

PAGEANT



*By
Paula Lane*

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PAGEANT

PROLOGUE

It all started because I needed money.

My parents had passed away in a boating accident that summer. Their lawyer had explained that it would probably take six to eight months before my parents will was through probate, and in spite of the fact that I was receiving grants and loans to pay for my education I was still a little short of money for living expenses.

I had placed an ad in the local college newspaper stating that I would do anything for fifteen hundred dollars. I figured that with that amount I would be able to finish out the school year before I needed to find a job. Little did I realize how much trouble, and I have to admit also fun, anything like this could get me into.

I came back to my room in the dorm one evening and had just sat down at my desk when the phone started ringing. I stumbled across the room and grabbed it. "Hello."

The voice at the other end hesitated. "Is this the person who placed the ad in the Student Times? The one who would *be* anything for fifteen hundred dollars."

I assured her that she had the right number.

"And you'll really do anything for that amount?"

This set off several warning fights in my brain. "Well there are some limits. I mean I won't do anything illegal or anything that's likely to get me thrown out of school, but I will do just about anything else. Just what did you have in mind?"

"Before I tell you about the job," she said, "could you tell me a little about yourself. I don't want to appear nosy but there are several

physical requirements for this job."

I knew that it had been too good to be true. This was always the problem. They wanted a huge muscle man and I was more the *ninety-eight pound weakling* type. "I'm about five feet seven inches and weigh about one hundred and thirty pounds," I said, knowing that this would most likely kill any chance I had of getting the job.

I almost dropped the phone when she said "That's just perfect. When can we get together and I'll fill you in on the details of the job?"

As the next day was a Saturday, we made a date to meet for lunch at a local fast food restaurant

The next day I sat in the restaurant nursing a small coke. After sitting there for nearly an hour I decided that the girl wasn't going to show up. The response had probably been a set up. I was starting to leave when a girl walked up to the table.

"Excuse me, but are you Brian Young?"

I looked up at where she was standing. She was an average girl. About my height and weight, but as I said, I run on the small side. She was dressed in jeans and a school sweater. I nodded in agreement and she sat down across from me. She spent the next several minutes studying me up and down like I was a piece of furniture she was planning on buying and she wanted to determine how I would fit in with the set. Finally nodding to herself she said "You'll do perfectly."

"I'm glad that I'll do." I said "Now if you'll just tell me what it is that I'm perfect for, maybe we can make a deal."

"I'm sorry. Let me introduce myself. My name is Heather Baines. I'm a member of SNOW. The Student Nation of Organized Woman. We have a project that I think you would be perfect for. We'll pay you the fifteen hundred dollars and all you need to do is enter and try to win a contest. It will take about a week."

"Let me get this straight," I said leaning over the table, "all I

need to do to earn the money is enter and try to win this contest, and I get paid even if I don't win. That sounds almost too good to be true. What contest is it?"

"Again I'm sorry, I thought I told you. You're going to be Sigma Delta Pi's sorority's entry into the home coming queen contest."

While I was trying to get my mouth working again she went on to explain that the sorority had agreed to help SNOW show how sexist beauty pageants actually were. They were going to sponsor a man in the contest. Only nobody would know it was a man until after he had won. They would show the world just how stupid these contests were. After winning they would reveal that the current home coming queen was a man.

"But, what about afterward," I stammered, "I won't be able to show my face on campus."

"If that's a problem we'll use a false name or something," she said, "and nobody should be able to recognize you once you're back to dressing normally."

I finally regained full control over my speech centers. "But there's no way I could convince anybody that I was a woman. It just wouldn't work. I mean I'm a guy—there's just no way."

"Look," she said "there's this friend of mine. She's also in SNOW. She does makeovers all the time and is helping in this project. If she can make you over into a convincing female, will you at least consider the idea?"

I reluctantly agreed to at least meet with this other woman. Heather gave me directions to her house and told me to be there at seven and she'd see that Tammy would be there.

Later that evening I paused at the bottom of the path leading to Heather's front door. I really wasn't sure that I wanted to go through with this or not. I mean I really did need the money but to spend an entire week dressed in women's clothes and then entering a beauty contest. I just don't know...

I stood there so long that Heather opened the door and waved for me to come on up. As I walked up the path I took a good look around me. This wasn't the richest neighborhood in town, but it was close. Whatever problems SNOW would have, money wouldn't be one of them.

I reached the front door and Heather pulled me inside. I stood there in the hall, as she grabbed her purse and headed deeper into the house.

"Come on," she shouted from down the hall, "we'll be late if you don't hurry."

She lead me through the house and out into the garage. We climbed into her car and pulled out into the street. I casually asked her where we were headed.

"Tammy had to work late so she asked us to come over and see her. She manages the Photo-Glamour shop out in the mall. She'll have closed the place by the time we get there, and can show you just how feminine you can look with the right help." She must have noticed my squirming. "Don't worry Brian. Tammy showed me exactly what to look for, and you've got it all. Trust me you'll make a beautiful woman."

I wasn't sure if I should tell her that was what I was afraid of.

It took us about forty five minutes to reach the mall and another fifteen of walking through the nearly empty mall to get to Tammy's shop. When we finally got there, Heather rapped on the glass door until Tammy came out from the back to let us in.

What can I say about Tammy, except that she was one of the

most perfect women I've ever seen? She stood nearly five-ten in heels with reddish brown hair flowing down around her shoulders, and a figure that many girls would kill to have. I found myself thinking that if I could look a tenth as good when done, I might not want to go back to wearing pants.

Closing and locking the door behind us, Tammy hurried us into the back of the shop. She had everything set up and ready. She walked around me several times while mumbling to herself. Taking my chin in her hand she moved my head from side to side checking out different angles. Finally she nodded to herself and turned back to where Heather was sitting.

"You were right Heather. He's just perfect. Transforming him into Amy will be simple."

Turning back to me she said. "Okay Brian. Take this razor over to the sink and shave your face as close as possible. We won't worry about the body hair for now. I'll just select clothes to hide it."

I took the razor and soap and proceeded to shave my face closer than I've ever shaved. Tammy came over and showed me several tricks for a really close shave. Things I never realized about how the hair on my face had a grain, like wood does, and how if I shaved against the grain I would get a much closer shave. At least I got something out of the deal. These tips were something to remember even if I didn't take the job.

When I was done I took the razor back to where Tammy and Heather were sitting. Tammy set the razor aside and led me over to what looked like a large barber's chair. Tilting the chair back she washed my hair and started to roll it in heavy heated rollers. After she had rolled all the hair she sprayed it with some stuff from a bottle she took from the counter. With alarm in my voice, I quickly asked her what she was doing.

"Don't worry. This is just instant curl. It reacts with the heat from the rollers to create a tighter curl, but only until the next time you wash your hair. Then poof! It's gone." She finished setting my hair.



"All right, strip." She laughed at the startled look on my face. "It will be just fine. I've got something else for you to wear," she said handing me a bundle of clothes, and pointing to a dressing room door."

Taking the bundle I went into the dressing room and quickly slipped out of my clothes. Opening the bundle I found a garter belt and a matching bra and panties set.

After considering my new underwear for a moment I started getting dressed. The panties were no problem as they pulled on just like a pair of shorts. *But shorts never felt this good*, I thought to myself.

The bra was a different story. I struggled with it for about ten minutes before figuring out that if I hooked it in front and then pulled it around I could get it on easier. The bra was padded with two small foam rubber inserts and made for quite a convincing bust line.

The garter belt I just hooked over the top of the panties. The strange thing about it all was that dressed like this the weight of the curlers on my head didn't seem nearly as out of place as they did before I changed.

The girls dissolved into fits of laughter as soon as I came out of the dressing room. I asked what was so darn funny and Tammy strangled down a laugh. She explained that the garter belt needed to go *inside* the panties.

"Otherwise, after you hook on the stocking's you'd find it very difficult to use the bathroom without getting your panties wet," she said, while making the necessary adjustments.

Next she handed me a pair of dark stockings she had rolled into small rings and showed me how to unroll the stocking up my legs and hook them on to the straps of the garter belt. Suddenly what she was saying about going to bathroom made more sense.

Then came a dark blue skirt that buttoned at the side and fell to just below my knee. She passed me a light blue, long sleeve silk blouse. After fumbling with the buttons— they're *on the wrong side you know*, I

thought to myself—I finally got it closed. She then handed me a pair of black pumps with one and a half inch heels to slip on my feet. Hooking a gold chain necklace around my neck and a pair of gold hoops on my ears she stepped back to check the view.

A quick glance in the full length mirror on the wall showed me a woman. It was a woman with her hair in curlers and wearing no make-up. She wasn't the most beautiful woman I'd ever seen, but she had possibilities. She had a cute figure and moved well. With just a little make-up she'd be...

I suddenly realized that the woman I had been considering as pretty was me.

Tammy had me sit back down in the chair. She took my hands and in fifteen minute I had long red nails on each finger.

"These are only press on nails. They'll come right off. If you decide to help us then we can get better looking ones at the salon. Now for your make-up. I want you to pay close attention to what I do and the order that I do it in. Because when you help us you'll need to be able to do this type of thing entirely on your own."

For the next hour she taught me a number of the secrets that models use to look as good as they do.

When she was done she removed the earrings, took the rollers out of my hair and combed it out. Even though I've always worn my hair long the curls falling down around my neck felt strange. Then she came around the front and combed the bangs across my forehead. She used several long sprays of hair spray to keep everything in place. Finally she placed the earrings back on and stepped back from in front of the mirror.

What I saw amazed me. Tammy had worked magic. It was still my face. The same one I've looked at all my life, but this was also definitely the face of a woman. Of all the stuff Tammy had put on my face the only thing that stood out was the deep red lipstick that matched the color on my nails. Everything else just blended in to change the

contours of my face from male to female. In just over two hours Tammy had taken a somewhat below average guy and transformed him into a considerably above average woman. I don't mean that she changed me into a Cindy Crawford look alike or anything, just that I was much more attractive as a woman than I ever was as a man.

"All right. You win," I said. "I'll spend the next week living as a woman and do my very best to win the home coming queen contest. I still think that you're crazy, but if you can do this in a couple of hours, who knows what you can do with a whole week. What's next?"

Tammy and Heather sat down at the table with me. "Well, first we need to finish filling out your entry form for the contest."

Heather took the form out of her purse and placed it on the table between us. It took her about ten minutes to fill in all the blanks. She asked me a couple of questions about the courses I was taking. Finally she pushed the form over in front of me. "Just sign it and we're all set. Oh, by the way. Your name is now *Amy*. Amy Lynne Clarke. That's Lynne and Clarke both with an 'E'."

She handed me a pen and I discovered the first of many problems I was to have with having long nails. I couldn't hold the pen, my nails kept getting in the way. Heather grabbed a handful of paper and after trying a number of different positions for the pen, I found a spot where it felt comfortable and my handwriting didn't look like the scrawl of a four or five year old child. I looked over the entry form and signed it, *Amy Lynne Clarke*, both with an 'E'.

"Now, we need some pictures to go with the application," Tammy said.

Then slipping into her professional voice, "If you'll just follow me, Miss Clarke, the studios are just down the hall."

An hour later we were looking at the proof sheets on the shops computer, deciding which one to send into the contest. I chose the one that I liked the best and pointed it out. Tammy agreed with my choice

right away.

"I'll print that one out as an eight by ten and this one as wallet size," She said pointing to a more casual shot. "After all, Steve needs a picture of his girl in his wallet."

"Wait a minute," I nearly shouted, "Just who the hell is Steve?"

"Steve is Amy's boyfriend." Heather answered. "You've been going together for a couple of months. You'll meet him tomorrow night when he comes over for your dinner date. It will be a double date. You and Steve, with Mike and I. By the way. Steve knows the whole story. He's the brother of one of our members, but Mike doesn't have a clue about what's going on. To him you'll just be another of my friends, so you have to be your most ladylike."

She said that just as I was trying to stifle a most unladylike yawn. Tammy caught it and glanced at the time at the bottom of the computer screen.

"Good lord it's almost midnight. No wonder you're sleepy. I think that we've done enough for one night. Why don't you two head home and get a good night's rest."

I looked at myself in the mirror. "I can't go back to my apartment looking like this."

"We've already thought of that" Heather said. "You'll be staying with me in my folk's guest room. I told my Mom that one of my friends might be spending a week or so with me while her place was being painted."

"Besides," said Tammy, "you and Heather have a busy day scheduled for tomorrow. You've got to go shopping for clothes, visit the salon, and finally you've got your dinner date with Steve."

She handed me a shoulder bag and a small suitcase. "I've put your clothes in the suitcase and everything else in the bag. I'll see you on Monday when I bring your formal gown over for the first fitting. For

now, go home with Heather and get some sleep."

She let us out the door and we headed for the parking garage. At first the sound of my heels clicking on the mall's floor sounded strange, but it soon merged with the other background noises. Heather had to show me how to get into the car without my skirt winding up around my waist, but we were soon pulling back into her garage.

Heather led me up to the guest room and excused herself saying she would be back in just a minute. When she returned she handed me a stack of clean towels and a nightgown. After helping me change into the nightgown she showed me how to remove my make-up.

"Tammy says that you should never sleep in your makeup. It's bad for your skin and besides it's really bad for the pillow cases. I'll help you put it back on in the morning. You won't need anything fancy for shopping or for dinner with Steve."

I looked over at the skirt and blouse sitting on the chair by the bed "What am I supposed to wear. Even I can see that those are a little fancy for a day of shopping at the mall. Even if the day is a Sunday."

Heather looked surprised. I had finally caught her with something she'd missed. Stepping back she measured me with her eyes. "I hadn't thought about that, but it's no problem. You and I are about the same size, so I'll just loan you something until you can get your wardrobe completed tomorrow. So good night for now..."

As I climbed into the bed and felt the silky material of the nightgown rub against my skin I suddenly felt the strangest feeling of contentment come over me. I reached over and shut out the light and fell instantly asleep.

DAY ONE - SUNDAY

I awoke the next morning with vague memories of a strange dream. As I rolled over to go back to sleep I caught sight of my hands. The long, deep red painted nails I saw there proved that it was no dream. I really had agreed to spend the next week living as a woman.

I climbed out of the bed and felt the nightgown as it fell down around my knees. I was standing there studying my reflection in the mirror when I heard the door open behind me.

Heather came in carrying a small bag. "Good morning Amy. How did you sleep?" She continued on without waiting for an answer. "We are going to have a great time today. The movement looks down on people who like clothes and spend time thinking about how good they look, but, I'll be honest with you Amy, I still love shopping for new clothes, and we've got almost a thousand dollars to spend. You'll see how much fun it can be. But first things first. And the first thing here is to get you all smooth.

She handed me a long robe and we headed for the bathroom. She opened the small bag and removed a can of spray foam like shaving cream. "Here cover all your body hair with this, wait fifteen minutes and then shower it off." she said, laying the can on the sink. "I'll wait in the bedroom so you can shower in private."

I took the can she left and read the instructions. I then worked the lather in until it covered every inch of my body. When the fifteen minutes were up it felt as if my entire body was on fire. I nearly jumped into the shower and watched as what little hair I'd had was washed down the drain. After all the foam had been rinsed off I took a regular shower using the special soap that Heather had left for me.

It felt strange. I've never had much in the way of body hair, but the way my hands slid over the perfect smoothness of my now hairless

body aroused several unusual feelings in me. I lathered up and rinsed off several times, and finished by washing my hair. The shampoo left a very faint scent of strawberry, and Tammy was right—the curls washed right out.

Wrapping my hair in a towel and putting the robe back on, I stopped and looked at myself in the mirror on the bathroom door. Between the towel wrapped around my head, the robe and my long red nails, nobody seeing me would ever mistake me for a guy. I looked like any other woman just getting out of the shower. Shaking my head, I headed for the bedroom.

In the bedroom Heather had laid out a couple of outfits for me to choose between. One was a yellow sun-dress with matching bra and panties, while the other was a black miniskirt and a red silk blouse.

"I'll tell you the truth Heather. I would really love to see what I look like in the black and red, but I think that I'd better stick with the sun-dress for now."

Heather handed me the panties, which I put on before taking off the robe. With Heather's help I got the bra on much quicker this time, even managing to hook it up behind my back as a real girl would. Since this bra wasn't padded like the one I wore last night Heather wadded up some cotton inside a pair of knee high stockings and popped one in each cup. I asked her how it was that she knew so much about faking breasts.

She explained. "Get real Amy. Every little girl learns that trick until her real breasts start growing. It's almost like self-defense against the older, more developed girls."

After putting a pair of light tan stockings on, we were ready for the dress.

I stepped into the dress and shrugged it up over my shoulders. After allowing Heather to zip it up I settled the dress in place and we moved over to the vanity.

On the vanity table, Heather had set up all my make-up—what

there was of it—and added several things of her own. We pulled my hair back out of the way into a ponytail that Heather tied in a ribbon that matched the color of my dress.

"Tammy said for me to let you try it on your own at first and only help you if you got into trouble. So, there it is. Go for it girl."

I spent a moment looking at the assortment of cosmetics sitting on the table in front of me. I knew that I could never recreate the look that Tammy had done the night before, but thinking back over the things she had taught me I figured that I could handle a simpler look.

I started with a covering of foundation to, as Tammy had explained, even out the skin tone. This I followed with a light pink blusher starting under the middle of the eye and working it up and out toward my ears at the hairline. Once that looked good to my eye I started on my eyes. I started with a dark eyeliner. Then a light swipe of rose colored eye shadow followed by several coats of mascara and my eyes looked fine.

I then outlined my lips with a pink lip liner and filled them in with a lipstick that was just a shade or two lighter than the liner. Finally I covered it all with a light dusting of powder to set it all in place.

Heather had been sitting there quietly the entire time I was trying to get the look I wanted, but now I needed advice. "Heather, what do I do about my nails? Tammy said that regular nail polish remover would destroy this type of nails tips. So I'm not sure what to do. I can't very well go out with pink lipstick and red nails. No woman would ever do something like that. It would be a dead giveaway that I'm not what I appear to be."

As it turned out there was no problem. Heather had several bottles of non-acetone nail polish remover in her room and we quickly had the red polish stripped off and replaced with a bright pink that almost matched my lipstick. Heather had me stand up for a final check. What I saw in the mirror was almost as amazing as what I saw last night. While

not as clearly defined as what Tammy had done this was still without a doubt a college age girl. In fact, if I say so myself, I think I looked better than a number of the girls I've seen on campus.

Heather verified that opinion when she said. "You know something Amy. I'm almost jealous. I think you look better in that outfit than I do. Come on we'll get you some shoes and head for the mall."

Getting a pair of shoes almost turned out easier said than done. The only pair in Heather's closet that fit was a pair of flat sandals that we had to hook on to the last hole of the strap. After spending most of the previous night in heels the flats felt stranger than the heels had. After reloading everything into my purse we headed for the mall.

On the drive out to the mall I found myself looking at every girl we passed. But unlike the way I normally looked at girls, this time it was different. Instead of just admiring the pretty ones I found myself studying them, checking out how their outfits worked together with their hair and make-up. Trying to imagine how they would look on me.

I was amazed at how fast my mindset had changed. In just eighteen hours I had gone from being shocked at the thought of wearing woman's clothes, to being eager to try different looks. To say I was somewhat confused would be a major understatement.

When we reached the mall Heather really took over. In the next three hours I don't think that I squeezed in a dozen words. We were in and out of store after store I must have tried on dozens of different outfits. When we were done I had more clothes than I could wear in three weeks, and I only needed enough for one.

The boxes that Heather and I carried out to the car contained six or eight skirts of varying lengths, a dozen blouses, two cocktail dresses along with a ton of underthings. Add to that the nightgowns, make-up and other items and I was learning just how complicated dressing was for women.

I had always just thrown on a pair of jeans and a tee shirt and

was done. Now I needed to be aware of how things fit together not only in the clothes but also with the make-up, shoes and other accessories.

Our last stop before lunch was a little earring place called Jazzies. After looking over their racks of clip on earring Heather pulled me off to the side. "It looks like there's no choice, Amy. If you're going to get decent earrings then you'll have to get your ears pierced. It's no problem, a lot of guys are having their ears pierced. If you don't want to do that when you're back to a guy, just leave them alone and the holes will heal up."

I had been dreading this moment, but also felt kind of a thrill as I sat down at the counter. Heather selected a pair of gold post trainers with small diamond chips and handed them to the salesgirl. I closed my eyes as she loaded the first earring into the piercing gun. I felt something cool washed across my earlobe, followed a second later by a sharp stabbing pain just as I heard a loud click by my ear. This procedure was repeated a moment later on the opposite side.

I opened my eyes and looked in the mirror. Moving my head from side to side I smiled at the way the light danced off the small diamond chips. The salesgirl gave me instructions on caring for the wound so that it wouldn't become infected. I placed the instructions in my purse as Heather paid for the trainer along with the other four pair we bought.

Over lunch—a salad and diet coke, no more burgers and fries for a while—we looked at three or four different hair styling magazines, trying to decide on the best style for my perm. We eliminated most of them right away as I told Heather that I wouldn't wear anything with a crimp look. I've never liked the look on other woman and I wasn't going to wear it myself. We finally found a style that we both liked and headed for the salon.

Heather introduced me to the woman who managed the salon as a sorority sister who the sorority was planning on running for home coming queen.

"Debbie she'll needed the works. Manicure, pedicure, new nails, new hair style, a perm, a facial—like I said the works. Do you think you can do it all in three hours? We've got a double date tonight."

"For you Heather it will be a pleasure." Within moments I found myself the center of attention. Janet pulled my stocking off and started working several different creams into my toenails. She explained that the creams would soften the nails and the surrounding skin and make it easier to work with.

At the same time Carol was cleaning my fingernails. After taking off the nail tips she cleaned off the last trace of the polish and set my fingertips to soak. She explained that after the nails had soaked for a while she would finish the clean ones and attach the acrylic nails.

When things around me had settled down to a dull roar, Debbie came back over.

"All right Amy, what did you have in mind for your hair?" she asked

Heather brought the magazine over and we showed her the style we had selected. It took Debbie all of about ten seconds to totally reject it.

"I'm sorry Amy, but that style just won't work for you. That's doubly true if you're really serious about winning the queens' crown. Here, let me show you what I have in mind."

For about thirty minutes she gave us a mini-course in hair styling. She explained how a number of factors had to work together for a hairstyle to look right. These included the length of the hair, the shape of the face as well as the position of the features, all were important. She used the same magazine that Heather and I looked through and picked out the style that she though would be best. It was a style that both Heather and I had rejected, but Debbie insisted that it was the best for me.

"In fact, I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll style your hair like this and

if you don't like it, you can come back tomorrow and I'll change it for free."

With that in mind we told her to go ahead. Two hours later we both had to agree that she was right. The style she had picked came off the top of my head in waves ending with just a slight under curl at the shoulders. In the book it had looked very old fashioned, but after Debbie was done it looked as new as right now. In fact, the entire look was fantastic.

You could see the pink polish on my toenails showing through my stockings. My fingernails were almost three quarters of an inch past the end of my fingers, and were painted a very bright pink. I just knew that these nails were going to cause me a great deal of trouble. I'd had a hard enough time getting used to the short ones Tammy had used. After taking the mud pack off my face, Debbie had carefully reapplied my make-up. She used only the same items that I had used, but it looked so much better. I paid closer attention than I did the first time and spotted where I had made my mistakes, and more importantly, how to correct them.

Debbie explained what would be needed to keep my new hairstyle looking it's best. I was surprised at how little effort would be needed. Fifteen minutes of rolling before going to bed, and fifteen more with a brush and blow dryer in the morning and I could keep this style looking good for a month, even though I knew I only needed it for a week.

Heather paid the bill and again I was amazed at the cost. The two and a half hours I had spent in the salon had cost over three hundred dollars. I just couldn't believe the price of looking beautiful. But now Heather insisted it was time to head for home and get ready for our date.

No sooner were we in the door than Heather was rushing me to get ready. I'd always wondered what it was that took women so long to get ready for anything, and now it looked like I as going to find out.

After a quick shower and a careful shave—it looks like I'll be shaving two or three times a day for a while—I went back to the bedroom. Heather was already there waiting for me. She had put all my new clothes away for me while waiting to use the shower. She was carrying the black and red outfit from this morning. I had asked if I could wear it, even though I had nearly seven hundred dollars of brand new clothes sitting around the room.

Handing me the clothes Heather headed back to her room to finish getting ready. We had agreed, during the trip back from the mall that I would try dressing by myself with Heather correcting any mistakes afterwards, and of course I was free to ask advice at any time.

I admit that I was nervous. Up to this point I had been told what to wear and how to wear it, either by Tammy or by Heather, but now I was on my own. Opening the dresser I got out a new padded bra and matching panties. I put on the bra and adjusted the straps. Not happy with the way it looked I added the stuffed stockings that Heather had made and looked in the mirror. That was much better. Putting on the pantyhose and then the panties I moved on to the vanity.

With a great deal more confidence than the first time I started on my make-up. I stripped off the pink nail polish and replaced it was a red the same shade as my blouse. I then worked to recreate the look that I had been trying for this morning, but without making the mistakes.

After about forty-five minutes I was finally satisfied with the look I achieved. Crossing over to the bed I put on the blouse. I had gotten used to buttoning things from the wrong side, but I hadn't counted on the trouble these extra-long nails would cause. It took forever just to button the seven buttons on the front of the blouse. I stepped into the skirt and pulled it up around my waist and buttoned it closed—yet, another struggle.

Stepping into a pair of new inch and a half black leather pumps, I looked at myself in the mirror. This just couldn't be me. This was *one.. .hot.. .chick*. It was amazing how the inch and a half heels on my pumps

forced me to change my posture. They forcing me to stand with my hips back and my chest pushed forward. They almost created my figure all by themselves.

I went back to the vanity, remembering to place one foot directly in front of the other as I walked. Tammy had suggested this to give my hips a wiggle, and it really worked. I sat down and finished dressing with a couple of rings, a silver chain necklace, and very carefully changing the trainer earrings for a pair of two inch silver hoops.

I turned around at a knock on the door. Heather walked in. "The guys are here, Amy. Come on down when you're rea...My god Amy. Now I definitely am jealous. I've worn that outfit a half a dozen times, and never got that good a look from it. Are you sure that you're really a guy?" She asked with a small laugh.

Taking a long look at myself in the mirror. I reached down and unbuttoned the top button on my blouse and adjusted the collar to allow the lacy bra to just peek out from the opening

"I'll tell you the truth Heather. After the last day and a half I'm not so sure myself. Come on, we don't want to keep our dates waiting."

We drove to the restaurant in Mike's car. Taking my cue from Heather, I spent the entire trip in the back seat snuggling up against Steve. In truth I was kind of turned on by the scent of his aftershave and the warmth of his arm around my shoulders as we drove.

At the restaurant Steve ordered for both of us. Again following Heather's example I only ate about half of what was on my plate. After we were done eating Heather excused both of us and led me into the ladies room.

As we stood there repairing the damage that eating had done to our make-up, she asked, "Well Amy, What do you think?"

"What do I think of what?" I asked.

"Of Steve of course. Isn't he just a dream?"

"Heather, I'm a *guy* remember. I've been acting. Mostly I've just been doing the same things that you've been doing with Mike," I said, putting my lipstick back into my purse and blotting my lips on a tissue.

"Well," said Heather, "if that's the case then you're one damn fine actor, Amy. Mike told me that if he and I weren't so close, he'd be trying to cut Steve out."

I gave myself a quick spray of perfume before answering. "I'll just consider that as a compliment. Come on, let's get back to the table."

The drive to the theater and watching the movie gave me plenty of time to think. I spent most of the drive snuggling up against Steve with his arm around me. In the end I had to agree with Heather. I found myself getting more and more turned on the longer I sat here. I'm not sure what was happening to me, but I was feeling more like a woman with each new experience.

After the movie Mike drove us home and the boys walked us to the door. Mike and Heather moved down the porch and left Steve and I by the door. Steve took my hands and looked down at me. Even with the heels Steve was still taller than I was.

"I had a wonderful time tonight, Steve. Thank you."

"He bent down and whispered in my ear. "Brace yourself. I'm going to kiss you." And he did. I suddenly found myself responding by wrapping my arms around his neck and kissing back for all I was worth. After a moments surprise Steve returned the kiss and we spent the next several minutes lost in each other's arms.



We broke from the kiss and I followed Heather into the house. I almost floated up the steps and into the bedroom. After changing into a nightgown I laid down on the bed and thought about the events of the evening. Wondering what was happening to me I was soon asleep.

DAY TWO - MONDAY

I awoke early the next morning before anyone else was up. I took a long hot shower and gave myself a through shave, making sure to get both my face and underarms. I ran my hands over my arms and legs and didn't even feel any stubble. I wondered why they had never developed sometimes like this for a guy's face. I wasn't sure how long the depilatory would last so I decided to ask Heather to get some more later today.

Once back in the bedroom I spent some time deciding on my outfit for today, there were so many things that I wanted to try. I finally chose a long loose multi-colored skirt along with what Heather had called a peasant blouse. I was just putting the finishing touches on my makeup when Heather walked in, and wished me a good morning. I answered her and finished getting dressed. When I was done I asked what the plans were for today.

"Well. Tammy says she'll be over about one, and that she has a couple of surprises for you. I don't have any idea what she's talking about, so we'll both have to wait and find out. "As for me, I've got a chemistry lab this morning, but should be back about eleven thirty or so. Why don't you just hang around the house this morning?"

I agreed that it was probability the best idea.

After Heather left I made myself a small breakfast of toast and tea and went back into the bedroom. There I looked around for something to do. I finally decided to experiment. Yesterday at the mall I had bought a book about makeup and clothes. I decided that now was the time to find out just what I could do.

The book contained a number of different makeup styles, from every day to high fashion. I spent the next several hours trying different looks. I would finish one style, spend a moment admiring the way it looked, strip it off and move on the next one. I tried almost every style in the book except for the high fashion look. That I saved for last intending to have it on when Tammy arrived.

About twelve thirty Heather ran into the room all full of apologies. "I'm so sorry Amy. I know I'm late but we got so wrapped up in today's lab exercise that I just totally lost track of the time. Tammy isn't here yet is she?"

I turned slowly around from where I was sitting at the vanity and waited for her reaction. I didn't have long to wait. Heather just stood there staring. "Amy, what have you don....., you look beautiful. How did you do it?"

I showed her the book and explained what I had done. I had followed the instructions in the book, modifying it slightly in some places when what I applied didn't look exactly right

"Well that's just fantastic." Tammy is just going to be amazed when she sees this."

"When I see what?" came a voice from the doorway. We turned around and there was Tammy standing in the hall loaded down with boxes and a large clothing bag—so many in fact that she resembled a pack mule. *As if anyone who looked that good could ever look like a mule*, I thought to myself.

We rushed over and helped her unload her burden on the bed. Heather then showed her what I had done with the makeup and Tammy

agreed that I had done an excellent job.

"It's not quite what I would have, but it's still better than most actual girls your age can do. We'll work on it in a moment, but first I have a couple of surprises for you."

She picked up one of the boxes from the bed where she had set them. "It seems like I'm always telling you this, but first you'll have to get undressed."

I removed the skirt and blouse and stood there wearing just my panties and bra.

"Take off your panties, I need to add a couple of things to your outfit. I talked to a friend of mine who's a professional female impersonator and got some tips on how to make your figure look more real looking. Here, put this on."

She handed me what looked like a large panty girdle with an extra wide waistband. The bottom was padded with large foam rubber pads. After struggling to get it on I could see what the pads and waistline were for. The waistline pulled my waist in by about four or five inches, and when combined with the padding in the rear, suddenly I had a butt, and a rather shapely one at that. The tight material also held in my penis, giving me a much flatter front than I had before. I spent a moment in front of the mirror before Tammy led me back over to the bed.

She pulled the cotton stuffed stockings out of my bra, and told me to remove it. While I did this she removed several items from one of the other boxes. Turning back to where I was sitting on the bed she felt my chest

"Good, we won't have to shave your chest. Amy," she said, showing me one of the things from the box, "these are top of the line breast forms. They attach to your chest with surgical adhesive, and will stay attached through just about anything. You can shower, swim, exercise or even have sex with them on. They're weighted so that they look and feel almost like the real thing."

We read through the instructions several times before we felt ready to start. We finally got through the process and I now had breasts that felt heavy and moved when I walked or turned. There was putty-like stuff that came with them that was used to smooth the edges into the skin. She added a little make-up to blend the edges and it looked like I had *real* breasts! This was beyond my wildest imagination.

I put my bra back on and spent a moment readjusting the straps as the breast forms were just slightly larger than the homemade ones I had been using. I then put my skirt and blouse back on and was amazed by the difference. Where before I had a decent figure now with the help of the breast forms and the waist cincher I had a set of curves that were just short of unbelievable.

Tammy had me sit down at the vanity and spent an hour making adjustments to my makeup. As always she had started with a coat of foundation, but that was just the beginning. Starting with my eyes she applied three different shades of eye shadow, blending and smoothing the color upwards and out to the side, she soon created the effect she was after. She even darkened the shadow in the crease of my lid to create the illusion of larger, softer eyelids. A little of the rose shadow along the top of the lower lid and false lashes with three coats of mascara completed her efforts there.

Moving down to my mouth, she first lined my lips using a deep red Up lining pencil. She then uncapped the lipstick tube, twisted the base of the tube and I watched as the shiny, creamy, deep red lipstick came into view. She handed the tube and a small brush to me. Running the brush against the side of the stick I leaned in, toward the mirror, and smoothed the creamy color onto my lips. When I had filled in the entire area, I gently rolled my lips together to even out the color.

She took the long, soft brush and dabbed it in the small tub of rose blusher. After studying my face for a moment she began applying the soft color to my cheeks, blending the feminine blusher up towards my ears. I looked at my reflection noting how mature and provocative I

appeared.

She finished by changing the nail polish from the light red I had worn last night to a deep red matching my lipstick. The overall effect was fantastic. There were no major changes—just some alterations in colors and application—but what resulted when she finished was much more intense.

"You see Amy, what you did was excellent, but basic. *This* comes from the graduate course."

"And now for the crowning glory," she said. Returning to the bed she picked up the large clothes bag she had laid there earlier. Unzipping the front she removed the formal gown and laid it out on the bed. It wasn't very impressive.

Just a long black tube of shiny material and a pair of long black gloves.

I said as much to Tammy who laughed and said "That's true of any dress Amy. They're all just pieces of material sewn together. It's what's inside the dress that makes it special, and this dress is going to look *very* special."

She unzipped the dress while I took off my skirt and blouse. She handed me a different bra and told me to change into it. "I know that Heather didn't buy one of these as without the breast forms there was no way you could wear one.

I quickly saw what she meant, as there were no straps to use as guides. Before I put it on Tammy placed two small pads in the cups. These pads made the bra harder to get on but I finally had it in place with my breasts firmly in the cups. Well almost. The extra pads that Tammy had placed in each cup forced the breasts up and in towards each other. What I now had was called cleavage.

She helped me into the gown and I could see that she was right. Between the breast forms and waist cincher I filled out the gown perfectly. I held my breath while Tammy zipped up the evening gown

only to find that I couldn't breathe the way I wanted to.

"What's wrong Amy," teased Heather, "finding it a little hard to breathe?"

"Please unzip me," I pleaded. "I can't breathe."

"Relax, you'll get used to it in a few minutes," Tammy said. "This is just a sampling of what women have to go through to wear some of those outfits that men like to see us in."

Oddly enough Tammy was right. In a few moments I got used to the tightness of the gown and was no longer gasping for breath. Of course once I got used to the gown Tammy insisted that I try sitting down. What seemed a relief at first turned into quite a puzzle as I tried to figure out how to bend and sit while zipped into the tight gown and the waist cincher I needed to wear to smooth out my figure. I twisted and turned every way I could think of but I just couldn't sit down.

Heather watched and laughed as I went through my gyrations. "Keep your upper body straight Amy," she finally told me. "Now bend your knees slightly and push out your butt as you sit."

Even with her help it was nearly an hour before I could walk across the room and sit down in a straight backed chair with no problem, it took quite a bit more work to learn to sit on a soft chair or couch however.

The only problem was the gown was way too long. There was about three or four inches of material gathered around my feet. I quickly pointed this out to Tammy.

Without saying a word she opened one of the other boxes on the bed and handed me a pair of black leather sling back pumps with about four inch heels. Sitting down on the bed I put on the shoes and stood up. I sat back down even faster. With Tammy's help I managed to stand up in those heels. I walked slowly around the room a half dozen times until I found my new center of gravity. It wasn't easy with the weight of my new breasts pulling on the top and the way the heels forced my new butt

to stick out. I needed an entirely new way of holding everything.

Once I felt comfortable with the changes I walked back over to the bed and put on the gloves. Returning with me to the center of the room Tammy began marking the alterations the gown would need.

I found the changes interesting. I had thought that the gown looked perfect as it was, but each time she gathered and pinned in a little section of material the gown became even more beautiful. After about two and half hours she had me carefully—so as not to displace any of the pins—remove the dress.

After placing the dress back in the clothing bag she came back to where Heather and I were sitting. I had dressed in a matching light blue skirt and sweater set and was removing the high fashion style makeup and restoring what I was coming to think of as my normal face, with just foundation, blush, lipstick and eye shadow.

Tammy sat there watching as I applied each item, nodding to herself. "You're getting really good at that, Amy. I'll be honest with you; I don't think that there's much more that I can show you. Maybe you should consider taking a course in cosmetology. I'm sure that I could get you a job at the shop."

I reminded her that I was only doing this for a week. As I turned back to the vanity to check my nails I didn't notice the look that passed between the two women. Grabbing my purse I suggested that since it was getting late, why didn't we go out for dinner. Both girls agreed.

After discussing where to eat, we finally decided on a small Italian place just down the street from the house. Entering the dimly lit restaurant we choose a booth in the corner. I held my skirt under me as I slid into the booth and crossed my legs. Tammy and Heather slipped in on the other side. I put my pocketbook on the seat next to me. A waitress hurried over with a basket of breadsticks and handed us each a menu. We all ordered small plates of pasta and meatballs and agreed to split a half bottle of wine.

While we waited for the food to come Tammy split the time between drilling me on the application of make-up and lecturing me on what jewelry went best with what type of outfit. This continued until the food arrived. We stopped while we ate as Tammy had a rule never to discuss anything serious while eating. Instead we spent the time gossiping. Talking about things happening around campus. For me this was quite an education. I was finding out what the coeds thought was important enough to talk to each other about.

There were the usual things that all students thought about, classes, which instructors were best and which to avoid, that sort of thing. But also which cheerleader was sleeping with what jock and even more important which professors were sleeping with each other. The entire time that Heather and I spent talking about campus life Tammy spent studying a different subject. Me.

After the dishes had been cleared away Tammy got down to the important things. She covered the contest in depth, describing each step along the path and giving me the details I would need to win the crown. She seemed to be extremely well informed about the behind the scenes details of the contest and I asked her where she had learned it all.

She tried to brush the answer off as unimportant, but Heather wouldn't allow it. "You mean you don't know about Tammy. Amy, she won this contest two years in a row about ten years ago. Then she got into some sort of trouble with the school and wasn't allowed to graduate. That was one of the main reasons she agreed to help us on this project, to get back at the school."

I looked over at Tammy. She was blushing so brightly that I could see it through her makeup,

"It's true Amy, but embarrassing the school isn't the only reason I have for doing this. I really believe that SNOW is right. That these contests are humiliating and belong left in the past. I'm going to do whatever it takes to get them stopped so no other woman needs risking what happened to me. That's all I going to say about it and if you press

me for more I'll get up, walk out that door and leave you on you own."

"That's fine Tammy. It's your life and I won't pry," I said. Even though I was dying to know the rest. We finished the evening discussing the final event of the pageant, the evening gown competition. This would be the most difficult as it was the only part that was held in public. Tammy spent twenty minutes giving me a list of instructions about how to walk, talk, stand and just about everything else she could think of.

We paid the check and Heather and I walked Tammy back to where she had parked her car in front of Heather's house.

"Now Amy, I want you to spent tomorrow working on what I've just told you about and we'll correct any problems when I being the gown back for the final fitting on Wednesday. Until then just practice, practice, practice. Okay?"

"Okay Tammy. I'll see you on Wednesday." Without thinking I reached out and hugged her. Not as a boy hugs a girl but as one girl hugs another. I followed Heather into the house and didn't see the long look that Tammy gave me before getting in her car and driving away.

DAY THREE - TUESDAY

The next day began just as the last two had. I took a long hot shower, and shaved both my face and my underarms. A quick check showed that the Nair was still working on my legs.

There was one difference. Halfway through the shower I realized that I still had the breast forms on. It felt strange to be running my hands over breasts where all I had ever felt before was skin. After getting out of the shower I had to reapply the makeup to hide the line where the forms were met by skin but the forms themselves stayed in place.

Returning to the bedroom, I selected my outfit for the day. I decided on a black skirt that fell just above my knee. I paired it with a

white silk blouse and a black vest. A pair of black open toe pumps went on my feet. I spent a long time staring at the mirror. I was still flabbergasted at the difference that the waist chincer and breast forms made in my figure. It wasn't that the shape had changed that much, but it looked much more natural.

I completed the outfit with a silver necklace and a pair of three inch silver hoop earrings. When Heather joined me we started the real work in my transformation. Everything up to now had been directed towards making me look like a woman, but now the hard part began. I needed to be able to think and act as a woman without seeming to take the time to think about it.

I commented to Heather that I never realized, outside of the obvious of course, that there were so many differences between men and women. We both had a good laugh and Heather insisted on working with me on my walk and posture, so we spent the rest of the morning working on walking and moving like a woman. This meant a lot of hard work for me since it meant relearning all the things I had taken for granted over the years. Women just didn't stand, sit, walk, or even gesture the way men did and so neither could I.

Heather stood in the center of the room. "Now I'll teach you how to walk."

Heather strolled back and forth in front of the bed showing me how to place my feet as to cause a gentle hip swing. How tucking in the pelvis showed off the breasts. She taught me how to sit, rise and cross my legs. She made me stand, walk, sit, cross my legs, stand, walk, sit, and cross my legs over and over again until I couldn't stand it anymore.

The goal was twofold: to keep my skirts unwrinkled and to avoid displaying more of my feminine underthings than I wanted to. It turned out that I tended to be *too* modest

"A girl is used to putting her legs on display every day," Heather told me. "We don't think twice about flashing a little thigh and

the boys love it. As long as your panties don't show, it's fine."

After working for over an hour and a half, I became very comfortable with it. Reaching a point where I made the proper move without taking the time to think about it

Once that was over she decided to give me lessons on walking in high heels which nearly caused me to break a leg. First I learned how a woman puts on her shoes. This was totally different from the way a man does it. A woman puts her shoes on from the outside of her legs, and a man does just the opposite.

"That's right Amy," Heather instructed. "Make a point out of your toe just like when you put on your stockings. That way the rest of the foot just slides in."

I walked in flats, two inch, three inch and finally in those huge four inch heels that Tammy had brought over with the gown.

"Take shorter steps," Heather ordered. "Let your hips swing so you can put one foot directly in front of the other, like you were walking a tightrope. Point your toes more."

I think Heather is in the wrong school. She belongs in the Marine Corps as a drill instructor.

The entire time was spent learning balance by keeping a book on my head. The first time it fell off I bent over at the waist to pick it up and Heather kicked it over into the corner.

"What did you do that for?" I asked.

That began an entirely new set of lessons. I learned how to pick up, carry, and hold things the way a woman would. A woman never bends from the waist to pick something up. Instead she sort of half kneels. This keeps her back straight and her panties and slip safely hidden away.

Also where a man would carry his books cupped in his hand, with his arm at his side, a woman carries hers tucked in the bend of her arm,

pulled up tight against her chest. This was a lot harder to do than it sounds. I needed to learn a complete new point of balance for everything that I carried.

We finished the morning by working on all of the poses that Tammy had written descriptions for. When we were done all I wanted to do was climb into a hot tub and soak. I had aches and pains in muscles I didn't even know existed.

I was just coming out of the bathroom when there was a knock at the door. I grabbed a robe and Heather opened the door a crack. Stepping back she opened the door all the way and allowed her mother into the room.

"Excuse me for interrupting girls, but I really need to ask a small favor."

"Sure Mom, what is it?" Heather asked as I sat there listening. I really loved the way Heather and her mom were so close. I had never been really close to my parents even before they died.

"I was wondering if you would mind running a couple of small errands for me. I've got a parents conference with your brother Billy's homeroom teacher this afternoon. That boy knows how to get into more mischief than any five other boys his age," she said while digging in her purse. "I know that you need to practice for the home coming queen contest, but if you wouldn't mind, could you just please pick up the laundry and then run to the grocery store for me. I would really appreciate it."

"Sure Mom. We'll be glad to do it. We need a bit of a break anyway. I mean we've been at this for over five hours now, anyway."

Heather reached over and took the list of things needed from the grocery from her mother. "You just go and see if you can keep them from throwing Billy out of school. After all, you remember what Dad said after the last time, and I don't think Billy would last long at a military school."

Her mother hurried out the door and Heather turned back to where I was sitting. "Well come on lazy, don't just sit there. Get dressed. We've got to go to the store for my Mom."

That afternoon something very odd happened, as I was helping run the errands with Heather for her folks. I was trying to reach an item on the upper shelf in the supermarket when a tall guy about my age reached up and handed the jar down to me. It worked out perfectly, being several inches taller than me he was easily able to get what I needed and he got the appreciation of a cute young damsel in distress.

"My hero." I joked as he brought the item down to me.

"Twas my pleasure fair lady," he said with a smile. "Now as it is the custom to reward we gallant knights, I would be honored if you would allow me to buy you lunch."

I looked up at him and almost fainted. One look into his big blue eyes and I just wanted to fall into them. He was several inches taller than I and I loved the way he looked with well-muscled arms and chest. I wanted to have him wrap those muscular arms around me and hold me tightly against his chest.

"I would like nothing better myself." I lied, "But, I'm here with a friend and we really do need to get these things back to her folks." I couldn't figure out the feelings that were coming over me. Things were happening that I just didn't understand. I was becoming more of a girl with every passing day. Here I am in a supermarket flirting with a guy I'd never met before and not only that but I really wanted to date him.

I decided to stall for time. "Are you from around here?" I asked in my sweetest voice.

"Yeah," he replied eagerly, sensing an opportunity in the making. "Just a couple of blocks from here. Where are you from?"

"Oh...I live out of state," I replied with a smile. "I go to the university. I'm just staying with a friend while my apartments being painted. I'm Amy Clarke."

"That's cool," he said. "I've always liked that name. I'm David Hamilton. I'm also at the university."

I just stood there for a moment. Did he say what I thought he had said? David Hamilton was the star wide receiver for university football team. And here he was trying to hit on me for a date.

"Hey I've got an idea," he said, "If you're too busy for lunch, how about dinner tomorrow? I could pick you up about seven. We could have dinner and maybe do a little dancing afterward."

I don't know what came over me but I accepted. I gave him the address and said I'd be ready at seven.

Copying down the address he said. "So you're staying with the Baines then?"

"Yes," I said going into a panic, "do you know them?"

"Somewhat," he answered, "Heather and I went to junior high together. But that was before my dad lost his job and we moved to the other side of town.

"I'm so sorry" I said.

"No problem," he said, "that was years ago. Anyway I'm attending school on a football scholarship." He glanced down at the basket in front of me. "Well you've got shopping to finish and I've got some things I need to get done. I'll see you tomorrow night at seven. Wear something pretty—I want everybody to see how good you look," he said smiling.

I smiled right back.

I pushed the cart back over to where Heather was waiting at the checkout line. "Who was that guy you were talking to," she asked, after placing several items into the cart. "He looks familiar."

"That's Dave Hamilton. He's captain of the football team." I answered casually "He and I are going out tomorrow night for dinner and maybe dancing."

I thought Heather was going to explode. "Are you nuts or something? There's no way that you're ready for that kind of thing. Dave Hamilton has a rep as being very good with his hands, and I don't mean on the football field either. Besides, as you just pointed out, he's captain of the football team. Do you know what they'll do to you if he even suspects for a second that you're not one hundred and ten percent female?"

"I do know and more importantly I don't care." I said as we walked back to the car. "This is something that I feel the need to do. I have to prove to myself that I can pass for a female. Otherwise there's no way that I can go into the contest with any hope of winning." And even though I couldn't admit it to anyone but myself, winning the homecoming queen contest had become very important to me.

The entire trip back Heather kept after me trying to convince me to call David and cancel our date. She came up with reason after reason why I wasn't ready for a "real" date. But each time she gave me another reason why I wasn't ready it just increased my resolve to go ahead and do it. Finally I'd had enough

"Look Heather," I said "I'm going to do this with or without your approval. So either make helpful suggestions or just let the whole thing drop. Okay?"

We finished the drive back to her house in silence.

After parking in the garage and carrying the bags up into the kitchen, Heather finally spoke. "All right Amy. If you're sure that this is what you need, to be comfortable with what you're doing, I'll help. When we're done putting this stuff away we'll go upstairs and decide what to do for your date."

We unloaded the groceries and went back to my room. For the next several hours we went through all of my clothes and then all of Heather's things trying on different outfits. When we were done we had decided on a mid-calf length black cocktail dress with matching three

and a half inch heels. For accessories we chose a pearl necklace with matching earring from Heather jewelry box.

That settled, we spent the next hour before going to bed with Heather teaching me to dance. I think my feet hurt more after that than they did the first time I had worn heels. I had always thought I was a fairly decent dancer, but that was before I had to learn to do it backward and in three inch heels.

DAY FOUR - WEDNESDAY

I was sitting in my room the next morning, listening to a light jazz tape and trying to get caught up on the assignments I was missing, when Heather and Tammy walked into the room. Tammy placed a large garment bag down on the bed and looked me over and nodded.

"Amy, you're looking very good."

I had decided on a simple white cotton dress with yellow flowers along with a pair of low heeled yellow sandals for the day. The dress slid softly over my body falling just inches below the lace trim of the half-slip I wore. I had unbuttoned a few of the top buttons on the dress exposing just a hint of my cleavage, then fastened the matching belt as tightly as possible to emphasize a bit more of my new figure.

Tammy told me that I looked just right, my outfit being just tight enough to show off my shape without calling too much attention to myself.

"Heather tells me that you've got a date for tonight. Is that true?"

I had had about enough of everybody deciding how I should live my life, and exploded back "Yes it's true! Like I tried to explain to Heather, before she stopped listening. This is a test. My *final exam* if you want to put it that way.

"I figure that if I can pull this off without anybody catching on then I shouldn't have any problems during the contest. If I can't pull it

off then I'll probably wind up getting my ass beat up so badly that it won't matter anyway."

To my surprise Tammy just sat there nodding.

"You're absolutely right Amy. You do need a final test. I've been trying to figure one out for you, but this should work out just fine. Go on this date—be your most charming and ladylike—and just have fun."

"I might not have tried for the captain of the football team, but that your decision," She paused. "Actually maybe it's not such a bad idea at that. After all, if you do win the contest it's traditional for you to go to the homecoming ball with him

"Of course you'll need to be careful," she said, sitting back on the edge of the bed. "You do know that he has quite a reputation as a ladies man. Maybe we can talk some and figure out ways to help keep his hands off of you. At least for tonight," she added with a small grin.

We spent the next hour talking and finally decided that the best way to keep things on a friendly level was for it to be that time of the month for me. Tammy felt that I should wear a napkin so I would really feel correct. Heather wore tampons so Tammy loaned me a belt and several napkins that she carried in her purse for emergencies. She spent a couple of minutes helping me into them and explaining how they went on.

"Now that *that's* settled maybe we can get back to the real reason that I came over."

She pulled the gown from the bag and handed it to me. While I was changing into it she went to the closet and dug out the four inch heels that I had worn the last time. I placed them on my feet and stood in the center of the room as Tammy made and marked a few small last minute adjustments that needed to be made. She handed me the gloves and we spent the next half hour going through what jewelry I had, to determine which pieces I should wear with the gown. Finally, just before noon, she was satisfied with what we had accomplished and

allowed me to change back out of the gown into the dress I had been wearing.

"Well that looks good. I'll take this over to the seamstress and have it back here in time for the contest on Friday. Amy you just go out tonight and have a good time. I'll come over tomorrow and we'll run through those poses a few hundred more times."

I groaned.

"I'm only joking," she said, around a small chuckle. "We'll just go over a few things and make sure that you've got it all down perfectly. You have fun tonight and I'll see you tomorrow."

After lunch that afternoon I pampered myself with a long hot bath in a tub with plenty of bath oil added. I leisurely shaved my legs and underarms, then laid back to relax. Enjoying the hot water, as it wrapped itself around my body, soaking out the stress of the last few days.

I carefully patted myself dry with a fluffy towel, slipped into a pair of white panties with nothing but lace for the front and sides. I had picked them and several other pairs in assorted colors along with a few satiny bras that looked sinfully sexy and felt wonderful when I tried them on after coming home from the department store.

I picked out one of my satin bras, gently placed it over my breasts then hooked it up, immediately noticing the secure feeling of support I was looking for. I can't understand how years ago women burned their bras declaring themselves liberated from them. Although I hated wearing one at first I had gotten used to them without a problem and now that I had breasts I felt naked without one. I discovered that bras didn't have to be simply something to hold my breasts in place. If I chose the right one it also made me feel very sexy and feminine

After rolling my hair in my hot curlers and doing my nails in a deep shade of red I sat back in just my bra and panties reading a fashion magazine.

Once my hair and nails were done I slid the pretty white full slip over my head and let it come to rest over my hips. I knew that the matching bra, slip, and panty set were perfect the moment I set eyes on it even though I was just a little unsure of how I'd like a full slip instead of the half-slips I'd been wearing. Once I tried it on though, the feeling of the nylon across my stomach and the sight of the lace trim being held out by the full cups of my bra, convinced me that it was right for me. Now as I looked at myself in the mirror a small part of my mind wanted to rebel against my transformation but it was becoming a less and less important part of my thinking,

I carefully rolled on my stockings to avoid putting a tear or run in them. They were so tight and delicate yet they clung to my legs like a second skin made of silk. It took more than five minutes to get the stocking on, far longer than I took when wearing pantyhose but this was an important occasion and everything had to be just perfect. I carefully hooked each snap on the garter belt, so that my seams remained perfectly straight.

Heather turned to the closet and took out the black knit cocktail dress we had purchased along with the other things. As she held it up I remember thinking it was the sexiest thing I had ever seen. I pulled on that dress without hesitating, I wanted to look pretty and feel special and I found that this dress that was perfect for that purpose. The dress simply slid over my new body, filling the indentations and curves produced by the waist cincher and the bra. It felt wonderful. She turned me around to get at the zipper as she patted the dress smooth against my new found feminine figure.

The neckline was V shaped, cut low and showed just a bit of the lace trim on my slip. The top of the dress fit my body like a second skin. The skirt flowed smoothly against my thighs and derriere accenting their natural roundness. The hem came to mid-calf, with a slit up the side, all the way to my mid-thigh.

Heather reached up under my skirt and slightly adjusted my slip

so that the two slits lined up perfectly. When I walked, they opened and showed generous amounts of my leg. I selected and put on a pair of black, patent leather, three and a half inch sling heels.

I completed the look by applying what the book called the *evening look*. It was the second most intense makeup look I had ever tried. I began by applying a creamy foundation all over my face using a damp facial sponge, to further even out my skin and give me a nice base. Next, I colored my soft, curvy eyebrows with brown eyebrow pencil. My eyebrows looked very womanly. Heather said that I had big beautiful eyes, and that I should show them off. She handed me a black eyeliner pencil and I used it on the rims of my eyelids. My eyes were soon encircled in the sexy black liner.

Then, I mixed shades of rose and pink eye shadow together. I applied the shadow liberally to my lids and brow bone using a sponge-tipped applicator. The shadow further complimented my eyes. Then came fake eyelashes. I glued them in place over my own lashes, and brushed on some mascara to blend in and further thicken the lashes. The result—big, feathery, dark eyelashes.

Next, attention was turned to my lips. I chose a red lip pencil, held my chin with one hand, and with the other carefully outlined my lips with the pencil to define and color the borders. I then took a tube of bright red lipstick and using a Up brush generously filled in my outlined lips with the rich red color. I rolled my lips against each other to even out the color. To further accentuate my lips, I painted gloss over my lipstick using a different brush, giving my lips a bright, glossy shine. When I was finished, matching my sexy eyes, I had the, reddest, shiniest lips I had ever seen on anyone.

Finally, I finished my face with a deep rose blush swept over my cheeks and lightly brushed on my forehead, nose, and chin using a gentle blusher brush to add a soft glow to my complexion. Powder was then lightly patted all over my face with a powder puff to help lock-in my makeup. When I finished even I was amazed by the result.

I completed the look with a pair of pearl drop earrings, a couple of rings and a slim woman's watch. Heather told me to wait a second and ran into her room. She came back a moment later, carrying what looked like a narrow piece of black silk.

"This will look just perfect with your outfit Amy. Here let me put it on for you."

She placed the piece of silk around my neck. It turned out to be a black choker with a large black and ivory cameo. Heather was right it did finish the look.

I stopped for just a moment and wondered just what was happening here. What had happened in the last three days was nothing compared to getting ready for my first *real* date. Here I was taking great pains to make sure everything would look just perfect. The feel of putting on that dress just made me feel so feminine in a way that seemed to excite me to no end.

Heather said it was the special thrill that a girl has when she gets all dressed up and realizes that she's not a little girl anymore but is on the verge of womanhood, a very important time in a girl's life.

There was a knock on the bedroom door and I called for whoever it was to come on in. Heather's mother opened the door and told us that David had arrived. I thanked her and said I would be down in just a moment.

"Heather," I said looking at myself in the mirror, "I'm scared. What if I slip up somehow and he realizes what I really am?"

"Don't worry," she said, putting her hands on my shoulders. "The way you look, David will be falling all over himself to give you whatever you want. I guarantee it."

A last spray of perfume and I was ready for anything. I placed the things that I would need for the evening, including some money to call either home or the police, in the clutch purse Heather handed me. A quick look in the mirror to be sure everything was in place and I headed

down to meet my date.

David took me to a wonderful little restaurant a few miles from the house called the Hunter's Glen. It was dark

and intimate, and we were given a very private table over in a corner, with just a candle lighting it. As I walked into the restaurant on David's arm, I noticed guys staring at me as we passed. The look was unmistakable, they were checking me out as if I were some sort of dessert that they could have after their meals. This was unbelievable!

A couple of times I caught myself staring at a guy for a moment too long and would be met by a big smile. At first I quickly turned my head but as the evening passed I found myself thinking about Heather's advice on flirting. The next time I saw a guy who struck me as cute—and yes I was beginning to think of some guys as cute—I held his stare and smiled at him. It was phenomenal, I could almost feel the electricity in the air as he returned my smile!

When the waiter held my chair for me, it took me a minute to realize what he was doing, but again I quickly recovered and sat down, remembering to smooth my dress under me so it didn't crease too badly.

I allowed David to order for us both. He ordered a large steak and potato for himself and a smaller steak and salad for me. He had a beer and I sipped a small glass of wine. I was careful to eat my dinner like a lady. I took small bites and was cautious of not smearing my lipstick when I wiped my mouth with my napkin. When done I left almost a third of the steak on my plate.

After dinner we went out to a local club. David ordered a mixed drink and I had a white wine. David stood and asked me to dance. I was stunned and pleaded with him that I didn't know how to dance but he insisted that I'd be fine, all I had to do was follow him. David just stood there holding out his hand and smiling at me... So to avoid a scene, I took his hand and followed him to the floor.

It all seemed so strange as we walked hand in hand to the dance

floor, my small, delicate looking hand with long red nails, nestled in David's large protective looking hands. With my heels on I stood about five foot ten but David still towered over me which I found made it even easier for me to accept my role as a girl. David took my hand in his and held me close as we danced to one song after another. I felt so happy to be there with him that I wished the night would never end.

The first time you dance in high heels is an experience. I had a lot of difficulty, particularly since I never danced in any shoes before, much less three and a half inch pumps. David was very understanding and bore with me. With his strong lead I was soon spinning around the floor as if I had been dancing in heels for my entire life.

We danced four or five slow songs before the band began to play some faster songs. David and I stayed to enjoy a few more dances but still I was glad when the set was over and we went back to the table.

As soon as I got there, I ordered another glass of wine. Even though we were no longer physically close to each other I could still sense the attraction we had for each other and wondered if he felt it too. I smiled happily each time we met each other's eyes and it was clear to see that Heather was right, David may have been taller and stronger than I was but he was happy to do whatever he could to please me.

All too soon we were pulling up in front of Heather's house. He looked out the windshield a moment then said, "Well, I certainly had a good time tonight."

I was looking at my hands in my lap, then looked up at David as I said, "Me too." Then I looked back down at my hands.

He moved closer to me and in sudden horror, I thought, my god he's going to kiss me. There was a long pause, and I was shocked to find myself thinking, oh no, he's not going to kiss me. I looked up at David and then his lips were pressed against mine.

At first his lips brushed mine so lightly that I was beginning to wonder if I was just imagining that he had kissed me. Then his lips

brushed mine again. I had this strange sense that I should not like being kissed like this. I mean, after all, I wasn't really a girl, but it felt so wonderfully satisfying to me. I loved it. Then David pressed his lips against mine, in a real boy girl kiss, and I felt light headed. I clung to his neck so that I would not fall over. It was electric. I felt charged with some strange kind of energy. It was very satisfying.

When I felt his tongue lightly begin to lick my lips, I opened my mouth, hoping that he would put his tongue inside of me. I wanted to feel his tongue inside of me. I wanted to be French kissed, like any other girl gets kissed.

He did not disappoint me either.

We kissed like that for over half an hour. His hands gently but firmly explored my back and my skirted bum. I was in seventh heaven. I had never felt so alive in my life. After he had kissed all over my face, and had felt me up a bit, he moved back from me.

"Can I see you again, Amy?"

"Give me a call later and we'll talk about it," I said, getting out of the car and starting up the front walk.

He called out that he would do just that as he drove away.

I let myself in the door and was surprised to find Heather and Tammy sitting in the living room. As I walked over to the couch Heather stood up.

"Amy, we've got a problem." She passed me several sheets of paper. "These came by messenger just after you left."

I looked at the top paper. It bore the official university seal at the top and was addressed to Heather Baines. It was a notice to report to the dean of admissions office first thing in the morning. I looked at the second sheet, and almost fainted on the spot. It was also a notice, identical to the first one, except that it was addressed to Amy Clarke.

DAY FIVE - THURSDAY

The next morning found Heather and I standing in front of the dean's secretary. She looked almost as old as the antique furniture used in the waiting room. We handed her the notices we had received the night before. She glanced at them and placed them on a pile along with several others. She pointed to a waiting area where a small group of woman were sitting, and indicated that we were to join them.

We walked over to the group and introduced ourselves. The other women rose and introduced themselves. Two of them, introduced as Janet Bakker and Kelly Durham, were leader in the local chapter of SNOW, while two of the others, Michelle Kraft and Beth Longworth, were president and vice president of the university chapter of Sigma Delta Pi. That left just the two older women who quickly introduced themselves.

One was with the national office of SNOW and the other was the representative from the motherhouse of the sorority. After being introduced these two spent several minutes studying me. They both nodded as if coming to some sort of internal decision. They sat down and started talking to each other.

The intensity of their scrutiny made me glad that Tammy, Heather and I had spent several hours last night deciding what I should wear. As it turned out, after searching my closet, I had nothing that was right for this type of meeting. Luckily we found the perfect outfit in Heather's wardrobe. It was a plain woman's business suit done in a peach color. It went beautifully over an ivory white shell. There was even a pair of three inch pumps in a matching shade that Heather didn't know she had.

We had decided that my makeup should be done in subdued tones. A pale pink lipstick and nail polish, were matched with a rose pink blush and eye shadow that complemented the color of my suit.

Heather and I were just sitting down when the secretary

announced that the dean was ready for us and we all rose to follow her into the office.

The dean was sitting behind her desk talking to an older gentleman who took a seat along with the rest of us. The dean introduced him as the schools attorney.

"Which of you ladies is Amy Clarke?" the dean asked.

I slowly raised my hand, putting it down quickly again when I caught sight of the perfectly manicured, pink polished fingernails.

She had me stand up and walk around the office. When I was done she came around the desk and stood next to me.

"I'm impressed. I'm very impressed. You just might have been able to pull this one off. He looks better in a dress than about ninety-five percent of the actual woman on campus. But you ladies have left me with a major problem."

"You see. One of my responsibilities at the school is the preservation of the schools public image. I can't allow anything to happen that would make the school look ridiculous, and I'm afraid that having a *transvestite* as home coming queen would do just that."

The dean sat on the corner of her desk "Now we could just expel the lot of you and suspend the sorority's privileges for a period. But that would raise questions. Or... we could just have Amy pull out of the contest. But again, this would raise questions better left unasked."

She looked over at the two older women, who were sitting slightly apart from the rest of us.

They both gave a small nod and the dean sat back down behind her. "But, we do have a solution to the problem."

Everybody was overjoyed with this news but the dean warned them that everything hinged on my approval, if I agreed I would be subject to a rather severe punishment but at least I could finish out my education. If I didn't agree we all would be expelled and it was unlikely

any other college would even consider us.

"But first," she said, "let's deal with some other business. The sorority needs to be punished. As a result of their involvement the sorority will not be allowed to recruit new members on campus for the next two years." She turned to the woman from the sorority. "Can you think of anything else?"

"Nothing from the university, Dean," the woman said, "but from the sorority yes. The current officers are removed and a new election for house officers will be held as soon as possible."

The Dean nodded. "Now as for SNOW. Your group has become something of a pain. So I've talked with the board of regents and after paying a sizable fine, as we've already discussed, your organization will be banned from the campus for a period of three years. Of course after that you may apply for reinstatement. Unless you have any questions Ms. Duffy, you are free to leave."

She waited while the woman gathered up her briefcase and left the room.

"Now," she said "let's return to the two main characters in this little scenario. *Miss* Clarke or perhaps I should call you by your correct name, *Mr.* Young."

"Okay," I said with as much bravado as I could muster. Which wasn't much considering the clothes I was wearing. "I'll take my punishment like a man—what is it?"

"Taking your punishment like a *man* is totally out of the question." said the dean, leaning back in her chair. "Because the only way that you'll remain at this university is by remaining as a woman."

"I would have to do what...?" I stammered "No way! I can handle it for a week,, but for nine months, there's no way I could go that long without somebody finding out. And then I'd be dead meat."

"Don't worry about a thing. Don't you think we've thought this

entire thing out before offering you this choice. Beside it's either this or expulsion. Take your pick."

It wasn't a hard decision to make. Without the scholarship I'd be a failure working in some grocery store asking if people wanted paper or plastic sacks. I agreed.

"Excellent," said the dean. "Now, we feel that it's only proper that the home coming queen candidate representing a sorority be a member of that sorority, so you are now officially a member of Sigma Delta Pi. You will spend the rest of this school year living in their sorority house. I've already talked this over with the representative for the sorority and they agree that a room with a private bath can be found."

She turned looked directly at Heather and added "For you and your roommate."

"Oh no," shouted Heather, "there's no way! I live at home. I don't want to live in the sorority house."

The dean looked across her desk. "I'm afraid that's the way it will be Miss Baines. I've already spoken with your parents and they've agreed with this plan. It's either that or withdraw from school. They also said to mention that you could always join your younger brother. They said that you would know what that meant."

At that Heather gave a small beaten nod and sat back down.

A document detailing all that was to happen was brought out for us to sign. It spelled everything out in detail. I was given a pen and shown where to sign. My hands trembled as I wrote but I could see that there was to be no turning back. I signed the form, dated it, and handed it to Heather who did the same. The School's lawyer witnessed the signatures then passed the forms over to the dean for her to sign. We returned to our chairs to hear the full details of my sentence.

"As I just said," the dean began, "you will be spending the remainder of this school year attending this university as a female student. Your records will all be altered to indicate your temporary sex

and all provisions will be made to allow you to function as a female at this school. An official notice to your current records will show that your male self voluntarily withdrew, effective this weekend. At the successful completion of this school year that notice will be removed and your records updated to show whatever honors or awards that you may achieve in the remainder of this year. Is that understood?"

I nodded glumly. My week as a woman had just become nine months. I suddenly realized the significance of that time span and hoped that it wouldn't turn out to be an omen. I was told that I was to not return to my dorm room. All of my belongings would be packed and sent where ever I directed. I would be moving into the sorority house first thing in the morning. Since the school was mandating this punishment I was to be given a clothing allowance, to be supplied by SNOW, to be used in purchasing a woman's wardrobe.

The school was very efficient. The dean and the school's lawyer produced some official looking papers for me to sign. The lawyer pushed the package across the table toward me.

"These papers are all from the university hospital's gender reassignment program. They use them when a patient has decided to have a sex change," he said, flipping through the forms. "The state requires that a person live for two full years as their chosen sex before they can have the surgery. The paperwork is all the same. We'll just never apply for the actual operation."

The first form was a petition to the court to have my name legally changed. I printed Amy Lynne Clarke in the space for my new name and signed it that way on the bottom. Next in line was a paper to get a new birth certificate. The reason I needed a new one was to show my new name and change the sex to female. After that I signed, as Brian, a statement to the administrator of the clinic to say that I was enrolling in the program for sexual reassignment and I'd need documentation to show that I was female to go through the test portion of the program.

"What's this test part all about?" I asked, my natural curiosity

getting the better of me.

"That's what Mr. Lewis was just explaining." The dean said. "Where the person who wants to change their sex must live as the opposite sex to see if they can handle it. All of their official papers show their desired sex to make it easier for them to be accepted as the sex they want to change to. Once we get all the paperwork done we'll get a new picture for your driver's license, and you'll be ready to go."

Before we left I made arrangements with the dean to have what few things I needed from my dorm room, mostly books and my PC, packed and sent over to the sorority house.

I was then handed a check for clothes and wished good luck. I was shocked by the size of the check when I saw it. Apparently the dean really wanted to punish SNOW, as well as me. The check was for seventy-five hundred dollars. Since I didn't have my new identification yet, the dean had suggested that the check be made out to Heather. She could cash the check and turn the money over to me.

The dean said she'd be looking forward to seeing me in the contest. Did I know that she was one of the judges?

The first thing we did after leaving the dean's office was stop at the bank and cash the check before heading for the mall. Heather insisted that we hurry as we had a lot of shopping to do—not to mention a great deal of money to do it with. What really surprised me was when Michelle asked if she could join us. I must have let my surprise show.

"I know," she said, "you expect me to be really mad because of losing my position as president of the sorority, but you can ask any of the girls. I only took the job because nobody else wanted it. Maybe if I really wanted to be the president I would have been more careful about getting the sorority involved in something like this," she said, with a strange look on her face. .

"I would love to help you become a woman, not that you look all that bad as it is."

With that settled we headed for Heather's car and the mall.

I'd been shopping as a woman before, with Heather, for my first outfits and wasn't surprised by the approach to stores and the things in them. But there was a considerable difference when *you* were the one doing the shopping and with comments like: "Oh, isn't that cute," and "It would look wonderful," were applied to things you'd be buying and wearing.

We went through the mall entrance that went through one of the big department stores on the way to the main concourse. Heather and Michelle were cooing over a little dress, within a few feet of the entrance. Only problem was, they were cooing over it as "perfect" for me.

I thought I'd get some support from Heather in my resistance, but she turned out to be the worst of us all. She shocked me to open mouthed staring by immediately picking out the little dress for me and grinning with excitement.

Michelle helped me pick out a copy of that "perfect little" dress, in my size, and hustled me to a fitting room at the side of the store to try it on. I had no choice. It was either do as they seemed to want me to or make a much more memorable and embarrassing scene in resisting. So I found myself alone in the dressing room taking off the peach suit, to try on the dress in the first seconds of being there.

My hands and insides shook violently but to tell you the truth I wasn't sure if it was from fear or excitement. Maybe it was fear and excitement, I realized. It helped my self-confidence a lot though when the dress fit perfectly. I stepped out in front of the others, and had my feelings confirmed.

"You look just perfect," Heather exclaimed and Michelle quickly agreed with her.

"Heather's right, Amy. You look just great. This is going to be a lot of fun. I've never gone shopping for a complete wardrobe before.

Let's go and spend some money."

Then we entered the Casual Miss Shoppe. Here Michelle helped me select some casual skirts and blouses. Over my objections that I couldn't wear them, she insisted that I take two pairs of jeans as well as several pairs of dressy slacks. To my great surprise I looked just fine in them. In fact the way they hugged my hips was just short of indecent. Then she selected a few pairs of shorts, including one pair of white short-shorts.

Then we headed for the Junior's Bazaar. Here, we selected mostly sweaters, skirts and dresses. Heather and Michelle were really in their element here. They reminded me of the actresses in that movie *Clueless*. They made me try on all of the clothes first, before allowing me to buy any of them. I also selected several suits, hostess gowns and one pink satin pants suit. My fairy godmothers did not want me to get it, but, I liked it so much, that they finally agreed

We went to a couple of different shoe stores, where I selected ten pairs of shoes. Six pairs of high heels, in different size heels and different colors. One of them was a dye-able material in case I needed something special. Two pairs of flats, one in black and one in brown, a pair of knee high winter boots with three inch heels and a fake fur around the top, and last but not least a pair of pink sneakers.

I also bought several matching purses to go along with the different shoes. Michelle suggested the highest heels— five inch red spikes, that I didn't buy—but I chose the ones everybody thought were the sexiest, including the male shoe clerk. They were black patent leather city pumps with sharp pointed toes and heels about three inches high with an ankle strap. They covered nothing else and reshaped my legs to something that got whistles from everyone.

Next, we went to Betsy's Formal Shop, where we purchased three dresses that would be suitable for semi-formal affairs. We also discovered, quite by accident, that this was the shop where Tammy was having my gown altered for the Home Coming Queen contest and that it

was ready, so after promising Betsy that we would call Tammy to let her know, we took it home with us.

Next was the *Norvell's Cosmetics* where, with the cosmetologists help, we used the computer to help us select proper colorings for my own makeup kit. This took over an hour, but when finished, I had a complete make-up kit designed especially for my skin coloring. I learned that I was a spring shade and that there were colors other than reds and pinks that worked well with me coloring.

Our last stop was at *Victoria's Secret* where we bought lots and lots of lingerie. I bought panties, bras and slips in a rainbow of different colors. Moving to the other side of the store we selected a couple of nightgowns, and one, done all in black, is the short kind that only comes down to your waist and you wear with a pair of matching panties. We also selected teddies and robes also in a riot of different colors. My favorite was an all lace teddy in bright red.

By this time, it was after seven, and I was exhausted. So we headed back to Heather's house. The money that the woman from SNOW had provided was almost half gone but I had clothes that fit perfectly for all occasions, shoes, cosmetics recommended by a cosmetologist specially for my coloring, and some tasteful though inexpensive jewelry including rings, earrings, necklaces and three watches—plus a jewelry box to keep them all in

After arriving back at the house I complained about all the tags that I was going to have to remove while I was packing my clothes so we could move to the sorority house in the morning.

Heather said that if I was going to be a girl, I would just have to learn to suffer through it. She ordered me to take the scissors into my bedroom and to start removing tags, and packing my clothes. After half an hour, she and Michelle did come in to help me.

DAY SIX - FRIDAY

The next morning both Heather and I got up extra early so we could finish packing and get everything over to the sorority house before I had to leave for the pageant

I was wearing a pair of my new jeans along with a soft cotton tee-shirt blouse. I was still amazed at how the waist chincer and breast forms allowed me to wear anything that a real girl could. I had put on a minimum of makeup, just lipstick, and blusher as most of my stuff had been packed away the night before. I was packing the last of my new clothes into a suitcase—it had taken six large suitcases to hold all of the things I had bought yesterday—when Heather came into the room.

"Amy. I've got a small problem and maybe you can help," she said, sitting down.

"I'll go glad to try, what's the problem?" I asked.

"Well," she said after a moment "I've never had to pack like this before. I don't know what to take, or how much room I'll have after we get there. I figured that since you've lived at the dorm for a couple of years you probably have a better idea of what's going on and can point me in the right direction."

It seemed like an excellent idea so I followed her into her room to see what could be done. Once in her room I stopped short. There were enough clothes and other things laid out on the bed, the dresser, the chairs, in fact on every open space, to supply four girls for at least a month. This load, I decided, was going to require major trimming.

"First of all Heather, we won't have room for anywhere near this amount. If the rooms in the sorority house are anything like the two person rooms in the dorm it won't be much bigger than this room. We'll each have a bed, a dresser, a work table and a small closet

I stood there thinking for a minute when I realized the easiest solution. "Here's what I would do Heather. Take along your small stereo, your TV and your computer. There will be plenty of room for those as all I'm bringing is my PC and my clock radio."

"Then I would go through all of this stuff and pick out what you'll actually need for about three weeks."

She started to complain but I stopped her by holding up my hand. "Think for a moment Heather. You've got an advantage that most of our new sorority sisters don't have." As you can see, I was already beginning to think of myself in the female role.

"And just what advantage is that?" she asked.

"Think Heather, anything that you don't take with you is right here," I said, slapping my hand on the bed. "Right here, less than a twenty minute drive from campus. If you really need something just come over and get it. Come on let's start sorting through that pile."

It took a couple of hours but eventually we had everything packed, either for moving to the sorority house or for storage. Just before ten o'clock we placed the last boxes in the van. Heather's folks had been nice enough to allow us the use the family van for moving. I waited by the van while Heather went over to say good-bye to her mother.

After a couple of minutes they both came over to where I was standing. "Amy," Heather began, "my mom would like to talk to you for just a second, if that's all right with you."

I said that it would be just fine and Heather went around to the driver's side of the van, and her mother moved in closer to me.

"Amy, I just wanted you to know that my husband and I don't hold any sort of grudge against you for the way you fooled us."

I nodded, more than slightly embarrassed. "In fact, if you're willing we would like to look at you as sort of an adopted daughter until

this whole thing is over. We would be there to help you in any way we could, just like we would Heather. Is this all right with you?"

I could feel the tears starting to well up in my eyes. For some reason I cry much easier as Amy. "I don't know what to say Mrs. Baines..."

"None of the Mrs. Baines young lady. You'll call me Mom just as all my other children do. Is that clear?"

"Yes Mis..., Yes Mom, and thank you for everything."

She reached her arms around me in a big loving hug. She held me for a long moment and finally released me. "All right young lady. Dry those tears, fix your makeup and get out of here. You have a beauty contest to win."

"Yes Mom."

Twenty-five minutes later my new sister and I pulled up in front of the Sigma Delta Pi house. Even from the street it was a very impressive building. A rebuilt three story brick colonial house. It had a covered porch running three quarters of the way around the first floor, with balconies on several of the second floor windows.

As Heather and I walked up the path leading to the front door, Michelle and Beth came out to greet us.

"Good morning ladies. We've got your room all ready for you. If you'll come with us we'll show you where it is. Just leave your suitcases and all that other stuff here. We have a couple of healthy young studs who work for the house. They'll bring your things upstairs."

We followed Michelle and Beth into the house and up to the top floor. "We're sorry we had to put you all the way up here," Beth said, back over her shoulder "but this is the only room in the house that has a private bath attached."

She opened the door and moved aside so Heather and I could

enter. I stopped so fast Heather almost ran over me. I was shocked. Like I had told Heather the room contained two beds two dressers, and two work tables just like a standard dorm room. But unlike the dorms the beds were covered with heavy quilts done in soft pastel colors and the dressers had eight drawers each and would actually hold all our things. The most surprising thing were the closets, two each and they were all walk-ins.

"Heather," I said, "I apologize. We could have brought all your stuff and more besides. "Michelle, this isn't the size of all the room is it?"

"Of course not. This room would normally be used by four girls. That's why it got its own bath. We were lucky that no one was using it right now, so we gave it to you and Heather. Do you like it?"

"Like it? After two years in a standard dorm room I may never want to move out."

The boys arrived carrying our things and we spent the next several hours getting settled in. I finally noticed the time when I was resetting the clock on my computer.

"Oh my God. Heather it's almost one and we need to be in the auditorium no later than two o'clock or we'll be in trouble." We hurried to get together everything that I would need for the pageant and rushed out to the van.

We got to the auditorium just barely in time, Heather and I joined the flow of contestants carrying loads that would have made a large horse break out into a sweat. Beside my dress and make-up kit I was also carrying my swimsuit, several pair of different high heel shoes, one for each of the different outfits I would be wearing, and a large box containing a variety of different accessories.

Heather and I finally worked our way up to the registration table where we were greeted by a bored looking secretary.

"Name and organization?" she asked.

"Amy Lynne Clarke. Representing Sigma Delta Pi sorority," I said, moving in front of Heather. "This is Heather Baines. She'll be acting as my dresser for the day."

The secretary made a check mark on a sheet in front of her. "This sheet contains your dressing room assignment and the rules of the contest," she said, handing me a sheet of paper from a second pile on the desk. "Put your things in the assigned dressing room and report on stage in fifteen minutes. The organizers have called a meeting for three o'clock."

The stage manager directed us to the dressing room where we placed the things we were carrying down and hurried back to the stage to receive the first of many sets of instructions on how the contest would be run.

The stage manager was standing on the front edge of the stage as he explained where to stand, where to turn, how to come on the stage, how to exit the stage. It was almost enough to make me wish I was back with Heather drilling me on how to stand, walk, sit, and cross my legs again. We worked at marching around the stage for almost two hours before the stage manager felt that we could do it without messing it up too bad. When he was finished with us, a member of the organizing committee spent an hour explaining the rules to us.

When she finally let us go there was barely an hour and a half left until show time. I almost ran to the small dressing room and feverishly began getting ready. The first round was the introduction. We were to wear an informal but still dressy outfit. I had chosen the same cocktail dress that I had worn on my date with David. As I slid it down around my hips it felt just as wonderful and sexy as it had the first time I had worn it.

Only one thing was to be the same for all three rounds of the competition—our make-up. Once the make-up was applied we would only be allowed to make minor repairs to damage caused when we changed outfits. The make-up style and colors must remain the same.

Here I returned to the book, almost. Tammy and I had spent a number of sleepless hours working with the book, modifying what was described there so that we could use it for the contest, the basic idea was good but we needed to intensify the look so that it was stronger and bolder. We did this through the choice of colors.

The book had used mostly reds and pinks where we selected burgundies and violets, stronger and deeper colors that stood out more. It took most of the hour and half that remained just to get the makeup put on properly. Before I knew it Heather was knocking on the door and saying that the stage manager was calling for all contestants to go to their starting places. With one last look in the mirror, I made a small adjustment to my hair and headed for the stage.

We were introduced to the M.C. and placed in position. As we were to be introduced in alphabetic order by organization, I would be the last person called on stage. This left me with plenty of time to get very nervous. What if I forgot something about how to stand or walk or talk?

Enough of this Amy, I finally told myself *'you're going to be just fine. Just think about the exercises that you and Tammy developed.'* By the time it was my turn to come out I had worked my nerves down to a manageable level.

I heard the M.C. announce "And last, but certainly not least we have the representative for the Sigma Delta Pi sorority."

I walked out to the center of the stage and stood up next to the microphone. I smiled at the audience while striking a three quarter pose that I knew showed off my legs and bust.

"Good evening ladies and gentlemen. My name is Amy Lynne Clarke. I represent my sisters in the Sigma Delta Pi sorority." I then turned and walked back to the line with the other girls, carefully placing my feet, one in front of the other, to cause the most sway in my hips possible.

The M.C. returned to center stage and took the microphone. "There you have it ladies and gentlemen. The candidates for this years home coming queen. Now, while these beautiful young ladies will hurry backstage to change for the next section of the contest, it's the swimsuit by the way, the judges will total the scores **and** combine the introduction scores with the scores for the academic section and when we return we will announce the five finalists."

I ran down the steps and took the package containing my swimsuit from Heather. Pushing past her I squeezed into the small changing room, and opened the bag and pulled out the small pieces of material inside. For a second I just gazed at the stunningly beautiful silver and white bikini.

Part of me still revolted at the thought of being able to wear such an obviously feminine garment. I'd been wearing women's clothes for almost a week now and it no longer bothered me.

Why should I let a little thing like a bikini bother me when I had drawers filled with pretty silk, satin, and lace lingerie most of which I'd bought for myself?

I screwed up my courage, stepped out of the cocktail dress, removed my panties and bra and slid the straps of the top over my arms. It fastened in front as did some of my newer bras so I gently pulled it over my breasts and hooked it together.

So far so good, I thought to myself, still refusing to look in the mirror. The top fit well cradling my breasts comfortably while projecting them out. Another deep breath and I was pulling on the bottom. I gave one last gentle tug and they were in place, or at least as in place as the small amount of material allowed.

The bottom came to just below my belt line yet fit snugly but very comfortably. I put on a pair of three and a half inch heels that Tammy had had dyed to match the color of the swimsuit. I quickly looked in the mirror before I lost my courage.

I released the breath that I hadn't realized I had been holding as I looked at the young woman in the mirror. She was a dream come true, pert breasts straining against her bikini top, nipples pushing against the smooth, tight fabric.

The suit bottom fit like she had put it on years before and grew into it. I stared intently at the way the high heels accented my legs and calves.

Heather was calling for me to hurry up as they were ready to start the swimsuit competition. I had to model the suit for her and I knew she wouldn't wait long before she broke down the door. I opened it slowly then playfully extended a foot then little by little one leg and then finally stepped out with my hands on my hips. Heather appeared speechless for the first time since we'd met, she stared at me wide eyed until I broke the tension.

"Is this what you expected?" I asked with a smile.

"Oh God!" she exclaimed. "You were wasting your time as a guy Amy. You're better looking than I am."

"Somehow I doubt that." I replied. "But then again I've never seen you in a bikini."

Heather snapped back out of the fog. "You've got to hurry they're about to start the swimsuit judging."

I ran for the stage, or at least as much of a run as I could manage while wearing three and a half inch heels. I got back to my place in line just in time to receive a dirty look from the stage manager. We stood there while the M.C. took over the microphone and continued with the show.

"All right ladies and gentlemen. This is the moment that you've all been waiting for. I'm going to announce the five finalists for home coming queen."

"I will announce the finalists in the same order as they first came

on stage. The order will have nothing to do with their standing in the contest. As I announce each finalists name the young lady will come to the center of the stage while I read a short biography, and then return to stand with the other finalists to the left. Ladies and gentlemen, here are your finalists."

He called the first four names and each girl stood at center stage while he read their bios. Again I had plenty of time to work up a good set of nerves. The fourth girl called was about three places down from me in line. The M.C. was making a big production out of calling the last name and I just wanted to go and choke him while yelling to get on with it.

"Ladies and gentlemen our last finalist, Representing Sigma Delta Pi, Miss Amy Lynne Clarke."

I walked to the center of the stage forcing my legs to work. I stood there, running through different poses, allowing the audience and more importantly the judges to get a good long look at me.

The M.C. went on. "Ladies and gentlemen. Miss Clarke is a junior. She is a Systems Analysis major with a business administration minor. She carries an impressive 3.456 GPA. Her other interests include debate, writing, volleyball, golf and dancing. Thank you Miss Clarke, please join the others."

I turned and walked over to where the other four finalists were standing.

"Ladies and Gentlemen. Your future home coming queen and her court."

I didn't pay any attention to the M.C.'s instructions, instead I just went back to the dressing room and quickly changed into the evening gown. My makeup needed some minor repairs but these were quickly accomplished. Soon, with Heather's help, I got everything on and was ready by the time the stage manager called for the five finalists to return to the stage.

"Ladies and gentlemen, this is the finalist's last chance to impress the judge. The interview is designed to allow the judges to see the contestants in a slightly stressful situation. This will allow them to judge the contestants demeanor and flexibility. We do this by asking a question of each girl. Each girl will be asked a different question to prevent their thinking of an answer while another girl gives her answer."

"This time we will start with the back end of the line. So, representing Sigma Delta Pi, Miss Amy Lynne Clarke."

I walked over to where the M.C. was standing

"Good evening Miss Clarke. Are you ready?"

I smiled and nodded that I was indeed ready. "Very well than, here is your question. What can you do as a young college age woman to help make the world a better place? You have two and a half minutes."

I thought for a second. I had taken an English course one semester on political speech writing so I was good at filling time without actually saying anything. I just placed my mind in neutral and allowed my mouth to fill in the words. I don't know what I said but it must have been good because the audience was applauding and the judges were nodding when I finished

I moved over to the opposite side of the stage and half listened to the other four girl's speeches. When they were finished rather than leave the stage, we gathered in the center while the judges totaled their scores.

Finally the M.C. returned to the microphone. "I have here the final totals, ladies and gentlemen. I will read them in reverse order starting with the fourth runner up and ending with the Queen. Ladies and gentlemen, the fourth runner up, Miss Carol Wayne."

He worked his way through the third and second runners up without calling my name.

Finally there were just the two of us left. We moved closer to each other and hugged awaiting the final name. The M.C. was drawing out the moment, playing it for every ounce of drama that he could.

"Ladies and gentlemen, I am about to announce the name of the first runner up and the home coming queen. The position of first runner up is very important. If for any reason the queen is unable to perform her duties over the next two days it is the responsibility of the first runner up to carry out those duties. Also as you all know the queen finishes the school year for free and the first runner up gets this semester's tuition refunded."

He kept dragging it on until I was ready to grab him by the throat and drag the name out of him.

"Ladies and Gentlemen. The first runner up is Miss Amy Lynne Clarke and the Home Coming Queen, representing the drama club, Miss Karen Boyle."

I gave the new queen a quick hug of congratulation and ducked back out of the way as a group of people closed in on Karen to clothe her in her robes of office. She was quickly invested with the cape, scepter and tiara of the home coming queen. The M.C. led her over to the opposite side of the stage where David Hamilton was standing in his football jersey. The two of them were lead out to the center of the stage to a large round of applause. The other four of us were quickly paired with the other co-captains of the football team, who would be our dates to the homecoming ball, and hurried back on stage lined up across the stage behind the new queen and her consort

After everything had settled down the five finalists were gathered as a group backstage. Once again we faced the woman from the organizing committee.

"All right ladies. The homecoming parade starts from right here tomorrow morning at half past ten. It will arrive at the stadium at twelve noon. The game starts at one and you girls will be introduced at half

time. So be here, with your gowns and whatever else you need, by no later than eight o'clock."

I walked back to where Heather had all of my stuff, except what I was still wearing, already packed. "I'm sorry Heather. I let everybody down. Even with all the work, and time and effort everybody put in, the best I managed was second place." I said starting to cry. As I said earlier I cry much easier as Amy than I did as Brian. "I'm really sorry"

"Don't cry Amy. You know SNOW has done this before, although this is the first time we've been caught. Your second place finish is the best we've ever done. Most times that we've tried this we didn't even get into the court." She looked me straight in the eye.

"You've nothing to be ashamed of. You legitimately defeated twenty other real girls. Just think about that."

She handed me my the skirt and blouse to take into the dressing room

"Now, let's go home. You'll need a really good night's sleep with everything that you've got to do tomorrow. So what are you waiting for a lifesaver, get a move on girl."



DAY SEVEN - SATURDAY

The next day was about as insane as you would imagine that it would be. Heather shook me out of bed at six o'clock and headed me toward the bathroom. The room the sorority had given us had its own bath. It wasn't much, just a shower stall, a small sink and a toilet but it was private.

I followed Heather into the bathroom and went to the medicine cabinet. Among all the other things we had purchased yesterday, we had laid in a good supply of hair remover and Heather pointed out that it would be better if I used it well before it was needed rather than wait until the last minute. The can said that each use was good for about two to three weeks, but that was for a normal female user, so we decided on a weekly application.

I took the small bottle of glue solvent that had come with the breast forms from the cabinet and carefully applied it around the edges of my breasts, until they began to sag away from my chest. Even though I had only had breasts for less than a week, it felt strange to be standing there without them. I had become so accustomed to their weight that I felt that something was missing when I took them off. I carefully placed the forms on the back of the sink where they would be safe until I could put them on again.

I turned back to the shower stall and adjusted the knob until the water was as hot as I could stand, and climbed into the shower. Heather handed me the hair remover and a bar of special moisturizing soap.

Thirty-five minutes later I was back in our room after carefully reattaching the forms to my chest and covering the line with a little of

the flesh colored makeup. After getting into my waist cincher and putting on a plain bra and panties, I spent several minutes looking in the closet trying to decide what to wear. It had turned cooler overnight, not enough to cancel the parade, but cool enough that I knew I was going to be very cold before the end of the game that afternoon. I decided to dress comfortably for now, and just grabbed a denim skirt and a western blouse.

I finished dressing and was applying my makeup when Heather came out of the bathroom. She dressed quickly and we started to get together the things I would need for the parade. Besides my gown and the accessories, I needed my makeup kit and shoes.

There was one thing that we had forgotten to buy yesterday, a heavy coat. Again Heather came to the rescue and loaned me one of her coats. It was a little tight but combined with the winter boots that I had bought yesterday, it made for a great look. Once we had everything packed, we carried it all down to Heather's car and drove over to the auditorium to get ready for the parade.

At the auditorium we were shown into the back where we were assigned once again to dressing rooms. As there were only five of us this time I got a larger room. I changed into the gown and hooked all the accessories into place and exchanged my makeup for that same style that I had worn last night. Slipping on my shoes we headed out to the back of the hall where the float that we were to ride in the parade was waiting.

It was a huge thing mounted on a flatbed trailer pulled by a large farm tractor. It was covered in bunting in the school colors and consisted of five platforms, each about three feet in diameter and each about a foot and a half higher than the one in front of it. Our escorts were already in place and waiting for us. I saw David standing on the top platform waiting to receive the queen.

As the first runner up I had the next platform down from

the queens. I also had a football player waiting for me. After Karen was in place I was helped up to my position. I stumbled as I reached the top step and was caught by a pair of strong hands that helped into place.

"Thank you sir." I said turning to face my rescuer. "I'm Amy Clarke and you are...?"

My rescuer introduced himself as Steven Collins. He was one of the two offensive co-captains of the team. Although we had meet briefly the night before this was the first time we had actually been introduced to each other. It took about an hour to get everything and everybody in place on the float. I started shivering with the cold as the thermometer continued to drop. Steve noticed how cold I was.

"Here Amy you must be freezing in that little bit of nothing that you're wearing. Why don't you put this on, at least until the parade starts," he said, handing me his team jacket.

"But then you wouldn't have anything to keep you warm." I countered.

"Believe me, just standing here next to you will keep me warm." I smiled my biggest thank you smile as he helped me into the jacket.

As soon as the other three girls were in place the float started out. After the last couple of days the actual parade and game were an anticlimax. All we did was ride the float through the town and smile and wave to the crowds. After the first half hour my arms were getting so tired that all I wanted was for the parade to be over so I could stop waving. We were right behind the band and to this day I can't stand to hear a band play *to be a football hero*. At the stadium we stayed sitting on the float during

the game, but at least they provided us with blankets to keep warm.. At half time they introduced us to the crowd but most of the crowd wasn't there, having gone off to the bathroom or to get something to eat. The only good part of the day was that we did win 42-0.

Later that afternoon I was coming out form the shower and Heather asked. "What are you going to wear to the ball tonight? Are you going to stick with the black gown?"

I looked at the gown and gloves laying where I had left them across the back of my desk chair and suddenly realized that I never wanted to see the damn thing again. It was as if all the frustration from the last week was all wrapped up and held together by that damn dress. I picked up the gown and gloves and handed them both to Heather.

"Here take this damn thing and get rid of it. I don't care what you do with it, throw it away, cut it up into ribbons, I don't even care if you burn it, just get it out of my sight," I said.

I went over to the large walk-in closet and started going through the things hanging there. We had purchased several semi-formal gowns during the shopping spree the day before.

I rejected one that I though was a little too sexy for a dinner/dance at the deans home and selected a second somewhat more modest gown. Like that full formal I had ordered heather to get rid of this one was all in black, but with a difference.

Heather helped lay out everything I would need; a pair of my new panties, the matching slip and bra, a pair of pantyhose, and my gown and shoes. They call Johnny Cash the *man in black*, but with this outfit I should be called the *lady in black*. I quickly got undressed and pulled on my new panties. I put on one of my new bras, hooked it in the back and, adjusted the straps until I got just the right amount of lift. Next I gently pulled on my stockings just the way I had been taught—I didn't want to take a chance of putting any runs in them. I pulled on my matching slip and stepped into my gown. By the time Heather was back

to help, all I needed was to have her zip my dress up.

I couldn't help smiling at myself as I looked in the mirror and I smoothed out the material of the black knit dress. It clung to my body like a glove, revealing just enough cleavage to get a man excited but not quite enough to see why. The shortness of the hem line combined with the tight fit was bound to cause the response I was looking for. Heather smiled as she looked me over.

"You know Amy, You are the prettiest girl I've ever seen. I can't get over how you've changed in the past week. You've developed from an ordinary girl into a beautiful woman." she said.

"It's even more amazing when you think what I was before I became an ordinary girl," I said with a laugh.

Heather broke into a laugh, "To tell the truth," she said, "I had completely forgotten about that. I can't think of you as anything but a woman."

I was thrilled to hear that. I was a woman as far as Heather was concerned and that made me very happy.

"I have a few more things for you to wear Amy, I think they'll add to your outfit. My mother bought these for you" With that she reached into her purse and brought out the necklace and earrings her mother had bought for me. They were a pearl set and I was already developing a strong affinity to pearls.

"These are beautiful Heather, but I can't accept them. They're way too expensive," I said, slowly handing the package back to her.

She pulled her hand back as if the package was red hot. "Mother said that you'd probably feel that way. She said to tell you that they were a gift for almost winning the contest, or a consolation prize for not winning if you preferred. Either way she wouldn't take them back—so enjoy."

After putting them on, I began to make up my face. I put on a

liquid foundation, then patted powder all over it. Next came a rose pink blush which I applied from under the center of my eye, brushing up toward the hairline at my temple. A quick glance in the mirror showed just the right accent to my cheeks. After that I applied some light blue eyeshadow to my eyelids and mascara to my lashes.

After sitting at the vanity and putting the finishing touches on my hair-do I sat back and studied the girl looking back at me from the mirror. Once again I was amazed at how I looked. No one would ever suspect that there was a boy under my dress and makeup. My hair looked fabulous and my makeup was perfect. Heather helped me put my makeup into my purse along with a lace trimmed hanky and a small bottle of the perfume that I liked.

"That should do it Amy," she said. "You're a pretty woman off to a dance."

We hurried out to Heather's car and she drove me over to the dean's home.

I went into the house and handed my coat to the butler who whisked it off to parts unknown. I went into the grand ballroom and mingled with the crowd. Steve saw me and came over to meet me. "Hi Amy, you really look great tonight. That dress..." he said with a grin.

I smiled and blushed. "Thank you Steve," I managed to say. "You look great too." He really did too. He was wearing a black tuxedo over a white shirt. He looked good enough for the cover of *GQ*. "That's a really great looking tux".

He reached over and took my hand in his, "Come on, let's get something at the refreshment stand."

As we walked hand in hand I felt a feeling of calmness and security—here was a guy that made me feel like I was the only girl in the room. I began to wonder what it would be like to go on a date by ourselves. I was so taken by the idea that when Steve let go of my hand and put his arm around my waist I moved closer to be near him.

At the refreshment area Steve bought us each a soft drink and we chatted about school and classes. I found myself listening intently to every word Steve said.

I wouldn't have minded in the least to just stand there next to this cute guy and talk all evening but the music began to play and Steve took my hand and led me to the dance floor. We danced every dance. I was having a really great time and Steve seemed to be enjoying himself too. I especially enjoyed the couple of slow dances in which Steve held me close to him. I was in heaven with this guy and couldn't wait for the next slow dance.

Over the next couple of hours I danced with a number of guys, but my eyes keep coming back to where ever Steve was on the floor. Suddenly there was a tap on my shoulder. I turned to find Steve standing there with a sheepish smile on his face. "May I have the last dance?"

I hadn't seen him coming, but was delighted that he had. Out of all the boys I had danced with tonight, he really had been the nicest. I accepted, and he took my hand and led me to the dance floor.

The song was very romantic and slow. All over the floor boys were pulling their partners closer. Steve was no exception. Soon we were dancing very closely. Steve put his face right up next to mine and closed his eyes as we danced. I was very taken by the romance of the moment, and let myself be led around the dance floor like that.

Suddenly the evening was over and Steve walked me out to where Heather was waiting in the car.

"I had a really, really good time tonight Amy. Even though we didn't spend a lot of time together, I liked being with you. Can we do it again sometime, but with just the two of us?"

Suddenly I made a decision. If I was going to be forced to spend the next nine months as a girl. I was going to spend them *as a girl*. That meant the entire ball of wax, dating whatever. I took his hand and

looked up into his face. "That would be fine with me Steve. On one condition."

"What's that?" he asked, "not that it matter's. The answer will be yes."

"The condition is that you kiss me." I lifted my face to accept a kiss and began running my fingers through Steve's hair. We stayed in this embrace for several minutes before finally stopping the kiss and standing there looking at each other. Steve finally kissed me one last time and opened the car door and helped me in.

I gave him the phone number of the sorority house and gave him a quick good night kiss before Heather put the car in gear and we headed home.

EPILOGUE

It was the end of May. Finals were over and I had done fairly well. I had made an appointment with the dean of admissions for early one morning.

Once again I stood in the waiting room of the dean's office. Everything seemed the same as it had been back in September. The same old furniture in the waiting area, the same old painting on the wall. The same very old secretary sitting at the desk.

Actually one thing had changed. And that one thing was so different from the last time that it made up for all of the things that hadn't changed. That one thing was me.

I don't mean that I had physically changed, although I have done some of that as well. I still looked like I had the last time I stood in the office waiting to discover my fate. No, these changes were mental and psychological.

As I stood there thinking about the way I had changed, the secretary announced the dean would see me now.

I followed her into the dean's office and walked over to the desk as she quietly closed the door behind me. I stood in front of the desk as the dean finished talking on the phone.

Finally she put the phone down and turned to where I was standing. "Amy why don't you take a seat. It's good to see you. I like the new style and color of your hair."

I'd had my hair restyled about three weeks ago. At the same time I had decided to try a different color, trading my long blonde locks for a short reddish chestnut color. The style was similar to that worn by Princess Diana before her tragic death, but the girl at the salon had said that it would look perfect on me. And I had to admit that she was correct.

"Thank you, Dean. As you've probably guessed, I'm here to talk about Brian."

The dean sat back in her chair. "That's right. The school year is over. I guess you want to make arrangements to reinstate Brian in school."

I shifted uncomfortably in the chair. "Well no, not exactly. You see I've decided to remain as Amy."

The dean leaned over her desk and looked at me hard. "Do you want to tell me about this, or are you going to keep me guessing?"

"It's a long story dean. You know how since I needed money I got involved with this scheme to embarrass the university by stealing the home coming crown. We were caught and you know the rest of that part, but let me tell you what happened after the contest. In a way your catching us was probably the best thing that ever happened to me."

The dean got up and poured two cups of coffee and handed one to me. I sipped slowly at mine not even noticing the lipstick smear I left on the rim. Setting the cup down I continued "I'm sure you recall that as my punishment for my part in the plan I was required to live the remainder of the school year as the character we had created for the

home coming pageant. Well, suddenly I had things that Brian had never dreamed of."

"Since I placed second in the pageant I was popular. I was being invited to all the best parties. I became good friend with all the girls in the sorority, who accepted me as one of them without any problem. By the end of October I even had a semi-steady boyfriend, even though he didn't know what I was. Even my grades went up and for the first time I actually made the dean's list."

"To tell the truth Dean, it scared me. I had to find out why I was so happy living like this, when I knew that I was a guy." I paused to catch my breath. The dean merely sat there waiting until I was able to go on.

"Well after the Christmas break I made an appointment with the school psychologist. You know Doctor Fluero-Olsen don't you?" The dean nodded and I went on. "She began seeing me twice a week. To make a long story short, I had a number of problems to work through."

I stood and walked over to the window. "The truth is, I was never much of a success as a man. My father was totally disappointed with me. I was never able to come up to his level of manhood.

"Then when I started college, I went into what he considered a sissy discipline. He had expected me to go into civil engineering or some other *manly* area of study. Well.. .when I chose computer science he was sure that I was a loser."

I turned back from the window. "Also I was never much in the social areas either. I don't know if you know it or not but I'm a virgin. Not only that, I but I'd never even had a date. And then after my parents died I figured maybe I could make something different happen, but everything stayed just the same.

"Well...to make a short story ever shorter, after meeting with the doctor for three months I realized that the reason I feel so comfortable and happy dressed up and living as a female is that underneath

everything, I am one.

"At that point we turned around and refiled some of those papers that we skipped when the only idea to filing was to allow me to live as a woman. Doctor Fluero-Olsen made an appointment with the doctor over at the clinic. I tell you I was scared, but with Doctor Fluero-Olsen there, things went well."

As I sat there telling the story my mind drifted back to that day just over two months ago.

Doctor Fluero-Olsen led me down the hall to another section of the hospital building and introduced me to Doctor Grissom, head of the sexual reassignment team.

The doctor had me change into a robe and did a thorough exam on me. Trust me when I say thorough—I mean he didn't miss a thing. Later at the sorority house when I mentioned to Heather about having my legs up in stirrups, so my genital area could be examined, she howled.

"Great, now you see what a pain it is for a woman to have an exam like that."

After my exam the doctor met with Doctor Fluero-Olsen and me in his office. He spoke mostly to Doctor Fluero-Olsen, but occasionally I got included in the conversation too. What it all boiled down to was that he saw no problem with the surgery to remove my genitals, saying that there appeared to be plenty of room for the reconstruction.

Looking at his notes he said that I would be a nearly ideal candidate for breast implants and suggested that for my age a size of 36-B would look best for me. I was overjoyed when he said that once the hormones began to change my body shape, he could schedule me.

He wrote out several prescriptions, one which he said would all but stop my body from producing male hormones, and just to make sure I turned out all right, a small dosage of female hormones. I was given a small bottle of liquid to gargle with daily which would help to provide a

more feminine voice for me. And before I was allowed to put my clothes back on I was given a shot in the butt to begin my journey into womanhood.

"Amy. Are you all right?" The dean was standing by the side of the chair.

"I'm sorry Dean Williams I got lost there for a moment. Well to finish the story. I've been on hormones now for nearly two months and actually can feel some sensitivity in my breasts as they continue to develop. The doctor did insist that I finish the test period, but was willing to count the time I've already spent as a woman against the total.

"So that's it dean. In just eighteen months Amy Lynne Clarke becomes a *real* person, and I have *you* to thank."

"Me...? Don't tell me you still don't know about Tammy and why she wasn't allowed to graduate?" "What about Tammy...?"

"Well, well, that *girl* really does lead a secret life. Let's just say that you two girls should have a little chat— *woman to woman*—if you know what I mean..."

THE END