

Staying with Aunt Anna



Jessica Matthews

A "Her TV" Novel



Reluctant Press TV/TS Publishers

This story (including all images) is a work of fiction. Any similarity to persons living or dead is entirely coincidental. All situations and events herein presented are fictional, and intended only for the enjoyment of the reader. Neither the author nor the publisher advocate engaging in or attempting to imitate any of the activities or behaviors portrayed.

Persons seeking gender reassignment surgery, hormone therapy or any other medical and/or body-altering process should seek the counsel of a qualified therapist who follows the Benjamin Standards of Care for Gender Identity Disorder. This material is intended for persons over the age of 18 only.



Copyright © 2021

Published by Reluctant Press
in association with Mags, Inc.
All Rights Reserved.

No part of this book may be reproduced without the written permission of the publisher, except for brief quotes contained within a critical review.

For information address
Reluctant Press
P.O. Box 5829
Sherman Oaks, CA 91413
USA

Call toll free (800) 359-2116

reluctantpress.com & magsinc.com

New Authors Wanted!

Mags, Inc and Reluctant Press are looking for new authors who want to write exciting TG, crossdressing or sissy TV fiction.

Stories should be in Word or Rich Text format, and around 24,000 to 30,000 words in length. Reluctant Press also prints some shorter stories in the 19,000 to 24,000 word range.

If you think you have what it takes, this could be your opportunity to see your name in print on a real book, commercially published, and get paid for it.

Contact

magsinc@pacbell.net, reluctantpress@gmail.com - or call 800-359-2116 to get started.

BE THE FIRST TO KNOW

Our monthly newsletter can keep you in the know. It's free, and you can cancel at any time! We'd love to see you there... Just send your name and address to Reluctant Press, P.O. Box 5829, Sherman Oaks, CA 91413 or call 800-359-2116 and leave a message to be included our free newsletter.

Staying with Aunt Anna

By Jessica Matthews

Aunt Anna; I never met Mom's younger sister until I was about nine or ten. It wasn't like there was anything bad between them. It was simple geography. She was in a city in another state and we didn't get to travel often.

Mom and Dad were always working opposite shifts in the district hospital and I was either with one of them or on my own since I got too old for daycare. I didn't mind. I could use my imagination and pretend myself into all kinds of adventures

I liked her as soon as we met. She was like the big sister I never had; funny, irreverent and just a little bit out of control. She treated me like I was more grown up all the time. By the time I was fourteen I always asked to visit with her every time a vacation came round.

She took me to movies that mom would never have allowed. We went to the theatre, which was a great treat. I had a few days with her when I was fifteen. When I turned sixteen, I feared that she wouldn't want me around again, but she did.

I had to call her Anna then. She said that the 'aunt thing' made her feel far too old. She was about fourteen years older than me, but she looked like she could be in her mid-twenties.

On my last night there, we went to the theatre. She remembered how I'd loved it from the first time. This evening was a series of five one-act plays as a fundraiser for the local hospital. The same five actors took different roles in each play

"I love the way that these people on stage can pretend to be someone else and be so convincing" I said to Anna as we walked homewards.

"They're good," she agreed.

"I wondered if they were the same actors at first." I was full of the performance. "I loved the changes of costume and wigs and it was all done with very little scenery."

"They took us through a couple of hundred years in the context of the plays. If the character's good and acted well, scenery is not always necessary."

"I liked the first one about the settlers in Jamestown and then that one set in the Roaring Twenties. I can't decide which I liked the best," I babbled on. "I think the Twenties. The costumes were much more fun."

"Have you ever been an actor?" she asked. "I'm sure there will have been something in your High School."

“There is and I go to the auditions but I’m always too small,” I replied. “I never get a part unless they want someone to stand there in a crowd scene.”

“I remember that kind of thing at school too.” She smiled at the memory. “The teacher’s pet always got the lead. Back then, I knew how to be the teacher’s pet.”

“The last one had a scene in a medieval banquet. I thought they’d give me doublet and hose to serve the lords and ladies. I got an old sack to wear as one of the peasants clearing the slops.”

“That’s awful,” Anna replied. “I always loved the dressing up and pretending to be someone entirely different.”

“I never got the chance.”

“Would you like the chance to dress up and pretend to be someone else?” she asked as we approached her apartment.

“I’d love to; it must be so much fun.”

“And can you keep secrets too,” Anna asked.

“I guess so,” I replied, then thought about it some more. “What kind of secrets?”

“They’re the kind of secrets that can never be revealed.”

I never got to ask her what she meant by that last remark. The moment passed and the next day, I was on the way home.

“Good luck with the end of year exams,” she said as I lugged my rucksack to the door. “And keep going to the auditions; don’t let them wear you down.”

“I’ll keep going, if only to show that they *can’t* wear me down. There must be a role for a skinny kid with long hair somewhere.”

“In Shakespeare’s time, you’d have been playing Juliet or Cordelia.” Anna knew her way around literature as much as I did. “But now they want action heroes.”

“Not every actor can be Batman,” I laughed.

“But you don’t have to be the one who polishes the Batmobile.”

“It’s been really good to stay with you,” I told her before I got on the bus which would take me to the train station. “Please don’t lose touch with me now that I’m not a little kid anymore.”

“Of course I won’t.” She hugged me one last time. “If you’re not too busy, you can come again next vacation.”

When I think back on those times, I guess we didn’t communicate much between my vacations. I never asked Anna what she did for a living. I should have because when Mom asked me, I couldn’t answer.

“She’s probably up to her old tricks,” she said.

“What sort of old tricks?” I asked.

She just tapped the side of her nose as if to tell me to mind my own business. This got me curious.

Anna lived in a really nice apartment in a good area. She had a nice car and always dressed like she was at the height of fashion. Her hair was always per-

fect and dyed to an immaculate blonde. Her perfume always had the scent of something really special and expensive.

She was everything that Mother was not. She could be frivolous and fun. I longed to be like that.

She took me places and never asked for money. We ate out at good restaurants most nights when I was there; she said cooking took too much time away from enjoying life. In some of these restaurants, they clearly knew her, welcomed us warmly, and mentioned her favourite table.

I had a great time with Anna but now I realised that I knew almost nothing about her. I thought that I should have been more curious and resolved to find out more next time.

I didn't have to wait too long before the next vacation came around but the one after that as I was coming up to eighteen was the one we should talk about.

I arrived at Anna's apartment block a day early. There was a cancellation on the train and I took it at short notice. I called her mobile but there was no reply so I had to leave a message.

There was no reply and when I got there, no one answered the door. If she'd left a key anywhere, I had no idea where to look. It was my fault, I should have checked before I left home.

I sat in the coffee bar across the road, pulled a book from my bag, and began to read as I waited. I think I was on my fifth coffee and my third trip to the bathroom when I saw a cab pull up to the kerb outside.

I couldn't help but stare. The girl who got out was sublime; a vision in black leather, really tight black leather, from collar to stiletto boot. I got a glimpse of a really heavily made-up face before she turned her back to me and reached in to grab a holdall from the seat.

Long black hair, almost to her waist, swung heavily as she stood, checked the traffic, and crossed the road. There was something about her walk which made me look again as she disappeared into the apartment block. I wondered if it could be...

I followed and knocked hesitantly on the door. I thought I saw someone glance through the spyhole and then with a rattle, the lock was turned and the door opened.

"You're early; I just picked up your message."

"Anna, is that really you?"

The girl in black leather stood at the side of the door waiting for me to come inside.

"Who were you expecting to open the door?" she asked and kissed my cheeks in welcome.

"But I didn't expect..."

"Don't worry; these are my work clothes," she replied. "Stay there, grab yourself something to eat and I'll get changed."

"You don't have to change for me." I knew I shouldn't have said that; I think I was leering.

"Do you remember I asked if you could keep a secret?" She looked me in the eye. "This is one of the secrets you have to keep."

"Okay," I mumbled. "But you're going to have to tell me all about the secret I have to keep."

“I don’t know.” She seemed to be studying me and considering things. “I guess you’re old enough now. Make me a coffee while I change and then I’ll tell you.”

“You don’t have to change for me,” I repeated.

“I can see that.” She laughed. “You like the leather dominatrix look, do you?”

She spun round, giving me a view of her skin tight leather clad thighs, her tight waist and then the swell of her breasts, all concealed, yet all so erotic that I was dumbfounded.

“I see the cat’s got your tongue.” She bent and her hand brushed my cheek. “Make that coffee and I’ll let you look at me for a while longer.”

“I’m sorry, I didn’t mean to stare.”

“I dress like this to make people stare, so don’t apologise.”

She flopped into an easy chair and crossed her legs, waving a stiletto-heeled boot dangling towards me.

I bolted into the kitchen before she noticed how my jeans were bulging.

When I came back with the coffee, Anna was still sitting in the chair. I wondered if she was posing, deliberately teasing me.

“I think you’d better ask your questions,” she said.

“Why did you dye your hair black?” I asked; I think I was afraid to ask the bigger questions in my mind. “I

loved the long blonde hair you had, I used to fantasise about having my hair that long and that colour.”

“It’s a wig,” she said. “And there’s nothing to stop you having your hair any colour you like. All it takes is a good stylist and money.”

“It’s too blonde for a boy,” I said. “It’s a girl’s fantasy colour.”

“Boys can have fantasies too.” She leaned forwards and touched my hair. “Yours is a lovely texture and I’m sure we could turn you into a stunning blonde.”

“I’m a boy; I can’t be a stunning blonde”

“But don’t you wish you could? Let your fantasy soar. Think of it. Long blonde hair, boots like mine...”

“Stop it,” I said, blushing fiercely.

“Methinks the lady doth protest too much.”

“That’s from Hamlet and it’s Queen Gertrude’s line,” I said.

“It is but don’t try to distract me. Your blush said something you didn’t mean to say.”

“You embarrassed me.”

“Do you embarrass easily?” Anna asked. “If you do, then you’re not going to learn any secrets. Tell me honestly. If I said I could give you blonde hair like that and no one would think it strange, would you let me?”

“Yes,” I said without thinking.

“I remember that you admitted that you liked the idea of dressing up and pretending to be someone else. Would you do it for me?”

“I’d love to, especially if I could have that hair.” I paused; danger signals were beginning to flash but I decided to ignore them.

I didn’t know where this was going and didn’t know what to ask next. There were pictures in my mind and I could already see the blonde hair flowing over my shoulders.

I shouldn’t have been having those thoughts.

“Your mother would hate it.” Anna’s voice brought me back from my dreams.

“My mother’s not going to see it, is she?”

“Not if you don’t want her to.” Anna’s look said that she’d coaxed an admission out of me.

“It’s impossible though,” I sighed.

“It doesn’t have to be.” She looked at me carefully. “You could dress up and pretend to be a blonde... girl.”

That last word hit something in my mind. If I was a girl, I could wear those boots and that skintight leather outfit. That was a thought that anchored straight away.

“Is that really a wig?” I asked, wanting to change the subject but not too much.

“It really is,” she said. “Come here and look carefully. The join is really well-concealed and it’s got some spirit glue to fasten it to my forehead, but it’s there.”

“I can see it now but I’d never have thought it was a wig if you hadn’t told me.”

“It’s an expensive one,” Anna replied. “I have several different ones for work.”

“You’re not telling me what you do,” I said.

“I am a sex worker,” she replied.

I looked at her, too shocked to say anything.

“There, I’ve said it. There’s nothing to hide anymore.”

“Does that mean... I don’t know how to ask... Does it mean you stand on street corners?”

“It’s nothing like that,” she laughed. “Do I look like I stand on street corners?”

“No but...”

“I have another apartment where I entertain men who want to play at being a woman for an afternoon. I dress them, do their makeup, fit them with a wig, then we play at being girlfriends until their time’s up and they change back and go away.”

“That sounds weird.”

“It may be but it pays well and it’s safe and harmless,” Anna replied. “Sometimes, if they really look like a woman, I may take them shopping, or we may go to a restaurant.”

“Isn’t that dangerous?” I asked.

“If they look like a truck driver in a wig, I don’t take them out.”

“But what about the others, the ones who don’t look like truck drivers?”

“If they’re passable and they really want to, I might take them out.”

“They could get caught.”

“I’m careful that they don’t,” she replied. “That’s why I don’t take them to bars or places where men are on the prowl.”

“That doesn’t explain why you’re dressed like that.”

“I was working yesterday.” She seemed more relaxed now that the secret was out. “I intended to be back here, changed and ready to welcome you tomorrow.”

“But I spoiled it.”

“I wouldn’t say that but it’s up to you to decide if anything’s spoiled.”

“So you were working yesterday...” I left the sentence open inviting her to carry on.

“I met him in the afternoon,” she said. “He makes a very convincing girl. We had dinner and then I took him to a different sort of bar where there are girls like him. It’s a safe place or I wouldn’t have done it.”

“But you were coming home this morning.”

“I stayed the night there,” she replied. “He’s a nice guy and he pays well.”

“Did you have sex with him?” My eyes were really wide open in surprise at her admission.

“You shouldn’t ask a lady that question.” She put her finger to her lips. “I’m not going to answer anyway.”

“Don’t you feel it’s wrong not to have a proper job?”

“This is a proper job.” She looked angry at my question. “I provide a good service to my clients. I enjoy my work and I don’t have to put up with idiots or people I don’t like. I make a good living as you can see, so don’t dare to criticise.”

“I’m sorry...”

“If you’re going to stay here, don’t judge!” she shouted and looked angry.

“I’m really sorry, I didn’t mean to...”

“If you don’t like what I’ve told you, or you don’t want to stay, then you can get on the next train and go home.”

“I don’t want to do that. I’d like to stay and learn what you do,” I said. She looked at me long and hard as if weighing her response.

“If you stay, you’ve to give me two promises.”

“Okay; I’ll promise anything as long as I can stay.”

“The first is that you never say anything of this to your mother or anyone else for that matter.”

“I promise,” I said. “What’s the other one?”

“This is more difficult.” Anna closed her eyes for an instant as if thinking how to phrase her reply. “You spend this vacation working with me. You do what I say, wear what I say, and go where I say, without question. Do you understand?”

“Yes,” I said after thinking for only a moment. “I’ll promise to do that.”

“You won’t come to any harm,” she said before I’d even thought through the consequences of my promise. “But you’ll learn things and do things that you never dreamed of.”

“I think I can live with that.”

“Good; I think you’ll enjoy it all,” she said. “Before the week’s out, you’re going to have blonde hair to match mine.”

“Gosh.” I sat there thinking about that.

I think my mouth hung open with shock but I didn't want to take back my promise.

“Come with me. It's quite hot and I need to change out of this leather outfit.” She stood and started towards her bedroom. “I'll show you how I take this wig off.”

Anna went into her bathroom and came back a few moments later, dressed in a robe and carrying the black leather outfit which I saw now was a tight jacket and tight trousers. Her feet were bare. I guessed that she'd left the boots back there.

“You can sit beside me,” she said, noticing that I had been standing at the doorway to her bedroom.

I pulled up a chair and sat beside her as she sat in front of the vanity.

“See how the wig's glued down.” She leaned over to show me. “I always do that so it won't come loose and it won't show my own hair anywhere.”

I looked carefully. “If you hadn't told me that it was a wig, I would have believed it was your real hair.”

“That's the idea of a good wig and why they're expensive.” Anna picked up a bottle and some cotton balls.

“I have to soak the edge of the wig to soften the glue like this.” I watched as she dabbed along the hairline. “Then after it's had time to work, I can carefully ease the wig away from my skin.”

I sat back and watched as, slowly, the edge of the wig became more prominent as it separated from her

skin. Then she began to ease it away until the wig was in her hand. She looked bald without it. Earrings hung at the side of her hairless head.

She unwrapped some tape and removed a tight cap with had been binding her own hair. She shook her head. That lovely blonde hair fell loose again.

“You can look at it,” she said, holding out the wig. “Be careful and don’t smear any of the wet glue into the hair before it’s dried.”

I took the wig from her. “The hair’s smooth and soft and much heavier than I expected.”

“It’s real hair,” she replied. “I have to send it away each time I wear it, so that it comes back clean and ready to go again.”

“That must be expensive.”

“It is,” Anna replied, brushing out her hair. “There’s nothing to be gained by looking cheap; at least when you charge the rates I do.”

“Are you expensive?” I could have bitten my tongue for saying it like that.

She glared at me and then smiled and then laughed. “Looking this cheap doesn’t come cheap,” she drawled in a different accent.

“You look classy, not cheap.” I thought for a moment. “Didn’t Dolly say that?”

“She said something like it but you get the message?”

“You could never look cheap but I know what you mean,.” I replied. “I think you’re a nice person.”

“That’s a strange thing to say.” Anna sat back and looked at me. “I try to be nice. I provide a service

that's discreet and harmless. I help people do things that they didn't think they could without my help.

"And you never judge," I ended the sentence.

"That's right; it's not my place to judge anyone." She brushed her hair again and looked at me. "If you've realised that, then I think we're going to get along fine."

"I think I'm going to enjoy getting along fine with whatever you want me to," I said. "Remember I promised to do whatever you want."

"And the way you're looking at that wig tell me that you'd love to try it on."

"Am I that obvious?"

"Come here and sit by me, on the floor with your back to me."

She patted the front of her chair. I came to sit with the back of my head between her legs. She gathered my hair and twisted it into a coil. I don't know how she did it but she pinned it all up on my head. She checked that it was secure and then put her wig cap over it all.

"How did you do that so quickly?" I asked as I felt her tucking a few strands up inside there.

"It's something I'll have to teach you," she replied.

I let that go as a promise for the future. I held still she pushed me to sit a little further forward. I saw the wig lifted over my head so that the hair hung down my back, then she was positioning it into place, from forehead to the nape of my neck.

"I'm not going to glue it," she said. "You'll have to imagine that your hairline is perfect."

I sat still but I could feel some excitement rising where I didn't want her to see so I covered it with my hands.

"There; you're done," she said. "Go and look in the mirror."

I stood carefully, embarrassed because I was sticking out where I couldn't hide it. Anna saw it and giggled.

"Don't worry; I'm used to that reaction."

She stood and came to stand beside me as I looked in the mirror. I was amazed at the difference. I didn't look anything like she did. I didn't look anything like a girl but I looked different, *really* different.

I knew Anna had got me. I wanted to go further, *much* further.

"Not bad." Anna arranged the wig so that some of the hair hung in front of my shoulders. "But you wouldn't fool a blind man on a galloping horse at midnight."

"I guess not," I mumbled.

"I can see that I've a lot of work to do if you're going to do this properly."

"I've planned out what we're going to do, if you're really sure you want to do this," Anna said next morning. "If you're having second thoughts, then tell me now."

"I want to do it," I replied. "Whatever you need me to do, I want to do it."

“As long as you understand that there’s no turning back from this minute.”

“No turning back,” I repeated.

“You don’t shave.” Anna rubbed her hand across my cheeks and chin, looking closely as she did so.

“I don’t have much hair to shave; just a few come occasionally and I usually pluck them out.”

“What about body hair?”

“Do you mean have I got hairy legs?”

“Yes, have you?”

“They’re not too plentiful but they’re there.”

“I’ll book you in for a full body wax.” Anna made a note on her mobile.

“Is that because girls don’t have body hair?” I asked. “They don’t have them in the magazines.”

“So you know about that sort of magazine?”

“I went to High School; how could I avoid knowing?”

“Okay, it was a silly question.” Anna stood. “I want you to change your clothes. I’ll put some out for you and then when you’re ready, I’ll take you to my other apartment and you can see where I work... where you’re going to work too.”

“These are girl’s clothes.” I came out of my room and found Anna in the kitchen.

“What did you expect?” she replied. “I explained what I do and what I expected from you. Don’t tell me that you’re having cold feet?”

“I didn’t expect... so soon...” I mumbled again. “I’ll go and get dressed, shall I?”

“The sooner you’re dressed, the sooner we’ll be on our way.”

It didn’t feel right as I stripped off. I knew it wasn’t at all right but I didn’t expect the thrill as I put the clothes on. I suppose it was the thrill of doing the forbidden.

It wasn’t straightforward. I think Anna had selected these clothes as a bit of a test. The pink panties were no problem and I put them on first. They were tight and held my boy bits close to my body; close that is after I’d ‘eased’ my penis which seemed to think it all very erotic.

I’d never worn stockings before. I’d never worn tights either but though they would have been easier, Anna had left me stockings and a garter belt. The stockings were black and pretty opaque so they hid the hairs on my legs. I knew to roll them and ease them up my legs.

The matching pink garter belt was a bit of a puzzle at first. I held it and worked out how the tabs fastened to the stocking top and guessed that it fastened at the back. I clipped it around me and turned it so that it looked right.

The front tabs were easy but I had to bend and struggle to fasten the back ones. Then I needed to go to the bathroom and I discovered something I should have worked out. I had to release the tabs to lower my panties. I refastened them the other way with the tabs inside.

The black trousers were soft and silky. They slid over my stockings and fitted closely to my thighs. The waist and hips clung to me like a second skin. The calves were looser but they were a little too long and dragged underfoot.

I should have known. Anna had thought of this. The shoes were in a box and I didn't see them at first. When I opened the box, I saw that they had heels. They weren't stiletto heels they were black, quite chunky, and they were about three inches high, with a small platform.

There was a strap with a buckle to go round my ankle. I sat and put them on. When I stood, the difference was immediate. I never thought about the difference in posture girls had when they wore heels. Now I was experiencing it for myself as I took a few steps across the room.

I knew it was a test and that she was challenging me. I shortened my step and walked across again, feeling more secure, deciding that I could do this.

I looked at the matching pink bra lying on the bed. I picked it up and, for the first time, felt how it was made. Lace trimmed the cups; a wire curved under them. Straps with adjustable tabs were a mystery. How long should they be?

I looked at it for a few moments. I wondered about leaving it there on the bed but I knew Anna would check me. I thought about what I was letting myself in for and decided that I was going to wear it.

I wrapped it around my body and fastened it at the front. I shuffled it round against my body and pulled the straps over my shoulder. I had no idea about the straps. Should they be short or long? I didn't have anything to put in the cups so that couldn't guide me.

It felt unreal, forbidden, yet here I was looking at myself with a pink bra fastened around my chest. I looked and asked myself why I was doing this. I didn't have to wait more than a moment for the answer. I was doing it because I really wanted to.

It was at that moment that another question hit me. Was I doing this because I wanted to find out what it was like to dress as a girl, or did I really want to *be* a girl? It was too difficult. I decided that I wanted to dress up. If people took me to be a girl, then that was an object in itself.

Difficult questions could be left for another day.

A dark blue blouse was the final thing she'd left for me. It was like a shirt but buttoned the wrong way. It was plain, with a slight sheen to the material and a decoration across the chest. I could see the shape of the bra underneath it. I looked in the mirror and decided to tuck it tightly inside my waistband.

A final look; it was now or never. I ran a brush through my hair, watching it fall loose to my shoulders.

I turned and walked back where Anna was sitting in wait.

"Well done." Anna mimed clapping for me. "It was your first test and you've passed. Your hair's not bad like that but we'll have to do something with it later."

"It's long and clean," I said.

"But it's such a dull colour and there's no shape or swing to it." Anna ran her hand through it. "Think about colour and style. It's not going to be shorter. I like long hair; it will send a message to the clients."

"I don't have to meet them, do I?"

"Not today but you'll be meeting them soon."

“I feel like I’m doing something really daring,” I replied, thinking about her clients. “I’m excited but should I feel like this?”

“You can feel how you want to feel,” Anna replied. “There are a lot of guys who’d love to be able to do that.”

“Without them, you’d have no business,” I replied.

“Yes but now we’re wasting time.” She picked up her purse. “I’ve a lot planned so let’s go.”

I hesitated. “Don’t I have to wear makeup?” I asked. “And I’m the wrong shape.” I indicated my flat chest.

“We’ll worry about that later.” She opened the door and waited for me to go through it.

I took a deep breath. There would be people out there. This was another test.

We went down in the elevator to a car park under the block. To my great relief, there was no one else around. Anna led the way to a white Ford SUV parked in a numbered bay.

The journey across the city seemed to take for ever but that was because I was so nervous. When we stopped at traffic lights or a junction, the temptation to duck into the foot well was great but I daren’t show fear.

Anna’s business apartment was on the top floor of a building that looked like a converted factory. The parking was on the ground floor where Anna pulled into a reserved bay.

“I pay for five bays here,” she said. “I don’t want clients to be afraid that they can’t park easily. It would put them off.”

“What about when you take them out?”

We usually go in my car, that’s why I have this one.” Anna patted the dashboard for emphasis. “It’s an anonymous car; it doesn’t attract attention and from the way you’ve been behaving, you can guess why that’s important.”

“You noticed,” I replied. “I’m really nervous”

“I did notice but you were only acting like every guy does when they’re dressed for the first time. You’ll get used to it.”

“I’m not sure...”

“I’m sure,” Anna said firmly. “You’re not going to be in boys clothes for the rest of your stay.”

“I’m not?” I asked, realising the implications again.

“I’m going to train you,” she said, opening the door and leading me through to another elevator. “And I’m going to condition you too.”

“What does that mean?”

“It means that you’re going to be thinking and acting like a girl all the time. You’ll carry a purse and check your makeup every few minutes. You’ll spend ages choosing shoes and dresses. You’ll learn how to behave with boys and men too.”

“I’m getting scared again.”

“Don’t worry; none of it will lead you into harm. It’s going to give you a whole new outlook on life. You may even find a nice husband.”

“You’re kidding, right?”

Anna looked at me and smiled. I didn't know how to take that but we were at the door. She opened it and ushered me inside.

We sat in the entrance. I looked round. The place looked like the sort of sitting room outside an expensive consulting firm. There were sofas and magazines, a coffee machine, and abstract pictures on the walls.

The air smelled fresh and slightly sweet; I guess it was an air conditioner somewhere. The atmosphere was really calm and restful.

“Now that you're going to be working for me, we'll have to think of a new name for you.”

“Why? You're called Anna, and everyone knows you by that name.”

“That's because I slipped into this business before I had the sense to call myself Jasmine or Saffron, or something equally exotic or anything that wasn't my real name.”

“So why can't I stay as Matthew?”

“It's a boy's name.”

“But I thought that was the idea. I'm a boy working for you.”

“It is but if you're going to be presenting to my clients as an attractive girl, you need an appropriate name.”

Anna sounded like she'd made up her mind and I didn't feel like disagreeing. I wouldn't win anyway and I didn't want to go back home.

“How about we call you Jacqueline or Jackie for short?” she asked.

“That sounds good.” I was relieved that I wasn’t going to be something silly like Cinnamon or Magnolia; names from old hippie times.

“I’m pleased to meet you, Jackie.” Anna hugged me and smiled. “It’s a good choice and you’ll soon get used to it.”

I looked round. “Is this all there is? I thought you had a bigger place here.”

“This is where it all happens and this is only the front,” she said, opening a door at the side of her desk. “I used to work from a smaller place but when this came available, I had it converted specially. Have a look around. I have to make a few calls and check my computer.”

I left her in what looked like a reception area. Behind it there was a large lounge with a small bar at one end. One door at the far end opened onto a corridor with several doors leading off. I wandered through, opening doors and getting more and more amazed as I did so.

I found a small salon, with mirrors; there were basins both front and back, with huge mirrors and lots of lights. There was what I guessed was a station for doing nails and a couple of smaller areas which I guessed were dressing rooms.

There was a locker room as well, with full-height and half-height locked cabinets. They had numbers but no names on them. Most were locked, but a few stood open, presumably vacant.

I found the room which was a huge wardrobe. There were coats and dresses, trousers and blouses; all kinds of things in different sizes. They ranged

from the plain to the exotic. Shoes were stacked in boxes, labelled as to size, colour, and style.

The last room was air-conditioned; behind glass doors there were shelves with wigs on stands. The hair was all lengths, colours and styles. You could come out of there as anybody!

I think I'd looked in everywhere when I returned to the reception. Anna was still typing furiously on her keyboard but looked up and handed me a paper.

"You go out of the building, turn right and it's on the second block. You can't miss it. There's a big sign over the door that almost shouts."

I looked at the paper. "A Piercing Scream," it said. I looked at Anna.

"Go on; they're waiting for you."

"Why? It doesn't sound like my sort of place."

"They're going to pierce your ears." Anna held out one of her ears with her hand. There were several earrings there. "Every girl wears earrings, so you're starting today."

"Isn't that a bit permanent?"

"It's part of what you promised to do."

"But pierced ears are permanent."

"Don't most of the senior boys in your school wear earrings?"

"I guess so; I never thought about it," I replied. "But it seems so permanent."

"You're not going to stop wanting to wear earrings, are you? While not all boys do so, you'll be the only girl who doesn't."

I didn't say anything about not being a girl. It seemed that I'd signed up for the full course, so I took the paper and headed to the elevator.

The girl's clothes made me so self-conscious. Even though I was wearing trousers, they were girls trousers.

I looked up and down the street before I stepped out of the building. There were people out there and they were scary. I watched them passing by for a few moments, and realised that they weren't scary at all. They were simply going about their business. None seemed to pay any attention to me as I stood there.

I set off, keeping my head down at first but as I listened to my heels on the pavement, I started to put my head up, look around, and take in my surroundings.

People passed me by, none paying more than cursory attention. It taught me that people don't really look at things around them generally and that people see the things they expect to see.

I'd learned a bit about that in psychology class. Now I could see that it was true.

"A Piercing Scream" did have a huge sign outside. It was in rainbow colours with a cartoon of a busty girl with a tattoo needle in her hand. It didn't look like a place I wanted to go in, but Anna had sent me.

Nervously, I opened the door and stepped inside. "Anna sent you, right?"

The girl behind the counter with designs on every visible area of skin greeted me. Her hair was blue; even her eyeballs were blue. I guess it went with the

territory. I tried not to show that all that sort of thing frightened me.

“I think Jasmine’s waiting for you. I’ll check.”

“I’m Jackie,” I replied, stifling a giggle at the name, not because it didn’t suit her but because of what Anna and I had said earlier.

Her demeanour, despite her frightening appearance, was kind and friendly but I still didn’t feel comfortable looking at her. What if she caught me staring?

“Come through, she’s all ready and waiting for you.”

Jasmine was much less colourful and waved to a chair for me to sit.

“It’s all painless,” she said. “You’ll love the earrings Anna’s chosen for you.”

Them. It dawned on me that Anna hadn’t said anything other than they were to pierce my ears. She never said how many times or what I was to wear.

“I’m just a bit nervous.” I smiled to hide my fears.

“I’m going to mark your ears so that they’re even, then apply a spray to numb them. You’ll be showing off to Anna in about five minutes.”

“Thanks,” I mumbled as she crouched and looked to check that she’d got it even.

The numbing spray felt really cold and then there were several clicks at each side. I could feel her pulling my ears but it wasn’t painful at all. It was too late to worry about it; it was done.

“I bet you didn’t feel a thing.” Jasmine held a mirror for me. “Have a look.”

“That’s amazing,” I said. “I shouldn’t have been so scared.

“No you shouldn’t,” she replied. “Come and see me when you want your next piercing. It’ll be just as painless.”

I felt a little shaky as I stood but tried not to show it as she told me about keeping it all clean and when I could change the ones she’d put in. I said my thanks, smiled, then went back to the reception.

“It’s all right,” she said. “It’s on Anna’s account. See you again.”

I said my goodbye and took a deep breath before feeling steady enough to walk back. I wondered if the “see you again” was what she said to everybody or if Anna had other things planned.

That was a thought to push to the back of my mind.

I now had three sets of earrings in each ear. I could feel movement as I walked and I feared that everyone was looking at me, the boy with the pierced ears. It was nonsense of course.

“They look nice,” Anna said when she inspected my ears. “One more step on your path to joining the stronger sex.”

“You never told me how many times they were going to pierce them.”

“No, but it wouldn’t have made any difference.” Anna stood and came to look again. “Remember you promised to do as you were told.”

“I do,” I said. “And I will. You took me by surprise, that’s all.”

“Get used to it; there are many more surprises to come.” Anna hugged me. “And you’ve been a brave little girl.”

“I didn’t feel brave when I was walking along the street.”

“But you did it. That’s what matters.”

Anna slowly stood up and came to hug me. She held me really close, then kissed me, tenderly and softly at first. We parted and she kept her eyes on mine and kissed me again, this time almost forcing her tongue inside my mouth. I say “almost” because as soon as I felt her tongue, I opened my mouth wide to let her in.

“Now let me show you the parts of this place you didn’t see.” She took a key from the desk drawer and led the way through the lounge to the door which had been locked and which I assumed to be just a cupboard. The door opened onto a corridor with some doors opening off it.

“These are the playrooms,” she explained, opening the first one. “They lock from the inside only.”

I looked into the first one. There was a long couch and a huge easy chair which could seat two people. There was a big bed and I could see a bathroom at the rear. The lighting was soft and concealed. A stereo was on a dresser. A vanity with lights round the mirror completed the room.

“This is for friends to meet,” Anna explained. “It’s where they can play together in private.”

I looked at her for a few moments and then I got the meaning. “This is where they can have sex,” I said.

“Some of my girls are a little enthusiastic, some may call it promiscuous.” Anna sat on the bed and

looked at me. “I hope you’re not going to be afraid to be around them.”

“Why should I be afraid?”

“Some can be very persuasive.”

We didn’t stay there much longer. Back in Anna’s car, I still felt self-conscious as we drove. My nerves were jangling enough but when she pulled into the car park of a very busy pizza restaurant. That sounded my alarms.

“No one’s going to pay you the slightest attention unless you make them.”

Anna had seen what I was thinking but got out of the car, shut the door, and stood waiting for me to join her. I knew I had no choice, so I let her take my arm and lead me inside. She was right but it didn’t make me less nervous.

“I’ve arranged for the apartment to be closed for the two weeks while you were with me.” Anna ordered for us both. “Now that you’re going to be working with me, I’ve announced that we’re available again and that I have a glamorous new assistant.”

“Who’s that?” I asked automatically.

“Why, you of course. I can’t wait to see how you turn out. I have such plans and you’re going to drive them crazy. They’ll all want to be like you.”

“Please don’t say that; you’re making me scared,” I replied. “It’s as if I’m some special project to be viewed as an exhibit.”

“That’s not quite what I had in mind.” Anna squeezed my hand across the table. “Don’t forget your promise.”

“I won’t.” I remembered what I’d said and the reality was hitting me.

“I’ll tell your mother that you’re staying on here with me. I bet she won’t object. I’ll tell her that you decided to take a year out of school.”

“I think you’re right but please don’t tell her anything more.”

“I’ve never told her anything about my place and my work.” Anna shook her head.

“Is it really work that you do?”

“It’s how I make my money,” she said. “It pays for my apartment, my car, my lifestyle, and I think I’m doing well. I like it all. So will you when you learn to relax and you meet the right people.” She studied me again. It was getting disconcerting. “I’ll have to put you on the payroll if things work out.”

“Mom’s going to hate that.”

“She’s not going to know. Do you think she’d have been so happy for you to come here if she’d any idea what I did to make money?”

“I guess not.”

“And you’re going to be so lovely. I think you’ll never want to go back when I’m finished with you.”

“You’re making me scared again.”

“There’s no need to be scared... as long as you do as you’re told.”

We chatted some more as we ate. I couldn’t finish my pizza. I don’t know if it was nerves or if I was get-

ting a girl's view of her weight if she ate too much. That was something I asked myself later. Back in the car as we headed homewards, Anna started to tell me what she'd planned.

"When we get back, you're going to change clothes."

"It's too early for bed."

"I don't mean that sort of change," Anna said. "I want you to get used to wearing a dress and higher heels."

"Is that essential right now?"

"It's compulsory." She looked across at me. "All your boy stuff is going out into storage. You're a full-time girl now."

"People will see that I'm not."

"Then it's going to be up to you to make sure that they don't. Clothes are half the battle; hair, nails, perfumes and makeup are the rest."

"I've never worn makeup."

"You will from now on; all day and every day. You're going to study and experiment until you get it perfect by instinct."

"Girls learn that from being little, I remember my friend's sister stealing lipstick and nail varnish from her mother."

"Girls learn about it from a very early age," Anna admitted. "That's no reason why you shouldn't learn all about it now."

"I'm sure there'll be lessons on the internet."

"Good; you're thinking ahead," Anna replied. "I want it to be instinctive. Last thing at night, you



brush your teeth and take off your makeup. As soon as you get up in the morning, after your shower, you do your hair and put on your makeup.”

“That’s going to take me ages.”

“It won’t when you’re used to it.” Anna pulled into the car park. “Some mornings, all you’ll do is your eyes; that’s absolutely essential. The rest you can do later, maybe when you have to go out, or when you get to work.”

“Am I going to be working every day?”

“You’ll be working whenever the apartment’s open. And for that you have to be so perfect that you’ll make them all jealous.”

“Isn’t that a bit much when they know I’m really a boy?”

“That’s all the more reason for it,” Anna laughed. “They have to know you’re a boy but when they look at you, they’re going to wonder if that’s true.”

I thought about it and I could understand what she meant.

An hour later and I was sitting with Anna in the lounge at home. I had on a dark green dress, with half-sleeves and a slash neckline.

“You don’t have any boobs, so you’ll always have to wear something with a high neckline.”

Anna showed me two wobbling pieces of some rubbery material and with some difficulty, put her hand into the neckline of my dress. I felt the weight immediately both on my chest and on my shoulders where the bra straps were placed.

“Those are silicone breast forms. They should warm up to your body temperature and they’ll give you a decent cup size.”

“Is that important?”

“Come on; you’ve seen the magazines. What do boys look at first?”

“You know the answer; they look at the breasts.”

“They usually admire the biggest ones too.”

“Boys don’t have them so they fantasise about girls being naked.”

“Of course they do; it’s natural.” Anna curled herself up in a chair opposite me, her legs underneath her, looking so sexy and relaxed. “But do they ever think about the weight of those breasts?”

“I’ve never heard that talked about, only size.”

“That’s what I mean. The huge breasts, usually fake ones, are an awful weight for the poor girl. Breasts should be proportional to look real.”

“Is that what these are?” I carefully felt the weight in my bra.

“They may be a little on the small side but they’re not bad for a first guess at your size.” Anna lifted her breasts as if to make a point. “I want to see how they look. And then when we’ve got it right, I might be gluing some like them to your chest.”

“Gluing them?” I repeated.

“So that they won’t fall off.”

“Won’t that be messy every day?”

“For the kind I’m thinking of, they should stay glued for a week or more. You’ll find they they’ll help

you to walk like a girl and, hopefully, you'll move like one too."

"I understand," I said. "Girls walk differently and I've noticed that they use their hands differently too."

"Good girl; now all you have to do is learn to imitate them."

I stood, intending to show her how I could walk like a girl but I couldn't and nearly fell over.

"These heels are much harder to walk in than the ones I had earlier," I complained.

"They're about four and a half inches, that's all."

"But the heels are so thin and pointed."

"They're stiletto heels. You'll be wearing them all the time from now on. I want you to think of them as your natural choice of shoe."

"But they're so high," I complained.

"You'll be wearing nothing lower until I'm convinced that you can do everything easily in them. You'll soon get used to them."

I didn't say anything. I knew that she wouldn't budge. I was in heels for the foreseeable future.

I rather liked the idea of being able to do everything whilst wearing them, though.

As the evening grew dark, I expected to be able to sit back and relax. So many new things had happened to me that day. I'd been dressed as a girl all the time and been outside. My ears had been pierced and I was learning to walk in stilettos.

You might think that was enough. Anna had other ideas.

“If you were going out in the evening, you’d be putting on your makeup now,” she said. “If you look in the drawer of your vanity, you’ll find everything you need there.”

“But I don’t know the first thing about makeup.”

“I know, but you’re a quick learner.” Anna sounded more sure than I was. “Use the computer; look for instructions on YouTube and some of the cosmetic people’s websites.”

“But what if I can’t understand them?”

“They’re not that difficult. I think you’ll enjoy the experience.”

“I have seen you and mother doing makeup. You’re very different.”

“That’s because your mother daubs it on and I use it as a weapon to get me ahead in a man’s world.”

“I get that; you’re very forceful.” She ignored that comment as if it was only to be expected.

“You’ll find that practise makes perfect,” she said. “Try and do a full face. Don’t look at the extravagant things that the Drag Race show guys do. Look for a natural woman and follow that.”

“Are they easy?” I asked, hoping that she’d say that she would help me.

“You should manage it. No false eyelashes or anything complicated. I want you to do a simple foundation, with nice eyes and lips.”

“You’re asking a lot.” I didn’t think I could do it.

“I know, but try. Be back in an hour. Just do it, I don’t expect perfection. I want you to get the feel of what a girl has to go through all the time.”

“You want it to become another instinct.” I guessed that’s what she was thinking.

“Yes and I want you thinking, acting and even thinking like a girl before the week’s out.”

“That’s a tall order.” I laughed at the thought. “Should I be thinking about the bulge in men’s trousers as well?”

“That’s a good place to start.” She kept a straight face when I’d expected her to tell me not to be so silly.

My first attempt was awful. I used the right things and in the right order but I couldn’t get my eyeshadow even and the eyeliner was impossible. I dabbed mascara into my eye and managed to smudge that too.

I tried to outline my lips. The video said that I should do it just outside my natural lip line and try to create a good kissable shape. At the third attempt, I got an accurate shape, but ‘kissable’ would have to be a matter of opinion.

The hour was up and I could hear Anna calling me. I kept my head down as I emerged from my room.

“Let me see properly.” She beckoned me to come to her chair where she was still curled up with a book in her hand. “That’s not a bad first attempt.”

“That’s praise indeed,” I said. “I’m not pleased with it at all.”

“I think you’ve tried hard.” She patted my cheek and smiled, then kissed me on the head. “I’m going to open a bottle of wine to celebrate. I think you deserve it after being such a good girl all day.”

Later as we sat with our wine, I saw that my lipstick left its own signature on the side of my glass. Anna saw me looking at it.

“That’s why you should always have lipstick in your purse and be prepared to repair your lips.”

“But I don’t have a purse with me.”

“You’ll learn that a girl always keeps her purse within reach simply to do things like that.”

“I’ll never get the hang of all this girl stuff.” I smiled across at her.

“It’s going to be second nature.” She pointed to her own purse on the floor beside the chair. “I’ve arranged some makeup lessons for you, starting tomorrow morning at the apartment.”

“I’m surprised to say it, but I’m really pleased. Thank you.”

And surprisingly, I did feel good about that. I didn’t want to let her down. I didn’t want this adventure to end in failure when I was starting to get excited, even though my ankles hurt from all that walking in heels.

I supposed I’d even get used to that.

“Don’t do your makeup this morning,” Anna called as I was getting out of the shower. “I’ll do it for you. I want you to watch and learn.”

I dried my hair and dressed in the clothes that Anna had put out for me to wear. Today, it was a light blue dress with a tight skirt and a bodice that squeezed the breast forms in my bra. I had stockings and a garter belt on too.

“Some of the girls in your magazine wear hold-up stockings; why can’t I do the same?”

“A garter belt is so much more feminine,” Anna said. “It excites men in a way that hold-ups don’t, besides, I want you to be used to being as feminine as I can make you.”

“I’m trying.”

“I know you are, but most girls start much earlier.”

“Even if they’re boys?”

“Especially if they have the great disadvantage of starting out as boys.” Anna watched as I fastened the ankle straps on my heels. “I’m going to do your makeup lightly. Your first lesson is booked for later this morning when we get to the apartment.”

I sat and paid close attention. She started with a little foundation and blush. My eyes were shadowed in a pretty pink shade, then black eyeliner outlined my eyes top and bottom, with little flicks at the outer edge.

“I’ll have to get someone to shape your eyebrows properly.” She brushed some brow pencil over them. “They’re much too thick.”

“But thick eyebrows are the fashion,” I protested.

“But not as thick as yours,” she replied. “Besides, boys like you have to have thinner eyebrows. It would never do to leave them as thick as if they were really girls.”

“Isn’t that cruel?”

“It’s what their boyfriends expect.”

“But I haven’t got a boyfriend,” I protested again but she only smiled and carried on with my mascara, then brushed my hair again so that it fell long and straight over my shoulders.

Once we got to the apartment, Anna went again to her computer and made some notes on a piece of paper. I didn’t have any time to ask what I should do because Andrea, my makeup instructor, had arrived.

She made me clean my face thoroughly, then we started. Andrea was much better than Anna at explaining things. She gave me some charts and links to certain videos to study and copy.

I learned properly about eyeshadow and the order and depth I had to do it for both upper and lower lids. I had to draw lines on paper with different sized brushes to demonstrate how eye liner could be made to do all kinds of shapes.

The use of a kohl pencil was one of the most important secrets she shared. I was amazed as she demonstrated how it could be so versatile. Mascara was something I was already feeling confident about but Andrea showed me some new tricks.

“In a few days, we’re going to try false lashes,” she said. “It’s important that you know how to deal with them, although I suspect that Anna may have another idea for you.”

“Another idea?”

I remembered that I should stop repeating the last words spoken to me as a question; it was a bad habit and one I'm sure that girls didn't have.

"I'll leave that to her," Andrea dismissed my question.

I escorted her to the door and we hugged and kissed goodbye, with Anna watching approvingly.

"I've made you another appointment," she said. "This time, it's at the nail salon, on the opposite side of the road from where you had your ears pierced."

"But there's a nail salon here," I reminded her.

"There is, but you haven't been trained in how to do nails yet."

"You mean... I'm to be a nail technician?"

"You're going to learn all the beauty shop skills," she said. "It's going to be great having you here to do all those things. I have such a lot to do with the clients that having someone to help out is going to be great."

"But if I go there, they'll know I'm a boy," I said.

"I'm sure that they will. I told them you were a boy and that I was getting you ready to work for me."

"They'll think your turning me into a girl."

"Am I?" Anna looked at me. "Or are you turning yourself? Think about it; if you don't stop me when I've finished training you, there'll be nothing male left to find."

"I don't believe that you could change me that much."

“I can’t do anything without your co-operation,” Anna said as if she really meant it. “You don’t really want to go back to being a boy do you?”

That made me stop and think. I didn’t want to go back, although it had only been a couple of days since she started stripping me of everything that I knew about being a boy. It was receding fast and I hadn’t realised it until that moment.

“No, I don’t think I do want to go back, not yet anyway,” I said.

“So what are you waiting for? Off to the nail salon. They’re expecting you. All you have to do is sit there and be nice.”

I hesitated.

“If you’re worrying about going out in the street, look in the mirror. There’s nothing to make anyone look twice, other than you’re turning out far prettier than I imagined.”

I looked in the mirror; I couldn’t help it. She was right. Even I had to admit that I looked pretty good. I’d have turned to look at me. That was a thought which was as scary as being stared at because they’d guessed I was a boy.

It seemed more dangerous to go out and have people think I was a pretty girl.

The walk through the streets was just as nerve wracking as it had been last time, only now I was conscious that people were looking at me as a girl. I understood that. Men in particular took a second look, occasionally registering my face after they’d looked at my chest and my figure.

The scent of the nail shop was something I'd never experienced before. It was sweet, yet somehow chemical. All the girls had masks, either across their faces, or hanging from one ear, ready to be secured across their faces.

A girl with strawberry blonde hair approached me as soon as I got through the door.

"Hi, you must be the bo... girl that Anna said she was sending over. I'm Sharleen and she's told me exactly what I've to do for you."

"I'm Jackie. How did you guess Anna sent me?"

"She described you as being the most nervous client we'd have all week."

"Do I look that obvious?"

"No. I watched you walk up the street and until you turned in here, I thought you were just another pretty girl walking by."

She took me to one of the desks and we sat opposite each other. She took my hands and examined them.

"Your hands aren't in bad condition. I can tell you've not been using them on anything heavy for a while."

"I was a student before I came here," I replied truthfully. "I think I got trapped in my aunt's web."

"And this is going to trap you further," Sharleen said. "I've been told what to do and I've been told that I'm not to let you persuade me to do anything less."

"I think I got told the same thing." I looked at all the colours on the display tableaux beside me. "Would I be right in thinking that subtle isn't one of the words that you'd use to describe my new nails?"

“I’d settle for elegant and striking.” She laughed and began to clean up my nails. “You’re getting the best acrylics.”

“How long?” I knew that I wasn’t going to like the answer.

“At least a quarter of an inch beyond the ends of your fingers before shaping.” Sharleen worked on my cuticles. She says that a coffin shape would look good and from looking at your hands, I think it’s a good choice.”

“I have no idea what to expect, other than I’m going to have problems using my hands.”

“When I’m done, you’ll have really feminine hands.” She started to attach some shapes, like cards, to the ends of my fingers. “They’ll seem different at first, but in a couple of days, you’ll be so used to having them that you’ll not remember what it was like before.”

“I might get angry and pull them off.”

“You’ll not get these off.” She took a brush, dipped it in some powder, and dabbed it onto my nail, brushing and shaping it beyond the end of my finger. “If you do, I’ll not have secured them properly and I don’t usually fail.”

I watched her in silence for a while as she worked on one hand and then the other.

“Has Anna decreed a colour?”

“You’re to have classic red nails.” She lifted a bottle of deep red polish. “I’m allowed to let you have a darker shade on the middle finger if you’d like that.”

“Is that what you’d do?”

She held up her hands. I'd not really noticed them before. Her nails were almost black and way longer than her fingers. I should have noticed but I was so distracted by having the process done on me that it didn't register. Her middle finger nails were sky blue and very metallic looking.

"I guess that's the decision made."

"I wish all my clients were as easy as you." She started to paint my new nails. "They pick and choose, they dither, wanting one shape, then changing their mind, and that's before we get to the colour."

"I had no choice."

"You could have chosen to keep walking past the salon." She started with a clear coat over the colour.

"That wouldn't have gotten me far." I shook my head. "You know that underneath all this I'm a boy. How far do you think I could have gone?"

"I hadn't thought of it like that. It must be really exciting to have someone doing all this to you and leaving you no choices."

"I don't want to follow that thought."

We were silent after that. I was a bit abrupt there because I hadn't thought of things like that, yet she was right. My choices were getting more and more limited by the day, as one process led inevitably to another.

"Do you think this is fair?" I held out my hands to Anna as soon as I got back from the salon.

"They're beautiful," she said, ignoring my complaint.

“But how do I do anything with these things on the end of my fingers? I even struggled to open my purse.”

“But you did it and next time it’s going to be easier.”

“Bad example; how do I undress this evening and how do I dress tomorrow?”

“I think you’re going to dress beautifully because for tomorrow, I’ve already made your hair appointment.”

“You’re not listening to me. Look at these nails. They’re too long; it’s going to be impossible for me to do anything.”

“I’m sure you’ll get used to them. Didn’t Sharleen say so? I knew Sharleen was an absolute artist. If you learn to do nails as well as she does, our clients will love you.”

“But your clients are men. They can’t go around with nails like these.”

“Sometimes they stay here for a couple of days. Sometimes they go for a few days’ vacation as girlfriends and they like to look their best. For me, I consider if we can do their nails and then we can remove them afterwards. It’s another service for them and one they have to pay for.”

“I hadn’t thought of it like that.”

“You haven’t met any of my regulars yet. They’re guys with a fair bit of money to throw at their hobbies.” Anna shrugged. “If they were into fishing, they’d have all the gear. They’re into being girls, so they have all the gear for that.”

“I think I’ve a lot to learn.”

“You’ll be amazed.”

“Sometimes I think I should be screaming to go back home,” I thought out loud. “Then I think that I’m in a different world. Maybe I won’t get a girlfriend for a while.”

“But I bet you don’t have one anyway.”

“No, they always go for guys with more muscles or more money to spend,” I remembered. “I was always at the bottom end of the list.”

“I think you’re going to be surprised by what possibilities there are for you here.”

“I guess you’ve something else planned for me.” I could see that look in her eye.

“I have and I want you to understand that I’ve decided things based on what I think is for your own good.” Anna paused and looked at me hard.

“That sounds ominous.”

“How do you feel about chastity?”

“It’s supposed to be a good thing generally. Nuns and monks do it; I haven’t really thought about it.”

“I’ve decided that you’re to be locked into chastity for your own protection.”

“I don’t understand.”

“Some of my gentlemen, for want of a better description, may want to take advantage of you when they see you working here.”

“I don’t get what you mean.”

Anna sighed as if she would have to explain things to an idiot.

“If your penis is locked away, no one will be able to assault you.”

“Is that a danger?” I felt alarmed.

“It’s more a matter of making sure that it doesn’t *become* a danger,” she said. “It’s to protect you.”

“Are you saying that some of your clients might be attracted to a boy’s private parts?”

She looked at me in that way that said that I was asking a stupid question. Of course, I’d heard stories about that happening. I didn’t believe them but that was then.

“I want you to co-operate and try it out for a while. If I’ve been over-cautious and there’s no problem, then I can think about it again.”

Boy, was I ever naïve. She was totally taking control of me.

“Okay,” I said cautiously. “I still don’t know what it means for me.”

“Come with me and I’ll show you.” Anna opened the door to her private rooms at the back of the reception desk. “Lie back on the couch and let me pull your dress up and your panties down.”

I did as I was told; I was getting used to that.

“This is your new toy.” She held up some pink thing. “I’ll show you how it works. Don’t look until I tell you.”

I could feel her hands which, fortunately, were warm. I felt her cupping my ball sack followed by some tension as she seemed to be enclosing it in some sort of circle. It didn’t feel at all bad.

Then I could feel her hand on my penis and she was pushing it, pulling it, and wriggling it. There was

a bit of pressure, then she was standing up again, slipping some sort of key on a band over her wrist.

“Is that it?” I asked.

“That’s all there is to it,” She said. “You’re all safe now; you can stand up again.”

I stood and immediately was aware of something really different down there. I lifted my dress and looked inside my panties. I felt a pink thing which nestled there and as my nails clicked on the hard surface, I knew my penis was inside some sort of tube. I couldn’t get it out.

“Do you like it?” Anna asked.

I ran my fingers around it, then under it. “How does it come off?”

“It doesn’t.” Anna held up the key. “It stays there until I decide it can come off.”

“But I can’t...”

“I know you can’t. That’s the idea. If you can’t, then no one else can either. Don’t you see? You’ll be safe from any of our clients.”

“You didn’t tell me that they were that dangerous.” I think that I didn’t want to believe it.

“They’re not but I’d hate for one of them to be tempted and for you to be the victim.”

“I don’t like it.”

“That’s too bad; it’s there and securely locked. I’m putting the key away in my safe and there it’s going to stay.”



It was a very uncomfortable night. I tried to persuade Anna to take the chastity off me but she point blank refused.

It was awfully difficult to undress. My new nails made it bad enough but then I had to use the toilet. I could do so through the holes at the end of the tube. I had to sit; I couldn't do it standing up anymore. Worse still, I had to wipe it carefully afterwards to make sure I was clean and dry.

It woke me in the night. I grew but it didn't yield a fraction. I was afraid to call out in pain.

I didn't complain in the morning when Anna set out my clothes for the day. I liked the peasant-style yellow dress with the elastic shoulders. I could wear it three ways; completely up, with one shoulder bared, or with both shoulders bared.

The nude stockings and the yellow stiletto heels made me look as if I'd just decided to go to the beach, or stepped off it.

As we got to the work apartment, the desk phone was ringing. Anna picked it up and I went to check my makeup.

"That was Sharleen," Anna said. "She wants to take you out this evening for a walk and talk and then maybe for a drink afterwards. I told her you'd be ready at seven and she's picking you up."

"Am I allowed to do that?" I was surprised to say the least. "Girls don't usually ask a boy out."

"Of course you must go, you're not a prisoner. Why shouldn't a girlfriend take you out?"

"It's a bit odd, isn't it? I'm the boy here."

“Don’t worry, by this evening, no one would ever think so.” Anna handed me an appointment card. “You’re due at the hairdresser in fifteen minutes.”

“I thought Andrea was coming this morning?”

“She’s coming later,” Anna replied. “I thought she’d be able to teach you more about what’s appropriate when you have a proper hair colour to match your makeup to.”

“That’s sensible.”

I heard myself saying it and at that moment I was really looking forward to it all. I wanted to look good for my date. Was that silly or did it mean that I really wanted to be an attractive girl

“You’d better get going; you don’t want to be late”

“Don’t tell me; it’s another walk down the street?” I asked.

“It’s the other way, on this side of the road, in the middle of the next block,” Anna said. “I’ve told them what to do but you have a choice.”

“That’s unusual.”

“Don’t be sarcastic,” Anna snapped. “You’re going to be working for me and I know what’s needed. Your choice is simple. Which shade of blonde do you prefer? You can be white blonde, platinum blonde, or a really light grey ash blonde.”

“I don’t think I want my hair dyed.”

“That wasn’t one of the choices. That nondescript shade of mouse is not the look I want you to have. The length is good, the texture is good, but the colour has to turn heads.”

“I think you want to make an exhibit of me.”

“That’s right. When the clients come in, I want you to be so daring and so stunning that they’ll wish some of it could rub off on them.” Anna picked up her mobile. “I’ve decided for you. It’s the light ash grey blonde.”

“No one has hair that colour naturally,” I half-objec-
ted.

“All the more reason for my little boy-girl to have her hair that colour. Sharleen will love it when she picks you up.”

I hated the idea but I knew I had no choice. I thought again. If Sharleen would like it, then that was a different matter.

I looked at her and decided that there was nothing I could say. I was in this deep so a little deeper couldn’t be much worse, plus I did have a date to look forward to, even if we were going to look like girlfriends.

That thought came back to me as my heels clicked along the pavement to the hairdresser’s salon. What if we got hit on when we were out together?

That put a chill through me; I’d no idea how girls handled the boys.

I’ve just re-read that last line. I had some ideas but that wasn’t what I was meaning here.

“You’re Jackie from Anna’s.” The blonde approached me as soon as I walked into the salon. “I’m Angie and she asked me to look out for you.”

She took me through to the hair wash area and helped me into a gown. She ran her fingers through my hair.

“It’s in good condition. That makes my job easier,” she said. “I’m really looking forward to see how this colour comes out. It’s super sexy, very new, and you’re the first client who’s asked for it.”

“Anna chose it for me. She pretended that I had a choice but I think she’d already decided.”

“You’re right,” Angie said. “She talked about it the last time I did her hair. She nearly let me use it on her but then she decided that she wasn’t brave enough. She said that it’s a colour for someone younger.”

“She doesn’t look too old.”

“I guess she wanted to be more conventional, what with her being a business woman.”

I didn’t have time to reply as a towel was wrapped round my shoulders and I leaned back into a backwash basin. It felt really easy and comfortable as her fingers massaged my scalp. I almost went into a trance.

I never knew all the stages in bleaching and colouring hair before. It had all been a mystery. I sat in the chair as Angie brushed, then sectioned my hair. I couldn’t see what she was doing when she started at the back, but it involved some gloopy liquid in a bowl, a brush, and lots of pieces of foil.

As she came to the front, my head was festooned with pieces of foil with strands of my hair folded into them after the bleach had been brushed into it.

It looked very professional and very neat but I looked like a child astronaut wearing a tin helmet with all sorts of leaves spreading from it. I said so and we both laughed.

“I do this so often, I never thought about it,” Angie said as she passed me a coffee. “I know it gets heavy.”

I sat patiently under a drier, except that it wasn't drying my hair; it was heating it to speed the reaction time. I seemed to be there for ages as Angie disappeared to speak to another client. The salon was getting busy as other stylists came in.

She returned a few minutes later and carefully opened one of the first foils.

"Not too much longer," she said, folding it back again without giving me time to reply before she hurried away again.

Next, all the foil pieces were removed and my head looked a real soggy mess. I had a flicker of despair. How could this ever be made to look like something desirable? It was back to the wash basin where once again I was washed and rinsed carefully and thoroughly.

"This is the real magic," Angie announced as she waved another bottle in front of me. "It's the latest shade and I love it. I'm so excited."

I wished I could agree right then. To tell the truth I was apprehensive, even scared. I didn't mind having mousey hair; at least it was my own and down to my shoulders. Once again, I found myself under that drier, this time with a plastic bag over my head.

What an indignity but it was one I couldn't walk out of, much as I regretted coming.

The final rinse was where I started to relax and have some faith in all that was being done. My hair, when it emerged from the towel, was dull and looked colourless, even though I could tell that it had changed somewhat.

It was when Angie started to blow dry it that I really began to see the difference. She smoothed some-

thing onto her hands and gently stroked my hair. The scissors came next.

“Don’t take any of the length,” I almost shouted.

“I’m only going to tidy up some split ends and even it out, so that your hair’s going to hang and swing perfectly. Trust me.”

She combed it through and then, with brush and drier, started the final process.

I can’t tell you how excited I was as I watched in the mirror. My hair changed under the drier from that dull mess, into something silky and, above all, fabulously blonde. I could feel my spirits lightening as my hair lightened.

“It’s a sort of white and silver, with the lightest of pale grey overlying it,” Angie said as she slipped away at some stray hairs that spoiled the smooth look, then used a smoothing spray.

“This will make sure it shines and swings,” she explained.

“To me, it’s very light grey blonde, if I had to describe it,” I said, turning my head so that I could watch it swing and fall back into place.

“Your boyfriend’s going to be so excited to have you on his arm. Every head’s going to turn to look at that hair.”

“I’m sure you’re right,” I said.

I didn’t want to contradict her and say that I was going out with a girl that evening. Then I had another thought. This hair was going to make people look. I’d turn to watch this girl go by.

This hair could stop traffic at a hundred yards distance.

That's when I decided to stop being afraid that I was the girl in the mirror. Heck, I knew I looked good. The thought of Andrea's expert makeup with whatever Anna selected for me to wear was something to look forward to.

And right then I really was looking forward to my date with Sharleen. There was no misunderstanding or pretence; she knew I wasn't a girl. I wondered what that meant for our date.

Lipstick kisses maybe but then I remembered that pink thing which imprisoned my penis. I wasn't experienced in the way of dates and girls so I didn't worry as much as I should have.

Andrea was waiting when I arrived back at the apartment. She was talking to Anna but both turned to look at me.

"What's wrong?" I saw their faces.

"Nothing's wrong." Andrea stepped towards me. "It's you. It's that hair. You look gorgeous."

I looked at Anna. "She's right. You've turned out better than I could have dreamed. Angie is a true artist with hair."

I had to turn and show them the back, then turn again so that they could watch how my hair swung, like a curtain.

"I predict some trouble, my girl," Anna said sternly but with an expression that said it was said in jest. "When some of the clients see you, they're not going to believe their eyes."

"What's Sharleen going to say?" I asked. "She's supposed to be my date tonight."

“The way she told me, it’s the other way round,” Anna reminded me, for she was the one who’d taken the call.

“Either way, she’s not going to expect what I’m about to turn you into,” Andrea said. “Remember I told you that this was the time for a real formal makeup session.”

“I do, and you said you were going to introduce me to false eyelashes too.”

“Have you thought about what you’re going to wear this evening?” Anna interrupted. “It may be better if you changed before Andrea does your makeup, then it won’t get smudged before Sharleen arrives to pick you up.”

“That’s a good idea,” Andrea said. “I was looking forward to this session and now that I’ve seen your hair, I’m going to really enjoy it.”

“So that’s a threat.” Anna looked from Andrea to me. “Go and get changed.”

I ran up the stairs to my room. I knew what I wanted to wear. Anna had said that I could borrow it when we’d been looking through her client’s wardrobe. It was in a colour that crosses between lavender and lilac, with a flower pattern printed quite faintly on the fabric.

The bodice was tight; I always liked the way things fitted to my body; Anna had promised some really good fake breasts to go in my bra too. The skirt fitted to my hips and thighs, with the bottom hem about an inch or two above my knees.

I was always going to wear stockings for this date. I didn’t know if we’d get anywhere near intimate, but stockings and a garter belt gave an impression of femininity. I had to think about that one. I was sup-

posed to be the boy but here I was, dressing as if I was a girl going on a date with a boy.

I stripped off in my room and started to dress again. That pink tube still held my penis prisoner. I looked at my pale blue panties and matching garter belt and bra. As I was fastening the bra, Anna came in with my new breasts.

“Please could you unlock this?” I asked.

“Don’t be silly,” she replied. “It’s for your own protection.”

I pleaded and begged but she wouldn’t change her mind. “Do I have to get Sharleen to ask you to release me?” I shouted.

“Now you’re really being silly.” Anna adjusted the straps on my bra and turned me round to look at me in profile and from the front. “You’re here to work, don’t forget that. You’re locked away to keep the clients hands off.”

“But I’m not going out with a client,” I protested.

“I know but you have to be used to wearing it all the time and in all situations.”

“I think I’m used to it.”

“I’m pleased to hear it but it’s staying locked.”

I begged some more; I pleaded for all I was worth, but she wouldn’t hear of releasing me.

“What do I do if Sharleen finds it?”

“You’ll have to improvise.” Anna had an answer for everything. “You can always blame me. Now hurry and get dressed. Andrea’s waiting.”

I stepped into my dress and adjusted the round neck so that my breasts didn’t show that they were

false. Anna was still watching me so I turned so that she could fasten the zipper up my back.

I would have done it myself. I'd got used to having these long red nails. I didn't really notice them so I hardly thought anything of doing things with my hands now but she was there.

I slipped my feet into dark blue heels which fitted snugly and which were easy to walk in. They matched my stockings which were dark but with a hint of blue. I thought it all looked really nice.

I checked myself in the mirror and ran my hands through my new hair. I saw how my earrings caught the light. My long red nails shone too as I ran my hands through my hair and let it fall loosely down my back.

I stood and looked at my reflection. I have to admit that I was admiring myself more than I should have been. Then a shout from Anna reminded me that time was passing and I'd better let Andrea get me ready.

I sat in front of the mirror and watched. I was conscious of Anna sitting to the side and watching too as Andrea worked her magic on me. I wasn't warned before she started plucking my eyebrows.

"You could have told me you were going to do that," I said.

"Would it have made any difference?" she asked with a big grin on her face.

"Heavy brows are fashionable these days," I said. "I read that in a magazine in the salon."

“Maybe so but not as heavy as yours are.” She plucked away. “There’s a certain standard that Anna’s client expect as well.”

“That’s right,” Anna joined in. “They have to look really artfully shaped.”

“You’ve really thinned them,” I complained.

“But I’m going to draw them in heavier.” Andrea looked at me from side to side, comparing and making sure they were even.

“What was the point of plucking so much them?” I asked.

“This way you’re going to look more artful and more made-up.”

I didn’t quite understand, but there was no use complaining; they couldn’t be glued back on.

I was used to the foundation and contouring that she’d taught me already. I watched as she went through the routine, this time with more highlighting. There was a more subtle use of a powder which gave a slight glow, especially on my cheekbones.

Andrea talked all the time she was doing my eyes, explaining every stage and showing me the products and the different brushes.

“This is called a cut crease.” She showed me a diagram. “But as your eyes are so big and you’ve so much space between lid and eyebrow, we’re going to be able to do so much more.”

I liked her use of the word “we” because all I was doing was sitting there and watching carefully.

I watched as my eyes seemed to change shape and become more prominent. The eyeliner made all the

difference as she drew a small wing at the outer edges and shaded a thin line under my lower lashes.

“Don’t blink if you can help it,” she cautioned. “I’m going to do your mascara.”

“I thought you were going to use false lashes?”

“I am but the mascara is there so that when you’re false lashes are on, I can put some mascara on them as well and the whole will bind together.”

I stayed very still. Anna came to stand in front of me to get a better view.

“They look very long.” I saw Andrea applying glue to the lashes.

“I always think they should be seen,” she said as she gave me a small mirror. “Watch me and learn how I do this.”

She held her lips in that pursed way which suggests concentration as the first one was offered to my left eyelid. With tweezers and a small wooden stick, she worked.

I couldn’t see what she was doing. She was directly in front of me, hiding the big mirror on the wall. She was so close that she was also preventing me from lifting the small one.

“I didn’t see anything,” I said.

“I had to learn how to do it by experimenting on myself,” Anna said. “I used some internet demonstrations too.”

“I think that’s best.” Andrea repeated the process on my right eye. “It’s always better to learn than to rely on other people.”

“Will I have to wear false lashes when I’m working?” I asked.

“Some of the time, I expect you will,” she replied. “I think it’s good, especially on the weekends and some evenings. I’m sure it’s going to impress the clients.”

“They won’t stand a chance,” Andrea said quietly. “They’ll be falling over themselves when you’re there.”

“Don’t listen to her,” Anna laughed. “She’s only jealous.”

“It’s not without reason.” Andrea peered at me again, checking again. “Now the lips and you’re ready for anything.”

“I brought my purse down,” I said. “It’s got my lipstick and a kohl pencil and a few other things. Should I ask you for the lipstick you’re going to use?”

“That’s a good idea.” Anna looked from me to Andrea. “She’s getting into good feminine habits already.”

“I’ll be using three different shades and blending them but I’ll leave you the main one.”

I sat still and pursed my lips and pouted when I was told. I felt the drag of a pencil outlining my lips and then the touch of a brush as the outline was filled. Andrea used her finger to dab something lighter in the middle of the top and bottom lip.

“You should have some filler.” She stood back and looked at the effect. “You could have beautifully shaped lips. They’re a bit of the thin side but I’ve drawn the outline bigger to compensate for that.”

“I’ll put it on the list.” Anna wasn’t going to let that one pass.

Finally I was pronounced ready to go. I wanted to plead again for my penis to be freed but Andrea lingered there. I didn't want to mention it in front of her and I didn't get a chance to ask Anna alone. I knew what the answer would be anyway.

I looked at myself in the mirror. It's going to sound silly but I wished I could date a girl who looked like me. In my heart, I knew that I could never aspire to a girl like that. Somehow I didn't feel the resentment that I should have either.

Then it was time. The doorbell rang and I heard Anna speaking to Sharleen. They came into the room together.

"Oh my." Sharleen looked at me, her eyes widening in surprise. "I can't believe it. Is it really you?"

I smiled and did a twirl so that my hair would swing and she could see how I was in control of my heels. She came up to me and we air kissed.

"I love that hair." Sharleen's arms were around me and I loved it. "Your perfume's good too. I'm going to wish that I'd brought a stick with me."

"A stick? Why?" I was really puzzled.

"To beat the boys off you." She laughed but held my eyes with a promise in them. I could feel the pressure of the chastity device already and she'd only been there for less than a minute.

"You look lovely too," I said, looking at her trim figure in a blue sheath dress, with heels nearly as high as mine.

She'd chosen false eyelashes too; with her earrings and bangles, we were dressed in much the same

style. I silently congratulated myself on choosing well. Perhaps I was developing a girl sense and after only a few days.

Then we were off and away. Any chance of escaping the chastity faded as the door closed behind us.

“Pizza first,” Sharleen announced. “I’ve booked us in at that fabulous place on the town square. We can probably eat outside and watch the world go by.”

“That sounds good.” I smiled across at her.

“Would you rather eat inside?” she asked.

“Why would I?”

“I was serious.” She looked across the car at me. “You’re going to be a boy magnet.”

“That’s making me scared. I’m hoping to fly beneath the radar.”

“I don’t mean that they’re going to discover that you’re really one of them,” she added quickly. “It’s only that... well, you look much sexier than I do.”

“Now that’s impossible.”

I wanted her to tell me that it wasn’t true but she didn’t and I saw that she was serious. Now I could feel a tinge of real fear in my stomach.

“How do I cope? What do I do?”

“Tell them that you’re waiting for your boyfriend; he’s a marine called Buster or Killer or something equally friendly.”

“Will that work?”

“I’ve no idea but I think I’m going to enjoy watching you.”

It wasn't that bad. We shared our pizza with glasses of soft red wine. It seemed that over half the tables on the terrace had groups of girls without boys and the boys who walked past looked and stared but didn't come inside.

I relaxed a little at that but the looks I was getting from some of the girls were different.

"Whatever are they looking at?" I asked.

"They're jealous," Sharleen said. "It's always the way. You'd think us girls would stick together but jealousy is always lurking there."

"I thought they'd guessed that I was a fake."

"Stop worrying about that. No one could ever tell as long as you don't do that gruff voice that you sometimes do."

"I don't... do I?"

"Let's say you have occasional lapses when you're not aware of them," Sharleen replied. "You won't this evening; you're far too self-conscious."

"Is that your way of telling me that I look too self-satisfied?"

"Well, you do look the best here and you're acting like you know it."

"I'll try to turn it down."

"You can't; it's the hair," Sharleen said. "It's wonderful and I'm amazed to hear myself admiring it. I never thought I'd be so excited to be out with a boy who looks sexier than I do,"

"Do you want to take me back or should I call a cab?"

“No, I do love the fact that I’m the only one who knows.”

“I’m going to take you back to my place. We can sit on my little balcony, and you’re going to tell me all about being a girl who makes me want to be a lesbian.” Sharleen said as we walked back to her car.

“I don’t think I want to be a lesbian.”

As I said it, I knew that my chance of acting as anything else was slim. I hoped I could get away without revealing that hateful device which was making my penis ache all over again.

“What’s that?” Sharleen had grabbed me as soon as we were through her door and, inevitably, she’d found the thing I most wanted to keep hidden.

“It’s a chastity device.” I stepped back out of her arms. “Anna made me wear it. She says it’s to stop any of her clients trying to feel me.”

“Don’t tell me. It’s locked and she has the only key.”

“She says I have to get used to it. I asked her to take it off but she refused.”

“It looks like you don’t have a choice.” Sharleen’s look was wicked as she pursed her lips. “You’ll have to use your tongue and hands and other things just like a lesbian.”

“But I don’t know how.”

“Use your instincts. I’ll tell you if it doesn’t feel good.” She pulled me towards her bedroom. “This is where your makeup gets smudged.”

I unzipped her dress and she unzipped mine in a hurry as we stood there. I stood out of my heels and sat on the edge of the bed as Sharleen undid her ankle straps, then her tights.

I felt a little superior as I watched. I had my garter belt and stockings, which I thought looked far more enticing.

I stood rather self-consciously. What was the correct thing to do? I didn't put this question into words but the thoughts were there as Sharleen stripped off her bra and her breasts were in front of me.

"I haven't got those." I blushed and removed the falsies from my bra; fortunately she giggled, then kissed me hard.

She pulled me onto the bed and we kissed some more. Then she pushed me down as I straddled her.

"Use your tongue," she commanded.

I knew what she meant and I set to with enthusiasm. The taste surprised me. It wasn't rank or bitter; she'd obviously taken the trouble to spray perfume on the little tuft of hair which stood above my tongue.

My penis was really uncomfortable as it strained against its tube. Sharleen wriggled round and a finger began to play with the entrance to my anus. It was a sensation which I'd never imagined and it made the pressure on my penis worse.

We kissed, licked, and sucked over and over, changing positions and murmuring with pleasure as we held each other. I remember sucking on one hard nipple and then the other, as a finger played inside the gap between my cheeks.

I started to use my fingers on her as well. I watched as my long red nails slipped inside the entrance and

remembered to be careful not to scratch. Her fingers went deeper as did mine, and then it happened.

My penis could take no more and I started pumping out. Sticky liquid escaped through the holes at the bottom of my tube.

Sharleen laughed. "You're making a mess; go and get cleaned up."

When I came back from her bathroom, Sharleen had dressed and was waiting to help me dress. She made a show of feeling my falsies and then slipped them into the cups of my bra. She watched as I settled them in place, then held out my dress for me to step into.

I turned and she kissed my back before pulling the zip up. I put on my panties and stepped into my heels. We kissed again and then I picked up my purse and opened it.

"You're such a girl."

Sharleen teased as she watched me go to the mirror and check how smeared my makeup was. I pulled my tongue out at her.

"I'm not so badly smudged."

I saw that despite our efforts, my makeup wasn't bad. I redid my lipstick and ran a brush through my hair which fell into place wonderfully easily. I watched and loved it. Then I wondered if I was turning into a really vain blonde.

I dismissed the thought. I looked good enough and blonde enough to be vain.

“You look like you enjoyed your date.” Anna was waiting up for me when I got home.

“I’d have enjoyed it more if you’d unlocked this thing.”

“It’s there for your protection,” Anna said. “You have to get used to it in all circumstances.”

“I don’t believe that,” I snapped, then suddenly started to weep. Tears streamed down my cheeks.

“It’s really for your own good.” Anna held me against her as I continued to weep. “I’d hate to think that one of my clients was able to abuse you.”

“Sharleen isn’t one of your clients,” I said between sobs.

“I know, but it’s all good experience. It should tell you how well-protected you are.”

“If you’d let me go out like a boy, this wouldn’t have happened.”

“If I’d been letting you go out like a boy, you’d have gone back home. I don’t think Sharleen would have been interested in you as a boy anyway.”

“That’s an awful thing to say.” I sniffled some more, groping for some control over my sobs.

“I’m sorry,” Anna said. “But you stay locked up for your own good.”

I shuffled out of her arms and slumped back onto an easy chair. I reached into my purse for a tissue and wiped my tears. Then without thinking what I was doing, I pulled out a small mirror and examined how much damage my tears had done.

“I don’t think I could go out with anyone as a boy,” I said. “Look at me now; look at how I’m acting. It’s like I’ve been a girl forever.”

“We have the first of my clients coming in today.” Anna announced as we pulled into the parking under the apartment. “Some may turn up in their female persona but most will be male when they come in.”

“How many people are you expecting?” I asked, feeling a little afraid to meet them.

“There’ll be five for certain and maybe another two or three.” She waved her hand in the air as if to imply vagueness about the turnout.

“What do I do?”

“You greet them like they’re old friends.” Anna looked at me. “It’s important to put them at their ease immediately. Their first moments with someone new are crucial.”

She pinned a badge with ‘Jackie’ in cute lettering to my dress.

“I get that,” I said. “The fear of the unknown; I was like that when I dressed that first day.”

“Some of these guys have a lot to lose if they’re outed. That’s why there’s a No Cameras rule and no computers other than the ones I have provided. They don’t have webcams.”

“Is there a list that I should use?”

“No, I never know who’s coming until they’re there,” Anna replied. “There’s no Sharleen or Angie booked to come in, so the day should be easy.”



“What about someone coming for the first time?”

“I’ll deal with them myself,” Anna replied. “I’ll show them around, maybe introduce them to whoever’s there if they want that. Of course, I’ll sign them up for payments.”

“Aren’t they afraid of what’s going to show up in their bank statements?”

“I appear as ‘Capital Charities’ on any statement so those questions can be avoided.”

“Do they get a tax deduction?”

“I’ve never asked.” Anna’s face showed surprise. “Maybe I should.”

Anna went to her office as I set up the coffee machine. I was dressed more formally today. My hair was in a French pleat with some artful tendrils falling as if by accident at the side of my face. I had on a little black dress, with black stockings and heels.

My lingerie was all black too, with my usual earrings and perfume. I had done my makeup so carefully that I looked almost the perfect secretary. Perfect, except that my dress was a bit too tight. The new falsies were bigger than before and my dress strained over them.

Anna approved. “It’s all about the image.”

I was so very nervous as the first client arrived. I needn’t have worried. He seemed to be more nervous that I was.

“I’m Caroline,” he said and asked for his usual locker key which I knew was hanging on the rack

concealed behind the desk. He thanked me and hurried away.

I wondered what sort of girl he'd be. He looked to be under thirty and wasn't fat but he wasn't slim either. His suit shouted that he had money though and I guessed he'd probably look good, if not completely believable, as a girl.

There was quite a gap before the next one arrived and introduced himself as Victoria. Again, he didn't linger and took his locker key. He was older, possibly about forty, but slim as a pencil

Next to arrive was a Hispanic looking younger man. He too was slim and dressed really fashionably. His perfume was strong and feminine. I wondered how he got away with it but guessed that he'd applied it to come here.

"Can you go and offer coffee all round in the lounge?" Anna called me after they'd been in for about an hour and we heard laughter coming through the walls.

Hesitant about what I might find, I opened the door and walked across to the coffee machine.

"It's all right," one called. "I've already served us."

I guessed that this was Caroline who was now wearing a green dress much too young and a size too small. Her blonde wig was wrong and it looked obvious. Her makeup was good but she'd never dare go out into the street like that.

I looked at them, trying hard not to make it obvious, not to stare. The Hispanic guy had turned into a girl who could probably go anywhere with long dark hair, a tight top which promised generous breasts, and heels as high as mine.

To my surprise, the forty-year-old was dressed conservatively, in skirt and blouse, mid-heeled shoes, and auburn wig that made her/him look like a professional lady. I noticed the jewellery too; it was classy and looked real, with a wedding set prominently on the left hand.

They looked like they knew each other and didn't need any entertaining. I answered a few questions. Yes, I was really a boy and no, my breasts weren't real. A few more questions about how I liked being a girl and was I a full-time girl. I answered and then I left them to chat amongst together.

"It seems all very civilised," I remarked to Anna. "They look like ladies who lunch together."

"They're an easy crowd," she replied. "You'll have more of a problem later when individual clients are here."

"Are individuals dangerous?"

"Not really but they need to be entertained as well as dressed. They'll want to talk to you and occasionally ask for help with makeup or hair."

"Do I know enough to help?" I was suddenly aware that I knew very little.

"It's nothing daunting," Anna replied. "The wigs are pre-styled and all they have to do is to fit them. If it's a full dress-up and they're going out as a girl, I'll get Angie to do the fitting. They usually want it glued and we don't do that."

"What about the makeup?"

"You know enough to get by and there's always the internet if they want something different." Anna made it all sound so easy.

And it *was* easy. I didn't even raise any objection when she glued breast forms to my chest.

Those first few days flew by and I almost forgot that I was as false as they were.

Sharleen and I started dating for real. It began easily and it got better and better as the weeks turned to months. Any thought of returning to Mother's home was long in the past. I never mentioned it and I'm sure that Anna ignored it as well.

We must have looked so striking. Sharleen went to Angie to get her hair dyed to the same colour as mine, although hers was a little shorter. She did our nails too but always a different colour.

"It doesn't do to look like we're bookends," she said when I asked her why.

That line about the boyfriend in the Marines became something of a joke between us. One or both of us got hit on every time we were out. I don't blame them; I'd have been tempted by Sharleen too.

She said that they were tempted by me and threatened to tell them that I had a penis under my dress.

"Having watched them, I don't think even that would stop some of them," she said later.

Our lovemaking was good too. I learned how to excite and satisfy her, even though Anna steadfastly refused to free my penis.

"It keeps you humble and reminds you of your place," she said. "It's important that you're one of the girls with my clients."

I was certainly that. The business prospered. It wasn't oversubscribed. A business like Anna's depended on high value regular clients. They had to be discreet and, above all, had to fit in with the other girls there.

It was a sort of social club, although that was never said.

That Christmas season was really fun. I was so happy there and everyone had been so kind to me, I thought I'd better do something special.

Angie had been suggesting that I get some lip filler to give me a bigger pout. I resisted. I didn't want to look like one of my parents had mated with a trout.

Inevitably, I gave in, but on the condition that she only used half the filler that she proposed. How did I do that? I asked her to show me a syringe with how much she would normally use.

"It's not a lot," she said as she showed me the measure on the barrel. "I've many clients who have twice that amount."

"I'll have half that," I said after she'd told me how many points along my lips would be injected. "And remember, I can count how many you're doing."

I wasn't sure about it all but after speaking to Sharleen and Anna, I decided to go ahead. Sharleen was so excited that she insisted on coming with me.

"If it's such a great idea, why haven't you had yours done?" I asked but didn't get a sensible answer. I think she was afraid of needles.

The girl in me loved dressing up. I spoke to Anna and we agreed a schedule for Christmas, depending

upon who was likely to be in on which days. The plan was to dress me up as something or someone different each day when there were several clients in.

I started with Anna's long black wig and her leather outfit and boots. It gave me such a different feeling being so dark. I didn't expect that. I wasn't so giddy and giggly. The eye makeup was far darker than usual.

I wasn't prepared for how I looked with dark red lipstick either. Deep brown contact lenses made me look very different. I did it but I was happy to take the wig off and return to being a blue-eyed blonde at the end of the day.

I ditched the idea of being Snow White or Dorothy from the "Wizard of Oz" because I didn't want to be dark-haired again.

I did do one grotesque day as a wicked witch. A prosthetic nose and a few warts, some hairs glued to my top lip, and teeth stained and horrible. A scraggy grey wig and a slight green tinge to my makeup finished the look off. One day was enough.

My favourite was the bunny girl. Anna got an authentic costume and somehow I squeezed myself into it. It nipped my penis so tightly I doubted I could do it but the desire won over the discomfort.

I was so surprised when Anna bought a really authentic looking breast prosthetic. It was a generous size but it was only to go with a costume.

"It's modelled from a girl who really has breasts like this," she explained. "They did a body cast and made this silicone version from it."

"It looks right but how do I wear it?"

"That's the secret," Anna smiled. "You go to the prosthetic company and they glue it to your chest."

They make sure it fits perfectly, then colour it and disguise the edges.”

“What if it comes loose?”

“It won’t. It’s made to last for the time you’ll be using it and then some.”

“Do I have to wait for it to fall off?”

“They’ll give you some solvent to take it off when Bunny’s done her appearances. You’re going to look perfect.”

“This is so strange,” I said when I came back from the fitting. “I should be used to being padded out by now but these seem so real when I look down. It’s not like those breast forms I’ve had before. These give me a real cleavage.”

“The bunny suit is strapless,” Sharleen reminded me. “You couldn’t wear it with anything else; it would look very wrong.”

“And you’ll need a really well-fitted bra to support them when you’re not in costume,” Anna reminded me.

“I bet the men talk to your cleavage,” Sharleen added. “No eye contact when you’re stacked like that.”

“Don’t put him off,” Anna said. “Stacked is a very male word.”

“They wobble when I walk,” I said and I could feel a cheeky smile on my face. “Do real breasts feel like that?”

They both looked at me.

“I never noticed,” Anna said.

“Don’t look at me; I’ve had them since I was fourteen,” Sharleen said as she and Anna exchanged looks. “Maybe you’d better ask Father Christmas for some real ones.”

“Can you imagine what the clients would think if you really got implants?” Anna said. “Perhaps we’d better talk about that in the New Year.”

“You’re kidding,” I said but their look suggested that I’d just talked myself into trouble again. “Wouldn’t that put our clients off, if I was thought to be going too far?”

“I’ll have to think about that,” Anna said. “Certainly having you as someone like them is good for their security and comfort.”

Anyway, the bunny girl was a success. I got hugged and photographed. I got my bum pinched, in the best possible taste of course. It was fun and a happy time.

I was just as pleased to revert to my normal blonde self. I think I’d quite forgotten what it was like to be a boy.

I was really surprised when Anna made me a partner in the business. I had forms to sign in front of a lawyer. I wore my best business suit with a really severe pencil skirt for the occasion. I’m sure the lawyer had no idea...

Sharleen slowly started to stay over with me. Anna didn’t seem to mind. Sharleen never asked when Anna disappeared for a night or even two or three nights. She didn’t ask when Anna went out looking very different with black hair and black leather.

Staying over occasionally turned into staying over most of the time. I sometimes heard Anna and Sharleen whispering together. When they thought I could overhear, they shut up.

My tongue was getting used to licking Sharleen. My lips nibbled and she'd graduated from using her finger on me to using something bigger and then bigger still. She called it her penis and it looked like one too, not that I could really remember how it might compare with my locked away member for girth and length.

She made me come too when she worked it inside me. I still made a mess inside that tube though. It wasn't as bad as before but it was still intensely frustrating.

It surprised me when it happened. I'd been head down between Sharleen's legs when she tapped my shoulder. I looked up and there on a chain around her wrist was a small key.

"Do you want to guess what this is?" she asked, but I knew as soon as I saw it.

I shuffled around. "I hope the lock hasn't jammed with lack of use."

Sharleen failed to get the key into place. She fumbled and failed several times. I think she was teasing; prolonging the game and making me wait.

Then I was free. It was such a surprise to be erect and standing strong, tall and ready. Sharleen looked at me and looked at it. Her hand wrapped around it and then she licked the tip. I could feel the roughness of her tongue.

"I want to do that properly later." She shuffled around. "Now I'm sure there's something *you'd* like to do."

And there was. I was too eager and ultimately too quick that first time. I slipped inside her without a thought; I was bucking and pushing, enjoying that first feeling of being inside her. I came all too quickly in a gush which must have been stored over weeks and weeks of frustration.

It was a wonderful night. I think we did it three times more. I surprised myself in the morning. I watched and didn't object as she fastened me up again. It didn't feel so bad this time around and of course, she had the key.

Anna started leaving me alone with the clients once she saw that I wasn't some dumb bimbo, even though some might say that was the look I adopted some days. It wasn't deliberate; it was me playing up to those bigger breast forms she made me wear.

I got into the routine easily. I really liked most of the girls who came. I knew their interests; some even showed me pictures of their families. That surprised me at first.

"They want to feel that you're a friend, like a real part of their lives," Anna explained. "You accept them whereas others wouldn't want to understand."

"I don't understand myself," I replied. "I like being a girl and they must like these interludes as much."

"They're jealous because you don't have to go back to being a boy if you don't want to."

"I can't think why I would ever want to," I replied. "I love this life."

"I think Sharleen has a lot to do with that."

“You could be right,” I said, holding up my left hand. “We chose identical rings.”

The first problem, when it came, was out of the blue. I was alone with an older client whom I’d only seen briefly before.

He was about fifty and a bit too portly to be convincing. His dress was a fine rose-coloured formal, short but tastefully designed.

He’d clearly spent some time studying makeup and was able to make the most of his rather pudgy features. His wig was an unbelievable shade of platinum, obviously expensive, very full and long. It was like one of Dolly’s and possibly from the same supplier.

There was no mistaking the quality of his jewellery. He wore far too much gold, with jangling bangles and rings which were too much for free use of his hands. Glued-on nails, rose-coloured and matching his dress, were far too long. He insisted I help him to glue them securely. They were much longer than mine and he was less used to them.

I brought him a coffee and put it on the table by his chair. I felt a hand creeping quickly up my leg, past the tops of my stockings and further.

“What’s this?” He found the chastity belt I was wearing.

He pulled me closer with his other hand and pawed at my skirt to see the pink tube in all its glory.

“Anna’s got you fixed so that you can’t have your way with us gals.” He roared with laughter as if it was the best joke of the week.

“I’m not like that.” I blushed and tried to pull away as he grasped the tube firmly.

Before I had time to escape, he stood and, all in one movement, grasped my panties. He pulled them down and then, still holding my dress, he bent me over another chair. I could feel something at the gap between my bum cheeks. I knew what it was.

I felt paralysed by shock and panic. I felt him pushing and it hurt. It *really* hurt and I think I screamed. I knew that there was no one to hear me.

He was so strong and much heavier than I was. My feet barely touched the ground as he pushed me further over the chair. The pressure at my back passage increased. I heard him spit and got the sensation of him rubbing the liquid into the gap between his penis and my entry.

He pushed and I screamed again. I knew there should be preparation for this sort of congress and I knew that there should be negotiation and consent. There was none of that as he pushed again.

I was hurting. I was afraid he would tear something in me, maybe damage me. I didn't know what to do. I could struggle harder but bent over with my feet off the ground and his weight behind me; there wasn't much I could do.

I think I froze then. Resistance was useless against his weight and determination. I could feel that he was thrusting. Each thrust was accompanied by a grunt. I felt something in me give way. I knew at that instant what had happened. His penis was deep inside me.

He held still, then began to work it back and forth, pushing hard to get further in. It hurt so much. I didn't think he could ever get any further. Then a new sensation; he was coming inside me, No condom, no finesse, just that endless grunting.

He stopped and pulled out. I think I blacked out and fell to the floor. The next thing I knew, Anna was stroking my face and saying my name over and over.

I couldn't speak. I shuddered as I felt him leaking out of me and soaking into my dress.

The rest of the day and most of the next slipped by; I was unaware of the time passing. I hurt so much. I felt violated and humiliated. I wept nearly all the time. I lost track of time. I think I slept through the next day as well.

Sharleen came to see me; I remember being rather incommunicative when she was sitting by my bed. I think she understood. She didn't try to get me to talk. She sat and held my hand.

Anna fussed about, muttering oaths and revenge until she got the message that it wasn't helping.

The thing which halted the mental retreat into my inner wretch was Angie. Somehow she'd heard what had happened. She came to sit by my bed. She chattered endlessly about something and nothing.

I've no ideas how she kept going or what she said. Something must have penetrated my mind. I knew as soon as I woke that this was the day to get moving once more.

I think I knew then that I wanted to be a girl more than I had ever felt before. It had started with Anna's persuasion; now I was leading my own inclinations.

I came downstairs dressed in a yellow summer dress, with my makeup perfect and my favourite perfume wafting around me. I knew I'd used too much.

"Please can I go and get my hair done again?"

“Are you sure you’re ready for this?” Anna looked worried.

“More than you could ever believe,” I replied. “My roots are showing.”

Later that morning, I was sitting in the salon, with Angie repairing the damage that hair growth had done to the colour and repairing the damage done to my self-esteem.

From there, I went briefly back to the apartment. I needed to prove to myself that I could face being there again. It was easier than I thought.

I went into the lounge, the place where it had all happened. I didn’t recognise all of the ladies there, but Caroline was with them. She came and hugged me gently but as if she didn’t want to let me go.

“I’m so sorry,” she said, patting my back.

I remember the scent of her perfume and the feel of her dress then. If I close my eyes, I can recreate the sensation. It was warm and kind. I felt a tear rising but I was determined not to weep.

I’ll tell you why. Angie had just done some permanent eyelash extensions and I knew that weeping wouldn’t be good for them. Vanity won out over grief.

I didn’t hear all that she was saying. I got that she didn’t want me to leave, even though we’d only met on the few occasions in the apartment. She wasn’t one of those clients who were always asking for attention and wanting something different. She always seemed to be content with the girl she could be.

“I’m not going anywhere,” I said when she finally released me but that only made her hug me all over again. “I couldn’t leave you all.”

“Please don’t think he’s gotten away with it,” Caroline said. “I’ve spoken to Anna and my firm will deal with him.”

Anna explained that Caroline was a really big shot lawyer as well as being a good girlfriend to those who needed her.

It was a few months later when I heard anything more about my assailant. Caroline had hinted something was afoot but I didn’t ask. I’d put it behind me and I didn’t want to revisit that horrible incident.

I didn’t ask when Anna told me that a substantial cheque had arrived and that I was now the owner of half the business with a sizeable chunk of money left over for a home for Sharleen and I.

“It’s a payoff for not adding another charge to the prosecution,” she explained.

The website had a couple of pictures. One was the businessman in all his pomp; tuxedo and cigar. The other was recognisably the same figure in a bad dress and wig, clearly the worse for drink, being supported to leave an upscale hotel.

The article mentioned frauds; I didn’t read the details. I did notice that whatever the fraud was, it cost him a huge fine and compensation. It also earned him a ten-year sentence.

Prisons are awful, I believe. I wondered if he’d learn how it felt to be the victim while he was in there.

###”