CONTEMPORARY TV FICTION

MAGAZINE

Volume Five

"SKIRT FOR A FLIRT"

Brian didn't realize what a harmless day of flirting at the mall would cost. . .his maleness?



A SANDY THOMAS PUBLICATION
P.O. Box 2309
CAPISTRANO BEACH, CA 92624-0309

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by G. Spelvin



Published by
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There was no sound in the mall. I could see The Blonde's high heels clicking on the tile as she walked through the courtyard, but could not hear them. I watched her from high above and followed her with my eyes as I headed for the escalator, hoping that I might catch her.

She turned into The Secret Closet. Seconds later, I found myself there looking for her. The lights were very dim, making it hard to see anything, but now, I could hear again, and heard David Bowie playing.

I peered through the shadows and saw the lights of a stereo pulsing with the beat of the music and then, as my eyes adjusted to the light, saw a figure motioning to me. A tall slim shadow beckoned, holding out a hand.

As I approached the figure, I could see that it was The Blonde, now with her back to me, swaying to the music, hands on hips, moving easily with the rhythm of the stereo. She moved her hands slowly up her body, over her waist and up her stomach and breasts. Her hair seemed to have a life of its own, billowing as though blown by the wind. Her sexy little braid now hung past her waist and flicked from side to side in time to the beat of Bowie singing, "Choo choo choo, choo choo choo....."

The Blonde moved her hands up through her hair, piling it on top of her head, then letting it fall sensuously over her shoulders. It leaped into the air, alive and glowing with a hundred shades of white, gold, lavender and platinum. I moved to her, and as I did, she brushed past me, and then turned and grabbed me from behind. I struggled to get free, but was powerless in her grasp. She was then joined by the Bus Girl who was dressed in a sexy white uniform with a short, short skirt held out by several starched petticoats. Her blouse was low cut, revealing a beautiful cleavage. Her breasts pouted over a lacy bra. I thought that I could see the edges of her nipples beneath the low cut cups. Her face was delicately made up and she blew little kisses as she approached me with both of her hands full of sexy lacy panties and bras, slips and night gowns. She held them out to me, as though tempting me

with them. I was strangely attracted, but sensed danger as The Blonde held me tightly from behind.

She began to turn in a graceful dance movement. Moving her hips invitingly toward me, throwing lingerie into the air, it floated in a curtain of silk and satin in slow motion over my body. I reached for the panties, the slips and night gowns, letting them flow over me like a waterfall. The feeling of the soft material excited me. The Bus Girl reached playfully toward my bulging crotch.

I could feel my face flush, and suddenly realized that my clothes were gone. I was naked and The Blonde and the Bus Girl were forcing a pair of lace panties over my feet and pulling them up tightly over my erect member. They had me in their power and I was totally unable to move. The two women laughed and gathered handfuls of panties, bras and other silken undies and rubbed them on my face, my chest, all over my body. I closed my eyes.

We turned and danced as a perpetual rainfall of silken undies fell from the sky. I could hear the women's laughter and the music continued to play.

We drifted by a mirror and it seemed that my hair had grown over my shoulders and my features looked like me, but more feminine. I tried to struggle against the hold that The Blonde still held on me, but to no avail.

Somewhere else in The Secret Closet, The Blonde sat on the edge of a bed, her hands again played in her long blonde hair, moving softly to the music. I felt constrained even though there was now no one holding me. I could feel silky material all over my body. The Blond smiled and wound her long white braid around her fingers. Her soft silken nightgown bloused about her shoulders in soft layers of filmy material and tied with a pretty bow at her bosom. Her nightie appeared to glow with pastel colors in the moonlight, a gossamer rainbow. Each time she released her hair, it seemed to grow longer and more sensual. The slender braid danced with a life of its own.

The bed canopy was flying in the breeze: enveloping me; clinging to my body. I began to move slowly toward her, but she turned away. I seemed to float through the air, falling toward her. She was laughing as she rolled off the other side of the bed and hurried out into the mall.

I landed in slow motion, then scrambled off the bed and followed her. The breeze continued to blow the silky garments around and around the store, and I swam through them toward her. She continued to elude me and I once again caught sight of myself in a mirror, looking

more and more like a woman. I pulled at the clothing, but could not get it off.

The closer I got to her, the further away she seemed to be. It was like I was on a treadmill or the room was growing longer and longer like a scene from Alice in Wonderland. My personal Alice, however, was not a little girl. She was all woman: very sexy and extremely alluring.

My efforts to reach her were more like flying than like walking or running. It seemed like forever before I was close enough to reach out and touch her golden hair. The silken strands were thick and strong. I ran her hair through my hands again and again, reaching down for her shoulders. As I pulled myself close to her, I took her by the shoulders and turned her toward me. The wind continued to blow her hair into her face, concealing it from me. I began to drift away from her again and she tossed her silken braid to me: a golden life line.

I was now very excited and anxiously pulled gently on the braid, drifting toward her. Her face was still concealed by her blowing hair. Her laughter blended with the driving beat of the music: "Choo choo choo.." I came closer and closer and just as I reached out for her, I saw a silver flash, bright scissors caught a ray of light and in a moment, she snipped the beautiful braid and I tumbled backwards, her beautiful hair spinning around me in the wind, backwards over and over, "Choo choo choo..." into the darkness.

I opened my eyes and experienced muffled darkness.

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I AM OVER 21 YEARS OLD!
EVERYTHING SENT FIRST CLASS IN UNMARKED ENVELOPE.

I pulled the sheets from over my head awakening from my nap in a heavy sweat, totally entangled in my bed clothes. I unwrapped myself from the sheets and sat up in bed. The dream had left me with disturbing recollections. Lying back, breathing hard I tried to recall the details of my dream; tried to get back into it. A strange guilt seemed to haunt me. As though the sensuous feeling of the silky lingerie, the strange self image I had seen, The Blonde's hair was something I should not have enjoyed. I'd had wet dreams as a kid, but nothing like this one. This one was had mixed messages that I'd never encountered before.

I wondered how the encounter I'd had today with The Blonde could wrap itself into such a strange dream. What was there about seeing her that engendered such strong and frightening feelings?

All I'd done was take a brief shopping trip to the local mall earlier in the day. Today was one of those days a person could really enjoy: the music on the radio: "Take a walk on the Wild Side. . .choo choo choo" gender warp stuff; traffic flowed smoothly.

I had parked the car and found my way into the mall, when I noticed a tall blonde wearing a long sleeved T-shirt cut low in the back, tight fitting pedal pushers and a pair of stiletto heels that we used to call "Do Me" pumps on the escalator one flight above me.

She had a figure that last month's centerfold would have killed for and her long blonde hair bounced over her shoulders. I could see a long, tight slender braid peeking out from the base of her hair line. It was platinum blonde against the warm honey color of the billowing tresses curling down her back. She had tied a tiny black velvet bow around the braid. Very sexy.

I couldn't see her face, but imagined that she must be a great looking woman if she was nervy enough to dress like that. It wasn't that she was deliberately sexy, more that she was very, very comfortable with her body and she absolutely enjoyed showing it off. And, that's what her outfit did, leaving enough to the imagination to conjure up some nice fantasies. Being blessed with a vivid imagination, I allowed how there might be a surprise or two worth uncovering, if I had the chance.

She disappeared into the crowd as I headed for the opposite end of the mall to find myself a new sweater. A creature of habit, I stopped by the local 'small men's' shop and found what I was looking for, bought it and decided to treat myself to some lunch.

The thought of The Blonde lingered with me as I wandered up toward the fast food area of the mall. I stopped at The Salad Slinger, ordered the Chinese Chicken Salad and found a clean table overlooking the lower levels of the mall. It's a habit I developed a long time ago: watching people from above. You can easily observe them without making them feel uncomfortable and without appearing to be a Peeping Tom.

I scanned the lower level and thought that I saw The Blonde moving quickly below me. What first drew my attention was the trail of swivel headed men that she left in her wake. I only caught glimpses of her, but there were several guys practically falling over themselves from quick turn arounds. And then, like cats, catching themselves, straightened their ties and checked their shoelaces as they stared after the luscious Blonde.

I laughed a little to myself, hoping that I might catch a glimpse of her close up and not make a total fool of myself.

What would I do if I actually met a woman like that?

After finishing my lunch, I stopped at The Art Store for a sketch pad and a couple of pencils when I realized that I had left my new clothing under the table where I had eaten my salad. I jogged for the escalator and then took the steps two at a time, headed back to the dining area.

No sooner had I leaped onto the second escalator than I found myself face to face with.... The Blonde!

There she was! Right in front of me. Standing on the landing of the escalator blocking my way, she was holding her shoe in one hand, examining the heel. I stopped and caught my breath. Her fragrance was subtle and dramatic. I breathed deeply and must have made a sound, because she then looked directly at me, surprised to be interrupted. I could feel my face flush hot and my breath came in short little pants.

And then.... She smiled. "You've been watching me," she said.

"I, uh..."

"Oh, I don't mind, really. You're kinda cute for a little fella."

I was speechless. Unlike most situations when people accidently look into each other's eyes and quickly look away, we did not. I smiled what felt like a rather silly grin.

Everything seemed to stop for a moment as we both blocked the top of the escalator and then we were bumped together as two teenage girls giggled and they pushed their way past us. We stood there for a moment with people grumbling past us. I was blushing, tongue-tied and transfixed.

"Excuse my clumsiness," I blurted.

"Excuse me, too," she laughed. "My heel got stuck in the stair."

Her voice was low and breathy. Her fragrance enveloped me now. Her blonde hair glistened in the sun streaming in through the windows in the top of the mall, creating a halo as it billowed over her shoulders. Her breasts were small and firm and her nipples swelled into barely visible shadows beneath her tight T-shirt which seemed to flow wrinkle free into her skin tight pants.

I was staring.

"Uh... my package.... I left it by the chicken salad.." I stammered. "Well, not by the salad, by the table.. Uh... Over here.."

She laughed and took me in her arms and pulled me close into her tight little breasts. "Strong , I like that," I thought to myself. She was very powerful. She had the sort of strength that one might resist, but to no avail. She ran her fingers down my back: taking each cheek of my ass in each of her hands and pulled me close into her hips, grinding them ever so slightly as she did. My pulse was headed for one twenty, my palms went damp and I even felt a little faint. I pulled back to look into her eyes, but as I did, she forced her mouth roughly over mine, taking charge, kissing me deeply. I pulled back to catch my breath and before I knew what was happening she released me, turned on her hot high heels and was gone!!

The teenagers were standing a few steps off and still giggling. I blushed and caught myself quickly on the rail next to the elevator. I looked right and left and it was as if she had never really been there. Not a trace of her anywhere. My head was swimming.

I brushed passed the giggling girls and headed toward the dining area I spotted a bus girl with my package and caught up with her.

"That's my package you have there."

"Lee-aik Ey-em shy-ure," she said.

I started to explain about my sweater and slacks as she looked into the bag and then thrust it into my arms. She also pushed a small lavender bag into my hands and before I could tell her that it didn't belong to me, she had hurried away.

Standing in the middle of the mall, my pulse racing, my palms sweating I must have looked thoroughly confused. I turned back to where The Blonde had been standing, but she really was gone. Having been so close and to have her disappear was disturbing. Had I imagined the kiss? I was confused.

I headed back for my condo in a sort of transient state of mind. It had been a long time since I'd been out with a woman, let alone had a passionate kiss from a real beauty and I really felt disoriented. I made it home, though, and dropped my packages on the bed. I took the sweater and pants and laid them on a chair then crawled into bed for a quick nap, but I must have fallen into a deep sleep.

When I awoke, I looked around for something familiar to bring me back from my dream.

The lavender package, which I'd almost forgotten, seemed to have a strange attraction to me. I read the bag, "The Secret Closet. . .Lingerie and secrets, Scents and sinful delights for 'ladies' of all sizes."

"Ladies of all sizes," I thought to myself, "I wonder how many sizes there are?" I opened the bag and removed a yellow bra and panties, holding them up to the light. They were sheer and delicate; almost fragile looking with their frilly lace trim and tiny fasteners. I dropped them on the dresser and turned the radio on. Coincidentally, David Bowie reprised A Walk on the Wild Side, "plucked his eyebrows...."

I looked at myself in the dresser mirror and noticed a card sticking out of my shirt pocket. I took it out and sat down on the bed.

"Custom Transformations by Brandy" read the card.

"What the heck is a custom transformation? Restoring old cars?" I thought. "And, where did this card come from?"

It took only a second for me to figure that The Blonde must have left it there when she kissed me at the mall. "Pretty aggressive," I said to myself, "but, it takes all kinds...." I put the card on the dresser and went to the kitchen to make some dinner.

After dinner, curiosity got the best of me and I dialed the number on the card.

A husky woman's voice answered the phone.

"Brandy?" I asked.

"Who is calling please?"

"I, er..... This is Brian Sikes. I was at the mall today and I think you might have, um, met me?"

"Are you the man at the escalator?"

"Are you The Blonde?"

"I see you found my card. It's nice to hear your voice. What can I do for you?"

"Do for me?" I took a long pause. "Gosh, I don't know. I was just intrigued by your 'style' and thought I'd see if The Blonde was the person whose card I found."

We played a bit of cat and mouse on the phone and I found myself very intrigued by her voice. She sounded intelligent and very sexy. When I asked her about her "Custom Transformations", she just laughed and said that if we got to know each other, that she would tell me then.

After we relaxed into our conversation, she took the initiative and invited me to meet her at a club later that night for a drink. How could I refuse?

We arranged to meet at a club in the Valley that I'd never heard of. I wanted to be polite and meet this woman on territory that was comfortable for her and so we agreed to meet at The Chez Pink at ten.

The Chez Pink reminded me of an old honky tonk that I had patronized when I was in college, except the decor was all done in shocking pink. Art deco and Tiffany lamps dominated the scene. The bar was antique walnut, inlaid in various shades of pink and lavender mother of pearl with a matching back bar. The large mirror in the back bar was etched with a beautiful line drawing of a reclining nude. She was smiling as though she knew something that no one else knew. Mona Lisa in drag?

Brandy was seated right next to the stage and waved to me as I walked into the club. A pretty waitress came to take our drinks and Brandy ordered for the both of us. It surprised me that she knew what I'd like, but thought little of it, entranced by seeing her again. "Um.. she's a cutie," I said as the waitress left the table.

"HE is in the show. The kids in the show double on the floor before the show here to warm up the audience. We'll see more of "her" when the floor show starts," she giggled. "You're in for some surprises, tonight, Brian."

Brandy smiled and, I caught myself in an embarrassed blush, but shook it off as we laughed and "someone" tickled my ankle under the table.

When the waitress returned with our drinks, Brandy caught me giving 'her' the once over. He really was amazing. 'She' was only about five feet seven and very well endowed. His skimpy costume left very little to the imagination and was filled to capacity. His name tag said "Sam" and was pinned to the shoulder strap of his white boned Merry Widow which slimmed his waist to an amazing tininess. His patterned white on white stockings were gartered to the Merry Widow.

I playfully reached for a garter, but Brandy slapped my hand and wagged her finger at me. Sam smiled as he served the drinks and I thought I saw him wink at Brandy. Brandy smiled and pushed a dollar bill into his cleavage as he left the table.

"Where does she.. um.. he put his/her, uhhhhhh," I paused for the right word, "well, his parts?? I wonder. What a great figure!"

Brandy smiled and I know that I must have turned several shades of red.

Luckily for me the lights dimmed and a small bright spot of light played on the center of the curtain. Music from A Broadway musical boomed from the speakers, "ONE! and a TWO!....."

And, from behind the curtain emerged one gorgeous leg! It was clad in a black fish net stocking and a high heeled shoe that must have had at least a five inch heel! The leg kept time to the music, the heel tapping and the knee bouncing on the counter beat.

On the second "Da da da da da daaaaaaaa!!" the curtain parted and the spotlight opened to reveal a beautiful redhead. She had turned her back to us and moved her hips and back with the music. This was a real dancer! As the music continued, the spot followed her flowing movements and it wasn't until the final chorus that it focussed directly on her face.

Lip syncing to the song was a dead ringer for Suzanne Sommers, except she had short red hair, big blue eyes and a wonderful creamy complexion which flowed directly into ample cleavage and a tiny, tiny waist. Her outfit was a replica of the one I'd seen in A CHORUS LINE, a tight red

sequined leotard top with a scoop neck and a dance skirt that lifted when she turned, showing her bottom and beautiful legs. She kicked and danced around the stage and did a "splits" at the end of the number that brought cheers and applause from the audience. I turned to Brandy as the applause thundered around us and asked, "What's that girl doing in the show? I thought that this was a female impersonator club."

Brandy laughed so hard that she couldn't answer right away. I wondered what the big joke was until the applause died down and the redhead took a microphone from a stand at the side of the stage. The voice that came out of this "dream woman" was more like a nightmare.

"Welcome to Chez Pink, ladies, gentlemen... and to those of you who just plain aren't sure." she said pointing toward a table in the back of the club. "My name is Harry and I'm your host for the evening. Is everybody having a good time so far?"

"Harry" sounded like Orson Welles! I was flabbergasted!! The laughter was so loud that I couldn't make out what Brandy was saying to me through her tears, but when it got a little quieter, "Harry" said in a voice that sounded exactly like Marilyn Monroe, "I hope that I didn't shock you, darlings," he dipped and pursed his lips, "but, we're here to entertain you. Are you having a good time?"

The room burst into applause and the redhead curtsied deeply. "We have a great show for you this evening, so now, let's get on with it. Keep our darling waitresses busy and don't forget those generous tips!! These outfits didn't come from K Mart, you know!"

With that he disappeared behind the curtain and a tenor sax groaned opening phrases from The Stripper. "Take it off!!!" someone yelled from the bar and this time gorgeous legs appeared on opposite sides of the stage. As though playing in a mirror, twin curvaceous blondes stepped onto the stage and began to bump and grind. How men could get their bodies into such restricting costumes, I'll never know. They were tall and thin "ladies" and began the number wearing long filmy dressing gowns with pink and white marabou trim. They strutted and twirled, and instead of disrobing themselves, made an art of removing each other's dusters and on down to G strings and pasties! Brandy whistled and waved dollar bills in the air and the twin strippers snaked their way to our ringside table. Their hips undulated and then slowed as Brandy poked a dollar into each of the twins' G strings.

"Those women are really beautiful! Are you sure they don't have a ringer or two in here? How do they get their breasts to do that?"

"These are all guys, Brian! Believe me, I know. Just watch this!" At that moment the twins turned their backs to the audience and looked like they were removing their final modesty, matching strings of pearls. As they turned back to the audience, the lights went to black and only their faces were visible in twin spotlights. Then, on the final beat of the music, the spot lights irised open to reveal the twins holding the pearls out in front of them and attached to the pearls were the breasts and the pasties, which they dropped, revealing their male chests! I gasped!! Brandy roared with laughter, and the whole audience applauded loudly.

"Rubber boobs?" I said when I had regained my breath.

Brandy stifled her laughter and we ordered another round of drinks as the show continued with Harry acting as emcee as well as lip syncing some other numbers, each in a different wig and costume.

The finale of the show was a mini version of a glitzy Las Vegas review. All of the performers appeared in the final number from LA CAGE AUX FOLLES singing "We are what we are..." Their costumes were tight fitting sequined leotards, garter belts and stockings with sexy high heeled patent leather shoes. They wore tall feather headdresses which vanished into the air in the middle of the number and at the very end of the number the "girls" removed their wigs, revealing the stark contrast of short or at least male looking hair. They then pranced off the stage swinging their wigs and waving to the audience.

As the room emptied, we stayed at the table and I finally got enough courage to pose my question again. "Well... I still don't know what the heck they do with their.. their 'parts'," I said.

"I know," Brandy smiled, "but, I don't know if I want to reveal the secret right now." She was a tease and was really enjoying this one. Harry, the redhead, joined us at the table and I was introduced.

"Oh, a newcomer to Chez Pink?" he said. "How did you like our little show, Brian? Have you ever seen such gorgeous women??"

"For guys, these are the best looking women I've ever seen, Harry." I looked closely at his red hair and could see the faint outline of lace that told me the wig he was wearing was a very expensive one. He caught me staring at his hairline.

"Oh, this old wig pops up at the most inconvenient times," he said, dabbing at the lace with a napkin. The lace blended back into his skin. Almost invisible.

"I didn't mean to stare," I said. "You really are beautiful. The illusion is amazing."

Harry laughed and then said in that deep voice, "Thanks, honey. I needed that!!"

"Any time you want to come back, Brandy, just give me a call and I'll have a ringside seat for you," he said as he turned and wiggled an exaggerated walk back to the dressing rooms. Then, he looked at us for a minute and returned.

"Brian.. I was just thinking. Have you ever had an interest in show business?" said Harry, taking my face in his hand and turning it right and left. "Nice bone structure and you don't weigh over one twenty five, I'd guess."

"Show business?" I turned to look at Brandy. She smiled.

"Yeah, you know, bright lights, fancy costumes, the roar of the greasepaint?"

"Gosh, Harry. I never gave it much thought. I did do a pantomime in high school one time and everyone liked it. It was kinda fun."

The gorgeous 'woman' continued to study my face and figure. It was a little uncomfortable for me because I knew that 'he' was a male, but 'she' looked so beautiful that it was hard not to respond.

"Well, you just give it some thought. I'll bet that with a little 'help'," Harry winked at Brandy, who continued to smile, "that we could find a spot for you right here in the show."

With that he leaned over and kissed my cheek lightly and then kissed Brandy, too.

"Ta ta, girls," Harry laughed and strode with an exaggerated wiggle to the dressing rooms.

I was in shock. Or at least a little and Brandy was giggling and trying not to show it.

"What's the giggling for?" I asked.

"Oh, nothing really, Brian. Harry does that all the time. He's right, you know, though. You are built very well for a small man and that might translate into well built for a performer, too."

"Well, Brandy," I said. "I don't think this is the way I'd like to land on stage, if I ever decided to perform at all. Which I don't think I ever will."

"You should be flattered," she said. "Harry has an eye for talent and the money isn't bad once you attract a following."

"I think I'll just pass for now," I said. "I don't think I'd ever want to put on all that makeup and stuff, even if there was a lot of money in it."

"Well, you just keep it in mind. You never can tell....," her voiced trailed off and we both could see Harry just entering the dressing room at the far end of the club.

"It's tough to believe that Harry is really a guy! What a figure!"

"And, look at those 'parts'!!" laughed Brandy.

We said goodnight in the parking lot and promised to get together soon. I was flattered that such a beautiful woman had taken the initiative with me and waited for another kiss from Brandy. She looked deep into my eyes and smiled, kissing me lightly on the cheek! When I moved closer, she held me back and said that we'd get to know each other later. I returned the kiss on the cheek and held her car door open for her.

She winked at me as she drove out of the lot and waved her platinum pigtail at me.

What a day this one had been. I got home and went straight to the bedroom.

After I turned the bed down, I went back to the dresser and found the lavender bag from The Secret Closet. "Women are built so much differently from the way men are. Harry thinks I might make it on stage, eh?" I said to no one in particular, "I wonder....."

What happened next really surprised me. For no apparent reason, I took the yellow panties and pulled them up my legs, slowly and sensuously. The feeling of the silken material was different than anything I had ever experienced.

I looked at myself in the dresser mirror. The yellow panties pulled up high on my waist and the crotch bulged with my maleness. It was quite a contrast, my hairy legs and crotch, encased in yellow silk and lace. There was something to the feeling of the material, too. It was cool and delicate, unlike the feeling of cotton briefs, this pair of panties made me feel caressed instead of supported. It was even a little exciting.

I stopped myself almost immediately. This was not the way that a man was supposed to feel. Was I secretly a homosexual? What was the attraction? I sat down on the bed and looked at myself in the mirror.

"It isn't unreasonable to be curious," I told my reflection. "You can be curious and not be queer or a sissy!"

"Right?" I asked. "Right!!"

Somehow spurred on by my rationalization, I stood up and reached for the matching bra. It took me a moment to figure out that the fastener was in the front instead of the back. I unhooked the closure and drew the silky yellow bra around my chest. It was a little bit of a stretch, but I managed to get the hook closed and with some difficulty got my arms through the straps and over my shoulders. It was a different feeling from the tightness of the panties, but the cool material and lace felt nice just the same. The cups of the bra were totally empty, though and the picture in the mirror was more laughable than anything.

I still had a bit of my summer tan and the tan lines of my swim suit stood out in contrast to my white crotch, accented by the yellow panties. The yellow bra and lace trim, however, looked very foreign. I remembered the other "items" in the Secret Closet bag and took them out. The falsies were made of soft foam rubber and were shaped like little coolie hats with nipples on them. Inside, however, they were sort of weighted with extra foam rubber and on careful inspection, I could see that they were marked R and L for right and left.

"What the heck??" I said to the mirror, and placed the foam pads into the bra cups. The extra foam in the bottom of each falsie pushed into my chest and filled the cups of the bra tightly. Through the gossamer material the little nipples looked real! "What'll they think of next?" I laughed.

I adjusted the foam pads a little and found that by pulling up on the skin on my chest that the extra foam in the bottom supported the skin and made it look like I had women's breasts coming out the top of the bra. I squinted my eyes a little and tried not to look at my hairy arms and legs, just focussing on my chest and the now bulging bra.

The feelings I then experienced were unlike anything I had ever, in my entire life, felt before. The feeling of the smooth material on my legs, on my crotch and derriere, as well as the tightness of the falsies in the yellow bra made me begin to get slightly aroused!

Quickly, I removed the panties and the bra, the falsies dropped to the floor. I stuffed them back into the lavender bag and put it in a drawer, then hurried to the bathroom and splashed water in my face and brushed my teeth. The reflection in the mirror had a very quizzical look on its

face and I felt as though I had possibly done something very, very weird.

A little chill went up my back, I shrugged it off and went back to bed, turned out the light and went to sleep.

The next day I called Brandy to see if I could see her again and she put me off. Something about a special project that she had to devote her whole attention to. "Did you enjoy the show at Chez Pink?" she asked on the phone.

"Well, it was pretty new to me, but yeah, I guess I did. You know some of those 'guys', huh?"

"Actually, I work with them sometimes, Brian. You know, Harry is right, you have the right build for female impersonation. Ever considered a career in show biz?"

"Brandy, you've gotta be kidding. Is that why you were giggling last night? Me? Looking like Sam or Harry?? Come on!"

"Well, it takes all kinds to make the world go' round, Brian. As you get to know me, you'll understand. I must fly, talk soon. Ta ta." she said, and hung up the phone.

Weeks went by without a word from Brandy. Then, one morning, the phone rang and it was she.

"Brian, just how much of an adventurer are you?"

"Well, I take my bagels NOT toasted and I went for sushi once," I replied.

"Very funny, young man. I'm serious. There's an opportunity to make a little money and have a lot of fun, if you're up for it. You are still working freelance, aren't you?"

I told her that I was and tried to find out what she had up her sleeve. All that she would tell me was that it was an "opportunity" and that if I would have dinner with her that evening that all would be revealed.

That night I hopped out of the shower and dressed in my new slacks and sweater. We had discussed "dressing" for dinner but decided, instead, to make it a casual evening. One great advantage of living in Southern California is that just about anything goes when dressing for an evening out. I had to smile as I prepared to shave. Even at the age of thirty, I still hadn't developed much of a beard.

I met Brandy at a little cafe called Apple Annie's that I went to regularly and when I saw her, I gasped. She had completely changed her look. Her once blonde hair and sensuous platinum braid were gone. She now had deep auburn hair, cut geometrically to accentuate her cheeks and eyes. It was dramatic to say the least! She could see that I was surprised and rose to greet me.

"Brian, luv... How nice to see you," she cooed, kissing my cheek. "You like my look?"

"That's a pretty dramatic change, Brandy. What sparked it?"

"I have a secret for you, Bri," she whispered. "This is a wig. And, if you'll check out my eyes."

Her eyes were a deep burgundy color, not the clear blue that I remembered from our meeting when she was a blonde.

"Contacts, Bri. You like?"

"Brandy, you're a beauty. What's kept you so busy for such a long time? I've missed you."

She commenced to tell me about a special assignment that she had been hired by a family from Paris to do for them. I listened in awe as she related what her "work" was.

It seems that a French family had a son who had behaved like a girl from birth. They had decided that it would be best for him and for the family if 'she' could be properly transformed to fit his gender identification. Brandy had spent the time since I had last seen her in France working with the boy and the family to help them with the transition.

I was fascinated as Brandy told me the story of Bobby who was now becoming "Babette". Evidently, Bobby had been very much a young man, but his mother noticed that as he grew older that he wasn't developing the way other boys his age were developing. He was not a sissy per se, but he did like to play with the girls more than the boys in his classes. When his mother and his sister got together to discuss it, they decided to dress him in a frilly costume for a party that they were planning together. "Bobby" so took to the flouncy garments that they later took him to a doctor who, upon giving him a thorough examination determined that he had some secondary sex organs and that it might be better for him to live as a girl.

After discussing the idea with Bobby, together the family decided to let him finish his basic schooling as a boy and then after graduation, let him make a full transition to being a girl full time.

"Babette," said Brandy, "is one of my best achievements. She will be a very successful woman, I know."

She took a packet of photos from her purse and handed them to me. They showed a detailed "transformation" of a rather plain looking teenager into a very pretty young woman.

"Babbette?" I asked. Brandy smiled and nodded.

Fascinated, I asked more questions about what Brandy had done, but she put me off and we turned to more current events for me and enjoyed our dinner.

"Brandy, you mentioned something on the phone about some extra money?" I asked.

"Brian, this is too nice a dinner to spoil with business. Let's just relax for a bit and then we can talk about it."

We shared a desert and then as we were leaving, Brandy said, "You've never asked me to your place. How about a night cap there?"

"Night cap? My place?" This was a bit of a shock, but she was a spontaneous woman and I was happy to explore the moment. "My place it is. Follow me."

Brandy made herself at home on my sofa while I put water on for coffee and pushed her heels off with a sigh. "These heels are the bane of a woman's existence, Brian. They make us look sexy and the tight fit is even a little exciting, but it sure feels good to get them off."

"Take a look around, Brandy, let me know what you think of my decorating. I call it early Hodge Podge."

Brandy laughed and walked around the apartment and then disappeared into the bedroom. In a minute, when she hadn't returned, I went in to see what was keeping her. She was sitting on the bed, looking at a painting that was hanging on the wall.

I sat down beside her. "You like my painting?" I said.

"You did this? It shows promise, Brian."

"All by myself. I was into oils about a year ago and that's the one that I like the most. Glad you like it." Actually, the painting was the result of an experiment I had tried during my "oils" period where I let my instincts guide me instead of planning my work. This painting was a little like one of those pictures they use in psychological experiments with nebulous figures doing nebulous things.

Depending on your point of view, my painting looked either like a young man undressing for a bath or a young woman standing in front of a mirror brushing her hair.

I had only discovered the latter interpretation after viewing the painting a year after I had painted it. I had "entertained" a young lady for the night and it was she who had seen the more subtle meaning.

Brandy looked around the room. Her professional eye for decor seemed pleased with what I had done with it. Suddenly, her eye fell to something on the floor at the side of the bed. A beat later, I saw it, too. One of the falsies from The Secret Closet was peeking out from under the dresser!

Brandy leaned down and picked it up. She fingered it gingerly, smiling, and then turned to me with a quizzical look.

I felt my face flush red and my head began to swim.

"You have an interesting taste in color, Brian, and an interesting taste in 'accessories', too," she said with a wry grin.

"Brandy!! That, uh.. that thing isn't really mine. You see, I, was, uh, given a package.. by mistake... at the mall the day I met you... and that was in it! It isn't mine." I reached into the drawer where I had placed the lavender package.

"When I was in the mall the other day and left my pants and sweater in the food area. When I went back for them, a bus girl gave me this package, too." I held the package out to her. "Here, this stuff might fit you. Take it, please. A gift, okay? You've got to believe me. I've never 'dressed up' in stuff like this. Really!!"

"Oh, it's alright, Brian. I've known men who enjoy dressing up for years. I told you that many of the 'girls' in the Chez Pink show are friends of mine. Please don't be embarrassed."

She smiled and patted my leg. Sitting on the bed she was now slightly shorter than I and she placed her arm around me protectively. "Relax, Brian. I don't care whether you dress up in women's clothing or not. Don't worry..." She placed the falsie and the package on the dresser and turned to face me. "As a matter of fact, the world of dressing up is very familiar to me. I guess I should tell you something. You'll find out eventually, anyway."

She slowly stood and walked toward the patio window. Her figure was perfect. She sensuously ran her fingers through her hair. The scoop back of her dress showed briefly her smooth tanned skin. The muscles of her back were well defined and her waist narrowed neatly, then filling beautifully to tight round hips and buttocks. Her long slim legs would rival any model's and, even with her shoes off, her calves were perfectly formed.

She turned back toward me and was a shadow, dramatically back lighted, the dark hair catching the lights from outside.

"Brian.. I'm not everything I appear to be. Yes, I am a successful "transformations expert" and have been fortunate with finances over the past several years. Ordinarily, I wouldn't say anything to a casual date, but, I like you. I like your sense of humor. I think we can be friends."

My heart was racing again. I could see this new look and The Blonde in her at the same time. I was getting excited.

"Brandy, wait. Don't tell me anything based on finding this falsie. What I told you is true. I got this stuff by mistake."

She placed a slender finger to her full sensuous lips, shushing me. "Brian, you are a nice man. Very attractive, I might add. Let's just say that I am not all I seem to be and I think that we ought to be able to express ourselves any way that makes us feel good. If you say you don't dress up in ladies' clothing, that's good enough for me.

"It might be to your advantage, though, if you were a little interested in a little dressing up. That's what I wanted to talk to you about.

"Harry called when I was out of the country and they need a new 'girl' for the show and asked about you. I know that you don't seem to be interested right now, but given the proper circumstances, you might be?" She smoothed her tight jersey dress to her breasts and hips. It was a metallic stretch material which reflected subtle colors of the room. Her narrow waist was cinched with a wide black elastic belt which closed with a black lacquer rose. Her skirt stopped just above her knees, revealing dark patterned stockings with a subtle vine winding up the seam. I could faintly see the outline of her garter belt and garters. "I can tell you from experience, though, that dressing like that is really very much of a turn-on. You know what they say, If you haven't tried it, don't knock it."

She moved back to the bed and sat down again. She stroked my hair and held my face in her hands. I could smell her perfume and the lacquer from her expertly manicured nails. The smell of her was very heady and I closed my eyes. She pulled her face close to mine and a musky scent rode upon her breath, giving an "under scent" which began to really turn me on. I could feel my self respond and at the same moment felt slightly uncomfortable. The old days of casual sex have been replaced by the AIDS awareness of the ninety's. I quickly caught myself and excused myself to the bathroom.

I gazed into the cabinet mirror. The confusing feelings of attraction and mystery that Brandy held gained a little perspective. I sat down for a minute on the john and rubbed a cool wash cloth over my neck. By the time I returned to the bedroom, Brandy had gone back to the living area and was pouring coffee. She smiled.

"Things got a little too hot for me in there. Hope you don't think I'm some kind of a wimp or something."

"Well, maybe the 'or something'," she laughed. "No harm done. I still think you're a charming little hunk! I put the lavender package back on your dresser. Those things are not quite the right size for me, though, I do like the French Cut look. Don't worry, Brian. I like you. Let's have some coffee and then, I've got to get home. I'm a working girl, too, you know. And, just think about giving performing a try. Harry is a patient person and I can help you. A lot. If you decide to give it a try."

Over the next few weeks I saw Brandy on a regular basis. She teased me now and then about "dressing up" and then laughed it off. We were becoming friends. One thing about her that was a mystery was her "look". Each time we got together, it was like being with a totally different woman. She changed clothing styles as well as her over all look with wigs and colored contact lenses: a human chameleon. It was like being out with many different women, although the essence of her personality never changed. She was a lady, through and through, and a joy to be with.

We found that our friendship was more platonic than romantic, which was fine with me, at least for the present time, as I found that my romantic laisons tended to be more consuming in time and energy than I had either of right now. No pressure from Brandy and no pressure in return. An enjoyable time for both of us.

One night we had returned to the Chez Pink and after the show were joined by Harry for a snack at a quiet late night spot near the club.

Harry was gushing about some TV deal that his agent had cooking and Brandy replied with a snort, "You're a TV on TV?? Are your 'tubes' tied, sweetie??"

"No joking Dahling, please!! I am an artiste!" said Harry, mugging like Tallulah Bankhead.

"TV's aren't drag queens or female impersonators, Brian," Brandy explained, "they're just men, straight men like you, who, basically, make a hobby out of dressing up. Some of them do a really great job. Look around the Chez Pink the next time we go to see Harry. You'll see them there. Matter of fact, my stock broker is one of the prettiest TVs you'll ever meet. I might introduce you one of these days."

"Hobby?" I said. "These guys make a hobby out of dressing up in women's clothing? You've got to be kidding, Brandy. Give me a break."

"It takes all kinds, to make the world go 'round, Brian. Keep that in mind. Speaking of which," said Harry, "have you given any more thought to giving our show a try? I have a little outfit that would fit you perfectly."

I blushed and changed the subject. Harry and Brandy exchanged a look and that was that for one evening.

Later that evening back at my place, Brandy and I sat down in front of the fireplace with our coffee. She sighed and leaned back on the couch and then looked directly at me. "Brian," she said at last, "there's something I've wanted to discuss with you."

I moved close to her and took her in my arms. She gently pushed me back. Not a rejection, just a distance that she seemed to need. I sat back.

She stood and held her hand out to me. She pulled me off the sofa and led me to the bedroom. After sitting me on the bed, she opened the drawer where I had put the panties and the bra. She held the panties in one hand and the bra in the other.

"Brian, here, take these."

She guided the panties and the bra to my nose. They smelled new and reminded me of the girl I went with in college who sometimes left her "undies" under my pillow for me to remember her by.

"Some men enjoy the feeling that wearing feminine things gives them. Just feel the soft texture and the strength of the material. See the soft colors. Let the scent of them engulf you."

"This lingerie wasn't always a part of my life, Brian."

"So, you were a Tomboy, Brandy? Boy, to look at you now, that's a hard one to believe."

She walked away, lifting her long sensuous hair and piling it on her head. Her earrings were the long dangling kind that spell mystery and sensuality to a man. Her hips swayed gently and easily from side to side. She was wearing a tight leather dress that fit her bottom like a glove and her matching four inch heels lifted her entire body sensuously. She knew how to excite a man and she seemed more feminine now than she ever had before.

Slowly, she turned back to me and laughed softly. "Tomboy, Brian? Hardly a Tomboy. Actually, you're half right."

"Half right?" I was really confused now. "What do you mean, 'half right'?"

"Half right, Brian, because I," she paused momentarily, taking a slow deep breath that lifted her cleavage dramatically, "I used to be... a boy."

You could have cut the silence with a knife. I heard a gasp. It was me.

"You're talking about that Babette in France, right?" I asked.

"No, Bri. I'm talking about me. I was born a little boy to a wonderful mother who really wanted a little girl and about ten years ago, she got her wish. At least she got her wish in part. You see, technically, I'm still a 'boy'.

"Brian, I was born a male, but always knew that I was really a girl, and so, like Babette, after I graduated from high school I relocated, started living as a girl, under a doctor's care and this," he turned in a slow circle, gesturing to his wonderfully curvaceous figure, "this is the result to date."

I was dumbfounded. Brandy crossed the room back to me and sat next to me on the bed. I didn't know what to do. He reached his arm around me, but, instinctively, I withdrew. He sat quietly and began to undo the buttons of his dress.

I stood up. "Please, Brandy. Don't."

"I thought you were interested in where they put the 'parts', Brian."

"I am.. er... I was. Look, Brandy.. This is no joking matter. You really aren't a woman?? I can't believe it!!"

"Brian, I wanted you to know about me before we got to know each other any better. You're an attractive man and even though I'm still officially not a full fledged woman, I am all woman here inside and I'm very attracted to you."

"I'm flattered, Brandy, and I'm attracted to you, too, but I really need a 'full fledged' woman for a full fledged relationship. I've enjoyed our time together and I'm your friend, no matter what." My heart was racing and in a strange way the idea that the beautiful creature standing before me was in any way a male was incredible. His satin skin and perfect figure; long sensuous lashes, beautiful hair and nails. This was a guy?

I now wondered more than ever where he put his 'parts'!!

I smiled.

Brandy smiled.

I stood, he moved close to me and we embraced. His body in the leather dress combined with his wonderful scent smelled incredibly like making love. He stood a full head above me, pressing me into his bosom. There was nothing male about his breasts, that was for sure. I breathed in his feminine muskiness and stepped back. He was still smiling.

"Brian, I really hope you mean it when you say that we're friends. There is so much I want to share with you. I hope that my telling you the truth about myself won't spoil things."

"This may take a little getting used to," I said. "Just give me a little time to readjust my thinking.... and my feelings, and I think everything will be fine. You do understand, though, don't you? Until a couple of minutes ago, you were a gorgeous woman that I was beginning to have some feelings for. I still want for us to be friends, but the idea of making love with you seems pretty uncomfortable right now. I'm not a homosexual and the idea that you may still be even a little bit male just makes me feel weird."

"I understand," he said slowly. "Friends, then?"

"Friends," I said. "Friends, for sure."

We sat quietly in the living room for some time, neither of us saying anything. It was a shock to learn that this gorgeous person was the product of fantasy instead of a real woman. Almost as though he could read my thoughts, Brandy spoke.

"Brian, I've always thought of myself as a female. I'm a real person with real feelings and real desires. Please don't feel uncomfortable. I'd better go."

"No, don't!" I stood and walked away a step. "Please don't go, Brandy. This is just new for me. That's all. It's new."

Brandy stood and walked into the bathroom and I decided that things had gotten much too serious, much too fast. After a moment I decided to try to break the ice again and rushed into the bedroom.

Brandy returned to the living room and called to me, "Brian?? Where are you?"

"Wait just a minute! I'll be right there! Sit down on the sofa and close your eyes."

When I re-entered the living room, Brandy was sitting in the middle of the sofa with his hands over his eyes. I hadn't noticed how lovely his hands were. His nails were long and perfectly shaped with a tiny jewel imbedded in one of his pinkies. The color perfectly matched his dark red lips. He really was a gorgeous woman, in spite of what he had just told me.

"Okay, lady," I said, "count to three and open your eyes."

He counted aloud and when he saw me, he gasped and then began to laugh harder than I had ever heard any one laugh before.

I had rushed into the bedroom, stripped off my clothes and put on the bra and panties from The Secret Closet, stuffing not only the falsies into the bra, but a pair of socks in each cup as well. Brandy had left his shoes in the bedroom and I had slipped them on and wrapped a bath towel around my head like a turban. I wiggled my behind at him, turning around in an exaggerated pose of sexuality.

"This year," I squeaked in my best falsetto, "we feature the Calcutta look to balance the extraordinary sexuality of the French cut briefs and plunging neck line. Ooh la la."

I began to laugh, too and as Brandy regained his composure, he pointed at the shoes and said, "You'd better find a better cobbler, Missy, those boats are about a mile too big for you."

It was true. Brandy was a big girl and his shoes were about two sizes too big for me. I looked like a kid in his mother's shoes.

"Brandy, I just wanted to show you that I don't judge you for the way you choose to live. And, these things are, well, pretty sexy, in a strange way. And, now I know where to put 'the parts'."

Brandy laughed again. "Oh, Brian, you didn't have to do this. You do look lovely, though," he giggled, "really. Come here." He led me to the bathroom and stood with me before the mirror.

"Here, look straight into the mirror. Just look at these cheekbones."

"Brandy, I'm just kidding around here."

"Just look, Brian," he said turning my face back to the mirror and drawing my attention to my cheeks with his hand.

I looked again and where he was pointing I could see that I did have a pronounced definition at the cheekbones. I'd never really thought much about my Indian heritage before, but it did show there. With my face pulled slightly up by the towel turban, my eyes looked slightly Oriental. My eyebrows were pulled up a little, too. Something that felt a little like the feelings I got the first time I put on the bra and panties returned.

Brandy spoke to the me in the mirror, "Brian, luv, I'll bet you'd make a smashing looking girl. Just let me get my purse and try something."

He returned a minute later with his bag and withdrew a slim dark cylinder. He unscrewed the cap and put mascara on my lashes which almost immediately looked much longer. He applied some smokey eye shadow, a little blush on my cheeks and some lipstick. I mugged before the mirror and he laughed.

"Wait here," I said, rushing out of the bathroom.

In the living room I found an old Barbra Streisand album with her version of The Minute Waltz on it and put it on. "Brandy," I called, "come in here!"

The music started and as Brandy entered the room I roughly lip synced Barbra singing the song. Once again, Brandy was laughing, as I was trying to move around the room on his heels, batting my lashes and wiggling my behind.

"I mean it, Luv," Brandy giggled, "you have promise. You really do!"

I knew that he was just flattering me, probably because of my effort to make sure that he knew that his "position" made very little difference to me. I was quickly getting used to the idea and really didn't want to lose a person who was as much a friend as I had ever had. I hope that I wasn't trying too hard. Fact was that when he applied the make-up something exciting stirred deep inside of me. I passed it off as fleeting anxiety.

"Brian, you know that I like to change my look a lot. I have lots of costumes and 'toys' at Le Chateau. When are you going to give me a visit. You've never been to my place, you know."

I removed the towel and began to wipe the make-up from my face. "Oh, I don't know, 'luv'," I said slowly, "one of these days... One day soon."

"Well, I don't want to make you feel uncomfortable, Brian, but you might just like a shot at The Chez Pink. Give it a thought."

I smiled and stepped out of his shoes. He smiled. I felt a lot better and he knew it.

"Well, we'll see," I said. "I just want to get out of this stuff now and get to bed. I've got to get up early in the morning."

"Well, consider this an invitation. We'll set it up on the phone this week. And, I won't take no for an answer."

"Ah.. You are irresistible. Wait a minute." I padded into the bathroom, and as I removed the make-up took another look at my face. I did have good cheekbones and if I squinted a little, I did look a little like a woman... a woman with a five o'clock shadow! I removed the undies, wrapped the towel around my waist and returned to Brandy.

"Ah, the sauna bath look," Brandy laughed. "Walk me to the door. I've got an early day tomorrow, too." He leaned down and gave me a quick kiss on the cheek. "Don't forget. Next you visit Le Chateau. 'Night, luv."

He waved to me from the end of the hall, entered the elevator and was gone.

I didn't know if I was ready for a visit to Le Chateau, but I really liked Brandy as a person and even though he was no longer a candidate for a "hot time" in my book, I was willing to continue the relationship and see what else he had to teach me. His eye for design was impeccable and he was really the most intriguing person I had ever met.

Just because Brandy was a male who had chosen to become a woman full time, it was no reason for us not to be friends. He was a beautiful "woman" but I had no interest in having sex with someone who was essentially plumbed the same way I am. How he could be so beautiful and still be a male was an enigma to me, but I was truly interested in her as a person... a personality... and her sexual trip was secondary to that as far as I was concerned.

Brandy was an amazing individual. I never saw him in the same outfit more than once and he changed his "look" as frequently and easily a chameleon. One day he would be a pertly tailored business woman in horn rimmed glasses with dramatically close cropped hair and the next he might play the vamp with flowing tresses and plunging neckline. He had gone so far as to have breast enhancement surgery which left him with an eye-popping, yet tasteful cleavage. At almost six feet tall, he was only about one hundred and forty pounds. Strong and lithe, his body was lean and muscular with well placed additions left by the female hormones which he took regularly to prompt his feminization process. To strike the image of a jungle cat might stretch the metaphor here, but the animal in him could not be denied.

Brandy had not had "the operation" because, he said, he enjoyed living in both the feminine and masculine worlds at the same time. He was a person first, a woman next and was in no hurry to do much of anything. In fact, he told me that he sometimes conducted "business" in three piece suits! Evidently, "Transformations sometimes seemed to call for the masculine touch. I had never seen him as a man, though, and frankly, had no desire to. He enjoyed the luxury of taking his own time to do things. It was another way of staying in control.

His estate, "Le Chateau" was located in the hills of a rather ordinary looking neighborhood. One would not have noticed it unless they had known it was there. Visitors entered through decorative iron gates, practically hidden from the street, which opened with an electronic opener. Brandy had several of these openers and issued them to his friends to facilitate their visits. No opener.. no visit. He was in control of his situation completely.

We spoke on the phone later that week and Brandy made sure that I was free for a few days and asked me up for a "trippy" weekend.

"It'll be fun," he said on the phone. "Bring your toothbrush... and don't worry about any funny business. You can trust me... if you can trust yourself."

I laughed. "You're quite a gal, Sweet Brandied One," I said. "I do trust you and I've freed up my schedule through the weekend, though I've got to be back in my studio by Tuesday, latest."

"I'll get you back on time. A promise," Brandy replied. "I'll send your 'key' by messenger along with a map with all the dangerous curves marked in red."

"The only dangerous curves in your neighborhood, I'll bet, are close by your telephone right now, Mata Hari!" I could hear him laughing at my feeble joke.

"See you tomorrow. Until then, ciao, Luv."

It was Thursday night and I agreed to come to Le Chateau early in the afternoon of the following day, Friday.

A mini-vacation on a beautiful autumn day: afternoon sunshine streamed through the trees that lined the lane that led to Brandy's estate. Leaves kicked up from the gutters and I could hear a dog barking off in the distance.

I took Brandy's gate control from my bag as I stopped at the drive to Le Chateau and pressed the "open" button. The gates came to life, swinging back to welcome me through them. I proceeded up the winding drive and parked in the small bricked parking area thirty feet from the front door. A fountain in the middle of the courtyard bubbled from a pink marble column - rounded at the top - delicately sculpted. Water spurted from the fountain in bursts and flows. The pink marble was veined with white and deeper rose colors. I smiled to myself thinking that Freud would have seen something in it for sure.

I grabbed my bag and as I closed the car door I could see Brandy silhouetted in the open door of the house. That image is unforgettable.

Today, he had chosen an "Ultimate Hostess" look. He wore a black cherry velvet dressing gown cinched tightly at the waist, one long smooth sexy leg peeked from beneath it. He wore matching sensuous marabou mules with heels higher than I had ever seen on that style of slipper.

The wig he had chosen for our meeting was almost the same black cherry color as his gown and flowed loosely over his shoulders. On closer examination I could see strands of silver sparkling deep within it. Not grey or white indications of age, but truly silver glimmering highlights: a fashion statement that only the most daring of women might choose. His bangs, colored at their very bottom platinum white, had been trimmed to veil his eyes and yet I could see that he had taken special care to darken his eyes with a smokey grey make-up that I had complimented him on the day that I met him.

His lips were full and his perfect white teeth glistened as he laughed and waved me to the door.

He smiled a knowing smile and gestured that I should come in. He didn't say a word, he just smiled and closed the heavy wooden door behind me.

The foyer of the main house was dark, mysterious. A broad wooden staircase with an ornately carved bannister curved to the floors above. The steps were carpeted in deep pile carpeting into which a pattern something like the design of the fountain in the courtyard had been woven subtly. A deep rose background with a slightly darker pattern. The walls were decorated with what appeared to be original paintings of beautiful women, each of whom, upon closer examination resembled Brandy at various stages of his life. Each portrait was meticulously detailed.

From a tray beside the staircase he took two crystal champagne flutes and handed one to me.

"To our 'trippy' weekend," he smiled and held his glass to toast with mine.

"Here's looking at you, kid," I chuckled, meeting his toast with a crystal clink.

"Ah, yes," he whispered. "And, here's looking at you," He looked me up and down, slowly. He smiled slowly and sipped the wine, setting his glass back on the tray. It was a fine champagne, dry and crisp. It effervesced along every nook and cranny of my palate.

"Don't worry, Brian, there are lots of sparkling goodies for us this weekend."

He laughed as I took another healthy drink from my glass as I toasted, "To sparkling goodies," placed my glass beside his and followed him up the wide curving staircase. The house was an old world salute to craftsmanship. Dark wood paneling had been hand carved and well taken care of for years. I didn't know how Brandy had come to own Le Chateau, but it was evident that a great deal of care had gone into preserving its elegant charm.

I could hear music playing somewhere off in the back of the house and figured that Brandy would have to have help just keeping the place dusted. I had noticed that the grounds were well kept, too. He not only kept himself looking spectacular, but spent the necessary money to keep his home in stride with himself. Beautiful woman. Beautiful home.

After a tour of Le Chateau and a glass or two of champagne, Brandy led me into a room on the second floor that he had not showed me our first time around. It was a richly appointed bedroom featuring a large carved wooden wardrobe with a full length mirror on the door. It faced a large four poster bed hung with lace curtains. On the far side of the room I could see a door leading to a bathroom. It was slightly ajar.

"This will be your room for the weekend, Brian," Brandy said. "I think you'll be very comfy here. Come and sit down," he said, sitting on the bed and patting the space beside him.

I stood and looked at his loveliness for a moment and then crossed to the bed and sat down beside him. He reclined behind me and then propped himself up on one elbow. His breasts touched my back. I could feel his breath on my neck.

I started to remind him of our agreement regarding sex, but, before I realized what was happening, he reached under a pillow and then, with the speed of a cobra in pursuit of its prey he withdrew a pair of handcuffs, snapped one cuff on my left wrist and the other to a chain hidden in the lace draped along the bedpost.

"Hey, Brandy... What the....??"

I resisted at first, but then relaxed for a moment and he quickly snapped another cuff on my right wrist and pulled me onto the bed so as to secure my right arm to the chain on the other bedpost. I'd bet he had done this before and now he was proving it.

I wasn't really uncomfortable lying there with my arms stretched between the bedposts. In the past months I felt that we had really become friends, so I was sure that Brandy wouldn't hurt me. Or, would he?

From another tray beside the bed he poured another flute of champagne. "Now, Brian.. Just another little sip. I guarantee it will relax you. Come on now..." He held the crystal to my lips and I sipped it very cautiously. It tasted just like champagne, the good stuff at that. I wasn't sure that I liked what was going on, but I had agreed that the weekend would be his "treat" and I had

no reason, really, to distrust him. I knew that Brandy was, perhaps, a little eccentric, but really an intelligent and genuinely entertaining lady. "What the Hell," I said, and drank another long sip of the sparkling wine.

"That's a good boy, Brian," Brandy smiled.. "Just relax now..."

He pulled me fully onto the bed and removed my shoes very slowly. There was a delicious feeling of anticipation rising in me now and my maleness began to rise to the occasion. Brandy now reached for my right foot and stroked it lightly with his crimson nails. He pushed my pants leg up and rolled my sock down over my ankle, my heel: rolling it off my toes like a fat cotton condom. As he repeated the gesture on the left, he stroked my naked foot with his long nails leaning down and kissing both feet lightly and sensuously.

He ran his fingers up my legs arriving at the buckle of my belt. Then, with almost lightning speed he undid the belt, unzipped my pants and slid them off, throwing them into a chair. From his dressing gown he produced two more pair of cuffs and attached each leg to its respective post and disappeared into the bathroom.

I could hear water running and the sound of a cabinet being opened and closed.

Brandy reappeared at the door of the bathroom. He had removed his dressing gown and stood there in matching black cherry bra, panties and garter belt holding up sheer black silk stockings. I had never seen him so scantily clad, and must have been staring at his crotch.

"Oh, he's still there, Brian, just tucked away for safe keeping. You wondered where I keep the 'parts', right? My family jewels are still prized possessions, I've just got them tucked away to keep my illusion complete. I wouldn't embarrass you by exposing myself, don't worry, dear." He smiled and advanced towards me with a towel draped over his left arm and in his right hand he held a steaming porcelain bowl.

Then I saw the straight razor in his left hand and wondered just what my hostess had in mind.

"Uh... Brandy.. that's a razor you've got there and..." I struggled in my restraints as he approached. There was a strange look in his eyes, not malicious, but a little frightening none the less. The cuffs cut into my wrists as I moved back. He looked formidable and lusciously inviting at the same time. I had to remind myself that he was still, in fact, a male no matter how hot he looked in his bra and panties. And, I was getting the feeling that this

"trippy" weekend was a little more trippy than I could handle.

"Hey, come on! This is going too far. Why don't you just undo me, we'll have some dinner, go out to a show?? Some dancing?? Pick up a video?"

Brandy smiled, moved to the bed and gently stroked my thigh. Mercifully, he had left my shorts on.

Brandy laughed, "Hold still now, I'm not going to hurt you. You're in for a real treat tonight."

He put the razor and bowl down by the bed and placed the towel under my legs. He then returned to the bathroom for a minute, returning with a large mug. He swished a brush around in the mug and then quickly lathered my right leg and, starting at my ankle began to shave it in long careful strokes. Brandy worked quickly and adeptly. Dark curly hair floated in the bowl each time he rinsed the razor.

For me to resist now might mean a nasty cut. I began to tremble slightly. Whatever was happening deep inside me was very new. I wasn't so sure that I liked this, but, I had gone this far and my spirit of adventure hadn't been challenged for a long time. This wasn't exactly the kind of adventure I might have chosen for myself, but it was an adventure, that was for sure

Minutes later Brandy was shaving the other leg close to my crotch. I was well out of my shorts now and as he shaved the inner thigh, he leaned over and teased me with his tongue. Little sparkles of light flashed before my eyes. My breathing was shallow and I could feel the champagne coursing lightly in my brain. "What a lightweight," I thought to myself. The wine had helped me relax: substantially. He giggled and withdrew quickly.

I felt a little tipsy: not really drunk, but relaxed and ready for just about anything. Brandy dried my legs with care, stroking them with his long soft fingers, massaging the muscles and raising goosebumps as he did. After cooling them with Witch Hazel he stroked them gently with a very feminine smelling lotion. Every nuance of air movement in the room now played on my bare legs. I felt more naked than I ever had before. I looked down at my legs and they seemed foreign to me. The toes wiggled when I wiggled my toes, but I had never seen my legs without hair before and on top of the cool feeling, I rubbed them together, sensing a new smoothness. I had stroked my share of smooth feminine legs, but this was a brand new sensation.

"Brian, luv," Brandy sighed, "you are now in for a real treat. I don't do this for just anyone, you know."

"What do you mean 'treat'? I think this is just about as much treat as I'm going to be able to take for now, Brandy. Please, let me out of here. Where are the keys to these things?"

"Keys, Brian?" Brandy laughed, fingering the tiny key hanging around his neck. "I'll let you go in a little while, but not just now. Please be careful, I don't want the restraints to hurt you."

I was beginning to feel a little uncomfortable now. The cuffs were tight and the writhing that I had done in pleasure while Brandy shaved my legs had pulled them even tighter. Pleasure was one thing, but what did he have in mind now?

By raising my head I could see myself in the full length mirror on the wardrobe. There was enough slack in the chains that I could move a little. My pants hung neatly on the chair across the room with my shoes and socks underneath it.

"I have such a surprise for you. I've told you all about my past and you've been sweet enough to accept me as I am. I am about to do for you what an old friend did for me many years ago. You have such a tight little body. Look what I've gotten for you."

He had now appealed to my masculine ego. I had been a gymnast and wrestler in high school and college and now was still in good shape at 5'5" and 123 pounds. I worked out twice a week in the weight room of my building, swimming every morning for twenty minutes before settling down to my drawing board. My muscles are toned, but not highly defined. I like my body and, in some perverse way was enjoying all the attention that Brandy was giving me. I was beginning to understand what he had up his sleeve.

This restriction was annoying, but, somehow, in a very strange way, interesting. As a self motivated and self controlled person, this lack of control in what I hoped was a safe atmosphere was oddly titillating.

My sense of adventure was always fairly keen, but I had usually been the initiator and the master of my adventure. This was new. New and very strange. I took a deep breath, the champagne whirled in my head and I could feel myself smile, the coolness of my freshly shaven legs brought goose bumps. They were naked and lonely down there with no hair to keep them warm.

My hostess then went to the large ornate wardrobe and pulled the mirrored doors open with a flourish. Inside there hung an array of silky dresses, skirts and blouses. He opened a drawer to reveal panties and bras in matching sets: a rainbow of pastel colors. I could see rows of shoes beneath the clothing, all with very high heels.

"Brandy, what do you mean 'for me'?" I asked. My heart was beginning to drive a little harder now. "Those.. those things are for me?"

"All for you, Brian, luv.... Just for you."

I pulled at the restraints and Brandy came to the bed.

"There, now, luv. This is going to be fun. Just relax."

"Relax? Relax?? Hey, a little kinky stuff is okay, but if you think I'm going to let you put those things on me, you've got another think coming!"

"You did your turban dance for me and didn't seem to mind the bra and panties. This is just a little extension of that. Give me a chance. If you get really uncomfortable, we can stop. Relax. I don't do this for just anyone, you know."

I closed my eyes and could feel myself begin to sweat. I don't know why I was reacting this way. I guess his idea of a surprise was a little different from mine.

When I opened my eyes again, Brandy was sitting across the room, legs crossed and smiling. "Coming around are we, Brian?" he cooed.

"Is this a friendly sort of surprise? We're friends, right?"

"Oh, Brian.. Friends we are, luv. We are. This is the friendliest thing I can do for you," Brandy giggled and came towards the bed, 'almost.' He looked directly into my face, "You are going to love what I'm doing for you. Just relax and let Aunt Brandy do her stuff."

Something told me that it was useless to struggle. He had folded my pants neatly and taken them out of the room along with my shoes and socks. I looked instinctively for an escape route and realized that I wasn't going anywhere in my Jockey shorts, that was for sure.

Brandy came back to the bed and sat down beside me. He stroked my cheek.

"Why, you scarcely have any beard at all, Brian, that's good. You must have a little Indian blood, look at these beautiful cheek bones. Your hair is awfully short, though, but we can take care of that." He ran his blood red nails lightly over my cheek and up into my hair, pulling it tightly back. I could feel my maleness tighten again. This

lady had found another "button" and he knew how to push it. Boy, did he. My mind resisted the idea that was unfolding that something very weird was going on here.

He unlocked the ankle cuffs and, once again, stroked my legs from top to bottom. Brandy smiled and stroked my thigh again and laughed. "Feels good to me, too."

Somehow, the vision of malenss on this beautiful woman was something I could not imagine. His robe parted slightly and I looked to see if there might be something revealed there. His lap looked smooth and feminine. A black spandex bikini held his crotch tightly. His smooth flat stomach was tan and tight. No maleness there that I could see.

By the headboard of the bed hung a dark velvet rope. Brandy tugged on it three times and in moments the door to the bedroom flew open and an absolutely stunning woman with bright red hair dressed in a black and white maid's uniform rushed in. Her uniform consisted of a tight black dress over starched crisp petticoats flaring out and rustling as she walked. I could see ruffled black panties just peeking from beneath her skirt and her low cut white blouse revealed soft pink breasts. She was not a voluptuous girl, but the tightness of the black lace push up bra helped her modest breasts swell sensuously. She wore a lacy maid's cap and was pitched forward with anticipation on five inch black patent leather heels.

She held a tray upon which I could see a plastic bag full of ice in a large stainless steel bowl. She smiled and presented the bowl to Brandy, but never took her eyes off me. Brandy took the ice from the bowl, pulled back the waistband of my shorts and pushed it onto my crotch.

"ICE!! Brandy!! For God's sake, stop it!!" I had experienced cold before, diving in the ocean and hitting the ice plunge at the club after a long hot sauna, but that cold was nothing like the shock I felt now. The ice immediately shrank my maleness and made my spheres retract up into my body. I writhed and wriggled, succeeding in getting a few of the ice cubes out of my crotch, but the majority of them would not dislodge. "Brandy, for God's sake!! This hurts!! Get it out!!!"

"Marie, you may be excused." He spoke over his shoulder to the maid who curtsied, giggled and quickly exited the room.

"We can't have a great big bulge in such a lovely little crotch, Bree. Hold still!"

The ice was incredibly cold at first, but shortly, I became numb and concentrated on letting everything go in the hopes that he would remove the ice. Presently, he did. In the anguish of the moment I thought he called me by another name, but the discomfort had my head swimming.

Did he say "Bree"?

"There now, that's better. I know it's a bit uncomfortable, but you'll get used to it."

"Get used to it," I thought. "Jesus! I'd rather get used to pulling out nose hairs."

"Let's have a peek, now." He pulled back my waistband and to my dismay, my poor maleness had all but disappeared totally up inside my body. Everything had shriveled considerably, too. The numbness was a bit of a relief, though, because the titillated feelings that I had been having were beginning to make me wonder about my self. I knew that my first and best interest was in women only, but this new experience was becoming more and more intriguing. To me Brandy had always been a woman, but with the champagne and now the ice and my smooth pink legs, the division sameness of our genders was beginning to blur.

Momentarily, though, I relaxed, and when I did Brandy adeptly moved my handcuffs from the chains on the bedposts, locking them to some other rings hanging from the framework above the bed structure. I had a little movement in my arms and could put them down if I was standing, but had to hold them up if I sat down on the bed.

Brandy rolled a small table filled with cosmetics over to the bed and drew the chair up to sit close to me. "I've chosen these colors just for you, Brian. You are going to be... beautiful!"

He put a cloth headband over my head and then pulled it back to hold my hair off my face. He took a surgical shaver from the table and began to shave my face. I really do have a very light beard and had shaved that morning. He held me by my hair and even though I didn't struggle very much, he held me very tightly. Deep within me, once again, something stirred. The feeling of his nails on my scalp and his pulling my hair was an undeniable turn on.

The razor on my skin was cool. I could hear the tiny whiskers that had dared to grow in the past several hours fall to the surgical steel blades. Brandy tested his work with his free hand and the feeling of his gentle stroke was like swan's down.

The smoothness of my cheek was incredible. I sat back slightly and closed my eyes. The shaving went quickly and efficiently. This lady had done this before.

"Keep your eyes closed, dear Bree," he whispered. "These eyebrows are just a little bushy, hold still now."

Before I knew what was happening he had shaved my left eyebrow practically off! "Hey! Brandy! This isn't funny.. Stop it! Now!! And, you know my name. The name is BRIAN!"

"Very well, BRIAN, my dear, if your say so," he said and held a mirror up for me to see my face.

I looked like a very surprised person on the left and pretty much like myself on the right. He brushed some fallen hair from my shoulder.

"Brandy, how could you do this to me? I look ridiculous." I was feeling humiliated and very stupid as well.

"Bree... BRIAN... this is only temporary. Your eyebrows will grow back very quickly. Relax, now and let me do my work. Trust me, luv, you won't be sorry.

"If, on the other hand, you really want to stop now and not let me finish, you are free to go but I think you'll look pretty silly. Just let me play a little and we'll have a great time."

I thought for a moment, looked into the mirror again and sighed. He had put me right in the middle of something; something unlike anything I had ever experienced before. I might as well see what he had up his sleeve, but I didn't have to like it. And, I didn't.

Brandy quickly shaved my other eyebrow and then applied a very nice smelling lotion all over my face. After a moment I detected a slight tingling sensation. "Brandy! My face burns a little. What are you doing?"

"It's a mild depilatory, dear. It will remove any hairs that I may have missed with the razor. Don't worry. Hair grows back, luv.."

He removed the depilatory with a warm wash cloth and then toned my skin with a moisturizing cream. I closed my eyes and sensed the same feeling on my face that I had felt on my legs: a cool nakedness. He sang softly to himself as he smoothed a liquid foundation make-up on my cheeks, chin, throat, nose and forehead. It felt a little like a silken cloth caressing my face as he stroked the soft sponge gently on my face.

Next he chose a darker make-up and deepened the hollows of my cheeks, de-emphasized my throat and neck and darkened my eye sockets. He highlighted my cheeks and eyes with a lighter base and then started to re-shape my lips and eyes with a smokey eye pencil. He left the mirror where I could watch my transformation, but I stopped myself from looking; experiencing the feelings of his work with my other senses only. The feeling of his brushes and sponges caressing my now smooth face was a sensation I would not soon forget. Each stroke was precise and he hummed quietly as he worked. I watched his face as he intensely studied my bones and skin. This was an artist at work and I was to be the work of art!

He chose his colors carefully and brushed them on precisely. Every now and then he rubbed my neck with his strong fingers to help me relax and to guide my face into the light where he could better see me. He drew feathery arches where my eyebrows used to be. He gently lined my eyes with a soft brush and I could feel him smudging the liner with a cotton swab. The smells of the make-up were delicate and foreign to me: foreign and exotic. Yes, this was an adventure. I didn't like it very much, but for an out of control situation, I was sure that I was about to experience things I never had before.

"Keep your eyes closed, darling. This is coming along beautifully."

I thought I smelled ammonia and then felt the false eyelashes on my lids. I winced a little, but he stroked my hair and whispered into my ear, "We're almost finished, Bree, darling... Hold still, now. Keep your eyes closed for just minute."

He stroked mascara onto my now lengthy lashes and dusted my whole face with a very soft brush, smoothing and blending.

When I opened my eyes the mirror was gone. I strained to look into the mirror on the wardrobe, but he had opened the door against the closet itself so that I couldn't see myself.

"Pick a color, Brian."

"Brandy, I... I don't think this is a very good idea. I've been a good sport this far, but don't you think we could call this off? Please? I don't think I'll make a very good woman, in spite of all your skill. Please? Let's just stop."

Brandy sighed. "Well, Bree. I thought you trusted me and I also thought that you were willing to take a few risks for some substantial rewards. Guess you aren't the man I thought you were.

"I'll tell you what I'll do, Bree. Give me just a few more minutes and if you aren't totally intrigued by what you see, we'll call it quits, but under the same conditions that I gave you before. You're out of here. No harm, no foul."

I thought a minute, feelings racing through me at break neck speed. By this time I realized that this trip was going to be a little longer than I had planned. The idea of donning a dress and high heels still wasn't a great one, but I didn't have a lot of options at this point. I didn't like this feeling of being out of control, but, still, there was a very strange curiosity about this whole scene that I could not shake. And, why does he call me "Bree", I wondered. What's the worst thing that could happen, anyway? I really have had no reason to distrust him and he did say this would be a 'trippy' weekend. "Brandy, I...."

"Yes, sweet Bree?"

"Well," I gathered up my courage, "well, what the hell! But, what's this 'Bree' stuff?"

"That, my darling monster, will become self evident very shortly. Now..pick a color!"

I looked at the dresses in the cabinet and did an "Eeny, meeny, miny, moe" in my mind. "Pink, I guess, Brandy," I stammered.

"Little Bree is coming around, isn't she?"

"Brandy. This is just a game. Don't say 'she' when you mean me, okay?" Something in me felt angry for a moment when I felt my masculinity challenged. I'm a man. I've always been a man and a man I shall always be! A little game of dress up is one thing, thinking that he was making me into a female was something else again.

"Little Bree is coming around, isn't HE!!" Brandy laughed. "Just you wait and see what we're coming up with here, Sweet Breeann." He stood me up and pinched my waist. "How much do you weigh?"

"What has that got to do with anything? I'm about one twenty five, I guess. Why?"

Brandy went to the wardrobe, being careful not move the mirror so that I could see myself in it. He withdrew a bright pink outfit and hung it on the top of the wardrobe and then chose a pair of ankle strap pink four inch heels and put them on the floor beneath the dress. "Those match perfectly, don't they darling?"

"Uh, yeh, I guess so," I said. "How do you know those things are going to fit me, anyway?"

"Brian, I've been planning this evening for a long time. What size shoes do you wear?"

"About a six and a half or seven, I guess," I said, plopping back down onto the bed.

"Oh.. I may have gotten these shoes a little small, but they'll stretch. Your waist might be a little large, too, but Doctor Brandy has a remedy for that, as well."

"Get up, Breeann. This shirt will have to go. I'm going to release you now. Are you with me or out the door?"

I closed my eyes. I could feel the lengthy lashes on my cheeks. What was I in for? I could take off now, but Brandy would never let me forget it, I was sure. "Well, I guess I'm with you. What else can you do, anyway."

Brandy removed the shackles and I rubbed by wrists and ankles. I removed my shirt and he draped it on the chair.

He then opened a drawer below the one with the panties and bras and from the back brought out a boned corset, very white with light pink ribbons holding the stays together. It had a laces up the back and was delicately decorated with pink satin rosebuds.

"Let's try this Merry Widow. Take a deep breath and hold it."

I resisted him for a moment, but he tickled me in the ribs and when I jumped, he coaxed me into stepping into the corset around my waist and I could really feel the pressure as he tugged on the laces. "Come on, now, suck it in!" He put his knee in the middle of my back and pulled with all his might. I thought I heard something crack and then I heard him laugh, "Got it!"

I tried to take another breath but only got about half the air I expected. I couldn't have bent at the waist if I'd wanted to. I looked down at the corset and had to smile. The contrast of my dark blue Jockey shorts and the white/pink corset was pretty strange. This whole experience was pretty strange, but bolting out the door now was out of the question, as was being too upset over the loss of an eyebrow or two. I hardly ever used them anyway.... "Funny, Brian," I thought. "Very funny!"

Suddenly, Brandy jerked my shorts down around my ankles and ordered me to step out of them. He handed me a pair of high cut frilly lace panties and told me to put them on. They were made of lacy white spandex with pink lace trim. The material was strong, yet light and very feminine.

I pulled them on. They were tight, leaving very little room for my "parts"..

"Bree, Bree, Bree! No! Not like that. Like this." He stepped behind me and pulled the panties down to my thighs. He then, with surgical skill, pushed my maleness up into my body. It took my breath away! "Brandy!! For the Love of Pete!! So THAT's where those guys put their parts! Wheew!!"

"And, for the love of Sweet Breeann," Brandy cooed as he quickly drew the panties up tightly, wedging the crotch of the panties up the crack in my behind, holding me firmly between my legs and attached the waist band to special garters sewn in the back and front of the Merry Widow. My front was now smooth and flat. The sensation of tightness was very uncomfortable at first. It was difficult to breathe and I could feel my face flush hot.

So much was happening. My head was swimming and something very weird was stirring deep within me. Looking past the tight flat panties my legs looked even more like a woman's: smooth and sensuous.

He tossed my shorts onto the chair, "You won't need these for a while, dear," he cooed. "We'll try this garter belt now and these stockings."

He handed me a frilly white garter belt with pink lace, ribbons and matching satin rosebuds. The fastening was hard for me to get the hang of at first, but after one aborted effort, I cinched the garter belt around my waist. Brandy then handed me a pair of pale pink patterned stockings one stocking at a time and instructed me how to roll them up my legs and to keep the seam straight. He attached the stockings carefully to the garters for me, touching me occasionally "accidentally on purpose" where I used to have a substantial bulge.

He then brought a matching white bra with pink decorations from the drawer and fastened it around my chest. It looked light and frilly and fastened in the front. There were wires under the cups. As he fastened the clasp I was surprised to see the flesh on my chest pull together in a sort of little cleavage.

"Are you feeling a little more relaxed now, Bree? You'll be pleasantly surprised. I promise."



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"Brandy, you've got my shoes, you've got my pants, you've got my shirt! You've even got my eyebrows! I'll cooperate. Just take it easy, okay?"

Brandy smiled and guided my arms through the bra straps and then, turning to a third drawer in the wardrobe returned with what appeared to be two sacks of pink gelatin. He inserted the sacks into the bra cups. They were cool at first, but seemed to warm to the touch of my skin. They filled the bra cups perfectly, pressing the natural flesh of my chest slightly above them. These breasts were much more sophisticated than the simple foam falsies that I had acquired by mistake at the mall.

At this point, Brandy noticed my small patch of chest hairs and fingered them with his nails. "Why, Brian. What have we here? Cultivating our macho image are we?"

"Seven hairs hardly make an 'image', Brandy. I know what you're up to. Do your worst!!" I had never much liked those pesky hairs, anyway.

Brandy laughed and took a pair of tweezers from the table and plucked each hair one at a time. The sensation of the plucking was surprisingly titillating. I rubbed the now smooth space at the "V" of the bra. It blushed from the plucking. He applied some Witch Hazel to a cotton ball and swabbed it over my chest: a cool caress. He shaved the hair on my arms with his surgical razor and cooled them with the Witch Hazel as well, following the astringent with a smooth floral smelling lotion. My body was now feeling cool and quite foreign.

I reached up to the bra cups with my hands and was surprised to feel how natural the false breasts felt. They even had nipples that I could feel beneath the silky material of the bra which held them.

Brandy stood back and admired his work. "Turn 'round, Breeann," he said. I blushed. "You are looking exceptionally beautiful, my dear. Exceptional!

"Now, let's see what we can do with this hair," he said, sitting me back on the bed. He removed the band which had held my hair off my face, running his strong fingers through my hair, pulling it ever so slightly as he did. My face flushed and my maleness strained at the bikini which held it securely in place.

"Pity you aren't more of a Sixties kind of guy, Breeann," he said. "You have such lovely hair. I'm sure that it would take a perm very nicely." He pulled my hair back from my face gently, letting it slowly pull through his fingers. I had had my hair cut just the week before

and the woman whom I had been to for the first time had made a similar comment. My hair was thick and blonde with a little wave to it that I had gotten from my mother, I guess.

"Well, hair grows, Brian. Just imagine a little crimping, a little tint?" his voice trailed off.

"Can we just get on with this, please, Brandy?" I said, a little hungry and tired now. "I like my hair just fine the way it is."

He smiled and patted my cheek and then took a wide elastic headband from the dressing table and asked me to put it over my head. "Careful not to muss your make-up, Breeann, darling. Pull the headband back so that your hairline just barely shows. Tuck it back behind your ears, now."

He adjusted the headband so that my ears just emerged and all my hair was hidden beneath the elastic. It was a little tight, but nothing compared to my bikini. I was feeling virtually nothing between my legs now. What else could happen?

As I adjusted the headband, Brandy reached into the top shelf of the wardrobe and revealed three beautiful wigs. They appeared to be hand tied and made of human hair. He held each one up to the pink dress and then smiled. "Platinum Blonde and Pink. You're not really the Marilyn type, Bree, but I do think platinum is your color.

The wig, like everything else he had forced me to wear was also very tight. He pulled the lace hairline up to the headband and centered the Widow's Peak. "I've always thought that a Widow's Peak was very, very sexy, Bree. I can't wait to show you what we've created."

He took a small bottle from the make-up table and dabbed some Spirit Gum under the lace, gently pressing it onto my forehead with a damp cloth. He retouched the make-up at the hairline and then brought the pink dress and shoes over to the bed.

The dress was a long sleeved mini with low cut back and scoop front. It buttoned up the back with twenty-one tiny buttons which cinched it tightly at the waist and let the skirt flounce widely at the hip. The stretch material continued beneath the flounce to mid thigh. Brandy helped me step into the dress and then slowly and sensuously buttoned the buttons from bottom to top. The tightness at the top combined with the prosthetic breasts he had provided pushed my own chest up into what appeared to be a very believable cleavage. Brandy pinched my

"breasts" and then shaded the slight valley with some dark make-up.

I pulled the tight skirt down and smoothed the front. No evidence of my maleness showed there. I held Brandy's hand and stepped into the four inch ankle strap pumps. As he knelt to buckle the ankle straps for me he let his hand glide down my front and over my now silky thighs. He pulled the straps tight and massaged my feet and toes. The shoes pinched my toes a little, but the over all feeling of being contained with these strange new materials was stimulating in a very unusual way.

I had gotten used to my shallow breathing by now and was very curious as to what I must look like. I started toward the wardrobe mirror, but Brandy held my hand and pulled me back to him. His face was close to mine, the smell of his perfume combined with the rich odor of the real work we had both been doing as he feminized me was musky. I swooned a little from the scent. "Bree, you look gorgeous, luv... Absolutely gorgeous," he whispered into my ear, "but we still have one or two more touches to add to make this creation complete. Be patient, now, Breeann, luv.. Just sit here a moment with your eyes closed. No peeking, now."

"Okay, no peeking," I said. He had called me "Breeann" again. Why had he continued to do that? I was dying to see what he had done to me, but sat quietly on the bed. What could he mean? I felt just about as complete as I wanted to be in this little game of his. My eyebrows were gone, along with most of the rest of the hair on my body, I was constricted from head to toe with a very expensive platinum blonde wig crowning the illusion. What else could he do???

Brandy went again to the bathroom and when he returned he asked me to sit in the chair instead of on the bed. He moved behind me and I thought that I smelled alcohol. I opened my eyes and could see a stainless steel tray on the little table by the chair with a pair of golden hoop earrings sitting in the alcohol. "Sit still, now, Bree, this will only take a minute."

"Wait a minute!" I stood up. Brandy, those are terrific earrings, but, No! Thank you very much! But, NO!!"

He stood before me and sighed. "Ahhhhhh, I wanted to have a perfect creation, but it is not to be. Ear lobes do close up, but not so quickly. You're right, Brian, it is too much." He turned back to the bathroom.

"Wait a minute," I said. "What do you mean perfect? Can't I look just as good with some regular earrings?"

"You'll look just fine with regular earrings, Brian. I'm sorry that I was so enthusiastic. Of course, you'll look just fine with some clip ons. You do know that single earrings are 'in' for men these days, don't you?"

I had thought about having one ear pierced when I saw the kind of action that a pal of mine had gotten after having his done, but being a rather conservative sort, had put it out of my mind. "One ear?" I thought.

As though he could again read my thoughts, Brandy said, "I have a special tool just for doing ears and you have perfect lobes, Bree. Let me know if you ever want me to 'do' you. Even one ear. Personally, I think it could be very sexy." He pulled his hair back to reveal two thin golden hoops in his right ear and two hoops and one stud in his left.

"Well," I said quietly, "one ear might be something new. It's not as though I have a boss to answer to or anything."

"Pick an ear, Luv."

"Lady's choice," I said after taking a deep breath. "Will this hurt much?"

"It'll be over before you know it, Sweet."

He tugged on the velvet cord hanging by the bed and sat me on the chair.

The bedroom door burst open and Marie hurried in. "Oui, Madame? You rang?"

"Oui, Marie. Breeann is ready for his ear piercing and I don't want him to muss his pretty outfit. Will you help me, please?"

"Oui, Madame," Marie said and came around in front of me and straddled my lap. She looked into my face and smiled. She held my hands down and then kissed me lightly on each cheek.

"Breeann, you look so lovely. Madame is making you beautiful, no? You are excited, no? Theese ees not so bad. Look at Marie's pretty earrings. Madame did mine for me, too."

Marie was a knockout. Her permed hair stood out from her head in a sort of soft wedge. Her features were perfect and, indeed, each of her delicate ears had been pierced and featured small golden hoops: two in her left ear and one in her right.

Brandy smiled and held my right ear in his fingers, stroking it gently, "Come now, Bree, here we go..."

"POP!!" went my right ear and in went the slender golden hoop. Marie kissed me lightly on the lips and then knelt beside the chair and held my hand in hers. "Ooh La La, Breeann, your nails!! We must attend to them, n'est ce pas?" Marie took my left hand as Brandy took my right and in minutes long tapered nails had been applied. They giggled as they raced to paint the nails with hot pink lacquer, carefully and expertly.

"Ladies, this really does feel awkward. How do you function with nails like these?" Both women giggled again and looked at each other knowingly.

"It's an acquired skill, Bree. Here!! Catch!" Brandy tossed a large golden bangle bracelet which I fumbled and then caught. "Put it on, dear, it will de-emphasize your hands. Take two they're large!!" He laughed and tossed me another bangle.

"Oh, Breeann, you are looking so lovely. Platinum really is your color, Cherie." Marie said. "Ze Blonde Bombshell, no?"

"You may be excused, Marie," Brandy said quietly, "I shall call you later."

"But, Madame, she is looking so beautiful...."

"Bon nuit, Marie. S'il vous plait!!"

"Oui, Madame, bon nuit. A bientot, Breeann..." Marie sighed, blew me a little kiss and closed the bedroom door behind her.

"Well, may I take a look now?" I asked.

"You're almost complete, here this will set your ensemble off perfectly," he purred as he removed a thin golden chain from his own neck from which hung an lovely emerald cut diamond pendant and fastened it around my neck.

Brandy turned me away from the wardrobe and closed the doors so that the full length mirror was now visible. He stood close to me, pressing his warm body into my tight pink dress. I could feel the tops of his breasts on my bare back, his sweet breath on my neck slightly moving the soft blonde hair which I could feel falling just below my shoulders. I swung my head slightly to feel the hair move more dramatically. "Close your eyes again, Brian.. Here we go."

I closed my eyes and crossed my fingers. Like knocking on wood, I felt that I needed all the luck I could muster right at this moment. Slowly.. Ever so slowly, Brandy turned us both around to face the mirror.

"Open your eyes, Bree."

I opened my eyes, slowly, as he had instructed me. At first the images in the mirror were cloudy as though I was looking through a sheer net curtain.

I blinked and the blonde in the mirror fluttered her eyelashes.

I licked my lips; she pouted. A small pink tongue caressed her full and inviting mouth.

I quickly closed my eyes and heard Brandy laugh. I could feel his warm belly pressing against my back.

"What have you done to me," I gasped, "I don't know who that person is in the mirror with you. It sure doesn't look like me!"

"Sweet Breeann! Of course, it's you! Open your eyes, silly girl!"

I opened my eyes and again the blonde responded. The gossamer curtain lifted and revealed two truly beautiful women standing in the mirror. The one with the black cherry hair was laughing and the blonde had a somewhat stupid look on her face, but then, she smiled. "That's me??"

"You are my sweet Breeann. Are you not beautiful, Luv?"

"Brandy, this is weird. Boys don't become girls just like that! I don't know if I can do this," I said and started to unbutton the tight pink mini-dress. Brandy reached behind me and held my hands very tightly.

"Bree! You mustn't spoil our creation! Please give it a chance. You must have the experience of knowing the other side of living to fully appreciate your own life as Brian. Be patient!"

The blonde in the mirror was flushed, but her creamy white skin and delicate features were undeniably feminine. The smooth front of the mini denied any masculinity at all and the curves of the calves in the high pink spikes was one of the finest sets of "gams" I had ever seen. The slender shimmering pink nails made her hands very, very feminine. Her breasts were alluring, not buxom or crude, but truly attractive. And, that hair.. I had always had a "thing" for blondes, especially those women who were exceptional enough to coax their hair almost white, and here I was an attractive, very platinum blonde.

Brandy pulled the velvet cord again and Marie reappeared carrying a silver fox jacket and full length sable coat. She gasped as she looked at me and then, giggled and brought me the jacket. She handed the coat to Brandy, giggled again, curtsied and blowing kisses left us.

"We're off on the town, Bree, and you are about to get a lesson that you will never forget. Look at you. You are beautiful! You are my creation and the true test of your masquerade will come with dinner and dancing in a little boit that I know."

"Oh, Brandy, I can't. I do think that I look pretty good, but someone will find out. I'll be humiliated! You won't make me go out, will you? Can't we just have a drink and some dinner here, then I can change and go home?"

Brandy smiled. "Bree!! You notice that you respond to 'Bree' now? Breeann, you are my most beautiful work of art. You will never be detected if you simply speak softly and practice walking a little in those spiked heels of yours before we go. I wouldn't let anything happen to you. I am very proud of you."

I walked up and down the bedroom a few times, teetering on the heels at first, but after a few passes and a few stumbles, even though the toes of the shoes were really pinching now, I was beginning to get the hang of walking like a girl.

Meanwhile, Brandy had changed into a slinky black leather skirt and corset. The corset pushed his breasts well up and he shaded them with dark red blusher. The leather skirt moulded to his thighs and pulled his waist to a dramatically waspish cinch. His stiletto heels put his height at six feet four: he had become a black cherry amazon, his milky skin blushing with excitement.

He held the silver fox for me and I, the sable for him. He handed me a pink leather clutch bag and tossed me my wallet, "Just in case," he said, "Heaven forbid we need it."

I put some cash in the purse as well.... Just in case...

We left Le Chateau in Brandy's Jaguar with Marie waving and blowing kisses from the door.

What would my journey into "the world" reveal?

What was this lesson that Brandy had for me to learn? Something told me this would be a night to remember.

He popped a cassette into the tape player. David Bowie, one more time, "Shaved his legs and then 'he' was a 'she'. Take a walk on the Wild Side...

Choo choo choo..... choo choo choo choo..." and the Jaguar floated into the night.

The Jaguar moved quietly down the hill toward the boulevard. I could see myself in the window glass and felt very self conscious.

How I had allowed myself to be so controlled was still a mystery to me. I hadn't realized what would happen when I went to visit Brandy for, as he called it, "A trippy weekend". Now, however, I was in the middle of it and even though I had some cash and a credit card, I really felt that if I didn't trust Brandy and let him do things his way that I could be pretty embarrassed.

Every now and then we would stop for a light or stop sign and I could sense that someone was looking at us, but I was to frightened to look to see for sure. Brandy was humming along with the radio and he would reach over from time to time and touch my face or pat my knee.

"You're beautiful, Bree! Here, look," he smiled and pulled down the visor on my side of the car to reveal a lighted mirror. The light was soft and pink. The blonde in the mirror looked a little surprised (the result of my eyebrow job, no doubt) but surprisingly pretty. I still felt terribly self-conscious, but Brandy continued to offer supportive little statements and as we left The Chalet somewhere "back there" I resolved to make the most of this deal and see what would happen.

We pulled into a parking lot and Brandy stopped the car. A uniformed valet opened the door for me and then rushed around to open his door as well. I sat there for a moment and then took a deep breath and stepped out of the Jag into the night air.

Brandy joined me and we walked into the club. It took me a moment to realize that we were at the Chez Pink! A slender man in Reeboks greeted us at the door.

"Brandy! A nice surprise! Who's your protege'? Very pretty indeed."

"Nice to see you, Harry. This is Breeann. The girl I've been telling you about?" said Brandy.

"Hello, Bree," said Harry. "You look familiar. Have we met?"

"Um, possibly" I said, doing my best to soften my voice. "Nice to meet you."

It was the gorgeous redhead that I'd wondered where "her" "parts" went! As a man he was rather plain, but small and energetic. If Brandy had not said his name, I wouldn't have known who he was.

Obviously, Harry and I had been introduced by Brandy the first night that he and I visited the show at Chez Pink. Either he was being very kind or Brandy had done a better job on me than I thought. He was a professional female impersonator and thought that I was really a woman?

Harry seated us at a table and called for a waitress. "Sam", the "girl" who had waited on us the first time strolled over to the table.

"Hi, Brandy! Who's your friend?" Sam smiled and winked at me. My heart sank for a minute. Of course, he would recognize that I was really a male.

"Sam, this is Bree. What do you think?"

Sam gave me the once over and smiled. "You're a wonderful artist, Brandy, " he said and gave me a wink.

I could feel myself blushing as Brandy and Sam laughed.

Sam took our order for dinner and brought a small bottle of champagne to the table. "Courtesy of the management, ladies," he said as he poured the effervescent liquid into our glasses.

The wine was crisp and cold. Perhaps the excitement and anxiety of being out in public dressed completely as a woman had something to do with the champagne going right to my head. As it did, though, I could feel myself relax a little. I could see Brandy watching me out of the corner of his eye and smiling. As we waited for dinner, several of the performers in the show arrived and said hello to him as they went to the dressing room. He was a very popular girl.

"You have a lot of fans here, " I said.

"I've been around this scene for quite a while, Bree. This is almost like my family. I've found a lot of performers for the club and it's a place I like to visit. Let's have our dinner, shall we?" And, with that he motioned with his hand and Sam appeared with two perfect salads.

As we ate, the club began to get busier. Many different types of people were coming in for dinner and the show. Some were obviously men in women's clothing, but they were greeted and treated with all the respect that one would expect to see given to a real lady.

There were others whose gender was not easy to tell. One "drop dead" beauty stopped every sound in the place as she walked in and came over to say hello to Brandy. She was introduced as "Gillian". Her voice was a soft alto and her fragrance engulfed me as she leaned down to kiss Brandy hello.

She's really a beauty, " I said to Brandy when Gillian had gone to join her friends across the room.

"'She' is one of my finest achievements," Brandy said after a moment of watching her walk away. "I met her over ten years ago when she was a confused teenager. Perhaps I'll tell you her story one of these days, Luv."

"Britte is one of your 'transformations'?" I gasped. "Surely, she was always a girl. You're putting me on."

"Gillian was always a girl, Bree, but not always a female. I'll tell you about her later, okay? Let's just enjoy our dinner. You look so lovely. Feeling more comfortable?"

I had to confess that my pumps had almost ceased to pinch and the feeling of coolness that flirted up my skirt was becoming an interesting sensation.

We finished our dinner and suddenly, Harry, dressed in a tight fitting spandex dress and shoulder length auburn wig rushed up to the table.

"Brandy, we have a bit of a problem. Britte, one of our Cage Aux Folles chorus gals has just called and can't do the show tonight. Any suggestions?"

Brandy smiled and looked at me. Harry followed his glance.

"Uh oh... Wait a minute you two. I'm just here as a guest. And, besides I'm no pro. This is the first time that I've ever done anything like this... ever!"

"Bree. I remember a very cute Carmen Miranda a while back. Besides, it's just a chorus part. You'll be in the back. Stand up for a minute."

Reluctantly, I did so.

"Just as I thought. Perfect fit for Britte's costume, eh, Harry?"

"She looks perfect to me, Brandy. Will you help with the change?"

"Wait a minute," I said, sitting down. "Don't I have a say in this? I don't know the number and I think that those other professionals will make me look very silly if I agree. Besides, what's in it for me? Call my agent!!"

"We'll pay you, of course, Bree," Harry laughed. "But, more than that, it's a favor. We promise you won't be embarrassed. Won't you please help us?"

Brandy smiled and touched my knee under the table.

"Well..... Okay. But, just for the one number."

What happened next was almost as amazing as the transformation that Brandy had done on me without my consent.

We went back to the dressing room and there the cast of performers that I had seen in all their splendor were preparing for the show. Brandy was warmly greeted again and we found the costume that Britte wore in the La Cage number.

The camaraderie in the dressing room was amazing. As the 'girls' came by, each one had a word of encouragement and a little pat on the behind for me. Brandy worked like a surgeon. He helped me off with the tight fitting pink number that I had worn to the club and examined by body.

"Let's see," he said, "we'll have to do something with your makeup and pad you out a little more up top. The fans don't come to see boys you know. They want S * E * X!!"

At this point I felt out of control. I knew that I could probably stand in the back of a chorus line and wiggle a little to the music, but being a sexy woman in the process seemed out of the question.

"Can't you get someone else??" I pleaded with Brandy.

"Bree!! Hush now!! You'll do just fine. Sushhhh!"

With that he took foam pads that one of the impersonators had donated and crammed them in the low cut bra he had put on me. They filled the cups even more and pushed my chest skin up to make a very deep cleavage.

"Ah, a little cleavage!! Now, that's what we're after!"

He removed my blonde wig and with elastic bands and clear adhesive tape pulled up my eyebrows to make an even more dramatic arch. He enhanced the work that he had done in feminizing me in the first place to make my cheeks look more hollow and highlighted my existing make up so I looked like a high fashion model!

Finally, he took the elaborately styled wig that Britte wore in the number and turned it thoughtfully in his hand.... He fluffed it here and there and then expertly put it on me. At this point, he turned me away from the mirror, tucking wisps of my real hair under the cap of the wig. I could feel the long hair brushing my bare shoulders. Something in me stirred again. I could also feel my palms beginning to sweat. My knees were shaking. What was I doing?

Brandy then took me by the shoulders and had me step out of the pumps that I'd just gotten used to and helped me into a spectacular evening gown that was beaded and spangled and sequined from top to bottom. It was a sort of white and platinum form fitting gown that seemed to

be about four inches too long. Before I could say anything about the length, Brandy had his knee in my back and ordered me to "take a deep breath and hold it!"

At this point I could feel the zipper squeeze me very tightly at the waistline and then relax a little as he pulled it to the top and fasten the clasp.

He then held my hand as I stepped into a pair of sequined high heels that felt like stilts!! They must have been at least four inch spikes as I was almost as tall as Brandy when I got both of them on and the dress now gracefully touched the floor... He followed with a glittery rhinestone necklace which was very cool to the touch and dramatically emphasized my cleavage. A pair of long and dangling rhinestone earrings replaced the smaller ones that he had chosen for our night out. Matching bracelets were placed on each of my wrists and a huge "diamond" ring on my right pinkie finger.

Brandy stood back a little and looked me up and down. I had no sense of time now and could hear that the show had been going on for some time. The audience was hooting and applauding and having a great time.

"Well, Bree! Let's see what we have here. " He turned me slowly to the left and right, being careful not to let me see myself in the mirror. He looked carefully at each feature, almost clinically and then said, "Curious, 'Breeann'?"

"Breeann, my patootie!" I wheezed, trying to breathe in the tight fitting gown.

"I think you'll be surprised, Bree. Want to take a look?"

With that he put his hand over my eyes and turned me to the full length mirror at the end of the dressing room. The lighting was dramatic and shadowy because it all came from the dressing room mirror lights behind me. I heard a gasp. It was me.

Looking back from the mirror was a beautiful show girl. Her long black hair fell over her shoulders in perfect clouds and shifted sensuously as she seemed to be staring at me.

She then turned to the other woman in the mirror. It was Brandy. And, then back to stare at me again.

"Brandy!!" I whispered. "Is that ... me?"

With this Brandy laughed out loud. "Darling Bree," he laughed, "of course it's you. Nothing but a little extra stuffing, some makeup and a very expensive wig.

"Of course, I knew that you had something special the moment that I saw you, and that's what you are surprised by now. You're a beauty, Bree. Of the manor born. Femme fatale! Whatta Babe!!"

I blushed and could not take my eyes off the beautiful woman in the mirror. How could a few hours of makeup and a little shaving make such a difference? I stood for a minute, transfixed.

At that moment, Harry rushed into the dressing room. "One more number before La Cage," he said. And then he stopped cold. "My God!! Brandy! Bree, you are beautiful!!" A moment of silence went by. And, then Harry came up close to me and said very quietly, "You will be perfect! Just wait and see."

Harry commenced to show me the steps to the number and refreshed my memory as to the words of the number. I had seen La Cage aux Folles several times and had the cast recording at home, so I was familiar with the words and the music. What the club was recreating was the finale of the show. All I had to do was follow the "girl" in front of me and do what she did.

Before I knew what was happening, all the performers from the show were back in the dressing room changing for the finale. It was old hat for them and they scurried around me, each giving me the once over.

Then the introduction to the number played and I was pulled into line between the twin blondes who had done the strip number. They told me to just stay between them and all would be well.

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The number built to its climax and as the others removed their wigs and their gowns were magically pulled away, I was boosted into the center of them all.

"Ladies and Gentlemen," Harry announced into the microphone, "our newest star: Bree!!" The audience applauded wildly and a bouquet of flowers was placed in my arms. I was flabbergasted.

At the back of the club I could see Brandy applauding enthusiastically and the other performers were, too. I still wasn't too sure what all this would mean, but at this moment I felt more excited than I had in years.

The petite blonde who had put something in my bra was blowing kisses at me and as the lights faded and we all left the stage, I had the feeling that I was in for some changes. What they all were, I didn't know, but this kind of a rush was really something to consider.

Back in the dressing room, Brandy was there to help me make the change back to the dress and accessories that he had given me at The Chalet.

"Brandy, " I said in a low voice, "something happened out there."

He just smiled removing the wig and gown and helping me into the dress and wig that I had come in.

"It often happens like this, Bree. If you like performing, I think that Harry can come up with something for you here. Of course, you protest so much...."

"Well, I'm still not sure that this dressing up is for me," I said, "but did you see the blonde in the first row? She put something..." I picked up the card that had fallen out of my bosom when I took off the costume. It said, "See you after the show?" and was signed "Xiomara".

Brandy just smiled and reapplied the makeup that went with my pink dress and platinum wig. Fixing my hair and jewelry he pinched my cheek and told me that socializing after the show was up to me, but to remember that we were there together.

Meeting Xiomara and finding out that the 'dollar bill' the man had placed in my bra was really five hundred dollars is only the tip of the iceberg of what happened next.

And, that's another story.

THE END



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