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"THE MAKEOVER"



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FICTION

LA SHOPPE BEAUTE

Rita - Ind.

The day was a clear crisp fall afternoon with a touch of winter in the air as I walked down the street towards the Beauty Shop where I am employed. My 3" high heels clicked sharply against the sidewalk as I turned onto Broadway. Walking along I was very conscious of my long brunette hair waving in the gentle breeze blowing off of lake Michigan. I stopped for the stop light at 6th Ave. and stepping off the curb for the walk light, crossed the street and walked half-way down the block. I turned into a Beauty Shop known as the "La Shoppe Beaute' ." I am smiling to myself as I open the door. If you are curious I shall tell you the tale of this unusual house of feminine beauty.

As far as the people of Gary, Ind. are concerned, I am Rita O'Brien, a rather tall, fairly attractive, brunette beautician who works for her sister Denise, owner of the "La Shoppe Beaute'." The strange part of this story is that only Denise and I know that I am really her *husband PAUL!!!!*

Yes, I am a male and have been all the 28 years of my life. However, during the past year I have forsaken my masculine roll in life for the feminine existence of Rita O'Brien. I originally accepted the part of "Rita" as a favor but now I would not give up the roll I have come to love so well.

In June of 1966 I met and fell in love with Denise. At the time I was employed as collection manager by a local finance company. We soon were married and had an apartment of our own. At the time of the wedding Denise had only a very few relatives and insisted on a quiet wedding I was a rather quiet type myself so I had no objections.

Denise was employed as half-owner of a prominent beauty shop and beauty college in downtown Gary. Between her income and mine we did not want for anything which we desired. We did as we wished until tragedy struck. One night on the way home from a party, a car in which Denise and I were passengers, was struck from behind by a driver who was drunk. Denise was seriously injured, receiving fractures of the left leg and severe internal injuries. I received a bad whiplash type injury and also internal injuries.

I had almost recovered in about three months but Denise was confined to our apartment because her leg was not healing properly. She was becoming very depressed and hard to live with. One day she remarked to me that leg or no leg she had to go back to work. When I heard Denise's plan I vehemently said no and told her so. An argument ensued during which Denise revealed to me that her partner intended to take court action to acquire Denises' half of the Beauty Shoppe if the back payments were not paid within 30 days. This action was allegedly because of the long absence of Denise.

"If only I could find someone to carry on in my place I would be able to maintain my share of the business. But I only have one month to find a person to take my place and that is almost impossible to do now."

From across the room I replied, "Not only would it be hard to find someone who was able to handle the shoppe but it would also be difficult to find someone who could be trusted not to throw in with your so-called partner, Marie."

Denise gazed across the room at me and sadly agreed and then suddenly asked how much I loved her. Needless to say I was more or less confused at this rather sudden remark and then asked her why she questioned my love for her.

"I don't really doubt your love for me, I would just like to know if you would carry on in my place."

"Carry on in your place!! I don't even know the first thing about the beauty shop business and further more a man has no place running a beauty shop which is nothing more than a gossip place for women!"

Denise laughed at this outburst and then to my astonishment she laughed and agreed with me that a man has no place in a Beauty shop. She went on to explain that only a woman could take her place in the

business. Then gently and very seriously Denise again asked if I would take her place!!

Incredulous as it was, the idea suddenly occurred to me that Denise was suggesting that I take her place in the shop by impersonating a woman! Denise replied that was exactly what she desired me to do.

I was so shocked by the idea that I just stood and looked at her. She presented such a desperate and forlorn picture that without stopping to think of the possible consequences I replied that I would try. Even to this day I have no idea of why I gave a yes answer so quickly.

Denise lit up like a little child at Xmas and said she knew I could do the impersonation. She had found a picture of me dressed in women's clothing while I was in college!

Denise looked at me and said, "We may as well start on your wardrobe by getting the necessary measurements. By tonight we should have a good start on your clothing. As soon as we have all of the measurements we will go out shopping."

Still in a state of confusion I followed Denise into the bedroom where I was instructed to get a tape measure out of a drawer and then to strip. In a very short time Denise had taken all the measurements she needed. "Rita will you please get my coat we are going out!"

I stopped dead in my tracks upon being called Rita and turned to look back at Denise but just shrugged my shoulders and went for her coat.

True to her word, Denise and I made a whirl-wind shopping tour the likes of which I have never seen before. After returning to the Apartment and carrying everything inside I was astounded at the large quantity of items which had been purchased. The boxes contained high heels, nylons, panty girdles and panties, waist cinchers and bras, also two wigs which we had picked up at the beauty shop. Several other boxes contained skirts, blouses, dresses and white uniforms for use at the beauty shop itself. About the only thing Denise did not buy was make-up, but that was present in the apartment in great quantity.

After making sure that everything had been brought in from the car we sat down to a short lunch after which Denise suggested that I go into the bathroom and shave my arms, legs, chest and all other hair

off my body. To my surprise the process of shaving an entire body is quite a time consuming project and took almost 1½ hours before I finished.

“Honey, I’m finished, now what?” She asked that I come into the bedroom and as I stepped into the hallway and felt a strange but pleasant coolness as the cool hall air touched my hairless body.

Walking into the bedroom I saw an assortment of clothing laid out on our bed. I blushed when I saw Denise looking at me and I realized that I had nothing on. “Why are you blushing? After all you are my husband, Rita.” Denise was laughing as I turned beet red. She was sitting on a chair next to the clothing on the bed, she reached across for an article of clothing which she handed to me with the instructions to try it on. The article was a white-satin latex long leg panty girdle. I stepped into the girdle and found it very tight as I struggled to pull it into place. However after a few moments the tightness reduced itself to a very pleasant feeling of constriction. Next came a white long line bra which overlapped the top of the panty girdle. When I had trouble with the hooks in back Denise had me turn around and she hooked them for me. Turning around I saw Denise was holding out a box to me.

Opening the box I found that it contained a pair of very realistic false breasts. If I had not been able to see the special adhesive backing I would have thought the falsies real. I slipped the shoulder straps of the bra down and placed the breasts in place against my chest. After replacing the straps I became conscious of the weight of the breasts in the bra. Glancing down I saw that the adhesive backing had almost perfectly blended the falsies with my own chest and had pulled my chest muscles together a bit creating cleavage. Denise pointed out that with just a little make-up it would be impossible to tell I was wearing falsies.

“Here put this waist cinch on,” she said. “I thought the girdle and long line bra would hide your “pot” but I see I was wrong.” I fitted the waist cinch to my waist and felt my artificial breasts sway as I moved my shoulders. My thoughts came back to the cincher and I pulled a little harder to catch the hooks on the side. “Boy, is this tight.” I gasped.

“It’s not as tight as it should be,” replied Denise, “tomorrow or the next day we will get a lace up type cinch which will do a better job.” She then handed me a pair of nylons.

I carefully rolled the stocking into a ring and then slipped my foot into the foot of the stocking and began to slide the nylon up my leg. After pulling the stocking taut I attached it to garters front and back which were hidden up under the leg of the panty girdle and then quickly encased my other leg in nylon. In a rather conceited manner I remarked that my cleanshaven, nylon clad legs presented a rather nice appearance. Denise looked at me and smiled.

Next came a dark grey skirt and a matching sweater. The skirt was the sheath type and felt a bit tight but I liked it, while the sweater had a turtle neck and 3/4 length sleeves. It was just tight enough to call attention to my bustline but not in a vulgar manner.

I inquired what kind of shoes would go with this combination and Denise produced a pair of black 3" patent leather pumps. Sitting down on the bed I slipped my feet into the shoes and attempted to stand up. My hurried efforts almost landed me flat on my face, blushing heavily I sat back down on the bed. Denise came to my rescue and said I should put the heel down first and then let my weight settle evenly between the heel and toe. After about 15 minutes of instruction I found I could walk without making a fool of myself. Needless to say I still needed much instruction on how a lady walks in heels.

Denise had moved over to the dresser where she had me sit down and she began to apply base, powder, eyeliner, mascara and lipstick to my face. When that was done she placed a brunette wig upon my head and carefully arranged the hair so the hairline would not show. Stepping back she looked at me and smiled approvingly. I couldn't resist the impulse to look any longer so I walked over to a full length mirror.

The sight which met my eyes was that of a tall fairly attractive woman in her middle 20's. I was captivated by the sight and only Denise calling to me brought me back to reality. "Rita, why don't you go into the living room and mix a couple of drinks and we will sit down and discuss exactly how we will accomplish our masquerade."

I walked into the hall towards the living room and was very conscious of the high heels and the tight skirt just above my knees. I tried to walk in as feminine a manner as I could considering the newness of my new role. Little did I know that I had just forsaken my masculine role in life nor did I realize the tragedy and heartache which lay ahead for both Denise and I. During the remainder of the day Denise began to put me through a crash program of feminization which I found that I thoroughly

enjoyed. In the course of her instructions she told me of her plans to save her share of the beauty shop. I was a little surprised to find that I was to play a major role. Supper time quickly came and went and soon it was way into the evening hours and time to retire for the night. Denise did not insist that I wear a nightgown to bed, and I shortly found the reason. That night we made love and we both seemed to feel a closeness that the union never gave to us before.

CHAPTER TWO

Early the next morning Denise was shaking me to get up and get dressed and then come to the kitchen for breakfast. At that remark she tossed some clothes at me and then went out of the bedroom. I climbed out of bed with a sleepy groan and reached for the clothing.

The clothes were quite a difference from the night before. They consisted of bra, panties, cincher, blouse and capries, a pair of flat heeled shoes lay on the floor. I quickly dressed and went to the kitchen where Denise had already poured coffee and made toast. During the course of our meal she explained to me that today she would concentrate on trying to teach me the fundamentals of being a beauty operator. In the back of my mind I sort of snickered and thought that this will be a snap! Little did I know!!!!!!

Immediately after eating I went into the bathroom and shaved and then Denise applied new makeup to my face. She then requested that I change into a white work uniform and white shoes. After my quick change, she launched into her training program with an enthusiasm I never saw in any school teacher. It seemed like we just got started when the day was over and it was time to retire for the night. I don't mind admitting that it was a very tired Rita who fell into bed that night.

In quick succession the days flew by and turned into one week and then two. At the end of the second week Denise made the decision that I had progressed far enough in my femme education that I could successfully make my debut in public! At this announcement a great fear arose in my throat. Although I had not had a stitch of mens clothing on for two weeks and was very content, relaxed and sure of myself in skirts, I was not in my mind ready to go out in public! Denise sharply disagreed and informed me so by pointing out that if I couldn't do it now I never would be able to do so. With considerable reluctance I agreed and began to get dressed. For the occasion I was to wear a beige knit suit with matching high heels. No sooner was I dressed than I received the shock



Suzanne - TX. -16-P

of my life!! Denise was in the bathroom bathing when the doorbell rang. I had no intentions of answering it as Denise had always done so the past two weeks. To my chagrin I heard her call from the bathroom, "Answer the door Rita. Don't just stand there, see who it is!" I gulped twice and then started for the door.

As I grasped the handle to the door I tried to remember every little thing that I had been taught the past two weeks. My high heels felt so tight and my wig felt like it was about to fall off but I opened the door. I almost fainted there in front of me stood Jeff, one of my co-workers from the office!!!! "Hi, is Paul around? We were paid today and I thought I would stop by and drop off his check for him."

"N-N-N-No! He's not here right now and won't be back until late this evening." I gasped.

"Well OK, but who are you so I can say who I left his check with? I mean like I can't just go back and say I left his check with just anybody you know!

"M-M-My name is Rita and I am Pauls' sister-in-law. I came in to help out while Denise recovers." It began to occur to me that Jeff did not even begin to recognize me and I started to settle down somewhat. Jeff handed me the check and then he left but not before I saw him trying to sneak a quick look at my legs. With a mixed feeling of relief and elation because Jeff had not even shown the slightest suspicion of my identity.

Denise was waiting for me when I walked into the bedroom. She had a triumphant look on her face and she just had to say, "See I told you that you could do it! Jeff had no idea that you are Paul, and no one else will either as you will see." It took her about fifteen minutes to finish dressing and then we started on my first trip in public as a woman.

Before we left the apartment Denise handed me a handbag with some various feminine articles in it. An inspection revealed my drivers license and the rest of the contents to be makeup and tissues. I learned the drivers license was present just in case something should go wrong and my true self be discovered. After that brief explanation Denise and I headed toward the door. May I point out at this time that Denise had made such good recovery the past two weeks now that she did not have to worry about the shop, the Doctor had taken her off of her crutches.

To make a long story short our outing was an outstanding success in all ways. We went not only shopping but also stopped for lunch and to the best of our knowledge nobody suspected that I wasn't what I ap-

peared to be. The excursion lasted about 3½ hours and then because Denise was feeling tired and my feet were about ready to kill me from the high heels, I suggested to call it quits and go home. To my dismay (primarily my feet's) Denise decided that we should pay a visit to the beauty shop before we started home!

The shop was only a short distance from where we were so we walked over in just a few minutes. The shop was open but apparently business was slow so we just walked on into the shop. As we approached the receptionists desk a man came out from behind a screen and greeted Denise with a rather disgruntled nod and then asked rather bluntly when she was going to come back to work and carry her share of the load. Denise quickly countered by introducing me and informing her so-called partner that I would be temporarily taking her place for the next one or two months or longer if necessary. This other person took this last news with a bit of a start and an obvious dislike. I was looking closely at the person I would be dealing with the next few weeks. He was not bad-looking, about 6'2" tall and rather well muscled with no excess fat. I also noticed that he was eyeing me rather critically from top to bottom. His pleasant greeting to me gave me the impression that I had passed his inspection with no problems at all. A conversation on the financial situation of the beauty shop ensued and I learned that Denise was very close to losing her share of the shop. Many additional expenses had been incurred because of the absence of Denise and all of the expense had been charged to her. Because she was not producing, the added expense had to be picked up by her partner. His name I learned was Jack Mansard. It seems that Jack had a girlfriend who worked in the shop. Her name was Marie and was the one whom I had previously taken to be Denise's partner. Marie was not present at the time of our visit and it was just as well because Denise and Jack became rather short tempered over the money problem and a minor argument began which was ended when I feigned a headache and asked Denise to accompany me home. It was finally agreed that I would start work in 3-4 days and thanks to some fancy talk by Denise it was Jack who suggested that I go to work on the receptionist desk. To be truthful I was glad of this because I had grave doubts that I could set a good hairdo without causing problems.

The trip home was a rather uneventful one and it seemed to drag for me because by this time my feet were hurting so bad I was having a hard time concealing my "agony." When at long last we arrived home I flopped down on the couch kicked off my heels and began to massage my nylon clad feet. Denise sort of sympathized with me when she said, "I

know how you feel.” She suggested that I change into something more comfortable and then help with supper. It was a relief to slip out of the girdle and into a sheer pair of panties and a pair of slacks with a blouse. After supper Denise sat me down and began to give me a critique of the days excursion. I had thought the day had gone quite well but Denise pointed out some rather obvious flaws when one stopped to think about them. It was way into the early hours of the morning before we called it a day and went to bed.

CHAPTER THREE

It was late the following morning before Denise and I awoke and managed to find our way out of bed and to the pleasure of a cup of black coffee. Today was to be the day that I return to work at the finance company. This realization was brought back to me by the harsh ringing of the telephone. I glanced at the clock and saw that it was past 9:00 a.m. and knew who it was before Denise picked up the receiver. I could tell by the sour look on her face that it was the office calling to see how come I had not come to work as planned. Denise very politely but ever so firmly informed the district manager who happened to be the caller that I had found better employment elsewhere and would not be returning to his Company. I could almost hear the scream of protest from 10 feet away. Despite the rather indignant language used Denise kept a calm mind and insisted that the District Manager would have to call back that evening when I returned and that No she would not give him my new phone number! At that remark I could hear the voice on the phone say that I should not bother to submit my resignation that I was fired on the spot and that I could pick up my check in three days. With a rather elated as well as triumphant look on her face Denise slammed the phone down with an ear jarring crash and looked at me expectantly.

I looked straight back at her and stated that as long as I was working at the beauty shop I could not possibly work at the finance company, also Denise knew that I had been entertaining thoughts of quitting the job as soon as I had a decent offer. So all things considered I didn't come out so bad after all. The Finance Company would have to give me one months severance pay because they fired me rather than accept my resignation. With a rather smug look of triumph on my face at the thought of the extra money I headed into the bathroom to shave and shower.

I was about half way finished when Denise wandered into the bathroom and inquired if I really minded about the job and having been fired. I admitted that I would rather have quit but this way was almost as good since I now received severance pay and that I didn't really mind. She seemed to feel better and urged me to hurry up and get dressed as we were going to take another trip downtown. The word downtown caused me to feel a bit apprehensive but the feeling quickly wore off as I remembered the success of the previous day.

The outfit I chose consisted of a blue sheath skirt with a white sweater. A blue cardigan to match the skirt went around my shoulders. At first I had decided not to wear nylons as it was a bit on the warm side but after looking at my legs I decided I had better don a pair and went to the dresser to get a panty girdle. The girdle was a bit tight but after a bit the tightness disappeared as usual. I shivered as I rolled the sheer nylons up my legs and attached them to the garters. After smoothing down my skirt and slipping my feet into a pair of black patent pumps I clicked into the living room where Denise was already waiting for me.

"Where are we going today?" I inquired. Denise smiled and stated that we were going to see about getting me some of the usual legal papers that a person normally carries around with them. The papers that she referred to consisted of drivers license, social security card, check book ID, and a credit card or two.

"Denise I have never driven a car while in skirts and I will probably have an accident!!"

"Too bad! There is no time like the present to learn. When we get down to the parking lot you will drive and I will just hold on for dear life!"

"Very funny, but if I do have an accident you won't think it so funny.

"Oh come on, driving in heels and a skirt isn't that much different from driving as a man so don't worry about it." And at that remark Denise headed for the door. For a brief instant I refused to move and then I decided I may as well go through with the whole thing since I had already lost my job and what else could I lose? If Denise had confidence that I could do the impersonation then I must really look the part. With a sense of dwindling apprehension I put one nylon clad leg in front of the other and walked out the front door of the apartment.

The car was parked on the side of the building so it was necessary to walk approximately half a block to get to it. On the way we met our landlord who stopped to talk to us. Denise introduced me as Pauls' sister-in-law from California. The landlord gave me an approving glance and then went on his way after nodding a good morning. Not once did he seem to suspect the truth about me.

Upon reaching the car I went straight to the drivers side and got in in as feminine a manner as I knew. Sitting down on the seat I carefully kept my knees together and swung my legs up, around and under the steering wheel. After settling myself comfortably in the seat and adjusting it I started the car. I tried to familiarize my feet with the pedals as they felt strange in high heels. Very carefully I backed out of the parking place and then under instructions from Denise I began to drive around town. In a short time I found that driving with high heels wasn't as much of a problem as I thought it would be but I surprised myself with the problem I was having in keeping my skirt from climbing too far up my legs as I sat behind the wheel. After fighting with the problem for a little time Denise finally came to my aid and suggested that I have a compromise with the skirt and allow it to ride up only so far. This she explained would accomplish two points, one it would eliminate the fight in keeping the skirt down and two, despite my new-found modesty would allow a certain amount of male look-see at my legs which I was to find was a definite advantage to a woman. Accordingly I allowed the skirt to ride up and to my surprise it only went up a little further than I wanted it to in the first place.

Denise and I drove around for an hour or so and then she decided that it was time to find a parking place and go and get my social security card. I turned down Massachusetts St. and found a parking place almost next to the Post Office. Having by now become used to the high heels I had virtually no problem at all backing into the parking place. I shut off the engine and then put the keys in my purse. My previous feeling of apprehension returned as I realized that this would be a real test of my impersonation. Denise seemed to realize my sense of fear of what I was about to do, with a pat on my knee and a confident smile she assured me that I would be OK. So with a steady stride and an unsure feeling in my chest I stepped out of the car. I stopped momentarily to place a dime in the parking meter and then headed down the street to the Post Office where the Social Security Office was located. A gentle breeze had come up and it felt cool and gentle as it brushed against my legs.



Roxanne - ?



Lee AR-2R

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I almost startled myself out of my heels as Denise and I turned into the Post Office Building. The building is in the traditional marble style with high ceilings and tremendous echoes! I was unprepared for the loud, excessively loud to me, clacking sound of my high heels on the marble floor as Denise and I entered the hallway leading to the upstairs business offices. In fact I was so startled that for a split second I tried to walk on my very tip toes so as to not make any noise. Quickly getting hold of myself I continued to walk in a normal manner and began to ascend the stairs at the end of the hall. At the top of the stairs I stopped, looked up the room number I wanted and then walked on to the office. A clerk looked up and asked if she could help me. I explained that I found it necessary to go to work and that I would like to obtain a Social Security Card. The clerk produced a few simple papers and asked a couple questions and then to my complete surprise handed me my card, instructed me to sign it and then the task was finished! I turned to leave and as I did so the clerk smiled a good day to me and went back to work. Not a trace of suspicion!!

Since we were already parked in the middle of downtown, Denise decided that now would be the best time to go over to the bank and apply for a credit card. She explained that I should be able to get one in my own name if she co-signed for the card. The Bank was located over on Broadway so we began to walk towards the Bank and doing some window shopping on the way. It had now been three weeks since I had agreed to take on the roll of a woman and I found that I enjoyed the part very much. I realized this very intensely as Denise and I stood looking in the windows with displays of all sorts of womans clothing. A thought passed through my mind that it would be horrible yet a blessing if something happened that I would not be able to resume my masculine role in life! Little did I realize the events that were to take place in the near future would make it all but impossible for me to once again assume my rightful place in life.

Denise and I entered the bank and approached the Credit Managers desk. I explained that I would like to apply for a Credit Card of the type used for all kinds of purchases in almost all stores. It was easy to see that as the Manager took my credit statement, which of course consisted of little other than a name and address and that I was employed by the Beauty Shop for a little more than two weeks, he knew that the application could not be approved. Upon finishing he carefully stated that I would have to have a co-signer in order for the Credit Card to be issued. At this time Denise stepped forward and said she had come along just for that purpose. It felt very strange to hear my real name

mentioned and jotted down on paper. I thought for a second that the credit man might demand that I sign along with Denise but he finally decided that since Denise had her own profitable business she alone could sign. He stated that it would be 2-3 days before the final approval and that the card would be mailed to me if approved. At that Denise and I said Good-day and left. Back out on the street I sighed and remarked that it was getting easier to talk to people and keep my confidence. Denise agreed that I was becoming much better than I had been doing at home. The reason being that since I was in public I tried more to make my impersonation as perfect as I could.

We began to walk back toward the car when she noticed me trying to hide an effort that I was making to reposition my bra.

“Rita, what are you trying to do!”

“I guess my bra is too tight my breast is sore and itching like crazy! If I don’t get to scratch it soon I’m going to go nuts.”

“Better not go nuts too soon we still have to get you a drivers license you know. Why don’t we stop over at Sears they have a nice ladies room and you can duck into the restroom and adjust the bra.”

Sears was just around the corner and after finding the restroom I stepped into one of the stalls, closed the door and started to adjust my bra. It was at this time that I noticed that not only was my breast itchy but had swollen up considerably. I finished adjusting the straps and then met Denise outside. Remarking that I was feeling sort of thirsty Denise suggested that we stop at the lunch counter for a cup of coffee. I agreed and shortly we were sitting by ourselves in a corner booth.

“Denise we are going to have to do something about my bras they have irritated my chest so much that my breasts have begun to swell up!”

“Rita, I feel sort of embarrassed and sneaky about this so I am going to tell you the truth. If you stop and think about it I think you will realize that your complexion has become softer and that your beard is not as heavy as it used to be. The reason your breasts have become so sensitive is because I have been slipping female hormones into your meals for the past three weeks!!!”

Needless to say I was astounded at what she had just said to me. Before I could begin to protest she explained that although I made a very

good presentation as a woman it was inevitable that I would be discovered sooner or later if I did not have some EXTRA help to conceal my beard and rougher skin. So she had taken it upon herself to start giving me hormones and one of the effects was the beginning development of my breasts in a typical female manner. She was certain that the swelling would recede when the hormones were stopped. When I asked just how much my breasts would develop Denise admitted that she could not say for sure. It would all depend how much of me was really feminine to begin with, and also how long I took the hormones. I asked if she planned on keeping me on the "pill" for the entire period of my impersonation and she smiled and said that she had no choice. With another sigh of resignation I reluctantly agreed that I would continue to take the hormones but she wouldn't have to be sneaky about giving them to me.

Finishing our coffee we left Sears and walked over to the car where I once again got behind the wheel. The trip out to the license bureau was uneventful and we arrived at the right time since the examiner wasn't busy. I filled out the necessary papers and to my chagrin only a permit was issued to me. Since I said I had no license I had to wait three months before I could take the driving test and receive a regular operators license. Actually this wasn't much of a setback because the drivers permit was as good as the license for identification purposes. As we were leaving, the examiner called me over and told me that he had seen me drive in and that since I had no license I had no business driving a car. He then cautioned me about driving only with a licensed driver in the front seat and then sent me on my way. I smiled demurely and then walked out to the car being sure that my hips swayed in a feminine manner. The drive home was hectic as the rush hour traffic for the Mills was starting.

Supper was relished by Denise and I as the day had been a rather tiring one for us both. After eating I walked into the living room where I mixed martinis for both of us. I kicked off my heels and flopped down in a chair. Shortly Denise came in and sat down and began once again to criticize my days actions. Most of the criticism was good but she was very harsh when she came to my attempt to adjust my bra while walking down the street. I agreed and assured her it would not happen again itch or not!

CHAPTER FOUR

Early the next morning, 4:30 a.m. to be exact, I crawled out of bed and began to prepare myself for my first day at my new job. During the discussion the night before Denise had told me that she thought I was ready to start to work at the Beauty Shop. I started to object but after stopping to consider what had been accomplished the past three weeks I finally relented and agreed that I may as well try since I doubted I would get any better in my impersonation than I was then. (Little did I know!)

I very carefully shaved all over my arms, legs, and face. After taking a bath in scented water I went into the bedroom and began to dress. First came the make-up which I had become very adept at applying the past three and a half weeks. Upon finishing I went to a dresser and removed a panty girdle, waist cincher and a bra. I sprinkled a little powder into the girdle before I slipped it on and it took considerably less effort than usual to get it on properly. Next I donned the bra which was the longline type. I noticed that my breasts were in fact swelling quite noticeably and wondered if I would ever need a bra for them. I slipped the falsies into the bra, adjusted them and then reached for the waist cincher. The cincher was a side hook type and reached from above the bottom of the bra to below the top of the girdle. It was quite tight and I had a bit of a struggle to get it in place. With a last effort I finally got the last hooks hooked and removed a pair of nylons from a drawer. Sitting on the edge of the bed I carefully rolled each of the sheer tan colored stockings up my legs. Ever since I first donned a pair of nylons I had never become used to the slick, smooth feeling they brought to my legs. I attached each of the stockings to the garters and then stood up to make sure they were properly adjusted. That done I padded over to a closet and removed the clothing I had chosen the night before for my debut as a receptionist. The dress I had chosen was a white sheath with 3/4 length sleeves, high collar and a belted waist. I very carefully removed the dress from the hanger, unzipped the back and stepped into it. The dress easily slipped into place as the lining was of satin. I struggled a bit to zip up the back but once zipped the dress fitted perfectly. After buckling the narrow belt I stepped over in front of the mirror and turned around a few times observing the contours of the dress and the way it accented my figure. Slipping my feet into a pair of 3" white high heel pumps I then opened my wig case and removed a beautiful brunette wig with long hair. Carrying the wig over to the dresser I sat down and meticulously set the wig in place on my head. This made my transforma-

tion complete. It was no longer a man in woman's clothing looking from the mirror but a young lady, rather tall but definitely on the attractive side. Picking up a watch that I had borrowed from Denise, slipped it onto my wrist and then suddenly remembered that I was supposed to wake Denise up at 6:15 and it was now 6:30.

She was already awake when I leaned over to waken her. She smiled up at me, complimented me on my appearance and then suggested that I fix coffee while she dressed. Denise wasn't going to accompany me to the Beauty Shop because she had an appointment with the Doctor who was handling her treatments and it could not be rescheduled.

It was after 7:00 a.m. before Denise and I finished our coffee and she finished giving me advice on how to conduct myself as a receptionist. With a smile and a quick kiss on the cheek Denise wished me luck and walked to the door with me. I knew that the time had come when I would no longer be just impersonating a woman but now I would have to actually be one in almost all aspects. Needless to say I was having feelings of apprehension and doubt. Once again Denise seemed to sense what I was experiencing and she gave me some comfort by assuring me that I looked as genuine as any real woman could possibly look. I smiled, reached for a scarf to protect my hair from the wind and then picked up my purse. After giving Denise one last squeeze of the hand I stepped out into the hallway and began walking down toward the taxi stand. Since Denise had to have the car to go to the doctor, I would have to either take the bus or a taxi. I chose the taxi.

The taxi arrived and I instructed the driver to take me to the beauty shop and then settled back for the fifteen minute ride. I noticed the driver trying to eye me out of the rear view mirror whenever he had a chance. Feeling a bit devilish I thought I would tease him a bit. Making as if I was uncomfortable I deliberately allowed the skirt of the dress to ride up my legs to the point that the tops of my nylons were visible. It may sound conceited but I do have nice legs and it wasn't very long before the cab driver had just narrowly missed an accident because of his gawking. When we arrived at the beauty shop I got out of the cab in such a manner as to reveal just a little more of my legs but not enough to be vulgar. To my surprise the cabby just drove off and forgot to collect his fare! I chuckled to myself at the thought of what the man would have thought if he had only known the truth about me.

The Beauty Shop was just a little ways down the block from the taxi stand where the driver had let me off. I began walking the short distance and wondered if Jack Mansard had already arrived and opened the shop. To my relief I found that I was the first one to arrive. Quickly opening the door with the key Denise had given me I stepped inside and observed the place of my new employment. Approaching the receptionists desk I found it in a state of disarray and confusion. Papers were strewn all over the top and there seemed to be little if any system or arrangement present. Boy, what a mess, I thought, as I continued to look around, I wondered how Jack could possibly get a customer to return after once experiencing the messy conditions prevalent throughout the shop. I was so absorbed inspecting the condition of the shop that I failed to notice the door open and Jack arrive.

"Well, Good Morning! I see my partner has finally decided to break down and send you into work. Well we can sure use you, we have been very busy and Marie and myself just haven't been able to do it all ourselves. I imagine that Denise has told you what your duties will be. If not, I will. They will consist mostly of setting up appointments and handling customer relations. You will also be expected to handle the bookkeeping under MY supervision and do any other associated tasks I may have for you." This last statement I noted was made with a long frank appraisal of my physical assets. The look on Jack's face left little doubt in my mind that I would be having problems with him in the future.

"Denise did fill me in on most of what I will be doing Jack, but I would appreciate it if you would sort of give me a quick instruction on how the shop is run. I have never done receptionist work before and so it is new to me." Jack agreed and motioned for me to come over to the desk and sit down which I did. Laying a big and very masculine hand on my shoulder Jack started to brief me on the functions of the desk which was to be mine for as long as I stayed on the job. The instruction period was brief as it was only 15-20 minutes before the first customer came into the shop. I greeted the young lady gracefully and then inquired as to her appointment. I checked the appointment book and sent her to the correct booth for her treatment.

The shop quickly became very busy and the morning passed almost before I knew what had happened. Once again I was shocked when a svelte blond came walking out from behind the alcoves and said she would relieve me for lunch. I couldn't remember sending her to the back

nor could I recall ever having seen her before. She smiled at me and then introduced herself as Marie Snow the other associate in the shop whom I had not previously met. I nodded my acceptance, picked up my purse from behind the desk and then went over to the lady's restroom where I freshened up and then went out to lunch. It was not until later that I realized that I had gone into the womans washroom and not even had a thought about what I was doing. It seemed so natural! After a much appreciated lunch I returned to work, relieved Marie so she could go and eat, and once again I became so involved in reorganizing the desk that I found that before I had time to think about what time it was the afternoon had passed and it was 5:30 p.m. and closing time. As I gathered my things together to take home I surveyed my days work with a good deal of satisfaction; I had talked to about twenty-five people both on the phone and in person and no one seemed to suspect anything about my sex, Jack seemed pleased with the amount of work I was getting done for being so new. I had made some good progress in getting the receptionist's desk back into some semblance of order and above all I had convinced myself that I could carry out my deception very well and my confidence was growing by the minute. I could hardly wait to get home to tell Denise all about my first day at work. I was almost to the door when I heard Jack call me from the back of the shop.

"Rita, would you wait just a minute, please, I would like to ask you a question?" I nodded my assent and then sat down wondering what Jack had to ask. My question was soon answered.

"I was wondering if you might possibly like to have a little celebration drink in honor of your first day at work and also we could discuss some of your future work and what I would like to have done. There is a nice place just around the block that makes exquisite martinis. How about it?"

My new found confidence carried me along and I smiled and said I thought that would be nice. With a flirtatious smile and an eager step I accepted Jack's arm and we headed out the front door.

Jack said that we could walk over to the Lounge as it was only a block away and parking spots weren't available this time of day. I noticed that Jack was very masculine and I mused to myself as to why he was a hairdresser, a profession usually considered to be on the feminine side. Even though I was wearing 3" high heels Jack was still a good 2½" taller than I was, making him about 6'1" tall. I guessed his weight to be about 195 while mine was only 135, a bit light for being 5'8" in my stocking feet.



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The Lounge that Jack spoke of was called the Bamboo. He politely opened the door for me and then guided me to a dimly lit corner cocktail table. The waitress was at the table before I had a chance to put my purse and scarf on the empty chair. Jack ordered a couple of martinis and then settled back in his chair. At first we indulged in only a little small talk and then after the waitress brought the drinks Jack guided the conversation over to the beauty shop. He started off by complimenting me on how well I performed the first day and that if I continued in this manner I would be a valuable asset to the business.

He then changed the topic of the conversation towards the financial angle of the business. I had already noted that the business took in a good deal of money. In fact I had received over \$300.00 that day myself. Jack was very careful to make sure that I understood that he and he alone would take care of each days deposit and the final and correct entries into the bookkeeping journals. It would be my responsibility to only cash out the register at the end of each day and then give the receipts to Jack. I thought this to be a bit foolish since I was a fully qualified bookkeeper and could handle the books. Jack disagreed on the basis that not only was I new in the business but I was the sister of Denise whom Jack said he wasn't afraid to admit he did not trust. That remark made me start and Jack smiled and then changed the subject. At the same time he noticed that my glass was empty and ordered two more drinks. I wasn't sure I should take another and started to decline but Jack reached out and took my hand in his and asked me to accept it as he appreciated my company. I smiled a yes while thinking that my previous thought on having trouble with the romantic side of this man would be correct. Not only did I accept that drink but also two more after that and it was a rather giggly young lady who finally escaped from the Bamboo on the pretense of a bad headache over being tired from the first day at work. Jack's parting remark was that he would like to do it again.

Arriving home Denise was in good spirits as the Doctor had told her that she would recover from her leg injury completely and would suffer no crippling effects. She was upset over the idea that I had not bothered to call and tell her where I was at and what time I would be home. During supper I mentioned that Jack was very firm about the handling of the money. Denise smiled and said that was a switch because he always pushed the books off on Marie every chance he had before. I admitted to Denise that I expected trouble from Jack and his making passes at me but Denise read right through my thoughts and told me to come right out and admit that I was pleased and flattered that he had asked me to

have a cocktail with him. With a rather sheepish look I made the admission and then excused myself and retired for the night. It felt good to remove the tight girdle and the high heels. My feet were sore but I had noticed that they were able to take the high heels for longer periods of time without becoming sore beyond toleration. My thoughts that night were those of a content and satisfied person who seemed to have at last found her place in life.

Early the next day I arose, got dressed and went to work. At lunch Jack asked me to accompany him but I declined on the basis that I had to run an errand for Paul. Actually this was true because I planned on going out to the Finance Company to pick up my check which had come in.

The trip out to get the check was uninteresting. When I arrived at the office, everyone was gone to lunch, but one clerk who scarcely had been hired when Denise and I had the accident. I identified myself as Pauls sister-in-law and then she got the check for me and had me sign a receipt for it. I momentarily panicked as I was sure that my signature would be recognized but I managed to disguise it enough that it was almost readable but not recognizable. I then took a taxi back to the beauty shop.

CHAPTER FIVE

In rapid succession the days began to fly by for me. Denise was able to return to work but since I was doing so well she stayed at home. During this time I noticed that my breasts were developing very fast and that I could now wear an A cup in a bra without falsies. It became my habit to do this at home. Although I had now become determined that I would have my own real breasts and disliked the falsies I knew that I could not yet go without them as the decrease in my bust would be too noticeable. During the period of my employment (three months) I had not cut my hair and it was now long enough for Denise to begin to set and work with it. I was also looking forward to the day I could go without my wig. At long last it came and I made a small sensation at the shop as I had not told Jack or Marie that I planned to "cut" my hair. At first neither of them recognized me, and I felt sort of foolish. My anxious fears were soon set to rest as I realized that after the first initial shock everyone took my new hairdo for granted and seemed to think no more about it.

By this time I had been in my new role for about four months and had become so accustomed to it that anything outside of this role seemed to be absurd. I was thoroughly ingrained with the feminine role in life and had long since subconsciously decided to adopt it as a permanent role.

It was about this time that I began to notice some rather disturbing things about Jack. In particular I began to note that the amount of money deposited in the bank was not the same as I had estimated it to be. I knew that my estimates would be off from the true deposit but not very much. I began to notice that after I had turned over as much as \$300.00 to Jack, only \$150.00 to \$200.00 would find itself deposited in the Bank. My suspicions became aroused with good reason and I decided that on the next convenient Sunday afternoon I would slip down to the shop and make my own audit of the books to determine if Jack was keeping the deposits on the business in an honest manner.

My chance to examine the books came that following Sunday afternoon. Jack had asked me on Friday if I would like to take a short trip with him down to Indianapolis for the weekend and then return on Sunday night. I naturally declined and said that I had already made other plans and could not cancel them. I smiled to myself at the thought of Jack's reaction if he knew what those plans were.

I set the alarm on the early so that I would be up and out of the apartment before Denise awoke. After arising and rushing through my make-up I slipped into a pair of slacks and a sweater and then hurried out of the apartment and down to the car. I saw no one on the way and lost no time in driving over to the Beauty Shop, found a place to park in front and went inside.

Jack kept the books and records in a desk in a more or less private office at the back of the business. It took me about 20 minutes to locate the financial records and get them laid out for my review. In rapid succession I began to review the day by day deposits and to my astonishment I could find no discrepancy. After becoming suspicious of Jack I had started keeping notes on how much money I gave Jack and the figures in front of me showed more deposited than my figures did. Deeply disappointed I returned the books to their proper places and then started to look through Jack's desk. In a file marked PERSONAL and CONFIDENTIAL, I found what I was looking for. Jack had prepared duplicate records and had undoubtedly used the first records I had examined as a ruse to delay anyone who attempted to reveal his secret. Not only did I discover that this em-

bezzler was taking money but I found that the shop receipts were much more than I had estimated. Quickly examining the books I took enough notes to convict Jack in any court of law and then carefully replaced them in their proper place.

After leaving the Beauty Shop I decided to drive around for awhile to try and determine what course of action I should take. If I faced Jack with my evidence outright there was no telling what he might do as I had notes showing over \$4500 missing over the past four months. If I brought the police into the matter it was probable that Denise would be able to send Jack to jail but would never be able to recover her share of the stolen money. After driving for about two hours I realized I was about out of gas and I pulled into a gas station to get some. The car was quickly serviced and as I pulled back onto the highway I had to brake hard to avoid a semi-truck bulling his way through traffic. All of a sudden the idea came to me that I would blackmail Jack into giving Denise the money he had taken and forcing him to sell his share of the business. Paul would naturally be the one to buy this share of the business. A feeling of elation came over me and I headed for the apartment to tell Denise what I had discovered and planned to do to recover her money. As I drove a plan formulated in my mind as to my plan of action.

When I arrived at the apartment I found Denise up and worried about where I had gone at this hour of the morning. Smiling, I sat her down and told her of the mornings events. A glance at the clock showed it to be 1:00 p.m. and that I had been gone since 7:00 a.m. Denise was very much upset upon learning that Jack had pocketed as much money as my records indicated. Denise commented that she had suspected for some time that Jack had been doing some embezzling but had never suspected that the offense was on a scale as great as this was at this time. I informed her of my "plan" which was to obtain photo copies of Jacks records and after confronting him with them to demand that he return the \$4500 and sell his share of the business to Paul or Denise. An alternative I had in mind was to force Jack to sell his share of the business to Denise at a \$4500 loss. Denise became rather irritated and mad at my ideas. She brought it to my attention that she had managed to pay up her back payments on the shop and would rather let things ride for awhile as though Jack's activities were undiscovered. In a short while I was to learn the reason for the delay.

During the next few weeks Denise and I kept a close watch on Jack and made copies of all financial records and receipts without his being aware. Needless to say I was also paying close attention to my own physical development. Before another two months had gone by my bust development had continued and I was now wearing a B-cup in a bra. I was very sure of myself and only rarely even thought of my old role in life as a man. I was very content and made no secret of it to Denise. She was very happy that I had accepted my new status and we made dreamy plans for the future after we had solved our dilemma with Jack. Little did we realize the terror and tragedy that lay ahead for everyone.

It started as a rather routine Sunday morning. I had arisen early, dressed and gone down to the shop to make copies of the latest financial reports. While I was in the shop I failed to hear the door open and I was petrified with fear when I heard Jack's voice ask "Just what do you think you are doing in my desk?" My fear turned to fright when I saw that he had a .38 cal revolver in his hand. Despite my efforts to lie my way out of my compromising situation Jack knew exactly what I was doing and let me know in no uncertain terms.

I saw that Jack was looking at me in a very peculiar way and for the first time in my life I knew genuine feminine fear when Jack ordered me to strip! I started to hesitate but his harsh command to get moving started my trembling hands unbuttoning the front of my blouse. I removed the blouse and had started to slip down my skirt when he snarled at me to remove my bra. By now I was shaking so badly that I could not hold on to the back hooks long enough to undo them. Suddenly without any warning Jack snarled and reached out and ripped the flimsy piece of white cloth from my body. I fell back against a desk very conscious of my breasts standing exposed to view. The sight of my breasts caused Jack to lose all self control and he came at me like some kind of wild animal. In desperation I side-stepped him and screamed all at the same time and ran to the front office with Jack close behind. As I came into the front office I saw a police officer walking his beat pass by the window. Once again I screamed and threw a paperweight at the glass window. This attracted the officer and he immediately saw and understood the situation. In no time, it seemed, he had kicked out the front door and had come to my aid. Jack, having seen the police, had escaped out the back door.

When the officer asked what had happened I told him I had been attacked by Jack and gave a description which another officer took

down to be given out to the squad cars. Denise had been notified and she arrived just as the police were leaving. When I saw her it suddenly dawned on me that if Jack were caught I might possibly have to take some type of examination which could expose me and ruin our scheme. This was not to be however.

Approximately forty-five minutes after the police left the shop, Denise and I received a phone call from the police to go down to the hospital and meet a detective. Upon arriving we were met by Det. Sgt. Quinn who asked if we would identify the body of a man believed to be that of Jack! We were shown to a place in a cold room where a body was lying under a sheet. The coroner was also present and when he pulled back the sheet I let out an involuntary cry. The body was unmistakably that of Jack and it was terribly mutilated. The Sgt. went on to relate that a Gary Police Squad car had spotted Jack and when they tried to stop his vehicle a high speed chase resulted. The cars had exceeded speeds of 100 mph and gone East on US 20 into the city of Portage. Here additional police had joined in the chase and a roadblock had been set up on a bridge. Apparently Jack had chosen to die rather than be arrested. He made no attempt to stop and drove his car into the side of a truck put across the road to stop him. The resulting crash had killed Jack instantly and injured two officers. Fortunately they would be alright. The reason Denise and I had been asked to identify the body was because there was no next of kin.

Immediately the next day Denise contacted her Attorney and started the necessary legal paperwork to complete entire ownership of the Beauty Shop. I continued to work as assistant to Denise who now returned to work. The two of us worked hard and now the shop prospers and we have another shop planned in another city. My femininity has progressed and even I am amazed at times that I was once a rather masculine young man. Denise and I gave serious discussion to possibly having sex change surgery performed to complete my transformation but we discarded the idea. After all Denise and I still love each other and enjoy the visits that Paul pays on weekends. We are both very happy and feel that we have achieved a wonderful if very unusual solution to lifes problems.