

SERIALS

MAGAZINE

PRIMING TO PERFECTION



PART TWO OF THREE

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PRIMPING “TO PERFECTION”

BOOK TWO

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to any person or event in real life.**

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SANDY THOMAS

QUOTE BOARD

**I stared at the shampoo for hours. . .
it said, "CONCENTRATE."**



PRIMPING

By D. Crease

BOOK TWO

There was deafening silence in the room. Rob and his mother sat side by side on the sofa, but not a word passed between them. Rob was in deep contemplation. He'd been dressing as a girl to be a 'nail tech' at the beauty shop but had no idea things would go this far. His agonizing quest for the truth was over. Yet, a decision of great consequence had to be made. A decision which would effect the rest of his life!

Feeling his mother's hand, still gently caressing his straight and erect back, Rob began to think back. He remembered the last few months and how his life has not been the same. Even though the physical changes to his body and his emotional state had worried and haunted him, he had never been happier.

He thrilled at wearing the latest women's fashions and dressing up in his "uniform" for work. Rob loved working at the salon as a nail tech, along with the girls: Lisa, Cindy and the rest of the crew. The luscious feelings he got when he put on his makeup in the morning and when his mother brushed his hair at night made him quiver with excitement. But most of all he simply adored his beautiful long fingernails. He was actually proud of the way they looked. . .his own works of art. As a boy he could never have something that made him appear so feminine.

Rob stood up from beside his mother and began to pace the room. With his mother's divulgements in mind, he became very self conscious of his body. He felt the weight of his breasts as they pressed hard against the constraints of his bra. With every mincing step he took in his high heeled pumps, he noticed how his full hips swung from side to side and how his rounded fanny jiggled.

However, he had to make a decision. As his mother told him, he didn't have much time to do it; maybe a couple of months, maybe only a couple of weeks!

Finally, Rob stopped his pacing and came to rest back on the sofa, next to his dear mother. Taking a deep breath and clearing his throat, he said, "I don't know Mom. All in all, I'm very happy with my job. Sure, the news you sprung on me was startling, to say the least. On one hand, I have no desire to get another job as a boy. But on the other hand, I'm very apprehensive. I'm finding the notion that I will always have to be a girl quite hard to get used to."

"I understand, dear," his mother said. "I don't think you've given much thought to what life would be like as a woman. What you have to give up. . ."

With a broad, happy smile, he sighed, "Oh my. I really am fascinated by what the future as a woman might bring. . .but I'm scared to death! Why do I need the medicine. . .and these breasts?"

His mother said seriously, "If you grow into a woman, you'll need them just like any woman."

This made Rob's heart pound but he was afraid to ask details of what she meant.

Jumping up from the sofa, Rob's mother smothered her feminized son with loving kisses and exclaimed, "Dearest, I've seen you grow from an awkward boy to the verge of womanhood. I want what you want. I'm very happy to have such a beautiful daughter or I'll support you and help you turn back into a boy again! It's up to you."

March was the month of Rob's eighteenth birthday. It fell on a Sunday, a day the salon was closed. On that Saturday before, Cindy asked Rob if he would work the next day. The reason she gave was that a special celebrity was in town and needed to be done up for a special appearance that evening.

Rob agreed to work on his day off. Yet, he was a bit disappointed that he had to work on his birthday. But then again, he had never told Cindy or Lisa that Sunday was his birthday. In retrospect, though, Cindy was very good and generous to him and he felt that he ought to help her out whenever he could.

The next day when he came to the salon, Cindy and Lisa were there, along with another woman who Rob assumed was the celebrity. He soon found out that this other woman was named Jeannette La Roche and was a famous European cosmetologist.

Lisa made the introduction and told Rob that she had trained under Jeannette when she first got into the business. The three women and Rob sat around and talked shop for a

while. Jeannette was quite impressed with Rob's knowledge and skill as a manicurist and complemented him, as well as Lisa for a training job well done.

As they sat around the table in the back room, drinking coffee, Lisa leaned over to Jeannette and whispered something in her ear. Jeannette's eyes opened wide, her lips puckered up and she loudly squealed, "Ooh La La!" Turning toward Rob, Jeannette exclaimed, "Mon Cheri! I have seen some very girlish boys in my time, but, you are the most beautiful and lovely."

Rob turned beet red. He looked toward Lisa, with sadness and feelings of being betrayed in his eyes, as if saying, "Why did you have to give my secret away?"

Lisa stood up and walked over to Rob. Embracing him, she said, "We're all friends here, dear. Besides, your secret is very safe with Jeannette."

Running her own long, glamorous fingernails though her friend's silky hair, Lisa told him, "Believe it or not, Robin, but Jeannette has many clients in Paris and Amsterdam who bring their sons to her to be feminized."

Rob couldn't believe his ears, and exclaimed, "There are actually others like me?"

Jeannette, interrupting their conversation, said, "Oui, mon cheri, it is the truth. . .many. In fact, Lisa had asked me to come to the United States so I could meet a very good friend of her's; a friend who could use my expertise. However, I did not know that you were a boy, Robin, until Lisa just told me."

Once Rob regained his composure, he asked Cindy, "When is this celebrity going to show up for the make over?"

But before she could answer him, Rob's mother popped her head into the back room and shouted, "Surprise! Happy Birthday, Robin!"

Rob was startled at his mother's presence at the salon. But then he realized that this little gathering was actually his birthday party!

Then Cindy explained, "I'm sorry I tricked you, Robin. But it was the only way I could think of to get you here today, without you knowing of the surprise."

"Surprise? What surprise?" Rob queried.

Cindy replied, "You, my dear are the celebrity. We are going to give you a much needed make over."

Jeannette then said, "Robin, it would be my great honor and pleasure to make you even more beautiful than you already are." Rob smiled and gave his mother, Jeannette, Cindy and Lisa a hug and thanked them all.

Without further ado, Rob's make over was under way. Cindy took Rob to the wash area to prepare his hair for styling. As Rob was getting his hair washed, he looked out of the corner of his eye and saw Lisa busy at her station with various jars and bottles of enamels and acrylics.

While this was going on and out of his view, Rob's mother was in the front of the salon showing Jeannette some of the new fashions carried by the boutique. As she carefully perused the catalogues, Jeannette was pulling a white laboratory coat up her arms and latex surgical gloves on her hands.

After Rob's hair was washed, Cindy began applying a pungent solution on it. She told Rob to sit and relax. Before walking away, Cindy gave him a fashion magazine to read. Rob sat at the wash area and read an article about the ten sure fire ways to get a man.

While he read and waited, Cindy went over to speak to Lisa, Pam and Jeannette. Rob couldn't hear their conversation, but did hear them oohing and ahing quite a bit.

A half hour later, Cindy returned. Rob asked her, "What are you doing to my hair?" She just smiled and told him that if she answered his question, it would ruin the surprise. Then Cindy washed the solution out of his hair and dried it off with a large towel.

With his hair wrapped up in the turban like towel, Cindy brought Rob over to a styling station. Rob was a bit disappointed to see that all the mirrors in the salon had been covered up with large sheets, so he couldn't see his reflection.

Cindy then began combing and cutting the feminized boy's hair. Some of the surprise was disclosed as Rob saw bits of his hair fall to the floor of the salon, but he kept quiet about what he saw.

Cindy worked and worked on Rob's hair. The other women watched joyously as Rob's new look was emerging. Soon, Cindy began to wrap rollers around his long locks. Once she finished, she had Rob sit under the dryer.

No sooner than Rob was seated comfortably under the hair dryer, Lisa rolled her manicurist table over to Rob and began working on his nails. Lisa told her prize pupil that she was going to give him a clean look. She carefully removed the pink polish Rob had been wearing. Lisa then filed each of Rob's ultra long nails down to a length just a tad under one inch. Using a nail hardener as an under coat, she proceeded to give Rob a perfect two tone French manicure.

As Rob's nails were just about dry, Cindy turned the dryer off and brought Rob back to the styling chair. Cindy combed,

tugged, teased and fluffed Rob's mane as the other women hovered about, complementing her work and offering their suggestions.

Rob had never had his hair styled before. The last time it had been cut was well over a year before and that was at a barber shop. The whole experience of having these women fuss over him was making him feel utterly feminine. Occasionally, he would shiver with excitement as he wondered what was happening to his hair.

With an abrupt stop, Cindy placed her styling brush down on the counter and announced that her work was done. She turned Rob around in the chair to face the covered mirror. As if she was an artist who was about to unveil a masterpiece, Cindy stood at the mirror, holding a corner of the sheet. She summoned the others to gather around Rob. Then striking a dramatic pose, Cindy pulled the sheet off the mirror and shouted, "Voila!"

Rob sat in the chair and watched his jaw drop with astonishment. His dirty blonde colored hair was gone! In its place were long, bright and silky golden blonde tendrils, cascading in soft waves over his shoulders. Cindy had styled it in a very dramatic and high fashioned look, with one side sweeping over the top of his head.

To dispel his state of disbelief, Rob raised his hand to feel if his hair was indeed real. As he did so, he caught a glimpse of his freshly manicured fingernails. He began twirling his hair between his exquisite fingers and gushed with feminine excitement.

Jeannette asked Rob, "Do you have a boyfriend yet?"

Rob blushed at the question and shyly shook his head.

After several minutes of staring at himself in silence, the women asked him what he thought of his new look. Rob stood up from the styling chair. But as he did so, he kept one eye affixed to his reflection in the mirror. Removing the cape which had protected his clothes, Rob stared at himself in the mirror. He studied his new hair style and the way it complemented his newly developed feminine curves.

Raising his freshly manicured hand, he slowly fingered his name charm and its delicate chain which adorned the alabaster skin of his sleek neck. As if coming out of a trance, Rob abruptly jerked his eyes away from his reflection and turned toward the others. All four women were smiling at him lovingly.

As he looked at them, tears began to stream down his eyes. Rob then rushed over to his mother, threw his arms around

her and exclaimed, "I love you very much, Mom. Thank you so much for all you've done for me!"

His mother began to cry too. She said, "Robin dear, I love you, too. All I can say is that I am very proud to be the mother of such a beautiful young woman. You're happiness means so much to me, sweetheart."

As mother and feminized son exchanged adorations, the other three women began to gather around the two. Rob, trying to hold back his joyful tears, turned and gave emotion filled hugs and kisses to Lisa and Cindy as well. They too could not contain their heart felt emotions of joy for their dear Rob.

After several minutes, composure was returned to those at the salon. Jeannette approached Rob and told him that he was not quite finished with his make over. Rob looked up at Jeannette and saw for the first time that she was wearing a white lab coat and surgical gloves. Jeannette then held out of Styrofoam cup and told Rob to have a drink. Rob took the cup from her and asked, "What's in the cup, Jeannette?"

With a disarming smile, Jeannette softly said, "It's just a little something to help you relax, mon cheri. Now drink it, drink it all, s'il vous plait."

As he took the cup, Rob looked up to his mother and Lisa. Both shook their head up and down, as if to tell him it was all right. Rob put the cup to his lips and took a sip.

The liquid he drank tasted warm and sweet. He finished the entire contents of the cup. Within moments, Rob felt a warm, glowing sensation throughout his body. The feeling soon spread into his head and as it did, he began to become blurry eyed and dizzy. The room seemed to be spinning around him and he had to fight just to keep his eyes open.

Before he lost consciousness, Jeannette helped lay Rob down onto a massage table, covered with a bright white cotton sheet. Rob tried to fight sleep, but the drink was taking over. He felt himself try to yell, but no sound came out of his mouth. Before he could no longer keep his eyes open, he saw Jeannette holding several needles as she smiled endearingly at him. This was his last memory before he drifted off into a sweet and deep sleep.

When Rob next opened his eyes, he sensed that he was not at the salon anymore. He tried to lift his head, but he was experiencing a horrible headache. While he couldn't lift his head, he was able to shift his eyes without too much pain. Looking around the darkened room, Rob concluded that it must be nighttime.

With the little light available, he glanced upward and saw a lacy canopy hanging above him. He concluded that he must have been laying on a four poster bed. Shifting his eyes to the left, he saw a large vanity table with many bottles and jars on it, along with a lighted vanity mirror above it. He continued to look around the room. While the furnishings appeared alien to him, he had a feeling that he had been in this room before.

He lifted his hand to his eyes and in the faint light Rob saw the perfect two tone manicure that Lisa had given him. He moved his hands downward, over his body and felt all his new curves beneath a soft and silky nightgown he discovered he was wearing.

Recalling the needles Jeannette held in her hand and fearing the worst, Rob took special care to feel his groin area. To his relief, his male genitalia, although no longer their original size, were still in place.

He felt as if a great weight was lifted from his chest. However, the strain he put on his eyes was causing his head to throb. Satisfied that he appeared to be the same as he last saw himself, Rob closed his eyes and drifted back to sleep.

When Rob awoke again, the sun was shining brightly from the room's window. The room's familiarity he sensed in the dark of night was now apparent to him. While the furniture was different, he discovered that the room was his!

He slowly began to raise his head off the pillow. His headache was gone now. And as he began to step out of bed, he saw his mother walk into the room.

"Rise and shine you sleepy head!" she cheerfully exclaimed. "That sleeping potion Jeannette gave you had you out cold for the last three days." Rob could hardly believe that he had slept so long.

He was about to ask his mother what happened to his old bed and furniture, when he felt something was different. The throbbing in his head was now gone, however, Rob felt a strange sensation on his face. It was as if someone had punched him in the mouth.

He told his mother how he felt. Expecting to see a look of concern on her face, instead he saw her smile very slyly.

Before Rob could comment on his mother's unexpected reaction, she grabbed him by the hand and told him to shut his eyes. Doing as she commanded, he felt himself being maneuvered and placed upon a cushioned seat, at what he surmised was his new vanity table.

Once he was seated, he felt the chair being twisted around. As he spun, his mother giddily cackled, "Open your eyes now."

Rob opened his eyes as the chair stopped. He was now face-to-face with his reflection in the vanity's mirror. Great shock overcame him as he stared at his reflection. It was not because his hair was golden blonde. He already knew that. Rather, it was because his face was remarkably and completely different!

His full, luscious lips were now colored a deep cherry shade of red. Below his newly reddened lip line on the left side of his mouth, he had what appeared to be a small brown mole. Also, his eyes were darkened, as if he wore eye liner and mascara.

But, when he rubbed his face, none of this coloring came off! Rob turned to his mother and nervously asked, "Mom! What did Jeannette do to me!"

Gently caressing her feminized son's shoulders she explained, "Robin dear, Jeannette was trained in France in the art of permanent make up. You see, your lips have been permanently colored a bright ruby red and your eyes and lashes were also permanently darkened and lengthened. It's really wonderful, sweetheart, you'll never need bother with the time and trouble of applying makeup, except if you want a little blush or eye shadow. Simply put, Robin, Jeannette tattooed you!"

Rob had a difficult time understanding what Jeannette had done. But once his mother explained fully and emphasized that the results were permanent, it began to sink in. Rob was despondent, despite his mother's praises that he looked ravishing and would always be "ready to go" at all times.

Rob spent the rest of the morning staring at himself in his new vanity mirror. He couldn't believe that the image staring back at him was permanently his. His mother left him alone with his thoughts until she called him for lunch. Still in his silky night gown, he joined her. At lunch, Pam reminded her feminized son that he had his usual appointment with Dr. Hughes later that afternoon. Rob didn't reply and ate in silence.

That afternoon, Rob headed out to Dr. Hughes's office. He was still upset at his mother for being a co-conspirator in his "make over" at the hands of Jeannette.

After lunch, Rob finally dressed and left the house wearing his tight women's cut blue jeans, high black leather riding boots, a black turtle neck shirt. Due to the cool weather, he wore a women's short black leather bomber styled jacket with a long white wool scarf. Black kid gloves and a large black leather shoulder bag completed his ensemble.



*Rob stared into the mirror. . .
He had been permanently
made-up as a girl!*

knew it, the man began to strike up a conversation with Rob.

A feeling of anxiety overcame Rob. The only men he had spoken to in the last nine months were those who worked at the salon as stylists and they were all gay. Rob looked and smiled nervously back at the young man. He was well dressed, wearing a business suit, shirt and tie. On his lap, he carried a large brief case.

The young man began the conversation by asking Rob if he took the city bus very often. Rob smiled and in a barely audible voice, shyly replied, "No, I don't."

"Well, neither do I," the young man stated. "My darn luck, my car broke down this afternoon just as I was leaving my office. I was going to grab a bite to eat, but if I did, I would be

His mother usually gave him a ride to his standing doctor's appointments. However, because Rob was still quite upset at her, he decided to take the city bus.

During his bus ride, Rob sensed many men looking him over. At first he felt uncomfortable. But he reminded himself that he was an attractive young woman in stylish and somewhat sexy clothing. This was a scary new experience for Rob. He had been sheltered by his mother, Lisa and Cindy ever since he began working in the salon. He almost forgot that there was an outside world.

After several stops, a handsome young man entered the bus and took a seat next Rob. They exchanged smiles as the man looked at the feminized boy with a certain interest. Before he

late for an important business meeting since I had to take the city bus. I'm in computer sales and it's a dog-eat-dog world out there. Enough about me, what do you do."

Still terrified of the situation he found himself in, Rob replied in a faint whisper, "I . . . I . . . I'm a nail technician, but today's my day off. I have an appointment at the medical center."

The man asked in a concerned voice, "You don't look sick . . . no, you look real healthy! I hope you're not ill. It would be awful if a pretty girl like you was sick."

Rob smiled at his sweet compliment and replied, "Oh, no. I'm okay, it's only for a check up. But thank you for your thoughtfulness."

As luck would have it, the next stop was at the medical center. As Rob got up to get off the bus, the young man handed him one of his business cards and cheerfully said, "If you ever needed a computer or want to get together for a cup of coffee, give me a call."

Rob blushed at the man's pick up line, but he did take the card. Looking down at it, it read, "Brad Thompson, Sales Consultant, Compuco, Inc." Rob looked back at the young man as he was getting off the bus and softly said, "If I ever did need a computer, I will definitely call you."

Once out of the bus, Rob looked back to see it drive away. He felt much better about himself, after the brief encounter with the handsome young man. He was quite proud of the way he handled the situation. It gave him an curious sensation---the fact that a man had found him interesting. What it meant was beyond Rob's understanding.

Rob even stopped feeling angry at his mother as he walked, swinging his hips in a naturally seductive manner, all the way to Dr. Hughes's office.

Glenda had brought Rob directly back to the examination room as soon as he arrived at the office. When Dr. Hughes came in, she did a double take. She marvelled at the permanent cosmetic work done to Rob's face. Examining it, Dr. Hughes commented, "Robin, this makeup job is simply excellent, really superb."

Rob then replied, "Thank you, doctor. But tell me, can it be removed?"

Shaking her head, Dr. Hughes answered, "Well dear, it could, but not without major scarring. I highly suggest that you not even begin to consider such a procedure. Besides, I really think that it does wonders for you and accentuates your natural good looks beautifully."

The doctor instructed Rob to strip and then commenced her exam. She squeezed, tugged and probed about the feminized boy for several minutes. She also carefully and exactly measured Rob growing feminine proportions. Afterwards, Dr. Hughes informed Rob that it was time for a new bra, since his figure was now 34 C - 22 - 34.

A wee bit shaken, Rob nervously asked, "Will I be growing any more?"

"Probably not, but if you do, you might have a little more development in your breasts and hips. I must say, though, your figure measurements are the envy of many a born woman, dear." Rob smiled and thanked the doctor for her complement.

Then, almost out of the blue, Dr. Hughes asked, "Robin have you ever considered having sex reassignment surgery?"

Rob, confused by the question, asked the doctor what she meant by that. Dr. Hughes replied, "Simply put, my dear, it is sex change surgery."

Rob swallowed deeply. He told her that the thought of such a thing had never entered his mind. The doctor then replied, "Well, you certainly should start thinking about it. You see Robin, chemically, you're not male anymore. The female hormones you've been taking have caused your natural production of testosterone to become dormant and have taken control of you body. I suggest that if you want to lead a normal life, outside your current circle of friends and your mother, you ought to seriously consider becoming a woman, permanently."

The look of panic on Rob's face made the doctor back off but not without adding, "You are going to find the boys 'sniffing' around you now and you may find you want the operation later."

"Why?" asked Rob.

"Look at Glenda," the doctor said, "Glenda has a lustful boyfriend and can 'mate' with him in a natural way."

Glenda blushed but added, "Having your lover's sperm swimming around in your belly is sensational." Glenda's hands pressed lightly against her tummy.

"I don't think so," Rob said firmly with a new fear to contemplate. Rob was in a state of shock. The notion of having his body further altered left the poor feminized boy speechless.

Before he left her office, Dr. Hughes gave Rob a new prescription. Holding a small script pad in her hand, she said, "The estrogen formula you've been taking to date has been quite effective in changing the shape of your body. However, it is now time for you to progress to the next stage of develop-

ment. With this new medication you'll begin to experience the monthly cycles of being a fully mature female.

"You must follow the directions I'm giving you to the letter! The affect the new formula will have on you will be a further softening of your skin, and rounding out of your curves. It ought not cause any more growth of your bosom, however, on some patients it does. But the most significant affect you will experience is a simulated menstrual cycle. There won't be any messy bleeding, however, you will suffer the bloating, pressure and mood swings that all women have when the so called curse is upon them."

Dr. Hughes gave a further, detailed explanation to her patient, who was even more confused now than when he arrived at the doctor's office. But before he left, Rob began to understand what he was being told. Although he didn't like it, he felt that arguing with Dr. Hughes would be futile, at best. Resigning himself to his circumstances for the moment, Rob agreed to follow all the doctor's orders.

Rob left the doctor's office very confused and frustrated. A lot had happened to him over the last few days. He received a new face, new hair color, he was told his body was almost all female, a handsome young man tried to pick him up and he was about to begin having a monthly menstrual cycle! The only up side, Rob thought, was that his period wouldn't be messy.

With all the anxieties of the day weighing heavily on his mind, Rob went to bed early. But after several months of dormancy, that strange dream reappeared in his sleep. It was the same customer. It was the same conversation. It was the same telephone call. It was the same mirror. Rob even answered the call with the same greeting. But this time he didn't awake and the dream continued. Having a chance to get a good look at himself in the mirror, he saw that he was wearing his pink smock, unbuttoned and open in the front. As he gazed at his reflection, he saw his full bosom pushing itself out from beneath his white turtle neck pull over.

After addressing the caller, he heard himself say, "Oh Brad, it's so good to hear from you. Yes, I'd love to go to the opera and out to dinner with you tonight. You'll pick me up at 7:00? I'll be ready, darling. I love you too, dear. Goodbye."

Just as Rob saw himself hang up the telephone, the dream ended and he heard his mother's voice sweetly say, "Good morning Robin, time to rise and shine."

Rob opened his eyes, but he was in a daze. Seeing this, his mother asked him, "Are you feeling alright, dear?"

He heard the question, but didn't answer her right away. He was deciding whether or not to tell his mother about the recurring dream. He was extremely concerned. Every time he had this dream, events seemed to follow suit. Now, the young man on the bus, who gave him his business card, was in his dreams and Rob found himself dating him! But after a few short moments of contemplation, Rob looked up at his mother, smiled and told her that he was just fine.

The next day Rob returned to work at the salon. Lisa and Cindy were very glad to see him, marvelled over the new look they had given him and were impressed by the manner he now appeared in his clothes.

The evening before, Dr. Hughes had called Rob's mother and told her the results of Rob's check up. That morning as he readied himself for work, Pam presented her feminized son with several new bras. As Dr. Hughes stated, Rob had a 34 inch bust, with a C cup. The new bra was definitely more comfortable on Rob. Unlike his old bra, which compressed his breasts, the new one made his bosom appear larger and fuller than it ever had before.

Fortunately for Rob, he didn't have many clients that day. He really didn't have his mind on his work. The dream he had the night before was a burden on his mind. At lunch time, Lisa asked him if he was ready to grab a sandwich at their usual place. Rob thanked her for the offer, but said that he wasn't hungry. At the end of the day, Rob left the salon without saying goodbye to anyone.

When he arrived at home that evening, Rob went up to the attic. There, he began searching for the trunk that contained his old male clothes. After spending a half an hour looking throughout the attic, he had no luck locating it. He went back downstairs and confronted his mother.

"Where are all my old clothes, Mom?" Rob demanded to know.

His mother, embarrassed, truthfully confessed, "I'm sorry dear, but I gave them all away."

Rob was furious. He accused his mother of constantly lying to him. He told her that all he wanted was to be a manicurist, not necessarily a woman, too. In his fit of rage, Rob threw himself on the sofa and began to weep uncontrollably.

Pam stood back and allowed her feminized son to cry out his anger and fears. As Rob was calming down, Pam went to comfort him. She softly and lovingly said, "I didn't give them all away, Robin." Rob looked up in anticipation and his mother

than said, "The only garments I kept were the suit, shirt and tie you wore for high school graduation."

With a renewed spirit, Rob asked, "Can I see them, Mom?" His mother readily agreed.

The next thing he knew, Rob was standing in the threshold of his mother's bedroom closet. Way in the back, she had secretly concealed the suit of clothes. Removing them from a garment bag, she laid them neatly on her bed.

As Rob stared with excitement at his suit, his mother said, "I kept these things because you only wore them once. They weren't cheap and I felt I couldn't part with something hardly worn. I'm very sorry, but I didn't save any of your old shoes, only the suit."

Rob had stopped listening to what his mother had been telling him the moment he set eyes on his male clothes. With great enthusiasm, he picked up the blue pin stripe suit, white on white shirt and flowered print tie and went to his bedroom, locking the door behind him.

His mother returned to the living room and began to read the evening paper. An hour later, Rob emerged from his bedroom. He walked up to Pam and anxiously asked her how he looked. Looking up, she saw her feminized son wearing the graduation suit. His mother embarrassingly covered her mouth. It was all she could do to stop herself from sniggering.

The suit looked absolutely ridiculous on Rob. The pants seams were on the brink of splitting around his hips and fanny. The waist was so loose that the smaller sized women's belt he had on caused the waist band to bunched up.

The outfit's shirt was without darts. As a result, the shirt tails were coming out of the pants and the buttons were barely able to stay buttoned as his full, feminine bosom pushed out against the severe restraint. This occurred despite the fact that Rob wasn't wearing a bra beneath his boy's undershirt.

The suit jacket was also strangely awkward on his reformed body. The rear vent spread open widely, exposing his rounded buttocks, while the lapels refused to lay flat against his chest, due to the pressure of his breasts pushing against them.

The ridiculousness of his get up was enhanced by the fact that he did not have any men's shoes to wear with it. In fact, Rob didn't have any shoes in his large assortment which could pass as men's shoes. As a result, he selected a pair that matched the blue of the pin stripe suit. These were navy blue pumps with a three inch heel!



To top this off, so to speak, there was no way to hide his long, flowing golden blonde hair, his permanently lined eyes and his pouting full ruby red lips. He was truly a sight to behold!

Smoothing out invisible wrinkles in his suit jacket with his long manicured fingernails, Rob asked in all seriousness, "How do I look, Mom?"

Having regained her composure, his mother removed her hand from her mouth and replied, "Well, uh, I, I suggest we look at you in front of the hallway mirror." Then the two

stepped together before the mirror and looked at Rob's reflection.

As they did so, Rob lowered his eyes and began to giggle. He said to his mother, "I guess I look pretty silly in this get up, don't I, Mom?"

Smiling, his mother asked him, "Robin, do you really want to go back to the way you were, as a boy and all?"

Rob, contemplating his mother's words for a moment, replied, "Well, I really thought I did, but now I realize it would be of no use."

The two walked away from the mirror and returned to the sofa. Sitting beside his mother, Rob confided in her, telling her the things that Dr. Hughes had mentioned the day before, about having a sex change operation, and all. He also confessed to having that recurring dream again last night. Now his mother understood why he was acting so strangely.

Holding hands with Rob, his mother asked him what he wanted to do. Her feminized son confessed his confusion over the entire situation. With resignation, he said, "I guess I'll have to figure out just who and what I am, Mom. After what Dr. Hughes told me yesterday, it appears that I don't have much of a choice anymore."

"Whatever you decide on, Robin, I will support you along any road you may travel." Rob kissed his mother gently on the cheek, stood up from the sofa and told her that he was going back to his room to change.

A few minutes later, Rob exited his room, wearing a pair of flowered clam diggers, a loose fitting turquoise cotton sweater, a wide red belt around his waist, and matching turquoise espadrilles. He carried his graduation suit, neatly hung on its hanger.

Rob handed the suit to his mother and said, "I think you ought to find a better home for it, since I don't think I'll be needing it anymore." Without a word, she took the suit from her son, kissed him on the cheek and told him that she loved him. The two then went to the kitchen to have a late supper.

Since the day Rob tried to wear male clothes again, he was much more at ease with himself and his evolving feminine identity. He was happy at work, happy at home and happy with himself.

One day at work, minutes before closing, Cindy informed Rob that a walk-in customer had just come in. Lisa had left early, but Rob was still there. Since he was free for the moment, he agreed to take the job.

When Rob said he was ready, Cindy walked back with a middle aged woman and a teenaged boy. Rob smiled at both of them and asked the woman to take a seat and make herself comfortable.

The woman, who introduced herself as Patricia Easton, announced, "I'm sorry, dear, but you are mistaken. I'm not your customer this afternoon. Rather, it is my boy who is to receive a manicure. May I introduce you to him. This my nephew, Melvin Campbell, III."

Rob was a bit confused, but nevertheless intrigued. He then turned to get a good look at his actual customer. Melvin was short in stature, standing only five feet, two inches tall. His hair was short, greasy and unkept. He was mousey looking, with a long pointed nose and squinted eyes. It was quite obvious that he was very embarrassed about being in a women's hair salon. He constantly looked down at the floor, avoiding eye contact with Rob.

In a cold, stern voice, his Aunt ordered him to remove his jacket. When he did, Rob was able to see that Melvin was wearing a plain white shirt and dark blue pants. Upon closer inspection, Rob noticed that Melvin's pants had no pockets and his shirt was actually tailored for a girl, evidenced by the positioning of the buttons. He also noticed that his new customer was quite thin. He estimated that he couldn't have weighed more than 98 pounds!

Rob was about to ask Melvin to take a seat at the manicurist station, but before he was able to say a word, his aunt bellowed out and ordered Melvin to sit. Melvin obediently did what his aunt commanded. Then Patricia Easton instructed Rob, saying, "I want my nephew to receive the works. Melvin attends an exclusive all boys prep school, just outside of town. I brought him here to have a manicure because he's been chosen to play the female lead in their spring play."

All the while his aunt was explaining this to Rob, he glanced at Melvin and saw him staring down at the table, blushing deeply. Patricia Easton continued, "I'm going to assure that he plays his role with the utmost realism. He will be a most convincing young lady."

Rob couldn't believe his eyes or ears. Here he was, himself a feminized male. And he was about to be an accomplice in feminizing another boy. The thought caused Rob to become quite excited. He felt a stirring of excitement and the heat began to radiate throughout his body. However, that was the only sensation he felt. It had been many months since he had

even the slightest male arousal. For all intents and purposes, his maleness was just a useless appendage.

Rob was enjoying the eroticism of giving a full feminine manicure to another boy. However, his thoughts were abruptly interrupted by the stern voice of Patricia Easton. Rob looked up, seeing her pointing at his polish tray while commanding, "I want this color, the one over here, for his nails!"

Taking the orders respectfully from the overbearing woman, Rob began to expertly work on the boy's hands. As his customer was soaking, he tried to make small talk with Melvin.

Rob asked, "When is your play?"

"A couple weeks," the boy said meekly.

"What about the red polish," Rob asked.

Melvin blushed, "I have to wear this stuff to school for rehearsal." During the entire time Rob manicured his hands, Melvin kept his head bent down, staring at the table top.

Rob tried to make the boy feel comfortable. . . in a way. Rob asked, "You must be very proud to be chosen for the play lead?"

The boy looked up and saw that Rob meant what he asked. He just nodded. Rob added for fun, "I know why they picked you. . .you'll make a very pretty girl."

When Rob finished the manicure, Melvin was a sight to behold. His once short boyish fingernails were gone. He now was the not so proud possessor of long, sculpted fingernails, polished in a glistening shade of red.

Patricia Easton ordered her nephew to exhibit his hands to her. Obediently, Melvin held them out, with his wrists slightly bent. As he did so, he gazed blankly at his aunt, looking like a puppy dog seeking the approval of its master. His aunt made a thorough and careful inspection. Haughtily, she exclaimed, "I must say I'm very pleased with your work, dear. Melvin, thank Robin for making your fingernails so splendidly pretty."

Melvin cleared his throat and in a nervous and halting voice said, "Thank you, Miss," in a high pitched, squeaky voice. Then Melvin was led into the salon where they were going to do his hair and make-up.

An hour later a very forlorn Melvin was led out the door by his aunt. His hair had been lightened and given a perm. His face gave a full make-up job.

Cindy said good night to the pair and locked the door behind them. She then went over to Rob and commented, "Gee, weren't those two strange."

"I don't know about that," Rob replied as he admired his own naturally long fingernails. "In fact that Melvin sort of reminded me of someone I know."

Cindy stared at Rob in a questioning manner, wondering what he was talking about. Then, as if mocking his young male customer, Rob presented his hand out for Cindy's inspection, wiggling his brightly polished red fingernails at her. And when Cindy finally realized what he was doing, joined Rob for a good hearty laugh.

It had been a year since Rob first began his training in nail technology, so to speak. On the anniversary day, Lisa and Cindy threw a small party for him after work. They invited everyone from the salon, as well as Rob's mother and a few of her co-workers from the boutique, who were friendly with her son. The party was held at a downtown tavern and everyone had a good time.

Rob was given a novelty award by Lisa for his successful and outstanding achievements as a manicurist. She had had a nail file painted gold and mounted on a small finished block of wood. Lisa called the prize, "The Golden File." Everyone had a hearty laugh at the award during the presentation ceremony, especially Rob.

During the party, Rob excused himself from his friends to use the restroom. He felt very comfortable using the Ladies' facilities and had been doing so for quite some time.

As he exited the rest room and was walking back to rejoin the party, he felt a soft tap on his shoulder. Rob turned around to see who had touched him. To his surprise, he saw a handsome young man standing there, behind him. The man looked familiar. Rob could swear that he had seen him somewhere, sometime before. As a manicurist, Rob had quite a few businessmen as clients and at first thought the man was one of them.

With a handsome, "killer" smile, the man asked Rob if he remembered him. Rob stopped and looked him over, but couldn't really remember. Smiling back, with embarrassment, the feminized boy asked, "Should I remember you?"

Reaching into his pocket, the man removed a small leather case. From it he took out a business card and handed it to Rob. Extending his long red fingernailed hand to take the card, Rob read it and turned beet red.

"I'm very sorry," the young man said, "I didn't mean to embarrass you like this, but when I saw you again, I just had to come over to say hello."

Grinning, Rob replied, "I'm sorry, too. It's been a while since I saw you last. But to tell you the truth, I haven't had any need for a computer lately."

The name chuckled and merrily said, "Allow me to introduce myself, my name is Bradley Thompson, but please call me Brad, all of my good friends do."

Rob extended his delicate hand in greeting and replied, "My name is Robin Payton, but you can call me Robin."

Both Rob and Brad laughed at the good natured sarcasm. Brad told Rob that he liked his sense of humor and asked him if he would honor him by joining him for a drink. Rob replied that he would love to, however it really wasn't proper, since he was at the tavern with friends. Brad understood but asked, "Say Robin, I'd really like you to use my card, even if you don't want a computer."

Rob smiled and said, "Well Brad, is it okay to use it if I, let's say, felt like having a cup of coffee?"

Brad chuckled and replied, "Sure, the card is good even if all you want is a cup of coffee. But watch out. I'm a very good salesman. I might get you to buy a computer yet!"

Rob waved goodbye to Brad, placed his business card in his purse and returned to the party. Walking back toward his friends, Rob threw his shoulders back with pride as he displayed his prominent bosom. He was very pleased with the way he flirted with the handsome young man, assuring himself that he was quite in tune with his growing femininity.

Back at the table, Lisa leaned over to Rob and curiously asked, "Who was that good looking guy?"

Rob raised his pencil thin eyebrows, cocked his head and replied coyly, "Oh, it was just some salesman trying to sell me a computer."

Lisa giggled, "Yeah, he wanted to show you his 'hard drive.' Right?" Rob blushed at her comment before she added seriously, "You are going to have to face it sooner or later. You are now a sexy young woman."

Over the next week, Rob debated with himself whether or not to call Brad. He had been out with a couple of guys from the salon, but they only went out as friends. Although they both were gay and Rob was male, the men weren't at all romantically interested in him. However, Rob did go out with one of them. That was with Maurice.

The two went out to a movie one evening after work. So it wasn't like Rob had never dated before when he made up his mind to call Brad. And when he did, he was so nervous his

pretty hand shook as he pushed the numbers on the telephone in the back office of the salon.

The telephone rang three times before someone answered. Rob heard the voice of a very business-like woman say, "Compuco. Where may I direct your call, please."

Rob anxiously replied, "May I speak with Bradley Thompson, please."

The woman answered, "Please hold the line. I will connect you."

The next thing Rob heard was soft elevator like music coming through the telephone speaker. After several moments, another woman's voice came on line. Unlike the operator's voice this one was very sweet and pleasant. She said, "Brad Thompson's office."

Clearing his throat, Rob nervously said, "Hi, my name is Robin Payton and I would like to speak to Mr. Thompson, please."

The female voice replied, "Yes, Ms. Payton. Please hold, I'll see if he is in."

Rob was becoming more and more anxious with all this waiting and the elevator music wasn't making the situation any better. But before he could finish his thoughts, he heard a deep masculine voice saying, "Hello Robin, this is Brad. Boy, I'm sure glad you called." Rob haltingly returned the greeting. They then engaged in a bit of small talk. This worked to settle Rob down before he told Brad the purpose of his call.

"Well Brad," said Rob, "I'm still not in the market



for a computer but I could really use a cup of coffee.”

Brad merrily chuckled and replied, “Hey, that’s a terrific idea. I could sure use one, too.” Rob, with his self confidence growing every second, suggested, “Brad, how about getting together this evening. I have to work late at the salon tonight, but I’ll be off at about 9:00 p.m. We can meet at The Downtown Diner at 9:30.”

Brad agreed, “That sounds great, Robin. I have a late sales meeting with an out of town client. I’m really looking forward to this date. I can’t wait to see you again.” The two continued to chat a bit more before Rob excused himself, saying that he had a customer waiting for him. But before he hung up, he told Brad that he was excited about their date, too.

It was like a great weight was lifted off his chest. He actually had a date with a guy. But then again, Rob felt a wee bit mischievous. Brad had no idea that Rob was a “he” and not a “she.” This caused the feminized boy to become anxious all over again.

“What if he found out I’m deceiving him?” Rob thought to himself. But as he pondered this question, he came to only one conclusion. He would have to take it all in stride. If he was going to branch out and live in the real world as a woman, he would have to date real men, sooner or later. He even debated with himself and considered how he could start dating women. He realized that he was not what women wanted. Satisfied with his resolution to this minor dilemma, Rob went back to work, as content as he could be.

Rob didn’t tell a soul about his date with Brad. He was embarrassed and wanted to see how it went before he told anyone he was seeing a man on a real date and not just “practicing.”

That evening at the salon, he was quite busy. It was Friday night and it seemed every woman in town was there getting their hair and nails done. This turned out to be good for Rob, since he kept his mind on work and avoided becoming anxious about his date.

It wasn’t until 9:15 that Rob was able to get out of work. There had been several walk-in customers right before closing and they had wanted the works.

Leaving the salon, Rob rushed like mad to get to the diner. It was several blocks away from the salon and he did not have a car. As a matter of fact, he knew how to drive, but always avoided doing so since his current appearance was a far cry from looking anything like the person on his driver’s license.

Rob waited for a city bus. Minutes seemed like hours as he anxiously awaited its arrival. When it finally came, he quickly boarded and took a seat closet to the rear exit door.

The ride was quite short, but it felt like miles for Rob. He had told Brad that he would meet him at 9:30 and by the time the bus stopped a half block from the diner, it was already a quarter of ten!

Rob, sprang from his seat, leaped out of the bus and ran down the block as fast as his three inch high heeled pumps would allow him. He was completely out of breath by the time he reached the diner's door. Standing there, he was afraid to open it. Afraid that Brad had come there on time, became upset and left before he arrived.

As Rob pulled the door open, he looked to his left at the counter, he saw no Brad. He then looked to his right, toward the booths along the front window and again, no Brad. Anxiety covered his face as he looked both ways again. Anxiety gave way to a look of dejection. Rob felt so ashamed with himself for being so late for his first real date. He was totally demoralized and hung his head downward as he turned to leave the diner.

But as he leaned against the door to push it open, he heard a woman's voice speaking to him. It came from the area by the front cash register. Rob turned to see a middle aged woman, speaking in a Mediterranean accent, asking him, "Young lady, is your name Robin?"

Smiling shyly, Rob told her that it was. The woman then said, "Someone is waiting for you in the back booth." Stepping away from cash register, she lead Rob to an area in the rear of the diner. Rob felt silly that he didn't check this out before giving up and turning to leave, since he had eaten there many times before.

Lo and behold, who should be seated in a booth at the very back of the diner, was none other than Brad. He sat there with his hands neatly folded on the table. His dark brown hair was a bit mussed. His charcoal gray suit jacket was draped over the booth seat beside him. His white button down shirt was unbuttoned at the collar and his shirt cuffs were rolled up along his forearm. His blue and red rep tie was loose around his neck. He wore a forgiving smile as he saw his date being escorted back to his table.

Rob had an embarrassed look on his face as he wiped a few tears away from the corners of his eyes with a paper tissue. He thought to himself that he was fortunate to have perma-

ment eyeliner or else he would have long black line streaming down his face that very moment.

Brad smiled as Rob sat down on the cushioned bench opposite his date. He immediately apologized for being late. He was speaking so quickly, Brad held up his arms and said, "Slow down girl, it doesn't matter that you are late, it is just important that you are finally here."

Rob abruptly stopped speaking and gave Brad a shyly sweet smile of thanks. Brad then kidded Rob, saying, "For awhile there, I thought that you decided to by a computer system from somebody else tonight." Rob giggled girlishly at Brad's rendition of their running joke.

Brad ordered coffee for two. They also agreed to split a slice of apple pie, only after Brad's urging and Rob's capitulation that he could put his diet on hold for one night. As they drank their coffee, they told each other about their jobs.

Brad had been a salesman for his company for the past three years, ever since he graduated from the State University with a degree in business and engineering. Rob told Brad that he was a manicurist at the salon and had been so for a little over a year. They talked of their interests. They were finding out that they enjoyed a lot of the same things.

As they ate their single slice of pie, they used their own forks. But after some moments of eating and gazing into each other's eyes with wonderment, they began to share, with one feeding the other, piece by piece until there was no more pie left.

After Brad fed Rob the last morsel, he looked down into the empty plate and said, "What a shame, there's no more pie. I surely enjoyed it. It was the most delicious slice of any kind I've had in my entire life."

Rob, staring directly into Brad's deep dark brown eyes softly swooned, replying, "I definitely agree!"

After the pie was gone and all the coffee was drank, Rob and Brad began to leave the diner. As Brad was paying the check at the front register, the woman who had escorted Rob to Brad's table smiled at them both. In her heavy accent she said, "I'm not too proud to tell you that I've been spying on you two. I think you make a beautiful couple!" Both Brad and Rob looked at each other and awkwardly smiled.

Outside the diner, Brad and Rob walked toward the bus stop silently. As they made their way up the block, they both looked up at the moon and the stars of the clear summer night. When reaching the corner, Brad asked, "Robin, I hope I'm not being too forward, but I'd like to give you a lift home."

"Thanks Brad for your sweet offer, but I'd feel more comfortable if I took the bus," he affectionately replied. Brad nodded his head with understanding.

As they waited, Brad reached out and took hold of Rob's hand. He gave it a slight squeeze, which Rob returned in kind. Lifting up the hand he held with Rob's Brad commented, "Gee Robin, you have such beautiful and delicate fingers." Rob gave Brad's hand another tight squeeze and thanked him for his lovely complement. After several minutes, Rob looked down the street and saw the familiar lights of the bus a few blocks away.

Rob turned toward Brad and said, "Well, it looks like the bus is almost here."

"Yes, it does look that way," Brad replied with a mild tone of dejection. But then sincerely stated, "I had a wonderful time this evening, Robin. I hope we can get together again, very soon." Rob replied that he really liked that idea.

With the bus approaching, Brad leaned forward and gave Rob a kiss on the lips. Rob gladly accepted his kiss and kissed him back even more passionately. "Wow! Robin, your some kisser!" Brad enthusiastically exclaimed.

Rob coyly smiled and said, "Well, there are more where that came from." As Rob was getting on the bus, he quickly handed Brad his phone number at the salon and told him to call anytime.

As the bus drove away, Rob watched Brad stand at the corner, blowing him a kiss goodbye. Rob looked back until he was unable to see his date anymore. He then sat forward in his bus seat, crossed his arms around his chest and gave himself a tight hug as he thought, "I guess this is what they call being in love!"

When Rob arrived at home, it was late and his mother was waiting up for him. Rob had not told anyone of the date, including his mother. Pam asked her son where he had been. She said, "I've been worried sick about you, dear. I called Lisa and Cindy and they told me that they hadn't seen you since you left the salon a little after 9:00. It's nearly midnight and I thought the worst had happened to you."

Rob apologized, saying, "I'm sorry for not telling you where I was going, Mom." Then in a teasingly tantalizing voice, he asked, "Mom, do you want to know where I was?"

Crossing her arms and giving a stern stare, she replied, "Of course I do! Why do you think I've been waiting up for so long!" Rob grabbed his mother by her arm and sat her down at the kitchen table and began to tell her all about his date with Brad.

Rob finished off his tale with the part about the final goodnight kiss, his getting on the city bus and Brad's final wave goodbye. His mother could hardly believe her ears. Rob assured her that every word of it was true. A worried look overcame Pam's face. Rob saw this and asked her if anything was wrong.

Looking with dire concern at her feminized son, his mother said, "Yes Robin, something is very wrong. Does this Brad know that you are really a boy?"

Rob's bubble was about to burst. He confessed to his mother that Brad didn't know his true gender. Pam exclaimed, "Dear, oh dear, I think that this is going to be a problem."

"Mom, Brad doesn't necessarily have to know. At least not right away," he insistently replied. "I really enjoy his company, Mom. We have so many of the same interests. I want to go out with Brad again. Besides, I have no plans to be intimate with him, at least not in the biblical sense. And surely the rest of my body passes for female. Both you and Dr. Hughes have assured me of that!"

While she had to agree with Rob, his mother nonetheless remained concerned over the "intimacy" question. She explained, "Robin, although you wish to remain virtuous and have no plans to divulge your little secret, you will find that you can't always control the course that intimacy takes once it starts. Why do you think they call it seduction?"

Rob understood his mother, but he was stubborn. Taking her hand, he said, "I like Brad, Mom. If things work out between us, then there will be a time to tell him. If things don't work out, then he and I will be no worse off for not knowing." Silently, Pam nodded her head in agreement with her increasingly feminine son.

The next day at the sandwich shop, Lisa asked Rob where he had gone after work the evening before. Since his date was a success, Rob confided in Lisa and told her that he had gone out for coffee with the man who she had seen talking to him at the tavern a couple of weeks before.



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Lisa perked up and asked Rob all sorts of questions about the date and about Brad. Rob reacted like a schoolgirl, telling his best friend everything about the date and all the feelings he experienced. They both giggled like children as Rob told the tale of her first true date with a man. Lisa asked, "Does he make you feel like you're a girl?"

He smiled at her and replied, "Definitely!"

Rob was going to go out again with him.

It was Saturday at the salon and Rob was almost as busy as he had been the day before. He was giving a manicure to a steady customer, Mrs. Simpson. She was a nice middle aged lady whose husband was a prominent attorney in town. As Rob did her nails, his customer asked Rob if he had a boyfriend. Rob replied that he didn't, really. Mrs. Simpson then said, "Robin, I want to tell you about my son, Tony. He's in law school now and about to graduate. After he passes the bar exam, he will go to work for his father. You really ought to meet him, dear. Although I'm his mother, I can honestly say that he's quite handsome and a very good catch, indeed!"

Rob was listening to his customer with polite interest, when Cindy called out, telling Rob that he had a telephone call at the front desk. He had just finished the first coat of crimson lacquer on Mrs. Simpson's nails and was waiting for them to dry in order to apply a second coat of clear polish.

Rob stood up from his station to take the phone call. As he did so, he straightened and smoothed out his white mini skirt he wore that day and looked down to notice his favorite white pumps, the ones with the three inch heels.

Rob walked over to the front desk to take his call. Cindy handed him the phone. As she did so, Rob caught his reflection in the mirror behind the desk. He wore his hair loose that day and saw his thick long golden blonde hair cascade over his shoulders, reaching almost to the middle of his back. Picking up the receiver, he spoke into the phone, saying, "Hi, this is Robin. How can I help you?"

The caller replied, "Hi, Robin, this is Brad. How are you doing?"

Rob was thrilled to hear from him. Brad told him that he had a wonderful time yesterday evening and said that he had tickets to a new play in town and asked if Rob was interested in seeing it with him tonight. Without hesitation, Rob agreed to the date. With excitement, Brad replied, "That's great! Wear your prettiest dress and I'll pick you up at seven o'clock,

sharp." Before hanging up, Rob gave Brad his address and home telephone number.

After he finished the call, he intended to return to his station and finish Mrs. Simpson manicure. But as he started back, Rob realized his conversation with Brad was nearly identical to the one that he had in his recurring dream. Shuddering with fear, Rob watched as his hands began to shake and a cool perspiration condensed on his brow.

Instead to going back to finish Mrs. Simpson's nails, Rob headed straight for the restroom. In the mirror he saw himself. . .so feminized that he had a date with a man. It all seemed so real and menacing.

He remained there for several minutes, until he heard a light rap on the door. "Are you all right in there?" he heard Lisa call out.

Rob replied, "I'm just fine, I'll be out in one moment." Looking again at his reflection in the mirror, Rob couldn't get over how his dreams were turning into reality. Throwing a splash of cold water on his face, the feminized boy studied his image carefully.

He was indeed a new and different person. Gone was the lazy procrastinating "Rob." Yet, to Rob it was much more than merely looking different. He felt like a new person as well. Here he was, about to go on his second date as a woman with a real man. Preening his hair with his long red fingernails and applying a fresh coat of lip gloss over his permanently colored ruby red lips, Rob thought, "I would have never done this as a boy. I don't even think or feel like a boy anymore. If I'm not male, what am I?"

But Rob knew the answer to his rhetorical question quite well. It wasn't based on Dr. Hughes assessment of his hormone balance or what anyone else told him. Deep in his heart, he realized that he was now a girl, in thought, emotion and nearly in body. There would be no more looking back. From here on in, Rob was determined to go forward, wherever the road would lead.

He smiled at Lisa as he exited the restroom. Lisa looked concerned as she asked Rob what had happened to him. Out of the blue, Rob hugged Lisa and said, "I guess that dreams do come true." Lisa returned a quizzical look as her friend walked back to his manicurist station with a pronounced feminine wiggle in his walk.

Cindy allowed Rob to leave work a few minutes early that afternoon. When he reached home, his mother was there. Rob told her about his date that evening and that she would have



*Rob was scared. . .
what if Brad found out?*

the opportunity to meet Brad. While not especially pleased, she didn't stop her feminized son from preparing for his date.

After two hours of fussing over his beauty treatments and debating with himself on what he should wear, Rob decided upon a simple black cocktail dress, seamed black nylon stockings with a garter belt and black suede pumps.

Rob's mother helped him put his golden blonde hair into a long, tight braid. Rob redid his nails, removing the bright red polish and replaced it with several coats of a very pale, but elegant, mother of pearl polish. To match his nails, Pam loaned her feminized son her long string of pearls and matching pearl studded earrings.

For a moment, Rob's mother had misgivings about what her son had become. He was no longer her little boy and now he was becoming independent and no longer her little girl. As she helped him get ready, she envisioned Rob leaving her home. . .

Rob kept his makeup simple. He applied a light coat of mascara to his lashes, light liquid foundation to his face

and very shiny gloss to his forever ruby red lips. He placed his wallet and cosmetics in a small black sequined clutch bag. Finally, he topped it all off with small dabs of a subtle, spicy perfume from his mother's collection.

Rob's mother couldn't help but be thrilled at how glamorous her feminized son looked for his evening out with his date.

She had Rob strike a series of poses in the living room as she took several snap shots with her camera. At 7:00 sharp, the door bell chimed. Rob leaped up from the sofa and nervously straightened out his dress, smoothing over any and all imaginary wrinkles, then checked his makeup in the hall way mirror.

Rob took a deep breath as he opened the front door. He had difficulty turning the door knob due to the nervous shaking of his hands and the sweating of his palms. However, once the door was open, Rob cast his eyes on his handsome date. This made him blushed deeply.

He was strikingly handsome in his navy blue double breasted sports coat, light grey pleated pants, white shirt and blue and white polka dotted tie. Rob asked Brad to come in.

Rob played the hostess and asked Brad if he cared for a beverage. Brad politely declined. Just then, Rob's mother entered the living room. Rob introduced her to Brad. Extending his hand, Brad gave Pam a gentlemanly hand shake. Then the three took seats in the living room.

Rob and Brad sat on the sofa, while Rob's mother sat on the easy chair. Brad was immediately barraged with various questions of the concerned mother: What he did for a living, what his future plans were, and what his interests were in her "daughter."

Brad confidently answered all of them. And in responding to the last one, he said, "Mrs. Payton, I really enjoy Robin's company. She's a very sweet and considerate person. In fact, I also find her to be one of the most attractive women I have ever had the pleasure of meeting.

"To be quite honest, I don't have any set plans in regard to my relationship with Robin, but I definitely want to continue to date her and see where our relationship will lead."

Smiling at the young man, Rob's mother said, "I am very pleased with your candor, Brad. I can see now why Robin finds you to be so handsome and nice. You certainly appear to be a fine young man."

Brad thanked her for her complement and then looked at his gold Rollex wrist watch. He worriedly said, "If we're going to make the beginning of the first act, Robin, we had better be going right away. Rob's mother said that she didn't want to keep them and told the two to have fun, wishing them a wonderful time. Brad helped his lovely date place his wrap over his shoulders and they departed the Payton residence.

As the two were walking out of the house, Rob's mother kissed her feminized son on the cheek and softly whispered, "I

like Brad too." Rob smiled lovingly and kissed his mother back.

The two walked arm in arm down the front walk to Brad's car. Calling out from the front door, Rob's mother said that they shouldn't be too late. Brad turned and promised her that he would have her "daughter" home at a decent hour. Brad then held open the passenger door to his BMW for Rob to get in. Quickly running around to the driver's side, he got behind the wheel and the two motored speedily away.

The play Rob and Brad saw was a revival of "La Cage Aux Faux." Rob thought to himself that it was sort of ironic that of all the plays they could see, this would be the one. After the theater, the two dined at an exclusive French restaurant. Rob was flying high all evening and having the time of his life.

It was about 10:30 when they left the restaurant. Brad was driving back toward the house to take Rob home when Rob told him that he didn't have to be home so soon. He then suggested they drive to a secluded area known as the "Bluffs." Brad was not originally from the city, so he hadn't heard of this place before. Rob, however, had. Although Rob had never been there before, he recalled that the guys in high school would talk about their conquests of young ladies at the Bluffs. It was notorious for activities known as the "submarine races."

Brad followed Rob's directions and a short time later they reached their destination. Once Brad parked and turned off his headlights, the two had a panoramic view of the lights of the city below. Rob slid over in his seat to get closer to Brad. He responded by putting his arms around his beautiful date. Caressing soon gave way to more intimate foreplay. Before long, they were kissing passionately.

Rob was experiencing feelings he had never known before. Brad's embrace was the most feminizing encounter Rob had found. More so than wearing brassieres or even having breasts. Rob couldn't be kissed or caressed enough by Brad. The excitement was overpowering and more than once did Rob let out a squeal of desire for Brad's affections.

Their passions were abruptly interrupted, however, when a very bright spotlight was beamed at the car. Breaking off a tight embrace, the two looked up to see a police officer standing beside the driver's window of the BMW. Brad rolled down the window and asked the officer if there was any problem.

The policeman asked, "Say, buddy, aren't you and your date a bit too old to be making out up here on the Bluffs?"

Brad chuckled, replying, "Maybe so, but after all, this is the most romantic place in the city."

The officer looked out over the spectacular view, turned back to Brad and sighed, "Yeah, I would have to agree with you about that. But I'm afraid I'll have to ask you two to leave. The big shots on the city council have made this area off limits to parking. I guess it's because of all those teenagers getting into trouble with their folks for coming up here." Brad understood the situation and promised the officer that they were about to move along. Thanking Brad for his cooperation, the officer turned off his spotlight and left.

As the police car disappeared down the road, Brad turned on the inside dome light and straightened himself out as Rob did the same. As he was checking himself out in the rear view mirror, Brad was amazed and exclaimed, "With all the heavy kissing we did, Robin, I can't believe that I don't have traces of your bright red lipstick all over my face."

Rob, a bit embarrassed, confessed, "That's because I'm not wearing any lipstick, Brad. You see, my lips were given a permanent color treatment. No matter what I do, they will always be ruby red. All I use is a gloss, if I want to make them shinny. If I ever want to change my shade, I have to use a heavy opaque lip cover."

Brad thought it was great that Rob had something like that done. Then Rob also told him about his permanent eye liner and his sensuous mole. Brad smiled and said, "Okay, gorgeous, let me at those beautiful ruby lips of yours," as his stunning date willingly accepted his big kiss, smack on the lips.

Before Rob went to bed that night he had misgivings about what he'd done. It was like drugs. He knew he shouldn't be deceiving Brad but Rob was getting hooked on how feminine Brad could make him feel.

After their second date, Rob and Brad soon became a regular item. They dated and were in each other's company quite often. Brad even let Rob give him a manicure. Although he didn't like the idea of wearing clear polish, as some men did, Rob still pushed back his cuticles and buffed his nails well, giving them a clean, handsome look.

As for Rob's mother, she was more and more impressed with Brad Every time she met him. Her doubts about Rob's relationship with him had almost vanished. But she occasionally asked her pretty son when he planned to tell his boyfriend the truth about his actual gender.

Rob and Brad had been steadily dating for a couple of months. Things couldn't be better between them. However, on one of their dates, something out of the ordinary occurred.

Brad had picked Rob up, on time as usual, and they went to a movie. Brad was a very affectionate person and always held Rob's hand or placed his arm over Rob's shoulders in a darkened theater. But on this date, he seemed to be in another world. He showed little affection and was not responsive to Rob when he initiated it.

Rob became very concerned. He liked Brad very, very much. The lack of intimacy worried him and he actually shuddered at the thought that Brad was losing interest in him. He even thought that maybe Brad had discovered that he was a boy! Rob became nervous and upset that this might be their last date.

After the movie, the two went out for a bite to eat at a nearby hamburger stand. Brad seemed to avoid eye contact when Rob would smile endearingly at his boyfriend. Finally, Rob couldn't take it anymore. With anxious hesitation in his soft voice, he asked, "Brad, darling, what's wrong? You seem to be distant and have been avoiding me all evening. What's the matter, sweetheart?"

Brad looked down at the table and shook his head. In a grave sounding voice, he replied, "I'm sorry, Robin. I've been acting very selfishly tonight, but I have a lot of worries on my mind." Rob reached across the table and took Brad's hand and held it tightly.

Brad explained that the reason he was down was because his little brother, Tim, had gotten into a terrible auto accident earlier that day. It happened along the main highway in Brad's hometown. Tim had been rushed to the hospital for emergency surgery.

With sincere sorrow in his eyes, Rob said, "Oh Brad, I'm so sorry such a tragic thing has happened to your brother. Is there anything I can do?"

Brad fought through his sadness and gave his "girlfriend" a loving smile and said, "Thanks for your concern, Robin, but no, there isn't much either of us can do right now."

He went on to tell Rob that Tim was the baby of the family, only 16 years old, but he was the town's high school football star. He played quarterback and wide receiver and many believed that he was a shoe-in for a football scholarship to the State University.

As Brad told Rob about his brother, he became quite emotionally upset. Rob saw this and suggested they go. The two left the restaurant without eating.

On the way home, Rob told Brad that he really appreciated everything he did for him. But if, heaven forbid, anything so terrible should happen again, he would understand it if he called off their date. Brad took his right hand off the steering wheel and placed it on Rob's thigh and gave a loving and tender squeeze. He thanked Rob for his understanding and told him that he would be leaving that night to see his brother at the hospital.

When they arrived back at the house, Rob told him to stop at the convenience store and get a large cup of coffee for the trip and to drive safely. Brad gave Rob a loving kiss goodbye and drove away to see his brother, Tim.

Rob had not heard anything from Brad for several days and he was worried about him. He didn't know where he was or how to reach him.

The next week, while Rob was working in the salon, Brad popped in. Rob was about to break for lunch and was so happy to see his boyfriend. As they hugged and kissed each other, Brad asked Rob to join him for a bite to eat. Looking over towards Lisa, whom he routinely lunched with, he saw her wink at him, as if to say go ahead and have a good time. Rob smiled back and left the salon with Brad.

During lunch, Brad apologized for not calling Rob for almost a week, saying, "I'm really sorry, but I just got back into town very late last night. It was a terrible mess back at home."

Rob told him that he didn't have to say he was sorry, just to tell him how Tim was doing. Brad, with a smile of relief said, "Well, the good news is, Tim is going to pull through. When I arrived back at my folks' house, after our last date, I heard the details of the accident. Tim was driving along the main highway when a drunk driver came barrelling out of the parking lot of a tavern and hit Tim's car broadside. The doctors said that the crash caused nearly every bone in Tim's body to break and he was lucky that he was alive. That damned drunk, the bastard didn't even get one scratch.

"I visited Tim in the hospital, once he regained consciousness after his surgery. To my surprise, the kid seemed quite calm and relaxed about the whole awful episode, despite the fact that he was in a head to foot body cast.

"While I was in the hospital room, Tim's doctor came by. He had some very sad news. He told Tim that he was lucky to

be alive, but that he would never be able to play football or any other physical sport ever again.

"Then a very funny thing happened, Tim didn't say, boo. He took this bad news astoundingly well. In fact, he sort of seemed very happy to hear it. I still don't really understand my brother's reaction, but I felt that it wasn't the time to ask him why he seemed glad he couldn't play sports anymore, especially football."

Once hearing that Tim was going to be alright, the pair had lunch and got caught up with each other's activities after such a long separation. Brad walked Rob back to the salon after lunch. On the way back, they made a date to go out Saturday night, kissed goodbye and parted ways.

Months passed and life went on. Rob continued to see Brad and their relationship grew ever more closer with each passing day. Rob had become very settled in with his life as a young and very feminine woman. Most of the time he forgot that he had been anything but a beautiful and curvaceous blonde. His daily beauty rituals sustained and improved his stunning attractiveness. His clear, alabaster complexion glowed in any type of light and his golden locks had grown so long, his hair hung down in thick, even, straight strands, nearly touching his fanny.

One day in the early spring, business at the salon was quite slow. The weather was grey and rainy. Rob wanted to go home early, but he had to wait around for some unfamiliar customer who had made a special appointment, just after closing, for him to do their nails.

Lisa was leaving the salon and Rob was saying goodbye to her, as a pretty young girl entered. She was wearing a long pleated tartan plaid skirt, a blue wool sweater with a very femininely embroidered monogram at the chest. The initials on the sweater read "M.C.E." As she entered the salon, she wore a blue wool parka. Over her matching blue wool knee socks, the girl wore cordovan penny loafers. Her hair was very dark brown and bobbed in a "page boy" cut. Her eyes were large, doe-like and dark brown and she had a cute pixie-like nose that was slightly up turned.

Rob stepped back to the reception desk to check the appointment book. An entry had been made for a "Melissa Easton." When Rob asked if she was here for a special appointment, the girl shook her head in acknowledgement.

Rob did a double take as he saw the girl's sweet smiling face. He had a feeling he had seen her before. "There was

something very familiar about her name," he thought. However, he decided to forget it. He had seen so many people in his almost two years as a manicurist that this girl must just be a spitting image of someone else in town.

Rob then escorted his new customer to his table and asked to her to sit and make herself comfortable. Melissa removed her coat. As she did, Rob gave her the once over, as if he was evaluating the "competition." He immediately noticed that the short, cute girl had a nicely shaped body with slightly flared hips and a small, but well defined bosom.

Once seated, Rob took Melissa's fingers in his hands and inspected the girl's nails. He asked, "Have you had a manicure recently?"

"No I haven't, really," Melissa confessed, "But I try to keep them as neat and pretty as I can." Rob complimented his new customer on the way she had kept her nails in such good condition. The girl gleefully replied, "Thanks," in a high pitched, almost squeaky voice. Melissa then returned the complement, saying, "I really admire how beautiful your manicure is, Robin. I hope to have nails as long and as lovely as yours someday. But the administration at Holly Hill Academy for Girls only allows us students to keep our's just under a half an inch in length, maximum."

Melissa remained very animated in tone of voice and feminine gestures as Rob manicured the girls fingernails. Rob thought she was very cute and had a fun personality.

As he was applying the initial coat of nail hardener to the girls hands, Rob still had a haunting feeling that he had seen her somewhere before. He though he would take a chance and ask her if they had ever met before.

As Melissa's nails were drying, Rob popped the question, asking, "Haven't we met someplace before?"

All of the sudden, the animation was gone from the girl's face. She became withdrawn and appeared to be somewhat frightened. Looking up at Rob with her big brown eyes, she said, in a flat, unaffected voice, "Yes, Robin, we have met before."

Rob became very concerned. He began to think where on earth had they met and why had she become so frightened when he asked. Before Rob could ask another question, Melissa leaned forward and whispered, "You've done my nails before. But I looked much different then. In fact, I looked very different!"

Melissa then explained, "The last time I was at this salon, was almost a year ago. I came here with my Aunt Patricia."

As he heard this, Rob's eyes widened and he said to Melissa, "You're not Melvin! Are you?"

Melissa lowered her eyes and told him he used to be Melvin Campbell, III. Rob was in shock. He couldn't believe it. But, Melissa assured him it was true. She then began to tell her story of how she went from being Melvin to being Melissa.

"It all began after that prep school play. If you recall, I was here to have a manicure so I would pass in my female role in the spring play. Anyway, I performed flawlessly in the role, at least that was what everyone told me. My classmates said I was so good, that many of them actually kidded me by asking me to date them dressed up as a girl! Not only that, some of the fellows actually tried to kiss me when no one else was around! My mistake was to tell my Aunt Patricia about these propositions. Not long after that, my aunt introduced me to Dr. Erica at a dinner party she hosted at her estate."

Rob felt anxious, as he listened to this peculiar tale. A feeling of emptiness overcame him as a pit began to grow and grow in his stomach. He couldn't take the suspense any longer and interjected a question, asking, "Is this Dr. Erica by chance a Dr. Erica Hughes?"

Melissa politely nodded affirmatively, then asked, "Why, do you know her?" Rob shook his head, fibbing that he had only vaguely heard of this doctor.

Melissa continued her story, telling Rob, "That dinner party changed my life. While all the other guests were having coffee and dessert, Dr. Hughes and Aunt Patricia took me aside and we went to the Drawing Room. There, they informed me that I was to spend the next summer vacation at a special camp. Actually, it wasn't a camp at all, but a special clinic, operated by a friend of the doctor's. By the end of the summer, Melvin was gone and I wasn't a boy any longer. I had become a girl and renamed, Melissa. When I arrived back at the estate, Aunt Patricia officially adopted me as her daughter."

Rob was astonished and flabbergasted at Melissa's intriguing tale. But he didn't understand one part of it, so he asked, "What do you mean when say that you're a real girl, now?"

Melissa leaned forward toward Rob and softly whispered, "I was given a sex change operation! Rob raised his hands and covered his mouth in disbelief, as his young customer said, "Not only that, but I had plastic surgery to make my nose smaller and prettier and was given a brow lift that made my eyes larger and rounder.

"At first, I resented my aunt for doing this to me. But over time, I've learned to appreciate the new person I've become and now would never want to go back to being a boy again!"

Rob's eyes were now bulging out so much they looked as if they would pop out of his head. He was so nervous and excited that he nearly tipped over the small bowl of soaking solution on his manicuring table.

As he sat there, staring blankly at the new girl, Melissa asked if Rob was alright. Rob apologized, smiled and continued to complete Melissa's manicure.

Melissa admired Rob's work, despite the interruption. Her nails were filed to a gently rounded point and polished a pearlized pink. Rob was so embarrassed by his behavior and told Melissa that the manicure was on the house. Melissa thanked him and when Rob wasn't looking, she placed a hefty tip on the table at Rob's station. As she was about to leave, Melissa and Rob had a brief and friendly conversation at the door of the salon. They decided to meet again, this time for a lunch date on the weekend, when Melissa had free time from her studies.

Rob's next appointment with Dr. Hughes was not too long after he had met Melissa again for the first time. He had been seeing the doctor less and less over the ensuing months. At these appointments, Dr. Hughes took measurements of Rob's figure, drew blood for testing, updated his hormone prescription and examined his shrinking and disappearing male genitalia.

On this occasion, his appointment with the doctor was no different. However, Rob did take the opportunity to drop Melissa's name. Dr. Hughes was telling Rob how well he was doing and what magnificent progress he had made toward womanhood. As Rob was replacing his bra on his well rounded and fully developed bosom, he told the doctor that they had a mutual acquaintance. Dr. Hughes, in an unassuming tone of voice asked him who that might be. Rob replied, "Melissa Easton."

The doctor looked up at Rob and smiled and said, "Why Melissa is a very lovely girl." This was not the reaction he had expected. In an even more angry tone of voice, Rob told the doctor that he knew that Melissa used to be a boy and had a sex change operation at her hands.

Dr. Hughes went to Rob's side and placed her hand on his soft rounded shoulder and disarmingly said, "You shouldn't be angry with me, Robin. Although I've encouraged you to have

the operation, no one is forcing you to have it. Melissa's situation is completely different from yours. I can't tell you much, due to doctor/patient confidentiality, but suffice it to say, her aunt was looking out for her best interests. Yet, she does make a very beautiful young girl."

Rob's anger turned to distress. He began to cry and threw his arms around Dr. Hughes. Through his sobs he whimpered, "I'm so terribly confused, Dr. Hughes. I thought I was over this, but I guess I'm not. I don't know what I am anymore! Yet, I know what I'm not and that's a man or a boy. But I'm really not a girl or a woman, either, am I? I love wearing pretty clothes, working in the salon and doing all things feminine, but I can't stand this sexual limbo I'm in. And then there's my boyfriend, Brad. I haven't told anyone this before, doctor, not even him, but I really do like the way he makes me feel. Yet, I've never told Brad the truth of what I really am. And I'm so, so afraid to tell him. I fear it more than my own death!"

Dr. Hughes held and comforted the feminized boy as he continued to sob uncontrollably in her embrace. As she did, she stroked his thick golden blonde hair and softly spoke to Rob in a tender and loving voice, "Please dear, don't be so concerned about what you are and what you're not. The most important thing is to be a good person and you are definitely that. You love others, Robin and they love you back. You're one of the most kind, considerate, respectful and giving persons I know. It doesn't matter if you're a man or a woman, a boy or a girl, or even something in between."

Rob stopped crying, wiped the tears from his eyes and grinned widely at his doctor. He thanked her for her kind, comforting words. Then with a serious look, Rob said, "I guess I'll just have to continue to try to work this out for myself. It's going to be tough and there are many tasks ahead of me. But, I'll just have to take it one day at a time."

Times seemed tough for Rob, now. Since his last appointment with Dr. Hughes and his emotional breakdown in her office, the state of Rob's sexual identity plagued him. From the time he awoke in the morning until he tossed and turned himself to sleep at night, he constantly wondered what he was and where he was going.

And through it all, his relationship with Brad was foremost on his mind. Should he tell the man he loved his true identity. Or, for how much longer could he keep it a secret. Rob knew in his heart of hearts that he loved Brad as much as any real woman could ever love a real man. Yet, each and every time

he considered revealing the truth to him, all he saw were visions of disaster.

Yet, Rob also felt pangs of guilt for not telling him. Throughout their relationship, Rob had always been truthful with his boyfriend, except as to the fact that he was really a biologically male. All these worries and concerns affected his work at the salon.

He accomplished a lot and was an excellent nail technician. He had become so good, Lisa and Cindy encouraged him to enter various competitions held around the county that judged the proficiency of manicurists. However, Rob always declined their offers, he was quite satisfied to remain at the salon and not venture out of his hometown.

But since his breakdown at Dr. Hughes' office, coupled with everything else on his mind, Rob became strictly business. He avoided small talk with the customers. He just did their nails and didn't join them in friendly gossip, which had been an enjoyable part of his job. While all his customers were quite satisfied with the results, they were disappointed that Rob, who usually was very friendly and outgoing, manicured their fingernails in virtual silence.

Rob's seemingly reserved attitude and emotional distance was not reserved to his customers. Lisa and Cindy were also treated similarly. On one occasion, Lisa asked Rob to join her for lunch at a fancy downtown restaurant. She even offered to treat. Lisa was very worried about Rob and how he seemed to be hiding in a shell. The special lunch date, Lisa hoped, would work to snap Rob back to being his old self. However, Rob politely declined the offer, coolly turning Lisa down. He then walked out of the salon, alone, and wasn't seen again until after lunch.

Rob was doing a lot of reflecting of late. This was one of the causes of his "stand offish" disposition. He would sit and think about his relationship with Brad. They had been dating for just about a year and had simply wonderful times together. Rob had met many of Brad's friends and in turn he had met all of Rob's, which were basically the women from the salon and the boutique.

Yet, no matter how fond and delightful his thoughts were, it seemed that they would all end up on the same topic; Rob's true gender. Rob's secret remained intact and Brad was thoroughly ignorant of it. Even when the couple was intimate, and that was happening with greater frequency and a higher intensity, Rob was successful in keeping his secret safe. He did this by being steadfast in his claim that he was a virgin,

which happened to be the absolute truth. Brad respected Rob's wishes to remain one. However, a couple of times they came very close to unveiling his true sexual identity, but fortunately it didn't occur. This bothered Rob to no end. He didn't mind that they had become so close, in fact he thrilled in their intimacy. What bothered him was that it couldn't go any farther!

Brad also sensed the strain Rob appeared to be under. However, he felt that he had caused it by not paying enough attention to his "girlfriend." Trying to remedy what he believed was his inattentiveness, Brad made special efforts to see Rob more often and took him out to very nice places.

Rob would tell Brad that he had wonderful times and really appreciated all the big and little things he did for him. Yet Brad still sensed a strong undercurrent of strain with Rob, but couldn't figure out what was causing it. He had had more than his fair share of romantic relationships before. Brad was aware that those other romances broke up as a result of strain within the relationship. However, Brad felt that the situation with Rob was different. Whatever was causing the stress and strain was coming from a source beyond the two of them. This concerned him a great deal because, although he had never told his "girlfriend," he loved Rob very much.

It was a hot July afternoon when Brad stopped by the salon on his way to meet a client. He came over to have a brief chat with Rob. Between manicures, Rob met him over by the reception desk. There, Brad said, "We're going to a special place this evening, darling. But it's far from fancy. I want you to be comfortable, so dress in something very casual."

Rob smiled endearingly and replied, "That's sweet of you, Brad. I think I know what you mean and I have just the thing to wear." Then as Brad left the salon, Rob gave him a tight hug and a juicy kiss goodbye. Yet, his boyfriend wasn't fooled. Brad was able to see the stress on Rob's face, despite the fact that he became good at hiding it lately.

Arriving home from work that evening, Rob immediately went to his room, undressed and took a relaxing bubble bath. It had been an exceptionally hot day and just the trip home had caused him to get all sweaty and dirty.

Baths were out of the ordinary for Rob. He usually took a quick shower in the morning before dressing for work. In fact, he hadn't taken the time to relax in the bathtub for quite a while.

As it turned out, the bath was just what he needed. The hot foamy bubbles and the bath salts penetrated the pores of

his soft feminine skin. The affect they had was to take all his mounting stress away, making it seem to disappear. Rob felt like a new person as he luxuriously soaked in the tub. Well actually, he felt like the old him, happy and carefree.

Studying himself in the frothy water, Rob realized how awful he had been toward Brad. It wasn't his fault that he was going through an emotional turmoil. As he surveyed his luscious curves and full, pert breasts and endlessly long hair, Rob decided he was going to do something special for his boyfriend. Brad deserved better from him and Rob proceeded to make himself his feminine best.

As he continued to look himself over, Rob realized that he hadn't shaved for several weeks and his legs definitely needed it. Rob had long given up using depilatories, since his early days of his dressing up. He was told by his mother and the women at work that for a much cleaner and hairless effect shaving with a razor was the best. Following this advise, Rob had been shaving for sometime. As he finished the last razor stroke, he ran his long fingernailed hand over his smooth and silky legs, cooing softly to himself with feminine pleasure.

As he caressed his legs in the bath, he remember the first time he had removed his body hair and the resulting growth of his manhood. Rob peered down into the water to take a quick look at his groin. It took a while for him to focus on what remained of his maleness. The long term hormone therapy had effected it significantly. Yet, when he lowered his hand to manipulate what was left, no engorgement or growth followed. Yet he did feel sexual yearning. These feelings, however, were deep inside of him now. They were what he was now so familiar with. The external excitement he had used to feel as a boy was all but gone.

After the bath, Rob felt reborn. He was relaxed, invigorated and ready to prepare for his date with his handsome boyfriend. Since Brad told Rob to dress casually, he chose a pair of new blue jeans.

It had taken Rob some time to find a pair that fit as these did. Many pairs he tried on were cut like men's pants; which were too loose at the waist and too tight in the seat. After visiting many stores, he found the perfect pair. They fit his every curve snugly and smoothly. The legs were tapered, leaving no excess material at the ankle.

With his jeans, and since it was a very warm evening, Rob wore a cool, short sleeved red and white striped cotton gingham blouse. As a sexy effect, he wore a strapless under wire bra and kept quite a few of the top shirt buttons open. On his

feet, Rob wore a pair of girls styled, plain white canvas sneakers; the ones with the pointed toes, without socks.

Rob looked himself over in the mirror, walking back and forth, admiring his casual ensemble. As he pranced about, he noticed something a bit odd in his walk. The girl's sneakers he wore were flat, without heels. Rob had been wearing nothing but three inch heeled pumps for the last several months. When he tried to put his feet flat on the floor, he felt a great discomfort in the tendons to the rear of his ankles. But when he walked on the balls of his feet, Rob felt much more comfortable. The effect was that he was walking on his toe!

As he was glaring at his feet, Rob's mother entered his room. She saw him massaging his ankles and asked Rob what he was doing. Rob explained the problem he was having. Smiling knowingly at him, she replied, "Well dear, that's what you get for dressing so fashionably and wearing high heeled shoes all the time."

Rob put his hands on his hips and sarcastically said, "Hey, thanks a lot, Mom. I really needed your input and help in the matter."

"Well Robin," his mother replied back, "If you wore your pumps tonight then your tendons would feel much better."

Rob replied that he would rather wear his new sneakers. He then placed his long nailed finger on his chin and exclaimed in a small, childlike voice, "Actually, I think I look sort of cute walking on my toes!" His mother just rolled her eyes and told Rob to have a good time that evening.

It was about 7:30 when Brad arrived to pick Rob up for their date. He too was dressed casually; wearing old, comfortable looking khaki slacks, a Madras plaid shirt and brown penny loafers. The two said their goodbyes to Rob's mother and quickly left.

As they drove away, Rob happily asked his boyfriend where they were going for the evening. Brad smiled, put his arm around Rob, pulling him close to his side, and replied, "We're going to do something really fun and exciting, for a change."

When Rob asked what that might be, Brad teased his "girlfriend," saying, "Guess!" Rob went along with the tease and began to make guesses. With each one he made, Brad nicely told him he was wrong. Rob kept on guessing as Brad pulled his BMW into a large parking lot. Rob hadn't noticed they had left the road until Brad announced, "Okay Robin, you have to stop guessing now, we're here." Rob turned his head away from Brad and saw they were at the new bowling alley.

As Rob looked at the large building that housed the bowling alley, he smiled at his boyfriend and exclaimed, "I haven't been bowling in years!" Brad asked Rob if he was ready to give it a try again and he excitedly replied, "Sure!"

Just as soon as the two entered the bowling alley, they were waved at by three other couples. Quickly walking over to the lounge area, Rob and Brad joined the couples in a round of beer.

Brad introduced Rob to these people in the lounge. Rob had already met them; they were friends of Brad. There was Phil and Kathy, Marc and Nancy and Roy and Sally. Rob said hello as Brad ordered beer for the entire group.

Drinking beer the four couples waited for the manager to call them when their lanes were ready. As was quite natural for him now, Rob congregated and talked with the women of the group, while Brad slipped off with the other men.

When their party was called the three other couples walked to the lanes. But Brad took Rob by the hand and lead him in the opposite direction. Rob, curious, asked, "Why aren't we going with the others, darling?"

Brad put his finger on his lips and winked at Rob, saying, "It's another a surprise. I want you to close your eyes and not open them until I say so. Don't worry, I'll lead you in the right direction."

"Okay Robin, you can open those pretty eyes of your now!" Brad said excitedly. As he did, Rob looked up and saw they were in the alley pro shop.

The manager of the shop said hello to Brad and asked if he was ready. Brad replied that he certainly was. The manager greeted Rob and told him to step to the rear of the shop with him. Rob looked back at Brad as he followed the manager.

Rob stood with the manager at the rear of the shop where there was a large drill and some other equipment. The manager asked, "All right little lady, please place your right hand in this contraption over here." As Rob did, the manager noticed his long red fingernails. He then said to Brad, "Since your girlfriend has such pretty fingers, I'll have to drill fairly deep." Brad smiled and nodded at the manager and Rob.

A bowling ball without any holes was put below the contraption that held Rob's hand in place. The manager made some marks on the ball, after asking Rob if his hand felt comfortable in the position it was in. A few minutes later, Rob was the proud owner of a beautiful, brilliant violet colored, bowling ball and a matching ball bag.

Rob placed his elongated fingers into the ball. Surprisingly they fit quite comfortably, despite the fact that his nails were just under one inch in length. Brad smiled at Rob and asked, "Do you like my little surprise, sweetheart?" Rob turned and gave him a big hug and kiss. That was all the thanks Brad needed.

The manager interrupted their embrace when he said, "Mr. Thompson, I got them shoes in now. The ones you had me special order."

Brad hit himself in the head and exclaimed, "Wow, I almost forgot! Wait a minute, Robin, take a seat. Your surprise isn't quite over yet."

The manager came out of the back room with a shoe box and removed a pair of violet woman's bowling shoes. The size eight narrow shoes fit Rob's feet like a glove. The manager placed the sneakers in the shoe compartment of the bowling bag and told Rob to use them well. Rob was so happy and excited at this simple but wonderful gift that he even gave the manager a girlishly happy kiss on his cheek.

The couples bowled several frames that evening. The teams were divided into the men and the women. The guys talked sports between their turns and the women talked fashion between theirs. Rob felt very comfortable talking to the girls. As a matter of fact, they deferred to his opinion when the others disagreed about a certain new fashion of clothing or a current hair style. The other women seemed to respect Rob's apparent expertise in the matter of what was "in" style and what was "out."

Rob had a great time bowling. Although he didn't ring in a high score, he did manage to bowl for one strike. When he did, he became so excited that he girlishly shouted, clapped his hands and jumped up and down for joy. When he did this, the four men gave appreciative glances as they watched Rob's sexy feminine body bounce and jiggle with every leap.

When they finished bowling their last frame, the couples decided to go out for pizza. Rob was having such a wonderful time, he actually forgot all the problems he was having over the last several weeks. He found himself being accepted as a woman by not only Brad and the guys, but more importantly, by the other girls in the party. At that moment, Rob felt all female, in body and in mind. The stress and anxiety he experienced wondering what and who he was, was a far away memory.

As they were leaving the bowling alley, Rob eyed a video game, just beyond the main doors. Turning to Brad, he asked



him to give him a quarter. He did so but asked, "Robin, if you need to make a telephone call, you can do it from my car phone."

Taking the quarter, Rob replied, "This is not for a telephone call." With the twenty five cent piece in hand, Rob ran, on his toes, to the video game. The name of the game was "Space Destroyers" and Rob was quite familiar with it. It was one of his favorite games while he was in high-school and he had successfully mastered it back then. Yet, it had been over two years since he had played any video game at all, since his feminization had began.

Rob stepped up to the game, took a deep breath and quickly dropped the quarter in the slot. Almost immediately, alien space vessels began attacking his space ship. With the skill of a fighter pilot, Rob shot down his attackers. He went from one skill level to the next without loosing his ship. Brad watched in astonishment as Rob played the game with great concentration and intensity. His feminine hand expertly mastered the

game's control panel. After half an hour, the game came to an end.

The video screen declared Rob to be a "Master of the Universe" and provided a space for him to enter his name, next to his highest score. Rob entered his initials "R.A.P." and then turned to look at Brad.

As he did so, Rob lifted his right hand, curled his fingers back, brought them up to his mouth, blew a couple of breaths on them and then rubbed them on his left arm. Brad was stunned and all he could say was, "WOW!" He told Rob that he had never seen anyone play any video game so well. Rob smiled at his boyfriend, turned and began walking toward the exit door, happily swinging his hips in a confident feminine strut.

At the pizza parlor, Brad couldn't stop talking about how his "girlfriend" was a "Master of the Universe." This caused Rob to blush a bit and protest that he was just lucky.

Over their late dinner, the couples discussed the kinds of things good friends talk about. While they ate pizza with the works, the men drank pitchers of beer and the women split a pitcher of diet soda. They had such a good time and stayed there so late that the pizza parlor manager had to politely ask them to leave so he could close the place up.

After they said their goodbyes and the couples parted company, Rob and Brad got into the car and drove away. The ride was quiet and neither of them talked. The two simply cuddled up in the front seat as Brad drove down the road.

Rob was filled with so much happiness, he had a big grin on his face. At that moment, everything was just so right. Brad felt the same way because he was grinning, too.

As they drove, Rob's thoughts returned to the issue of his relationship with Brad. However, this time, he felt no anxiety, tension or stress. Instead he felt fulfillment and joy. It was then that Rob decided that he was going to tell Brad the truth. He loved him too much to deny him it any longer. But as Rob finally came to this heart felt conclusion, Brad pulled the car along the curb in front of Rob's house.

Rob turned to look at Brad. Smiling sweetly at him, he softly said, "This was one of the best times I've ever had in my life. Thanks so much for this evening, Brad, and the ball and the shoes, too!"

Brad replied, "Sweetheart, you took the words right out of my mouth." They began to kiss passionately in the front seat of the car. But after several moments, Brad broke off their embrace. Staring deeply into Rob's eyes, he announced,

"Robin, I can't hold it back any longer and I have to tell you know. I'm hopelessly in love with you, darling. I've never told another woman that before. I really feel this is the real thing, darling."

With tears building up in the corner of his eyes, Rob gently put his head to Brad's chest and replied, "Yes, yes, dear Brad, I feel the very same way about you."

The two lovers sat silently in the car, as Rob had his head nestled on his boyfriend's shoulder and Brad softly caressed his "girlfriend's" long, golden blonde hair. But the hour was getting late. When Rob lifted his head, he read the dash board clock which showed it was nearly one in the morning.

Lifting up his head, Rob leaned over and gave Brad a soft, sweet kiss on his lips and told his beloved good night. Brad looked longingly at Rob as he watch him leave the car and walk toward the house. He tearfully looked on as Rob entered and waved to him, "Good night."

His mother was up, reading in bed when Rob entered the house. Going to her room, he sat at the edge of her bed. When she saw her beautiful son, Pam asked if he had a good time. Rob showed his mother his new bowling ball and shoes, which provided a good reason to merrily chuckle.

Rob then smiled broadly and said, "Mom, I can hardly believe it. All we did was join three other couples for bowling and pizza. But I have to tell you, I had the time of my life!"

Smiling at him with pleasure, his mother began to think back and recall how Rob battled with all sorts of evil demons over the past several weeks. But she now had to admit to herself that he looked so thoroughly happy now.

As mother and feminized son held hands, Rob told her of his decision to tell Brad the truth, that beneath all the beautiful clothes, the stunning hairdo and magnificent body, he really was a boy.

And to his pleasant surprise, his mother told him that she approved whole heartily with his decision and wished him all the best. Rob smiled and then puckered his lips, saying, "Well, that's the easy part. The hard part is to find the right moment to tell him!"

That night, after Rob fell asleep, he had a dream. It wasn't the same recurring dream that he had had before. Yet, some of the same people were in his new one. He dreamed that Lisa was giving him a manicure, applying an elegant mother of pearl polish to his long nails.

Cindy was standing behind him, manipulating his ultra long hair into a stunning French braid. And as the women

ministered to him, the three were discussing what a wonderful time Rob will have in Hawaii.

However, while these things were happening, Rob saw that they weren't at the salon. Instead, they were in a room that appeared to be a dressing room, with a vanity table and lighted mirror and a chaise lounge seat.

Just as Cindy completed the braid and his nails were dry, his mother entered the room. She told Rob that they must hurry, because all the guests were here. As she said this, his mother stepped inside the dressing room and closed the door behind her.

As his mother entered, Rob stood up and began walking toward a full length mirror in the corner of the room. As he walked he heard ruffling sounds. Looking back at his mother, Lisa and Cindy, he saw all three women smiling and crying tears of joy, while wearing identical formal dresses in a beautiful cream shantung silk, with gold lace trim.

When Rob reached the mirror and looked at his reflection, he realized that he was wearing a gorgeous snow white wedding gown. The gown had a low cut neckline which revealed the top of his full and ample bosom. He felt his heart pounding hard as Pam stepped behind him in the mirror and affixed a veil atop his head. Rob picked up his hand to admire his manicure and saw a large oval cut diamond perched on a glittering gold setting adorn his right ring finger.

His loving gaze was interrupted by the playing of string music from beyond the door of the dressing room. Stepping in front of him, his mother told him that it was now time to go. Rob reached out to take a beautiful bouquet of white orchids from his mother's hand, as Cindy and Lisa opened the door.

The music was louder now, as Rob felt himself leaving the dressing room, following the lead of Lisa, Cindy and his mother. He found himself walking along a flowered garden path that seemed to run for miles and miles. As he walked, the music became louder and louder.

There was a bright, glaring white light at the end of the path. Upon reaching the end, Rob had to squint his eyes just to be able to see. What he saw through his veil, was an image of a tall, dark and handsome man wearing an elegant black tuxedo. As the man turned toward Rob, he realized that the man was Brad! Rob felt himself about to say something, when the alarm clock rang out, waking him up and ending his dream.

Once Rob got his bearings, he realized that he was still in bed. Jumping up, he ran to the bathroom, slammed the door

and locked it behind him. After drinking a large glass of water, he looked in the bathroom mirror. Rob did a double take as he caught a glimpse of himself in his long white silk night gown. He thought for a moment that he was wearing that wedding dress he saw in his dream. Rob was more than a bit concerned; he was terrified. Splashing cold water on his face, he had a jarring thought, "These dreams of mine have a history of coming true!"

The next sound Rob heard was his mother rapping on the locked bath room door and asking if he was alright. Rob opened the door and told her that he was just fine and that he had had one of his dreams again.

Listening patiently to all the detail, his mother asked, "So Robin, when do you suppose that Brad is going to propose? I hope he does soon. This way, there will be enough time to plan a June wedding!"

Rob did not see the humor in his mother's comment. He replied tersely, "Wedding! I'm still trying to figure out how to tell Brad that the person he's been dating for the last year is really an emasculated boy!"

Giving Rob a peck on the cheek, she told him to just forget about the dream and to hurry up and get dressed or he would be late for work. It was Saturday, a big day at the salon, so Rob jumped in the shower and began to get ready.

At work, Lisa and Cindy had gotten used to treating Rob with kid gloves, due to the stress he had been experiencing. But on this Saturday, they were relieved to see Rob in a happy and joyful mood. He had a rhythm in his voice as he greeted Lisa and Cindy with an uplifting, "good morning" as he entered the salon.

Instead of his usual manicurist uniform, Rob wore a long paisley silk skirt, yellow silk short sleeved blouse opened widely at the neck, and matching yellow pumps with three inch heels. And the first thing he did after greeting his friend was to invite Lisa out for lunch, "My treat!" Rob exclaimed enthusiastically.

At noon, Lisa and Rob left the salon for lunch. They took Lisa's small compact car across town to a very nice French restaurant. At a small, quiet table at the rear of the restaurant, they perused over the menu and quickly ordered.

After the waiter left, Rob leaned toward Lisa, took her hand and said, "One of the reasons I asked you out for lunch was to apologize to you, Lisa. My behavior around the salon has been atrocious lately."

"Hey kid, it's alright. Your apology is accepted. I'm just glad that you're in a much brighter frame of mind than you've been for the past couple of weeks. I guess you've been able to work everything out, huh?"

Rob smiled and thanked Lisa for her understanding and then said, "You're my best friend, Lisa. This is the other reason I asked you out. I need to have a long talk with you."

Rob began his story from the point in time when he had given Melissa that fateful manicure. He explained about what Melissa had told him and of what Dr. Hughes suggested he do. Relating the part about the last few weeks of mental anguish brought back terrible memories for Rob. He finally ended the tale on a happy note. He told her about his last date with Brad and how he had the time of his life.

By the time Rob began filling Lisa in on his latest dream, lunch was over and the two were having coffee. Lisa listen politely and attentively to Rob's soliloquy. When he finished, he asked her if she had any thoughts or comments. Lisa removed a pack of cigarettes from her purse. With her beautifully manicured long fingernailed hands, she placed a slenderly tapered cigarette between her lips. Lighting it with a gold lighter, she took a long drag and then exhaled a billowy puff of white smoke.

Lisa thoughtfully replied, "I understand exactly what you're going through, Robin. Believe me, I really feel for you. You're a very beautiful girl and you ought to be very proud of that. It is quite obvious that you've worked very hard to perfect yourself in every way."

Rob gave a soft and thankful smile to his friend's sweet complements as Lisa told him that she had several suggestions for him. Rob listened attentively as Lisa said, "That dream of yours was the most romantic tale I've heard in a long time. But I agree with you. You should tell Brad the truth. If he loves you as he told you he does, I can't imagine him getting angry. In fact, after having met him, I'm confident Brad will understand. Understanding is the most important thing, Robin. Whether he decides to end or continue the relationship, you must always be honest with him. And based on what you've told me today, things have gone too far for you not to be honest with him now!"

Blushing with embarrassment, Rob thanked Lisa for listening to him and giving her advise. He was about to call the waiter over to pay the check, when Lisa said, "Hold on Robin, don't be in such a hurry to get back. I told Cindy that we were taking an extended lunch. I have something very important

to tell you, too." Lisa took a sip of coffee and another drag off her cigarette and then began to speak.

Gone was her cheery expression. In its place, Lisa wore a very solemn face. She said, "Robin, I think you should seriously consider having the sex change operation. Being a woman is a very fulfilling experience. Besides, if you really love Brad as you say you do, I don't think you can be really happy with him unless and until you have the surgery. Even if he knows the truth, do you think he would want to continue an intimate relationship with a yet to be completed woman?"

Rob replied, saying, "I've spent some time in the library researching this subject. I found some magazine articles about couples who were very happy without having the operation."

Lisa acknowledged that to be true, but then seemingly changed the subject, asking Rob, "Do you remember my friend Jeannette?"

Rob puckered his lips, fluttered his eyelashes, pointed to his sensuous mole and replied, "How on earth could I ever forget her?"

"I studied cosmetology under her watchful direction for several years, Robin," Lisa stated. "However, when I began my lessons, my name wasn't Lisa. It was Larry!"

Rob's mouth dropped and hung open. He couldn't believe that Lisa had ever been a boy. Lisa assured Rob that she had and said, "It happened about seven years ago. When I graduated from college, I didn't have any plans for a job or a career. So, I decided to backpack my way through Europe.

I had been in Europe for about six weeks and my plans were to continue my travels indefinitely. When I first met Jeannette, I had been in Amsterdam for several days and was doing a little girl watching at a small cafe.

"Back then, I was a young man and quite full of myself. When I first cast my eyes on Jeannette, I confidently believed that I could pick her up for a one night stand. However, little did I realize that Jeannette was actually picking me up!

"After our first night together, I planned to leave Holland and head over to Germany. But Jeannette convinced me to stay. She played on my male ego and made me think that she couldn't live without me. As a result, I put my continuing travels on hold. After all, I wasn't in any hurry and a short European romance seemed like a good idea at the time.

"Well, one thing lead to another. I moved in with Jeannette at her flat. Before long, she was teaching me to be a beautician. And, although I wasn't fully aware of it, she was feminizing me at the same time. That one day in Amsterdam turned

into eighteen months. At the end of that time, I no longer possessed even a small resemblance to that young man named Larry.

"At this point I was a fully trained cosmetologist. It hadn't been easy but I had long brown hair, soft, gentle curves and small, but well defined, pert breasts. The doctors in Holland gave me the finest therapy. My life was drastically altered beyond my wildest dreams. But, I can honestly tell you this, I have never been as happy as that first day I met Jeannette."

On the way back to the salon, Rob couldn't keep his eyes off Lisa. He still had trouble believing what she told him. As they drove along, Rob kept on saying, "Come on Lisa, you're just kidding me. You were never really a boy. You look too natural to have been anything but a girl."

"Look kid, unless you be quiet and believe me, I'm going to prove you wrong. How about if you and I stand side by side in a mirror. Then you can tell me who the real girl is." Lisa's threat shut Rob up. Yet, she was correct. No one would ever believe that Rob had ever been a boy, either, unless of course he pulled down his panties and gave them a look at his plumbing.

Back at the salon, Rob never spoke another word about his lunch conversation with Lisa. The rest of the day was uneventful. Oh, by the way, Rob did make a telephone call to Brad. They made a date for that evening. This time Rob told Brad to pick him up at 8:00. When Brad began to suggest a place to go, Rob interrupted him and said that tonight was lady's choice. Brad agreed and told Rob he would see him at eight.

Rob decided that tonight was going to be the night to tell Brad the truth about himself. He was relieved in one sense that the truth would finally come out and his conscience would be cleared. In another sense he was terrified. He loved Brad and was in utter fear that once he knew that he was a boy and that he had kept this from him for so long that he would leave him. The ache in Rob's stomach grew all afternoon and evening, until 8:00 came along.

Rob wore a simple outfit consisting of a dark blue pleated mini skirt and a flowered silk top. He wore matching blue pumps and sheer nude stockings. Pam saw his outfit and told him that he looked very nice. Rob wore his large gold hoop earrings; the ones he wore on his first date with Brad. Pam knew what Rob planned to do tonight. When the doorbell rang at five minutes of eight, they both knew it was Brad, as he was always five minutes early. Pam told Rob to come to her and

gave him a tight hug and soft kiss on the cheek. She wished him good luck and told him that whatever happened she loved him and supported him. Rob told Pam that he loved her. Pam held back her tears as Rob opened the door and stepped away from the house with Brad on his arm.

As soon as they were in the car, Rob reminded Brad, in a cutesy voice, that it was lady's choice for the evening. Brad replied with an obedient, "Yes, Ma'am." as he drove away.

Rob directed him to drive downtown. As they neared the center of the city, Rob had his boyfriend park in the main parking garage. From there, Rob took Brad by the arm and lead him to their final destination.

As they neared the "lady's choice" locale, Rob instructed Brad to close his eyes shut. Complying, the two walked for about a block with Rob leading the temporarily blinded Brad.

A rush of cold air hit Brad's face as the two lovers entered an air conditioned building, and out of the heat of the hot summer Saturday night. The smells of the new environment seemed familiar to Brad, yet he couldn't place them. After walking along a pattern which seemed like a maze, Brad felt Rob's soft hand on his shoulders, pushing him down onto some sort of cushioned bench. Rob told Brad to keep his eyes closed until he told him to open them. Brad sat there with his eyes closed, taking deep breaths and trying to figure out why the smells were so familiar.

Finally, Rob announced that he could now open his eyes. When he did, Brad looked around, smiled and exclaimed, "Now I remember these aromas!" Looking at his "girlfriend," seated next to him, Brad gave him a kiss.

Rob's face glowed with a deeply felt satisfaction and happiness. He was thrilled that Brad had appreciated his little romantic surprise. For the two were now seated in the same booth at the same diner where they had had their first date. Rob did the ordering and before long, a slice of apple pie and two cups of steaming hot coffee was sitting before them on the table in the very same booth where they had first sat.

They shared the pie, as they did before, exchanging fork fulls. Rob and Brad giggled and laughed as they kissed between bites. After all the pie was gone, Rob took Brad's fork, placed it with his on the empty pie plate and pushed it to the other side of the table. He then took Brad's hand and held it tightly together in his, intertwined and pressed up against his anxiously beating heart.

Rob smiled sweetly, albeit nervously, telling his boyfriend that he loved him very much. Brad winked back, expressing

his deeply felt love for Rob. Then Rob said, haltingly, "Brad, I, I, I have something very important to tell you, dear.

Rob tried to begin to speak, but had several false starts. The words were having a difficult time coming out of his mouth. Brad told him to relax and take some deep breaths. He did and thanked Brad for the suggestion, telling him that he felt much better. Rob then began to tell him the many things that weighed so heavily on his mind.

"Brad," he said smilingly, "Our relationship is the most important thing that has happened to me in my life. However, before we can go on, there is something very important that you must know about me. Do you remember when we first met on the bus?"

"How can I forget?" Brad replied.

Continuing, Rob said, "Well I was on my way to an appointment with my doctor, Dr. Hughes. The reason for the visit was for a check up, since the doctor was giving me a special medication. This medication was causing some drastic changes in me. In fact, Brad, this medication was changing me from a boy into a girl!"

Brad's eyes widened with astonishment, but he silently continued to listen. Rob went on and told him the history of his transformation, from the time he first began training as a manicurist up until the present time, as they sat hand in hand in the diner booth. Rob explained all the details of the changes he went through and the emotional upheavals that had gone along with them.

"But I love you dearly, Brad," the feminized boy said with all his heart. "I never meant to hurt you, not in a million years. But it's been so difficult to find the right moment to tell you what and who I am. I've been in constant fear that you would find me disgusting and leave me if you knew that I was really a boy and not a girl, as I lead you to believe. I'm so, so sorry I've deceived you, darling."

Rob was in tears by the time he finished his confession. His face was a mess, as tears rolled down his beautiful face. Brad had not said one word during the entire time Rob bared his soul to him. But as he continued to sorrowfully weep, Brad silently took his handkerchief and blotted the tears away from Rob's big, beautiful blue eyes.

Between sobs, Rob cried, "I'm sorry, Brad. I'm so sorry!" He kept looking up at his boyfriend, trying to detect some sort of reaction. Yet, Brad's face was solemn, showing no emotion at all.

Finally, clearing his throat, Rob sensed that Brad was about to speak. He placed his palms flat against his chest, preparing himself for the worst.

But to his amazement, he heard Brad say, "Robin, this startling news has taken me by complete surprise. Never in my life would I ever think that you aren't all woman; and a very beautiful and charming woman at that. To be quite frank, at first I did feel betrayed and then a bit angry. Yet, I sat here thinking, heck, I love this person more than I've ever loved anyone in my life. I heard the agony in your voice, Robin, as well as the fear that you had of losing me. You were very brave to tell me the truth. And through it all, the love I have for you conquered all other negative feelings. The bottom line is, dear, that whatever you *are*, a part boy, a part girl or something in between, it just doesn't matter as long as you want to be the girl in our relationship. I love you as a girl."

Reaching over, Brad removed Rob's hands from his chest and squeezed them in his. He then leaned toward his "girlfriend" and gave him a soft and tender kiss on his forever ruby red lips and softly said, "I think it's time for us to go." The couple rose from the booth and left the diner, hand in hand.

Brad took Rob directly home, telling his lover that he was quite emotionally drained, but that he would come by the next day at about noon. Rob understood and actually felt the same way. But before departing, the two embraced each other tightly and lovingly as they endearingly kissed.

As Rob entered the house, he had a distant look in his eyes. It had been just a little over an hour since he and Brad had left for their date. His mother was watching television as he walked in. Seeing Rob, she jumped up from the sofa and came running up to her "daughter." As she asked Rob if everything went alright, he stared at his mother and started to cry. Assuming the worst, she immediately began to comfort him, telling her feminized son that it was alright and their were "other fish in the ocean."

But between sobs Rob cried, "No Mom, no. It's not that. Brad understood. He really understood and loves me for how I am! I'm not crying out of sadness. These are tears of happiness, Mom. I'm so very happy!" Getting caught up in the emotion of the moment, Rob's mother started crying too. The two then sat upon the sofa and together, cried themselves to sleep.

It was 11:30 the next morning that mother and feminized son awoke. They had slept on the sofa, embraced in each

other's arms, all night long. When Rob looked at the clock on the kitchen wall and saw the late hour, he shouted excitedly, "Mom, Brad will be over any minute!"

Quickly, his mother got up and began to tidy up the house. As she did this, Rob rushed to the bathroom, showered and changed out of his clothes from the previous night. True to his word, Brad was at the front door, ringing the bell, exactly at twelve, noon. Pam, who had barely enough time to change herself, answered the door.

Stepping inside the house, Brad gave Rob's mother a kiss hello, as she merrily explained that Rob would be with him, shortly. Brad wore neatly pressed grey slacks, black loafers and a short sleeve blue and white striped button-down oxford cloth shirt. He carried a picnic basket on his arm.

In an effort to be a good hostess, Pam asked if he would care for anything. Brad replied, "Yes, in fact there is something I'd like." Turning his head side to side, as if checking out the room, he asked Rob's mother, "Is there was a place that we can speak, in private." Looking at Brad in an odd sort of way, she lead him into the kitchen and closed the sliding pocket door behind them.

While Brad and his mother were in the kitchen, Rob was putting the finishing touches on his outfit for the day. He wore a very pretty white cotton sundress with large bright yellow polka dots. The dress had straps that went over and gently caressed Rob's soft, creamy white shoulders, attaching to the top by two oversized yellow buttons.

The dress fit very snugly across his chest and down his waist. It gave his bosom and waistline a well defined and prominent appearance. The dress's skirt flowed down elegantly and gracefully draped down to Rob's ankles. It was again a very hot summer's day. So Rob wore no stockings over his silky smooth legs, just a cute pair of matching yellow espadrilles on his slender feet. And to top off his ensemble, Rob placed two large yellow barrettes in his hair, a string of yellow bangles around his neck and yellow and several white bracelets about his narrow wrists.

By the time Rob entered the living room, his mother and Brad were back, having completed their business in the kitchen. Brad was thrilled to see Rob and complemented him on his very pretty appearance. His mother was also happy. Almost too happy. Rob looked oddly at her as he noticed the very large, silly grin on her face. It was as if she was the cat who had just eaten the mouse.

Brad asked Rob if he was ready to go for a picnic and Rob gleefully replied that he was. Ordering them to have a great time, Pam hurried the two out of the house. After they left, Rob's mother fell back onto the sofa, smiled and laughed with an odd mixture of happiness and concern. But after awhile, her silly laughter turned into joyous tears, as she picked up the family photo album, looked at the pictures and began to cry.

Rob and Brad drove out of the city along a county road. It was a beautiful Sunday afternoon. The sun shined brightly, a few puffy clouds dotted the sky and a gentle wind made the day quite comfortable. The couple didn't speak much as they drove, but did hold hands and caressed each other along the way.

The ride seemed forever, as they drove into the hills that surrounded the city. When they finally reached their destination, Brad parked the car on the side of the road and took the picnic basket in one hand and Rob in the other and ascended a nearby hill.

Reaching the other side, Rob's heart skipped a beat as he viewed a stunning, beautiful and vast valley below. The lush grassy landscape was spotted with large oak trees, while a small creek flowed along the valley's base. Brad let Rob stand at the crest of the hill to soak in the magnificence of the place he had chosen. He then kissed his "girlfriend" and led Rob

down into the valley, below.

Finding the largest oak tree, Brad spread out a checkered blanket and placed the picnic basket down upon it. They were the only people present on that tranquil Sunday afternoon. Rob and Brad lunched on fried chicken, corn on the cob and peach cobbler. They ran about like two silly children, as they played frisbee and hide and go seek.

As that wonderful afternoon was winding



down, they took a stroll along the bank of the creek. Stopping at a log, under a tree, beside the gently flowing water, Brad removed a small book from his rear pocket. Holding Rob's slender hand, he then began to read poems. These were poems that he had written himself and they were all about his love for Rob.

Rob's heart fluttered with feminine excitement, as Brad professed his love for him in verse. After reading the final poem, he looked up at Rob, with a longing in his deep, dark brown eyes. Then, with great care, Brad stood up from the log and came to stand in front of Rob. Getting down on one knee, he took Rob's hands in his and gallantly asked, "Robin, my dearest, this is something I've been planning for some time now. It should not come as any surprise that I love you with all my heart and soul. This is why I must ask you, are you woman enough to marry me?"

"MARRY?" Rob gasped. Rob could not believe his ears. He tried to speak, but the words just wouldn't come out of his mouth.

Brad added, "I know it's too soon to really ask but do you think you could be a man's wife. . .my wife?"

Thoughts raced through Rob's mind and his face flushed at the thought of what Brad's question meant. Rob choked out, "I think I could be a wife to you!"

He watched Brad as he reached into his shirt pocket and removed a velvet covered box. Opening it, Brad revealed a diamond ring and placed it on Rob's slender finger. It was a gorgeous pear shaped diamond, on a thin gold band setting; the same as the image in his last dream!

Rob broke down and wept uncontrollably. Leaping up from the log, he threw his arms around Brad and hugged him tightly. Through his sobs he gleefully exclaimed, "Yes Brad! Yes my darling! I will be your wife!"

The two lovers drove quickly back to town. Rob couldn't keep his eyes off his glittering engagement ring. Between his loving gazes, Brad was a recipient of many joyful kisses from his newly betrothed.

It was just before dark when the two bounded into Rob's house. Shouting out for his mother, Rob watched as she came running to the door. With childlike excitement, Rob told her the wonderful news, that he and Brad were engaged. Hugging and kissing her feminized son, she merrily confessed that she already knew what Brad wanted.

Rob gave his mother a confused look, as she said, "While you were dressing to go out, Brad and I had a little chat in private; during which he had asked me if I thought you could be a man's wife. I have to admit, when he first approached me, it really threw me for a loop! Brad explained that he loved you as you were, without any reservations. I questioned him. I wanted to make sure he understood that you weren't all female. He did, but told me that it didn't matter as long as you were willing to be a 'good' wife. He said that as long as you wished to remain as feminine as you are or even have a sex change operation, his feelings for you wouldn't waiver one iota. He loves you Robin. He loves you with all his heart!"

Rob now understood why his mother acted oddly as they left for the picnic. Rob smiled at his fiance and kissed him, deeply. As the kiss slowly broke off, Rob acted as if he had forgotten to do something very important. Placing a long red fingernail to his lips, he exclaimed, "I have to call Lisa and Cindy and tell them the wonderful news!" As Rob quickly minced away to the telephone to make his calls, his mother and Brad looked at each other and smiled broadly.

Rob and Brad sat on the living room sofa, holding hands, as they discussed their future plans with Pam. It had been about a half an hour since Rob had called his friends to tell them about the engagement. As the three chatted, they heard a hard pounding on the front door. Rising up from her seat on the easy chair, Rob's mother went to answer the door. But before she got near, the door flung open as Lisa and Cindy scampered in, each carrying a bottle of champagne and enthusiastically shouting, "Congratulations" to the happy couple.

Rob jumped up off the sofa and ran into the awaiting arms of his two best friends. As they hugged and kissed each other, Lisa called over to Brad, "Hey, handsome. What are you waiting for? There are hugs and kisses for you, too!" Brad stood up and joined the girlishly giggling three.

After many bountiful toasts to the happy pair, all the champagne was gone. Brad was in the kitchen with Pam, helping her clean up, while Rob, Lisa and Cindy were sitting on the front porch. The three friends talked gleefully about the events of the last several days. Rob explained, "I just told Brad the truth about me last night. It's simply wonderful. Brad truly loves me for who I am!"

END OF BOOK TWO

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