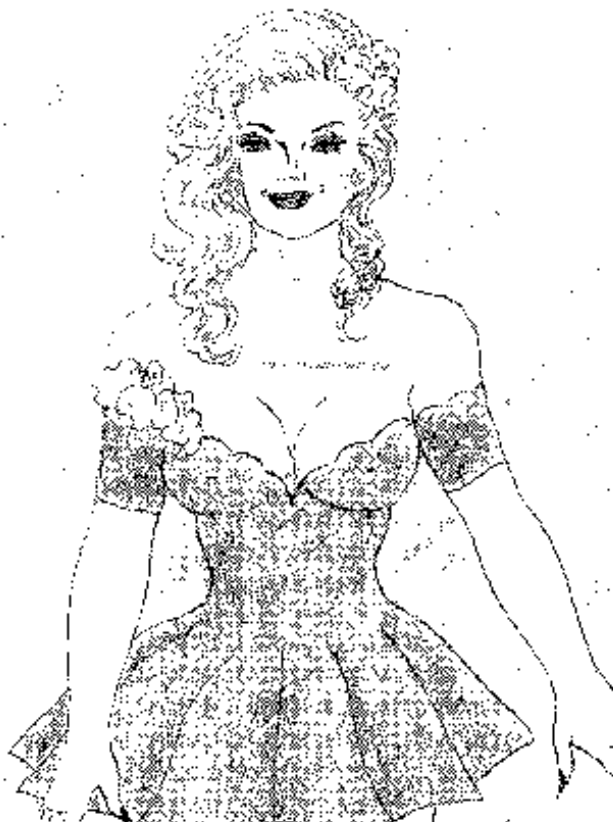




Reluctant Press

The Prize

Cheryl Lynn



ILLUSTRATIONS BY BRIAN DUKEHART

A 'NEW WOMAN' NOVEL

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Reluctant Press TG Publishers

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THE PRIZE

By CHERYL LYNN

SOMEBODY'S GOT TO WIN SO WHY SHOULDN'T IT BE ME

Contests, all kinds and types! Doesn't matter what kind, if they are giving away prizes I want in on it. Did you know that every year companies give away hundreds of millions of dollars worth of trips, cars, cash, jewelry, clothing, and other neat stuff. In almost every one of them, all you have to do is write your name a few times and you're in. I mean how easy can it be to make a few bucks. Write three hundred words on why I like laxatives or just signing my name and address a zillion times doesn't matter. This stuff's practically free, man!

I am addicted to "contesting". Bet you didn't know that it is considered a legitimate hobby and has it's own newsletters. Aficionados, such as myself, adhere to the code of the three "P's", patients, persistence, and lots of postage. I enter each and every one I can find or that finds me. I have piles of post cards, envelopes, stamps, felt tip pens, black ink only of course, stored in a tackle box. I even threw away all my lures, hooks, weights, and corks just to find a place to keep my contest stuff.

I have had pretty good success with contests too. I won four tickets to the Super Bowl. Do I have to tell you what my friends thought about me then? Oh, a lot of guys drooled over my success and a few tried to get on my good side, but I just took my only true friend Phil, along. I sold the other two for outrageous prices at the game.

Then, there were the tickets to Cancun. Had to go on that one by myself. The gal I thought was going to go chickened out on me. Ah, she was a real loser anyway.

I have won other prizes, like tickets to a Willie Nelson concert.

Joanie went with me to that one since I had front row seats and back stage passes. A real dog, though, if you know what I mean. No! Not Willie, man, Joanie! The bitch stiffed me by going with me; then left me hanging, if you know what I mean.

Anyway back to what I was saying, I also won all the miscellaneous odds and ends like tee shirts, pens, flashlights, jackets and caps.

Yes, I was addicted to contests, big ones, little ones didn't matter. Well, at least that's the way I used to be many years ago. Before I won "The Prize".

That was the last contest I can remember entering. I can assure you that because of this contest, I have absolutely no desire to ever, ever enter another contest!

Why and how does a confirmed contest junkie quit cold turkey after winning a major event? Well, it does make for a complex, if not unbelievable history, but one that changed my life.

It all began.....

Phil and I were shopping in the mall, you know the big Eastside complex. We had just come out of Jacque Penyeahs, as we called J. C. Pennys, and were heading north up the main corridor. Out of the corner of my eye, I caught a glimpse of a sign and the word "contest" just leaped out and grabbed me. I stopped so quick some good looking chick walking behind me plowed into me with her great big tits.

I still remember thinking, *"How lucky can you get? I find a contest and a chick bashes her tits into my back."*

Well, we would find out just how lucky a bit later, but I pulled Phil along with me over to the store with the contest sign.

It was in the window of one of those specialty cosmetics shops, you know like a Meryl Norman, but a different brand.

The word "Contest" was printed in big bold black letters across the top of the sign that essentially said, "Grand Prize: A COMPLETE MAKE OVER INCLUDING WARD-ROBE! A \$175,000 Value. First Prize: A Luxurious getaway for two to the U.S. Virgin Islands for two weeks, Plus \$1,000 cash."

I did not bother reading anything further and walked into the store. Seeing a pretty young thing standing behind the counter, I sauntered over trying my best to look like my hero John Wayne; especially, while in a woman's cosmetics store.

"Howdy, Missy!" I said real cool like. "I see by the sign in your window that you're running a contest in here and I want to enter. Where do I sign up?"

"Oh, I...I am sorry, SIR!" The blond bimbo said emphasizing the word "Sir". It was obvious she was one of those feminists that needed a lesson in equal rights as she continued. "But, like this contest is for our customers only! You know. You can't enter! You're a man!"

"No shit Sherlock!" I thought as I was taken aback by her outright refusal to let me enter her stupid contest. But if the prize was worth \$175,000, there was no way she was going to keep me from entering. I didn't care about winning the make over and wardrobe. But converting it into pure cash, now that had possibilities!

"Lookie here, Missy!" I said leaning on her counter looking her straight in the eye. "You mean to tell me, that just because I am a man, you are going to discriminate against me! You are actually going to refuse me the right to participate in your silly contest because of that? I could understand not letting me enter if it was based on a purchase, but your sign did not say anything about buying your products. Isn't it a federal crime to discriminate based upon sex, race, or religion? I believe that it was the last time I looked! Now, where do I enter, or do I need to call the cops?"

Phil tried to get me to back off, but I roughly shoved him aside.

“Phil, you stay outta this, you hear! I'm not going to let some blond bimbo shove me around and get away with it. I have as much right to enter this contest as anyone. Now, let me do what I have to do!”

You should have seen that bitch squirm as I reeled off my threats to call the cops and sue her pretty little round ass off because she was discriminating.

Oh Wow! Man! You should have seen her eyes. They got bigger than saucers and it seemed to take her about five minutes just to get her act together enough to reply.

“But....bu...but SIR! You don't UNDERSTAND!”

She tried to bull shit me some more, but I stepped right back in. I wasn't about to give her a chance to weasel out of this. Besides, now I really wanted to enter this contest. Women were getting everything nowadays and I was still upset about losing my scholarship to some bimbo just because she was a she.

This was my chance to get even.

I heard Phil groan behind me. He put his hand on my shoulder, trying to pull me away once again. I shoved his hand off my shoulder without even bothering to look at him and ignored his request to get out of there. Kick my butt for not listening to him then, but you know what they say about spilt milk.

“Now YOU listen up Missy!” I said as cold and threatening as I could. “If you don't let me enter the contest right here, right now, I am going to yell as loudly as I can for the cops! I don't give a rat's ass about you trying to keep it for Women Only!”

I paused to let my point sink home in her dull little mind.

“I am sick and tired of every body except us poor white males being given all kinds of special privileges! I'm fuckin' A tired of being treated like a second class citizen! Now, are you going to let me enter or what?”

Judging by her reaction and Phil's continued background noises, I must be doing pretty good, so I finished with a coldly uttered, “Well?”

That must have pulled the right string because I could see her visibly shrink away from me.

Phil kept poking me in the ribs and whispering loudly for me to give it up and to get the H out of there, but the clerk had my dander up and I was now bound and determined to enter her stupid contest, no matter what!

Besides, I was winning my argument.

“Alright! Alright, fine. You can enter the contest. Just stop yelling and making a scene,” she protested giving up at last. “Here, read this, sign the acknowledgment statement, your friend there can witness it; then, complete the back side in its entirety.”

I took the pale pink paper with the “Crystal Palace Spa and Health Center's” logo. I glanced at the almost full page of small print, and foregoing any further delay, signed the bottom and dated it.

Phil reluctantly signed as one witness, the sales clerk as the other after asking me if I had any questions and fully understood the release.

“Stupid bimbo!” I thought as I pulled the piece of paper back to complete the other side, *“Of course I don't understand one friggin' bit about what I just signed, I didn't fuckin' read it!”*

Women! Man! They just didn't know nothing. If I won the prize what the heck, whatever I just signed wouldn't make any difference, would it? So what if my picture appeared in an ad or on TV winning the grand prize from some woman's store? Like, I mean how difficult can entering a contest be? Sure this one was a bit more detailed than any other I had entered, but what the hey!

She took my finished application and placed it in a pink envelope, sealed it with her tongue, and putting the envelope into a barrel, gave it a spin. My application was all mixed in with about two hundred others just like it. I wouldn't have to worry about the bimbo removing it after I left.

I smiled sweetly to the bimbo and said, “See you in the winner's circle babel!”

Without waiting for her reply, I turned and telling Phil to get a move on, headed for the door.

As we left the store, I savored my victory by repeating to Phil everything he had just heard.

He tried to put a damper on my mood by asking stupid questions about what that entry would require me to do. He had never heard of a contest where the contestant had to sign an affidavit let alone have it witnessed as well. It sure looked legal to him.

“Much too legal looking for a silly give away,” he told me. “Are you sure you wanted to enter that contest? Something just doesn't feel right about that thing.”

What a bummer! The dude really needed to chill. You know what I mean. I told him where he could put his jealous concerns and idiotic notions in no uncertain terms even this lily-livered twerp could understand. Phil wasn't much fun for the rest of the night and soon afterwards we parted company.

I don't think I saw Phil again until well after I had won “The Prize.”

I let the screen door slam shut behind me as I entered my dorm complex. It was pouring outside and I was soaked to the skin. Luckily, it was early summer and the rain lent a coolness to the thick moisture laden air that refreshed. I stopped at my mail slot and opening it, pulled out the routine junk, several bills, and one legal sized pink envelope.

Carrying it all in my left hand, I quickly went up the stairs to change and dry off. My room was the first on the right, and I was the only person left. Everyone else had gone home for the summer. I was fortunate and managed to get a summer job as dorm manager. I got to say for free plus I picked up a couple of hundred buck in the process, but now it was somewhat lonesome.

Hey, I could get real used to being alone after spending over nine months confined with a bunch of animals.

Tossing the mail on my desk, I went into the shared bath and took a shower. I didn't give another thought to the pink envelope. I had completely forgotten about that particular contest by this time.

It wasn't until two days later that I shuffled through all my mail. I'm one of those weird people that likes to stack up their mail until they have a pile of it before I even think of opening the first one. Usually, because I entered so many contests, I opened my mail twice a week. No matter how important the letter looked, even if it said "certified", it had to wait.

The first envelope that caught my attention was from a national breakfast food company. I was being notified that I had won a free months supply of cereal and had two coupons attached.

"That was good for a start," I mumbled to myself. Next were several bills I just put aside and then there it was. The Pink Envelope!

At first, it did not compute.

"*What was some woman's organization doing sending me any shit,*" I thought. I had completely forgotten about that contest I had entered way back before Christmas, but I opened it anyway. Seeing the company letterhead, "Crystal Palace Spa and Health Club", brought the memories flooding back. I could even see that blond bimbo in my mind and felt kind of sorry for not getting into her pants.

My smile got bigger as I began reading.

Dear Ms. Bobi Evans,

You have been selected by our panel of independent judges as our Crystal Make Over Girl. Your entry.... provided all eligibility standards have been met and you can show that you are not an employee of.....

I skipped over the rest to get to the nitty gritty.

As our Grand Prize winner, you will be flown to our beautiful headquarters in our company jet where you will be chauffeured in our company stretch limo to meet with our corporate officers.

So far so good, I said to myself. I was having a hard time trying to read the letter as I was shaking with nervous energy and excitement at winning, because by now I had remembered that the grand prize was worth \$175,000!

I took several deep breaths to steady my hands before continuing:

At our headquarters you will be given a private guided tour, settled in your very own deluxe accommodations, and interviewed by our senior beauty analyst, Doctor Gloria Jobe. Dr. Jobe will personally develop, based upon your own physical characteristics, a blue print to a new more feminine and beautiful you. She and our professional staff will then work and dote upon your every need over a three month period to accomplish Dr. Jobe's plan. After that, as we promised, you will have a one year employment contract guaranteed with all the fringes which includes room and board here at our headquarters.

Once Dr. Jobe has finished, you will be fitted with a whole new complete modern wardrobe. When we say complete, we mean just that Bobi! Not only will you receive a complete under and outer wear ensemble for each season, but all accessories including shoes and a silver fox jacket! Of course, you will

need new luggage to tote all your new apparel home. To help you maintain it, we're giving you a generous \$2,500 cash! Yes! It's all yours Bobi! Won't this be exciting! To claim your prize all you have to do is contact the store representative where you filed your entry and give them this letter. Once they have verified your eligibility, we will set up a convenient time for you to fly here to our headquarters.

I was impressed to say the least by the time I had read this far, but I couldn't find anywhere in the letter where it said I could exchange all this great garbage for the cash. I reread the letter three more times, but still didn't discover anything different.

Well, once I got back to that store in the mall I would just pull my macho John Wayne persona out of hiding and make them give me my money.

I entered the store in the Eastside Mall, walked over to the counter where an elderly lady was standing talking to the blond bimbo that I remembered from before. They looked up at my approach, but returned to their conversation.

As I reached the counter, I heard the older woman say, "...yes. The winning entry did come from our store! Can you believe it! We'll make the national press, Sheri."

"Uh hum," I cleared my throat loudly to get their attention. "Do you mind? I need to see whomever is in charge of this place right now!"

The older woman looked me over; then, asked what she could do for me as she was the manager. You should have seen that ol' bitch's face when I tossed that pink letter on her counter as she read it. I bet her jaw would have dropped all the way to the floor if it hadn't been for the counter top. As it was, she just stood there for several seconds gasping like a fish out of water.

I would have laughed if I hadn't been looking for \$175,000.

"OK, already," I stated. "Yeah, it's me and I won your stupid contest. So, if you'll just validate that thing and give me my money, I'll be on my way and leave you alone. It ought to be painfully obvious, even to you bimbo's, that I don't work for your stupid company and I will attest to the fact that I am not related to anyone working for it either. So where can I get the dough?"

"Excuse me, Sir?" the manager finally said. She still looked flustered, but the color was coming back into her cheeks.

The blond bimbo standing beside her kept pointing her finger at me saying over and over, "It's him! It's him!"

"Oh, get a hold of yourself Sheri," the manager said to the bimbo. "So this is the guy you were telling me about earlier, huh!" Turning back to face me she continued, "It says here that a Ms. Bobi Evans had won the contest! Are you claiming to be BOBI? I must have some viable identification if you please? Preferably a photo ID!"

"Yeah, yeah, hold your horses, I've got my drivers license right here. And yes, I am Bob I. Evans. It looks like your contest people must have screwed up and put my middle initial at the end of my name. See, Here's my ID! It says Bob I. Evans! Now how do I get my money?"

"Well, now just wait a minute! While you may be correct and you do have the letter in your possession. I do not doubt what you are saying, but I will still have to confirm

it with headquarters. Now, er, Mr. Evans, if you'll give me a day time phone number where I might contact you."

I did not give her a chance to finish as I jumped right in.

"Whoa there Nellie!" I almost shouted. "Lookie here, that's my letter telling me that I have just won \$175,000 and I have brought it here like it said. Now where's my friggin money? I don't care a flyin' flip about your mistakes, or anything else. Your contest said \$175,000 to the Grand Prize winner and THAT is ME!"

"Sir! If you please! I have other customers in the shop. I would appreciate it if you would lower your voice and speak in a more moderate tone. After all, **Mister** Evans," she said stressing the *Mister*. "We are not some riffraff and I will take care of this once I am satisfied that you and this letter are all in **ORDER!**"

"Ok, ok, don't get your panties in an uproar!" I responded somewhat taken aback by her sudden show of authority. "I just want what's comin' to me. As long as I get it, everything is going to be just fine. If you got a problem with my ID or anything else, just call your darn company and get them to fax you a copy of my original entry. That should prove what I've been saying and it shouldn't take all damn day!"

It took longer than I thought it should, but finally the fax came in and it proved what I had been saying about them closing up my middle initial.

"Yes," they had to agree that I was none other than Bobi Evans and, "Yes," I had won their grand prize.

Whoopee and hallelujah!

They have seen the light. Now to get my money.

Now that is where the rub came in.

After some more fussing and clamoring from the manager and the bimbo, they said that under the rules I had to accept the prize as offered with no exceptions.

"The rules were quite clear," the manager said. "See? Right here it very plainly states that the winner will represent the Crystal Palace Spa for the entire year and the winner, that's you, must be willing to work for the Spa for the entire year. That's why there is a clause about the employment contract. You would, of course, have to appear before the public and in the media. You signed the release. See? Right here on this page."

She paused to make sure that I was following along on my copy of the fax, before continuing.

"Now, if you will examine this page which is a fax of the back of the entry form, you have agreed to give the Crystal Palace Spa your power of attorney and authority over your every activity for one full year commencing from the point that the Spa pronounces you fit to represent them in public.

"The Spa has acknowledged that in turn they must do everything in their power to make you presentable in a manner typical of the results of their extensive beauty and grace enrichment programs.

“Of course, an independent judging panel will affirm the Spa's decision, in order to protect your rights.”

It was all there in black and white, but what the heck I figured that I did not have anything to lose so I wadded up the fax copies in my right hand and threw it against the wall.

“I don't give a shit about all this bovine fecal matter you're trying to feed me,” I said. “All I want is my money! It should be obvious even to you dunderheads that I could never pass as a Crystal Palace girl, EVER!”

I paused to let that tirade sink into their little female minds before I continued. “Look, why don't we all be reasonable about this? Just give me, oh say, ummm, \$150,000 and I'll call it even. How about that? I get some money and you get off without all that embarrassing publicity of a man posing as the Crystal Palace Girl, hahaha-haha!”

They looked appropriately shocked at my statement.

The manager shook her head sending her gray hair swirling, but recovered her composure rather quickly.

The bimbo? Well, I just disregarded her completely since she wasn't qualified to do diddley squat.

“MISTER Evans,” there the store manager went stressing the 'Mister' once again, “I have already told you, I DO NOT HAVE THE AUTHORITY TO AUTHORIZE ANY SETTLEMENT! Now, I cannot spell it out any plainer than that!”

She just stared at me for a few seconds, before shaking her head some more.

I just stood my ground and did not utter a single word.

“Very well,” she said with a note of defeat in her tone. “I'll tell you what. I am going to contact the Crystal Palace and talk to the front office staff and see what we can come up with. Just give me a number where I can reach you this evening and I'll try my utmost to get this situation resolved. That is the best that I can do MISTER Evans. Now that number if you will.”

What the heck, I wasn't going to get anywhere talking to these underlings and lackeys. I should have gone straight to the top to begin with. What the hey I was winning, wasn't I?

Deciding that she was probably right, I agreed to let her contact the big chiefs and gave her my home number. I made sure that she fully understood that if I didn't hear from her by eight that night, I was going to call my lawyer.

Feeling fully satisfied with myself I turned on my heels and walked out of the store.

Sure enough that evening about seven my phone rang and it was the store manager. She said that she had talked over our little problem with the senior corporate staff and as a result it had been decided that I would be flown to the Crystal Palace headquarters. There I would meet personally with them so that some kind of mutually agreeable settlement could be decided. They were sending down the corporate jet immediately and wanted me at the private airport in an hour.

No, I didn't need to pack as everything would be furnished gratis by the company, all first class by the way.

Since I didn't have to pack and I would be picked up in a stretch limo right outside my dormitory and driven to the airport, I decided to go along with their idea. I wondered if the limo had a bottle of good champagne iced down in the back as I hung up the phone.

The limo was better than I expected. It was a great big white Caddy with bright gold trim and real plush rolled and pleated gray leather seats. You could have put ten people in the back and had room left over for a swimming pool. Yes, they also had a bottle of "Dom" iced down and waiting for little ol' me.

"Man, this was the way to live," I thought as I popped the cork on the Dom. Needless to say by the time we arrived at the airport, I was feelin' no pain. This was really going great. *"Oh Boy! Did I ever win me a prize. Eat your hearts out peons."*

The plane was the latest model Lear and it was something else again. If I had thought that the limo was fancy, well you could have picked my chin up off the floor of the jet. It was fabulous and that descriptive adjective was a disservice to the plushness of the jet. The entire interior was done in varying shades of white, pale pink, and lavender. The aisle carpeting was done in pale pink and the walls in lavender. The ten seats and lounge were in white rolled and pleated leather. The seating was all deluxe recliners with built in heat and message units. The lounge sofa could be pulled out into a queen sized bed if needed. Even the rest room was impressive containing a full bath and shower stall.

The drop dead blond stewardess that greeted me and handed me another glass of Dom as I stepped into the plane was an even better attraction. She was about five five and very well proportioned, if you know what I mean. She was wearing a straight skirt in navy that just reached to her mid-thigh, a pale cream colored poly blouse with padded shoulders and a frilly little collar that fastened with a satin bow. I could easily see the lacy camisole and shoulder pads through the thin material.

Talk about your instant "hard-ons".

As she turned to show me to my seat, her beautifully rounded firm rear end drew my attention. Oh how it bounced and wiggled down the narrow aisle. I almost inhaled my glass of Dom as I followed closely behind.

She was like totally awesome, ya know.

My mind dreaming of all the possibilities was in seventh heaven. I quickly reached down and shifted my stiffening penis into a more comfortable position as my eyes followed the heart shaped curves of her ass. The long smooth legs covered in sheer navy hose and the three inch patent leather heels were like the icing on a cake. Almost too pretty to eat, but given half a chance I would be more than willing to go muff diving in her lagoon.

With my feet comfortably propped up while I relaxed in the most comfortable seat I had ever put my poor body down into, the jet taxied and quickly rose into the air. I was into my third glass of the bubbly when I realized that I hadn't told anyone where I was. No one would even know that I had gone because I did not remember to even

leave a note. Well, I'd worry about that later, but now I had some more important things on my mind. Namely the two gorgeous breasts hinted at under the blonde's silky blouse.

"Hay Babe," I called out to her, "Come on over here and have a seat next to the best lookin' hunk you ever met. Better yet, why don't cha sit in my lap like a good little girl. Maybe I can come up with a toy for you to play with."

What can I say, I was feeling cocky and a little drunk.

She glared at me with stilettos flying out of her eyes, but kept a frozen smile on her lips as she said, "I'm sorry SIR! But we are not allowed..."

We! Where did she get this 'we' shit. There was only the two of us in the cabin. Think maybe she was referring to her titties? Hahaha, I must be getting a teensy bit intoxicated if I was thinking like this.....

"...to socialize with the customers. Perhaps you'd like to take a nap. We still have a lot of flying time left. I think that you have had enough to drink. FAA regulations prohibit us from furnishing alcoholic drinks to intoxicated individuals. So I would appreciate it..." she droned on and on ad nauseam.

I let her slip out of my mind as I sipped on the glass of chill bubbly.

"Yes," I said to myself, *"Self this is the life. I think that 'we' could learn to live like this real easily. I don't care what those bimbo executives say, I'm definitely in this all the way for the money. Yes sir! For the MONEY! Ain't no way they gonna get outta paying this kid off. I ain't gonna budge till I see some green stuff and lots of it."*

I let my mind drift off into all the various possibilities real money could provide me. My mind was a whirl with all kinds of scenarios in which I was the central and only starring character surrounded by adoring big titted bimbos whose only desire and purpose in life was to make me happy.

I was so caught up in my dreams that I hardly noticed when the jet landed.

It was pitch black outside as I stepped off the plain. The blond bimbo had to steady me as I was a little wobbly on my feet. Too much of the bubbly I guess, but you only live once.

Somehow I managed to stagger safely down the ramp and into the waiting limo. Once again, a great big stretch job. Inside was another chill bottle and two great looking babes—a red head and a very big breasted mattress thrasher brunette.

"Hi there good looking. My don't you two look positively makeable," I managed as I slid into my seat. "I'm big Bob and I'm new in town, hahahaha."

They looked surprised at the nonsense coming out of my mouth. I wasn't too damn sure what I was trying to say myself. Something to do with makin' it with the babes I guess. Hell didn't matter anyway. Damn, I had to piss like a race horse. Nothing to do but wait it out so I grabbed the cold bottle and popped the cork. So what if the babes sitting across from me were scowling and lookin' pissed.

"Mister Evans! Don't you think that you have had quite enough?" the cute looking red head inquired as I filled my glass.

I examined the tiny bubbles flowing up to the surface as I held the glass up to the light coming in from the window.

“*Naw!*” I thought as I looked over in her general direction with a frown of disapproval on my face.

I offered her the glass trying to act the gentleman for the moment, but she shook her head no. The other bimbo did the same.

“*BFD,*” I thought to myself and quickly downed the brew. I was a little confused by all this feminine flesh that accompanied me on this trip so far. Not one of them offered her services and when I made the first move, they had all refused to have anything to do with me thereafter. What the heck was going on? Probably some devious plan the execs thought up to keep me from claiming the money. Yeah, that must have been it. Didn't make any sense, but women's thinking never made any sense. I began pouring another glass of champagne as I thought, “*What the fuck?*”

“Mr. Evans!” the red headed bimbo stated. “I would appreciate it if you would slow down. It is late and we still have a lot to discuss. Ms. Shelly will not approve of your drunken behavior one bit and she was hoping to get the matter of your winning the contest over with first thing.”

“Look bitch!” I hissed almost falling off the seat in the process. “I won your sil...silly contest fair and square and I 'xpec....Ezpectz..exp...*hic*..expect...ya...yo...you to hon...or it.”

Boy was I getting loose and who was this Ms. Shelly anyway. First time I ever heard that name mentioned.

“As a ma..at..*hic*..ter, matter of...urp! par..pardon me *hic*..Look I...I want this th..thing *hic* damn hiccups! Thing over and done with ta...ta..nite! Jes...Jes...Just gimme...gimme my..*hic*..mon....ey, money!”

“Mr. Evans! If you please!” Both babes said at the same time as I burped one more time real loudly. You know one of those deep burps that start way down in the toes and just work themselves upward until they burst out loud and smelly. Real obnoxious stinker that was.

After that one ripped loose, I felt my stomach beginning to upchuck so I pushed myself forward trying to hit the window button. My hand slid along the panel missing the buttons totally and I fell forward as I lost my balance. In a matter of seconds, I was face down in the red head's skirted lap while my other hand was shoved up the brunette's skirt. I became aware of my predicament of having my nose pressed into the red head's crotch and my hand resting firmly on the brunette's mattress when everything happened at once.

“Woo boy! Con...con..*hic*..control yer...yerselves sweet ca..cakes,” I stammered as I tried to push myself back upright by placing my hand on the red head's left breast for leverage. My right was being pulled out from its resting place at the same time. My hands certainly felt good to me, but apparently they didn't like it one bit. Pushing me upright, the red head's hand came around quickly and landed solidly across my left cheek. It almost stung me sober as my head snapped back.

“Uh, Mr. Evans,” I heard her say through the roaring in my ears from her stinging slap. “Mr. Evans I am so so sorry! It was just instinct if you will. I couldn't help it. Did I hurt you? Are you alright? Please Mr. Evans I am sorry, I didn't mean to.”

“Yeah, yeah, bitch,” I mumbled. “No ya didn't mean ta, but I didn't neither. Ish...its alright..*hic*...doan...don't ya worry your little titties over it.”

Man my face hurt.

“I'm sure the boss will see things my *hic* my way when we *hic* talk set...settlement. Yo..you just make damn su..sure *hic*..that she's there and ready to...to talk tur...key *hic* when we arrive. OK!”

The brunette grabbed the limo's telephone and after punching the numbers began talking.

I couldn't hear all that was being said but I did pick up on her relaying my demand to see the boss right then and there. She talked for a few more minutes and finally hung up. I caught her, “We'll be right up Ms. Shelly.”

The limo ride was finished in silence.

I let the nearly full bottle of Dom just sit in the ice bucket rattling around. I had had more than my share. Besides my stomach wasn't feeling too good. Should have had something to eat.

The limo pulled up beside a big barn of a building and I was ushered into its cavernous atrium. It must have soared upwards five or six stories all covered in bright stained glass. It was too dark to really appreciate, but the massive crystal chandelier hanging in the exact middle of the atrium suspended by a long gold plated chain provided enough light to see most of the details.

As the three of us began walking across the atrium floor of polished black marble our footsteps reverberated all around us. I was like a country bumpkin in downtown New York City. I tried to see everywhere all at once and as a result gave myself a good crick in the neck and darned near tossed my cookies. You know how it is when you've had a little too much and you start feeling dizzy, well that was me. I was having a difficult time walking a straight line especially while trying to see everything around me. Boy was I getting dizzy and I let loose with a few more good long and loud belches while I was at it.

Fortunately, my escort noticed my worsening condition and led me to a rest room . They used a gold key to unlock the door and let me in.

For a second there I thought that they were going to come in with me, but I was left to pee and wash up in privacy. I played hug the commode for a bit and was mostly successful in hitting inside the bowl. I was still feeling queasy, but a whole lot better than before. The cold water on my face did wonders to restore my composure. Cupping my hand under the faucet, I drank thirstily. It took awhile, but I was finally ready and most of the cotton that stuffed my head seemed to be gone.

I smiled at the two bimbos as I walked out of the rest room and we headed down the hall. Boy, I was feeling a hell of a lot better now that I had the chance to freshen

up and splash some water on my face. I was beginning to look forward to meeting the big wigs now. It was really late, but as long as I was up.

We turned down a side corridor and faced a solitary elevator with a fancy bronze door. The red head pushed the up button and soon we were on our way to see the boss.

I tried to cover a great big yawn, but wasn't too successful.

"Won't be long now," I thought as the door opened onto a spacious outer office. No one was sitting at the receptionist's desk and I felt my elbows firmly grasped by my escorts as I was led into the inner sanctum of the Crystal Palace Spa empire.

The executive offices were huge like I said and surrounded on three sides with floor to ceiling plate glass windows. A gigantic moon filled one corner and it looked like you could see into forever from the office's vantage point. These were some plush offices, believe you me.

"Man!" I thought, *"I have struck it RICH!"*

Standing beside a huge mahogany desk was a woman that I guessed must have been in her late forties. It wasn't until much later that I found out that she was over sixty-two. She was dressed in a tailored navy pin striped suit dress with white silk pleated blouse. Navy hose and matching two inch leather pumps covered a pair of good looking legs.

She was leaning lightly against the desk as we entered, but straightened and started walking towards us. Also in the room were three other women all of whom appeared to be middle aged, but very neat and severe in appearance.

It did not look like I had caught any of them off guard like I had hoped to do by forcing this late night meeting.

"Hello, I'm D. E. Shelly, President and CEO of Crystal Palace Enterprises," she greeted as she came up to us. "Mr. Evans, I am so glad to finally meet you. May I introduce Ms. Beth Cooper my COO, Ms. Rhonda Dredbolt, our corporate attorney and general council, and last but certainly not least Dr. Ruthanne Sliver. Dr. Sliver really runs this place. If it weren't for her our little enterprise wouldn't be nearly as successful as it is. Now, Mr. Evans! I understand that you want to settle the matter of our contest tonight."

"Yeah," I managed to say after what seemed to me to be a long silence. I was having trouble getting my tongue to work with this very authoritative woman looking straight into my eyes. A real brilliant response right, NOT! "Yeah, I want what's comin' to me and I want it now. So what are you gonna do about it?" I finished lamely.

"Now, now Mr. Evans," she said talking to me like she would a little kid. "I know that you have been told that our contest, which no one is denying that you won, does not have a cash alternative. The rules were very explicit about that! The grand prize is to be remade in the Crystal Palace Image and be our representative before the media and public for one year. Now for obvious reasons, it would not be desirable for us to pursue this with a male. So, contrary to the rules and in deference to your vehement wishes, I am prepared to offer you a trip for two to the U.S. Virgin Islands for five days

at our expense plusoh let's say \$3000 in spending money. How does that strike you **Mister** Evans?"

She stressed the *Mister* and struck a more authoritarian pose if that were possible.

"What?" I managed to finally get out. "Accept a measly trip and pocket change for a prize worth over \$175,000! No Fuckin' way! You're gonna have to do a much better job than that to get me to pass on this. I want at least.....at least...a \$125,000 cash! Nothin' less! Otherwise, I am going to insist that you honor your contract!"

That ought to get their goat I thought as I settled back on my heels to watch them react to my demands.

"Ooooh boy, feeling a little dizzy there," I softly mumbled as I staggered to hold myself upright. Steadying myself I enjoyed seeing the surprise on their faces when I mentioned making them stick to the prize rules and letting me, a male, represent the Crystal Palace. Ha! No way! They were going to have to meet my demands.

"Mr. Evens," Ms. Deadhead or whatever the lawyer's name was interrupted. "Mr. Evens, please be reasonable! We are trying to do the right thing here, but you will have to be reasonable. You clearly understood the contest's instructions as you signed an acknowledgment statement to that effect on the back of your entry. See? I have a copy right here! Now, please understand our situation and accept our more than generous offer. We do not want this to be any more difficult than it has to be!"

"Of course you don't want to make it any more difficult," I replied turning to face her. She was tall and skinny with mousy brown hair pulled up in a tight bun on the back of her head. By far the most plain looking and non Crystal Palace person I had met so far. Although, I had to admit she had nice titties jutting out from her white cotton dress shirt. Maybe if she let her hair down and...no...no get your mind back on business I had to correct myself.

"Look, the contest said it was worth over \$175,000. Now all I am asking is that you pay me just...just \$100,000! Yeah, one hundred grand and I'll call it even. You guys need to look at it like you're savin' almost half your money. I am trying to be reasonable with you, but that is my last fuckin' offer. I've been real nice up until now, but if you don't agree to pay me the hundred grand; then, I will have to insist that you award me the full complete prize as advertised!"

Boy oh boy! I had them now. I let them know that I was willing to compromise and back down some. I mean, like how much more reasonable can one guy be? Heck! I'm givin' them back \$75,000. Shit, if I wanted to be a horses' pattuti, I could have insisted on all the money. This way, they could save face and we all could leave happy.

I watched as they conferred together off to one side. My two escorts standing behind me, close to the elevator door.

After what seemed like hours, they broke up and Ms. Shelly walked back over to me while the others headed to various parts of the office.

"Mr. Evens you do not leave us much choice, do you?" she said as she came over. "My colleagues and I have discussed your demands and Ms. Dredbolt has agreed that we must honor our commitment to you. Of course, with things being the way they are,

there will have to be some adjustments to our contest rules to accommodate you. It will take a while as it is very late. If you would please have a seat over by the desk, I'll have Ms. Emmery get you whatever you want to eat or drink. Please feel free to take advantage of our hospitality.”

She turned to the red head and motioned her over before continuing.

“I believe, however, that we can get everything in order without too much delay. We'll have all the paper work ready for your signature as soon as we can. Are you sure you want to finish this tonight? Oh well, then there is nothing else to say. Now I must go and help the others, Ms. Emmery see to Mister Evan's wishes, please.”

I really did not want the champagne, but when you can get all the free Dom you want why not?

Ms. Emmery served me a sparkling glass and offered me some canapés to chase it down with.

“*Ah, this is the life,*” I thought as I almost propped my feet up on the expensive desk. Instead, I just snuggled down deeper into the plushness of the green leather chair dreaming of all the things I could do with \$100 grand. How many trips could someone take down to the islands on \$100 grand anyway? Settle for a lousy two weeks and three grand, phooey!

After what seemed like hours, Ms. Dredbolt returned with a whole stack of papers. She piled them on the desk as she sat in the chair opposite me.

“Mr. Evans are you sure that you cannot accept our offer? No, well I was afraid of that. Anyway, let's get on with it then. I need to inform you, first of all, that every bit of this conversation is being recorded so that there can be no questions later. Is that acceptable to you? If not...It is...OK, good then we can proceed.”

Man, this was going to be real official then, but as long as I got my money what the heck if they recorded the event. I was brought out of my thoughts with Ms. Dredbolt shoving a stack of papers under my nose.

She did not waste any time getting down to business.

“This paper is a complete detailed list of the contest rules and conditions which you have already acknowledged on your entry, but I want you to carefully read them once again. If you have the slightest question or do not fully and completely understand any of the terms and conditions, I will gladly read or explain them for you. Once you have completely read and understood all the conditions, please sign here and initial here and here. This simply states that you acknowledge complete and total awareness of the terms and conditions and fully agree to comply of your own free will. The initials just show that I offered to read the rules and conditions to you and that I offered to fully explain any questions or concerns you may have.”

“*Goddamn Lawyers!*” I wanted to scream at the top of my lungs. This Ms. Dredbolt was going to drive me gaga!

It was enough to drive a person to drink. So I did. The bubbly was there and when Ms. Emmery bent to serve it, well those luscious tits of hers came into full view. Talk

about being served on a platter. It could have been a relaxing evening if that lawyer wasn't so damn persistent and kept shoving papers under my nose.

So it went for almost an hour. Ms. Dredbolt handed me paper after paper to sign and initial. I just wanted the ordeal over and done with even before she handed me the second paper. I had tried to read that long three pages of rules and conditions bull shit, but I did not get past the third item "The winner to be selected by Brenton Smythe Inc, an independent judging..." I must have read that line four times before I gave up and just signed my name and initialed like I was told to do.

Those last couple of drinks had gone straight to my head and I was starting to feel icky once again.

"Uh, what's that about physician's release? *Burp* Oh, never mind! Just tell me where do I sign? Power of what? *hic* Come on slow down, I can't keep up.*Hic* No! No never mind that*hic*! Let's just get this over with."

At last two separate stacks of papers almost an inch thick were signed and witnessed and notarized. One stack in front of myself and one by Ms. Dredbolt.

"Well! That's it," she said. "Now, I am sure that you are very tired from your day's exertions, Ms. Evans. Perhaps you are ready for the ladies to walk you to your quarters now? Of course everything is fully settled now!"

She paused to see if I had anything else to add before continuing, "However, you must agree that it is very late and we will not be able to do anything else until the morning. I promise you that we'll settle up in the morning. Don't you think that you will feel better after some rest and be able to enjoy your prize that much better?"

I noticed that she was waiting for a response, but I couldn't do much more than nod my head. Boy was I ever feeling that booze. I could hardly keep my eyes open, much less concentrate on what these people had to say.

Seeing my nod of agreement, she smiled and finished, "Yes! Well then, good night and I look forward to talking to you later."

Once again, I was flanked by the two bimbos and we walked without further incident to the guest quarters.

I had to agree I needed the rest. Hell, I couldn't even count straight at the moment.

I was shown a room with adjoining bath. It wasn't any different than probably any other hotel room. King bed covered in a white satin comforter, dresser, armoire with closed circuit TV, small sofa and coffee table, side table and lamp. Neatly folded on the comforter was a pair of pale blue pajamas and navy colored wrap or something, and a pair of terry slippers in navy.

"Ms. Evans," Ms. Emmerly said as she indicated the room, "I think that you will find everything satisfactory. As you can see we have laid out some clean bed clothing for your use. I think that you will also find all the necessary toilet articles in the bath. If not, all you have to do is call housekeeping and they will bring it to you. Just dial 7777. Now, we'll be back in the morning after you have had a chance to rest. Do you have any questions or..."

She paused while my thought processes stumbled over her question, I shook my head no.

“Ms. Shelly will meet with you again at 10:30,” she continued. “Now everything that you will need to make your stay here comfortable will be furnished. Your clothing will be taken care of. Just leave your dirty things outside your door. It will be picked up and fresh clothing left for you to use. Is there anything else? No, we'll give you a wake-up call in the morning so don't worry about anything. Good night!”

Dang, they didn't have one of those little refrigerators with all the tiny bottles of booze. I thought about calling room service, but decided that morning was coming all too soon in any case. So I quickly stripped down to the buff and put my soiled clothing into a white plastic bag that had my name tag already on it.

Blast, they spelled it Bobbie????

No matter, I would settle it all in the morning.

I picked up the pajamas and was surprised to find that they were made of some light weight clinging material. It wasn't cotton like I had thought and the lapels were a very wide double breasted affair. The buttons fastened funny too, but I was feeling too tired to think anymore, I went ahead and put them on. The top fit loosely while the bottoms were very snug in the crotch. Felt funny on my skin too, but I would manage.

Now the navy colored wrap turned out to be a shortie robe or what ever you call it. It had three quarter full sleeves and reached just past mid-thigh and fastened with a wide satin sash. The sleeves, front, and hem of the wrap were decorated in white satin piping. I wasn't going to wear it until I saw myself reflected in the mirror. You could see my flesh through the material of the pajamas!

I mean everything clearly. Like it was just a thin film covering my most private parts. I wasn't going to have a choice about wearing the wrap.

Just before I pulled back the covers for bed, I placed the plastic bag outside the entry way. I had a moment's thought of misgiving about leaving all my clothing out in the vacant hallway, but I certainly couldn't wear them again as they were pretty ripe. If you know what I mean. This sure had turned out to be one real long night. I was asleep in a heart beat and did not even think twice about the pale blue satin sheets that covered the bed.

I looked down deep into her emerald green eyes. I felt my penis tightly clasped by her fur clad pussy. I slowly pushed forward, relishing the deep sensations flowing through my body. I watched as she squinted her eyes and opened her mouth in ecstasy. Slowly, I lowered my head and began sucking at her rubbery barrel shaped nipple.

“Oh man was this good! Now to make it hurt!” I thought as I shoved my maleness as hard and deep as I could. I was enjoying her grunts of pleasure.....

“Bobbie.....Mis.. Evans...Time to rise and shine, Boobie com...e..on!”

“*Oh FUCK!*” My mind roared as the naked image laying between my legs began to dissolve into nothingness as I came awake.

“Time to get up! You have a very full day ahead of you and you don't want to miss it,” I heard someone saying as I rolled over on to my back.

I tried to open my eyes, but they seemed to be glued together and then it hit me. A sharp stabbing pain right behind the forehead. Just as my eyelids cracked open to admit a single bright ray of light, the pain shot straight into my brain. I tried to moan, but nothing much came out. My throat felt as dry as the Sahara and the pounding in my head caused by even that little bit of sound was almost more than I could bear. I quickly pulled the pillow out from under my head and placed it over my face. Anything to block out that horrible light and the noise.

“Have a headache, now do we? Well, you just lie there and I'll see what I can find for you to make you all better. Here sit up just a wee bit and take this. It will make you feel all better real quick...” a distant voice was telling me.

I let the pillow fall away from my face and tried to sit. I made it about half way; then, I felt an arm around my back supporting me. A glass of juice was placed in my shaking left hand and two pills one orange tablet and one green capsule were put into my right palm. I tossed them down with a quick gulp of what turned out to be orange juice. I thirstily finished off the juice and croaked out a request for a pot of coffee.

“Oh, I'm so sorry, but we do not serve coffee or any other caffeine drinks here at the Spa. Caffeine, like nicotine, is a poison, it is addictive, and therefore not good for you or your body. Here, we consider the human body a temple and as such should be treated like one. As a matter of fact, we have an intensive rehabilitation course that will permanently rid you of many of your worst dietary and other habits. Now, here sip this delicious herbal tea. I think that you will find it soothing to your abused system.”

I had to grasp the cup with both hands to still my shaking enough to put the rim to my lips. I sipped loudly at the steaming brew. It was hot and tasted like shit. I mean it was bitter and just plain horrible. The only thing it had going for it was that it was hot. By the time I had swallowed a third sip I knew I wasn't going to drink any more. I shoved the cup away from me and fell back into the covers. I just wanted to be left alone to die. Man did I hurt.

“Alright that is enough of that! Get up and go to the bathroom, or do you want us to take you? No! Well then up and at'em!”

I opened my eyes and looked once again into deep green ones. It was the vision in my dreams, but now she was real and bossy to boot. I started to say something, but Ms. Emmery pulled the covers off me and grabbed my right hand and pulled. I couldn't resist and felt myself falling off the bed and on to the floor. In any event, I was soon out of bed.

“June honey, come over here and give us a hand would you please? It seems our lovely new guest is just too hung over to help herself.”

I wanted to resist and probably should have, but for some reason I was beginning to feel real mellow. My head no longer pounded and the sharp stabbing in my brain

was almost gone. I was beginning to feel like really cool and..... well... I lost that train of thought and did not seem to have any others.

I let the two women lead me into the bath and did not even blush when my pajama bottoms were pulled down around my feet and my semi-hard penis flopped out into plain view. It did not bother the women either as I was pushed down on the commode seat and my penis tucked back under the rim. In a short while, I was finished. Can't remember if I cleaned myself or if someone else did it for me, but what the hey! Like man, who cares! I was floating in a heavenly fog.

Next, I felt myself being stripped of the pajama top and shoved under the shower. A naked female body was in the stall with me, but I couldn't be sure who it was. I was soaped and rinsed and somehow cleaned up without me even copping a feel of any feminine body part. Now how in hell could I miss feeling up a naked female in the small space of the shower stall I'll never know. What the hey! Chill out man! It didn't really matter any how. I was feeling really cool and mellow, don't mean nothin' no how. Even standing still while the two very beautiful women towed me dry didn't get a rise out of me now. Hey, it was cool man.

I was taken back into the bedroom where they pulled a large terry robe over me and tied the sash. My feet were guided into a pair of terry slippers and then they helped me up onto a gurney.

A gurney?

I should have been very concerned about that, but like I said I was feeling no pain. I lay down and watched the overhead lights pass by in brilliant halos of every color in the rainbow as I was wheeled down the corridor.

"Man this was cool," I remember thinking. As the clack-it-ty-clack of one wobbling wheel echoed in my ears.

Soon we were in a very brightly lit white room. A face looked down into my eyes.

“Wel....ellll loook...ie here. Ish goood old wats her name!” I uttered like a complete fool, but what the hey, like it was real cool man. Here was this face floating above mine and it was good old what's her name the Doctor. Yeah! That's who it was, but for the life of me I couldn't say her name.

“Good morning Miss Evans. I hope that you slept well and everything was to your liking. We have a tremendous amount of work to do today and I trust that you are ready. I can see that you are enjoying your medications already so it won't be much longer. Ms. Emmery will prep you and as soon as she is finished we will begin. I want to assure you that Doctor Fielding is a nationally recognized plastic surgeon and that you have nothing, absolutely nothing to worry about. I will assist her of course and you will be aware of everything that we do. Er, what's that?”

“Wh...why do you keep calling me Miss and wha... what... mean...surgery?” I managed to force my reluctant tongue to stutter. “I...I d...didn't ag...agree to...to a..any sur..gery.”

“Oh, but of course you did Miss Evans! Don't you remember all those papers you signed last night. Let me see if I can refresh your memory, but first I need to give you this little injection. Now, you just lie still and enjoy. This morphine will stop any pain and provide a very strong feeling of euphoria. No! Don't try to fight it. It is too late in any case. There, now that didn't hurt, did it?”

I tried to get off the gurney by first sitting up only to be forced back onto my back; then, I tried rolling off it, but was blocked by the doctor's body. Before I could try anything else, they had me cuffed to the gurney. I wasn't going anywhere.

“Now, now Miss Evans!” Doctor Sliver said as I still tried to get free of my bonds. “You cannot possibly escape, so why hurt yourself. If you lie still for a few moments I'll explain everything to you. OK?”

I did not have any choice in the matter now. The lamb's wool lined cuffs were keeping me tied down on the gurney very effectively. I wasn't going anywhere until they let me. Besides, everything was cool man. No sweat! Everything was mellow. I was even beginning to wonder why I was fussing so much.

The big overhead light caught my attention. Man oh man! I've never seen so many pretty colored lights sparkling like that before.

“Miss Evans?” the voice brought me back to my present situation. “Miss Evans, if I may have your attention! I will explain everything to you. Now, last night you insisted that we honor our contest rules. We tried very very hard to be accommodating, but you left us no choice. Miss Evans, as a student with a major in finance you of all people should know that firms like ours live and die by their cash flow.”

She paused and waited for me to look back in her direction. Those damn lights kept distracting me.

“It is especially true of the spa business where every single penny of revenue counts far more than the actual costs of providing a service. The costs are there no matter what, but the revenue stream is a very fickle mistress.”

Once again, I was distracted by something moving in a multicolored haze just out of the corner of my eye. It looked like that red head dressed all in green. Green cap, green gown, and green mask, but those great big luminescent green eyes drew all my attention. She was coming over to me carrying a green cloth covered tray. I watched as she placed in on the gurney and removing the cloth, pulled out a straight razor and a large packet. Opening the packet, she removed a sponge and began washing my groin leaving a thick foamy mat of orange colored bubbles behind.

I wasn't scared until she picked up the razor. A quick shiver ran up my spine as she held the razor up to the light. Checking the edge I guessed.

I should have been ranting or doing something. What, I don't know considering that I was securely tied down, but then, what the hey! Like chill out dude! Everything was cool.

A brief thought passed through my mind that maybe, just maybe, she was going to cut it off!

But then a feeling of 'I don't give a shit' filled me and it just didn't matter anymore. So I just lay there and watched her as she started scrapping away at the bubbles. She did not stop at my groin nor at my knees, but completely shaved all the hairs from my body leaving me slicker than a whistle.

While Ms. Emmery was shaving my body, Doctor Sliver moved out of the way and continued, "What you have forgotten from your lessons is that while the Crystal Palace Spa can afford to offer a complete detailed make over and wardrobe, we cannot afford to pay out more than a few thousand dollars in real cash. That is why we could not agree to give you the massive amounts of money that you insisted upon. When you said that we either give you the cash or the treatment, well you really left us with no choice."

She paused to let Ms. Emmery have some more room.

"Miss Evans, this contest meant so very much to this company! I do not know how to fully explain the necessity and importance attached to it. This endeavor actually meant our corporate existence. We put every single spare dime into its development and promotion. We were, no! We are counting on this contest to bring in the revenues and cash flow to salvage the business!"

Her face filled my vision as she bent over me to make sure that I was still aware of her.

"Do you have any idea how competitive this business is! We cater to women who have major problems, mental, physical, and dietary. They come to us to enhance their self esteem and image. What makes us different from all the other fat farms and beauty parlors is that we deliver a quality product and THEY BELIEVE we can deliver on our promises. Miss Evans, if they don't believe they will not come! We needed a winner in our contest that would enhance the public's perception of us and our product. They need to BELIEVE in Crystal Palace Spa! Now do you understand?"

My face must have registered that some of what she had been saying had sunk in. Leaning back over me, I could see a sad smile on her face.

“Miss Evans, I did not, no, WE did not want this, but unfortunately you forced us to take some very extreme measures. Now, I can see that you are fading and I don't want to have to repeat myself. I'll just let Doctor Fielding get started; however before I do, I'll finish by telling you that your new name is Miss Bobbie Ingrid Evans. You may not have remembered that document you signed last night giving us power of attorney over your affairs as well as the one agreeing to a legal name change. Now, don't worry. This is all temporary until your time as the company spokes- person is over. Now let me say bye for a while and let the doctor do her thing. We'll talk more after you have recuperated.”

I was truly scared at the moment, but unfortunately there wasn't a single thing that I could do about it.

They unclasped my restraints and moved me onto another table. My head rested in a vinyl covered donut while my feet were securely fastened into a pair of metal stirrups. All the other restraining devices were removed as I was too anesthetized to offer them any more resistance. As I lay there, the table was suddenly moving. In a matter of seconds, my legs were spread eagled to the point that I thought that they were going to split me like a wishbone. My upper body was raised until I was almost upright.

Once I was in position, the doctor sitting on a wheeled stool pulled up between my legs facing directly into my groin. Ms. Emmery stood beside her to assist. A bright flood light was focused on my groin and a tray with all kinds of scary looking instruments laying on it was pulled up beside her. I watched in fascinated horror as the doctor began working on my maleness.

Taking a large stainless steel clamp, Doctor Fielding raised a fold of my skin into a ridge and fastened it running vertically just to the right of my penis and scrotum. It was approximately seven inches long, an inch across, and almost two inches deep. She did the same thing to the other side a few seconds later. With the two folds held firmly in place, she pressed my penis back into my body until the head was barely visible in the middle at the top of the ridge of folds. Using a thin bladed knife, she carefully slit the skin around the head of my penis and the skin surrounding it. Using a curved needle, she stitched my penis securely to the skin such that the two cuts were joined.

She pushed my testicles back into my body and formed the skin of my scrotum into two smaller vertical folds. These she slit with the scalpel, double folded them and stitched them into what appeared to be a pair of flaps hanging just below my penis. Next, she made two slits along the top of the larger ridges of flesh she had created earlier and folding them back tucked them under.

Soon, I had what appeared to be two large vertical lips surrounding and covering my penis and inner lips.

I was too groggy at the time to fully appreciate the skill of Doctor Fielding. Looking at my groin later, there was no mistaking the very feminine outer opening of a woman's vagina.

A catheter was threaded into my bladder and attached to a plastic bag hooked beside me. I remember staring at the plastic tubing as it seemed to exit directly from my groin. It was so strange seeing myself like that. I couldn't take my eyes off it as I was hypnotized by the horror of it.

She sprayed my groin with a cool aerosol and bandaged her handiwork up. Patting it with her gloved hand, she stepped away while the table I was on began rotating once again.

I was back in a reclining position. I couldn't see everything as clearly as before. By tucking my chin close to my chest I could just barely make out the masked and gowned figures of the doctor and someone else standing over my midsection. Strange sucking and slurping sounds filled my ears as I felt pressure on my stomach.

Later, I discovered they had liposuctioned and, using my own fat cells, distributed them into my new breasts.

Oh yes, I watched as the good doctor made small horizontal slits under my man breasts and began inflating them into female tits. I watched in horror as they slowly went from mere bumps to huge mountains.

Actually, they were finished out at a respectable 'C' cup, but appeared to me to be mountains for the longest time.

As she stood over my chest, Doctor Fielding told me that I should be thrilled with my new equipment. Unlike silicone or other implants which had a tendency to encapsulate, she was using the latest technology to induce my very own body fats to reconstruct my breasts. This would allow for a very real look and feel. Unlike encapsulation, which was the result of scar tissue binding the implant to make the breasts hard as rocks, my breasts would remain firm but soft and pliable.

A couple of butterfly bandaids and she was just about finished.

“This may hurt, but I have to do this to make your nipples look right,” she said as she pulled up on my right nipple. With the nipple extended, she then stuck a thick gauge needle down into the center of it.

She was right, I felt it sting even through my fog enshrouded mind. She repeated the process on my left nipple as well. Not content with sticking me, she then grasped each nipple between thumb and forefinger and rolled them around. OUCH! That did smart!

“I am also going to have to give you a small dose of bovine somatotropin,” she mused aloud in matter-of-fact tones as I watched her fill a syringe with a milky fluid.

My eyes must have bulged out of their sockets as she inserted the needle into first my right then my left nipple.

Seeing my expression, she tried to ease my mind.

“Bovine somatotropin may sound scary, but nothing to worry about. I'm sure you have heard of it. It is a synthetic hormone designed to increase milk production in cattle, but I have found that it helps to bind the new tissue I've injected into your breasts and assists in making the breasts truly functional. In a few days, you may have a little watery discharge, but nothing to worry unnecessarily over. It won't last and the results are worth the slight discomfort.”

“Yeah! Nothing to worry about if you were a damn cow!” I thought. *“Now what else can they do to me. I'm never gonna be the same again. Never have to worry about bustin' my balls, hahaha. I can forget that jock strap and cup too, hahahaha.”*

Almost as soon as these thoughts entered my mind they were gone in a jumble of giggles. I just couldn't get up any negative emotions. Man, was I soaring. Whatever they gave me, it sure made a body feel real good.

I was turned on my side and I felt pressure against my buttocks and hips. Once again, the loud sucking sound filled my ears. Later, I would discover well rounded ass cheeks and full hips where my skinny butt used to be. Not only that, but my waist had been shrunk to nothing. When I say nothing, I mean nothing!

By the time they had finished with me I had the proverbial hour glass figure. My chest now measured thirty-seven, waist a mere twenty-three and a half inches, and my hips thirty-six. Fourteen inches had been taken off my gut. My waist seemed to be too thin to support the weight of my chest. What was I gonna do?

The doctor fooled around my head after bandaging my chest in a tight fitting white cotton support bra. I thought that she was blowing in my ear trying to get me you know, but then she would stop and move to the other one.

After fiddling with that ear she started smearing a strong smelling paste on my face. It burned and was getting particularly uncomfortable even through my drug clouded brain. She had applied a chemical peel that literally ate away most of my surface skin and the accompanying hair follicles. It left me with a permanently smooth, wrinkle and hair free face.

Yeah, and my ears, well she pierced them not just once or twice but three times.

“How are you feeling?” the doctor asked. “I have to do one more thing and that will be it for today. We'll get you back in here in about a month and clean up some of your facial irregularities. Perk up that nose, fill in the lips a little, raise the cheek bones, and shave your Adam's Apple. Little touch ups like that. Now, I am going to make an opening in your side. You will feel just a little stab and some pressure, nothing serious. We're just going to insert a hormonal capsule between your intestinal cavity and pelvis. It is either that or daily injections which I don't think you want. Besides, it is much safer to administer them this way than to have them put into your blood stream all at once. There! Didn't feel a thing did we?”

I was given another injection and by the time I was put back on the gurney, I was out like a light. The last thing that I remember hearing was the click-ity-clack of that wobbly wheel as we went down the hall.

OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO

Slowly my eyes came unglued. I really didn't want to get up, but I felt this terrible need to get out of bed. I had had a night mare in which I was being tortured and twisted into this grotesque animal. My heart was pounding and I felt like there was a pressure on my chest. One of those goblins in my dream sat on me and I couldn't catch my breath. With my heart pounding I tried to push the beast off my chest, but I couldn't move my hands. I struggled, twisting and turning my torso as far as it would roll in a vain attempt to throw the monster off my chest, but it hurt and I did not have much freedom of movement. I felt my body shiver, as the beast reached out a taloned hand.

“Miss Evans, Miss Evans!” I heard a voice say as the clawed hand dissolved in a bright mist.

My eyes opened.

The light was dim but I could make out someone standing by the bedside shaking my shoulder. I looked from the figure dressed in white down at my chest to see if dream was reality, but couldn't see over the bulge in the sheet and comforter. I tried to raise my hand to smooth it down, but I couldn't move it far. I managed to lift it about four inches when I felt the restraints tug at my wrist.

I groaned with the effort as I felt sharp pains radiating out from my chest as those muscles moved under the exertion of my arm.

My mouth was filled with cotton and I had a splitting headache. I wanted to grasp my head with my hands, but I couldn't lift them. I moaned louder and it sounded like a stifled croak to my ears. I tried to pull back on my leg, but an even sharper pain shot up my spine. That hurt so bad, I couldn't even make any sound. I just gritted my teeth and clinched my fists which made my chest hurt all the more.

I couldn't win it seemed.

The figure standing beside the bed leaned over me.

“There, there now! Everything is alright. You must have had a bad dream. Here! Drink this. It will make you feel better; then, rest some more. It is still early,” I heard a voice say as I felt a soft hand lift my head and place a straw to my dry parched lips.

I slurped deeply and felt cool liquid coat my throat. Finished, my head was gently laid back on the pillow and soon after I felt a pin prick on my hip. Darkness filled my mind even though I tried to fight it. I did not want to go back into that nightmare. Even the real pain I was experiencing was preferable to the horrible torturing of my body in my nightmares.

I do not know how long I drifted in limbo somewhere between reality and shadow haunted nightmare. Eventually, I had longer and longer periods of lucidness.

It was during these periods of partial awakening's that I heard the voices.

A soft sensual feminine voice talking to me. I cannot recall what was ever said, but it was there and somehow gave me comfort. I lost my nightmares as well. I wasn't being tortured in my dreams. Instead I began having funny dreams. Not funny as in comical, but as in weird dreams.

Imagine me dressing in woman's clothing. How weird!

I would take on different identities in my dreams. Most of the time they were female roles though. Why I would dream strange things like that I'll never know.

I have never had those kind of leanings. Hell! I have never even worn or dressed in the opposite sex's clothing or wanted to for that matter.

Shit, I was all male! Or was I?

I was beginning to doubt my identity. Was this one of those, “I was dreaming that I was dreaming situations”. I would pinch myself awake, but I couldn't raise my arms.

It was all so strange.

Finally it happened. I opened my eyes and I was awake and alert. I wasn't even tied down or anything. I could move my arms and legs. Granted, it hurt somewhat and I felt stiff. Stiff like the day after you spent all day working in the garden but it felt good after being inactive for so long.

Doctor Sliver was standing nearby. She saw my eyes focus on her and she moved over to my bedside.

“Well, how are we feeling this lovely morning?”

“Like a pile of crap! You bitch! What the fuck have you all done to me!” I managed to finally say. It wasn't in the loud menacing tone that I wanted, more like a hoarse whisper. My throat was dry as bone and I did not have the energy to vent my spleen like I wanted. I think I got my message across, as the doctor leaned back away from me.

“Well, well,” she said as her face leaned back over me. “I can see that your breath is as foul as your language, young lady. We will have to fix that as well before you can take your proper place as a representative of the spa.”

A smile appeared on her face, but from her tone of voice I did not get the impression that she was pleased with me.

“MISS EVANS!” Dr. Sliver's tone was unmistakable now. “I think it best if you stop and reflect for just a moment on what transpired before your surgery. This is not my or the spa's doing. You only have yourself to blame for the mess you are in. I will not repeat myself again and you had better get used to playing your part in this little charade of ours. You demanded the grand prize award and you have been given it!”

She paused to make sure that I was listening and fully awake before continuing.

“We have been most gracious to you despite your rude, drunken and abusive manner. We flew you here and tried our best to make amends by offering a generous alternative prize even though technically we did not have to do anything other than disqualify you! And how do you repay our generosity? With arrogance, ill manners, and chauvinistic bullying.”

Doctor Sliver suddenly stopped talking and breathed deeply for several seconds. Getting hold of her temper and emotions, she looked down at me and with a sigh continued.

“We have or will have by the time you have completed your obligation to us, spent considerably more on you than required by the contest rules. However, given your special circumstances and requirements, we feel that it is our duty to ensure that not only you but the spa get full value for the efforts we have expended.

“As I said the other day, 'Perception is everything' in our business. If women believe that the Crystal Palace Spa can truly fulfill their dreams and aspirations; then, they will come to us, not our competition! Tomorrow we will begin taking daily progress pictures of your development into a Crystal Palace Girl. You will cooperate and make this easier on all of us.”

She stopped long enough to make sure that she had my attention.

“You and your arrogant ways will not make a mockery of our fine operation! By the time we have finished with you, you will be an inspiration to other women. This facility is the finest of its kind anywhere. We not only have the capability of helping a woman develop her physical assets to their fullest extent, but we have the expertise to enhance their mental image as well. I must admit that our facilities will be stretched a bit considering your special requirements, but we will do our best.”

She stopped talking to pull some papers out of her briefcase. Shuffling them in her hands until she was satisfied with their order, Dr. Sliver checked them one more time before looking back down at me.

“Miss Evans these are your copies of the documents you signed giving the spa virtual control of your very existence for the next two years. As previously stated, this paper is the one where you authorized us to have your name legally changed. In this one, you have authorized the spa to perform whatever minor surgery or other cosmetic reconstruction that we deem necessary, this one your exclusive power of attorney, and these are the spa's contest award assurances, etc. I'll just put them here on your night stand. You needn't worry about loss, Miss Evans, we have plenty of notarized copies.”

She closed her briefcase and started to turn away. Turning back to face me, she said, “Now Ms. Emmery is here to assist you in any way that she can. She has been assigned to oversee your personal development and serve as your counselor while you are here. I want you to take it easy today and just laze about. Get used to your new body and relax. Oh, and one last thing. I strongly suggest that you do whatever Ms. Emmery suggests. Bye for now, dear.”

I lay there in the bed too shocked to move. Was I hearing right? They were going to make me into a woman and use me as a before and after example. My head swirled with the thought, but from what I remembered of what they had already done to me, I knew that it was no joke. These bimbos were serious.

Man there was no way I was going to just lie here and let them do that to me. I had to get out and the sooner the better.

I sat up and swung my legs over the edge of the bed. With my arms locked behind me, I held myself upright until my head stopped spinning. I watched as Ms. Emmery started walking over to me.

Here was my chance to start my revenge. First, I was going to knock the shit out of this red headed bimbo; then, I was going to teach that lousy Doctor Sliver how to use a Polish Fall Out Shelter by stuffing her head up her ass.

I slid off the bed just as Ms. Emmery came within arm's reach.

She was in the process of opening her mouth to say something, when I swung straight for her jaw with my right fist.

“*A nice knuckle sandwich would do very nicely for breakfast,*” I thought as I waited for the impact of my fist on her pretty white teeth.

Everything moved in slow motion as I watched my fist, tightly clenched, moving straight in on her lower lip. One moment I was gloating over my imminent victory and the next I watched as her left hand came out of nowhere to grab my right wrist as she

turned her body into mine and heaved with her right hand firmly pushing up on my elbow.

The next thing that I was aware of is me flat on my back on the thick carpeting. I was too stunned to feel anything at first, but then shooting pains knifed their way all through my body. As I fought to get my breath, Ms. Emmery was kneeling with her knee in the center of my abdomen and her hand grasping my thorax.

“Well, Miss Evans if you wanted to play games why didn't you just say so?” she said in a calm soft voice.

Hell, she wasn't even winded.

I tried to get up but she was sitting on me and her fingers tightening on my thorax made me settle back down on the floor. I was completely and totally helpless.

What was worse, she knew that I knew it.

Her fingers firmly gripping my thorax was causing me some serious concerns as I heard her say in that same soft voice, “You do know that I can just as easily rip out your throat? Now, why don't you be a really good little girl and apologize to me and maybe I'll let you up! Come on, let me hear you say you are sorry.”

I gulped my humiliation down as she lifted her hand away from my throat and sat back with her knee still firmly planted on my stomach.

I stuttered out an apology, but she wasn't satisfied until I had said that I would do whatever she demanded and would be a good girl from now on. That apology hurt almost as much as the fall I had just taken.

My breathing was finally getting back to normal as she removed her knee, but to my surprise, she flipped me over on my stomach.

“Damn, that hurts!” I said as I felt like I had rolled over on two hard lumps that dug into my chest.

That ache was forgotten as I felt her hand slap my naked rump. She did not stop until I was a crying mass of hysteria with tears streaming down my face. She did not have to slap me very hard for it to hurt like blazes. My buns were still very tender from the earlier operation.

After what seemed like an eternity, I was given a tissue and told to get up.

“Now that that is all settled, I think it would be a good idea if we cleaned you up a bit. I'm sure that you would like to go potty by now as well. Unless.....you'd like another lesson in discipline? No, well that is understandable, but whenever you feel the need, just let me know. I would be more than happy to oblige. Hehehehe. Now Bobbie, I can call you Bobbie can't I? Miss Evans sounds so formal somehow after all we have been through. Come on, let me help you up and we can go potty.”

She followed me into the bathroom, and helped undo the three ties in the back of my hospital gown. The damn thing barely covered my rear end, but I was soon going to face even more humiliating clothing. The twin peaked bra covered mounds on my chest were proof of that.

With the hospital gown off, she had me stand with legs slightly spread. She reached out and began removing the adhesive tape holding the thick padded bandage over my groin area. Slowly she peeled it away from my body, exposing my new shame to the light of day.

I couldn't help myself as the new me was revealed. I started crying all over again.

There could be no denying the very realistic looking vagina with its slightly puffy lips.

Adding insult to injury, I couldn't avoid looking at my new sex without seeing it framed between my tits. That vertical slit was mine now and no vestige of my former male self could be identified.

Even when Ms. Emmery slid a gloved finger between the outer lips and opened me like a flower could you tell that I was anything but a woman!

As she probed with her finger in my slit, I could feel a slight stirring in my groin. I was still there somewhere at least.

Tears began blurring my vision.

"Ummm, looks like it is coming along just fine," she said after a moment. "See these little black threads sticking out here?" She pointed at them with her index finger before continuing. "They may cause you a slight sticking sensation and itch some, but in another couple of days the doctor will take them out. Until then, you will have to be careful when you pee. Make sure of that when you wipe, oh yes, my dear, you had better get used to that idea. Every time you go, you will go sitting down!"

She paused for a few moments to let what she had said sink into my thick skull.

Standing up with her hands on her hips she continued, "Understand? Well, when you wipe make sure that you always push it to the rear. Never to the front as we girls have to be very careful about bladder infections. You don't want to get one of those, but I suppose you will in time. We all do. Oh, you might want to spread your lips apart with your fingers too while you are at it. Keeps the pee from dribbling down your leg. Now come along, I am sure you are more than ready to try out your new equipment."

I was led over to the commode and instead of leaving me in my misery, she stood over me watching everything. I was to have no privacy it seemed.

It was totally embarrassing and as I blushed brick red, I started crying harder than before. It was difficult enough without having her stand over me while I stuck my hand down between my legs.

As I sat crying, Ms. Emmery reached over and pulled a pile of tissue off the roll. Wadding it in her hand, she offered it to me so that I could blow my reddened nose and wipe the tears from my eyes. It made me cry all the harder.

After the longest time, I was able to keep my tears to a mere sniffle. Finishing on the commode, I pulled a big handful of tissue off the roll and did as I was instructed. Well, it looks like I'm not ever going to make fun of how quickly women go through the toilet paper again.

Finished, I was led over to the shower stall. I was handed a pink plastic shower cap to put on and told to be careful-slow and deliberate in my movements as my breasts still were not completely healed. If I did not want two shriveled bags hanging down to my navel she cautioned as she unhooked the support bra and pulled it free, I would be wise to move cautiously.

I looked with what must have been a stupid disbelieving expression on my face at two very prominent mounds sticking out from my chest. They were discolored from the bruising at the doctors hands as she created them, but otherwise were only slightly sensitive to my touch. I did not dare to touch the nipples which were swollen and had a dab of moisture on their tips. I heard in my mind the doctor's warning that they might leak or did she say something about producing milk. In either case, the very idea sent shivers up and down my spine.

“Go ahead and touch them. You can play with them as much as your heart desires from now on. After all,” she told me, “they are your very own to play with. Go ahead and don't feel ashamed. We all do it. Besides, it won't be long before you won't even notice that they are there.”

Yeah, but this was different, these strange alien things were on my chest.

“*My chest!*” my mind screamed as my gaze was still locked on them. Two woman sized tits were sitting with prominent nipples right there on my chest.

Instinctively, I reached up to first touch; then, cup each one with my hands. They felt warm and firm; yet, pliable. There was no mistaking them as I had felt my share in the past. Not mine of course, but I have had some experience. The realization that these breasts were mine and everyone that saw them would know it started the water works flowing once again.

Crying shamelessly, I stepped into the warm shower.

The shower was the only good thing that had happened to me today. The shower felt marvelous and as I stood under the sensuous flow, I began to finally relax. I had to be careful not to let the water hit my new tits, as when it did it hurt. Even so, I was still somewhat surprised at just how sensitive they were. I just hoped that I would get used to them soon and they wouldn't be so sensitive. For the moment, I let the water flow over me washing away the tears in the process.

Stepping out, only after the shower water began running cool, I took the offered pink fluffy towel and began patting myself dry.

Finished, Ms. Emmery handed me a great big white powder puff while holding a box of lilac scented talc.

I just rolled my eyes skyward, but complied with her unspoken order. I did not want to find out what it felt like being thrown onto the tiled bathroom floor.

Over by the sink, I began my morning toilet by brushing my teeth, and using a feminine deodorant, not just under my arms either. I applied a refreshing moisturizer to my brick red face. When I questioned her about what they had done to my face to make it that color, I was told that it was caused by the chemical peel.

She assured me that in a few weeks it would be all peaches and cream so not to worry. No wrinkles or whiskers either.

Finally, I ran a natural bristle brush through my hair. I was given a soft mallard colored silk wrap to cover myself with and a pair of two inch high heeled mules with large white feather balls attached above the toe.

Ms. Emmery had to hold my arm to keep me steady on my feet.

It would have been so much easier to go bare footed like I always did, but she wouldn't hear of such a thing.

Seated by the vanity back in the bedroom, she soon had my face covered in make-up. Liquid base, powder, eye shadow and liner, blush, and cinnamon-raisin lipstick. A thorough spraying of floral scented perfume and the attachment of a hair piece to the back of my head made the reflected image look amazingly female even though it was me.

I stared at myself in both confusion and loathing. I did not like what was happening to me. No sir! Not one damn bit! But what could I do? They had already maimed me and now look what they were doing to me.

Painting me like some hussy!

As I stared at myself in the mirror, Ms. Emmery had been busy gathering up an armful of clothing.

The first item that she forced upon me was something I had heard of but never actually saw worn by any of my dates, a wasp waisted corset. While this garment has been at the center of many a man's sensuous imaginations, it was a perfect bitch to wear. Once it was on, it itched, pinched, and squeezed making my life even more miserable than it already was.

The corset was covered in a pale violet colored floral net lace over a deep purple satin. The demi-cupped bra was lightly frilled in white lace as was the hem that reached just to my hip, a strong elastic satin cinch strap fitted tightly between my legs. The body of the corset was stiffened with steel springs with Spandex support. Hooking in the front and lacing up the back, it would have been impossible for me to wear before they pumped all that fat out of my stomach.

When she had pulled the lacings as tight as they would go, my stomach was only an inch smaller and enhanced my hour glass look.

Seeing my reflection in the full length mirror, I could not deny that I was taking on the appearance of a Crystal Palace Girl. Once my hair had grown out fuller there would be no mistaking me for the guy I used to be.

Heck, I would even have a very hard time imagining that I was ever a guy now.

A pair of bright almost iridescent pink panties with high cut legs came next and were pulled up over the garters of the corset.

I really couldn't see how they looked on me as my eyes were filled with the very full mounds proudly protruding from the corset's cups.



I started to cry once more, but managed to stifle them when Ms. Emmery said that she would give me something to cry about if I did not stop.

She did not want to spend all her time redoing my make-up if my tears smeared it.

I sat on the vanity bench and after carefully wiping at the corners of my eyes with a tissue, pulled a pair of support hose up my legs and fastened them to the garters. I thought it strange at the time as I figured that women would wear nicer hose with a corset.

Looking into Ms. Emmery's face, I decided it would be better not to ask. The last thing that I felt I needed was something more frilly to put on.

Standing up, a black nylon full slip with frothy lace on the bodice and hem came next. The straps adjusted to raise the hem, a yellow dress was pulled down over my head and zippered up the back. It had short capped sleeves, double lapels in a brown color, and flared skirt. A pocket on the left breast contained a fancy lace white hanky that overflowed out of it. A brown plastic name badge that

said 'Bobbie' was pinned to the right side. A white lace edged cotton bib apron completed the ensemble.

Seeing my confused look, Ms. Emmery said, "It's a maid's uniform, silly. Since you obviously suffer from a very bad case of egomania, we thought this just might help to get you in the right frame of mind. Until it is decided otherwise, you will be this unit's maid. Each and every morning, you will clean all the rooms in this unit of the complex. That is ten rooms including baths that you will vacuum, dust, clean, and take care of. At first, I will supervise your efforts, but later you will be expected to do everything by yourself."

“Oh, by the way,” she said after a short pause. “Just in case you do not have the proper work ethic, your lunch will be served in one of the toilet bowls. So if I were you, I'd make very sure that I clean everything very, very carefully. Who knows where tomorrow's lunch will be served. A Crystal Palace Girl is a humble girl. We do not want you lording it over other less fortunate ladies that did not have the opportunity to benefit from our services. We want you confident in your femininity, not snobbish.”

With that, she handed me a pair of yellow rubber gloves and showed me the way to the janitor's closet. There I found a typical hotel type maid's trolley with sheets, towels, and all the other paraphernalia one would need to clean rooms and change bed linens with.

I was further instructed that if anyone was in their room when I got there, I was to curtsy politely and inquire whether or not they would like me to return at a more convenient time.

In any case, I was to show the proper respect to the other guests of the complex at all times.

“Otherwise,” I was told, “I would greatly regret my inattention or misbehavior.”

I started in room eleven eleven, mine. I made the bed after changing the sheets. I was shown how to make a hospital corner on the sheets and they had to be tucked in tightly

. Ms. Emmery even went so far as to drop a quarter in the middle of the bed. When it did not bounce, she ripped the sheets right off the bed.

I had to do it over until I got it just right. I then vacuumed, dusted, and emptied the trash cans.

As I tackled the bathroom, Ms. Emmery stood over me the entire time. Her instructions came in rapid fire order and whenever I showed the least bit of hesitancy, her comment that maybe I would like lunch early would prompt me to better effort.

Forever and a day later, I found myself in room eleven twenty-one. Fortunately, I did not meet any of the guests that occupied this wing of the complex. Only their trash and mess that they left behind had greeted me in each room.

I was really feeling the tightness and restriction of my corset. My sides ached and I felt like I was being cut in two. My feet, even in the two inch block heeled working shoes, were throbbing. I hadn't worked this hard in I don't know how long. My arms; especially across the shoulders and the fleshy underarm area, were positively hurting.

Oh, my aching boobs!

You would not believe how many times I rammed them into things. The blasted things were always getting in my way. How in the world did women cope with these things? They interfered with my arm movements and were forever brushing up painfully against corners, walls, basins, what ever. They were tender to begin with, but now they just ached constantly.

At last, I stood back and surveyed the sparking bathroom. It looked good even if I had to say so myself. The blue and white tiled floor cast my blurred reflection back into my face. I passed my gloved hand across my forehead, and let out a long slow

breath as my hand fell back to my side, hitting my damn boob in the process. Shit, that smarts!

Ms. Emmery walked past me on my blind side as I stood there giving the bathroom a final once over.

I turned to face her when I heard a sloppy sounding “plop” noise. My mouth dropped open as I couldn't believe that she would actually do what she had said.

There was my lunch, a mulligan stew with biscuit sitting in the toilet bowl. UGH!! At least there was no water in the bowl as I had cut off the supply to clean out the bowl thoroughly. Trying not to see what my imagination suggested as I looked down at my lunch, I should have lost my appetite, but I was starving.

I just let my body slide to the floor in front of it. I was given utensils, a glass of iced tea and I began scooping the stew out. It was delicious, but this damn corset was pinching me so. I was still hungry, but I just couldn't eat any more, I was being pinched so much.

Ms. Emmery had to help me get up, I just couldn't do it on my own as I felt as stiff as a board.

Back in my own room, I was helped out of my clothing and assisted into a full tub of hot floral scented bubbles. I positively oohed as I slowly let my aching body slide into the caressing water.

Ms. Emmery placed a folded up towel behind my head, and I let my mind drift off into near slumber as I relaxed in the steaming soothing embrace of the bath.

I must have slept for it seemed like I had just gotten into the tub when I was being helped out of it. A big warmed terry towel was handed to me and I slowly dried my body. A sharp pain stabbed me from my tender nipples as I absentmindedly rubbed my chest like I use to when I was a man.

“God Dammit!” I said in frustration and pain.

Almost immediately I felt my right arm pulled back behind me in a half nelson while Ms. Emmery forced me over to the basin. Without saying a word, she forced me to bend over the sink and using her free hand jammed a bar of soap into my mouth. Holding it firmly in place while I struggled to spit it out, my stomach soon began doing flip flops. As the soapy suds oozed down my throat, I retched. In a matter of moments, my lunch was going back down the drain.

Weak and unsteady on my feet, I was led naked over to the commode seat. I sat for a while with my head in my hands, burping up soapy tasting aromas.

Slowly I was getting back to normal. I slid my arms around my middle trying to bring some comfort to the slight spasms I was having. As I hugged myself, I became all too aware of the prominent mounds raised up over my arms. I wanted to be sick once again, but Ms. Emmery's voice grabbed my attention.

“Now, Miss Evans if you have finished? I hope I do not have to give you another demonstration of what you can expect every time you use foul language. A Crystal Palace girl never ever uses or even thinks in language that is considered off color or foul. Elocution and language arts will be one of your subjects taught here at the spa. Until

then, I caution you to become very aware of what you think and say. If it is the least little bit off color or improper for a young woman to utter; then, you must be prepared to pay the penalty. Do I make myself absolutely clear!”

I could only nod my understanding as I felt another bout of nausea building up inside of me. After what seemed a very long time, I got off the commode and finished cleaning up.

I had to clean out the sink before I could do anything else. It was not a pleasant chore and I vowed to myself not to say anything Ms. Emmery could hear at least. Finally, I was dressed in my robe and mules and allowed to rest for a couple of hours. It felt good to just lie on my still made bed, hair wrapped in a pink netting in my robe with a cool cloth over my eyes.

All too soon I was awakened and instructed to go wash my face. Refreshed, I returned to have a seat at the vanity. My face was redone using darker colors than in the morning and applied a little heavier.

“I'm not going to tell you how to do this yourself,” she told me as I sat compliantly on the satin covered bench. “Beginning tomorrow, you will have personal instruction on proper make-up techniques. This afternoon, you will receive your class schedule and orientation to the services of the spa. I highly recommend that you enter into the spirit of things. After all, this is all being provided to you at your insistence. Now let's get you dressed. I guess we should look a little more formal as this will be your first scheduled event as a woman.”

She busied herself in my bureau drawers and closet pulling out items of clothing and flinging them over her arms.

I just sat there and examined my painted face. I was having a difficult time adjusting to the new me. It was so, so female. The brows were still their old shaggy selves and my nose was still knobby from being broken playing ball, but all the other features were so changed.

First, my cheek bones were much higher on my face making my cheeks look pudgy and round. Second, my eyes seemed to be much wider and expressive; and, third, my lips were full and pouting. Before they had been thin and not nearly so thick looking. Perk up the nose and trim the brows and I would look just like one of those sexy models you see on the covers of magazines.

“Daa...darn,” I caught myself in the nick of time from saying a prohibited word just as Ms. Emmery came back with my clothing.

Upon hearing my exclamation, she cocked her head to the side as if considering what to do; then, smiling told me to stand. She helped me into a shimmering bright yellow and bone colored lace trimmed corset. A matching silk panty with ruffled lace overlay covering the front of the French cut undergarment and a pair of sheer cream colored hose came next. A pair of mid-heeled bone colored leather pumps that fit tight as a glove and pinched my toes were forced on my feet.

When I complained that the shoes not only were too small, but impossible to walk in, she gave me a look that mother's reserve for their children when they complain over nothing.

“Dear, these shoes are quite fashionable and comfortable. As a matter of fact, they are, most likely, the most comfortable shoes outside of your maid's clogs, you will get to wear.”

With that, she turned her attention back to the clothing she had piled on the bed.

“We are starting you out in these mid-heels, but once you have had the opportunity to practice, plan on wearing only high heels,” Ms. Emmery continued as she handed me a blouse. “Now be careful with this when you put it on. Isn't it just the most delicious thing you ever saw. I'm actually jealous of you. I would love to have a blouse like this one.”

The blouse was a luxurious shiny chocolate colored pure silk scarf blouse as she called it. All I knew at the time was that it was a very lightweight iridescent fabric covered in front by a billowing ribbon scarf flowing from a high circular collar that buttoned up the back with impossibly small pearl buttons.

I fought with those detestable buttons for the longest. How in the world was anybody supposed to fasten such small rounded objects through small slits located in the middle of your back. I was near tears of exasperation by the time I somehow miraculously placed the final button into its corresponding slit. My hands positively ached from the effort.

With the blouse on, I carefully stepped into a bone colored short drape skirt that fell about five inches above the knee. With the skirt on, I went back over to the vanity to have my hair brushed and hair piece attached.

Looking for all the world like a high class broad, I stood while a tissue light, wool crepe tunic/shirt jacket was pulled up my arms. It had long sleeves with wide cuffs. A black leather clutch purse, pearl and diamond earrings fastened through my ear lobes, and I was ready to be presented to my trainers.

I carefully followed my overseer out of the room and down the long hall that I had so recently vacuumed. Shortly, we entered a rather small office.

While small, it had its own private rest rooms which I could just glimpse through a slightly open door. There were washing sounds coming from inside of it. There were also two chairs, a straight back wooden one and a lounge chair. The rest of the furnishings included the desk which wasn't real wood but some kind of laminate with a matching credenza containing a PC and the padded desk chair finished out the decor.

I was told to sit in the straight backed chair while she settled into the comfortable looking padded lounge. Yes, I was told how to brush my hands back under my skirt to keep it from wrinkling when I sat.

Knees together, heels together or if I wished crossed, but in every case I was to remember to keep my knees tightly pressed together with my hands neatly folded in my lap. Head up, back straight, you know the whole bit. I sat feeling very uncomfortable and sensing every little bit of pressure or tingle of my new clothing.

The fluffy blouse with the very effeminate scarf front was the most bothersome of the lot. I was having a most difficult time not reaching up and grabbing the waving

silky material. Drat! It tickled my smooth chin like all get out. The darn corset was pinching my sides something fierce and those stockings were so hot.

I hadn't been sitting for more than a second or so before Dr. Sliver came in from the rest room leaving the door open as she went to her desk.

“Well, now I must say what a wonderful improvement! My, my, Yes! Miss Evans you look positively beautiful,” she said to me as she sat behind the desk. “How are you feeling today? Fine, fine,” she did not even wait for my answer and I sure as hell wanted to tell her just how fuckin' fine I was cause of her, but I'm not totally stupid.

At least not while Ms. Emmery was close at hand.

“I understand that you have proved to be an apt pupil this morning. You realize that we are not doing this in a mean or spiteful way, darling. It is really for you own good. Promise! Well in any case, keep it up and things will go so much easier. Besides its all part of your prize, but we have so much yet to do, I hardly know where to begin. Guess I'd best start by telling you what will be expected of you and how we will accomplish our end of the prize agreement.”

“Well, I sure as hell don't know where you got the notion that I won a job as a fuckin' maid!” I said before I could stop myself.

Her opening comments to me had my glands working and the hormones or what male ones I had left managed to work themselves up into a mild lather.

Oh, not nearly as hot under the collar as my old self had been, but I still managed to get up a fair head of steam.

Yeah, just enough to bury myself.

I started to jump out of my chair, but misjudged the clearance between me or rather my boobs and the desk. At any rate, as I was rising, I brushed my tits against the edge of the desk, bringing a “Damn!” out of my mouth to add to my approaching problem.

Ms. Emmery upon hearing my first descriptive adjective, as I now call them, jumped up and looking at me with steel in her eyes entered the rest room . There I watched her pick up a small bar of white soap and turning begin to advance on me.

I defensively turned my left side to face her with my right hip brushing up against the desk. I did not have anywhere else to go.

I stretched out my left hand to fend her off, but she reached out so quickly I did not have time to react.

Her right hand brushed over the back of mine grabbing my thumb and before I knew it, I was on my knees in front of the desk with my hand bend over backwards to the point where I just knew that she was going to break it right off.

I was blubbering and begging her to let go and not hurt me.

“Silence!” A voice roared into my ears. I did my best to close my mouth and stop sniffing, but my hand hurt from being bent over backwards.

Ms. Emmery was not letting up on the pressure exerted by her judo hold.

“You are behaving just like a spoiled child! Now stop that sniveling and accept your punishment like a grown up. Or....maybe you would like to find yourself treated just like a little girl once again? You're not one of *those* that enjoys being treated like Mommy's little girl are you? No? Well then, open wide,” Ms. Emmery's cold pitiless eyes glared into mine as she placed the wedge of soap into my open mouth. “Now! Keep that in there until I tell you to take it out. I do not want to hear a peep out of you either, Understand! Now sit and behave yourself like a good grown-up young lady!”

Finished with me, she turned to face Dr. Sliver and said, “Doctor, I do apologize for my charge here, but as you can plainly see I have been remiss in my discipline. I can guarantee you that when next you meet it will be a much more demure and gentle Miss Evans. I..”

“Say no more Ms. Emmery, you have done quite well on such short notice and I am certain that you are the right person for this job. I do not envy you this task.”

She stopped talking to Ms. Emmery, pulled some tissues out of a dispenser and leaned over the desk towards me.

“Here Dear,” she told me, “take this tissue and blot those tears out of your eyes. Don't rub them, it will only smear your make-up.”

Without further pause she continued her conversation with Ms. Emmery where she had left off.

“Ms. Emmery you have my utmost confidence. But be that as it may, let's get on with the task at hand.”

As I wiped the tears from the corners of my eyes, I also noted Ms. Emmery sliding the trash can out from the side of the desk with her foot. That sent a very clear message to me more so than what the doctor was saying. I tried not to cause any more foam than necessary to develop and even harder not to swallow. It was going to be a long afternoon.

“Now Bobbie,” Dr. Sliver said directing her attention back to me. “Miss Evans sounds so formal here; especially now that we will be cohorts, you know. Fellow employees so to speak, however we still have to recognize your, how shall we say, ah yes, unique situation here. It will be necessary to provide you with a very intensive individualized program initially. Oh, I guess over the next six to eight weeks. Don't you think Ms. Emmery?”

She looked over to Ms. Emmery seeing her nod of approval before continuing, “Yes, fine then. Let's say for the sake of argument eight weeks at most to get you acclimated to being a woman. You know the standard fare. Proper behavior, attitudes, general environment of being a woman such as dress and toilette. We'll have to work on your interpersonal skills as a woman later. Right now, we must concentrate on you being able to pass in public as a woman. That is our first and most immediate priority.”

Once again she paused to look closely at me then over to Ms. Emmery.

“I think that Bobbie has perhaps learned her lesson for now, Ms. Emmery. I should think that an apology to us and a promise never to say or think such uncivilized words would be most appropriate.”

I couldn't agree more. If they waited a few more minutes I would puke all over the place. My stomach was churning and gurgling like crazy. Just as I thought I would have to swallow a great gob of soapy fuzz, Ms. Emmery placed a wad of tissue under my mouth and I spit out the offending gunk. I wasn't sure if I had much of anything left to throw-up, but I knew that if I swallowed even the little bit of foamy film left in my mouth that would be all she wrote.

Fortunately, Dr. Sliver handed me a glass of water which I eagerly took. I was feeling much better as I apologized and even dipped into a small curtsy as I resumed my seat.

“Yes that is much nicer, Bobbie. Apology accepted.” Dr. Sliver commented as I sat. “Now as I was saying. In order to get you into the proper frame of mind, you will continue acting as your unit's maid. The actual work will help keep you fit, help you to adjust to your new clothing, and provide you with an opportunity to learn common household duties.

“That in and of itself will provide you with a lot in common to talk about with the other young ladies that you will eventually be joining. Ah, yes! Didn't I mention that once you have completed your eight weeks, you will be placed with our regular incoming class of Crystal Palace girls?”

Seeing my look of astonishment, she paused, looked over to Ms. Emmery and then back at me with a strange kind of smile on her face, a half joke and half sneer type of smile. Definitely not a humorous smile because I was not laughing.

No not one bit. My corset was killing me.

“Oh, yes Bobbie, you will be mixing and learning with the rest of the paying customers. Notice, I said **PAYING** customers! In order for our contest to develop to its maximum potential, we are going to need testimonials from the common woman attesting to the fact that, 'Yes! You were one of them.' Which means you will have to pass and pass convincingly. The chemical peel and other physical changes we made were necessary. We still have to fix your nose and do a few other little minor adjustments, but you will be ready.”

She stopped talking and glanced down as she shuffled some papers on her desk before continuing.

“Now here is your schedule for the next eight weeks. Look it over and I, no we, all of us here at the Crystal Palace Spa look forward to your avid acceptance and cooperation in this project. After all, becoming a national contest winner is what millions of Americans dream about.”

I looked over the neatly typed list.

Oh boy! This was going to be no fun from the looks of it. I could tell that my worst fears were quickly coming true.

They fully intended to make me into one of their Crystal Palace Girls!

“As you can see Bobbie,” I heard Dr. Sliver's voice interrupt my reading of this impossibly busy list. “You have a very full agenda. Now, we do not expect you to be perfect at first, but you will be by the end of the eighth week.

“You should note that we have allowed you a total of three hours for your personal toilette. We here at the Spa firmly believe that every woman should not only allocate a good portion of her time for her own needs but should indulge herself in the process.

“Each and every day you will anoint yourself in body oils and emollients and enjoy a leisurely soaking bath as well as perform all those personal things that make a woman truly beautiful on both the inside and outside. We want you to learn to enjoy these very personal times.”

She paused to let me finish reading my list and to let her words sink into my thick skull.

I looked up at her and must have had a questioning look on my face as she continued.

“Now Bobbie, I see that some of the time frames are causing you concern. So I'll quickly explain some things that should help clear up any misunderstandings. Make no mistake, we are not playing games with you. We have a lot of material to cover and very little time to do it. The agenda as you see it is inviolate.”

She waited a moment to see if I would say anything or ask a question, but I remained silent. I was too shocked to say or do anything. Like what could I say anyway at this point. What I wanted to know was just how in Hades was I going to teach my bowels to move within the first fifteen minutes after I got up. What did these yo-yos think I was anyway? Just as I was about to open my mouth to ask the obvious question about my necessities timing, she must have read my mind.

“First,” she said, “we are allowing you only fifteen minutes to complete your toilet and other body functions. Not to worry, Ms. Emmery told me how long it took you this morning and I will see to it that beginning tonight you will get an appropriate laxative supplement. By tomorrow morning, you should have no problems meeting our schedule.

“Also, to see that you get all the beauty rest needed after such a hard day, we'll be giving you a mild sedative just before your bedtime. Now we will not allow any deviations from this prearranged schedule as I have already said. While we may change some of the topics of your classroom study, the time frames will be adhered to!

“Understood? Well, if you have no more questions, it is getting late and I am sure that you are quite hungry by now. So unless you have anything you want to say, I'll bid you good night.”

I hadn't realized how much time had gone by since we entered the doctor's office. It was almost six-thirty and she was right, I was famished. Just the thought of food started my stomach growling.

I followed Ms. Emmery out of the office and down the hall.

After a few minutes, we turned down a long corridor that eventually led into the employee's cafeteria. It wasn't easy walking in the high heels, but after a few slight twists of my ankles and a supporting hand to my elbow, I managed not to fall flat on my face. I hesitated before entering the cafeteria, but she grabbed me by the elbow and guided me into the room.

“Don't look so surprised! You are an employee after all,” she stated. “You will be eating your supper here until you join the other customers. Come on in. I don't know about you, but I am hungry.”

When I still hesitated and tried to hang back, she glared at me asking what was my problem. I managed to express my fears about being discovered dressed like a woman to which she just broke out in a fit of giggles.

“My dear Bobbie! In case you have not noticed, you are a woman. Well, at least for all outward appearances. In any case, it really doesn't matter here. If your fellow employees do not already know who you are, they will by the time we leave. I mean, who hasn't heard of the man who demanded receiving the first prize in our little contest. Some of them couldn't believe that you turned down a free all expense trip to the Caribbean in order to keep the prize. You may not know it Bobbie, but you are somewhat famous here.”

I still hung back trying to cling to the shadows of the doorway. I didn't care what they knew or thought about me. As long as I did not have to watch them watching me, it would be bearable. But to look them in the eye and know that they knew my awful shame was more than I could bear at the moment.

“Please,” I pleaded, “I, I'm not...not hungry anymore. Can't we go back to my room now? I...I really don't feel like eating.”

“Oh don't be silly,” she chided as she reached out and grabbed my hand and pulled me into the cafeteria.

“Now, we are a family here. Oh, don't get me wrong now. We do have our faults and petty squabbles, but we do stick together. They may stare for a while, but once they get over your oddity, it won't matter. Besides, soon you'll look so much like one of us that even they won't know that you are anything other than what you're supposed to be. Come on, I'm starving at least.”

The cafeteria was about half full and the food line was short. I grabbed a tray and tried to stick as close to Ms. Emmery as I could. As we progressed down the line, women dressed in cafeteria white uniforms with pink piping measured out meager portions of what appeared to be very nutritious foods. In other words, just like it proved to be, very unappetizing with little or no flavor. Like the commercial said “Where's the beef!”

My metal tray had a serving of green beans, yellow squash, a thinly sliced sliver of what passed for meat, tossed salad with vinaigrette, and red Jell-O. No salt, no spice, no nothing, UGH! Oh what I'd give for a great big thick steak, but I ate with relish every last scrap and crumb.

Ms. Emmery picked out a table off by itself and we sat.

As I started to dig my fork into the pile of vegetables, she told me to stop. Before I was allowed to begin my meal, I was instructed in table manners and ordered to only take very small portions and to chew each mouthful carefully.

“I want you to count to ten before you even think of dipping up another forkful of food,” she instructed. “I do not care how hungry you are or what the circumstances

are, you will exhibit proper ladylike manners at all times. Remember, you are now representing the Crystal Palace Spa. So you must set a perfect example for all women to look up to and follow.”

Dinner over, we went back to my room.

There, I was assisted in undressing and in my evening toilette. With a coating of face cream glistening on my face, my hair in rollers, and a thin semitransparent nightgown shimmering around my body, I was allowed to read a romance novel.

“Oh man! How can anybody read this shit,” I thought as I began reading the thick pulp novel. *“Who gives a rat's ass about rippling muscles and dreamy eyes!”*

After an hour of reading, in which I forced myself to get through page fifty-seven, Ms. Emmery had me remove what remained of the face cream, put a hair net over my rollers, and climb into bed for lights out.

Just before she turned out the lights, she placed a headphone set over my ears telling me some soft music would help me sleep. She then buckled a leather strap under my chin to hold the head set in place.

Soft relaxing music filled my ears and just before I fell asleep I thought that I heard some conversation buzzing just under the sound of the music.

Strange, I must already be dreaming, in any case, it must have worked as I was asleep in a jiffy. I had already forgotten the small white pill I had been given along with the bit of chocolate square to “help me in the morning” as Ms. Emmery said.

Morning came bright and early and true to her word my morning toilet did not take more than fifteen minutes with time left over.

I pulled a pair of white Spandex support briefs up my legs, fastened a white cotton sports bra around my waist and tugged it into position without agitating my nipples too much. They were still tender and I hoped that they wouldn't get irritated when I did my exercises.

I was still having trouble, both mental and physical, adjusting to the different feel of the clothing that I was putting on. I just wasn't use to my undershorts hugging my body so tightly or the constant tug and pull of the bra on my chest.

Worse yet, the perpetual stimulation on my nipples caused by the material of the bra cups was going to drive me nuts. I shuddered at the thought of what it would be like to go braless.

Breaking out of these idle thoughts, I picked up and pulled on a capped sleeved, scooped necked, leotard in bright neon purple with chartreuse zebra strips over flamingo pink tights. Leg warmers in chartreuse with a matching headband, and a pair of pink ballet slippers with wide pink satin ribbon lacing that wound up to mid-calf finished my dressing.

By the time I was released from my exercise program, I was saturated with sweat. My hair hung against my neck in soggy tendrils and was most annoying. However, the body aches and pains from the workout and stretching exercises that I had never done before caused me to walk gingerly.

I was looking forward to a relaxing hot bath. Oh, it would feel so good just to lie back in that caressing warmth. I raced to strip my damp clothing off and tossing it towards the dirty clothes hamper climbed into the tub before it was even half full.

Ahhhhh, that did feel good.

I was still slightly stiff as I finished putting on my maid's uniform. Soon, I was on my hands and knees scrubbing out the first commode of the morning. I found myself humming one of the tunes I had heard over the headphones last night.

Once I realized what I was doing I stopped. Gosh, I hated doing these stupid girl's chores and that stupid song I was humming was corny to boot. I think it was called "I Enjoy Being a Girl" or some such bul..baloney. No, thank you very much, but no, you're not going to get me to use those words again. So why was I humming? Besides, I hate show tunes.

Finished the first three rooms, I knocked on the third door and hearing nothing opened it with my pass key and walked right in.

To my deep embarrassment a positively gorgeous woman stepped out of the bathroom with nothing on but a smile.

She was coming out of the bathroom doorway toweling her hair with her head crooked to the side, her hair sandwiched between her hands. The woman was rubbing briskly at her wet golden hair.

I stood at the entrance frozen in place by the unexpected appearance.

Ms. Emmery was standing just behind me and I knew that she was wondering why I had stopped where I was.

"Well? Don't just stand there with your mouth open," the beautiful woman exclaimed. "You act like you have never seen a naked woman before. Am I so ugly? Hehehehe, So come on in and shut the door already! You're letting in a draft. Do you want me to catch my death?"

"Errrrr....ahhhhh...ummmmm..." I tried to talk but my tongue was frozen to the top of my mouth.

"Oh, for Pete's sake," Ms. Emmery protested as I felt her shove me into the room and shut the door behind us. "I'm afraid I have to apologize for Bobbie's behavior. She's a brand new employee and a bit bashful. I hope you will forgive us. What do you say Bobbie?"

I finally got my tongue under control and said I was sorry for disturbing her while she was still dressing and that I could come back at a more convenient time to clean. My gaze never did leave her perfectly formed female figure as she went over to the vanity. Well, not until my eyes seemed to zoom in on her very full and sensuous lips as they puckered into an inviting, sexy pout. While I saw her lips move, I only vaguely remember hearing her tell me that it was alright and to go ahead and clean up her room. She was that good looking.

Only Ms. Emmery's elbow to my side brought me back to reality and I managed to take my eyes off the woman.

That and the sharp pain that stabbed into my brain as my imprisoned penis tried to come alive. Now that wasn't something that I expected, the pain I mean. It had been so long since I had felt anything down there, well, it was just unexpected.

“Now give the nice lady a pretty curtsy and then get on with your cleaning!” she ordered, reaching out and pushing me towards the bathroom as I started to head for the bed.

I would have much rather changed the sheets just then, as the woman was still naked and sitting on the vanity using her hair drier. It was just as well that she pushed me in the opposite direction as another jolt shot out from my groin. I was going to have to be careful about letting my mind wander around in lustful erotic thoughts from now on.

I almost tripped in my still new shoes as I started for the bath. Like I said, learning to wear woman's clothing was an experience that my body just was not use to as of yet.

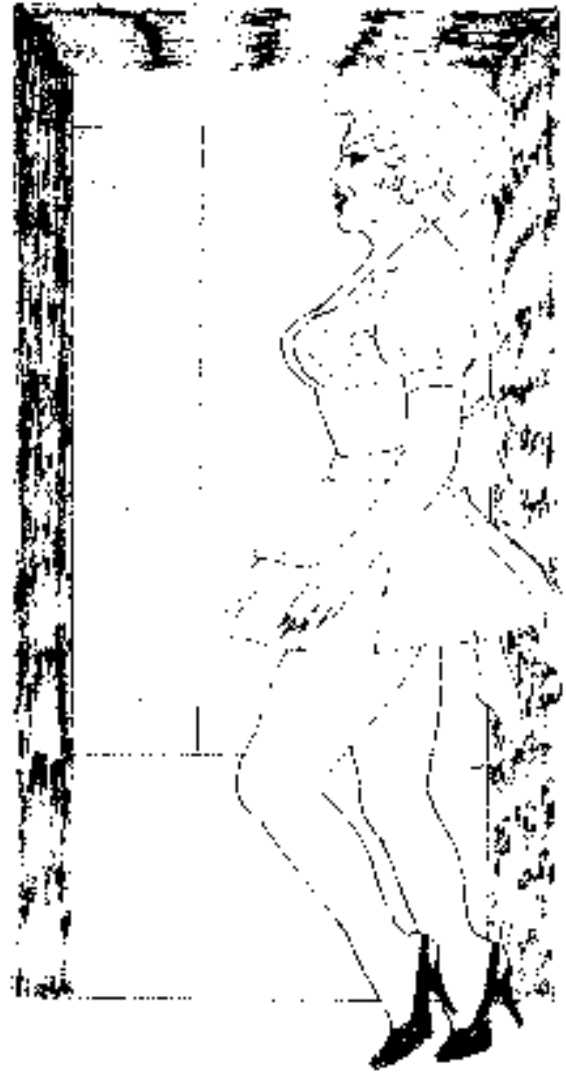
By the time I had finished cleaning the filthy bath, the woman had dressed and left the room.

It was just me and Ms. Emmery. Needless to say, she read me the riot act about maintaining a proper servile attitude. Additionally, she noted that it was not acceptable Crystal Palace Spa behavior to behave in a lesbian manner.

“From now on,” she had said, “if I catch you leering or acting in a lustful way towards another woman, I'm going to severely punish you. If you are not careful, I just might see to it that you will **not**...be able to act on any masculine desire ever again! Do I make myself clear?”

Oooh, Boy! Did she ever make herself clear.

I said I was sorry and immediately began vacuuming the room. Anything to change the subject, so to speak.



The rest of the morning was spent with me working my behind off while Ms. Emmery acted like she was the ice lady. It became a very long morning and lunch was welcomed as that meant I would be going to classes and free of Ms. Emmery for a while.

After a light lunch, I went to my first class, voice/elocution and language arts.

Miss Snowden was my instructor, a short somewhat heavysset woman of late middle age, but I guess if I were an older man I would have to say quite good looking and neat.

After she introduced herself, I was given a bound thesis book to keep my notes, several tapes, tape player with headphones, and a book of poetry.

“Bobbie,” she told me, “At first you will feel very frustrated with your progress in my class, but I can assure you that by the time you leave here, you will speak and sound like the lady you will become.

“We, after some careful thought, have decided that the perfect representative of the Spa for our market area should have a lovely Southern accent and vocabulary. By that, I mean you will be instructed in the tonal and vocal mannerisms typically found in the Southern United States. As far as your vocabulary is concerned, we will focus on southern pronouncements and colloquialisms. We will be adding such words as *darling* pronounced *dahlin'*, *you all* pronounced as *yawl*, and *sugar* pronounced as *shug'aw*. Do you have any questions?”

“What's wrong with the way I speak right now? I don't think there's any reason to change anything, Ma'am,” I replied. Imagine, saying that I didn't know how to talk right. Boy, when they said they were going to make me over they weren't kidding.

“Well, it has been decided and if you could hear the way you are talking right now you would agree with me. In any case, you will learn to talk with a southern dialect. Now put a blank tape into the recorder and turn it on. That way you will be able to hear how you sound and pronounce the words. It will help you to overcome your speech impediments. Now let me hear you repeat what I say in a soft, slow drawl. First, listen real close and watch my lips as I form the words; then, you say them after me. Ok, *dahlin'*, listen carefully it is pronounced *dar'...lin.*”

After what seemed like hours later, I was sure that I sounded like I just stepped off the set of *“Gone with the Wind.”*

I bet that you didn't know that *dar'lin* was used in reference to a person while *dar'ling* was used to describe an inanimate object such as a darling dress. It was almost too much for words if you, I mean y'all, will forgive the pun.

For Language Arts, I was given a copy of *“A Street Car Named Desire”* and told to memorize the part of Stella paying particular attention to learning the correct pronunciations.

I left that class with two filled cassettes and my head buzzing with southern accents.

Poise and Dance Class started off with instruction in ball room dancing followed by twenty minutes of posture training with my back pressed against the wall. It was a no brainer class, though I was required to continue talking in my southern accent.

Sewing Class was held back in my room where a sewing machine had been set up in a well lit corner.

A Ms. Devlyn taught this class and she was pretty laid back.

The first class was basic instruction on how to set up and use the sewing machine. My texts for this class were the instruction manual to the machine and a basic sewing book. The basic sewing book illustrated various sewing techniques including the different types of stitches that could be used and the purpose of each one.

I was also given a large reference book that went into considerable details on the origins and purposes of feminine clothing and the fabrics that went into their construction. It was a thick picture filled manual of fashion. I quickly glanced over descriptions of column, flared, 2-piece jacket dresses, tunics and broomstick skirts, vested blouses, embroidered blouses, and jacquard blouses, mock-turtle neck, v-neck and all the other terms used to describe the numerous types and styles of feminine fashions. I did not have the faintest idea of how I or anyone could even begin to remember all the different styles let alone the names of the fashions depicted in the book.

Manners and Attitude, now this was possibly my most difficult course. Here, I would be taught how to behave in any social circumstance from a simple tea to a formal dance. From how to organize a bridal shower to organizing a PTA function would be just a small sampling of what I could expect in this class.

Additionally, I would receive extensive training on dating etiquette and female to male relationships. By the end of this training regiment, I would be expected to be able to carry myself like a veteran of the battle of the sexes.

Only, I would be a member of the losing side as far as I was concerned. I would act and react to dating situations from the woman's point of view. I was given various textbooks in addition to having as assigned reading the daily newspaper "People" section and several romance novels.

By the end of this class, I was more than ready for dinner.

After a light dinner, served once again in the employee dining room, I was told to hit the books.

As I reviewed the texts I had been given, Ms. Emmery stood nearby and after each chapter was completed, quizzed me on the topic of that particular chapter. My head was positively aching by the time the lessons ended and I could relax in my perfumed bath.

"Ooooooh," I moaned as I settled into the caressing warmth. I was really getting to the point where I eagerly looked forward to this time of the day. I do not know how I could have overlooked the benefits of a leisurely soak in the tub. I wouldn't trade this time I have alone luxuriating in the soothing warmth of my bath for anything now.

Donning a translucent lavender colored, lace trimmed mid-calf nightie in a soft tightly pleated polyester, I felt my flesh tingle with goose bumps. I couldn't get over just how sensuous my skin had become to the touch of these feminine fabrics. I pulled a pair of matching brief styled panties up my legs and running my index finger under the leg hems, settled it upon my hips. I was beat by the time I crawled into bed and was asleep almost as soon as Ms. Emmery had placed the headphones over my ears.

The soft droning murmur was almost loud enough to distract me from my slumber. I wanted to turn onto my side, but the restraining straps held me firmly on my back in the comfortable bed.

I had complained about being forced to sleep on my back to Ms. Emmery, and I wanted to sleep on my side as I usually did. When to my great surprise she let me, I quickly decided that she had been right. Having never experienced tits before, it was positively painful to sleep on my stomach now.

So I no longer complained when she strapped me in for the night. It was to help me overcome years of habit. I moaned softly as I tried to toss under the sheets as I unconsciously fled from the nightmare filling my head.

Over and over in my mind like an instant replay, I kept seeing the same naked woman I had earlier observed when I had cleaned her room, only now instead of foaming at the mouth in sexual anticipation, I became deathly ill. As the nightmare progressed, I suffered untold agonies whenever a nude or seminude woman wandered into my dreams.

Finally towards the end of my dreams, I discovered safety, by focusing all my attentions towards a male figure, of all things. I discovered, when surrounded by nude women in a particularity scary episode, relief when a man broke through the circle and pulled me free.

I awoke exhausted the next morning still feeling the anxiety and queasiness in my stomach left over from my dreams.

Weird!

I dragged myself over to the toilet and as what was now usual for me, quickly finished my business. That little chocolate square really helped. Putting on a clean pair of neon blue tights over my corseted waist and pulling a bright lime green leotard over my sport bra, I sat back down on my vanity seat to catch my breath. I was really tired today for some reason. Bright pink ballet shoes, matching leg warmers and headband and I was ready to begin my morning exercises.

It seemed like Ms. Emmery was particularly over zealous this morning. With the day hardly begun, I did not think I would make it till noon. My body was paying the price of her instruction that was for sure. She had me doing full splits and toe touching movements for the longest time.

From a standing position, slide slowly down to the floor in a full split. Then, with ass cheeks firmly planted on the floor, legs straight out perpendicular to my body, slowly twist to the left and reaching out touch the left toes with both hands. Completing that maneuver, I reversed the process and started all over while still sitting. Pure agony.

I almost fell asleep in the tub as I relaxed after that particularity exhausting exercise program.

I dreaded having to spend the morning bending up and down as I performed my maid's duties.

I was dragging by the time I finished cleaning the last of the rooms and put back my maid's cart. I was almost too tired to eat, but I was starved. There were times when I think that I actually dozed between mouthfuls of my salad.

Ms. Emmery had to push on my shoulder several times so that I would pay attention to the soap on the TV. I knew I was going to fail her quiz tonight on what happened during the soap today, but I did not really care. I was too tired and too weak.

You would think with all the exercise I was getting that I would be getting stronger. Let me tell you dahlin', that couldn't be further from the absolute truth. Why sugar, I could barely lift a feather. Why, I was a wastin' away to a mere shadow of my former self.

Heavens! I'm even beginning to think southern.

Ugh, I almost upchucked my lunch as Ms. Emmery unbuttoned her blouse and unhooking her bra exposed her breasts to my view. I would never have believed in a million, zillion years that looking at a pair of gorgeous titties could actually make me want to toss my cookies. I did though.

Only by turning my attention to the TV and a feminine hygiene commercial did my stomach settle down. What was happening to me?

Classes were a repeat of the previous day, except the first fifteen minutes were devoted to a rehash of yesterday's lessons. They all seemed pleased that I had remembered so much and settled right in to expand my capabilities.

Fortunately for me, every other class required me to be up and moving about so I did not fall asleep in any of them.

Dinner was almost my undoing, however, as I almost fell asleep in my soup. I couldn't understand why I was so lethargic. A little loss of sleep never affected me like this before.

Even Ms. Emmery decided that something may be wrong and called Dr. Sliver once we were back in my room.

The Doctor checked me over, and took several blood samples plus a urine specimen. When she left, I was still in the dark about what could be wrong with me. When I specifically asked, she cleared her throat and just shook her head. Telling me that perhaps they would know more when the tests came back, she walked out the door.

Under doctor's orders, I was allowed to skip my evening studying and went straight to bed after spending the full amount of time in my evening toilette. I slept like a log and couldn't even remember whether or not Ms. Emmery had placed the headphones over my ears.

I felt a lot better in the morning, but was still not my usual peppy self.

By afternoon classes, Doctor Sliver had called me into her office where I was told that my tests all came back negative.

“Probably just a touch of the summer time flu,” she diagnosed.

I did not find out until much later that my failing strength and vigor were due to the female hormone therapy I was given. In any case, the weakness and lack of energy soon disappeared as my body adjusted to the new hormone levels and I was back to my former self. If you can believe that, I have some land I'd love to sell you in Florida.

True, I was more alert and capable of performing all my duties; but, I no longer had the upper body strength or endurance that I once had. No, not by a long shot. You should see me mop though. That crampy like pain I had in my groin where my testicles had been shoved as well as the occasional itching twitching like feeling I use to get in my concealed penis were gone as well.

Two weeks after Doctor Sliver treated me for my flu, I was given some more sedatives and placed back on the gurney. Same one too as I recognized the clack-it-ty-clack of that loose wheel.

Dr. Fielding once again performed the actual surgery while Dr. Sliver assisted. My nose was broken and reset in a more pixie turned up 'cutesy' manner, my lips were thickened with collagen injections, and my Adam's apple scraped and lowered.

My recuperation seemed to take forever as my scraped throat and broken nose were a constant irritation. I couldn't speak above a whisper for over a week and every time I moved my head, the pressure inside my sinuses made my head feel like it was going to explode. Heaven forbid having to lower my head as the resulting pressures caused a severe migraine to split me apart. Until the swelling went down in my nasal passages every movement of my head was most painful.

The good news was that during my convalescence, I did not have to do any cleaning or dusting. I spent almost every waking moment studying my texts or attending classes.

During this time period, I found myself beginning to adjust to my new life. Such as it was, I found myself humming a show tune, or smiling a lot for no reason.

Ms. Emmery seemed more cordial and even went out of her way to help. Like the time when I sat in front of my vanity mirror looking at an impossibly ugly face.

I mean it was the pits. My now long hair was frizzed and I couldn't do a thing with it. To make matters worse, my face still somewhat red, looked so misshapen. My eyes were still black and blue turning to purplish yellow and brown and my nose swollen to almost twice its normal size.

I just wanted to die, but Ms. Emmery was right there to comfort me.

“There, there sugar,” she said softly as she hugged me close. “Everything will be alright.”

Pulling my head to her shoulder, she let me cry while holding me.

I couldn't explain just how comforting that felt. Imagine Ms. Emmery taking the time to just hold me and tell me everything was going to be alright.

I didn't even notice how her breasts felt pressing against mine or how the aroma of her normally intoxicating perfume did not even arouse the faintest glimmer of my old self. The only thing that seemed to matter was the hug. It brought a sense of peace and well being to my tortured soul.

We sat there on the vanity bench for I don't know how long. Just rocking slightly back and forth in her embrace.

"Hush, hush, baby," she had said. "Dry those eyes. Everything is going to be just fine. Why in no time at all the swelling will be just a memory and you'll be positively beautiful. Why, when you leave here on your promo tours, I just bet you'll have to fight the boys off with a stick."

I cried all the harder hearing her say that. I didn't want to have to fight the boys off with a stick or anything else for that matter. I was a guy myself.

How absurd!

Or was it, now that she had me thinking about it, but that was crazy, forget it.

Ms. Emmery just hugged me tighter into her shoulder and continued in a soothing soft voice, "Sure thing honey! Just believe that you are beautiful and you will be. Think positive! That is one of the secrets of the Crystal Palace Spa. Yes, its as simple as that, baby. Just teaching people to think positive thoughts about themselves is one of our major achievements. Why you have no idea just how hard it is to get people to think that way about themselves. You can do it. I know it!"

It all seemed much better after I had that good cry and hug. I felt reborn so to speak.

Over the next several weeks, I began to see a direction and purpose in what I was doing.

I no longer had to be fastened to my bed at night to keep me on my back. I naturally slept that way now and my everyday beauty regiment was becoming second nature to me. I automatically applied my make-up without thinking about it and felt lost without my heels.

I even looked forward to my daily classes as I found the topics so much more interesting. The intricacies of hosting a bridal shower were so much more complex than I ever realized. Deciding on just the right shade of fingernail polish to match that new dress, well I can't begin to tell you to the time that takes. Even during my free time, I was spending much of it reading the soap digests to find out about the upcoming episodes, or the ones I missed.

I didn't give the news or sports a second thought.

Watching the news was so depressing and sports...who could figure out what was going on. It was hard enough to tell the teams apart let alone what the rules were. Like ya know, I mean, they all looked alike and they just seemed to be, like, running around without any purpose. Well some of them had cute butts, but otherwise, they no longer held any interest for me.

Go figure, but those fab new column dresses featured in the latest fashion mags, well I couldn't wait to try some on. They would look simply fab on me. Like totally awesome!

Much later, I discovered that while I had slept, the spa had hooked my brain into subliminal suggestions enhanced with drug therapy. Within the digitized music I listened to each night to help me sleep, were encoded messages to make me become much more feminine. In other words, they brain-washed me to the point where I was behaving like a typical no brainier female. All that time thinking they were singing me lullabies and they were actually putting my brain through the wringer.

Changing my thought and behavioral patterns wasn't enough for them however. While indoctrinating me into mental bondage, they were also chemically changing my body structure.

The implanted hormones were strengthened with psychosomatic enhancers. The combination of drugs worked on both my mental acuity and cell structure.

In no time, I was thinking and acting like a typical woman of my age bracket. I was immersed and enthusiastically pursuing a perfection of knowledge in fashions, make-up, the latest hair styles, music, and my self image. Initially, I did not cognitively relate what I was doing to the pursuit and capture of the opposite sex—in this case males.

Oh you will hear a lot of clap trap from the feminist movement about that just being an old fashioned stereotype, but let me tell you all the women I'm around definitely preen for their man. Not for other women. Heck, if that were the case my daily toilette would be a heck of a lot quicker and easier to perform. No long hours in front of the mirror for this kid, let me tell you. Now don't get me wrong, we do dress for other women, but it is because we don't want them saying bad things about us to other men they come in contact with.

Now that I have had time to think back on this period of my life, it stands out so clearly. While women may dress for other women, they do everything else to catch the eye of a man. Hopefully, THE man that will complete her life.

In this case, I was no different. I preened every chance I got in front of the mirror, any mirror for that matter. My efforts were encouraged and positive reinforcements given every time there was a reason for them. If I did not fix my face just right or if my dressing was in the least bit shabby, I was chastised sometimes to the point of tears.

Each day that passed, the more feminine I became, such that I was almost thinking differently by the time I was to join the regular customers of the Crystal Palace Spa.

Toward the end of my apprenticeship as my initial training was called, I was granted more and more time in the employee rec room. It was a fairly large room adjacent to the cafeteria and had two pool tables, coke machines, video and pin ball machines, fooze ball and some other table games available to help the staff relax after hours.

I was taken to the rec room after my final plastic surgery discolorations had cleared up as a special treat for being such a good student.

My midterms, as they referred to my class tests had all come back straight A's. As a reward, I was taken to the rec room and allowed to mix with the regular employees. At first, I just took a diet coke and sat in one of the lounge chairs to observe the activities. Both men and women employees used this facility and seemed to be having such a good time. They were all very friendly to me. Many of them made it a point to come over and introduce themselves to me and tried vainly at first to get me to join in their little games.

A tall, six-foot-four blond, sparkling blue eyed hunk of a man came over to where I was sitting one night and sat down beside me. He was wearing a pair of tight jeans that fitted smoothly across a nicely rounded behind and a tight tee shirt that revealed a strong muscular chest. It looked like he had biceps on his biceps if you know what I mean. Not muscle bound muscles, but nice strong rippling muscles.

I found myself completely taken in by his presence. I tried to hide my self-consciousness behind my coke and by sinking further into the lounge, but he came over anyway.

Propping his feet up on the coffee table he leaned back and casually looked me over while letting a soda dangle loosely in his grip.

"Hi! I'm Davis," he said in a smooth masculine voice. "You're new here aren't ya? Seen you around and wanted to met you ever since I saw you in the cafeteria the other day. I'm new here myself. I hope you don't mind my intruding on your personal time, but I did not want to waste this opportunity. Yeah, Davis Saunders, that's me. What's your name?"

Talk about flustered. You have absolutely no idea just how my mental state jumped through hoops once I realized that he was talking to me. Me! Can you imagine this great big hunk wanting to talk to me. I thought that my stomach was going to do back flips right out of my mouth.

I managed, don't know how, but I did, to reply that my name was Bobbie and yes I was new to the spa.

Fortunately, Ms. Emmery came into the room to get me at that moment. Once she noticed that I had a male friend, a great big smile filled her face.

Walking over to where I sat, she told me it was time to be going and asked me to introduce my BOY friend. She could have saved me a great deal of embarrassment as I was so nervous that I was just about to wet my panties, but she was determined to make me play the part.

I somehow managed to get the introductions made without making too much of a mess of things.

I can still remember how lost he looked when I got up, cleared my dress, and prepared to leave.

Ms. Emmery was standing right beside me as I made the introductions.

Davis was trying to protest my leaving so soon, but quieted when Ms. Emmery said that I'd be back soon, after greeting him with a toothy smile.

I felt bad about leaving for some reason myself and said in my sweetest southern drawl as I started to the door, "Nice ta meet yew, Davis. Be seein' yew dahlin'."

I don't think that I purposely swung my hips a little more provocatively than necessary, but Ms. Emmery told me to chill.

I don't know why I did that, heck I was a man myself. So why did I act so flustered when he had sat down and started talking to me? Worse yet, why did I respond like I did? Go figure. Anyway, all I remember about that night was how flustered I felt just thinking about Davis. I thought a lot about Davis for a long time after that particular meeting.

Oh yes, I did wet my panties that night. Ms. Emmery knew it too. Gosh darn!

For the next several days I could not get Davis Saunders out of my mind. I could vividly see every ripple and contour of his body in my mind's eye. I was either questioning why I was thinking about him at all or wondering when I would get to see him again. Talk about confused.

It was even worse in my dreams....

Three nights later, I was back in the rec room when he came in.

Yes! Davis!

He strolled in the door, casually looked around, and seeing me came right over. Standing tall and towering above me, I could only see his great big toothy smile. I had to stifle an urge to wave and scream out to him. It was very difficult just to have to sit there and wait for him to make his first move. I had to mumble my rules of female etiquette silently to myself to maintain control.

"Hi Bobbie! My but it is good to see you again. Look, you wanna play some pool? Here, let me help you up," he said while extending his hand to me.

I took it and let him pull me to my feet. I was all smiles as I couldn't for the life of me say anything. I had been thinking about this meeting for days and rehearsing in my mind what I would tell him, but it all just evaporated.

Gone, nada, nuthin'.

I just giggled as he put his arm around my waist and led me over to the pool table. I had a heck of a time taking my eyes off his beautiful blue ones. They just seemed to capture and hold me in their gaze. Such a deep blue. I'd die for eyes like that.

His arm caressing my corseted waist felt strong and reassuring all at the same time.

I could feel his every finger massaging my sweater as we walked to the table. I was wearing a bright white cashmere sweater with cowl neck and capped sleeves that was as soft as the proverbial baby's behind and a black tight skirt that emphasized my rounded butt. I know he couldn't see my corset through the material but I could tell by the way his fingers began exploring that he was aware that I had it on.

Moving to the side to select a cue stick, I couldn't help noticing a very prominent bulge in his slacks. This was a new experience for me turning guys on I mean, not the pool. I was a pretty good pool player.

The eight ball shot required me to stretch out over the green felt if I was going to have any chance whatsoever of sinking it. I leaned out over the table, my left leg up off the floor, my left hand forming a steady bridge for the cue.

As I pulled back the stick to make my winning shot, I realized that with my left foot well off the floor, Davis and all the other men in the rec room had a great beaver shot right up my skirt. Kicking my foot back to solid ground, the cue tip raised and with a dull *CLUNK* the cue ball squirreled off to the side rail. I blushed not from missing the shot as Davis thought from his verbal reaction, but from the embarrassment of showing off my pretty bright red panties to the other guys in the room.

Pool was going to be a lot harder to play wearing skirts and heels.

We played seven more games of which I won only two before it was time for me to get back to my room. Normally, I should have been able to clean the table facing a competitor like Davis, but I had a lot to learn about playing eight ball while wearing female clothing.

Davis offered to escort me back to my room and I readily accepted. I felt very flattered that this hunk of a man would be interested in me; especially, when there were a lot of other young beautiful women lazing around the rec room that night.

For some strange reason I felt elated by the attention being shown me by Davis even though he was a member of my own sex. I felt chills racing up and down my spine as his strong arm enfolded my slim waist and pulled me close to his. His masculine scent filled my nose and made it tickle.

The obvious looks of envy and jealous longing from the other women in the room only added to my sense of well being and self worth. Here I was the one leaving the room with the most eligible hunk in the building. Me! A pseudo-female posing so realistically in the guise of femininity that I had attracted the most gorgeous drop dead man in the house.

Wow! Why shouldn't such success go to my head?.

As we walked out the door, I felt his hand move lower down on my hip. I snuggled up closer to his bulk in reaction and rested my head against his shoulder. I let my hips swing freely to heighten the sensations as they met up against his as we walked down the corridor.

I clearly heard the click-itty-click of my spiked heels on the linoleum tiles, felt the hem of my skirt rubbing against my upper thighs, the soft squish of my nylons rubbing together, the beat of my heart as it pounded in synchronization with Davis'.

The bump of our hips and the soft give of my breast against his upper chest as we strode down the hall were all consuming sensations.

At the door to my room, I said a reluctant good night after a few minutes of softly spoken little bits of nothing.

While it did not come as total surprise when he leaned down and kissed me firmly on the lips while crushing me deeply into his chest, the magnitude of its effect on me was. I was gasping for breath and felt a fire burning like no other deep inside of me.

It left me positively churning inside and wanting more, much more. The only thing preventing me from calling out to him as he walked away was Ms. Emmery's opening the door.

“Did you have a good time Bobbie,” she asked as she shut the door as I came into the room. “What did you do?”

“Oh, just shot some pool and talked. Nuth'n much, ya know,” I replied as I headed for the bathroom grabbing my nightie as I went. I really did not want to talk to her at the moment; especially about Davis.

I was confused enough over my feelings.

“Well, I hope that the two of you become good friends. Getting into a relationship would be very good for you right now. You could use the stability and personal interaction to build your confidence and enhance your image.” I heard her say as I shut the bathroom door. Another privilege I was recently granted. Privacy! Oh, sweet privacy! It was the best thing that I had been given since my arrival.

I should have been more aware of what she had been saying. I guess the only excuse that I can offer is my confused state of mind at the time. In any case, I should have been more aware of her comments about my “dating” and it being so good for me.

I guess Ms. Emmery's comments taken by themselves could have been overlooked, but if I had stopped and remembered that every Crystal Palace Spa employee KNEW of my particular circumstances, I would have been much more suspicious of Davis' interest in me.

It was much later in my development as a representative of the Crystal Palace Spa that I learned the good people over- seeing my development had been spiking my hormones. It seemed that they wanted to fix my feminine persona and thought that providing me with very high levels of the sex hormones would fill the bill. That and a very attractive man to shower attention on me.

Well, it did leave me in emotional turmoil and I alternatively loved every minute of it and hated every second of it all at the same time. My mind was telling me that there was absolutely no way on earth for me to feel that way about another man, but my body was telling me something totally different. Looking in the mirror every day did not help to convince my mind that it was right either.

I found myself day dreaming 'what if' scenarios in which Davis played a major part. I even found myself writing his name in the margin of my notes during class. Even dotted the eye in his name with a cute little heart. My more risqué thoughts brought a bright blush to my cheeks. Only by very serious concentration was I able to force myself back into rational thought. Rationality kept cautioning me that it was not healthy for me to be contemplating such ideas about a member of the same sex. As soon as I thought I had myself settled back on the right track, a glance in the mirror or sitting to flush would jar my resolve.

What kind of man sat to pee or put eye shadow and lipstick on his face? What real man had tits? Just what kind of man would go to bed dressed in a gossamer gown of

pale peach lavished in lace and ruffles wearing a pair of matching frilly panties, hair in bright pink plastic curlers and nylon hair net.

Even as I put my hair up for the night, I silently said that I was still a man and as such should not feel the way I did. My resolve weakened with every additional roller I fastened in place. It was most difficult maintaining a male image of one's self while looking at the reflection of a young woman performing a strictly feminine ritual.

Ms. Emmery was a professional mind game player.

I was absolutely no match for her skills once she started in on me with the "twenty questions" routine. I have to admit that I was beginning to think about my relationship with Davis in a different light as we talked.

She had a very nasty habit of getting me to reveal my inner feelings or fears as the case may be. Once she had me talking, she skillfully manipulated my thinking. By the time she had finished twisting my very own words, she made it look like I was the one wanting this relationship with Davis. She fine tuned my words in such a way as to have me actually agreeing with her analysis of my relationship with Davis as being a very good, healthy activity for me to engaged in.

"Under the circumstances, very natural indeed," she finished. "Now let's get you to bed. You have a busy day tomorrow."

With the earphones firmly over my ears and the soft romantic music lulling me into lala land, how could I begin to think of myself as being anything other than female. I couldn't even look at my feet without being reminded of my new status in life.

Sensitive nipples poking up through my nightie proved to my subconscious more than any rationalization, just how feminine I had become. Ergo, my mind concluded feeling the way I did about Davis was not wrong.

The whisper I heard under the soft music in my ears said the same thing. My relationship with men was perfectly natural and shouldn't be discouraged.

I slept restlessly that night. I kept having strange haunting dreams in which Davis played a prominent role as well as Ms. Emmery. I do not remember any of the details, but I had horrible bags under my eyes in the morning. It totally ruined my look, ya know. Like, well, you know.

From that day onward my outlook on everyday life changed. I wasn't all that satisfied with the way my thoughts were turning, but had come to accept them as being quite natural. Don't get me wrong, I did not get this way overnight. I felt for the longest, a tugging on my mind from my former self that was most unnerving at times. I would get this cold shiver running up and down my spine as my old ego tried to resurrect itself. Those feelings; however, were shoved back into a deep recessed corner and I did my best to forget them. I was fairly successful thanks in large part to my subliminal education and hormone therapy.

Getting back to my morning though, I had the ugliest bags under my eyes and even my morning stretching and aerobic exercises did not fully restore my vigor. My morning toilette had given me time to relax, but I sure missed my coffee. Besides a great

steaming cup of coffee, the very first thing that I wanted when I got the heck out of here was a nice great big juicy rare T-bone steak.

With thoughts of steak and other missed delicacies, I began my morning cleaning detail.

In one of the rooms, there was this woman sitting on the bed when I entered. She was cute but a little hippy. Must have been a new kid cause like, really, the skirt she was wearing just didn't go with her blouse. I mean, like no taste. The clothes she had hanging in her closet weren't gnarly or even remotely cool. More like plain Jane if you know what I mean.

She smiled at me and tried to start a conversation, but I managed to stay too busy. Friendly enough even to a maid, but she could use some help.

I hurried up my cleaning and was outta there in no time. I sure hoped that when I joined in with the paying customers I would be put with a better class of, well you know. The fact that the girl had a great set of knockers and very sexy come hither eyes never entered my mind or thoughts.

The rest of the week went by fairly quickly, even though I wasn't allowed any time in the rec room. They wanted me to concentrate on my studies as my orientation was coming to an end.

Davis managed to bump into me one night at dinner.

While he sat across from me and Ms. Emmery eating, I barely nibbled at my food. Just before we parted, he asked if I would go with him to a formal dinner dance sponsored by the company on Friday night.

I wanted to refuse, but a softly spoken "yes" somehow escaped my lips. Before I could correct myself and refuse, he had spun on his heels and looking back over his shoulder smiling for all he was worth, departed out the door and around the corner.

It seemed like no time at all had gone by before it was Friday night. I was anxious as I sat on the vanity putting on my make-up. I had to wipe off my eye liner three times and reapply it before I managed to get it just so.

A deep blue shadow over softer shades of aqua and azure made my eyes look so mysterious and sensitive that Ms. Emmery said Davis had better be on his guard or he'd be a goner.

A hot rum raisin lipstick made my lips full and very inviting. Well, at least my hope was that they would look irresistible to Davis.

My hair, now more than long enough to style in a more feminine manner, had been bleached into a golden blond and curled in gentle flowing waves. Not the tight crinkle cut style you see most everywhere, but the soft loose wave that adds bounce and liveliness. It framed my face perfectly and I couldn't get over how totally awesome I looked in the mirror.

I removed my robe and picked up the bright lavender wasp waisted bustier and fastened it around my narrow waist. It was a delicate thing, more for looks than functionally supportive.

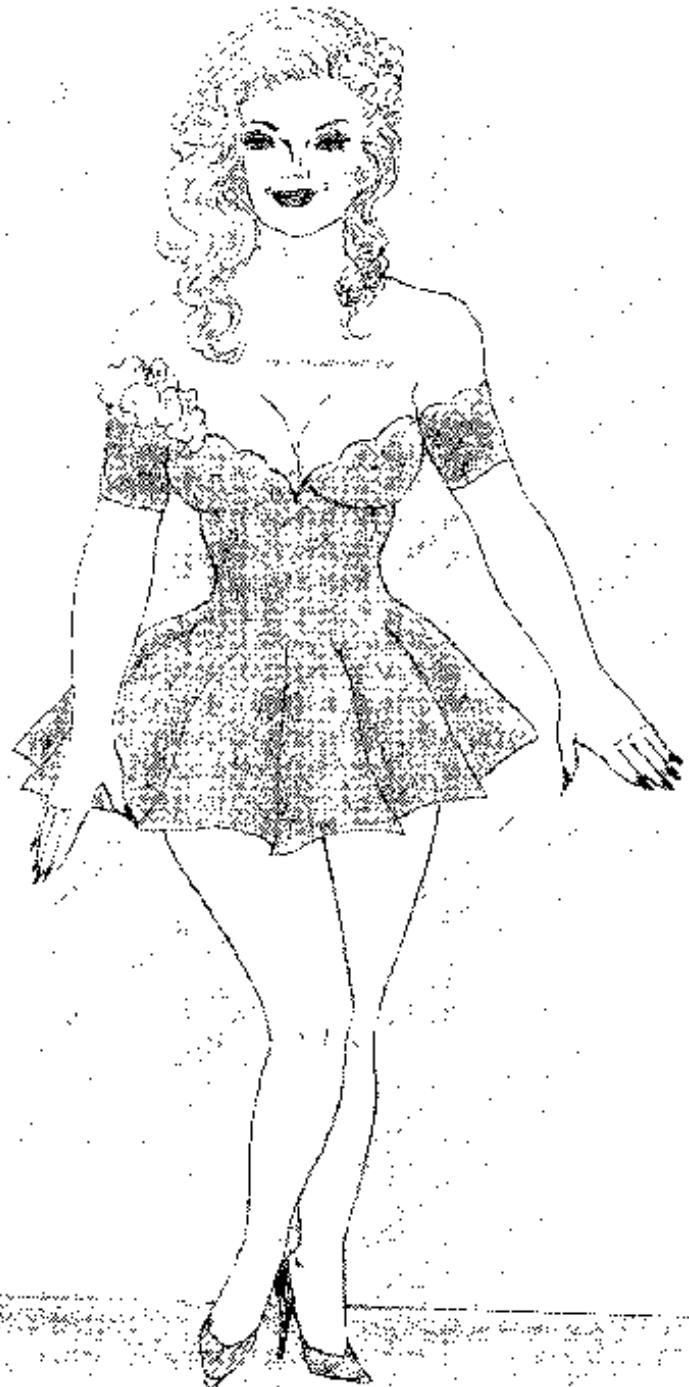
Since the good doctor had liposuctioned all the unnecessary fat, I obviously did not need the support of a corset. It had fancy off-white floral lace overlaid on lavender satin and firm demi-cups edged in eyelet lace. As I settled my breasts into these cups, I couldn't help but think that they looked just like they were being presented on a platter. Pushed up and together, they looked more inviting and larger than normal.

I stepped into a pair of very frilly pale lavender sheer nylon panties with a ruffled lace frontal overlay and cotton crotch. Inserting the garter tabs through the leg openings, I sat on the bed and pulled on a pair of real hose.

The black hose were sheer with embroidered long stem roses twisting up the back of the heel to just above the ankles. A bright purple half-slip with three inch hem of delicate floral lace came next and finally Ms. Emmery held a velvet dress for me to step into.

It was an elegant short off-shoulder scalloped velvet dress in a purple so deep as to appear to be black. Zippering up the back with an acetate lining, it fit me like a glove. The short sleeves pulled gently at the tops of my arms and the "V" scalloped neckline revealed my firm youthful breast mounds for all to admire. It reached to about mid-thigh, and as my hands brushed against it, well it was positively sexual. I just stood there for a few moments frozen in time.

My hands gently smoothing the back of the dress against my firm rounded butt with all kinds of crazy thoughts filling my head. For the life of me I cannot recall any single thought, but I was positively electrified with sensation. I do not



think that I will ever forget my very first velvet dress. So simple, so old fashioned, yet so very sensual in it's every aspect.

As a man, I would have been turned on by any woman wearing this dress no matter what she looked like. As a woman, it did the same thing to me only different. I was enjoying this dress as much as a man would only from a different aspect.

I was filled with femininity as I slid my feet into a pair of four inch spiked heeled pumps. I had to reach out and steady myself by holding onto Ms. Emmery's shoulder as I put first one then the other foot into the shoes.

I did not need a mirror to tell me that I was drop dead gorgeous. I wasn't going to be the one to ruin the Crystal Palace Spa's reputation. Not by a long shot.

If I had had any misgivings about my femininity in the past they were forever dispelled when Davis came to pick me up.

Ms. Emmery opened the door after peeking through the peephole to make sure it was him, and I stood about six feet away directly in front of the door.

As the door opened, Davis stood frozen in place.

A pretty bouquet of blood red roses in one hand and a crystal pack containing my corsage in the other. Slowly, his mouth opened and just hung there for the longest.

Ms. Emmery had to step forward, grab his hand, and pull him into the room.

He was still trying to find his tongue as he automatically held out the roses for me to take.

Instead, since I was almost as frozen in place as he was, Ms. Emmery once again stepped forward and plucked the flowers from his hands. As she turned to find a vase, she asked him if he wanted something to drink.

Davis shook his head side to side and then like breaking a spell stuttered out a, "No thank you."

With the ice broken, Davis offered me the corsage still in its box. I saw that it contained two beautiful orchids one somewhat larger than the other but both exquisite. I opened the lid and carefully removed them, offering it to Davis so that he could pin it on me.

Slowly and very carefully, like he was afraid of either stabbing me with the pin or doing some other damage, he fumbled around trying to fasten it to my dress.

I was having a difficult time myself just keeping my hands at my sides. I was afraid that if I tried to help he would be offended or something.

Ms. Emmery seemed to be the only one present with enough wits to step in to help. With nimble fingers she deftly inserted two straight pins sticking the flowers firmly to my dress.

We probably would still be in my room fiddling with my corsage, or something, if she hadn't stepped in.

I think that we both, if not all three of us, breathed a sigh of relief as Davis and I finally walked out the door and down the hall.

His left arm held me securely about the waist and I felt my hip rubbing up against his with every step.

The swish of my dress against my stockings, the sliding of my slip on the acetate lining, and the click-ity-click of my heels on the floor were sensations screaming femininity into my mind. I took a slow deep breath to steady myself as I looked up into his sparkling eyes and my nose was filled with his masculine aroma.

He smelled so.....so manly. Everything about him reeked of masculine superiority and strength. When my mind unintentionally compared him to my own deeply hidden maleness, there was nothing. My mind knew of my real gender, but it could not make the transition of comparing my original sex to that represented by Davis. It was like comparing water to ice. The same chemical composition, but totally different natures.

I guess that if my mental framework hadn't been altered and bombarded with a steady stream of hormones and psychiatric manipulation, I would have flipped out. I guess in a way I did. I missed a step and almost fell, but Davis' arm held me secure. The jarring was like a kick in the teeth that forced my mind to accept my feminine reality. I was now the water and I could melt the ice for I was woman.

As I got back into my stride at Davis' side, I looked back into his questioning eyes and smiling, told him I was alright.

“Just not quite used to my new heels,” I offered as an excuse for my stumbling.

As we continued down the hall, I knew that everything was going to be alright. My mind had clicked into a higher level of thought and I had confidence in my new persona.

Davis was a perfect gentleman all night. He opened the car door and paid close attention to my every need. He always asked if there was anything he could do and always begged my pardon when he had to leave my side which wasn't very often.

The gala was a reception for the retiring dean at the college Davis attended when not at work. Seems my man was keeping secrets from me. I did not know until this night that he had a masters degree and was almost finished his doctorate. As a matter of fact, in a few more weeks Davis would be off to South America to finish gathering material for his thesis.

I was too stunned by his revelation to say much of anything, but my inner soul felt as if a burden had been lifted off of it.

After the dinner dance which actually turned out to be delightful, we parked in a secluded woodland. I sat next to him resting my hand on his upper thigh while I laid my head on his shoulder. It felt right and I was relaxed being with him.

Knowing that he would soon be leaving for South America was a mixed bag of feelings. On the one hand I was glad that our relationship would not be getting more intense or intimate while on the other hand, I was quite sad. His departure would leave a void in my life that would be hard to replace. He represented someone other than the conspirators that had put me into the shape I now found myself in.

The tree line stood out in dark silhouette to the moon's brilliant white background. A romantic tune was playing softly on the car radio and you could just hear the soft chirping of crickets and an occasional croak of a frog in the night.

Davis had his arm around my shoulders and I found myself cuddling snugly into his body.

I cannot describe the sense of security nor the overriding contentment that filled me. I unconsciously rubbed my hand on his thigh and had my eyes closed relaxing completely for the first time in I don't know how long. As far as I was concerned the night could last forever. If I were a cat I'd be purring for all I was worth and maybe, just maybe I was.

I did not rouse out of my self imposed stupor until I felt Davis' lips tugging gently against my own. I was responding, feeling my tongue sliding into his mouth, over and around playing with his tongue. Feeling him suck the breath out of my lungs as his tongue probed mine.

My hand was in his lap and I wasn't conscious of his growing ardor as I was too wrapped up in our embrace.

His hand cupped my right breast and it felt like my nipple literally sprang out of its protective sheath by itself. Sensitive as all get out, I audibly sucked in my breath as I felt his hot breath touch it; then, I had to bite my lip to keep from screaming as his tongue wrapped itself around it. It was like someone had put an electric wire to me. The sensation was so sharp.

I was beyond myself in feelings that I never thought possible. Never in all my born days could I have foretold how my body would react in the arms of another man. Beyond belief, yet, so acceptable to me in my current guise. It felt right at the time and I can't begrudge actions resulting from the mixing of hormones male and female. Nor will I go into further detail of the events of that spectacular and educational evening.

The next few weeks passed pretty much in a blur for me. Davis and I got together several more times, but only in the rec room.

Towards the end of my initiation period, trunk loads and trunk loads of clothing began arriving at my door.

Double breasted ladies' suits from various famous designers, plaid suits, single-breasted in two tone color contrasts, dinner pantsuits in crinkle rayon acetate and other materials, long tunic with mandarin collar, nautical trimmed, and simple V-necked tunic pantsuits, blazers, skirts, dresses, turtlenecks, challis scarves, blouses: simple, dressy, and ultra-feminine styles came pouring out of boxes. Lingerie and hosiery, jewelry and accessories, shoes, Pantscoats, jackets, organizers and purses, you name it I probably had it.

Ms. Shelly the President of the company paid me a visit to explain my sudden bonanza. As I was soon to take my place with the newest class of Crystal Palace girls, I was expected to have a complete up-to-date wardrobe. Nothing but the finest according to the rules of the contest.

If I had any specific requests for apparel, all I had to do was ask.

She also wanted to make sure that I fully understood my responsibilities. If I in any way breached my contract with the Spa by either revealing my true identity, or sex, or failed to conduct myself in the Crystal Palace Spa manner, I would forfeit the remaining portion of my prize. In addition, I would be immediately escorted off the property.

Which in short, I was clearly reminded, would result in my departure dressed in what I had on and in the physical condition I presently found myself in. In other words, I would be forced to remain looking and living like a woman.

“Of course,” Ms. Shelly said, “should you chose to become all that we can make of you; then, as a fully fledged Crystal Palace Spa girl you will be amply rewarded. Once the terms of our contest have been fully met, we will, of course, see to it that you are returned as close to your original status as we can. Now, you may elect to keep your Spa look if you so desire dear. We will go so far as to promise you continued employment here if you maintain a good record. Now I want to welcome you to the next phase of your training and the actual onset of your prize award.”

She went on for about another thirty minutes telling me all the neat things I would be learning and all the new people I would be associating with.

Finally, she finished and I was turned over to Ms. Cooper, the COO, who handed me a stack of paperwork to complete. Only this time, instead of contracts to change my life and limb, these were various employment papers, W-2s, insurance bennies, etc.

These I did not mind signing, but I had learned my lessons well and read each and every line. It took me a long time as I was having difficulty understanding some of the big words and had to have Ms. Cooper explain them to me.

Seemed like she was doing an awful lot of that.

Much more than she should have had to, but my mind wasn't working like it used to either. If it did not have anything to do with fashion, make-up or style I really couldn't concentrate on it for very long without developing a major migraine. About the only reading material I really chilled out on was a good romance novel while veggin' on the couch, ya know. Like, all this serious stuff hurts my mind, ya know. At least, now I could look forward to being out from under Ms. Emmery's constant supervision. Better yet, I wouldn't have to play maid anymore either.

Hurrah! Hurrah! and Hurrah!

It took me almost the entire week just to untag and arrange all my new clothing. I had a pile of various styled panties filling an entire drawer in my dresser. Can you imagine! Why, in my old life, I was doing good to have five pairs of dingy gray skivvies with skid marks covering the crotch. Now I had all the colors of the rainbow represented in that dresser drawer. Lace frilled and almost weightless in comparison to my old jockeys.

I had another drawer filled with bras, corselettes, and bustiers. Another filled with slips of all kinds and colors, camisoles, and pants liners. I even had a drawer just for my hose, pantyhose, nylons, knee highs, booties, anklets, boot socks and even trouser socks. As a man, all I had were either crew socks or dress socks in either brown or

black. There must have been over a dozen different bra styles as well, not counting the different corset types.

You would have thought that I would have been totally out in left field under these circumstances, but the past eight weeks had taught me a lot.

I had been inundated with so much material that it seemed like all I had time for was glancing through or occasionally reading an article in the fashion magazines. With all the magazines I was expected to examine plus the romance novels I had to read, I did not have the time to read every single article in every periodical. It was all I could do just to keep up flipping through the pages.

Not only was there an array of differing types of clothing, but the colors, materials, and styles changed frequently. No wonder women seemed to have limited mental capacity when it came to topics other than fashion. I guess that is why I needed Ms. Cooper to explain so many words and concepts like annuities to me. I just did not have room in my limited mind for such details.

Sunday evening had arrived after much anticipation.

First it was positively my last day as a maid; and, second, it was to be my coming out party so to speak. I had received an invitation to an informal reception for the incoming class of Crystal Palace Girls to be held that Sunday evening. At this reception, I would be introduced to my classmates and receive the necessary orientation materials.

Here, I would be expected to mingle with the other girls and establish new friendships. In a way it would be a totally new experience for me. I was going to have to convince a group of women who were not employees that I was the genuine article. No easy task in my imagination. Saturday night was spent in restless turmoil as my anxieties spilled over into nightmare and fantasy. Convincing employees was one thing but this was going to be something else altogether.

Ms. Emmery did her best to assure my success.

Sunday afternoon I was encouraged to take an unusually long leisurely bubble bath; then, Ms. Emmery pampered me with a gentle full body massage using scented oils. Wrapped in a soft terry robe, I enjoyed a cup of herbal tea as my facial mask did its work. I don't think that I had ever been this relaxed and comfortable.

All too soon, I had to begin final preparations for my debut. Ms. Emmery took unusual pains helping me. First with my make-up and then my hair.

"Alright, let's see what we can really do tonight," she suggested as I sat on the vanity stool. "Just this once, I'm going to give you some advanced make-up pointers. It may put you a little ahead of the others, but the professionals on our staff assure me these techniques are not learned overnight. So pay attention, I don't have all day."

She explained that my rosy undertones do not necessarily mean that I should go for pink lips and blue eye shadow.

"That would be entirely too kewpie-dollesque," Ms. Emmery instructed. "Now watch carefully as I apply some subtle rosy-browns to give a healthy glow to your cheeks,

eyelids, brow and chin. Use the cream blush sparingly and blend it into your face. This is one of those that you can easily over do if you are not careful.”

She paused to open another jar before continuing, “Fortunately, you're not old enough to worry unduly about wrinkles, but for those occasional bags under your eyes remember to dab just a bit of concealer on those circles. Always be cautious against obsessing over flaws real or imagined and over applying concealer. You don't want a mask like appearance, now do you? Or worse yet, crack your face when you smile, ha-haha.”

I had to agree. Up to this point, everything she had been telling me I had read in the latest fashion magazines, but did not fully understand. The basic cosmetology lessons I had been taught were just that, basic. They did not delve into the mysteries of hiding imperfections or highlighting good points. Up until now, it was the pinks for the lips and the blues or aquas for the eyes. Some powder on the nose and forehead, and a dab of blush on the cheek and that was it.

I looked deep into the mirror as she blended in layer after layer of cosmetics. Using only the smallest dabs; then, slowly and carefully smoothing and working it into the skin. It was amazing how she took those small amounts and stretched them out across and into my face.

Watching her work was a lesson in itself. While I knew I would not remember everything, I would understand the basic elements of what she was accomplishing.

“Natural is in,” she was saying, “so don't try to shade the nose too much, but draw attention to those great big beautiful eyes of yours. Use shadows with brown and peach to complement the skin. Like this, see? Color the lips using a rosy-brown color like this rum raisin pencil to deepen the natural color and top with a clear soft gloss. Like so.....Well, what do you think?”

What does one say when examining perfection.

I looked just like those models in the magazines. I would not have believed that the image in the mirror was me if I hadn't actually witnessed the transformation myself. I mean, I looked enough like a woman to fool Davis before, but now. Well, I just did not have the words to describe just how professional I looked.

“If you can tear yourself away from that mirror for a while, we have more work to do,” I heard her say. “Now let's see if we can't do the same with that mop of hair. I think it would be best if we arranged it in a gentle wave and give it a tossed, offhand look. Ok?”

Heck, who was I to argue? So far she had done wonders.

I sat patiently as she plunked the rollers into their tub, brushed and teased my golden locks into the relaxed style she was looking for. Finished, my hair hung in golden waves that caressed my face and shoulders. A little spray to fix it, but not nearly so much as to make it look or feel stiff and unnatural. The natural look was what she was aiming for and by Jove she succeeded.

Standing naked in front of my full length mirror, I had to admit that it would take a very close physical examination to discover my secret.

Firm, perky C-cup breasts perched on my hairless chest. I cupped them in my hands and quivered at the sensation. They were a pair any woman would have been proud to possess. Thin wasp waist and nicely rounded plump but not fat hips and thighs. Smooth flat belly that fed into a smoother flat curve split by a pair of very feminine lips on a very realistic looking Mound of Venus. I wouldn't have to worry about passing any casual test of my womanhood.

Heck! I passed an even tougher one that night with Davis.

I was plum drop dead gorgeous, if you know what I mean honey.

"If Davis could only see me now," I thought to myself.

Whatever my anxieties had been, they were no longer presenting me with any difficulties. I stood in all my radiant glory as Ms. Emmery helped me select my delicate underpinnings. A matching teal colored, silken lace edged bra and panty set, smoke hose fastened with an emerald satin garter belt and six embroidered tabs, a lacy hemmed half slip and camisole in hunter green silk were all covered by a polyester/rayon crepe double-breasted plaid suit in spruce and black.

The top had a plunging deep V-neckline, accented with four brass buttons at the midriff and slightly padded shoulders with long sleeves. The black skirt zipped up the back and reached to just above the knee. Black patent leather three inch heels and a pair of emerald and gold earrings completed my outfit.

Ms. Emmery handed me several gold rings, watch, and bangle bracelets as a finishing touch.

"The reception is not a formal affair," Ms. Emmery began. "So you will not need to wear any gloves. Remember from now on you're just another incoming class member and not an employee. You can no longer use the employee's cafeteria or rec room. I'm just glad your boy friend has already left for South America. It will make things a lot easier on all of us. Well, Bobbie, I guess this means good-by. You'll be on your own from here on out and I trust that you will not be a disappointment to us. If you believe that you are a Crystal Palace Girl you most certainly will be. Just keep that positive attitude and you'll do ok. Here I want you to stand over here so I can take another picture of you for our album."

The flash popped and I stood momentarily blinded. Another addition to my growing portfolio of staged and casual photographs tracing the development of Bobbie Ingrid Evans. From unsophisticated country girl to poised cultured debutante, the photos followed my every step into the world of glamour.

I felt very confident as I walked into the reception hall in the main atrium of the Crystal Palace Spa. My heels clicked with a self assurance under that very same ceiling and crystal chandelier that the chauvinistic over confident Bob Evans once trod. The old Bob would never in a million years have believed this day possible.

There was a receiving line and all the big wigs from corporate were standing there dressed in absolutely drop dead outfits. I quickly compared what they were wearing to my outfit and while not completely satisfied, knew that I wasn't any slouch myself. There were approximately four or five dozen people standing around in little groups talking merrily sipping on diet colas, herbal teas, or fruit punch.

I stopped at the little table and picked up my welcome packet of orientation materials and a "Guest" name tag. I chatted briefly with the young woman sitting behind the table before moving toward the receiving line. I made steady progress shaking the hands of the women who had already changed me so dramatically. Each one had a very nice compliment for me and by the time I had reached the end of it I felt like I had been sugar coated and double dipped.

A Miss Perkins took my hand at the end of the line and introduced herself as the class proctor. It was her responsibility to supervised the overall operation of the classes and make sure that all the new comers met one another. With that, she led me over to a group of young ladies that I would be associated with over the next twelve weeks.

They were going to be my immediate classmates and our group would be the Petunias. The other three classes would be called the Irises, Asters, and Daisies. This group identification was essential in creating a sense of intimacy and team work. While direct competition was discouraged, a little friendly one-ups-man-ship was encouraged.

The butterflies hovering inside my stomach settled down and before long I was relaxed in the easy friendliness of the group. I did not have to worry about being taken for one of their own either.

As soon as Miss Perkins let it be know that I had won the Spa's contest, I was surrounded in a tight circle with every one asking a million questions all at once.

I don't know where Miss Perkins got them, but my portfolio was being passed around to the members of my group. According to Miss Perkins, she wanted to let them know that I was just like them, straight from the suburbs. I had the advantage of being at the Spa a few weeks earlier than they, but as they could readily see from my pictures I was not a Crystal Palace Girl. As a matter of fact, almost mannish some said.

"Tomorrow, will be her very first class as a completely acceptable young lady in the Spa's beauty enhancing regiment. Just like the rest of you, she will experience all the joys and exasperation of mastering the high art of allure and attraction. If any of you ladies have any questions, I'll be making the rounds. So if you will excuse me, I am sure that you will want to talk to Bobbie."

After the first rush, the group backed off and we settled into a steady stream of conversation. By the end of the evening, I was completely accepted as one of them and I had twelve new friends. I was exhausted but looking forward to my classes and eventual employment as the Crystal Palace Spa Girl.

Now that brings us to the beginning of my tale. All my historical information is up to date and my real ego is awake in my mind for the first time in days. If the old Bob hadn't broken out tonight, I probably never would have related this humiliating tale to anyone much less a crowd.

I was basking in the afterglow of the reception where I was introduced to all the incoming classmates as the contest winner. I was the center of attention and my fears of discovery resurfaced. Then from out of nowhere I just knew that I had nothing to fear

from them when I overheard someone loudly whisper that once the Spa had gotten through with me I'd know not to wear plaid as it made my breasts look fat.

Can you just imagine, only another woman would think a thing like that about another woman. It struck such a funny note that the old Bob was brought slowly to the surface as the evening wore on and that woman's comments about my breast's looking fat kept bobbing around in my thoughts.

Well, I was now just like any other paying customer here at the spa. Only I had an eighteen month guaranteed employment contract and wasn't paying a nickel to attend. I won the contest!

“Yeah! Some victory!” the old Bob thought as I undressed for the evening. *“Just look at yourself! Even if they would keep their word and change you back, how could you ever resume your old male self?”*

“Besides, when Davis left for South America to finish his thesis you knew you could never go back. Not after that experience. Of course, the Spa probably put him up to it.”

Like Ms. Emmery said, every employee knew all about me winning their precious contest and how I almost caused them to lose their jobs. Davis must have known who and what I was, but I must admit he always treated me like a lady. Even the old Bob had to admit that he had mixed emotions about Davis and was both sad and relieved when he left.

I heaved a sigh of remorse at that thought or was it longing?

In any case, a chill quickly ran up my spine as the soft pale apricot nylon gown settled over my body and brushed my nipples. It was a pretty nightie with just bountiful layers of lace and ruffles around the neckline, sleeves, and hem. The feel of the feminine fabrics on my smooth hairless skin did things to me still after all this time in skirts.

You would think that I would be used to it by now.

Settled in my bed, I was having difficulty getting to sleep.

The old Bob was still buzzing around in there. I guess he wanted out, but the cool crispness of the satin sheets, the soft caress of the nightie, and the fragrant feminine aromas filling my senses and the latest Fabio novel.....well.....you know how it is; especially when there's Fabio to contend with.

Well, I'll just shove the old Bob deep into a recess and not let him out for a long long time. “I yam what's I yam,” according to Popeye and I guess I can't argue the point.

Continuing this tale could possibly cause me future problems if I kept up this discourse on my experiences at the Crystal Palace Spa. Or worse yet, heaven forbid, the media found out about it prior to my employment contract expiring, talk about being in the deep doodoo.

I'd better stop it here and now.

Oh, yes, one more thing, there is an automatic extension to my contract should the Spa decide to invoke it, and then, I have an option to extent after that.

So with a final warning to each and every one of you.

“READ THE FINE PRINT!!!”

I must say good night and good bye.