

THE STUDENT

By Jessica Matthews



ILLUSTRATED BY MISTY MALVEAUX

A 'HER TV' NOVEL

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THE STUDENT

By Jessica Matthews

"I'm just so fed up of being used," Laura announced to the assembled staff room. They all knew she had been alone since her last relationship had broken up over incompatible ambition.

"You weren't used, Laura," observed the head of department. He had known her since she was a student. "You thought that two careers would follow the same path. They can't and they won't. You wanted too much."

"And I suppose he didn't want too much," Laura snapped. "He wanted me to be his trophy, to sacrifice everything to his career."

"That's just the way things are," he answered. "He needed a wife, not an equal partner, and certainly not someone who'd threaten to eclipse him."

"And I was those things." Laura could hardly believe what she was hearing.

"Of course," he replied. "You are the one with the real brains. He'll never have an original thought in his head, he just recycles things. Take my advice, Laura, you'll never be happy until you get a wife."

"What?" Laura gasped.

"Behind every successful man, there's his wife, that's what they used to say," he laughed. "You're the successful one, you'll never have a stable relationship until you understand that. You need a wife."

The whole staff room laughed. Laura knew she had been boring them since her partner of three years had walked out. He'd planned it so carefully, too: a new job across the country, with his secretary, a brainless typing machine if ever there was one, enjoying her status as the professor's wife.

To Laura, it was too much to bear. She'd helped him write the last papers which had gotten him the job, while her own career stalled. She should never have fallen for his pretense that he needed equal status with her before they married.

"Perhaps you're right," she admitted. "I do need a wife."

Six months later, with the pain of self imposed celibacy easing, Laura remembered this conversation. Perhaps it had all been silly, but it gave her an idea.

"Hello, Post Graduate Office," I said into the telephone that afternoon in early spring when it all began.

"Can I speak to Alan Riding, please," said a female voice.

“Speaking,” I replied. “You just caught me on the way out, so this will have to be quick.”

“Okay, this is Campus Dating Service, you registered with us a couple of day ago. We have a match for you, so could you come into the office when you get a chance, and we'll give you the details.”

“Couldn't you give me the details now, over the phone?” I asked.

“No, we do have a security policy, and in this case, the other party has asked us to conduct an interview before agreeing to a meeting,” she explained. “So if you'll drop by the office when you can, just introduce yourself and we'll go from there.”

“Okay,” I agreed, “I'll be in tomorrow. Is early afternoon all right?”

“That looks fine, we'll see you then.”

I put the phone down and hurried off to my last class of the day. Luckily, it was just an introductory survey which didn't demand too much attention, for my mind was on the vision of loveliness I hoped the Campus Dating Service had lined up for me.

I had registered with them after moving from the Midwest to continue my education on the coast. I had no family to speak of, and naturally knew no one at the other side of the country. An additional handicap to my social life was that I was the typical starving student. Anything I could earn went into my fees and books, with little left over for the little luxuries of life, like eating and drinking, or clothes that didn't come from the charity shops.

After a couple of friendless months spent settling into my new environment, I felt really lonely. When early in the New Year the dating service advertised a free service to students, I sent in my forms, never really expecting to get a reply. There was a question on the form about my income, which I answered truthfully as virtually nothing, and another question about my ideal date's income, to which I replied rather flippantly that I hoped she would be able to support a man with extravagant tastes in all the good things of life.

The rest of the form was factual, and I answered truthfully. I didn't exaggerate my five feet five inches, or my 130 pound figure. If I remember correctly, I even described my hair as light brown, unkempt, and below my shoulder blades.

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When I eventually got to the office of the dating service and announced my name, I was shown into a side room with comfortable furnishings, a desk and computer terminal. There was a large mirror on the wall beside a vanity unit. Being alone in the room, I went to the mirror and smoothed down my hair, which I had tied back in my customary loose pony tail. I turned right and left, hoping I didn't look too bad in my blue shirt, jeans and training shoes.

“Mr. Riding,” said a woman who startled me; I hadn't heard her enter the room. “I'm April, and I'm here to interview you on behalf of a prospective friend.” She shook my hand and indicated that I should sit in front of the desk. She took her place behind the computer.

“We regard all our clients as friends here,” she explained. “It avoids using words which imply different values.”

“That's fine,” I said. “I'm studying archaeology, not social sciences.”

“Right, let's get down to business,” April said. “I see you give your age as twenty three, is that correct?”

“Yes, all the details I put on the form are correct,” I assured her. “I may have lost a pound or two since I was last weighed, but that's all.”

“Well, I have to check,” April smiled gently. “Some of the guys tell the most outrageous lies. Now, we have an exact request for someone of your description and age. I can't tell you who the request is from until we've completed a questionnaire, and I've got approval to give you our friend's details.”

“Let's do the questionnaire,” I said, feeling a little surprised that anyone could have specified someone like me.

“First I have to certify that you've answered the questions on our form correctly, then we'll begin,” said April, taking a form from a sealed envelope which had been lying on the desk. “I haven't seen these questions before, they came from our friend, so please don't blame me for the content.” She fell silent as she read through the form, flicking over the page with first a frown, then an amused smile on her face.

“Right, the first question is about your family, it asks you to describe your immediate family, saying how close you are to them, how often they visit and any pertinent information.”

“That's easy,” I replied. “My parents split before I was born, my mother remarried when I was about seven, then went to Italy with her new husband. I've totally lost contact with her.”

“I'm sorry. I don't want to pry, but the questions aren't mine.”

“That's no problem, I'm used to my situation,” I replied, feeling a little hurt by my background. “I grew up with my grandparents, but they're both dead now. They died on a field trip to see the temples in Peru. They were both archaeologists, that's why I studied the subject. It was easy for me, since I'd been to all the main sites when they were excavating. I might be a little lost on popular music, but I'm good on native artifacts.”

“That must have been hard on a young boy.”

“Not really, it was a long adventure,” I said, remembering the friends I made in the various camps we had lived in at the excavation sites. “The problem is that I've no family left, at least, none that I'm in contact with, and no real friends in this country. That's why I'm here today.”

“I see,” she said, writing notes on the forms in front of her. “The next section asks how you would feel if your friend were more important than you. The form gives examples of greater earnings and wealth, status, fame, and the things that go with them.”

“I guess I'd feel proud,” I replied. “I want to be in a relationship which is supportive, I really want to belong, after being so rootless for the last few years.”

“Would you be willing to give up your career to travel with your partner, if you had one in this position?” April asked.

“Yes, I guess so,” I replied slowly. “It’s not something I’ve really thought about.”

“How would you feel if your partner were a little older than you?”

“I’m not sure how to answer that,” I replied. “I’ve never thought about it. A year or two, maybe five, seven would be okay. It depends on who it is, how it feels...” I felt myself running out of words.

“But you don’t rule it out.”

“No, not at all,” I replied.

“The next section asks about your domestic arrangements,” April said, moving along quickly before I could ask any more questions. “Can you tell me about that? It might be quicker than me going through all of the sections individually.”

“I live alone, and always have, so I guess I’m pretty good,” I replied. “I cook and clean for myself, I wash my clothes regularly, do the repairs and makeshift tailoring. I’m not good at any of these things, but I’ve never been able to afford anyone to do them for me. I have to repair clothes until they drop to pieces, just to avoid buying more.”

“Right, that covers most of this section,” April said, writing and ticking the form with speed.

Before she could speak again the telephone on the desk rang, and April answered it. She listened for a while and then looked up at me. “I just have to step out for a few moments, please excuse me.”

I didn’t have to wait long. She returned with a paper which she handed to me. “That’s the details of our friend who’s asked to meet you,” she said.

I read the name: ‘Laura Black’. The name should mean something to me; there was no address to give me a clue, just a telephone number. I looked up at April trying to remember why the name was familiar.

“Yes, that’s right, it’s who you think it is, the famous professor of social psychology,” April informed me, thinking I had recognized the name as instantly as she expected.

“But she’s so famous,” I stammered in surprise. “She’s on television and in the magazines, she’s so popular.”

“Yes, and she’s on our books. She says for me to tell you not to worry about that,” April assured me kindly. “She says she’s fed up with being hit on by men who want to use her for their careers, she wants to meet someone for herself. She says to tell you that she’s thirty three years old and well preserved. All she asks is that you meet a few times and see if you get along.”

“Well, I’ll do that,” I said, still surprised. “What do I do?”

“The details are on the paper,” April showed me. “Ring that number after eight to-night, and she’ll send a car for you. Dress casual. If you don’t call by then, she’ll assume you’ve decided not to meet and that’s an end to it.”

“No second chance,” I observed.

“And no time to think about it at length,” April finished my thought out loud, then professionally eased me out of the interview room and said her good bye, wishing me luck, whatever I decided.

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“Well, you saw him through the one way mirror,” April said when she had seen Alan off the premises.

“Yes, and I liked what I saw,” Laura admitted. “As I told you when I engaged your firm to find me a boy like that, I wanted to be as sure as possible that it would be someone gentle and inexperienced.”

“Well he certainly seems to be that,” April said. “Do you want all these questionnaires back?”

“Yes please,” Laura took them from her. “It may be silly, but I don't want anything which may be traceable. You assured me that none of this transaction would get onto your computer.”

“No, we'll have no record, and no one knows about this introduction but you and me,” April promised. “And your fee guarantees that I've forgotten everything. If you want to check the computer, there's no record there either.”

Laura smiled with satisfaction, then moved to the computer.

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That evening after I had showered and washed my hair, I sat in my room and looked at the paper with Laura Black's telephone number. I decided to stop just thinking about it, and went down the hall to make the telephone call. A man answered, and I nearly hung up, but he asked if I was awaiting the car from Miss Black. When I answered that I was, he told me that there would be a black Mercedes outside the door at ten minutes to eight to pick me up, and that I should just get into the back as soon as it arrived.

I went back to my room, pulled on a fresh white shirt and my only pair of decent chinos. I brushed my teeth for a second time, then five minutes early, went down to wait for the car. This would be an experience, I thought as I stood inside the lobby, not wanting to loiter in the darkness of the street.

I'd never been in a Mercedes before.

The car which pulled up exactly on time was really big, really black and very shiny. As I stepped out onto the sidewalk, the driver got out of the car and wordlessly opened the door for me. I stepped into the rear and sank into the soft leather of the seat. A metallic voice asked me to fasten my seat belt, then we moved off. There was a partition behind the front seats.

It was closed and there was no attempt at conversation from the driver. I was left with my own thoughts and apprehensions. As we drove, the stereo played lilting music, violins with a Celtic theme, wonderfully soothing.

I didn't try to follow the journey. I didn't know enough of the area to be able to recognize the twists and turns in the road as we passed the main campus, then skirted the suburbs before a short stretch of open highway took the car into a more secluded road. The car climbed into a valley where the houses were palatial and well spaced apart. Finally we turned into a drive where lights came on as we entered, and I found myself getting out of the car outside a gracefully proportioned mansion, designed with a colonial elegance.

As I shut the car door it pulled away immediately, cutting off a last means of escape. I turned to the door.

I stepped towards the house as the door opened, and there before me was Laura Black. My first impression of her was the usual: how different she looked from the person I had seen on television. There she was stiff and formal, elegant and stylish. Here she looked taller and slimmer, still elegant, but more than a little intimidating as I held out my hand to her. She was dressed in a loose blouse of black silk, with long sleeves. Her trousers were of the same material, and floated above her low heeled shoes as she moved sinuously towards me.

"Hello, Alan, I'm so pleased you decided to come tonight," she said, squeezing my hand for just a moment longer than necessary. She stepped back for me to pass through the door.

"This is beautiful, Miss Black," I said, looking around at the sheer luxury of the house which I had just entered as if it were a dream.

"Please, it's Laura to you," she smiled, taking my arm as we walked towards the back of the house. "I thought we would talk just a little this evening, then you can decide if you want this to go further. Let's go into the conservatory, the view's quite wonderful."

The conservatory at the back of the house was large and open. There were lights outside in the garden which emphasized how large it was. I could see a small stream with an ornamental water wheel turning lazily. Squirrels ran across the lawn and into the trees.

"It's too cold to sit outside, or even with the doors open, but if we sit in those chairs near the door, and I turn down the lights, we can watch the garden as we talk," Laura said. "You relax, and I'll open some wine. I never drink alone, so I didn't open it in case you'd changed your mind and didn't come."

I sat in one of the chairs near the door and watched as Laura placed the bottle and two glasses on a low table between two chairs. As she moved, I watched her elegance and wondered what she could want with me. She was tall and slim, inches taller than I was even without her modest heels. She had money, reputation, friends and a career. I had nothing to offer.

"Please pour," she said, sitting opposite me. "You must be wondering about me. Let me talk, then you can ask me anything you want. Is that agreeable?"

“To say I'm wondering is an understatement,” I said, pouring two glasses of ruby red wine. I handed one to her, then sat as she remained silent. She watched me, then sipped her glass.

“I'm thirty three,” she began. “You've heard of me, and know a little about me. What you don't know is that my relationships have been a mess. My boyfriends have had big egos, big plans, and have never considered what I want. It's always been about what they want. That's why I'm alone again. I've taken my time, I'm not on the rebound if that's what you're thinking.”

She sipped again from her glass, pausing for me to speak.

“I'm not thinking that at all, I'm just curious. I mean, why me?”

“I'm coming to that,” she held my eyes with her gaze until I looked down into my glass. “I want someone for me, and you look the part, if you're willing to give it a try. I'm not easy to get along with all the time, but I have some needs and wants of my own. Forgive me for saying this, but I worked out that question sheet you answered because I didn't want to meet someone too macho, and you're not. You seem to have the gentle side I prefer. I won't harm you. I certainly won't eat you alive, although I may clean you up a bit. We could have fun, if you'll commit yourself to me for a while, no questions asked.”

“I'm not prepared for this,” I heard myself saying, unsure how to react. “I think I'd like to try, but I'm not experienced, I wouldn't know how to behave with your friends.”

“Don't worry,” Laura seemed amused at this thought. “They won't know how to behave around you either, but I'll enjoy watching them.” She gave a wry laugh. “Stick with me. I'll look after you, kid,” she said in a mock gangster's accent, pointing her fingers at me like a gun.

A silence followed as we drank some wine, and I refilled the glasses. “Come, let me show you around. I'm proud of this house, I just moved in last month.”

I followed Laura from room to room, thinking they would never end. There were two lounges, a large dining room and a big kitchen diner. There was a library and a study, a music room and a utility room with all sorts of appliances. There was a pool with a cover which could be recessed in warm weather, and a small sauna and steam suite at the back. I had seen the magnificent stair way as I entered the house, but we went up a small stair from the kitchen, Laura taking me by the hand since the light had blown. At the top of the stairs, I suddenly felt very self conscious and let her hand fall.

Upstairs there were three luxurious bedrooms with dressing rooms and en suite bath and shower rooms. They had a sun terrace overlooking the pool and the garden. There were some smaller rooms, and some rooms which she said were just storage. A small stairway went up to the loft, which was just an open area with a few roof windows. This was more storage when the fitters finished, Laura explained, as we walked into a large bathroom with a round sunken bath in the center and mirrors everywhere.

“Do you always wear your hair tied back?” Laura asked suddenly.

“Yes, these days I do. It's a bit eccentric, but I like it long. It's a leftover from my undisciplined youth when we were traveling everywhere,” I replied.

“May I?” she asked and moved around me. I felt her gently tugging at the elastic bands which held my pony tail. I was relieved that I had washed it earlier that evening. She ran her fingers through the strands, taking some hair over my shoulder so that it hung across my shirt pockets.

“A bit out of condition,” she noted, looking into my eyes, “but I love it long. It has possibilities.”

Before I could ask what she meant, we were on our way through the rest of the house, and the opportunity passed. Laura talked about the house, how she decorated it all for herself, and how the designers had done just what she wanted. It was all hers, with no bad memories. The last place we went was into the garage where she kept her cars. There was a little red convertible two-seater sports car, which I immediately fell in love with. There was also a small Mercedes and a Jeep.

“I’ve always liked cars,” Laura said, watching me stare at the sports car. “You must come over Sunday and try this little one. It’s quite wicked.”

“If that’s on offer, I’m hooked,” I joked.

“You’ll like being hooked,” Laura said, staring into my eyes steadily. “That’s what I want this time. I warn you, I’m strong, and the relationship I want is on my terms, but I want you to enjoy it too. It’s no use otherwise.”

I felt the tension in her as she spoke, but before it became a warning she turned away. Looking over her shoulder she smiled back at me disarmingly. “You must think I’m terribly wanton,” she said.

“That’s an old fashioned word,” I laughed. “I think I could live with that, especially if the car’s part of the deal.”

“So if I throw you out now, you’ll come back Sunday?” she asked, walking me towards the door. She continued without waiting for an answer, “I’ll send the car for you at two.”

She opened the door and I saw the limousine waiting for me.

I turned to say good-bye but I was too late, the door had closed behind me. I got into the back seat again and hardly noticed the journey back, there was so much to think about.

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“Laura, do you really mean you took him seriously when he said you needed a wife,” Susan Grey asked when Laura confided in her what she had arranged.

“Well, yes,” Laura admitted. “At first I thought it was stupid, then I thought it was an interesting exercise in social psychology. I thought about it for a while longer, then decided that it would be fun.”

“But now you’ve found this boy, how on earth are you going to persuade him to take part in the experiment?”

"I haven't a clue," Laura admitted. "You're my research assistant, so you can contribute any ideas, thoughts, schemes, or whatever... That's not part of your official duties, though."

"I think you should keep it a secret," Susan offered.

"Yes, I agree," Laura said slowly. "I think I know what I intend. I'm just going to start off strong, I'm not going to give him an opportunity to object. I'll have to vamp the details as we go along."

"Well, keep me posted." Susan was more intrigued than she would have cared to admit. "I'll see if there's anything published to help you."

"Promise to keep it secret."

"I promise." Susan made the sign of crossing her heart.

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The next couple of days passed uneventfully and slowly as my anticipation grew. Friday was exceptionally long as I tried to concentrate on the photographs of reliefs carved into a Peruvian temple, the interpretation of which was central to my thesis. I was relieved when finally I could switch off my computer and gather my papers for the walk to my room. When I got there, I found a note asking me to collect a package from the office a couple doors away.

I picked up a small package and returned before opening it. Inside I found a note from Laura on pink paper. 'Use these on Saturday morning,' it said, with a drawing of soap bubbles escaping from a shower. I looked inside to find bottles of shampoo, conditioner and finishing rinse for my hair, and a wonderfully sweet citrus body spray. They were far nicer than I could ever have afforded for myself. I dismissed a slight feeling of guilt and allowed myself to look forward to the next day.

I slept only a little that night, anticipation having gotten the better of me. I showered and used the gifts lavishly as I took a long time over each stage of getting ready.

Carefully I combed out my hair. I marveled at how soft it was and how smoothly it fell across my shoulders as I waited for the rising heat of the day to dry it. It was still damp as I dressed in a clean white shirt and blue jeans. It was almost dry as I stood waiting for the car to pick me up.

In daylight, the drive out to Laura's house was much simpler than it had appeared in the darkness of the last journey.

The approach, once the main roads had been left behind, was through lush scenery. Though nervous, I was beginning to relax when the car finally pulled into her drive. The car drove away as soon as I got out, leaving me in the murmuring sounds of the countryside as I rang the doorbell.

"Well, hello," said Laura, stepping aside from the door which she had just opened to allow me to enter. "Did you use my present?" She took my pony tail and smelled the hair. "You did, I can feel and smell the difference. Come with me, I've something else for you, then we're going for that drive."

As she took me by the hand and started to lead me to the stairs, I looked at her, slightly less overawed than before. She was wearing white jeans, so tight that there was nothing left to the imagination. Her top was pale yellow, with no sleeves and a square neckline which just allowed the top of her ample breasts to be seen. It ended above her waist, leaving a glimpse of a firm, tanned midriff as she moved. She was a lot taller than I, even though her gold shoes were flat. It was a curious sensation as she held my hand. Her arm was straight, mine bent and raised in a submissive gesture.

“Here you are,” she said as we entered one of the bedrooms.

“I wanted you to look a little more fashionable, to match the car, so I had these sent over.”

“You shouldn't have,” I gushed, partly in pleasure, partly in shock at the clothes on the bed. “I mean, if we don't get along, I can't repay you.”

“Nonsense, this is my fun and I'm allowed to spend a little on indulging myself,” Laura said. “Now come on, get out of those clothes and then we can go.”

“Are you sure?” I asked. “They look a little too fashionable for me.”

“I'm sure,” Laura said, with a firmer tone in her voice. “I think you'll look wonderful in tight white jeans. You like mine, don't you?”

“But you're a girl, Laura.”

“What's that got to do with it? Lots of men wear white jeans, and I want us to match, as if we belong together,” Laura said, tugging at my belt, then standing over me as I removed my jeans and shirt.

“These are tight,” I gasped as I pulled the waistband and fastened the button, then stood for her to see.

“Yes, they're tighter than your usual jeans,” Laura said with a smile. “I should have guessed that your under pants would spoil the look. I didn't get you any panties to match either. Never mind, get those off and I'll get you some of mine, they're much thinner and won't show a line through the jeans.”

“Laura, I don't think...,” I started.

“Now don't be silly and don't spoil my day,” Laura said with a wink that melted any thoughts of opposition I was forming. “Here, I've some plain black panties in silk lycra. They should be comfortable and thin enough not to show through. You can go in the bathroom to change if you're too modest to do it here.”

She handed me the panties and I accepted her challenge. I removed my shorts and pulled on the thin black panties, feeling the lycra stretch to accommodate and then constrain my rising manhood. Laura noticed it too, and I saw a smile play across her lips.

“We might find a use for that later,” she said teasingly, “but not now. Here's your shirt, let's hurry.”

I removed my shirt as she opened a package, then allowed her to help me into a pale yellow shirt. It felt so soft and new against my skin; it was a long time since I had

worn something new, let alone so wonderful to touch. I say shirt, although that hardly describes it. The garment was short, without a collar, but with a neckline rather more square than I would have liked. She quickly fastened the buttons on the front and I looked down to see it just reached the top of my jeans. It was not the same shade of yellow as hers, but it was nearer to her style than any man's shirt I had ever worn before.

“This isn't a shirt,” I protested.

“Don't be silly. You just don't know what fashion is.”

That was true, I'd hardly had any new clothes in years. I gave up my protest and allowed her to guide my feet into some espadrilles trimmed with gold straps. I didn't complain when she loosed my hair and tossed the band which I had used to tie it back onto the bed. She brushed my hair back gently, then sprayed it into place.

“I like your hair loose,” she said, “even though it needs some style trimming into it. I'm not going to let you wear it tied back like this. It doesn't go with the car.”

I saw my reflection in her mirror: it didn't really look like me. The person I saw looked... a bit more girlish than me. The white and the yellow, the loose hair and the gold strap of the sandals were all wrong. I felt a shiver run through me. They may be all wrong, but this was what Laura had planned. I felt a little excited at that thought, as much as I felt strange with what I was seeing.

“Hey, beautiful,” Laura drawled in a mock gangster's accent again. “Let's hit the road before we get caught.”

Before I could think of an answer, she took my hand and was pulling me towards the stair. She dragged me into the garage where the little red sports car stood waiting. Once I saw that car, all my doubts disappeared. If I looked a little different- I was afraid to bring the word effeminate to mind- then what did it matter today? The top was down, and Laura opened the passenger door for me step in, then gently guided me into the seat before closing the door. She jumped around the back and got into the driver's seat, then looked at me.

“If you're very good,” she said, “I might let you drive it back.” She touched her finger to her lips, then softly touched it to mine with a kissing gesture. I shivered.

Slowly the garage door in front of us raised in obedience to a signal from the controller in the car. With a deep roar from the powerful engine we were off, racing towards the main road where we turned toward the coast. My hair started to blow all over the place, and I used both hands to gather it, then had to use one to hold it as the wind increased. Laura smiled across at me and took my other hand in hers as she drove faster than I would have dared. We headed towards the beach and entertainment area, where the traffic grew heavier and slowed us down. The wind was stronger as we got nearer to the beach, so that I still had to hold my hair to prevent it blowing everywhere.

“Laura, I need to get a hair band,” I said as we stopped at a traffic light.

“I think your hair's beautiful. If you want to tie it back, there's a scarf in the glove box. I haven't brought any money.”

“I can't use a scarf!”

“Oh, of course, you don't know how to tie it,” Laura said. “I'll help you.” That was not what I meant, and I guessed she knew it.

Without leaving a moment for me to argue, she pulled to the side of the road where people were passing on the pavement, looking at us. She had me turn my head to the side while she gathered, then tied my hair back using a vividly printed scarf which she had produced from inside the car. Of all things, it was a leopard skin print. I suddenly felt the stares of the men on the sidewalk and I knew my face colored in embarrassment.

“Laura, it's a girl's scarf,” I hissed.

“What else do you expect me to have?” she asked, tying it in a bow.

“It's too feminine, I'll look stupid,” I whispered back.

“Nonsense,” she replied, then we were off again, through the streets, more regularly delayed by the increasing volume of traffic. Having become conscious of the looks I was attracting, I was now very sensitive to glances from people in other cars. I guessed why they were looking and did not like it.

“Laura, they're looking at me,” I complained as we pulled into a space at the edge of the beach.

“That's okay,” Laura said as she touched my hand. “You look good.” She smoothed my hair back over my shoulder. “Have you got pierced ears?” she asked.

“No,” I replied unnerved. “That's girls stuff.”

“Not any more,” Laura laughed. “Lots of guys wear gold hoops or studs these days. I think it looks sexy.”

“Not on me,” I answered.

“Is that a challenge?” Her eyes were bright, daring me to say anything.

“No, it's just my opinion,” I replied.

“Well, I like my man to have earrings, so that's what we'll do next.” She opened the car door and stood at the side. “Come on, there's a jeweler there across the street.”

I hesitated, then she came and opened my door. “Come on,” she demanded, taking my arm.

“I thought you had no money,” I said lamely.

“I don't, but I have my credit card,” she grinned.

“I don't think this is a good idea,” I protested as I was propelled across the street by Laura. She was talking loudly now, encouraging me so that everyone passing by could hear and figure out what we were talking about. I knew she had planned things this way, and I knew that I had no possible escape. I shriveled inside with embarrassment as we entered the jewelers. Before I knew it, I was seated in a rear booth while my ears were marked and, at Laura's direction, they were pierced. A gold hoop was inserted in each lobe. I watched them being pushed through the holes and felt the new weight. I

knew they were bigger than most men outside of rock bands wore. They certainly were not discreet.

“There, that didn't hurt at all,” Laura said. “There was no need to be so frightened.”

“Don't worry,” said the jeweler, handing Laura the receipt. “You'd be surprised how many ladies are afraid when they come in here. Once they have the first hole pierced they realize it's painless, and they usually come back so that they can wear several sets of earrings. It's as if they have to catch up by wearing more.”

“Is that so?” said Laura. “We'll probably be back soon then.”

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As we left the shop I felt violated, confused and shamed. Laura had made me do something I didn't want to do. Now here I was, standing beside her amongst lots of people, with big heavy gold hoops in my ears for all to see, a scarf tying back my hair, and worst of all, the jeweler had seemed to think we were two ladies. I was so shocked and confounded, I could not speak. Laura took my hand and began to lead me through the crowds.

“I can't believe what you've done,” I said, struggling to hold back a tear. “They thought I was a girl as we drove into town, then having my ears pierced, and now I'm wearing these and...” I could not continue. I was walking with Laura. She was holding my hand as we walked, and again I was conscious that my arm was raised to reach her hand. It was as if she was leading me. I felt confused.

Laura turned and walked to the railing which separated the beach from the promenade, then leaning back against it, turned to me. She took both my hands. “Look, I want this to be special. It is special for me, and I want you to enjoy being with me too,” she said quietly, looking into my eyes. “I meant what I said. I think earrings are sexy, they turn me on.”

She touched my ear and ran her finger around the lobe until it rested on the golden hoop. She gently made it move, and I felt its weight as if for the first time. There was a little tenderness where the post ran through my ear. It was not unpleasant, it was a new sensation, and as we stood there, I knew that if Laura liked it then it would remain there.

“I guess I'll have to get used to them,” I said weakly.

“You heard the man. In a week or so you'll have three or four sets, maybe more,” Laura said. “...I hope.”

Then she took my hand again and we walked on, more casually than before.

“Laura, why are they staring at us?” I asked.

“You're very fashionable,” she replied.

“I think I'm a bit too fashionable,” I said. “I think I look a bit, well, you know...too feminine. Dressed like this, with the scarf tied round my hair.”

“Not really,” Laura replied dismissively, not answering the question. “We're going here,” she announced and pulled me through a gate into the open air section of a res-

restaurant and bar which overlooked the beach. It was full of the most fabulous people, and clearly Laura was a regular customer the way the staff greeted her with smiles and friendly words. I wanted to hide, and was really grateful that there was no one there who could know me.

“This is my friend,” Laura said to the waiter. “We'll be coming in for the party next month together, and maybe some more times, so you treat my friend like you treat me.”

It made me nervous that she chose not to use my name. I felt my hand being taken and shaken warmly by a Hispanic man. “We'll be pleased to see you any time,” he said. “There's always a table for such a beautiful friend of Laura's.”

“It's on my tab whenever,” Laura said. “Is there a table now?”

“Anytime for our favorite investor,” he said, leading us towards the terrace overlooking the beach, where we sat facing each other across a small table. Orange drinks were served.

“I told you, I have ideas for this relationship,” Laura said. “If you want to get off, you can, but it'll be more fun if you stay.”

“I'm just not up to speed with you,” I said.

“If you catch up, I'll just have to race ahead of you,” Laura said, stroking the back of my hand and smiling into my eyes. “Go with me, don't analyze, just accept the moment. It's me you're with, not anyone who stops to stare at us.”

“I don't know, Laura. You have your post with tenure already, I've still to complete my doctorate, then get a career.”

“I promise I won't interfere with your study time,” Laura said. “And I can help far more than you realize.”

“But we're in completely different fields of study,” I pointed out.

“I know, but whereas you have to struggle for any extra computer time, I have unlimited access,” Laura replied. “And what's more, I have a computer link at home. You could maybe use the terminal in my study any time.”

“Do you really mean that?” I asked. Getting computer access was really difficult for me.

“Of course, just tell me when,” she reassured me. “That is, if this relationship doesn't hit the rocks just because I like my man to wear earrings for me. I told you, I don't go for macho any more.”

“I don't know how to take that,” I replied.

“Don't think about it. This is my relationship, I want to be in control. That's not a threat, just a statement. Are you strong enough to stay with me?” Laura challenged.

Before I could answer, we were served with food and wine. It was wonderful sitting there in the warmth of the late afternoon. I could never have afforded to be there by myself, and I felt the idea of being with Laura becoming more and more attractive, whatever her terms. After all, I was the man in the relationship, even if she was taller and older. I could still take control where it mattered.

The journey home was exciting. As promised, I was allowed to drive. And what a car. Once I got the feel of the acceleration and handling, I felt like a tiger. There was a car with two young men which gave us the eye at a stoplight. They made some remarks which made it obvious that they thought we were two women, but I hardly cared. I knew who I was, and I bet they were really sad when they found they could not keep up with me. Laura laughed as we drove, knowing the same things as I did.

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“They thought we were girls,” she said. “You never said a thing.”

“No, but we didn't drive like girls,” I said as we pulled into her garage after a long drive.

“I'm not sure how to take that remark,” Laura laughed, “but you certainly drive fast.”

“Sorry, it's such a wonderful car and I don't get to drive very often. I guess the power went to my head.”

“Like me, this afternoon when I made you get your ears pierced,” Laura reminded me. It was my turn to think just how I should take that remark.

“I guess I'd better go change,” I said. “I've got my computer time from six in the morning, so I'd better get back.”

“No, you don't escape so easily. You can go straight from here. You can use the guest room, or maybe somewhere else. Let's see what happens.”

She left me in the conservatory. I sat watching the sky darken and my reflection become clearer in the glass. My hair was still tied in the scarf with its bow, and the gold of the earrings danced as I moved. I rocked my head again and again just to watch and feel the sensation.

“I guess you're getting used to them.” Laura's voice startled me. How long had she been watching?

“I guess I'd better take them out and give them to you to keep before I leave,” I said, reaching to feel how the earring was fastened.

“No you don't,” Laura replied. “You mustn't disturb them for at least four weeks, or they'll be really sore. You have to let the holes heal open.”

She walked towards me, dressed in a low-cut baby doll, in ivory silk, with panties and high heeled mules to match. She towered over me, and I had to look up into her eyes. I knew I would have to do as she asked if she insisted.

“But I've got things to do, I can't hide for that length of time,” I protested.

“So do the things. No one will notice, lots of men wear earrings now. You're new in town. No one will notice, I promise.”

“But Laura, these are much heavier, much bigger than most men wear.”

“So what? Let your hair fall over them if you're embarrassed, but I bet no one notices at all. Trust me.”

Laura looked directly at me, willing me to agree.

“Okay, you're the boss,” I said, wanting to end the conversation, I knew when to give in.

“Now that's agreed, perhaps we can get to know each other better,” she said, holding out her hand to me.

Silently we went upstairs, into her bedroom where she slowly undressed me, then untied my hair. She sat me on her stool, with my back to the mirror. She pulled my hands over my head, and as I kept them raised I felt her slip something silky over my head and watched as she arranged the folds of a dark pink nightgown over my body. I sat there almost in a trance. I knew I should protest, but perhaps it was the earrings exerting some mysterious influence on me.

I was enjoying being seduced. This is what I should be doing to her was the thought that flashed through my mind, then a second thought: this is more delicious, give in. I did.

I wonder if she felt that I was having these thoughts, and knew which would win. She did nothing to break the spell, she did not speak, accepting my compliance. Silently, except for the gentle hiss of the nozzle, she sprayed a light lavender perfume around my neck, then brushed my hair smoothly over my shoulders. Satisfied, she took my hand and led me to her bed.

As I walked, I felt the dress brushing against my thighs and heard the gentle rustle of the material as she gently pushed me to the bed. I knew her role was the one I should be playing, but I could not break the spell. In my mind, I knew I was playing the girl's part. I lay back, and felt her mounting me, climbing over me. I felt the cold chill as her heels dug into my thighs, and as she lowered herself to me, I knew instinctively what she wanted my tongue to do.

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I'd never had much experience with girls, and I guess even if I had it would all have been useless that night. Laura knew the things she wanted and knew how to make me do some of them without direction. Where I was lacking, she told me exactly what to do. Even when I was exhausted, she urged me on, draining me, never letting me have a moment to rest or think. I was there solely to do whatever she wanted. I cannot remember falling asleep, but I do remember being woken up by shaking. I felt sore and awkward. I was unable to look directly at Laura; whatever could she think of me, allowing myself to be so used? I need not have worried.

“That was a wonderful evening,” she said gently. “We shall do it again, next time it will be more enjoyable, I promise.” She watched me struggling into my own clothes.

“The car's waiting outside. I'll call you later.”

With that I was dismissed, and by the time the car deposited me outside the computer suite, I was doing my best to be wide awake and ready for my research.

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“Well, how did it go?” Susan was bursting with curiosity.

“It went fine,” Laura said. “He was more than a little in awe of me from the start, so it was easy to push him along.”

“So how feminine is he now?” Susan asked.

“It's not like that yet,” Laura admitted. “I got his ears pierced, and insisted on big ear rings. He's going to be reminded of me every time they impinge on his consciousness. He'll be self-conscious for a while too, but it will wear off, and that will set him up for the next step.”

“Can I see him?” Susan asked. “After all, if I'm going to do your research, I need to see the project.”

“If you really mean that, I'll arrange it,” Laura said. “The library will tell me which computer he has allocated and the times.”

“I wouldn't miss this for the world.” Susan thought she could get to enjoy watching Laura turn this young man into a wife.

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During the next few days, I worked through my allotted time and was really getting somewhere. It was a productive time, interrupted only when I had to give up the library computer to the next student. It was frustrating, and it was at that moment that I decided to think seriously about Laura's offer to use hers. I knew that she had been in control that night, but then it never occurred to me that her control could take me where I would be unable to make decisions for myself. After all, I was the man.

When Laura had not called me that day, or the next, I began to wonder what was going on. I called her office but left no message. I didn't have her home number and when I asked for it the office said they were not allowed to give it out. I called again the next day, and the day after that, but all they would say was that she was not available.

Meantime, Laura was proved right. No one noticed my earrings, and gradually my self-consciousness about them subsided to the point where they seemed to be a part of me. I almost forgot about them, but wearing them made me look at other people's ear rings too. Mine were the biggest worn by a man, bigger and heavier by a long way. It wasn't just that they had a bigger diameter, but they were thicker gold. I saw what the girls were wearing, and understood what the jeweler had meant. Lots of them had multiple pierces with two, three or more sets of rings. Some were horrible, cheap plastic things which looked wrong, others were gold and silver, with diamonds and other stones which looked real, although perhaps they were fakes. I saw lots of girls with a single ring high on the fold of the ear lobe, and guessed that this was the latest style.

I got another computer period the following Friday, and again worked productively until my time was up. I still had not heard from Laura. I was worried that she had dumped me. The thought saddened me and amused me at the same time. I was afraid of her using me, but I was more afraid that she wasn't going to use me again. What did it all mean? Having nothing else to do, I wandered across the campus to see if her car

was parked anywhere near her faculty building, but it was not. I went into the nearest phone booth and called her office. They told me she would be back, but they did not know when. I had nothing to do, and went to stand where I could see the parking lot and the building entrance.

To my surprise, the little sports car was there. It had not been there earlier, and I wondered how I had missed her arrival. I walked back to the faculty building, but by now it had been closed and locked for the week end. I had a dilemma. If I walked back to a telephone, she could leave and I would miss her. The alternative was to wait near the car, but it was starting to rain. I decided to stand there; after all, there was no one else hanging around in the building on a Friday evening. I knew she would be out soon.

By the time Laura appeared, I was thoroughly soaked. She saw me, did a double take and laughed. She wore gray pants that may even have been tighter than her white jeans. Her shirt was white, and again bared her midriff.

“So that's why you weren't answering your phone,” she said. “You're soaked, why didn't you come in?”

“The building was locked and I didn't want to miss you,” I replied. “You didn't call all week.”

“I told you I'd call,” she replied. “I've had a lot to do this week, and I told you I tried to call you just now.”

She stepped into the car, then opened the passenger door. “Are you going to get in?”

“I'm wet,” I said, stating the obvious as I eased myself into the seat. “Can we pass my place, I'd like to change?”

“Oh, just come with me, I'll find you something dry,” Laura said as we roared across the campus. “I enjoyed our last weekend, and I decided I wanted to enjoy this one more, so I've made a few preparations.”

“Am I going to like them?”

“You will,” Laura assured me, then added, “at least when you get used to them you will.”

She drove furiously, jumping lights, barely stopping at junctions, as if she were afraid that I would leap out of the car. Nervous as I was, I also had a feeling of anticipation.

We pulled into the drive and she operated the garage doors, revving the engine with impatience. As soon as the door was open sufficiently, we were inside and the door was closing again. She kissed me roughly. I tasted her lipstick briefly, then she was out of the car, and opening my door for me to follow.

“Get out of those wet things,” she demanded as soon as we were in the warmth of the house. “Right now, I'll get a robe.”

I did as I was told, and almost at once she was back, holding out a deep green silk robe for me to step into. She pointed to the boxer shorts which I still wore and gestured with her eyebrow. I knew she wanted them off as well.

“I'd prefer to keep them on,” I said.

“No you wouldn't,” she said, inviting me to be submissive to her. I wrapped the robe around myself, then with her watching, I modestly slipped out of the shorts and let them fall to the floor. She gathered all my clothes into a bag, then opened the door into the garage and tossed them into the darkness. “You won't need those again,” she said.

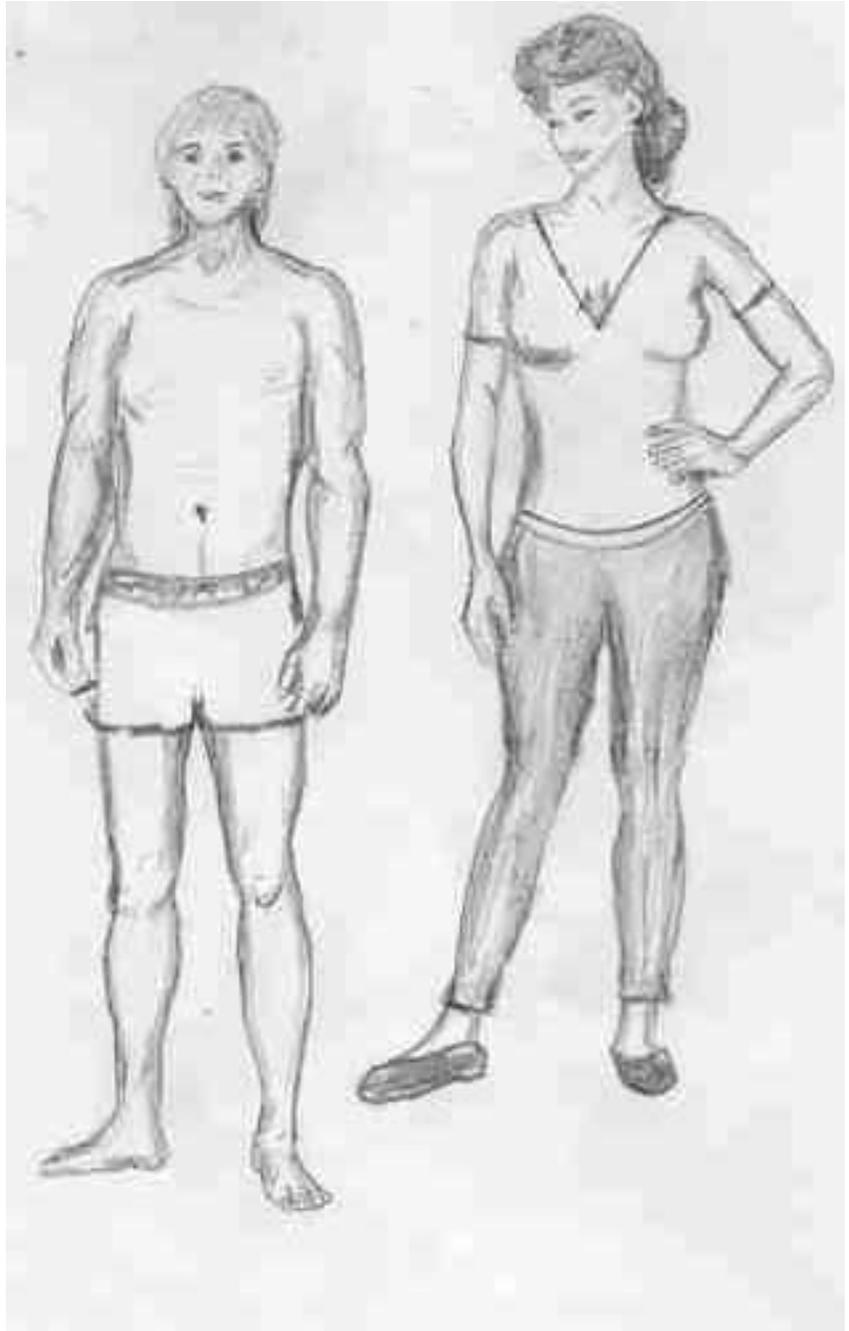
“Let's go upstairs into the bathroom,” she said, “I want you to take a special bath for me.”

“What's special about it?” I asked.

“Wait and see. I told you I'd made some decisions for this weekend. You just have to enjoy,” she replied as she ran ahead of me up the stairs. By the time I entered the bathroom, the large sunken tub was already starting to fill with water, and I could smell the lavender scent of the oils she poured in.

“Disrobe,” she commanded. “Let me tie your hair out of the way, then I want to rub some cream into your skin to soften it all.”

I did as she asked and then stood as she spread a strong smelling white cream all over my body. She used some surgical gloves as she did so, spreading it everywhere, from the beard area of my face, to my feet, and even into my pubic hairs. Before she finished, I could feel the cream warming itself over my skin. It started as a pleasant sensation, but soon got quite strong.



“This is uncomfortable.” I complained.

“It's just for a few minutes more,” she said. “Keep still, try not to feel it.”

“How do I do that?”

“You think pleasant thoughts,” Laura replied. “Just think how much you enjoyed last time you were here.”

“I wasn't being burned alive then.”

“Right, you can get into the shower and wash all that off, then into the bath.”

I did not need to be told twice. I ran into the shower and let the water wash over me. It was a luxury shower with the water jetting onto my body from the sides as well as the top. The jets moved and massaged me as I closed my eyes and allowed the water to soothe the tension which had been building in me.

“The shampoo and conditioner are in there on the shelf,” Laura called, breaking my reverie. “When you've used them come and soak in the tub.”

I opened my eyes and reached for the bottle and massaged the shampoo through my hair, hurrying to join her. I used too much conditioner and massaged it in quickly, leaving it only for a moment before rinsing it off. I turned off the water and stepped out to go towards the tub, feeling my nakedness. Then I stopped. Not only was I naked, but there was not a hair on my body. It was a strange sight: no hairs on my legs, nor did I have any pubic hair. I began to panic.

“Get in here, you'll get cold,” Laura's voice broke into my thoughts which were beginning to race away. There was something about her tone. Meekly I stepped into the tub and sat down. I watched as she poured two glasses of white wine, then accepted one from her. She raised her glass to mine in a silent toast.

“That cream,” I started, “it's taken off all my hair”

“I told you I'd made some decisions about the weekend,” she said. “Do you want to know what they are?” I could feel her hand slowly sliding up my thigh. It wasn't helping my concentration at all.

“Do I have any choice?” I knew the answer, but I had to ask.

“Yes, you do,” she answered. “I told you I wanted to be in control. If you want to go, just say so. It's my game, you don't have to play. But if you do, I won't do anything if you say it's not acceptable. By the way, you won't have to shave for a while, whatever you decide.”

Her gaze was intent, an unblinking stare into my eyes. “If you ask me now, you're in control,” I said.

“Right, that's good.” Her voice was soothing, her eyes reassuring. “Just relax, that's the decision made, it's all easy.” She poured more wine into our glasses.

“It feels easy,” I heard myself saying as I sipped the wine. “What do you want me to do?”

“Nothing, just let me create a new you,” Laura said. “You gave me the idea last week, or rather helped me to crystallize one that had been floating around my mind.”

“What did I do?” I couldn't think of anything significant.

“You let me dress you. You let me tie your hair back. You let me fit your earrings. Remember, I told you that I didn't want another macho relationship. It's more than just wanting to be in control. I've been thinking how I'd like to have a girlfriend the way men have wanted me to be. I'm not a lesbian, so I want a man to be my girlfriend. That's what we're going to do this week end.”

“I don't understand.”

“It's simple,” she continued. “Think about your ideal girlfriend. She's pretty, she's there for you, she makes you feel good. You buy her things, she appreciates it. It's part of the game you play when you're together.”

“That's it?” I asked.

“There's a lot more to being a girlfriend than that,” Laura said. “She spends hours getting ready, dresses in the latest fashion, has her hair styled and colored, her nails extended, then drools over the next bit of jewelry you give her. She's a trophy, a delight, a minx and a friend. She's there for you in the night, she always smells sweet. You do silly things together. She grumbles when you smudge her make up, then smears her lipstick all over you. There's lots of things men get out of their girlfriends. I've been there, done that, even got the tee shirt to prove it. Now I want to be on the other side, and I've chosen you.” She paused, then said softly, “If you don't get out now, it may be too late.”

She said the last bit so softly that it hardly registered. My mind was spinning from trying to absorb all that she had said. Was I to fill that role? It seemed impossible.

“It's too late to get off,” she said. “Do you understand what that means?”

“I think I do.” Events were going faster than my brain could accommodate.

“It means that from this moment on, you are going to be totally non-macho,” Laura said. “You're male, but you're my girlfriend. I'm in control. Can you handle it?”

“What do I have to handle?” I asked, still not really comprehending all the implications of what Laura was saying.

“As we go on, darling, I'd like you to handle less and less, for a while anyway. I want you to be my trophy girl, a bit air headed, a bit of a bimbo. Just play the game with me.”

“Okay. I'm all yours.”

“Good. You can move in here eventually, whenever you decide it's time. I'll get you a room cleared and everything ready for you.”

“What about my books, my research?” I protested. “I need time. I've got my material, I need to write and cross check everything. I need a couple of months to finish the dissertation.”

“I've already thought of that. There'll be no problems with the library. As for your books and papers, if you like, they can go into the second study. There's a computer there, unrestricted, so you can use that if you want to work from the house. If you do,

remember what you've committed yourself to. You're my girl now, no changing back for anything."

"But I'm not female," I said, suddenly seeing the problem.

"No, darling, you're not female, and you're not going to be," Laura said softly, as if explaining to a particularly stupid child. "What you are is my girlfriend. That's a description of your role, not your sex. You're going to think and act girlfriend, all the time. We've started to change the way you look already. It will take a while to change everything, and get everything right, but you're going to look the part. Only you and I will know the truth."

"You can't do that," I said. "It's impossible."

"You're not thinking straight," Laura said. "I'm in control, I decide if it's impossible. Trust me., hold out your left hand."

I did so, and she slowly massaged a little oil into my fingers. Then she reached behind her and pulled a soft cloth bag from the side of the tub. She put her hand inside and pulled out what seemed like a pile of glittering rings, golden and sparkling in the light. She sorted through them, placing them across her palm.

"These are a little on the small side, but the oil will allow them to slip on. Watch how your whole hand changes as I put them on, imagine it becoming a girl's hand." Her voice soothed and fascinated me at the same time. "The first ring's going on now. You can tell me to stop if you want to."

I knew I should stop her, but then again I didn't want to. I was fascinated to be so taken over. She pushed a plain gold band, quite heavy and wide, onto my ring finger. I looked at it, then at her, moving my hand to feel the difference. She took my hand again and pushed it under the water where I could not see what she was doing. She gripped my hand gently while she selected the ring she wanted, then I felt her again pushing it over my knuckle. She did this four more times, not allowing me to see my hand until she had finished.

"Now you can look," she announced.

I raised my hand to the surface and held it out. It didn't quite look like my hand now. The rings were definitely not the kind any man would wear. My ring finger held four, including a glittering diamond and ruby creation that if it were real, must have cost as much as the sports car. My middle finger wore a simple ring with a single white stone which shone and glittered in the light. I flexed my fingers, feeling the resistance against the knuckles. I touched them with my other hand, aligning the stones, feeling that they were tight. I knew they would be too tight to remove.

"They're for protection," Laura said. "A display like that says you're not available; at least it should, but you'll find some men can't read the signs."

Then, without speaking, Laura took my other hand. She looked into my eyes as she did so, almost inviting me to object. I watched as she took just two rings, the remaining two, and then allowed her to slip one onto my right ring finger, and the last one onto my right middle finger. I looked and saw the middle one was almost identical to

the other hand while the ring finger wore a confection of what looked like diamonds and sapphires.

“They're real, all of them,” she said. “I want you to wear them for me always. You've no choice really though. They'll have to be cut to get them off. Now let's get you out of here.”

It seemed like I had been in the hot tub for ages; in reality it was little more than twenty minutes. But a lot had changed in that time. I was no longer sure of what was going on. I stepped out and wrapped a towel round my waist. Laura returned to me, took it off again, then refastened it under my arms.

“Learn to do everything like a good girl,” she admonished.

“Laura, I'm not sure about all this. I mean, it's a bit sudden,” I protested weakly.

“Well, one of us has to take the lead,” she said. “Stay the weekend with me and then see how you feel. I've got it all planned, and I really don't want to miss any part of it. You can go back to your room on Sunday evening, think about what you want to do after you've had a few days. Let's just have the weekend, okay?”

“Okay,” I agreed. “But I'm going to finish my dissertation before I think about moving in.”

Laura just smiled and changed the subject. She spoke quietly to me, but all the time she was leading me from the bathroom into one of the bedrooms. The bed was covered in bags and boxes and there were more on the floor. She took me in her arms, and I forgot about protesting any further.

“Let's get you dressed for the evening,” Laura said, taking charge of me as if she were talking to a child. “I've got all these lovely things, and I can't wait to see how they look on you.”

“All this is for me?” I gasped.

“If we're going to play dress-up, we're going to do it all the way,” she replied lightly. “I know what I want, I've just got to convince you that it's what you want too. I'd never do that if you ended up looking and feeling like an old librarian.”

“Right, I'm in your hands until Sunday evening,” I decided. “What do I have to do?”

“Just watch everything, and do as I tell you,” Laura said.

“When you're dressed, I'll take you through to my dressing room and we'll start make up and hair. You're not allowed to look until I've finished, though.”

It felt really strange as I allowed Laura to dress me. I stepped into ivory colored panties which bulged at the front, until she put her hand in and tucked everything back.

I was smoother as the lycra took control. I felt stupid as I held out my arms to allow bra straps to slide up to my shoulders, and as I stood there and looked into the mirror, I struggled to understand what I had allowed myself to get into. I suppressed a forbidden feeling of excitement.

“This is a garter belt,” Laura explained as she got my attention again. She fastened it behind my back. “These tabs hold your stockings up,” she continued, “and you put

them inside your panties. That way you can get to the toilet without a major undressing. The stockings just roll up your legs and fasten easily. How does that feel?"

"Quite good," I admitted, and as I looked down my manhood rose despite the tight panties. It stood out most prominently.

"I'll have to do something about that." Laura looked mischievously into my eyes. "It spoils the line of your clothes."

Before I could react, she wrapped some fabric around her hand and started to massage me firmly and steadily. In my excited state, I could neither resist nor delay the inevitable. It left me feeling quite weak and disoriented as I realized just how I had been controlled, almost disciplined. Laura, on the other hand, was totally calm and used the soft fabric to shield her hand as she pushed me limply back inside the lycra.

"I guessed that would happen," she assured me. "Now you should be able to control yourself while we finish getting you ready."

I stepped into loose trousers made of a soft material, in a deep, dark red color, and gasped at just how tight the waist held me. I made no complaint, and then raised my arms again as a matching top which just reached the waist was slipped over my head. It had thin straps and would have concealed my chest had I anything there to show. Finally, Laura had me sit as she fastened black shoes around my feet. They were of a mottled leather, with low heels which nonetheless felt very different as I stood and tried to walk in them.

"I don't really look the same shape," I said as I watched my reflection in the mirror. "The head's still mine, but the body looks as if it's not."

"I'm going to fix that very soon," Laura replied. "I bet you're not feeling anything bad at all right now."

"No," I admitted. "I'm rather intrigued about what you're going to do next."

"Come with me." Laura led me out of the bedroom, through the house. I took the stairs very slowly as I placed my feet carefully on each step, afraid the new heels would send me into a heap at the bottom if I were less than careful.

"You'll soon be used to heels," she said. "You'll be able to do anything in them once you've had a little practice."

"I don't know how girls walk in them," I grumbled. "I've always liked the sights and the sounds of high heels, but even with these I'm uncomfortable."

"You forget that girls start practicing in high heels when they're about five years old, maybe less. They borrow their mothers shoes, and by the time you're ogling the legs passing by, they've had years of practices. It's like learning to ride a bicycle. It's just a skill which can be acquired with a little effort."

We walked into a small room between the kitchen and the garage entrance. It was set out like a hairdressing salon for one customer, with a couple of sinks, mirrors, hair dryers, and everything I'd ever seen in such places.

"This is the vanity room," Laura announced. "I had it installed because I usually get the hair dresser and the manicurist to come here. I'm too busy to get normal appoint-

ments. I hated letting them into my bedroom, so when I was designing the house, I had this room included.”

“It looks pretty complete,” I replied.

“How would you know?” Laura chided. “Now come here and get your hair washed.”

She indicated that I should sit and lean back into a sink. I felt her untie my pony tail and wet my hair with a hand held spray. The shampoo was sweet smelling, as was the conditioner which followed it. We said nothing as she worked, the splashing water effectively drowning out any conversation. Eventually I was finished, and with a towel wrapped tightly around my wet hair, I was asked to sit in a straight back chair which had been turned back to the mirror.

“Why can't I watch?” I asked.

“Then you'd know all my secrets,” Laura said. “Then what would I do? Actually, you'll have to learn all this, but this time I just want you to see the results.”

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We talked generally as she worked. I felt her combing my hair through and applying some lotion before she wound it around big rollers. We talked about our favorite books. We talked films, as she seemed to take ages before all my hair was done. It was wrapped in a light scarf which held all the rollers firmly to my head.

“You have to sit under this drier,” Laura directed. “It will take at least half an hour for your hair to dry. Stay there, I'm going to get some things from upstairs. You can read these magazines.”

Then I was left alone, feeling very strange now that I had time to think. The drier whirred and blew, sending the sweet scent of the hair products everywhere. I looked at the magazines and recognized popular women's titles. I thumbed through them idly, taking in the pages of fashion, hair and make up. I passed quickly over the articles on men; after all, I was one despite this game. Then Laura was back, testing the hair and pronouncing it dry.

“This is where the transformation really takes place,” she said as I sat once more with my back to the mirror. I felt the chair rising and reclining. “Just relax and do what I tell you. If you think it's like being at the dentist, then I'll admit it, this is a dentist's chair. It's the most convenient for a make up artist I was told, so I got one.”

“Are you a make up artist as well as a hair dresser?”

“No, but despite my career I've always been interested in things which get sneered at as girls stuff. I've always loved make up and looking good. I look after my hair carefully, and in college I used to do all my friends hair styles when they went on dates. I'm good, very good, but you'll have to decide if I'm an artist as well.”

She took my head in her hands and slowly turned it, studying my features intently. “This may hurt a little,” she said, taking some tweezers towards my eyebrows.

“Hey, you're not taking my eye brows off!” I protested. “I still have to go to class myself.”

“Don't worry,” Laura assured me. “I'm just going to take away the ragged edges, just a few from underneath to open up your eye lids.”

Then she started, pausing now and again to look from left to right, constantly changing her side of work. The conversation drifted through favorite foods, favorite places. I talked while Laura made short replies as she continued working. I suddenly realized that she had been plucking away for a long time, far longer than I thought would be necessary for just a little opening of the eye lid. I challenged her.

“Yes, I'm almost finished,” she said. “I couldn't get it quite even, so I have taken just a little more time than I intended. But don't worry, it's going to look really good when I'm finished. I got a bit distracted as we were talking.”

“Please be careful,” I pleaded as she plucked away some more. “Please stop now. I don't want to look too different on Monday.”

“I'm being careful,” Laura snapped. “You'd complain more if I left you now, one side is finished and quite beautiful. The other's still like a bush in comparison. You'd really look odd if I didn't finish, so stop protesting and keep still.”

I did as instructed. Concentration took over her face as she plucked a final few hairs, then she stood back, looked carefully, and pronounced herself satisfied with her work.

“That's going to look really good when you've got your make up on,” she said.

“I don't have to wear make up as well, do I?”

“Of course you do,” Laura chided. “All girls love to wear make up. They love to play with it and create different looks as their mood changes. I'll do it for you, of course, but I expect you to practice so that you'll be able to do it yourself and surprise me with different looks.”

“I never knew there was so much when I agreed to this...”

“It's not much to ask,” Laura said, stroking the side of my face. “It's just as I told you: I want you to be my girl. I want it so much, and I want you to be excited to be my girl as well. It's no good if I have to force you.”

She continued to look into my eyes and her caress became more tender. Again I felt my manhood stirring. Laura noticed it too.

“There, you're enjoying yourself,” she said. “I'll just deal with that for you.”

Once again she took over, using her hands to stimulate me again to climax. This time it was more deliberate, more demanding. I knew what she was doing and I could feel her willing me to surrender what control I had to her. I knew I was doing just that as my mind slipped out of gear and I felt only the sensation of her hands working me until I was spent.

“Now that's over, you're going to behave like a good girl while I do your make up,” Laura said gently, breaking into my reverie. “I've let you have your pleasure, so now you're going to let me enjoy creating my girl, aren't you?”

Breathlessly I agreed and relaxed contentedly as she began to work on my face.

“I’m going to tell you what I’m doing, even though you can’t watch. That way some of this will stick in your mind, so that when you do it yourself you’ll remember something.”

“I’m still not sure that I’ll be doing it myself,” I said.

“Don’t worry, darling, I know you will.”

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The session started in earnest. She worked quickly and delighted my senses as sponges and brushes caressed my skin.

She worked around my eyes for ages, using several shades of shadow, eye liner and then mascara, which she applied in several coats. My lips took just as much attention, as they were outlined with a pencil, then colored with a brush. Another pencil was stroked across my eye brows, and I feared there was nothing left there. My fear of what I would find lessened as anticipation grew. I wanted to see what I had become.

Laura began removing the rollers from my hair, and I could feel the strands falling about my shoulders in a familiar manner. Nothing appeared to have changed there, I thought, as she took a brush and comb. I felt her tugging and combing, teasing and arranging my hair, then she was spraying it all over with a scented holding spray.

“This is the new you,” she said. “You are now my girlfriend for the first time.”

She turned the chair in which I was sitting and allowed me to look into the mirror. I wondered where I was at first glance, then I noticed that there was a girl there who was doing exactly as I was doing. She was me, or rather, I was her. I was shocked at how feminine I had become. My hair was the first surprise. Whereas I had worn it in a pony tail, it now cascaded and shone across my shoulders and down my back in shiny waves. I shook my head and the hair moved sensuously against my skin, remaining in its new style.

I stood hesitantly in my high shoes and stepped closer to the mirror. The face was mine, yet was so altered that I would not have recognized it had I been shown a photograph.

The skin was soft and feminine. The eyes and lips were made up subtly, yet there was no pretense that the shades were natural. My eyes were dark and lined; the mascara made the lashes enormous. My lips were a deep brownish shade, which matched my hair. I could have fallen for the girl I saw in the mirror, and the realization that this was how Laura wanted me came forcefully to my mind.

“I can’t call you Alan any more, darling,” she said, taking my hand to lead me up the stairs. “What would you like to be called? I think it must be something ultra feminine and frivolous.”

“Do I have to decide now?” I asked. “My mind is on other things.”

“I should hope it is.” Laura gave me a wickedly seductive look as we entered her bedroom.

Once again she took over, directing me, demanding and commanding, as we came together that evening. If anything, she was more directive than she had been that first time, as if she knew what I could do, and wanted to refine the things I did. If the thought that I should be the one doing the seducing crossed my mind, it didn't linger long enough to register. I was once again in the female role, and was surprised at the thoughts that I did have. I remember thinking that my hair would be tangled as I writhed across the bed, that my make up would be smudged and worn as I used my tongue to pleasure her. I felt her nakedness across my hands, and knew as I did so that the rings I wore would be scratching as I gripped and clenched in the ecstasy of the moment. Then we were spent and collapsed together into sleep.

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I awoke alone in Laura's room. I was naked and disoriented as I looked round. I raised a hand to rub the sleep from my eyes and saw the rings again. I touched them and turned them across my fingers. They were tight and the skin had swollen underneath them. I tugged gently at each in turn, but I knew they were fixed there. I could not move them over my knuckle at all. I wondered what I could do on Monday, when I had to get back to my studies.

"I thought you'd like to wear these."

Laura breezed into the bedroom before my thoughts developed any further. "It's a good day for a sun dress, so I thought you could try one when we go out."

"I'm not going out in a dress," I protested.

"Yes you are," Laura said firmly. "What's the point of me having a girlfriend if I can't take her out and show off."

"I'm not female," I said.

"I told you, girlfriend is your role, not your sex," Laura clucked. "Besides, no one will know or care what you are today. They'll just think you look good."

"I'm not sure I can cope with that." Doubts about my sanity were becoming stronger.

"Yes you can," Laura assured me. "I'll cope with it for you. All you have to do is let me get you ready, then look pretty. It would help if you'd try to talk in a higher register as well. Girls aren't as gruff as you, even the ones with husky voices."

I protested no more as I was pulled playfully out of bed and pushed towards the bathroom.

"I don't have any beard," I said in surprise as I rubbed my chin. Normally I have something to shave, even though it's always been a little sparse.

"No, you won't," Laura replied. "It's the depilatory from yesterday, remember? It took care of your beard for the near future. A beard would spoil your foundation."

I looked again: there was no trace of any hair on my face. Then I turned to the shower and allowed the water to massage me back to life. I would like to say that it massaged me back to my senses, but it didn't. I secretly liked the idea of being di-

rected by Laura, and the sense of anticipation overcame my natural caution. By the time I was wrapping myself in a towel, I had no doubts or fears left.

I followed Laura to the room where my transformation had taken place and made no protest as she dried my hair and tied it back with a deep red scarf. My ponytail was much higher on my head than I had ever worn it. I watched this time as the make up was artfully applied. It was lighter today, only the mascara was as heavy as the night before.

With a final dusting of powder I was finished. I sat in fascination as Laura pulled some strands of hair from my ponytail and allowed them to fall at either side of my face. She twisted them, then sprayed them before allowing them to fall.

“You'll love the sun dress I've got you,” Laura said, leading me up the stairs again. “It's a wonderfully flattering style, with such a short skirt that you'll get lots of attention.”

“I'd rather not have attention today,” I replied. “Other than yours, of course.”

She giggled at that, and we chatted easily as she helped me into panties, then a bra. She stood back and looked critically at my shape.

“I thought as much,” she said. “You bulge in the wrong place and don't bulge in right places. Luckily, I thought of that.” She opened a drawer and removed a pale pink garment. “This is called a gaff. It holds your male bits out of the way.”

I stepped into it and winced as Laura pulled it up tightly around my waist. I felt her hand pulling back my manhood and massaging my private parts backwards and upwards. The pain was indescribable, bringing tears to my eyes as everything seemed to move at once, and the gaff was secured.

“You'll have to sit down like all the girls while you're wearing that, but you'll soon get used to it. I'm reliably informed,” she announced as I struggled to stand. I didn't ask her to elaborate on her sources of information. I couldn't speak.

The panties were pronounced to be a good fit, and then I was shocked again as two breast forms were pushed into the empty cups of the bra. The weight on my chest felt strange, and as I looked down the shape seemed to have a life of its own. It didn't seem like me. The summer print dress which followed was every bit as flattering and revealing as Laura had promised. Its neckline was scooped and simple, but as modest as the dress was short. I remember looking in the mirror after she helped me into shoes with three inch heels.

I could hardly stand, let alone walk, but I knew my legs looked good.

“We're ready to go,” Laura announced as I struggled to walk across the room. “We can eat out whenever we get hungry.”

“I can't walk,” I said in desperation. The pain between my legs was subsiding a little, but the height of the heels was impossible. “Can I have some flat shoes, please?”

“All right,” Laura agreed, much to my surprise. She pointed to some shoes on the floor of the dressing room. “Those will match. But look in the mirror! The height of those heels makes your legs look stunning. Just wait until they're tanned and deep golden brown. You'll turn every head on the beach.”

"I'll settle for walking for now," I replied, kicking off the heels and pulling on the flats.

We drove out of the garage in the big four wheel drive. Laura handled it like it was just a tiny car. As we approached the coast, she pulled into a parking area and operated the electric roof. It folded away into its recess in the vehicle body. We rubbed sun lotion onto each other, then set off again, with me at the wheel.

Driving through the town, I knew why Laura had insisted that I drive. I could see the looks which were directed at me. I could hear the shouts and whistles as the boys drove past in their customized sedans and convertibles. We sat high above them in the Jeep, and I had to concentrate on the road. I had no option but to continue, and could not allow myself the luxury of feeling embarrassed or frightened. Once I pulled off the road into the parking lot it was a different story, and I started to shake with fear.

"Come on," Laura urged as she jumped onto the path. "The sea looks wonderful today."

"Wait," I called, but it was too late. She was already walking towards the steps down to the beach. If I hesitated, she would be out of sight.

Taking my failing courage in hand, I stepped out, kept my head down, and followed as fast as I dared. Luckily, I still had the flats on my feet, but I could feel the dress blowing around my thighs as I tried to hurry. I knew too that I had to avoid drawing attention to myself, and with my eyes firmly fixed on the spot where I had last seen Laura, I forced myself to slow down and walk casually after her. She was waiting for me at the bottom of the steps.

"What did you do that for?" I hissed at her.

"Let's walk," she smiled down at me and again I was so conscious that she was so much taller than I. "It's so pleasant to walk along the beach," she said, taking my arm in hers. "Look up and watch everyone, they're here to have fun, nothing sinister."

"But they're looking at me," I said, blushing self consciously.

"That's what most of the boys come her for," Laura said quietly. "They come to look at the girls."

"I know, but I'm not one. Have you forgotten?"

"Just walk," Laura said. "Take it calmly. They'll see what you want them to see. Behave like a girl, and they'll see a girl. If you fuss and draw attention to yourself, they'll have more reason to scrutinize you."

"I can't."

"Yes you can. You look right, just like we're two sisters, and you're the younger... Now walk, take small steps, look as if you're meant to be here," Laura admonished.

Slowly as we walked, I felt that I was calming. Laura talked, but I could not tell you what she said. I muttered single word responses now and again as if I were listening, but for the first minutes I was totally unable to concentrate. Then almost as if by magic, I felt easier. I lifted my head and my eyes. I felt the wind taking my hair gently across my shoulders, brushing the straps of my dress in a sensuous silky touch. I

heard the sea and watched the people. Sure, I was getting glances, but there was nothing to say they were registering anything other than what was apparent. They were looking at two girls.

We walked out to the edge of the tide, where we removed our shoes and walked with our toes in the water as it lapped in and out. We ignored the obvious pick up lines shouted from the beach games and the lounging sun worshippers with their towels and gleaming, muscled bodies. I looked at them, haughtily perhaps, but I was taking a little revenge upon them, because guys like that took all the attention and I had no chance competing with them. Up to now that was.

“Now you've calmed, are you ready to eat something,” Laura asked gently.

“Yes, I'd like that,” I replied, and we began to walk back towards the road.

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We walked to the same restaurant where we had eaten the week before, and to my horror, the same man was waiting at the door. I saw a flicker of recognition in his eye as he looked firstly at Laura then at me. He took her hand, spoke, then kissed her on both cheeks, the way fashionable people seem to do. Then he was shaking my hand and kissing my cheeks.

“It's lovely to see you again so soon,” he continued in accented English, showing us to a table in the center of the restaurant, on the terrace overlooking the beach. He continued to look at me as Laura inquired about the chef's special dish of the day. I knew he was seeing through my disguise, wondering, trying to work it out.

“I forgot to introduce you,” I heard Laura say. “This is my cousin, Lisa. She'll be staying with me for a few months, researching at the University.”

“Pleased to meet you,” the waiter said, shaking my hand, then kissing my cheek again. I muttered something in response.

“Your cousin is our partner here, so you're welcome any time, as she is. I'll bring you our specials, on the house,” he said, then made a small bow and departed.

“Where did 'Lisa' come from?” I asked.

“Well, you didn't chose anything, I could hardly introduce you as Frank, could I?” Laura smiled sweetly across the table at me and took my hand. “Now you're stuck with my choice. It just came to me. Laura and Lisa. It's believable that parents would pick names like that.”

“Okay, but let's eat and go back. I don't think Lisa's nerves are good for much longer,” I begged.

Before she could answer, the wine arrived and she held my eyes with an amused look of power as we waited for the bottle to be opened for us. She tasted, then our glasses were filled. Laura raised her glass to me, I touched it with mine, then we drank a toast to Laura and Lisa.

The meal was good and light, crisp and fresh. I was not used to eating anything more than the cheapest junk in the supermarket. I could get used to this even if I had to dress up to get it, I thought as we walked back to the car.

“You enjoyed that,” Laura was reading my mind.

“Yes, I admit it,” I replied. “It was a wonderful treat, thank you.”

“Stick with me, kid,” Laura mimicked. “There's plenty more treats in store.”

She insisted that I drive back. In a way I was grateful because it gave me something to do. I did not have to look around as I would have done from the passenger seat. I could watch without blushing. I could ignore the boys' shouts as they pulled level with us in the traffic as we followed the road back out of town. Laura watched me trying to be cool as I drove, not speaking other than to tell me where to turn. On the open road I relaxed and let the Jeep drive itself gently back to Laura's home, where I operated the automatic door and parked in the garage.

“That was easy,” Laura remarked as we walked out of the garage. “You're learning fast.”

“But I'm not moving in,” I insisted. “Don't ask me until the dissertation is finished.”

“Okay,” Laura said slowly. “But when will that be?”

“The first draft should be ready for submission in three or four weeks,” I admitted.

“Well, we'll just have to see what happens then,” she replied.

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We sat outside until the sun set and the heat of the day dissipated into the evening. Then Laura took my hand and again we went into her bedroom where her knowledge of what she wanted amazed me once again. I responded as she moved, taking her corrections and moved as she eased herself around me. She was the aggressor once again, I the submissive, yet it was totally wonderful, totally overwhelming.

Next morning I must have slept in. When I awoke, I was alone. I looked for my own clothes, but naturally they were no where to be seen, neither were the clothes I had worn the previous day, so I pulled on a silken robe which I guessed had been left on a chair for me to find. I walked downstairs, following the smell of fresh coffee into the kitchen.

“Hello, sleepy head,” Laura greeted me cheerfully. “Are you ready for another day of Lisa.”

“Yes,” I answered. “But please, let it be a little easier than yesterday. I was really frightened that I'd be spotted as a fake.”

“Not with me you wouldn't,” Laura assured me. “Anyway, today is a lazy day. I've some work to complete for next week, so I thought we could work on our suntans together in the garden.”

“That sounds great,” I said, looking out at the clear sky and the lounge chairs already waiting on the patio.

"I'm thinking of building a pool out there," Laura said. "I hesitated because I didn't think I'd stay here on my own, but now... We'll talk about it later, but perhaps we could share it, if things work out."

"It's a lovely place for a pool," I agreed. "I've always thought how wonderful it would be to have one all to myself."

"Well, for today we'll just have to pretend," Laura said. "I've got you a towel and a beautiful costume. It's the sort you don't want to get wet, really."

"Do I have to dress today?" I asked, knowing the answer.

"Of course," Laura chided. "I expect my girlfriend to look good always, remember, that's why we're here."

"Okay," I agreed, remembering last night. "What have you got for me to wear?"

We went upstairs again, where Laura insisted that I tuck away my manhood behind the gaff, then helped me into a very dark, silver one piece swimsuit. It had high cut legs and a built in bra which remained unfilled until Laura placed some foam inside. Then the shape was right. I had matching shoes with high stiletto heels, and a long sleeved robe in figured shades of gray which matched the swimsuit.

"I'll do your makeup and hair today," Laura said. "Next time you're going to try yourself."

"I don't think I can do that," I replied.

"Don't be silly, darling," she admonished. "You'll soon get into the habit of doing it. You'll love it if you just allow yourself a little time."

"It looks very complicated to me." I admitted.

"It can be as complicated or as simple as you want it to be." Laura talked as she worked on my face. "Remember, girls start their apprenticeship as makeup artists when they're five. First, they play at it, then they experiment for a few years, then they get it wrong for a few years in their teens, and finally, before they're your age, they've worked out just what to do. You have a lot of catching up to do, but you'll do it."

By now I was wearing a light foundation, with a touch of blush and powder. My lips were outlined in brown, then filled in with a paler shade with a touch of gold overlaid to make them appear sun-kissed. Pale beige shades were on my eye lids, with a touch of kohl against the lashes. I looked quite feminine, and felt feminine too. I remember being surprised at my reaction.

"I could go for this girl myself," I said to Laura as I felt her tying my hair back into a braid, secured by a big, black scrunchie.

"She's not your type," Laura said, smiling innocently. "She's more my type actually, although until a couple of weeks ago I wouldn't have known."

We spent the day in the sun. Laura was dressed in a deep blue swim suit, and worked at the patio table for some of the day while I lounged, luxuriating in the sun. Some of the time Laura lay on her lounge, some of the time I sat with her at the table. We took turns massaging tan lotion into each other's exposed flesh at regular intervals, and became more easy with each other. I made a light lunch and brought it out

with a bottle of white wine. Later in the afternoon we fed each other slices of fresh fruit as we soaked up the last of the sun.

Altogether it was quite magical spending this time together, but I knew in the back of my mind that I needed time to think just where I was going. Laura wasn't making any demands of me, but she was making it so and easy. I knew if I stayed, I would disappear behind the image of Lisa which was getting more comfortable with each minute.

Laura took me to bed early that evening, quite literally she took me. I had no chance to protest. I was treated as the submissive partner, much to my increasing delight. It was exciting to be wanted, rather than being the one trying to persuade or cajole a half reluctant partner into bed. I remember being told what to do with my hands, with my tongue and finally being taken to the point of exhaustion before falling into contented sleep.

All too soon, Laura was rousing me. "I've to go now," she said. "I won't be back until Friday, I'm external examiner across the state. You can stay here if you want."

"No," I mumbled, half awake. "I don't know where everything is, and I need to sort my work."

"All right, but you'll be here Friday." Her look told me this was a demand not a question.

"Yes, I'll be here." I wanted to be there, that was not just being polite.

"If you dress, I'll drop you off," Laura stroked my hair.

"It's too bad but I've got to hurry." She turned and ran into the shower room.

"Where are my clothes?" I shouted.



“In the garage, I guess,” Laura answered.

I remembered where they had been dumped last Friday and ran naked down the stairs to find the damp bundle still there on the floor. I had nothing else and took them back upstairs. Laura came out of the shower, brushing out her hair as I was spreading the shirt and jeans on the floor.

“You can wear some of mine,” she said casually. “I never got around to buying you any jeans.”

“No, these will do,” I answered, knowing just how hers might fit me. “I’ll be able to dry them when I get back to my room. There’s a drier in the basement.” I pulled on the cold damp garments, ignoring her obvious amusement and disapproval.

She dropped me off, and with a wave she drove away, leaving me cold and damp on the pavement outside my block. The red sports car roared into the distance and turned out of sight. I hurried into the building and with fumbling hands and unlocked the door. I undressed and showered, then realized that I had rings on my fingers that no matter how I twisted and pulled, would not come off. I turned them so that the stones faced into my palms, then, praying no one would notice, plodded cautiously in my worn robe to the basement to dry my clothes ready for the start of my week’s work.

I washed carefully, making sure that not a trace of makeup remained. I inspected my eyebrows and decided that they looked quite normal, a little tidier perhaps and less like a bush, but not noticeably altered to anyone looking casually. With the rings on my fingers concealed as best I could, only the earrings remained to remind me of Lisa, and they had been there last week without comment. As I stood back from the mirror, I saw what should have been obvious. There, burned into my skin by the sun I had enjoyed so much the day before, was the outline of the girl’s swimsuit. I knew I’d have to keep it covered up all week. No lounging on the grass with my shirt off after a long lunch.

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“Well, you look as if every thing went according to plan,” Susan said when she and Laura finally got together, and the discussion turned to the week end.

“Yes, I’ve made more progress,” Laura admitted, and she went on to describe how he had been dressed and where they had been. “I managed to get him sunburned with the outline of a swimming costume, and he’s wearing rings on his fingers. In fact, they’re so tight he would have to get them cut off.”

“So he’s going to be self conscious again,” Susan noted.

“Yes, and I plucked his eyebrows a little,” Laura said. “I made it feel obvious to him, and exaggerated what I was doing. But when he looks, he’ll see little difference, so the relief at that will temper the embarrassment at the rings.”

“How do you mean, you exaggerated?” Susan was puzzled.

“I took off a lot of his eyebrows, but from all over. It looks as if I just tidied up some loose hairs, but next time I can get most of the remaining hairs off in a few moments, before he suspects anything, and there’ll be a fine feminine arch left. Just like a model.”

"I've never dared to pluck my eyebrows so thin," Susan said. "It's so air head, so girlish."

"That's why," Laura assured her.

"I saw him last week," Susan offered. "I went especially to see the librarian where he was working and stayed a while. He's not as self conscious as I expected."

"I'm not sure if that's good or bad," Laura replied.

"Well, I think it's good. He's adapting, but he's secure." She paused. "I got you this from the Internet. It might be useful in the next few weeks."

Laura looked at the printout. It was advertising breast forms and a fitting service. She had not thought that far ahead, but resolved to find out what would be available.

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It was a productive week. I got extra computer time and was able to get the draft of a couple chapters of my dissertation into some semblance of order. I worked like a man possessed, perhaps I was, to get these chapters printed and off to my supervisor for approval. I found time to file requests for the latest papers, and wrote to other researchers to clarify obscure queries I had raised in the course of my writing the chapters. If I say that no one noticed the rings on my fingers I would be lying, but after a few days I was past caring anyway, and became quite oblivious as to whether they were turned in all the time. It was a good week, and as hard as I worked I knew I was putting off thinking about Friday and the coming days with Laura.

She called me in mid-afternoon. She would pick me up at six as she drove home. I was waiting, not having decided how to play things, but determined not to let her take me over any more. I resolved to take a little of the initiative from her, because whatever else I wanted, I was sure I needed to be with her.

She drove like the wind. I had haltingly tried to explain my feelings to her as we drove, but she remained silent, as if she knew what I wanted to say but was determined not to help at all. She smiled nearly all the time, as if she was humoring a child wanting its own way, then was out of the car and running before I could speak. I followed her from the garage into the house which seemed to welcome me in a way that my own room didn't.

"Go into the bedroom and undress, we have a table reserved for dinner and we'll have to be quick," Laura instructed. "I've been wanting to be with Lisa all week."

I stood naked in the bedroom as Laura carried in two armfuls of bags, some bearing the labels of the most fashionable shops, others with labels I did not recognize. Ignoring me, she spread them across the bed as if searching for one in particular, then finding the one she wanted, she turned to me.

"Quickly, let me help you," she said, holding out what I recognized as a new gaff. I stepped into it and felt the now familiar constriction as she tightened the strap which held my manhood back. Black lace panties were pulled over them, then fine tan colored tights. I held out my arms as a matching bra followed, Laura giggling with delight

as she placed two breast forms inside the cups. She helped me into a loose shift dress which shimmered in brown and beige shades. My shoes were brown and quite flat.

Obediently, I sat in front of the mirror while Laura attended to my makeup. Gently and quickly my features disappeared as she subtly shaded and blended, then darkened my eye lids to a heavy lidded vision of femininity. Heavy mascara followed, then I was given a dark red lipstick.

All the time Laura talked, describing what she was doing and why, showing me the products and the brushes for each stage in the makeup, testing me as she worked.

My hair was bound and tied back then secured under an elastic cap, much to my surprise. Then Laura produced a black straight wig which she secured to my head with clips, and combed it into deep bangs over my eyebrows. The sides were even, cut straight to chin length, and moved as I shook my head. There was nothing left of me to be seen.

Laura changed into a dress which matched mine in color, but which was of a clinging light jersey material that emphasized her height and figure. Her heels were high, making her a full head taller than me. Her make up became darker, contrasting strongly with her usual light style. She too bound her hair tightly and wore a similarly styled wig.

The effect was of two women, dressed and made up for a night on the town. We looked quite obvious, nothing refined or subtle at all.

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Laura was as amused as I was uncomfortable, but she was in charge again. Any thought I had of making a protest vanished as we went to the garage and took the Mercedes. I was delegated to drive, and almost before I knew it we were heading along the now familiar route to the usual restaurant.

Our greeting was warm, and we were immediately shown to a table at the center of the main area where wine seemed to appear before any was ordered.

“This is our first night on the town,” Laura confided. “I didn't ask what you wanted to do, I knew what you'd say. We eat here then we move on to a club just down the strip.”

“What sort of club?” I asked.

“Just a club,” Laura replied enigmatically. “You'll be fine, we can dance there.”

Alarm bells were ringing in my head all through the meal. I hardly tasted anything. I couldn't dance for one thing, and when I admitted this, Laura just said that I wouldn't have to forget everything I had learned in the past. I was getting more uneasy as we walked from the restaurant. Laura held my hand, and again that sensation of being the submissive one came to me. She was so much taller, my arm was raised so that my hand was held in hers. Before I knew it we were being pushed and shoved through the sweating crowds in the club.

“Laura,” I hissed, “please let's get out of here. They're all looking at me.”

"I know, all the girls like to check out the newcomers," Laura replied, standing tall and looking around as if she owned the place. "It's what girls do."

"They'll know I'm not a girl," I whispered.

"Only if you let them," Laura smiled a reassurance at me. "Just behave naturally, look at the boys, just glance at the girls casually, as if you are appraising the competition."

Before I could answer, two boys came up to us and started to talk. I was terrified and could not hear what they were saying. Then Laura was leading me with her and the boys to the front and I realized we were to dance with them. The beat was heavy and insistent, and I tried to bob and weave as if I knew how to dance. My would-be beau was not impressed, and took my hand to drag me away from the floor towards the bar. Laura rescued me and maintained a conversation with them both. I must have seemed like a mute, and muttered only a few monosyllables in reply to their questions. I was grateful when Laura announced that we would have to leave.

"That was awful," I said as we walked back to the car.

"I know, that's why we came in disguise," Laura smiled mischievously at me. "Now we've got the first time over, it will be easier."

I could tell the whole evening had amused her as we drove home. She chattered incessantly about how uncomfortable I had appeared. It was a learning experience, and now that it was over, I would be able to deal with it properly. My opinion was not sought. The night which followed was as beautiful as any of the others we had spent together. It took away all the doubts and fears which lingered in my mind.

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Saturday was a beautiful morning. I woke with makeup smudged all over my eyes. I looked a fright and disappeared into the shower with a bottle of cleansing cream which I used liberally. I showered, luxuriating in the hot water and the scent of the shampoo and conditioner working its way through my hair. I stepped out to find a robe and mules waiting for me, then slipping them on, I wandered to the kitchen with a light feeling in my heart.

"My manicurist will be coming this morning. I told her I had a guest and that you'd be having the full treatment. She'll be here in about ten minutes, you've just time for coffee, then slip into something cool for your first real nail job," Laura announced.

"I'm not sure about this," I started to say.

"Don't complain," Laura countered. "I've really been looking forward to this. It's important for you to have nice nails and hands. It's the difference between looking pampered and looking ordinary."

"But I'm a man," I argued.

"Yes, I know you are, darling." Laura looked into my eyes. "And I've explained that being my girlfriend is a description of your role, not your sex. Just indulge me."

She walked around me, gathering my hair and twisting it into a damp bun which she bound with a towel so that it looked like I was wearing a turban. I thought about protesting again, but it all evaporated. I knew that I was putting up only a token resistance to every new imposition.

Laura knew that too. It was a game we were playing, without admitting the fact. It was a game that I was enjoying being on the losing side.

“All right, I'll do what you want,” I said.

Laura kissed me gently. “That's my girl. You'll really love what she can do for your hands- and I think I can hear her car in the drive, I'll go and let her in.”

Before I knew it I was being introduced to a dumpy girl with too much makeup and a bad bleach job. I hoped she was a better manicurist than her appearance would suggest. Laura had faith in her, so I guessed she would be competent at least. She chattered incessantly as she opened her bags and spread her equipment across the kitchen table. Before I knew it, my fingers were being soaked in a bowl of warm water to which a generous amount of softening fluid had been added.

Laura remained, talking nonsense to her as she worked.

Slowly and carefully, she pared away my cuticles, scolding me on how badly I had neglected them. If only she knew: it had been over twenty years of neglect she was tackling, not just a few weeks. Luckily I had never bitten my nails, so they looked as if they had been cared for, even if I had never given them a moment's thought in my life.

“These are quite lovely,” she burred, running a file backwards and forwards across the first hand. “You really are so lucky.”

“This is her first real manicure,” Laura said. “I promised her some real Hollywood extensions, the basic French manicure, and the elegant tips. Can you do all that.”

“Honey, I can do anything with these nails,” she announced, working the file across the ridges. “The only limit is what you want to pay.”

“There's no limit today,” Laura said. “Just make the best job you can. You know what you can do, let's see the best.”

I wanted to interrupt but dared not. I mumbled short replies to my manicurist, whose name I did not hear, as she worked. Slowly and carefully each nail acquired an extended tip, which was filed and trimmed to perfection. I watched, I saw how each nail was extended by about a quarter of an inch, then prepared with a coat of some clear base to make it smooth and bond it all together.

“There's the perfect French manicure with tips,” she announced. “They'll look good whatever you're doing. You can paint them, and then clean off back to this for day wear.”

“Can you do the rouge noir over them?” Laura asked.

“Sure, I've got that here. It's my most popular color this season.”

I watched as my new nails became a dark crimson shade, deep and even. They looked bigger and longer as a final clear coat followed the color. The hands which formerly looked like my hands with a few rings added now looked totally alien to me. It

was almost as if a woman's hands had been grafted onto my arms, the feeling was so strange as I looked at them.

When I was told that the lacquer had dried and I could move, I realized the full impact of the nail extensions. I seemed to touch things before my fingers arrived there. It was both clumsy and restrictive. With the manicurist there, I could say little lest I gave away my true sex. I thanked her as graciously as I could, then excused myself while she tended to Laura's nails.

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“Are you all right, honey?” Laura asked as she came into the sitting room where I had hidden. “She's gone now, I think she did a beautiful job for us both.” She held up her nails for me to see. They were the same as mine.

“They feel strange,” I said. “I don't know how I'll be able to hide them for work next week.”

“That's easy,” Laura said. “I'll take off the color for you. The nails will just look like your own. They'll be a little long, but in every other way the appearance will be completely natural. No one will notice anything.”

“Are you sure? I've been turning these rings inside my hands, but I'm sure they've been spotted,” I said.

“Has anyone said anything?”

“Well, no, not really,” I had to admit. “But I've seen the girls in the library trying to get a look at them.”

“I'm sure they haven't, that's just paranoia on your part,” Laura said. “Anyway, that was last week. They'll have forgotten all about it by the time they see you again. You could always stay here and work from my office if you prefer.”

“No,” I replied. “I guess you're right.” I knew that if I surrendered to this offer, anything masculine about me would very quickly be eradicated. Deep down I knew I was heading that way, but I wasn't ready to admit it quite so openly just yet.

“Let's get dressed,” Laura said. “Today we're going shopping. It's time you had some new clothes.”

“Why?” I asked. “You've enough clothes here for both of us.”

“Yes, but shopping is what girls do best,” Laura said. “Especially when they're someone's girlfriend, and that someone wants them to look wonderful. No arguments allowed, we've a lot to do today.”

I followed her upstairs and obediently stepped into the gaff which seemed to be producing a smoother front profile each time I wore it. I knew what was coming and was quickly dressed in a pale blue stretch blouse which showed too much of my artificial curves for my liking, and a short denim skirt which just came half way to my knees. I was allowed shoes with thick heels, just about two inches high.

“There, you look just the part,” said Laura as she finished my makeup. She had hardly shaded my eyes at all, using very pale beiges and browns, but the mascara was

thick and heavy. My lips were pale and shiny, my hair tied back in a plat, decorated with a blue bow at the end. As I describe it, I guess I might have looked very young, but I didn't. I looked frivolous but sexy.

We took the Mercedes into the next town and parked in the central lot, outside the largest mall. I was terrified, but said nothing. I knew I would have to walk through the crowds and into the shops, whatever protest I might have wanted to make. I was grateful for my heels being so firm and not too tall, even though once again I was walking with Laura holding my hand as if she was leading me like a little girl.

The mall was crowded and I needed no assurance as we walked through that the people were far too busy and distracted to look at me; besides, I was getting more confident in my new appearance. I knew I could not read as a man in a dress by a casual look. I was just relaxing in this thought when Laura dragged me into one of the biggest and fanciest clothes shops I had ever seen.

"We're going to start at basics," she announced. "You're going to buy your first bra and panties, and a few other items, then a couple of dresses. And if you're good, I'll let you have some jeans."

"But I have no idea of what to buy," I protested. "I don't even know what size I am."

"Don't worry, you're going to buy 36B today. The panties will be lycra so a medium or a one size will be fine," Laura said. "I really want you to develop a girl's shopping technique, don't worry about what you're going to buy. Look a lot, look at everything, take time to consider each style and shade. Think how you'd like to see yourself wearing things before you chose."

"Okay," I said, remembering the times I'd walked around shops with girls in the past. "But there are sales women everywhere. How do I deal with them? They'll guess I don't know what I'm doing."

"No they won't," Laura assured me. "Just tell them you're looking for something special. Tell them you'll know what you want when you see it, or better, ask them to recommend something to turn your partner on."

"But you're my partner."

"I know." Laura gave me a wicked glance. "And I want to be turned on tonight."

I started to walk slowly along the racks of merchandise. There were bra sets in all conceivable shades and styles. My false confidence was evaporating quickly. How did I know what to chose: under wired, demi cup, wonder bra? I was lost, and when I turned around Laura was no where to be seen.

The sales woman approached me

"Are you looking for something special?" she asked.

"Yes, but I don't know what," I replied, keeping my voice as high and feminine as I could.

"Is it for someone special?" She looked straight into my eyes. "A special occasion perhaps?"

“Yes, it is.” I was warming to Laura's idea and grew bolder. “I'm a 36B, and I want something seductive, with matching panties.”

“Come and look at these.” The sales woman walked towards a counter hidden by semi naked displays. “This is the greatest fashion statement of the season.” She handed me a bra. It looked just like the rest, and I didn't know what I was supposed to do with it. I opened it and tested the elastic, then inspected the cups.

“Would you like to try it on?” I was asked.

I panicked and felt myself losing control. “That looks like just the thing you've been looking for,” Laura's voice rescued me. “Why don't you try it on?”

We were shown to a dressing room and left in private. I almost collapsed in relief. “You were doing fine,” Laura assured me. “You'll know what to say next time as well. This set looks fine, now you've got to pay for it.”

“I haven't got any money,” I answered.

“Here's your credit card.” Laura handed me a gold card. I glanced at the name embossed in black letters: 'Lisa Green'. “It's like you're my little sister or something.”

Gathering my composure once more, I stepped from the changing room to find the sales woman hovering outside. “I'll take it,” I said, handing the bra and panties to her with my new card. It was just that easy, and within a few moments, I had signed the slip and carried a small package away.

“That wasn't too difficult, was it?” Laura asked, taking my arm as we walked towards the dress department. “Now we want something really special for tonight, we're going out on the town.”

“May I help you ladies?” asked another sales woman, who sneaked up on us. “We have our new stock just released on the racks over here.” She waved towards a rack and then seemed to accompany us.

“Hey, this looks lovely,” I gushed, getting into the role Laura wanted me to take. “The black always looks good on me.” How would I know? But it sounded good.

Before I knew it I was being shown into another changing room with all the black dresses from the rack. “You be sure to let me see how they look when you've chosen,” the sales lady admonished me as Laura closed the door behind her. I removed dress and blouse, then Laura helped me in to the dresses in turn.

“What if she comes in?” I protested. “She'll call the cops.”

“What, and risk losing a sale?” Laura asked. “She won't come in, and if she did, you wouldn't be the first man in a dress she's seen in here. It's the money that counts, for that they'll be discreet.”

“You can't mean that,” I said, but her look told me that she was serious.

The last one was the best, a sheer number cut so that it would hug the figure. It was tight, but Laura said we could fix that. Quickly I took it off, then emerged to pay once again with my card. The gold card sure made things quick and simple. I thought we were finished here, but Laura had other ideas. We ended up in the shoe section. Laura showed the dress to the assistant, and before long I was trying on shoe after

shoe, with the most ridiculously high heels imaginable. And still I would hardly be as tall as Laura. Eventually a choice was made for me: black shoes with an ankle strap and the thinnest of stiletto heels five inches high.

"I think they're very elegant," the sales assistant enthused as the transaction was completed. Then to Laura in a conspiratorial voice she added, "I think it does these boys good to learn how to behave in real heels." Then she was gone, leaving me speechless and shocked. Laura laughed and took my arm as we emerged into the mall.

"She knew!" I was shocked.

"It was a lucky guess," Laura said, amused. "What does it matter? You're with me, I'll make sure you're totally undetectable."

"I'm frightened."

"Don't worry, with a little more exposure you'll feel more confident. I'm sure that was what she was picking up," Laura said thoughtfully.

"I'm not so sure," I replied.

"Well, I am. And we're not going to be put off. You need a new lipstick, a new mascara, and an extravagant perfume."

"Why?" I asked, confused once again.

"Because you want to be seduced tonight," Laura replied wickedly, raising an eyebrow.

The make up counter was easy after the ordeal with the underwear, dress and shoes. It was fun to play with the sample colors on the back of my hand before settling for the most expensive of everything. I think I must have tried every perfume tester at least twice. In combination, they were marvelous, but in the end it was all so confusing. I just chose the one with the most attractive bottle, a deep blue one with a phallic shape. It was appropriate, after all.

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We had no sooner returned home than Laura started getting me ready for the evening. It was great fun as we ran around in our robes and prepared. Everything she did to me she duplicated on herself, chattering and laughing all the time. My hair piled up in rollers, and she had me help her do the same to hers. Before I knew it we were both sitting in front of the mirror in bra and panties, examining our faces.

"I need to tidy up my eyebrows before I do anything else." Laura said, and I watched as she plucked at the stray hairs.

"I guess yours could do with a little attention, too," she said, and came to stand in front of me.

She talked incessantly as she worked, allowing me little chance to see just how my appearance was altering. In truth, it seemed only a matter of moments, but when I looked my eye brows were gone. There remained only a thin high arch, a totally feminine shape which would be plain for all to see. I felt suddenly cold inside. It would be as plain on Monday as it was now. How could I get away with this? I started to protest.

“Trust me, darling,” she soothed. “Wait until you've got your makeup on, everything will look so different then.”

“But I won't have makeup on when I go to the library on Monday,” I pointed out.

“I think you'd love to wear makeup on Monday. You could have a business suit, with a tight skirt and high heels. You'd look ever so sexy.”

“Laura, be serious,” I snapped.

“But I am, darling,” she replied, stroking my face. “I'd love to have you dressed all the time.”

“Laura, I am not a woman.”

“That's not what I meant,” Laura replied. “I just think it will put this relationship into a whole new dimension when you've stopped worrying about your appearance.”

“I don't think I can give you that,” I said.

“Trust me, darling, there's nothing to give, it's all there.”

I didn't understand. I just went back to the business at hand with mixed feelings.

Laura watched as I dressed in my new black underwear, then produced a surprise: a laced corset which she fitted around me. It rested just below my padded bra and ended over my hips. I raised my arms and squeezed myself in, breathing in and out at her command, holding the door frame while she pulled and pulled until it was so tight that I could hardly breathe.

“Well, that was worth it,” Laura exclaimed as I stood before her in the clinging black dress. It fell away more loosely than I would have ever believed when I tried it in the shop.

“It looks wonderful,” I admitted, turning to admire my slim figure in the mirror. With my hair loose across my shoulders in shining waves, I loved the way I looked. I knew my makeup was perfect as I saw the high arched brows above my dark lined eyes. They seemed so large now that the brows were thin. My lips were deep red and shining. I looked better than any girl I had ever dated- except Laura, that is. Laura dressed quickly. Her black dress was as lovely as mine, her hair and makeup just as perfect. Although I was four inches taller on my heels, Laura had chosen similar shoes. I was still the little girl to her big cousin act.

Wherever we were going, we would turn a few heads. I should have felt some fear, but there was none of that. I felt good, excited to be beside her. I touched my hair and watched in the mirror as my rings caught the light. I pretended to adjust my ear rings, just so I could see if Laura was watching me, just for the effect. I was not disappointed.

“I'm not sure about this,” I said as we pulled up outside the University Club.

“Nonsense, no one knows who you are,” Laura said. “Just be yourself and enjoy whatever comes.”

“How do I be myself?” I asked, but it was too late. Laura was out of the car and waiting for me.

We were quickly admitted, despite the crowd waiting to get in. I knew it was because we appeared as two fashionable girls. If we had been less attractive, we would have been left to wait our turn. Inside, the low lighting, music and crowds reassured me, there was no way anyone would be able to scrutinize my appearance to any degree.

“Would you like a drink?” We were immediately hit on by two athletic men who looked as if they had already had a few themselves. Laura pushed them away and dragged me towards a crowd who were calling to her by name. I was introduced to them in turn, but failed to get all of their names. One was her professor and another her assistant, a girl called Susan who seemed quite keen to talk to me. I knew I had seen her before in the library and hoped she would not remember.

I was asked to dance several times and refused each time, until the professor himself asked me. Laura insisted so forcefully that I dared not protest any more. I walked onto the floor, making excuses for my lack of skill. I shouldn't have worried, he was gentle and easy to follow as we moved to a slow number, making small talk. I felt his hands wandering lower on my back, then lower still. I did not know what to do. It did not feel threatening, so I did nothing. After the music ended, we returned to Laura and Susan.

The professor went to get drinks and left us alone, talking like girls. I listened as Laura and Susan discussed the professor, and responded noncommittally as Susan probed my feelings towards him. I blushed as she suggested he was attracted to me. I remember thinking that she thought me to be a girl, but there was a slight alarm ringing in my mind as she continued to talk to me. What could she know, I asked myself, I was just being paranoid. It was only later that I could not remember if I had pitched my voice as high as I should.

The professor came back with our drinks, a fancy cocktail in my case. I had no sooner finished it than another appeared, and being quite unused to alcohol, I drank that as well. I was quite relaxed when the professor took me onto the dance floor again. He held me gently as we turned in time to the music.

The lights dimmed and still I felt quite at ease. We seemed to be dancing towards a quiet corner of the room where there were couples kissing rather than dancing.

I guessed his intention with a flush of panic, but before I could do anything, I felt his lips upon mine. I was too shocked to respond as a man. I was too afraid to respond as a man also, since that would have been to give myself away completely. I remained passive as I felt his tongue enter my mouth, then he was finished, smiling at me as we danced back into the crowd.

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“You did really well,” Laura congratulated me as we drove home. “You danced with the professor like you knew what you were doing, he was quite taken with you.”

“Don't be silly,” I countered.

“No, I'm serious,” Laura continued. “He always has an eye for a pretty new girl, especially if he thinks she can be impressed. That's a good test passed.”

“I didn't know this was a test.”

“Well, it's a milestone then,” Laura laughed. “I saw him kissing you, and I guess I saw you kissing him back too.”

“It wasn't like that,” I responded. “I could hardly hit him, could I? What would have happened if he'd discovered that he was dancing with a man in a dress?”

“I don't know, I hadn't thought of that... I want you to be so comfortable as a girl that you don't want to be a boy any more.”

“I don't think I'll ever be that,” I replied.

“Never say never.” Laura smiled at me. “You never know what's coming next.”

But I did know, and the release in her bed was as profound and complete. Exhausted, I slept through until the sun made it too hot to lie in bed anymore. I had to shower to start the day fresh.

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Our weekend passed easily. I practiced my makeup before dressing to lie out in the sun with Laura, before we took our evening meal. As the evening drew to a close, I cleaned off and reapplied a heavier makeup in preparation for a seduction scene. I was the one being seduced.

I remained determined to be male for the forthcoming week, and met with no resistance whatsoever. I knew my thin eyebrows were a giveaway and purchased some clear glasses with heavy rims before I went into the library, hoping that they would prevent anyone taking notice of the hair that was not there. On Tuesday evening I finished the final draft of my dissertation and handed it into the office for my tutor.

That felt really good. No one seemed to have noticed anything at all.

I spent the next day returning all my remaining reference material and clearing my library locker. I thought I had succeeded in keeping a low profile until I was handing in my keys on Thursday afternoon. Susan, the girl I knew from the club, spoke to me as I was waiting my turn at the library's service position.

“I've seen you before,” she said. Before I could put her off, she took my hand. “I love these rings,” she said loudly as I felt my face turning red. “That diamond must have cost a packet, and the ruby's just divine.” I felt my face turning bright red. “Does your wife wear identical ones, that's so fashionable to exchange rings like that.”

I was suddenly the center of attention as the students and staff from whom I had been trying to hide my hands all these weeks gathered around to look. Now they were able to see my hands as Susan held them firmly in view. Not only that, Susan's loud voice drew everyone within ear shot. I wished I could have fallen through the floor. I stammered and then dropped my book. Tears started to fill my eyes as I picked it up. A wave of panic hit me and I threw the book onto the reception counter then pushed my way past everyone and ran out the exit.

As luck would have it, Laura's car was just passing. I stood in the road so that she had to stop. I jumped in so hastily that I jammed my ankle in the door. I climbed in and burst into tears in a way that I had never experienced before. I felt the car move off. I felt my shoulders heaving as I sobbed and sobbed with the shame and embarrassment I felt. I was so relieved when Laura drove into her garage. I got out of the car and ran for the privacy of the bedroom. I fell on the bed and sobbed until I fell asleep.

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The next morning I awoke late and knew instantly from the atmosphere that I was alone in the house. I lay quietly, collecting my thoughts, knowing I had made a fool of myself. Yet I was strangely calm, as if the fact that I would not have to hide anymore was a relief. Lazily, I got up and pulled on a robe to wander around the house. I drank coffee in the kitchen from the pot which seemed to have been waiting for me.

Laura had left me a note beside the cups. I won't repeat what it said now, but it made me feel better, loved and cherished. I opened the door, and still in my robe, sat in the sun, thinking without focus, becoming calmer with each passing moment. Eventually it was time to go and dress. I was alone and had a choice to make. It was easy really, I would dress as Lisa, not because Laura made me, but because it was my choice today.

Dressing seemed simple at first. I chose a low cut lycra top with a scooped neckline, over a short flared skirt. I tried putting pads into my bra, but the deep neck line exposed the top of the pads. I was the wrong shape whatever I did. In the end, I decided to leave it alone. I took the pads out and relied upon the shape of the bra itself, even though there was nothing there to fill it. The makeup was easy too, I was getting very skilled, and loved creating subtly shaded eyes. This time I used a pale shadow, with lots of mascara so that my eyes looked large and beautifully fringed with long black lashes.

My hair was much more problematic. I could wear it loose and straight, or I could pull it into a pony tail. I hadn't a clue how to dress it into anything more stylish, so choosing a pretty scrunchie, I tied it high on my head, so that the pony tail bounced as I shook my head. Mentally I made a note to ask for some hair lessons, knowing that my request would be granted immediately and greeted with enthusiasm. I knew she would be back late, so I spent the rest of the day relaxing in the garden, alternately working on my sun tan, and resting in the shade.

By evening, I was truly at peace with myself.

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“Susan, you shouldn't have done that,” Laura chided. “He was almost out of control.”

“But I bet it's moved him on faster than you were doing,” Susan answered. “I think you need to get him into girls' clothes full time now. If you leave it, like you have been doing, he'll just drift. If you force the issue, you'll have him where you want him before he knows what's hit him.”

“Perhaps you're right,” Laura said slowly.

“Perhaps nothing,” Susan said forcefully. “I saw him. He's ready now if you just keep up the momentum. Look- remember the breast thing I gave you from the Internet? I called the company, and they can fix him. He's just the right shape. Why don't you book them, then he'll have no option but to be a girl for you. Use a bit of force to get what you want.”

“Okay,” Laura said, with her temper rising. “You book it, and I'll do it.”

“I already have,” Susan smiled sweetly. “They'll be with you next Friday evening.”

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“I'm home.”

I heard Laura's voice as she emerged from the garage.

“I'm in the conservatory,” I replied, standing nervously.

I had dressed as carefully as I could. My makeup was perfect, with the luxury of thick false eyelashes to add to my glamour. I had pulled my hair high onto the top of my head and allowed it to fall as wildly as I could. For some reason, making myself look as feminine as possible for Laura's return excited me in a way that dressing had never done before. I knew it was what she wanted me to do, and this time I knew I wanted to be successful as well.

“Darling, you look wonderful,” she said, holding me, pulling me to her, then kissing me.

“Careful, you'll smudge my lipstick,” I heard myself saying. I wondered immediately why I had said that.

That's what girlfriends say,” Laura giggled at the thought. “You really do look ravishing.”

“I wanted to look good tonight,” I said quietly, then told her what had happened to me the day before. I left nothing out, all the feelings of elation at finishing my dissertation, then all the dreadful embarrassment at the public exposure which made me almost run under the wheels of the next passing car. I was lucky it had been Laura who was passing then.

“Are you telling me that you feel comfortable now, dressed as a girl?” Laura asked gently.

“Yes, I think I am,” I replied. “But I'm not totally sure of my image. I still think... I can't explain... that's me in the mirror, you know, me. I'd like to change a few things.”

“Let me make a couple of telephone calls quickly,” Laura said. “You can change everything you want.”

Taking up the telephone, she pushed the speed dial button and gave rapid instructions to someone at the other end. As I listened, I understood that an appointment was being made for me the next day at the most exclusive beauty salon in the area. Not only that, but the proprietor himself was to attend to me personally. I don't know how she did it, but Laura arranged it all so quickly. It was only later that I realized that a retainer had been paid to ensure these arrangements would fall into place before I had an opportunity to change my mind.

“Now, I have some jewelry for you,” Laura said, removing a soft leather-covered box from her brief case. “These will help you to feel more feminine until the morning. Remember, I told you a long time ago that a girlfriend's job is to drool over expensive presents. You have to practice drooling for me tonight, then later you can show all your appreciation.”

“Darling, I don't know what to say!” I exclaimed as I saw the box open. “Will you put them on for me?”

“Well, turn round, and I'll fasten your necklaces first.”

Laura held out two gold chains, and I felt the cold metal against my skin as they draped themselves around my neck.

“Here are a couple of bracelets for your right wrist.”

I held out my wrist as she fastened them, then raised and lowered my arm to watch and feel them fall over my skin. It was such a sensual feeling. There was one green leather bag remaining. I could see a round shape within, and watched as Laura slowly withdrew her hand and placed a plain and heavy gold bangle in my hand.

“This is a special bangle, I had it made specially for you. The design is Victorian and quite unique,” she said.

“But it's so plain, it's beautiful,” I said, looking at its pure smooth finish. I turned it over in my hand, seeing that it was in the form of a large but rigid circle, round in profile, open, with edges exposed so that I could see it fastened with one inside the other. It had neither hinge nor clasp. A thought struck me. “How is something so plain both Victorian and unique?”

“It's a special token,” Laura explained. “When you slip it over your wrist, it can be fastened by pushing one side into the other. It has to be forced a little to fit. The clever part of it, and why it's a token, is that once it's clasped shut, it can never be opened again. It's designed to be too narrow to fit over your wrist, so the only way of removing it is by cutting it off, and destroying it.”

“And you had this made for me?” I asked.

“Yes, just for you.” Laura slowly placed the bangle over my left wrist and eased the edges together. “If you're going to be my girl, you can push the clasp together. Remember, once it's closed, it stays closed. That's the token.”

“For how long?” I asked.

“Until you cut it off.”

I hesitated, looking at the bangle then at Laura. Then I snapped the clasp shut. That was the signal for Laura's elation to take over. She held me and kissed me, and before I gave way to every sensation imaginable, I remember feeling the touch of gold on my skin, moving as we moved.

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The next morning I dressed casually in blue jeans, and a short white blouse which just came over the waist. I wore a bra, but again with no padding. The bra had small empty cups, but felt constricting and feminine against my chest.

I looked down and knew I was too flat chested to pass as a girl, but then I stepped into high heeled gold sandals. Boys can't walk in these, I thought to myself, so I must be a little feminine.

Laura complemented me on my appearance, then we were in the car before I had time to collect my thoughts. In no time at all we were parked and walking into the beauty salon, where we were clearly expected. I was introduced to Barrie, my stylist. He was almost as feminine as I was, but he would not thank me for the description. Laura was dismissed almost at once, and told that the salon would call her on her mobile phone when it was time to collect me.

'Now what shall we do with you?' Barrie asked more to himself than me, as I sat before a mirror. He combed my hair speculatively, watching in the mirror as he did so. 'I think a little curl, and a little frosting perhaps.' He looked at my face. 'Nothing to worry about,' he reassured me. 'I have strict orders not to cut off your hair.' He continued to comb and watch, then clapped his hands. A girl assistant appeared at my side.

'What are you going to do?' I asked. I was feeling very apprehensive, and I think I wanted to flee. I was too scared, and just sat there passively.

'I'm going to make you beautiful,' he said, then was gone.

I went through endless processes that morning. My hair was washed, then after some sharp scented liquid was applied, I was left to develop. Then I was rinsed and washed again, and sat quietly as strands of hair were pulled through a plastic cap which had been placed over my head. More liquid was applied to the exposed hair and again I was left to develop. I hardly knew what they were doing. I dared not ask. The entire time I was not given any opportunity to see myself in a mirror.

I had my hair washed again, then it was wound onto spindle-like rollers. Each was soaked in a clear fluid, then with my head wrapped in a towel, I watched as my nails were cleaned and prepared for new extensions. The fitted nails were painted a pale pearl shade. It sounds wrong, but I loved them from the moment I saw the first one colored.

Then it was time to unwind my hair and wash it again, this time it was such a wonderful perfume which drifted into my nostrils. I could feel a new resistance in my hair as the towel was removed and it fell down, damp and heavy across my shoulders. I could feel the warm air of the drier blowing into my hair. This was the final process, but still I was denied access to a mirror.

My hair was finally dry but wrapped loosely behind my neck and shoulders, so that I could not see what had happened. I went to the make up room, where again Barrie appeared. He scrutinized my face minutely, making notes on a card from time to time.

"I shall see you later" was all he said, before handing the card to a white coated beautician and leaving the room.

My chair was tilted back, and I listened as the inevitable small talk from the beautician distracted me from whatever she was doing to my face. I felt cold creams being applied to the area round my eyes, then felt small prods as slim tweezers did something around my lashes. I heard the buzzing noise of a slim instrument stroking its way along the top lashes, and then the bottom ones. I relaxed as soothing pads covered my eyes, and I think I slept.

My next sensations were of being made up by skilled hands. She worked steadily and carefully, constantly checking back and forth as she worked. I desperately wanted to look but when I hinted that it would be nice to have a mirror, I was told that it was against the salon's policy for the full makeover treatments. I marveled at the time it took to get my eyes and lips finished to her satisfaction. Finally she was done, and called Barrie back to approve, before I moved to the final stage.

"Now all I have to do is call for Laura," he announced, "then while she is coming, we can arrange your hair."

I heard Laura's voice as Barrie was still working on my hair. He stood back and sprayed it as she came into the salon. I could tell by her eyes that she approved of what she saw, although I had no idea how I looked.

"Barrie, he's wonderful," she said, smiling at me.

"She," Barrie corrected her. "This is a ladies beauty salon, after all."

He knew what I was, but it was too late to worry about it. He turned the chair around and a mirror appeared on the wall before me.

I did not realize I was looking at myself for a moment, then it dawned on me. Here I was, altered, out of control. The girl looking back at me had pale blonde hair, with straw highlights which glistened. She looked a natural blonde, but I knew I wasn't. Her hair cascaded in loose ringlets over her shoulders. The long nails touched my face as I moved nearer to the mirror to inspect the glistening pale peach lips and the eyes with long dark lashes and the deep dark smudge of mascara on the edge of the hair line. I looked good and sexy. I looked nothing like a boy.

I looked at myself a great deal as Laura settled the account with Barrie's cashier. I watched myself in the shop windows as we walked back to the car. I must have seemed mute to Laura, who talked incessantly to me, complementing me on everything I did. She loved my being so feminine. I wasn't trying, but it was so easy to be feminine when I looked so great. I didn't protest when we went back to the jeweler's shop where Laura had my ears pierced that first date. I knew what she intended, but didn't mind at all. I rather liked the idea that the decision was being made for me.

"You were right," Laura said to the jeweler. "We've come back for more earrings."

"How many would you like?" the jeweler asked.

"She wondered if she could wear another three pairs, and then a single high one in the curl of her left ear," Laura said.



“That’s easy,” the jeweler said. “It won’t hurt at all. I’ll just get my swabs and freezing spray, then it won’t take but a moment. Do you want the same size hoops?”

“Yes, let’s make them look really extravagant,” Laura said before I could get my breath to ask for little studs.

She saw the look in my eye and smiled at me knowingly. However, she kept up a constant stream of conversation with the jeweler so that I could not get a word in. I felt the piercing gun jarring one, two, three, times in each lobe, then once again high on the left one. I felt a little dizzy with it all, then accepted the mirror held out to me to look at the decorated ears. I remember the thrill of seeing them for the first time that day, and the single diamond which shone high on the left.

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The weekend passed beautifully. We drove to the beach and I appeared in public in a swimsuit for the first time, just to lie in the sun. Laura said it was just to get the boys excited, if only they

knew. We dined in the restaurant and went on to the University Club. My heart dropped a little when I saw the professor and Susan again. I knew she had recognized me last time, and I had no doubt she would again today. I tried to keep out of her way, and even asked the professor to dance just to be farther away. I was amazed at my boldness.

I had no way of knowing that this professor was just as much in the know as Susan. He was the one who made the suggestion that Laura needed a wife in the first place, and he had not been slow to detect what she was doing with me. I suspect now that he was as fascinated with my transformation as Laura was herself. I could feel his manhood rising against me as we danced close together. Not realizing he knew my secret, I accidentally brushed my hand against it several times, noting its excited movement as I did so.

I was so glad when the time came to return to Laura’s house, and so tired that I fell asleep in the car on the way home.

She was so sensual with me that night, it was as if I were brand new, precious and delicate. Everything felt and tasted so good, nothing intruded until we slept. In the

morning we started all over again until I was exhausted once again. It was almost afternoon when I went for my shower.

I stepped out wrapped in a towel. I wiped some steam off the mirror. Something jarred in my mind as I ran my fingers through my hair, allowing it to fall over my shoulders. I moved nearer and looked at my eyes. The lashes were still long and luxuriant, almost as if I were wearing false eyelashes once again, and there was still some eyeliner lingering on the edge of my eye lids. I squeezed some makeup remover onto a cotton pad and wiped it gently, but even after two wipes the black line remained and the pad stayed clean.

I dried my hair with the drier and loved the way it fell into soft blonde ringlets again. I liked being blonde. The stubborn bit of makeup made me look kind of cute too; it went with the hair, so I left it. I dressed, again in jeans and heels, again with a small empty bra under a tight top. I heard myself wondering out loud what it would look like with real breasts showing in the neckline.

It made me think of Monday. How would I look then?

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“Susan, did you see him?” Laura enthused as she she met her confidante by chance at the mall.

“Did I ever,” Susan's eyes twinkled with mischief. “Now you have to get the breast job done quickly. Don't give him a chance to be male again.”

“I think he'll have a problem there,” Laura admitted. “He let Barrie do everything. That wasn't just makeup you saw last night.”

“It looked pretty convincing to me,” Susan observed. “Sure, he's a blonde now, but lots of boys on the beach are blonde as well. He could perhaps get away with that.”

“Yes, but did you see the eyebrows? They're thinner than I would dare pluck mine. The eyelashes are implants, they'll last a few weeks at least. And best of all, he should be discovering about now that his eye makeup is permanent.”

“You're joking,” Susan gasped.

“No, I'm serious,” Laura assured her. “I decided to take control, and that seemed a positive symbol. Now with no possibility of disguising his face, he has the choice of being a very effeminate male and attract stares wherever he goes, or he can be an attractive girl.”

“What will happen when he finds out?” Susan asked.

“I don't know,” Laura admitted. “But I do know that I'm in control. He may not like it, but...”

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“Can we go out this evening?” I asked.

“I'd love to,” Laura replied, surprised by the request but happy to comply. “Where would you like to go?”

"If you'll help me get ready, I'd like to go back to the University Club," I said. "I know you want me to be comfortable with this, so I feel the need to be out again and get a little more confidence, before I go back to being male next week."

"You really want to go back?"

"I think so," I replied. "I'm not a girl, and we don't make love like I'm a girl either. I'm afraid to let go."

"I think you'd prefer to keep Alan inside you," Laura said. "Try a few days more with me. I know you're not a girl, but I love having my girlfriend here. And I'd like you to be here all the time, not just weekends."

"Let's not talk about that," I said, wanting to change the subject before these doubts surfaced. "Let's just have fun tonight."

Laura dressed me in the sheerest black dress, cut low in the back but high at the front. My shape was right, with perfect padding and a tight corset. She gave me five-inch heels she had been saving for a special occasion, and was surprised when I put them on and walked like a dream on legs. I didn't even notice the extra height. Then she could delay no longer, and sat me in front of the mirror to do my makeup.

"There's some eye makeup that won't come off," I said. "I'm sorry, I should have cleaned off properly. But it's such a neat little look that, to tell the truth, it's better than I could draw myself. So I left it."

"I knew it wouldn't come off," Laura said. "That's why you went to have the full treatment from Barrie."

"You mean that it's permanent?" The words seemed to be hanging heavily over my consciousness.

"Yes, but it looks just like you've a little mascara and eyeliner, nothing too noticeable," Laura said, continuing to work.

"It will make Alan look different," I said. "What do I have to do to remove it?"

"It will fade away in three months or so," Laura said casually. "It's not like a permanent tattoo."

"You mean it's there for... and I can't get rid of it?"

"Don't be silly! You said you liked it before you knew what it was, just enjoy it." Laura was pleased that I wasn't screaming or weeping by this stage.

"Can it be covered up?" I asked absently.

"Yes, but only with a heavier foundation and lighter eye make up," Laura said, emphasizing the makeup around my eyes to make them look wider. "But I think it looks beautiful with your lash implants."

"Lash implants!" I gasped. This was too much to take in. I felt violated. I felt thrilled as well, frightened, but flattered.

"Yes, you must have noticed them," Laura said. "They're just like permanent false lashes, but much more comfortable. They're fixed with tiny sterile barbs into your eye lid. The trouble is that they fall out after a few weeks and have to be renewed."

"I can't take them out." I was feeling quite subdued with the enormity of these revelations.

"No, they'll hurt if you try to pull them out," Laura replied as she stroked a fourth coat of mascara across them. "But just look at the effect."

I looked and understood for the first time that fighting this transformation was useless. Laura had woven her desires around me, and I had allowed it, protesting weakly but without the strength to break away. I stood and watched the totally female reflection in the mirror. I would have been afraid to approach a girl like this, but now it was me. I would have been afraid to approach Laura, but now she wanted me. It was too confusing.

Laura sensed my mood. She felt it to be a turning point in our relationship, at least that's what she told me some months later.

"There's no point in going back, is there?" she asked. "I can arrange for your identity to be changed quietly, so that Alan's work and qualifications are credited to Lisa. You can live here, I want you to live here, and you can work in the University."

"I don't want to think about that now," I said. "Let's go out."

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Laura drove the Mercedes. I sat silently beside her, absently looking at my hands, twisting the rings on my fingers and playing with the gold on my wrists. I must have seemed to be in deep thought. Then, as the journey progressed, a new confidence took hold.

"I wonder what the professor would think if he knew who he was kissing when we danced," I asked, impishly.

"That's a delicious thought," Laura agreed, admitting nothing.

"His hands kept moving," I said. "I wonder if I did anything to encourage him?"

"Did you?" Laura asked, remembering what she had seen with her own eyes.

"Well, maybe just a little," I admitted. "It was too easy, too tempting. I don't know what came over me, but I let my hand stroke him casually, you know."

"I certainly do not, young lady," said Laura sternly, her eyes laughing. "I think I've created a monster, just like Frankenstein. I'll have to keep you under close supervision in future."

"But it was fun," I admitted. "I'm not attracted to men, you know that, but after being shunned by girls for so long, it's exciting to be able to turn the tables on the men who get the girls."

"I'm going to watch you this evening," Laura said. "Just be careful, if one of them grabs your breasts, your secret could be out."

"No, they'll just think I'm a cheat, like the other girls."

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“Will you dance with me?” asked the professor, almost as soon as we entered the club.

I gave a knowing glance back at Laura as the professor escorted me to the dance floor. The look said 'Watch me, I'm going to be naughty.' Laura stared in amazement as we danced. I knew she was watching and deliberately contrived to make the professor notice my femininity, from stiletto heels to bimbo blonde hair. She saw me open my eyes really wide in attending to the professor's conversation. In one day I had learned so much about feminine wiles and wanted to show it. Shamelessly, I steered him into the quiet corner, and when he moved to kiss me I responded in kind. I was learning what the real girls do. I thought I gave an amazing performance.

“She's quite a seductress,” I heard him confided to Laura later that evening, as they watched me dancing with another academic.

“Well, you said I needed a wife,” Laura reminded him.

“I was just joking. I guess I meant that you needed someone of lesser ambition, not that you should date girls,” he said. “It's a waste, you're too beautiful yourself.”

“Who said I date girls?” Laura asked, struggling to keep a straight face. The professor laughed at his mistake.

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The next day Laura made a few hurried telephone calls. A couple of hours later, a black van pulled into the drive and parked close to the door. A heavy case was carried in. I heard the noise but remained on the patio out of sight. Last night had been fun, both at the club and when we went to bed afterwards. I was still a little sore and tired. Laura called me into the house.

“I want you to be very brave just now,” she announced. “I've arranged a surprise for you. Undress, then go and lie on the bed and I'll help you prepare.”

Obediently, I lay there and allowed her to paint my chest with a spirituous liquid which felt cold to the touch. Motioning for me to lie still and wait, Laura left the room and I was surprised to hear another voice with hers as she returned. The door opened and I saw the new voice belonged to an older woman, dressed in a black business suit under a white coat.

“Just lie still, darling.” Laura placed her hand on my shoulder. “I didn't like the padding you had in your bra last week, so I've asked Mrs. Brown to help us get a more realistic shape.”

I looked up at Mrs. Brown, a cold looking woman, as she measured my chest and poked and prodded the spare skin near my nipples. Laura remained at my head, one hand on each shoulder, and I lay passively, unable to know if I was going to like whatever they planned to do for me. Mrs. Brown held up a shapeless, flesh colored mass.

“These are the best breast forms I stock. They’ve the most life like nipples,” she said. “You’re very lucky your mistress has decided to buy you the best. I see you’re already prepared. I’ll just take a minute, keep very still.”

I was petrified. I know I could have moved, but I remained there as Mrs. Brown removed a wrapper from the breast form. Then, with the nipple side in her palm, liberally coated the back with a sticky liquid. I felt the coldness of it as she applied it to the right side of my chest, feeling her smoothing the edges down against my skin with a soft cloth which smelled of solvent. Working quickly, the process was repeated at my left side.

“You can move now,” she said suddenly, wiping her hands and removing the white coat. “They’re secure. You have my number if they need adjusting. Please contact me when you feel you need to.”

Laura left the room with her, and I got up slowly. The breasts moved with me, imposing their weight on my chest and my uncomprehending brain. I looked down and saw two mounds attached. I touched them, but they had no real feeling other than their weight. I ran my finger around them and could barely feel the joint against my skin. It was secure, with no gaps. There was just a color difference against my skin. As good as they were, they did not totally match my skin.

I stood and watched them move with me as I walked to the mirror. The image looking back at me was unnerving: it was me, but with two feminine breasts, each with a realistic nipple, suspended prominently before me. I tugged at them. It hurt. They were securely fixed, and I could not move them at all. I turned left and right, watching the image in the mirror as I moved. The weight made me feel very vulnerable and self-conscious.

“They look beautiful,” Laura said. “I can hardly wait to get you into a low cut dress.”

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That evening we went out to the University Club again. I was dressed in something totally different. It was a low cut velvet number, strapless, with a boned bodice which acted as a bra. I needed to wear one now. The weight of the breast forms on my chest made it essential for my comfort. I was showing some real cleavage. I had loved looking down girls dresses; now, surprisingly, I found my own just as fascinating, even though they had no feeling. The slight color difference had been concealed with a little makeup, so that I felt comfortable that they would not be detected as false.

Susan was there with the University vice president, as if they were on a date. I felt him come alive as we went to talk to them, and before I knew it I was dancing again, this time with the administrator looking down the entire time. I acted shamelessly, allowing the bodice to displace itself, then using my hands with their long crimson nails to ease my breasts back into place. I made him dance several numbers with me, watching out of the corner of my eye as Susan and Lisa watched. When we kissed, I hoped they were still watching. I was really Frankenstein’s monster that night.

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“You've really created something there,” Susan said.

“You're right,” Laura agreed. “I've just got a little sympathy for our poor vice president. He thinks he's got something going there. I'm not going to tell him, but if he only knew, he'd never forgive us.”

“Hey, what do you mean 'us'? This was all your doing.”

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“That was a different evening,” Laura said quietly as we drove home together. “You had the school's vice president almost eating out of your hand.”

“The- the vice president?”

“Yes. He certainly came on strong.”

“He asked me out for dinner next week.”

“Did you accept?” Laura seemed shocked.

“No. I told him I couldn't go out with him. I wasn't ready for a relationship with another man just yet.”

“You actually said that?”

“Yes,” I replied. “It's the truth, although I hope he'll interpret it less literally.”

“I'm sure he will,” Laura replied.

In the bedroom I relaxed as Laura undressed me. The shift in weight as the dress fell from my breasts was such a strange sensation. I looked down and saw their outline, nipples generously shaped over the smooth and sensuous texture of the breast itself. This was nothing like a male chest, even if the feeling was not all there.

“What are you waiting for?” Laura called from the bed.

“Well, I don't know how to take these off,” I replied, thinking I was stating the obvious.

“They don't come off,” Laura said quietly.

I walked over to her, taking small steps, allowing the breasts to sway for her to watch. “What did you say?” I asked incredulously.

“I said that they don't come off.” Laura looked into my eyes. “I don't want them to come off at all, but eventually we shall have to remove them to clean the chest underneath. But they'll be put back immediately. They're fixed with the finest surgical bonding agent. Without the solvent, they'll stay there for ever.”

“I'm not sure I want that,” I said.

“That doesn't matter,” Laura said. “I want you to have breasts. Someday when you're more confident, or just more curious, you can have real implants. Then you'll have all the real feelings of breasts. Until then, these stay.”

“What if I object?” I asked, as she took me into her arms, taking one of the breasts to her lips. Even as I objected I was imagining the feeling of her lips on my own nipple with an implanted breast there. I knew she had won. I knew I would do whatever she wanted.

“I know what's best for my girlfriend.” Laura stroked my chest, allowing me to feel the transition from skin to sensation through the false breast as her fingers moved. “The professor said I needed a wife, and after I've created you, I'm not going to lose you for anything.”

Six months later I went into hospital. Laura's wife has her own breasts now. She's the most feminine of creatures, and it's all due to the professor's casual remark.

