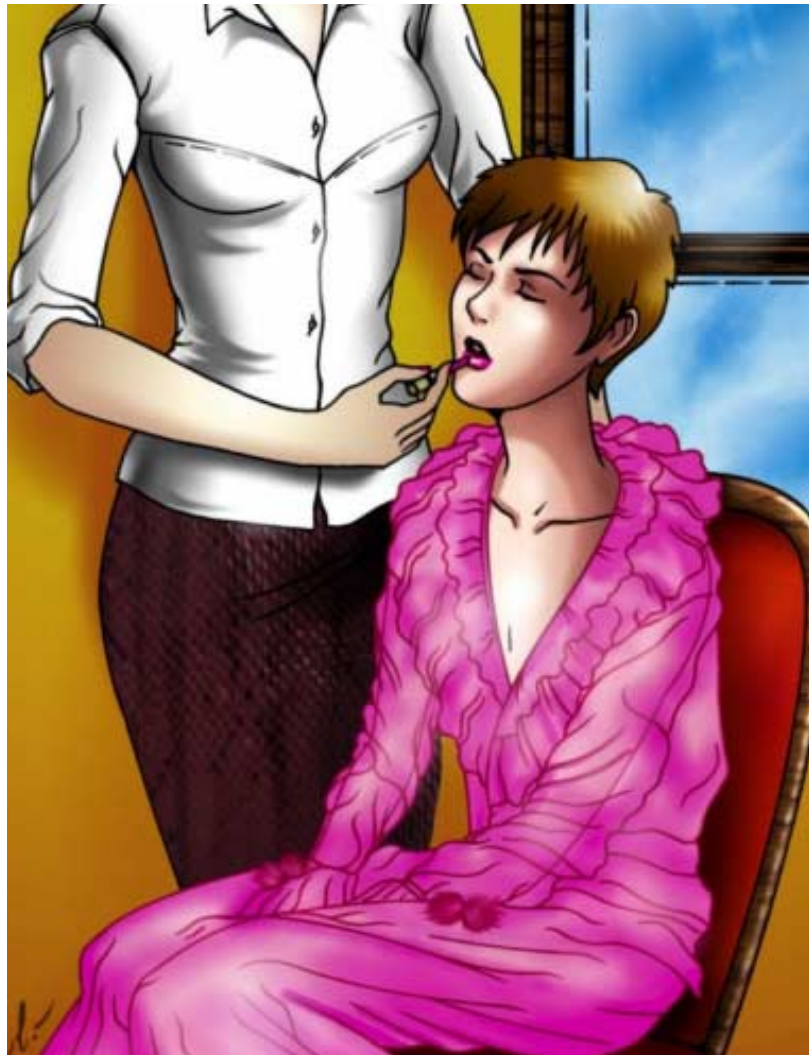




Reluctant Press presents:

Tale Of Two Sissies

Norman Way



A 'HER TV' E-BOOK

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Reluctant Press TG Publishers

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A TALE OF TWO SISSIES

By Norman Way

PRELUDE:

Talk show host Tonya Brockton uncrossed her legs and reached for her coffee cup. She knew few men were watching television at three in the afternoon; those that were just wanted to get a glimpse of her fabulous gams as well as her ample breasts which always seemed to be on the verge of bursting out of her blouse.

She took a sip from the cup and crossed her legs again. She knew the guys behind the cameras were gaga over her too ever since she had been hired off her college campus two years ago. A year of general assignment reporting had led to a morning show interviewing local people about upcoming events. That, in turn, led to getting her own afternoon talk show. Ratings had gone up which pleased the management though it was more due to her looks than anything the show had to offer. She set her cup back down and saw the director hold up five fingers. Shortly, the red light came on. She smiled, momentarily flashing her famous pearly white teeth at the camera, and then she began.

“Welcome ladies and gentlemen to another edition of 'Hot Topics.' Today's show deals with a subject of an adult nature, so if you have small children with you, please ask them leave the room. My guests today are Laura Clifton and Teri Hamilton. They are co-authors of the book 'A Life En Femme.' In addition you should also know they are MEN!”

A buzz rippled through the studio audience as they stared, amazed at the two guests. Both guests were dressed in pantsuits and flat shoes. Their hair, makeup and nails were immaculate. They appeared very relaxed and comfortable in their surroundings as well as unaffected by the audience's reaction.

“Looking at the two of you, I am completely amazed at how totally feminine you are. If I hadn’t said something at the outset of the program, I doubt if anyone here would have been able to tell you are men. How do you maintain such a great appearance? Teri, let’s start with you.”

“While I would hardly describe myself as high maintenance, I have always believed in eating healthy and exercise. I spend thirty minutes in the morning with general calisthenics and another thirty minutes in the evening on either my treadmill or stationary bike. I prefer fish or chicken to meat and love a variety of salads, breads, soups, fruits and vegetables. I drink plenty of water to keep my system flushed and have one percent milk or a diet, decaffeinated soft drink with meals. I have never smoked or used drugs and my only alcohol consumption is an occasional glass of wine. I have standing appointments to get my hair and nails done. I just love being pampered!”

“Don’t we all! Laura, what about you?”

“Well, I am pretty much the same. I eat a light breakfast, my big meal at noon and then a light one at night. I never eat or drink after seven PM. I get plenty of rest. My exercise routine is the same as Teri’s and of course the love of being pampered isn’t lost on me either! I also don’t smoke or care for alcohol.”

“Teri, what does your beauty routine consist of?”

“I use cotton balls dipped in a solution of vinegar or lemon juice and water to cleanse my face and cold cream at night. Vinegar and lemon juice are very cheap and do just as good a job as the expensive cleansers sold in department or drug stores. Twice a month, after bathing, I vigorously rub petroleum jelly on my body. I wear heavy socks, a granny nightgown and cotton gloves to bed. It is an inexpensive way to keep my hair-free skin girly soft.”

“Laura?”

“Again, it is pretty much the same routine as Teri’s. Of course, we also use something called E-2000 which is a special hormone we take in addition to a daily multivitamin.”

“Someone who is taking hormones is usually planning on a sex change, but you two aren’t.”

“That’s right. E-2000 was co-developed in England by a psychiatrist and a medical doctor. It essentially has the same effect as taking estrogen except our breasts do not become enlarged and we can still have an erection. Our skin tone and texture change but nothing else happens except hair growth is inhibited which also contributes to its popularity. It is really popular with female impersonators and cross dressers though it is expensive at \$100.00 for a thirty-day supply.”

“I see. Speaking of hair, how do you deal with that, Teri?”

“The same way women do. As the E-2000 takes effect, which is usually within thirty days as opposed to six months with estrogen, the need for waxing or shaving becomes much less, though both of us can get by for about two weeks before we have to shave or wax again. We’ve had electrolysis to get rid of our beards.”

“Let’s talk about fashion for a minute. Both of you are impeccably dressed. How do you buy women’s clothes if you are men?”

“Both of us started out with mail order catalogs. There are a few Internet companies that make women’s clothes cut for a male body. A local tailor helps us out quite a bit too. Neither one of us is a large man so we can buy most large women’s sizes and have them tailored to fit us,” said Laura.

“You both have a shapely bust and perfect hips. How is that accomplished?”

“From the beginning we used fiberglass prosthetic breast forms because they hold their shape and their weight gave us a little 'bounce,' if you will, that simulates real breasts. Our foundation garments have side panels to give us the hips we don’t have,” answered Teri.

“What about shoes?”

“Mail order again,” answered Laura. “Some department stores will occasionally have some large and wide sizes. Now with the Internet, we found a company that makes women’s shoes in men’s sizes.”

“What about jewelry and accessories, gloves, purses etc?”

“Actually we learned more by looking at newspaper and magazine ads and, of course, from seeing what women are wearing. Our clients and our tailor have been very helpful in that regard as well.”

“How did you learn about make-up?”

“There are many books at the library. There is also an Internet company that sells a CD-ROM and a DVD that teaches makeup application and removal as well as deportment.”

“I noticed the way you moved when you walked in here. Your walk, your mannerisms and the way you sat down are very ladylike.”

“After viewing the DVD, we practiced a little and that was that. Even walking in high heels was easier than we originally thought. Of course our shoes fit us better than the shoes most women buy!”

“This next part is the most difficult for me and I’m sure for most of the audience. Both of you are straight men. Yet you live as women. What shocked me and probably everyone here is the fact that for over twenty years, you have both worked for an escort service providing sex for money, correct?”

Both of the guests smiled and then Laura spoke first.

“We provide straight sex for a special clientèle. We see only women, mostly married and only by appointment. These women are lonely, starved for affection or just desperate for attention. Their husbands are too busy with careers or away a lot. In some cases, their husbands ignore them or are having affairs. It gives these women a sexual release as well as pleasant companionship. Of course in the event their husbands are suspicious and come home early from work or hire a PI to follow her, we provide a perfect alibi because she is seen with another woman. Both of us carry business cards identifying us as interior decorators, insurance saleswomen, financial consultants, etc.”

“Fascinating. Teri, how and where do you meet your clients?”

“Usually we meet them at their home or apartment. The escort service has several small suites at a motor lodge close to a large shopping mall. The client parks at the mall.

She buys a few things, puts them in the car and then hops the bus for a six-block ride to the motor lodge.”

“What has been the reaction when one of your clients sees you for the first time?”

“They are told that we will be in drag and to act as if we are an old girlfriend. Sometimes we will have lunch or a drink, sometimes not. By all outward appearances, we are just two women out together. Most of them are quite surprised at how good we look. One woman said I looked better than most women do. Once inside, whether at home or at the motor lodge, they can’t wait to get us out of our dresses or skirts. We even have even been asked for makeup or fashion advice,”

“Do you have regulars or is your business pretty much just a one-time thing?”

“About eighty percent of the business is with regular clients. The other twenty is one-night stands, bi women or just curious women who have heard about us and want to see what we are like.”

“Has there ever been any trouble?”

“Not once. A couple of times the husband came home and the wife simply introduced me as a high school classmate or interior decorator. I bat my eyelashes a few times and smile as we are introduced and none of them have been the wiser. You know how men are!”

Laughter rippled through the audience.

“Yes, I sure do!” replied the host.

The director pointed to his watch and slid his finger across his throat.

“I would like to continue this and talk about how you two got into this as well as how you met but we are running out of time. We want people to buy your book to find that out. Laura and Teri, thank you for coming. The name of their book is 'A Life En Femme'. Ladies and gentlemen, thank you for joining us and have a great afternoon.”

The director signaled that they were “off.” Tonya got up and shook hands with her guests. As the guests departed, she noticed some of the men laughing; one of them rolled his eyes and shook his head. She unclipped her mike and carried a copy of the book back to her dressing room.

For the next hour, she went over some notes for the next show. She placed the book in her briefcase and drove home. That evening, with a glass of wine, she opened the book and began to read.

PART I: TERI’S STORY

I use the first name Teri because it is the feminine derivative of my real first name Terry and I keep my real last name confidential for obvious reasons. I use the last name “Hamilton” after a city in Canada where my great grandparents were originally from.

I was born on January 3, 1967 in Naperville, Illinois. My father worked in a bank and my mother worked in the office of one of the local high schools. My mother’s pregnancy was a difficult one. She had miscarried twice and the doctors said this would be the last

try. I was a tiny baby and they kept me in the hospital until my weight got over five pounds.

I grew up in typical Midwest fashion. I liked school and earned good grades. I was kept out of most sports because of my size. I was too short for basketball, too small for football, not strong enough for wrestling. I tried soccer but didn't like it. I did like tennis and soon I became an accomplished player.

I also enjoyed jogging in the evenings. Even in the cold weather, the solitude gave me time to think about all kinds of things. In addition to my tennis lessons, my father bought me a small weight set but I didn't seem to be able to build much muscle mass as quickly as I would have liked so I sold it. This didn't matter to me that much until I entered freshman year of high school.

The only students that were looked up to were the football and hockey players. The rest of us just didn't exist. The difference between middle school and high school was like the difference between night and day. The middle school had not yet reached full capacity but the high school was getting overcrowded to the point where a bond issue had been approved but construction wouldn't start until the summer of my sophomore year. Controlled chaos was a good way to describe it.

Because I was short and had a slim build, I became a target of some of the bigger kids. Being on the tennis team didn't help me any. I heard the word "sissy" for the first time. After a couple of shoving matches in the hallway, my dad showed me a few things he had been taught in the Army. The next jostling I got in the men's room, I flipped one senior over my shoulder and banged his head on the sink. I sidestepped the guy behind him and kicked his friend viciously in the groin. As he bent over squealing in pain, I struck him on the bridge of the nose with the edge of my hand and heard the cartilage snap. I pushed him aside and walked quickly out the door. I was not bothered again.

Throughout my years leading up to high school, I had been conscious of one odd thing. I enjoyed the feel of my mother's lingerie. I would put on her panties and slip when my parents were gone. I had my first erection when I did this and nearly ejaculated on her nightgown. I imagined myself to be dressed entirely in girls' clothes. I had no explanation as to why I felt this way and of course I was not about to say anything to either my mother or father.

I loved paging through the mail order catalogs. I would close my eyes and see myself in those pretty dresses or skirts. I especially liked the bridal and bridesmaids gowns. In January, I would spend a few minutes at the magazine rack and wish I could buy those thick bridal magazines so I could see the latest bridal fashions. In February, I would feel the same way when I saw the prom magazines.

All those pretty girls in their gorgeous dresses, their perfect hair styles, makeup, accessories and, of course, high heels! I was quite envious. Sometimes I would think I was crazy, sick or maybe I was what some of the boys called "faggot" or "queer." At any rate, I knew I was different in this respect and could not discuss it with either a school counselor or my parents so I kept quiet.

I completed my sophomore year and got my driver's license that summer. I drove the family car once in awhile but money was tight and I could not get my own car. I rode the

bus to a part-time job at the nearby hospital. I subbed for vacationing employees in the laundry, kitchen and custodial staff. I did a good job and was asked to stay on working some evenings and most week-ends when school started back up again. I spent very little of what I earned, putting the majority in a savings account.

While wrestling with my inner feelings, I did occasionally date girls from school. I asked out the plain Jane girls since I knew the other girls would turn me down flat. My first few dates were around my work schedule so they were noon lunch dates at the mall or late afternoon movie dates. They ended with a quick kiss and the thank-you-for-a-nice-time routine. I never felt attracted to any of these girls. I just knew I was supposed to date girls. I was not attracted to men either so I knew I wasn't gay.

The second semester of my junior year, a girl transferred in from Iowa. They had moved in to a house just two blocks away. She was taller than I was, muscular, with short blonde hair and she played tennis on the girls' team so we hit it off. That spring, her parents fixed their big back yard up with a net and white outlines so she could play with her friends. There was also a smaller net set up so she could practice serves by herself. We played each other about three nights a week and some weekends when I wasn't working. In between, I would take her to the movies or to the mall for pizza. I never cared much for dancing. The wild music that was popular then was not to my liking either. I liked quieter, softer music like my parents liked. Dancing with Dinah was somewhat difficult since she was much taller than I was even when she wore flat shoes. It brought some laughter from a crowd at the mall once and I never asked her to dance in a public place again.

Near the end of June, Dinah called me late Friday night after I had just got home from work. She told me her parents would be gone for the weekend. She invited me over for tennis and pizza afterwards Saturday afternoon. I accepted her invitation and told my parents I would be going there about 1PM.

Saturday was a real hot day and she was beating me by a slim margin. I was wringing wet. She offered me some cold punch from the jug on the patio table. It tasted a little strong but I was thirsty and didn't care. She continued to beat me but by a larger margin this time and she handed me another cup. She whacked me pretty good the last set. As we walked back to the house, I stumbled, slipped or she tripped me and I fell into a freshly spaded and watered section of the flower bed near the back door. She helped me up.

"God, you're all muddy. Leave your sneakers at the door. Come inside and let's clean you up," she said

At the bathroom door, we stopped.

"Take off your muddy clothes and hand them to me. I'll put them in the washer while you shower. I'll leave a robe on the bed and put the pizza in the oven," she said with a broad grin on her face.

I stepped inside, undressed and handed her my clothes. As I showered, I began to feel a little woozy. I thought perhaps it had been the exertion of the tennis in that heat but the slight strong taste of the punch led me to believe it might have been spiked. I finished showering and dried myself off. Wrapping the towel around my middle, I opened the door. I could hear the washing machine going in the basement as well as soft music coming from the living room.

I walked over to the bed to find a pink chiffon robe on the bedspread and a pair of pink, fuzzy high heel slippers on the floor. I turned around to walk to the kitchen when Dinah walked in.

“The wash cycle is almost finished. Put the robe and slippers on and join me for another drink,” she ordered in a commanding tone which surprised me.

“That’s a woman’s robe,” I said. “I can’t wear that.”

“Oh yes you can and you will wear the slippers too!” she barked in a serious tone as she placed her hands on my shoulders and spun me around.

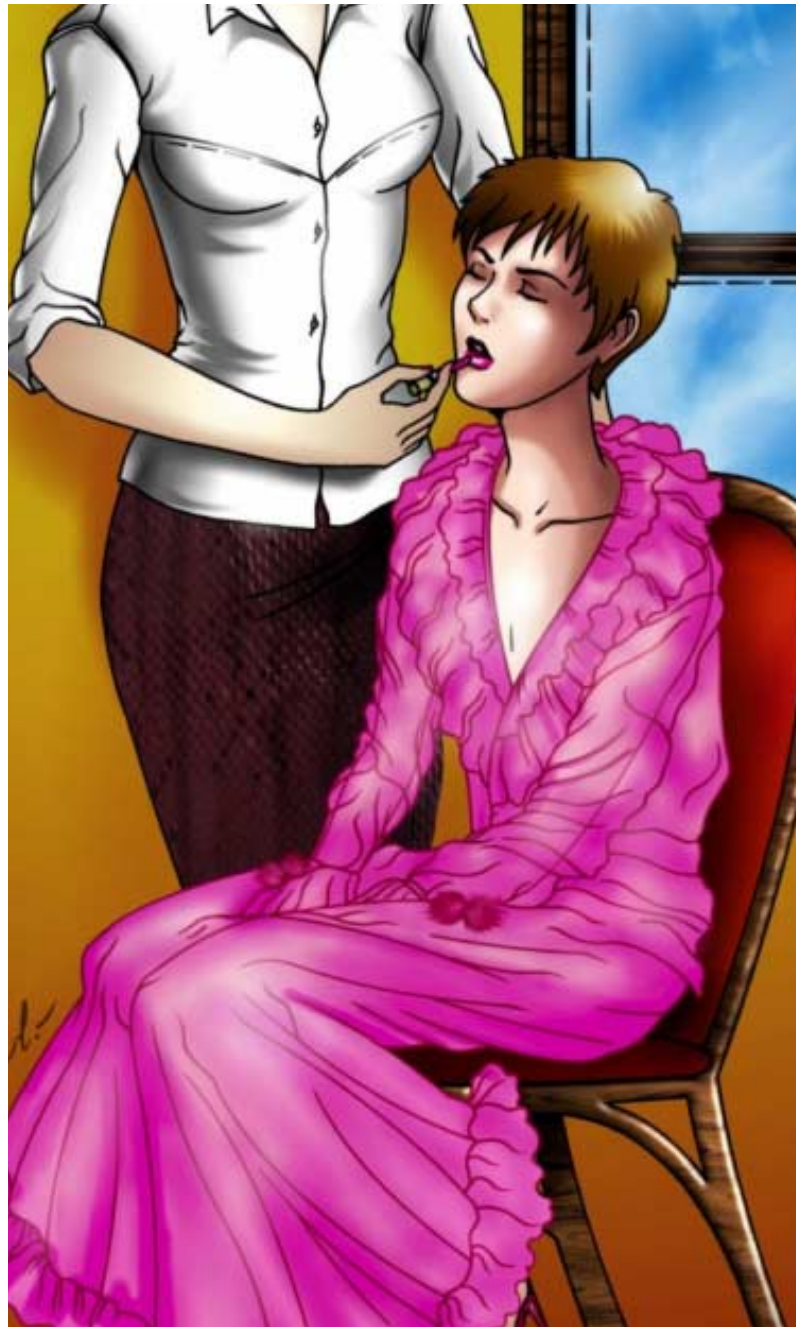
Yanking the towel from around my waist, she pushed me forward towards the bed and then went into the bathroom to hang up the towel. I slipped the robe on and tied it around my waist. The pink fuzzy collar matched the pink fuzzy balls at the ends of the strings. The chiffon felt good against my freshly showered skin. I was feeling a little giddy as well as woozy from the drink.

Returning from the bathroom, she pointed to the slippers on the floor. I stepped into them to find they were a tight squeeze but they fit. She smiled again as she walked over to the vanity and motioned me to walk towards her. I took a few steps. I found I could manage the four-inch heels by taking small steps. She removed one of her mother's wigs from the stand, placed it on my head, then she pinned a pink bow just above my forehead.

“Tilt your head up a little, please,” she said with a serious look on her face.

I did so as she removed the cap from a tube of lipstick and turned the base.

“Open wide!” she ordered.



I opened my mouth and she pressed the tube to my lips and applied a thick layer of bright pink lipstick. She pushed the tube once on each cheek and with one finger, smoothed it over my cheeks. Replacing the tube on the vanity, she took my hand and pulled me towards the living room.

I began to feel very good as she turned up the music a little and handed me another glass of punch. I took another sip and set the glass down. My head was swimming and I wondered why I had allowed things to go this far. My legs had begun to feel heavy as she led me to the center of the living room floor. I put my arms up to dance in the traditional way and she slapped them down.

"Let's try it this way," she said in a soft voice as she placed my left hand on her shoulder and took my right hand in hers.

With her leading, we began dancing. I found it easy to anticipate her movements and soon we were moving effortlessly around the living room. The music stopped and she led me over to the couch. The punch was really hitting me now as she handed me my glass. We both took a sip and then she took the glass from my hand and set both of our glasses down. Her arm curled around the back of my neck and she pulled me close and kissed me. As I put my left arm up feebly to push her away, she grabbed it and put it around her neck. I wrapped my other arm around her neck and we kissed harder. We held that kiss for the longest time. I felt myself getting hard when I first put the robe on, then again when she applied the lipstick. Now I was rock solid. She smiled as she slid her arm under my legs. She picked me up and a girlish giggle escape my lips as she carried me back to the bed room. I flailed my legs as we entered the bedroom and as my high heel slippers fell to the floor, she tossed me on the bed. She was out of her T-shirt and shorts in no time. From the vanity drawer, she removed a condom and placed it over my penis. She kissed me again and lay down next to me. Before I knew it, I was inside her.

She took control of our intercourse. She was the aggressor and I was the submissive one. I had been beautifully seduced as if I was the female and she was the male. Afterward, I actually felt more feminine than masculine. As I lay curled up in her arms, I felt so warm and wonderful.

The timer went off. Dinah got up, put on just her shorts and went into the kitchen to take the pizza out of the oven. I went into the john and flushed the condom down the toilet. I washed and dried my penis. I returned to the bedroom and put the robe and slippers on again. I checked my appearance in the mirror. My wig was slightly askew so I adjusted it, then walked towards the kitchen as she was coming up from the basement.

"I put your clothes in the dryer. Sit at the table and we'll have a drink while the pizza cools," she said.

I sat down and took a sip of punch while she took her seat opposite me. I couldn't help staring at her beautiful breasts.

"I love the way you look. You are so delightfully feminine yet so masculine in bed. I know you enjoyed yourself, and I don't mean just the sex part. Have you ever dressed like a girl before?" she asked.

I took another sip of the punch. There was no point in lying to her so I let my secret out.

"Yes," I answered. "I have been in love with femininity all my life. I just never could talk to anybody about it. I can't explain why I feel so good when I am crossdressed. When my parents are gone, I wear my mom's lingerie but only briefly. I enjoy being girly and submissive even though it's something a man is not supposed to do."

"You make a pretty girl and I glad you were open and honest with me," she said.

She got up, cut the pizza, and set it on the table between us. We both ate ravenously. The dryer buzzer went off and she got up to get my clothes.

"Yours," she said indicating the last piece of pizza.

I didn't hesitate. The punch had not only reduced my ability to resist her wishes to put me en femme but had generated quite an appetite too. I placed the cups on the sink when I finished and walked back to the bedroom as she came up from the basement with my clothes. She followed me and put my clothes on top of the dresser. She took another condom out of the vanity drawer and came towards me. I opened the robe as she wrapped her arms around me and kissed me.

Later as we lay entwined, I felt very worldly. Very womanly you might say even though that may seem like an odd expression coming from a man who had just had his first sexual experience. It was also my first experience at role reversal. Any way you describe it, this had been one delightful afternoon and I was looking forward to doing this again. We both dozed off. When I awoke, it was almost eight PM.

I got up and went into the john. I cleaned myself off again. Looking at the reflection in the mirror over the sink, I saw a pretty brown haired girl with pink blusher and lipstick. Maybe I should have been a girl, I thought.

Back in the bedroom, Dinah was pulling her shorts back on.

"Geez, I gotta get home," I said. "I told my folks I would be home by seven."

"I'm glad you came," she said as she walked over to me and placed both hands on my shoulders and kissed me.

I sat at the vanity and she removed the blusher and lipstick. She put the wig back on its stand as I hung the robe on a hanger and put it in the closet along with the fuzzy slippers. I got dressed and walked home. I took my time trying to sort things out. It had been quite an afternoon, to say the least.

Back home, I entered the house quietly and went right upstairs to the bathroom. I checked myself in the mirror to ensure all the makeup had been removed. After a shower, I brushed my teeth and went straight to bed. I don't think I had slept better in my whole life.

I got busy with work. The Fourth of July came and went. The middle of July was even hotter and everybody's air conditioner was running full blast. Dinah called me Saturday morning as I was leaving for work.

"Sorry I haven't called. Do you work tomorrow?"

"No," I replied, "I have tomorrow off. Why?"

“I have ordered something special for you and I would like you to come over about nine so we can spend the day together. My parents are in Des Moines for my mom’s sister’s funeral.”

“Okay, I’ll see you about nine tomorrow,” I answered.

I had a hard time concentrating on my job. Every time I thought about Dinah, I would start to get hard and you can’t work when you are all excited like that. I was dressed for tennis with racket in hand as I rang the doorbell promptly at nine. The door opened quickly and she let me in. I walked past her and she steered me to the bedroom where she had newspapers on the floor.

“Strip and stand spread eagle with your hands on your hips in the middle of those papers please,” she said in her commanding voice.

I put my racket on the dresser and undressed.

“You have very little body hair but I want you to be hair free, just like me.” She grinned as she held up the electric clippers as I took my place in the middle of the newspapers. When she finished, she applied wax strips and with great delight, yanked them off, enjoying my wincing as she did so.

I stepped off the papers and ran my hand over my arms and legs. They were satiny smooth just like a girl’s. She rolled up the strips and hair in the newspapers and put them in the garbage. When she returned, she had her racket in hand.

“Get dressed. Time for a few sets before it gets too hot,” she laughed.

I followed her out to the backyard where she trounced me good. I was a pretty good player myself but no match for her and I know she enjoyed dominating me on the tennis court and off. It seemed cooler without even the little body hair I had but when we were finally through I was still wrung out.

We entered the kitchen and she handed me a soft drink.

“Enjoy this while I shower first. Then when you finish your shower, I have a surprise for you,”

I sipped my soft drink and wondered what exactly she had in mind. Shortly, she came into the kitchen wearing a pink terry cloth bathrobe and pink shower shoes.

“You’re up,” she said as she opened the fridge door.

I put my drink down and headed for the bedroom. I undressed and went into the bathroom. After showering, I rubbed myself vigorously with the large fluffy towel and enjoyed the tingling of my hair-free freshly waxed skin. I put on the pink chiffon robe and re-entered the bedroom.

Dinah was sitting at the vanity, putting on pink lipstick. She was wearing a pink shirt-dress and three-inch pink patent leather heels. When she finished, she got up and walked over to the bed. I walked over to where she was standing and she reached out and pulled the strings of the chiffon robe. I slipped it off and tossed it on the bed.

“Try these on,” she said as she handed me a pair of dainty pink nylon tricot panties.

I stepped into them and brought them up to my waist. She held out the matching pink bra and I slipped my arms through the straps. After inserting the breast forms in the cups, she adjusted the straps and then walked over to the closet. She took out a pink shirt dress on a hanger that matched the one she was wearing. After unzipping it, she removed the hanger and held it up by the hem. I put it on and she closed the zipper. She took several steps back and smiled broadly.

“Put on the pumps and then sit at the vanity” she instructed.

I slipped on the matching pink shoes and sat at the vanity. She placed the same brown wig on my head and then the pink bow.

“Put your own lipstick on and you’ll be ready,” she said

“Ready for what?” I inquired as I applied the pink lipstick to my mouth and cheeks.

She pulled my wallet and handkerchief from my pants pocket. She put these items, along with a compact and the lipstick, in a pink clutch purse and handed it to me. I took the purse as I stood up.

“We’re going shopping and then to lunch,” she answered matter-of-factly.

“Wait a minute. I don’t want to go out like *this*. I mean here at home is one thing but...”

Her sharp glare interrupted me.

“Nonsense. You look perfect in that dress and heels. Now come on.”

She grabbed my arm and dragged me towards the back door. We walked to the garage and she backed the car out. I got inside and she backed out of the driveway. I was scared now.

“Where are we going? What if something happens while I’m dressed like this?” I cried.

“Oh shut up and stop being a nervous Nellie,” she ordered. “Nobody is going to recognize you. We’re just two girls out for a day of shop-till-we-drop. Then we will have a nice lunch and go home. Now relax and enjoy yourself, girlie.”

I said nothing as she drove about twenty-five miles to a mall on the other side of town. She parked at one end of the mall and we got out of the car.

“Now remember to walk like a girl. Take your time. Watch for the rough spots in this blacktop parking lot as you don’t want to trip in those heels.”

I walked along side of her, trying my best not to trip. Walking in three-inch heels was a new experience for me even though I felt quite giddy wearing lingerie under my pink shirtdress. We spent several hours shopping through out the mall, then decided to have lunch. We took a booth near the front so we could watch the people go by. Dinah ordered the daily special of a soup and sandwich for both of us.

“Remember to eat slowly. Take smaller bites and sip the soup from the side of the spoon. Don’t put the whole thing in your mouth and gulp it down like a man.”

I nodded to her. While we waited for our order to come, we watched the people walking by. Dinah would point out the women and what was right or wrong about the way they dressed, walked, were made-up or how they conducted themselves in general.

"You should always be ladylike and feminine," she admonished. "Remember, I ADORE femininity."

Our order came and we ate in silence. When we finished, she insisted I take out my compact and lipstick and freshen my makeup before we walked slowly back to the car. At home, she put her purchases away while I waited in the living room. She brought us a soft drink and sat down next to me.

"I like the way you handled yourself today," she began. "You were precisely the lady I wanted you to be. You *did* enjoy spending the day in a dress and heels, didn't you?"

I nodded. It had been only too pleasurable. I was not only looking forward to doing it again, I secretly wanted to do this all the time. I loved the demure lady I had become when I was en femme. I took another sip of the soft drink. She leaned over and kissed me. I got up and walked to the bedroom with Dinah right behind me. We both giggled girlishly as she unzipped me and I unzipped her. We got out of our lingerie and into each other's arms.

Later as I lay against her, I wondered how long this was going to last. I loved being submissive. I loved the way our hairless, soft skin melded together when we made love. I wanted a solution to this conundrum of having to live two lives, one masculine and one feminine.

I got up and sat at the vanity to remove my makeup. She watched me as I removed the wig and got dressed in my male clothing. It was nearly five-thirty when I kissed her good-bye and left because I was due home for supper at six.

The rest of July and half of August went by. I was very busy at work filling in for people on vacation. School registration came up and then an appointment with a career counselor who was disappointed that I had not settled on what I was going to do after graduation.

Just before school was due to start, Dinah informed me that her parents would be up north for the weekend and I should come over Saturday morning for tennis. I couldn't wait. The very thought of spending the day en femme with her caused me to get hard. I slept very little Friday night as the anticipation of the sweet delights that lie ahead kept me awake. The next morning, I took a hot bath. I shaved my legs and face. I wanted to be girly smooth for our get together. I wasn't sure what she had planned this time but I wanted to be at my feminine best to please her, no matter what she wanted me to do.

I arrived at Dinah's on time and saw a car in the driveway that I didn't recognize. When I rang the bell, Dinah let me in and ushered me into the living room.

Sitting on the couch was a middle-aged woman. She wore a black pantsuit and black flats. Her hair, nails and makeup were perfect in every respect. On the floor next to her was a black leather briefcase.

"Teri, I would like you to meet Madame Paquette. Madame Paquette, this is my friend, Teri."

I took her extended hand as she stood up and said, "Pleased to meet you, ma'am"

"I'm pleased to meet you too, Teri. Let's sit at the table shall we?" she answered.

She picked up her briefcase and we took seats around the dining room table. I sat across from Dinah and Madame Paquette sat at the head. She opened her brief case and took out a sheaf of papers.

“Dinah had a close friend in Iowa who moved to San Francisco several years before she came here. They have kept in touch and in addition, they have something in common. They have a passion for feminine men. Men like you. Dinah tells me you enjoy being feminized as well as having heterosexual sex. Is that true?” she asked.

“Yes,” I admitted. “I feel very at ease when I am en femme and enjoy Dinah’s companionship very much as well as our intimate relationship.”

“I see. Are you familiar with the word 'cunnilingus'?”

“We haven’t done that yet,” interrupted Dinah. “After today, I will make sure he knows what you’re talking about.”

“Good. I understand you will be eighteen in January and you have not made any commitments as far as furthering your education. Is that correct?”

“Yes it is. I’m just not sure what I want to do.”

“How would you like to make a lot of money, more than most college graduates make?”

“Well, sure. What would I have to do?”

“You will be doing exactly what you are doing now except you will be paid for it. Now then, Teri, I will come right to the point. I own an escort service. I provide married women with feminine companionship as well as a lover. These are lonely, unfulfilled women. We are very discreet. Would you be interested. I need a yes or no answer right now.”

Her face had turned serious.

I thought about what I might be doing with a tech school or college degree as well as trying to handle the emotional roller coaster of living both a masculine and feminine existence. I knew I would never be really happy without someone like Dinah, no matter what I did for a living. I doubted whether or not whatever career I chose would bring the fulfillment that our relationship had brought me. I really didn’t want to live the way I would have to as a man.

“Yes,” I answered. “How do we go about this?”

“First, because of the nature of this work, I suggest you cut off all ties with your family. Second, I know you are in excellent health but I want you to loose another ten pounds and continue to keep yourself trim. You will begin electrolysis at the studio listed on the sheet I will give you and you should pay in cash. Three months from graduation, stop getting hair cuts and let your nails grow. Quit your job a month before graduation and withdraw your savings in cash. I will contact you for a flight date and then mail you a one way ticket from O’Hare to San Francisco. Bring only a change of clothes, your birth certificate, driver's license and your social security card.

“Upon your arrival, you will be taken to a large house for one month along with several others to begin additional feminization and training. Upon completion, you will get a driver's license with your en femme picture, your new name and the sex box marked 'F'.

Your social security card will be in your new name as well. Your birth certificate will remain the same. In addition, you will be issued a new wardrobe, you will get your hair and nails done and you will receive a cell phone. You will reimburse us for these expenses with a monthly deduction when you start working.

“When you leave this temporary residence, you will be en femme and will live that way from then on. We will help you find an apartment once you finish training but you are responsible for all your living expenses. You will always wear dresses or skirts; pants are forbidden as are shoes with heels less than three inches. Your hair and makeup will be perfect at all times and you will always be sweetly scented. You will always conduct yourself in a ladylike fashion whether you are on your way to or from a client or on a day off. You will get a schedule and go where you are sent. You will have time for yourself, of course, but the service comes first. Everything I have just told you is on these sheets. The guidelines and your work schedule must be followed to the letter. Do you have any questions, Teri?”

I looked over the sheets she had given me, then gave her the only answer someone like me could give her.

“No,” I said. “You have covered everything very well and I am looking forward to working for you.”

“Excellent. Now I have another appointment in Minnesota. I will call you in May for a date of departure and then I will mail you a plane ticket in a plain brown envelope. It was a pleasure meeting you, Teri.”

She stood up and shook my hand. Dinah walked her to the door as I re-read the sheets in front of me.

I couldn't believe what I had just agreed to but I also felt a great sense of relief. Now, unlike tens of thousands of other men, I would have a lifestyle they only dream about and I would be getting paid for it, too.

When Dinah came back, she took my hand and we went into the bed room where we undressed. I put on a pink baby doll nightie, the brown wig and, of course, some pink lipstick. She dropped a pillow to the floor and straddled it.

“Kneel on the pillow and tilt your head up,” she commanded.

I did so and she locked her fingers behind my head and pushed my face into her sex. I was apprehensive at first but I followed Dinah's instructions and she soon climaxed.

“Lick me clean,” she said in a soft voice.

I did so and when I finished, she was smiling brightly.

“Get up and go into the bathroom. There's some mouthwash in the cabinet. When you're done, come back here,” she instructed.

When I returned, she was sitting on the bed. She got up put her arms around me.

“I'm going to miss you, my little sissy boy,” she cooed.

She kissed me, then she picked me up and tossed me on the bed. Later that afternoon when I got home, I sat down on my bed with a clipboard and pen to draft a plan for my escape to a new life.

Over the next several months, we saw each other sporadically. We were both busy with school and part-time jobs. Tennis season would start soon and that would mean even less time for us to be together. My electrolysis was going smoothly, though it cut a hole in what little money I had saved. I had purchased a very used car from a relative of my mom's and I was keeping that going until it was time to leave. I had trimmed my weight down by twelve pounds just to be on the safe side.

I saw Dinah one Sunday in April. She dressed me in a short-sleeved purple chiffon dress and heels, a matching purse and of course I wore pink lipstick. We went to the same mall where she shopped and we had lunch at the same restaurant again. Back at home, she undressed me and we made love.

The last time I saw her was shortly before Memorial Day Weekend. I played several sets of tennis and was soundly thrashed again.

"You're never going to beat me, pussycat," she chided.

We showered together and I went home.

I passed my exams and got my High School diploma. I had quit my job without telling anyone. I cashed my last paycheck and withdrew all but ten dollars from my account. I used some of the money to purchase a man's black wig and mustache as well as a pair of black-framed, clear glass glasses. I called the number Madame Paquette had given me and several days later I got the plane ticket in the mail.

There was a commuter flight out of Naperville at 10 AM Sunday morning which would get me into O'Hare in plenty of time for the 2 PM flight to San Francisco. Early Sunday morning, I put on my disguise and carried my small suitcase out to the car. I parked near the river. I left the windows open, the doors unlocked, then jammed the snow removal brush between the accelerator pedal and the seat. I set my suitcase aside and with my foot on the brake, I shifted the car into drive. It shot ahead, jumped the curb and careened down the embankment into the river.

I ran to a nearby restaurant and sat at the counter. I had a roll and a cup of coffee for breakfast. I called a cab using the manager's name and got to the airport. My flight was on time and the flight to San Francisco was, too. I was met there by a strikingly beautiful blonde girl in a chauffeur's uniform who took me to the apartment house where I would start my training.

At the house, I was assigned a room and told to shower and leave my clothes outside the door. When I finished, I was outfitted with a pink sweatshirt, pink sweatpants and pink thongs which I would be wearing for the next thirty days. The next morning, I was introduced to the other boys and after breakfast, we began our training.

I had barely gotten settled in my new apartment when I went on my first assignment. What surprised me the most I guess was that she was not only a very attractive woman but smart and witty too. She was an excellent conversationalist as well. I enjoyed shopping and dining with her as much as having sex with her. She had used the service before and was always asking for the "new girl," as she put it. She was one of those women who enjoyed undressing me and examining my feminine body. We were not only lovers but "girl-friends" too. So began my entry into the sex for money business.

PART II: LAURA'S STORY

I use the first name Laura because it's close to my given name of Loren. I suppose I could have used Lori but my wonderful grandmother was named Laura so I use it instead. Like Teri, I keep my real last name confidential and use Clifton because it is a combination of my father's name Cliff and his brother's name Tony. Both of them were killed while they were fishing by a drunk at the controls of a speedboat.

I was born February 14, 1967 in Rochester, Minnesota. My dad worked as a maintenance man and my mother was an x-ray technician at the Mayo Clinic. I was an "unexpected" baby. I had two older sisters; one was five and the other was three when I was born. At the time of my father's death, I was only three. To save money, my mother kept me in girl clothes until I started school. She also took a second job waiting on tables on her weekends and nights off at an upscale restaurant near the clinic. My father had some life insurance but my mother wanted to leave it in trust for our education. I grew up loving panties and dresses. I loved the color pink too. My sisters loved seeing me dressed like them and I spent many hours helping them with the laundry and housework dressed in girl clothes while my mom was away at work.

I started school and made good grades. I was short for a boy and had a face "pretty as any girls" like some teachers and friends of my mother remarked This didn't matter until I got to high school. I didn't like sports particularly. In gym class, I was always the last to be chosen because of my awkwardness and lack of self confidence. Fortunately, a gym teacher was patient with me and kept me motivated to do better. That helped me considerably along with my mother constantly reminding me I was capable of better and to keep trying no matter what happened. I always liked the water so I tried out for the swim team and made it. When I wasn't doing anything, I would hop on the bus to the "Y" and swim. Mom teased me one night after I got back. She wanted to look at my chest to see if I had sprouted gills.

I had very little body hair. As part of our regimen, all of the guys kept their bodies shaved. It was supposed to reduce resistance in the water and improve our lap time. I'm not sure just how big of an impact it had on our speed but the football, hockey and basketball players would occasionally give us a hard time about it.

I hadn't worn girl clothes since I was very young but always missed the feel of those tricot panties. My cotton briefs were not uncomfortable but I longed for the silky smooth softness of panties.

Periodically, when my mom was working and my sisters were with friends in the neighborhood or mom had taken them with her grocery shopping, I would go into their bedroom and go through their drawers trying on their panties and hose. I loved the feel of the nylons against my smooth-shaven legs. Then I would try on the dresses from the closet. I couldn't button or zip them up because my sisters were bigger than I was so the dresses sort of hung on me but I didn't care. Their shoes were too big also and I preferred my mom's high heels even though they didn't fit very well either.

I would mince around the house trying to act like a girl acts and then rush upstairs and put the clothes and shoes away. I was always careful to put things back the way I found

them. Sometimes I would even sit at my mom's vanity and imagine what I would look like with makeup on. I wanted to try some of it but I was afraid I might not get it all off and they would notice. I nearly got caught once when they came home early from shopping because of a power outage near the store. I heard the car in the driveway and just barely got everything back in its proper place when they came in the house. I must have looked guilty because Mom asked me if anything was wrong. I shook my head no and she didn't press it.

It was Memorial Day weekend when I was more or less recruited to perform with my sisters at a concert. I had no interest in music but both of my sisters were in the school choir. The previous Christmas, my sister and several others performed in concert as a group called "The Snow Angels." I was a last minute substitute for one of the girls who got sick.

Mom dressed me in white panties, pettislip, socks and a white satin puff sleeve dress. The white shoes she called "Mary Janes." She combed my hair over my forehead to form bangs and pinned a large white bow in my hair. White gloves completed my ensemble. Like my sisters, I wore pink lipstick and blusher. I joined my sisters and the other three girls on stage at the high school concert and we were a big hit. When we got home, Mom removed my makeup and the feminine apparel. Not only did I not want to take them off, I wanted to wear such nice girly apparel all the time. But I knew I couldn't so I kept quiet.

I passed my final exams and was looking forward to a summer off. I still dreamed of being in girl clothes. I masturbated frequently while fantasizing about being cross-dressed. The mail order catalogs provided me with plenty of ultra-feminine images, as did the magazines my sisters brought home.



I entered my sophomore year more miserable than ever. I was trying to figure out why a boy felt so good when he dressed like a girl. I liked several girls in my classes and had never felt attracted to any of the boys. I couldn't be gay and yet it was strange to want to be dressed in feminine apparel. Masturbating as I fantasized provided some relief but with climax came the powerful surge of a masculine feeling. Why would someone desire to be so feminine yet at climax feel so powerfully masculine?

The swim team had done well, finishing third at the state finals. It was the highest they had ever placed. I finished my sophomore year and got my driver's license. I was hired at a pizza place in the food court at a nearby mall. I saved a little money but still had to ride the bus back and forth to work as I spent the summer serving up pizza by the slice and soft drinks. When I wasn't working, I continued to spend time at the "Y" swimming. My weight was well under the height-to-weight ratio and I was a trim and fit boy.

My supervisor, Mandy, pulled me aside one Friday afternoon as I was finishing my shift.

"Loren, my sister is in a jam. If you help her out, she will pay you a hundred dollars for four hours work. Are you interested?"

"A hundred dollars for four hours? Doing what?" I asked.

"A little modeling work. It won't take long. She can explain everything. Her name is Lana and she manages Hanson's Formal Apparel at the other end of the mall. I told her you were off at five."

I punched out and walked down to Hanson's store. There were no customers in the store so I asked the girl behind the counter for Lana. She went in the back room and shortly the clerk returned with another woman who introduced herself as Lana White, the manager.

"I work for Mandy at the pizza place and she said you wanted to see me," I said.

Her face brightened and she smiled at me.

"Yes. Please come back to my office and I will fill you in."

I followed her back to the office. I took a seat in front of her desk as she closed the door and then sat opposite me.

"A very important customer is coming in at 8 PM this evening for a private viewing of some of our fall line of formal apparel. One of the girls who were scheduled to be here canceled at the last minute and I cannot at this late date find a replacement. Mandy mentioned you were very trim and had a very, umm photogenic face so I am offering you one hundred dollars to wear several dresses for our client. Are you willing to do this?"

A normal boy would have told her nuts to that proposal. He wouldn't be caught dead in a dress, let alone in a dress, high heels and makeup. I, however, felt like I was about to enter the gates of Heaven so without hesitation, I said "Yes."

"Oh! I am so glad you will," she said as a look of relief flooded over her face.

"I should call home first to tell them I will be late," I replied.

"By all means," she said as she handed me the phone.

After I finished my call, she reached into a drawer and put a small box on the desk.

"I'll step outside while you put these items on. Come out when you are ready."

She walked out as I opened the box to find a strapless long line bra, two breast forms, a panty girdle and a pair of sheer pantyhose. I undressed and put the lingerie on, feeling ever so girlish as I did so. When she came back in, she closed the rest of the back bra hooks and looked me over.

"Fabulous, now let's get you in makeup."

I followed her out of the office to a back room where a table had been set up. There were two other girls already at the table applying their makeup.

"Girls, this is Loren. He is going to help us out tonight. Loren, this is Julie and Suzanne."

Both girls looked up at me with grins as we exchanged "pleased to meet you's."

I slid the chair partway out at an angle and sat down. Lana applied bright red lipstick to my mouth and roughed my cheeks. She made up my eyes, then clipped a pair of long earrings to my earlobes. Lastly, she fitted a black wig to my head and topped it with a red bow. I stood up as she went to a rack and selected a bright red satin sheath dress. She unzipped it and I stepped inside. I almost shivered with joy as I put my arms through the sleeves and she zipped me up. It was a little big so she inserted some pins and then I took the dress off again. She handed the dress to another employee to be altered.

"Try some of these shoes on to see what fits you the best," she said as she pointed to a pile of boxes in the corner.

I tried three pairs on before I found a nearly perfect fit. The black leather pumps had four-inch heels and I felt a little unsteady.

"Walk around a little so you will get comfortable in them," instructed Lana.

I walked to the door to the main floor of the store and back several times, gaining confidence with each step. The employee with the dress returned and I put it on again. I walked to the door and back again. Lana nodded her satisfaction and the employee removed two more dresses from the rack and left to alter them as well.

Lana had lunch delivered and while we ate, I wondered what the girls were thinking. All I could think of was how heavenly I felt in that dress and how much I could use a hundred dollars. When we finished eating, the girl brought in the other two dresses I would be wearing. The first was a bright yellow floor-length chiffon gown with long billowy sleeves. The other was a black taffeta mini dress with short puff sleeves. Lana called it "the typical little black dress." I tried them both on and the fit was fine.

At seven-thirty, the main store lights dimmed and a "closed for inventory" sign was put on the front door.

The back doorbell rang at a quarter to eight. Lana opened it. A tall woman, elegantly dressed in a business suit, walked in.

"It's good to see you, Mrs. Shannon, please come to the front. Would you care for a soft drink or some coffee?" inquired Lana.

“No, thank you. Let’s just get down to business,” she answered in a sharp voice as she took her seat.

“Very well, I’ll have the girls come out right away.”

The other two girls went out first, one at a time. Then it was my turn.

“Place one hand on your hip like the other girls did and walk slowly,” instructed Lana

I walked out and paraded back and forth in front of the woman. I turned to go back but the woman’s sharp voice stopped me.

“Come over closer to me, please,” she asked.

I stood in front of her as she looked me carefully up and down. She seemed to be more interested in me than the dress.

“Turn around,” she ordered.

I did so and she smoothed her hand over the fabric of the dress.

“Walk again for me, please,” she ordered again.

I made several trips back and forth. She was watching me very closely and I couldn’t figure out what she was looking for or at. I was afraid to say anything. Finally, she nodded and waved me off. I walked to the back room where Lana helped me out of the red satin sheath and into the yellow chiffon dress.

I stood nearby and as first one girl and then the other came back. The hem was a bit long so with my left hand, I picked up the slack in the dress, placed my right hand on my hip and walked out again. It was the same routine again. After several trips back and forth, she called me over to examine the dress more closely. Then I took a few more trips back and forth before she dismissed me again.

As I walked back to the dressing area the second time, I began to wonder why the other two girls spent only a few minutes under her watchful gaze while I was given almost twenty minutes. I stepped out of the yellow gown and Lana slipped the little black dress over my head and zipped me up. I waited again as the other two girls finished and then walked out for the last time.

Once again I was scrutinized very carefully. This time as I stopped in front of her and turned around, she placed her hand on my butt as if to feel the material. Then with me facing her, she gripped the hem with both hands and lifted it up to see the underside of the dress.

It was almost as if she wanted to see what I was wearing underneath. I was a little shocked by this but of course, I said nothing. She put the hem down and looked up at me.

“Have you been modeling very long?” she asked

“No, actually this is my first job,” I answered.

“You are very professional. Thank you. You may go,”

I walked back where Lana was standing. She unzipped me and then walked out to Mrs. Shannon. The two girls had already changed and were giggling as they walked out.

“Nice working with you,” one of them cooed as they giggled again.

I pulled the dress over my head and put it back on the hanger. I went into the office and changed clothes. When I came out, Mrs. Shannon had left. I sat at the table and Lana removed my wig and makeup.

Thanks so much for helping me out," she said as she pressed a hundred dollar bill in my hand. "Mrs. Shannon was very impressed with the way you handled yourself."

"I just did what the other girls did," I answered as I got up to leave.

Lana let me out the front door. I walked back to the food court and down the exit corridor. That night, I dreamed I was a model. The opportunity to spend the rest of my life wearing fabulous makeup, sheer lingerie, gorgeous dresses, and high heeled shoes made me feel simply ecstatic.

The rest of the summer was uneventful. Once, one of the girls I had modeled with stopped at the counter to order pizza. After I served her, she thanked me and then joined her friends at the table nearby where shortly they all erupted in giggles.

My junior year was progressing smoothly. A new girl transferred in from Massachusetts. She had been captain of the girls' swim team there. Her parents were both physicians and worked at the clinic. I first met Sally at a combined meet in March. She was waiting for the boys' team to finish the last event. The girls' team had won handily while we were struggling to finish third. She was much taller than I was and quite muscular for a girl. She stood close to me while we talked. I found her manner to be assertive and controlling. She was not intimidating but I found myself feeling excited about being submissive to her so when she asked me out, I accepted without hesitation.

She stopped by after I finished work and we walked down the mall to the multiplex cinema. As we neared Hanson's formal apparel store, one of the girls I had met there walked ahead of us to the theater. Shortly after we were seated inside, she got up and as she walked by us, I thought I saw her wink at Sally. Sally got up and followed her to the restrooms. A few minutes later, they both returned giggling about something. After the movie, she drove me home.

"My parents will be going away next weekend for a medical conference. We have a nice pool instead of a full basement. Would you like to come over for a swim and lunch?"

She looked at me with a sort of commanding look as if it was not an invitation but a command.

"Sure," I answered.

"Since you don't have a car yet why don't I pick you up about one Saturday?"

"OK, see you then."

As I got out of her car, I wondered how she knew I was off Saturday, but then I guess it didn't really matter.

The next week dragged on and Saturday seemed as if it would never get here. The Friday night swim meet was another loss. I was beginning to wonder if body shaving really did make a difference.

Saturday, she was right on time. I tossed my towel and swim trunks in the back seat as I got in. She was a fast driver and we arrived at the house in no time at all.

"Leave your trunks in the car, I already have a pair for you downstairs," she said.

We got out of the car and headed up the walk. She unlocked the front door and I followed her through the house to the basement stairs. We walked down the steps to the pool.

"You can change in the john, it's just off the laundry room," she said with authority. "Pick any suit you like out of the cupboard."

I walked into the john and undressed. I opened the cupboard to find the only swimsuit was a girl's swimsuit. I wrapped my beach towel around my waist and headed for the pool area to ask where my suit was when she came into the laundry room. She was wearing a black swimsuit and cap.

"There are no men's suits in the cupboard. Where are they?" I asked

She got right up close to me with a bit of a smirk on her face.

"YOUR suit IS in the cupboard," she said in a loud voice. "Now get your butt in there and put it on or I will come in and put it on for you!"

With one hand on my shoulder, she gave me a good shove and with the other she ripped the towel from around my waist. I was quite startled at her forcefulness but walked quickly back to the bathroom and took the suit out of the cupboard. I stepped into the bright pink girl's bathing suit. I pulled it up to my waist and put my arms through the straps. It was a bit of a tight fit. Just below the waist, the suit flared out like a skirt. I was a bit apprehensive as I walked back out to where she was waiting.

"You forgot your cap!" she shouted.

I went back and put on the matching pink swim cap and returned to where she was standing in the doorway with her arms crossed. Her face brightened with a smile as I approached.

"The girls were right about you," she laughed. "You *do* make a better looking girl than a boy. Now let's go for a swim."

She grabbed my hand and pulled me towards the pool area. We walked down the steps into the pool and got wet.

"Okay girlie, swim ahead of me. Let's do twenty laps, shall we?"

I didn't answer but instead dove ahead into the warm clear water. She followed me and we began to swim. I found myself wondering what else she had in mind for the rest of the afternoon as we completed lap after lap.

It was a good size pool and I was just beginning to tire when we finished the twentieth lap.

She stood close to me as we stood up at the shallow end near the steps.

"Not getting tired yet, are we, girly?" she asked.

I shook my head. "No, of course not," I answered without objecting to being called girlie.

"Good. Then let's do twenty more," she laughed as she pushed me backwards.

I started swimming again with her a few feet behind me. The warm water had always felt good against my smooth-shaven skin but now with the excitement of wearing a girl's swimsuit and cap, I felt more sensuous than ever.

She finished two laps ahead of me. I was exhausted as I got out of the pool. She wasn't around but had left my towel on the railing. I had just dried myself off when she came back wearing jeans and a T-shirt.

"After you get dried off, leave the swimsuit and cap in the laundry room, get dressed and come upstairs for a drink," she ordered.

I went to the laundry room and took off the cap and swimsuit. My clothes were not on the counter where I had left them. Instead there was a pair of pink panties, a pink mini-skirt and a pink puff sleeve blouse.

I wasn't going to argue with her so I put them on and went upstairs. I was more tuckered out than I thought. As I walked into the living room, I could hear soft music in the background. Her face brightened when she saw me walking towards her.

"Oh my, don't you look just grand, sissy boy!" she exclaimed. "Hold these while I pour."

She handed me two wine glasses. I took them from her and she poured each glass half full. She put the decanter on the bar. Then she reached out her hand but instead of taking the glass, she grabbed the hem of my miniskirt. Playfully, she yanked it up, revealing my pink panties. She giggled at the bulge in front.

"I guess I had your size figured out all right. Now wait here, I'll be right back."

She returned in a minute with a blonde wig and placed it on my head as I stood there with



a wine glass in each hand. From her jean pocket, she produced a lipstick.

“Open wide,” she ordered and proceeded to apply the makeup to my lips.

I was bone tired and really didn't care to resist what she was doing. When she finished, I pressed my lips together to smooth the makeup out evenly.

“There,” she said as she put the lipstick back in her pocket. She took the glass from me and put her arm around my shoulders.

“Let's sit on the couch,” she ordered.

Her firm manner left me no doubt as to who was in charge here as her strong arm guided me to the sofa. I smoothed my skirt as I sat down and took a sip of the wine. She sat down close to me. She took a sip of hers and then smiled at me. It was one of those I-know-what-I'm-doing-and-you-better-do-what-I-tell-you kind of looks so I remained silent as she raised her free arm and snaked it around my neck.

She reached over me to set her glass down on the end table. I set mine down and she was all over me. She started nibbling at my neck and then kissed me hard. She slid her hand up my skirt as we held the kiss. Finally, we broke apart.

“It doesn't take much to get you hard!” she laughed.

I didn't say anything as she picked me up and carried me into the bedroom. She took off her jeans and T-shirt as I removed my blouse and stepped out of the miniskirt. She had very small breasts but I liked the feel of them against my chest when she pulled me close and kissed me again. I began to feel a little dizzy, maybe it was the wine. I had no previous experience with alcohol and thought maybe it was that.

We continued that kiss for the longest time and then broke apart again. She put both hands on my waist and pulled my panties down. My erection sprung forth and she picked me up and tossed me on the bed. She guided me inside of her. When she was finished, she rolled over and lay next to me. The only sound in the room was our breathing.

“I should have used a condom,” I began.

“Don't worry. I can't have any kids. Due to some growths, I had a hysterectomy several years ago. Besides I like flesh on flesh without the latex barrier. It's more sensual.”

She reached over and with her finger, traced my lip outline, then brushed my bangs back.

“You know, you *do* make a pretty girl. You should wear makeup and dresses all the time. I love smooth soft, girly boys. The more feminine they are, the better. I know boys like you can really get it up and can keep it going when you are crossdressed and assume the feminine position,”

She kissed me again. Minutes later, she spread her legs and I entered her a second time. Afterward, neither one of us spoke. She got up and went back to the living room to retrieve the wine. When she returned, we sat on the edge of the bed sipping the wine and talking about how the combination of my love for femininity and her love for domination and control was a perfect match.

“There aren't many couples like us,” she said as she finished her wine.

I finished mine and got dressed in my male clothes. She took off my wig and showed me how to remove the lipstick. We went into the kitchen and ate barbecues, chips and the rest of the wine. I was feeling pretty sleepy when she drove me home.

It was just after six when I entered the house. I went right upstairs to shower and then went straight to bed. *Now I am a man*, I thought. What *kind* of man, though, I wasn't sure. She, the female, in jeans and a T-shirt, had been the aggressor, seducer and dominator. I, the male on the other hand, in panties, miniskirt, blouse, wig and lipstick, had been the submissive, sissified seducee. I had surrendered control to her. To make matters worse, despite this reversal of traditional roles, I had enjoyed this experience to no end and she knew it. I couldn't wait to see her again.

It wasn't until late April that I saw her again. It was a Sunday afternoon. Her parents were at a local motor lodge for a seminar. She had stopped by the pizza place and found out I was off Sunday. I took a steamy hot bath that night and shaved myself all over. She picked me up about noon. As we rode to her house, I was getting hard with anticipation. It had been almost a month and I had been masturbating frequently. It was hard to get this eroticism out of my mind. I had never experienced anything like this and I wanted it to never end. I guess you could say it was one of those times when you want to live forever.

Once inside the house, we went straight to the bedroom. She pointed to a pink sundress on a hanger and a pair of pink sandals with three-inch heels sitting underneath it.

"The rest is on the bed. You have five minutes, girly, or I will be pissed," she stated with a big grin.

I took off my swim trunks and T-shirt. On the bed, I found the pink panties, along with a pink bra whose cups were filled with foam inserts, a garter belt, and a pair of sheer stockings. I put the items on, then I unzipped the dress and put it on. I tightened the strap on the sandals and found that they fit pretty well. At the vanity, I put the wig on and, of course, pink lipstick.

I walked to the living room where she was waiting at the bar. I turned around and she zipped me up. Soft music was coming from the stereo so I held my arms up and she took me in her embrace. I had not been a good dancer as a male and I found it easier to assume the female position and let her lead. She guided me around the living room until the music stopped for a station ID.

She took my hand and led me to the couch. I turned around and smoothed my dress as I sat down, much to her delight. At the bar, she picked up the wine glasses and brought them over. She handed me one as she sat down next to me. I found that "next to" in her mind was as close as she could get without sitting on top of me.

"I wish you were in dresses, heels and makeup all the time," she said as she sipped her drink.

"I know, but I can't. It's hard on me living one way and then coming here once in awhile to see you where I can be my feminine self," I answered.

She took a long drink and then looked me in the eye.

"Suppose there was a way you could live your life totally en femme and yet still have a fulfilling heterosexual sex life?"

"I guess that would be a dream come true," I answered. "I'm not sure what I want to do in life but I know I would have to live it as a man. Living without these periodic journeys into femininity would be very frustrating."

"You will be eighteen in February and your graduation date would be in the first week of June, correct?"

"Yes"

"If that dream lifestyle were to be made available to you would you be willing to cut off all ties with your family and live under another name?"

"It would not be difficult to leave. Since I would be living the way I have always dreamed about, it would not be that great of a sacrifice. My family is not a close-knit one."

She nodded, finished her wine and got up. Taking my hand, she let me in the bedroom. I wanted to ask more questions about this but she put her finger up to my lips. She unzipped me and pulled the dress over my head.

"I love keeping you in lingerie and dresses almost as much as I love getting you out of them," she laughed.

At home that night, I tried to figure out just how this "dream lifestyle" she mentioned would come about.

May brought final exams and a disappointing fifth place finish for the swim team. We both got our high school diplomas the week before the holiday weekend. Sally's parents gave her permission for a graduation party over the holiday week end as they were headed back to Massachusetts to spend the holidays with their parents. I had to work both Saturday and Monday. She said she would pick me up

Sunday morning about ten o'clock. I was looking forward to seeing her again. I wanted to know more about the dream lifestyle she had talked about. Saturday night after work I took a hot bath and shaved my body again even though swim season was over.

Sally picked me up on time and shortly we were at her house. There was soft music coming from the stereo as she led me to the bedroom.

"Neither one of us had a date for the prom so today will be our prom night," she said. "Strip, your lingerie is on the bed."

I took off my clothes. She sat at the vanity and watched me as I put on a pink bra, panties, garter belt and sheer stockings. When I finished, I took her seat at the vanity and she placed the wig on my head topped with a large pink bow. After applying pink blusher and lipstick to my face, she walked over to the closet and removed a pink chiffon party dress. She unzipped it and helped me slip it over my head. After she zipped me up she pinned a pink corsage over my left breast and placed the pink four-inch heel pumps at my feet and I put them on as well.

She took my hand and led me into the living room. We began dancing to the slow music on the stereo.

Time seemed to stand still as we moved slowly around the living room. I loved being in her embrace as she took the lead and held me close. I felt safe, secure and delightfully

feminine in her arms. When the music stopped, she would twirl me around and take me to the sofa until it started up again.

“Did I tell you how girly and feminine you look in your lingerie and that pink dress?” she asked.

“Yes I believe you have but you can tell me again,” I replied.

She laughed as we stopped dancing and she kissed me.

“I wish you could wear nail polish and pierce your ears. It would add to your femininity. It’s too bad you can’t wear perfume or use perfumed dusting powder after you bathe and shave,” she added.

“I would like to do that. I did find some very nice products on my sister’s and my mother’s vanities but using them is out of the question right now,” I answered.

We continued to dance and at the next break, Sally went into the kitchen. When she returned, she handed me a glass of champagne. I sipped it slowly and loved the taste of the bubbly stuff. We danced some more and then she led me into the bedroom. She unzipped the dress and slipped it over my head.

“Let’s try something different this time,” she said as she walked over to the closet and hung up the dress.

She walked back to the bed and grabbed a pillow, then tossed it on the floor. After she undressed, she straddled the pillow.

“Have you ever heard the word “cunnilingus?” she asked.

I shook my head.

“Kneel on the pillow and I will show you,” she ordered.

I wasn’t sure just what to expect but twenty minutes later, I knew exactly what it was. I went into the john and used some mouthwash. When I came back, she was on the bed with her legs spread.

“Take off your panties, girly, but leave the heels and hose on,” she instructed.

She watched me with a bemused smile as I slid the pink panties down, took them off, and tossed them in her direction. My erection was flopping as I walked quickly towards her in those heels. I had never wanted her more in my life.

Time stood still. It was after one PM when I awoke, curled up in her arms. She glanced at her watch.

“Time to eat lunch, sissy. Give me a few minutes and then come into the kitchen,” she said

I watched her get dressed. I undressed and took off the wig and makeup. After putting everything away, I went into the kitchen. She had just finished dishing up steaks and baked potatoes. She poured the last of the champagne in the glasses. After handing me my glass, she held hers up and clinked it to mine.

Here’s to us,” she said and we both emptied our glasses.

I sat down and we began to eat. We ate in silence. As I was finishing up, she took a pie out of the oven, cut two pieces out of it and placed one in front of me. From the freezer, she took out the ice cream and scooped out a healthy portion for each of us. I dug in and after two mouthfuls, I looked up at her.

“This is just terrific. If I was going to die, this would be my idea of a last meal,” I said.

“Well, in a sense, it is. At least for the two of us,” she said softly with an expressionless face.

I looked up dumbfounded.

“What do you mean by that?” I asked.

“Finish your dessert and then wait in the living room while I do the dishes,” she ordered as she got up and began clearing the dishes from the table.

I ate the last of the pie. She poured me a cup of coffee and I went into the living room. As I sat on the sofa sipping the hot liquid, something she had never made me before, I wondered what this was all about.

When she finished, she came into the living room. She went over to the stereo and shut it off. She sat down next to me and took a sip of coffee, then looked over at me.

“I have accepted a scholarship to USC. I’ll be leaving soon. I didn’t know how to tell you but I wanted to do it in the nicest way. You are a very sweet sissy and I absolutely adore you. I have to take this scholarship and it means moving away from here.”

“What about this dream lifestyle you talked to me about before?” I asked.

She got up and picked up a white envelope from the bar.

“As soon as you turn eighteen in February, open this envelope. There is a name in here that you should contact. She is a ‘friend of a friend,’ shall we say. Now let’s go. I’ll take you home.”

I was dumbfounded. We rode home in silence. I got out of the car and as soon as the car door closed, she backed quickly out of the driveway and drove off.

Upstairs, I placed the envelope in the bottom dresser drawer. I really didn’t know what to do. I moped around the house for while and couldn’t seem to clear my thoughts. Mom asked me if anything was wrong. Of course I said no. The next day at work Mandy asked me the same thing and again I answered no.

The summer went by quickly as I was putting in more hours than usual. I kept most of my earnings in a savings account. Every time I took a bath and shaved myself smooth, I thought of Sally and the delightful times we had together. A couple of times I thought about that envelope in my dresser drawer and wondered if this individual was for real. I knew I was never going to be happy unless I was with someone like Sally.

I started school and got busy with my studies. I earned good grades and was looking forward to competing again in the spring. February 14th, my mom and sisters took me out to dinner and we had a good time. I had a driver’s license and was surprised by mom’s offer of a down payment on a car. I said I would like to shop around a little first.

That night, I opened the envelope and called the number. A woman's voice told me to be at one of the mall's meeting rooms at noon in two weeks from now. I agreed.

The next two weeks went by very slowly. The appointment coincided with my work schedule so my mom didn't question where I was going. I was scared, actually more nervous than scared, I guess. I went to the assigned meeting room about ten of twelve. Sitting at a table was a very well-groomed woman in a black pants suit. There was a briefcase on the table along with a pitcher of ice water and two glasses. I walked in and she stood up with her hand extended.

"Hi, I am Madame Paquette. Please take a seat, Loren," she said.

I sat down as she removed some papers from her briefcase. Then she looked up at me and smiled.

"My associate Mrs. Shannon spoke well of you," she began. "I know you and Sally got along famously. You enjoy expressing your femininity and she enjoys taking charge and being in control. Is that correct?" she asked.

"Yes," I answered.

"I have something extraordinary to offer you, Loren. This is a once-in-a-lifetime chance for you to achieve the 'dream lifestyle' you and Sally talked about. It does involve severing all family ties and relocating. Before I begin, however, I have to know if you are serious about this."

Her face was serious and my heart was pounding as I answered that I was.

"Alright, here is the deal," she responded with a smile.

In the next thirty minutes, she explained about the escort service, my relocation and transformation. She was direct and professional, covering all the bases. When she finished, she looked up at me.

"Do you have any questions, Loren?" she asked

I shook my head.

"All right then. Here is a number to call when you graduate. I will mail you a plane ticket."

She stood up and extended her hand. I couldn't help notice her immaculate nails as I took her hand in mine and shook it. I left the conference room and went to work. That night, I sat on the edge of the bed and began to formulate a plan to disappear. It made going to sleep a little more difficult than usual.

The next two months were an eternity. I let my hair and nails grow. I gave notice to Mandy two weeks before graduation. I cashed my last check and left ten dollars in my checking account. At a theater supply store, I purchased a pair of latex gloves and mask that made me look like a seventy-year-old man. Next, I purchased a sport coat and slacks befitting an old man as well as a battered pair of wing tips that barely fit but would be good enough to get me to where I was going. A cheap pair of reading glasses completed my "aged" look.

After graduation, I called the number and a few days later, the ticket arrived. I had told my mom I was going to take some time off from work and she never questioned me. I

checked the bus schedules and found a six PM express bus that got into Minneapolis around eight. Catching the ten-thirty flight to San Francisco shouldn't be a problem.

I put the disguise and the old clothes in a bag. My birth certificate was in the sport coat's inside pocket, my social security card and driver's license were in my wallet along with two hundred dollars. I put a rubber band around the rest of the cash and slipped the small bundle in my right sock. I went downstairs and told Mom I was going to the mall to take back some stuff. She didn't even look up from the movie she was watching.

I caught the bus to the mall. In the rest room, I changed into my old man's disguise and put my clothes in the trash can. From a pay phone, I called a cab, using the name of an elderly man who lived several blocks from my house. At the bus station, I paid cash for a ticket and in Minneapolis I took a cab to the airport. My flight was on time. A pretty blonde girl in a chauffeur's uniform was holding up a sign with "LOREN" on it when I deplaned. I went into the men's room, peeled off the latex disguise along with the glasses and tossed them in the garbage can. The limo ride was pleasant though we did not converse.

At the apartment house, I was assigned a room. I was relieved of my clothes and dressed in pink sweats and thongs. The next morning I met the other boys like me and began my feminization and training. In a month I had a new name, wardrobe and apartment. I was now totally en femme. Loren was dead and Laura was born.

My first client was a middle-aged woman who had used the service for several years now. She liked to have me parade back and forth in front of her in my lingerie. She confessed to secretly wanting a bi experience but never having enough nerve to seek it out. I put her at ease and soon we saw each other on a regular basis.

From that day forth, I concentrated only on two things: maintaining my femininity and making sure the client was pleased. It has done me in good stead to this day. A year ago, I happened to meet Teri on an assignment where the client wanted two of us. We made sure her expectations were not only met but exceeded. When we left, we chatted in the elevator of the client's apartment building.

"You know, Laura, we should write a book about this," said Teri. "Anonymously of course. We have been doing this for almost twenty years and with all the 'adult' stuff out there, I'm sure it would be a good seller."

I couldn't have agreed more. We exchanged phone numbers and over the next year, we put together an outline and then a finished book.

Tonya closed the book and placed it on the table. Glancing at her watch, she saw it was after one AM. She rubbed her eyes, then downed the last of the wine. Closing her eyes, she tried to imagine what the two feminine men would look like naked.

San Francisco was a wide open town and she had always enjoyed life on both sides of the fence. The men had not mentioned the name of the escort service for obvious reasons. She wondered how long it would take to find out. She picked up the phone book and opened it to the yellow pages. Under "escort services," she went down the list of names but nothing stood out to indicate which was the one she wanted.

She thought about hiring a P.I. She could ask around some of the clubs that catered to bi and lesbian women but that would involve some risk. The most notable of course would be someone asking her the "Aren't you that woman on TV?" crap she got all the time at the supermarket or in restaurants. Deciding to sleep on it, she went into her bedroom.

She undressed and stood in front of the full-length mirror. Turning sideways, she imagined one of them in front of her and one of them behind her. She felt her nipples get hard as she closed her eyes. She could almost feel their girly soft skin against hers as one entered her from the back and one from the front. Afterwards, they would take turns as she stood in a commanding spread eagle position over them as they kneeled in front of her.

She opened her eyes again and went into the bathroom to shower. As the needles of warm water sprayed over her, she knew she had to see those two again. She soaped herself down and then turned the lever all the way over to cold. The icy water made her feel good. She shut off the water and stepped out of the shower. After drying herself off, she yanked off her shower cap and wrapped the towel around her.

Sitting in front of the vanity, she imagined one of them in a sissy maid dress and high heels giving her a massage or doing her nails.

She was getting excited again so she stood up and dropped the towel. She walked over to the dresser and took out a pink nightgown. As she put it on, she thought there had to be a way. There *had* to be.

The next day at the station there was a FED-EX envelope on her desk. She was used to getting a certain amount of fan mail but not by overnight carrier. Taking a sip of coffee, she peeled open the envelope to find a single business card. On the front was the name "Western Consulting." The next line read "Specialty Consulting For Women Only." There was a street address, suite number, and a phone number. On the back in blue ink someone had written "Give us a try, or did we read you wrong?" She turned to her computer and printed out a map to the street address.

After work, she drove there to find a non-nondescript office building. She thought about parking the car and going inside but decided not to. Driving home, she felt herself getting excited again.

She finished taping the last show of the week and went home. It had been a very long week and she was looking forward to the weekend. Saturday, she did some laundry and put clean sheets on the bed.

After a light lunch, she picked up the phone and dialed the number on the card. She answered the questions and gave her real name and address. She gave her credit card number and answered the question about using the agency before with a "no" but then gave the names of the two guests who had been on her show. The caller told her they would be there at eight PM.

Tonya hung up the phone and smiled. *There is a God after all*, she thought. She busied herself the rest of the day with some grocery shopping and picking up her dry cleaning.

She had planned to eat supper around six but she was too excited to eat so she took a hot perfumed bubble bath. After dusting herself with body powder, she slipped into a

dark blue satin chemise. Stepping into her fuzzy slippers, she checked herself in the full-length mirror and was quite pleased with what she saw.

At the vanity she applied pink lipstick and placed a small blue satin ribbon in her hair. She tried to watch TV but couldn't get interested in anything.

At 7:55 the doorbell rang. As she walked to the door, she felt her pulse increase. This was going to be one fine weekend, she mused. A fine weekend indeed.

THE END