - if she wasn't bound. Alex's face, her legs, her waist. Oh God! how she wanted them. And then it hit her: They were exactly the same. Heather and Alex - Twins! Matching desires, lives and almost identical bodies as well.

Heather felt pure joy as tears welled up in her eyes and a small smile spread.

"Too that end, my sweet Heather," Alex continued, "To that end I can supply you with all the sex you want - and every type of sex as well, if ..." and Alex looked into Heather's eyes. Heather felt she could see there was more going on in her face than just a business deal. Could she see love there? Lust? Something more? Alex repeated softly, "If you stay with me." Alex smiled a small seductive smile, "Stay with me," she said. "Be with me. Become one of my girls."

Heather softly asked, "As a Prostitute?" even as the ebbing sexual peaks flowed further away from her and her desire seemed to increase as they did.

"No." Alex patiently explained. "Not a Prostitute." She paused for a moment in thought, then continued, "A sophisticated call girl at the worst. And you will be *well* paid. Paid for taking your 'medicine'," she chuckled to herself.

Alex then tugged the chain at the same time as she pushed the button on the remote, causing the dildo to burst into life again, but also, to somehow electronically connect to the butt-plug, which also came to life with deep, gigantic vibrations. Heather immediately exploded with the orgasm she had thought was long gone. Heather was totally and completely addicted to these wonderful, massive, erotic, sensual world-shattering experiences... and Alex kept her going. The dildo and butt-plug sending wave after wave of writhing, shivering full bodied, all consuming erotic and powerful crashing waves throughout Heather's body.

Alex leaned in and kissed Heather, even as she abandoned herself completely to the throws of the orgasm. A deep, wet, long, passionate kiss. Alex stepped back, the two girls resuming their licking, nibbling, sucking and touching of Heather. Then the butt plug and the dildo stepped up the

power of vibrating and began moving – expanding and shrinking convulsively inside Heather ...

It was too much for Heather. Her moan became gasping, wailing, screams of pleasure, finally ending in a long, “Yeeeeessssss, Please!” and when the orgasm left her, drained and satiated, she barely whispered, “Yesssss...” so quietly, that Alex almost didn’t hear it.

Heather collapsed against her bonds, her head coming to rest on Alex’s shoulder as Alex enfolded her. Kissing her again and again with sweet, little love kisses. Alex whispered, “Please, Heather, don’t refuse this gift. It can only work once in a person’s life, and is not for everyone. Say ‘yes’ to me. And mean it. Because that is what you will have to do to live the rest of your life as the woman you were born to be.”

Heather lifted her head from the sweaty orgasmic aftermath, her wet hair falling in front of her face, and looking into Alex’s eyes whispered, “Yes.” Then, stronger, she repeated, “Yes, yes, yes!” with all the joy and strength she had.

Alex had the girls release Heather from her bonds and take her to her new suite. There she was bathed and dressed in a sheer Baby-doll - one of the ones she had just bought today - and then gently put into bed. “In the morning,” one of them said to Heather, “Alex would like you to join us for brunch in the private dining room reserved for Alex by the hotel.”

As Heather lay in the soft bed she reviewed all that had happened to her in the last few days. She felt a growing joy and relief – something she had not expected. Relief at not having to be a man any longer? Not having to go out and fight the ‘dick-wars’ of the work place? Not having to always be responsible for all the decisions? She was now able to enjoy being ‘taken care of’. Yes, she knew all about the glass ceilings and how she would be paid far less for doing the same job as a man... if she chose to work that is. Now not working was an option, or, she *could* choose to work for herself, using all the powers that come with being a beautiful woman. “The power of beauty” she heard Alex say in her head. Heather turned this over and over. “Yes. The power of feminine beauty!” She resolved to embrace this

new magical gift. To enjoy it and see where her new life would lead her.

As she laid quietly in bed, unable to drift off to sleep, her fingers began exploring her new curves and bumps. The thoughts of what she had agreed to were still running around her head. Something still tickling at her that maybe she had forgot? Was this, after all, the deal with the devil she had prayed for so many times?

She turned it over again and again in her mind: To be a woman was a dream come true! She would never go back. This was just so much of what she had prayed for her entire life. But giving her body and life to Alex as a Call Girl? Really? Was this what was bothering her? Sleeping with whomever Alex told her to? "Well," she thought, "maybe, for a while. Maybe just until I really understand the in's and out's of this "beautiful girl" power? Until I get the hang of it? "After all," she thought, "Heather isn't that kind of girl – am I?"

As she was mulling this over she realized that her hands had drifted down her body - she was becoming aroused exploring her own body and exploring it sensually. Letting her hands drift lightly from her shoulders to her nipples. Savoring the feel of the mounds of flesh she had always dreamed of having, and then teasing her own nipples. Oh Yes! To be a woman! That was the thing ... at any cost.

She was discovering the sensitivity of her new skin; her light touches sending tiny explosions thrilling and chilling her body. She glided her hands down her torso slowly, feeling her own tiny waist with the backs of her fingers and running them over her hips to her pubic mound. She squirmed with the extraordinary sensations, the cascading waves of erotic ripples. The expected cock was still missing and the breasts were so sensitive and wonderful, both to the eye and the touch. But that missing member was new to her. It had been there her whole life! And now, as her hands drifted across her smooth new sex, the lack of it was... odd? No! Fantastic!!!!

She slowly slid her hand back up her body to her face and explored her delicate mouth, seeing the full lips in her mind's eye. Seeing them part for a lovely velvety hard cock, which pushed into her warm, moist mouth just as her fingers were doing now. She sucked and licked as her other

hand rode the crests and valleys of her body. *Her* body. And when she touched her sex the first time with her warm, wet fingers from her mouth, she felt something else brand new to her. The warmth, the slippery moistness, and the wetness that was dripping out of her now all added up to something hot, erotic, sensual, and powerful and her body flew into orgasmic bliss. She tried to stifle her own moans but surrendered to what she was feeling: a deep, rich luxuriant orgasm, which rushed over her like a 1,000 foot tidal wave and kept her tumbling in the warm infinity of its power for a timeless eternity. Such sensations! Such sweetness. Amazing feelings even as it gradually, slowly subsided, leaving her drifting off into deep peaceful sleep.

## THE FINAL CHAPTER

THE next morning, as the stable of Alex's girls assembled in the private dining room reserved for them, brunch sitting in the servers, Alex waited for Heather to appear. All the girls in this room were beautiful. All the girls were different from one another: color, height and hair – but not one of them was less than stunningly beautiful by anyone's standards. Each was magnificent and each was dressed in a manner that was both elegant and, at the same time, provocative - No sweat pants and tennis shoes here. Instead, form fitting dresses, or short skirts and blouses – and all were wearing stockings and heels. One reason for the private room was to be sure that the girls were relaxed and unmolested by the usual crowd of gentlemen who, when seeing them all assembled, would walk into walls while gawking at them or do triple takes. This private room allowed the focus to be what Alex wanted it to be: Business.

Alex had kept the chair next to hers reserved for Heather. After fifteen minutes – and no Heather - she began to worry. After thirty minutes she sent one of the girls up to the suite to fetch her. The girl was not gone more than ten minutes when she returned with a beautiful Purple envelope addressed to Alex.

Alex, looked at the girl quizzically as she took the envelope from the girl. On its cover, in beautiful feminine handwriting it only read: To Alex. She stood and walked to the

corner of the room by the windows. She already knew what it said without having to open it: "Heather was gone and would not return. Thanks for the fantasy but it wasn't her future or his. Love, so on and so on, bla-bla-bla." It had happened before. Not often, but still, it had happened before.

Not everyone could handle this gift - This much of a change. "Be careful what you wish for because it might come true," Alex said quietly intoned in a wistful voice. All the girls at the table grew silent at that. Alex looked over and smiled at them. She had not intended them to hear that slip of the tongue. Being a woman was harder than any transgendered or ambi-gendered individual might expect. Harder than a cross-dresser could ever imagine. Even harder than a real woman could dream before she grows into one.

Alex stared off into the busy street as she absent-mindedly fingered the unopened purple envelope.

She understood, but still was a tad sad. Sad because Heather made such a magnificent woman. So striking and sexy - a rare beauty - with an unbelievable sex drive: completely insatiable and fantastic. She only lacked the confidence to seize and control the power that she had. She could easily have any man. And have him willing to do her bidding - if she just knew how. She could be showered with riches and adulation just because she was such a beautiful, sensual, sexy creature - if she knew how.

And the sex... yes, the change brought heightened sexual ability and sensitivity: deeper, more profound orgasms. And that intense sexuality never failed to ignite the passion in any partner - man or woman. A true gift, and the only thing that was more than any genetic woman had. Heather was the full package: Beauty, sensuality, intelligence - or so Alex thought. But she seemed to lack the one thing you need to survive in this world: the senses of a predator.

"Oh well," Alex thought, "Win some, lose some." There would be more Heather's to add to her stable. There were more cross-dressers and transvestites out there than anyone imagined. The number of business suits which hid panties, garters and stockings underneath. The secret dreams and fantasies of the masses were many but amazingly similar in the end. Yes, plenty more Heather's to come.

“By tomorrow night Heather would find herself back to being a ‘him’ - just another guy with a secret. Looking for those moments in his life when he could dress again and fantasize - because no matter what you tell yourself, you can’t stop. Oh, you always tell yourself that you will - and you might for a span of time. But you can never get away from the dream. You can never really stop dressing. We all know that. But once you have tasted the forbidden wine – well then you are truly doomed – because you had it all and rejected it. Heather will be back – but by the time she comes around to what she really wants – it’ll be too late. The gift only works once. And that’s the price you pay for it.

And to have it given to you! To live it for a day! Too have actually lived it and turned it down. Alex could not understand how anyone could not regret *that* decision. But that was Heather’s problem now, not Alex’s. A great gift had been given... and rejected.

Alex glanced out the window as the ever-present line of black limousines, Ferraris and Aston Martins cued and departed from the hotel. She sighed heavily, and then turned back to her girls. As she did she caught sight of herself in the mirror on the far wall. She studied her alluring female form for a beat, then straightened her dress, fixed her hair and thought of Heather for just another instant. Heather was an incredible beauty. And maybe she was a bit in love with her – or was it lust? “Oh well,” she thought. She struck a sexy pose just for herself, laughed, and returned to her table of special girls, ripping the purple envelope up and leaving the remnants of her ‘Heather creation’ laying in torn pieces somewhere else.

## Epilogue

In another part of the city, Heather, wearing a short, black, knit, sleeveless, turtleneck dress with a silver belt, sheer silky stockings and high-heeled patent-leather pumps, walked down the street with a gleeful sexy swing to her step. She carried several bags of new purchases – bras, panties, shoes, dresses, skirts, blouses and a purse or two. The once uncomfortable and difficult experience of

trying to buy women's clothing for herself now long gone – was it only yesterday that she had feared this so much?

She smiled to herself as men stumbled into poles and walls as they stole glances at her. Ignored the whistles and wolf howls yelled out from passing cars. She was feeling her power now – and enjoying each moment of it. This gift that Alex had given her – a mind blower for sure – but something that is truly wonderful. Truly empowering. This gift, with all the strings attached, was such a magnificent, gift from Alex that she felt she should maybe go back and thank her in person. But at that moment a handsome dark-haired man, carrying several more bags, ran to catch up with her.

“Heather,” he asked like a new puppy trying to please their owner, “Would you like to get some lunch now?”

She took his arm and drew herself close to him. “Franco, can we visit a few more stores before lunch?” She leaned deeper into him, putting her head on his shoulder. “Please?” She smiled up into his eyes and then kissed him on the cheek.

Franco put the bags down and took her into his arms. He kissed her. And Heather kissed back. She kissed back using all her sexual predator powers of persuasion that shook his world to the core. And as he recovered from this kiss, she said, “You are so wonderful to me. We hardly know each other and you’ve shower me with all these gifts!” And saying that she spins like a gleeful schoolgirl on the sidewalk before him. Stopping close to him, she lets him take her in his arms again, and she whispers, “When we get back to the hotel I’ll just have to find some way,” with a emphasis on the word ‘some’, “to make it up to you... somehow, my Darling,” and tosses in a very sexy wink.

He melts under her attention. “Let me put the bags in the limo. Then, Heather, my sweet, let me show you my favorite jewelry store - Tiffany’s?” He points across the street to the famous store.

“I’ve always wanted see the inside of that store!” She replies in a dreamy tone as the chauffeur put the bags away. Franco smiles and offers, “Go on ahead, my Sweetness, I’ll have the car brought over there and join you inside.

Franco watches her go. And, Oh, that walk of hers! That body! A gift from heaven! He notices that the Chauffeur is also watching her walk away, a smile on his face as well. Franco would give her anything in the world to be able to call her "mine". She is so incredibly beautiful and sexy and sweet and funny! And the way she makes him feel! It's like a drug! And he wants more of her! So much more.

And only six hours ago he had almost not met her. If it weren't for the lucky accident of him literally bumping into her in the hotel lobby, knocking her over. That magical moment when he turned to see who he had run into – when their eyes met. That shock of powerful lust that coursed through him when their hands met as he tried to help her up. That feeling he got as she stumbled back into him, falling off her broken shoe – his arms wrapping around her fantastic body to arrest that fall. Their eyes meeting – the electricity that he felt from her gaze. That lucky accident! Wow! He was so pleased that she had accepted his offer to buy her a new pair of heels to replace the ones he had broken. And the dresses, skirts, lingerie – it pleased him no end - the delight she took in picking them out – and the money was nothing to him. He only wanted to see her smile and laugh. And when she touches him with every "Thank You" he flinches with her intoxicating power. Yes, this was his lucky day. He had found this beautiful creature and he was not going to let her go if he could help it. He suddenly believed in love at first sight!

He tossed the bags to the chauffeur and runs across the busy street to catch up with Heather as she heads into Tiffany's. While Heather is busy looking at bracelets, he muses again how very crazy and wonderful this all is. He has only known her for less than a day and he is head-over-heels in love with her. Money means nothing to him in this moment. She means everything to him - he is smitten. Struck by an arrow directly from Cupid's bow! When her blue eyes met his, he knew that he must have her. He marvels at how beautiful she is. How she moves so like a graceful cat. How her energy is just so sexy and infectious, but she still, she is so down to earth.

A sales clerk shakes him from his reverie, "May I show you anything in particular today Mr. Erikson?" Startled back to the "now", he asks to see a diamond pendant. As

the clerk goes to get the black velvet tray of beautifully displayed jewels, Franco continues to watch Heather. God! She is so desirable!!!

The clerk returns and Franco immediately selects a beautiful (and expensive looking) necklace: A double strand, diamond and pearl necklace with a large diamond pendant surrounded by an Emerald and diamond cluster dangling from it. "This is a 'secret' gift for the lady" he says indicating Heather. "Of course Mr. Erikson," the clerk replies. "Would you like it gift-wrapped?" Franco simply says, "Yes," but he never takes his eyes off Heather.

Heather can feel his eyes on her and changes her stance to look even more captivating than she all ready does. She turns and holds up a matching ring and bracelet set: a large blue Sapphire surrounded by sparkling diamonds and the matching bracelet accented with burning red rubies. He nods his approval as he strides to her side. "Darling," he whispers. "Whatever you want... they all pale next to you." She kisses him as his arms wrap around her. There is a lot of electricity between them. He feels it. She feels it. But she is a girl on a mission. She returns to looking at the jewels laid out before her. He approaches the clerk and slides his black American Express card to him, saying, "Whatever the lady wishes." And he steps outside to answer his ringing mobile phone.

He had secretly purchased the \$250,000 dollar diamond pendent for Heather that he will hide under her pillow tonight – if he is so lucky as to get to have tonight with her.

Inside, Heather, tipped off subtly by the sales clerk, adds matching earrings to the bracelet and ring. When Franco returns she gifts him with a smoldering, sexy, "full of promise," wet kiss that folds him like wet paper. Exiting the store, little blue bag in hand, Heather winks to the knowing store sales clerk who smiles back at her, watching her beautiful hips swing in a rhythm to her walk.

Settling into the limousine, she smiles the smile of a powerful, satisfied feline creature. And as the car speeds off, Franco picks up the phone and orders, "Wheels up in 3 hours! Where to?" he repeats into the phone incredulously while smiling at Heather, "Why, Paris of course! My Heather must see Paris at sunrise!"

Heather leans into his arms, luxuriating in the back seat of the car, glass of champagne in hand, surrounded by bags and bags of purchased goodies in the arms of her new man who is sweetly stroking her cheek. His other hand rests on her knee. She snuggles closer to him, moves her leg so that his hand must slide up higher on it. She can feel those thrills and chills starting again. He looks down into her eyes saying, "My Darling, I have a little something for you." He produces the necklace we was going to slip under her pillow but just cannot wait to see her reaction. She opens the case and sees the stunning necklace, looks up into his eyes, smiling. He lifts it from the case and as she lifts her hair, affixes it around her beautiful neck. She turns to him asking, "How does it look, Sweetie?" "Like a million bucks, My Darling," He says. "But then you make everything look good."

As she slinks down to his lip, she smiled again, and thinks to herself, "This was going to be easier than I had imagined. So much easier."

And the limousine disappears into the mid-afternoon traffic on the way to the airport..

. *The End*

