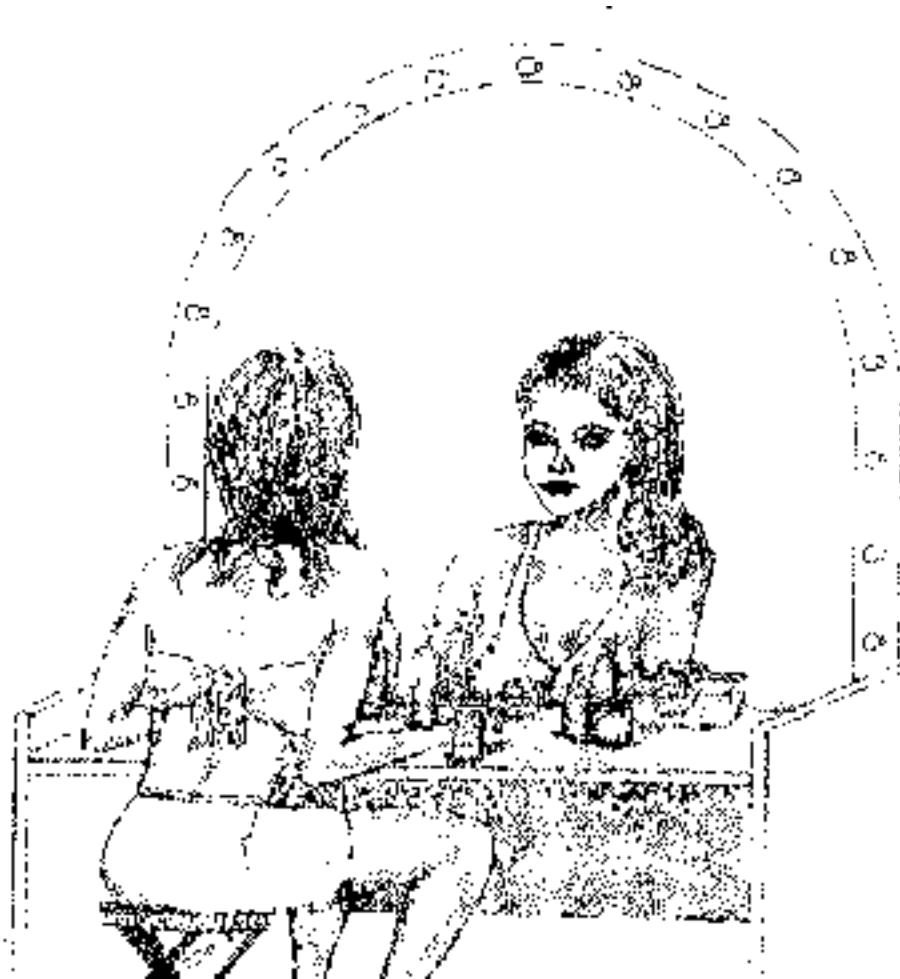


THE VOLUNTEER

By Jessica Matthews



ILLUSTRATED BY T. F. MORGAN

A 'HER TV' NOVEL

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THE VOLUNTEER

By Jessica Matthews.

“Come in, Brother Benjamin, sit down.”

The young cleric stepped nervously towards the solitary vacant chair before the Abbot's desk. He was unused to being called from his menial duties for any reason, let alone an interview by the head of the Order.

“We have been approached by one of our former brethren who works in the city.” The Abbot paused. “He leads a mission in what is called a ”red light” district. Do you know what that is.”

“Yes, Father,” Benjamin confessed. “I have never been in such an area, but I am familiar with the term.”

“He has most particular requirements,” the Abbot continued. “We were asked to find a young man with certain physical characteristics. You are the nearest we have.”

“What am I to do, Father.” Benjamin asked.

“I do not know, not exactly, anyway.” The Abbot seemed reluctant to meet Benjamin's eye. “He has a lot to explain to you. He wants you to help trace some of his friends who have disappeared in most particular circumstances.”

“I'm not a detective,” Benjamin answered.

“No, and neither are the police on this occasion. I gather they would take no interest in such cases, largely because of the poor unfortunates concerned. That's where you'll come in.” There was a long pause again. “Do you remember your vows, Benjamin?”

“I do, Father.” he replied. “Poverty, chastity and obedience, to follow the rules of my order and to serve those needing my service.”

“That is correct.” The Abbot seemed to look through Benjamin as he thought, then his piercing eyes turned on him with all their wisdom and intensity. “You are to serve me in undertaking these tasks in the city. In that you will find service. You are freed from your vows, wherever it is necessary to accomplish these tasks.”

Benjamin was shocked to hear these words. He had struggled with himself so deeply before making his final vows. Now he was being freed from them altogether.

“What am I to do, father?” he asked.

“Brother Henry is waiting for you in my study. He will explain your task,” The Abbot spoke solemnly. “If you feel totally unable to help him you may return here to me. I hope this will not be the case. If you accept, you shall leave with him, and we may not meet again for some time. You have my blessing.”

Benjamin realized that he was dismissed. Standing, he bowed in reverence to receive his Abbot's blessing, then turned and walked from the room, and into the study.

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The study was warm, and a welcoming log fire was burning as Benjamin walked in. He had only been allowed in here once before, and that was to deliver wood. His eyes took in the comfortable furnishings and then he noticed the spare cleric watching him from one of the fireside chairs. He arose to greet him, extending his hand.

"You must be Benjamin," he noted, taking his hand. "I'm Henry." He stepped back to look at Benjamin more closely. "I asked them to find me someone like you. I must say, you look just right for what I have in mind."

"You'll have to forgive me, Father," Benjamin responded. "I have been instructed that I should undertake whatever task you have for me, but I have no idea what it is."

"I'm aware of that." Henry smiled at him. "Please sit down. I think you'll need to, whilst I explain everything. I believe your Abbot has told you that you may be freed from your vows and that you may not be able to return here afterwards."

"Yes, he did," Benjamin replied. "I have no idea why, but I know he wanted me to help you."

"Right, there's no easy way to tell this story," Henry began. "So just sit back and listen. Firstly, I think you know I run a mission in the city, in the "red light" area. It's not every cleric's idea of a good job, but some one's got to do it, and I like to think I serve those who need friends and comfort more than most."

"It must be hard work," agreed Benjamin.

"It is," Henry continued. "Given the nature of the people there and the way they come and go, It's very much a shifting population, so when people disappear, there's nothing unusual about it. There are people on the run, people hiding from their families, people who work in the sex industry. they're a mixed lot."

"It must be very difficult to get to know people," Benjamin suggested.

"Yes, but there are always some you do get to know better than others," Henry agreed. "That's why you and I are here. Some years ago, I had a good friend who worked in one of the clubs. He was quite a good friend, and I was most surprised when he disappeared. I took it that there must have been reasons, and after a while thought nothing of it. A couple of years later, another chap disappeared."

"There was a connection."

"Yes, there was. He had followed the other into the same job. They were very similar in a lot of ways. I began to take notice at this coincidence, and you can imagine my surprise when a third disappeared from exactly the same job."

Henry paused, as if collecting his thoughts.

"In each case, there was no warning, no hint that a disappearance was contemplated, and not a single word afterwards. They all disappeared without trace."

"Did no one know what happened to them?" Benjamin asked.

"No one at all. I asked the police, but they weren't interested. There was nothing to suggest that anything criminal had happened, and an inquiry from someone like me carried no weight at all. They asked a couple of questions, but no answers were ever forthcoming."

"What about the job, you said they all had the same job before they disappeared." Benjamin was getting interested in the mystery.

"I asked there," Henry assured him. "I asked in the club, where they had all worked, and spoke to as many of the people in the place as I could, but those who would talk to me knew nothing at all. I genuinely believe that. I think the club owners knew what was going on, and as time has passed I think they know far more."

"More in what way."

"I know they regard me as a meddling old fool, but I suspect them of being involved in these disappearances." Henry looked up at Benjamin. "I think they're behind this mystery, but I can't prove it yet."

"Is that why you want me to help?"

"Yes, but it's not what prompted me." Henry continued. "Some months ago, I got to know a young couple who came to work in my area. Lisa was, and is, a bright young woman, who was making her way in the world. She was building a theatrical agency of her own after working for a larger concern in the city center. She supplied acts to the better clubs in my area. Her boy friend, Alan, was a real character, good hearted and charitable, but unfortunately, he took the job from which the others had disappeared."

"And he disappeared as well."

"Yes, without warning, and without trace," Henry responded. "This was really wrong. I knew he would not have willingly done such a thing. I went to the club myself and confronted the owners as Lisa had done before me, but we both got the same story. He had absconded with his boy friend, they said."

"Boy friend," Benjamin repeated.

"Yes, that is what I said." Henry looked up at him. "I did explain that this was an area where sex is a commodity. Boy friends are not unusual."

"No," mumbled Benjamin. "I know that, I just wondered..."

"You wondered why this was significant," Henry added. "Well, neither Lisa nor I could accept this explanation. Lisa, because she knew her man. Me, well I knew about the others who had disappeared before. I decided it was time to do something."

"Did you ask the police for help," Benjamin asked the obvious.

"Yes, both Lisa and I went to them, but all we got was a perfunctory inquiry. They had nothing to go on, no reason to doubt that he had just left. It was that finality which made me ask for help."

"And that's where I come in," Benjamin noted. "But why me. I'm not a detective or anything, and why did you ask for someone with my physical description. Why did the Abbot free me from my vows, and warn me that I may not be able to return here."

"These are too many questions for tonight," Henry answered. "I have to refuse to reply to your questions until I have your decision. Will you undertake the task I have in mind for you. It may be dangerous. It will be like nothing you ever imagined. You may not be able to return, indeed you may not wish to return. You are my best hope, but I cannot reveal more in case you decide you would rather stay here. If you decline, I shall have to find someone else, so the less people who know what's going on, the more secure my plans will be."

"I understand," Benjamin said. "I will accept, even though I have no idea what I am going to do."

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Next morning, Benjamin and Henry were waved off by the Abbot. Henry, driving a rented car, with very little luggage, and his passenger with no luggage at all, rode in silence for the first few miles. Benjamin knew he had volunteered for something momentous, even though he had no idea of the details. He felt nervous and was alone with his thoughts as the miles passed by. He wished they had allowed him to bring some of his few possessions, but he had none, even the clothes he stood in had been provided by Henry.

"I have arranged a room where you may meet Lisa and then I hope you may prepare in peace for our task," Henry noted, breaking the silence.

"I have brought nothing with me," Benjamin said, feeling the strangeness of the worn jeans against his legs. He had been wearing a clerical habit for so long, he had forgotten what ordinary clothes felt like. He wore only the jeans, a denim jacket, and a pale green tee shirt, with open sandals. His only underwear was a small pair of briefs, and he had nothing to change into.

"I know, you will need nothing from the past," Henry assured him.

"Can you tell me what I am to do. I have waited patiently, I think It's time you leveled with me."

"You're right, of course," Henry agreed. "I hope now that I have your consent, you won't want to withdraw."

"I still have my vow of obedience," Benjamin assured him.

"Yes, you do." Henry smiled to himself. "Right are you ready for this?"

"I need to know."

"What I didn't tell you was that the men who disappeared were female impersonators."

"So that was what they had in common," Benjamin exclaimed.

"Not only were they female impersonators, they were very good female impersonators," Henry continued. "They had taken their impersonation to some lengths."

"I don't understand," Benjamin replied. "What do you mean, how had they taken their impersonation to....whatever you said....great lengths."

"Well they looked like women."

“Okay, they would have to,” Benjamin replied, “what's special about that.”

“I mean they had almost become women....to look at. They had women's figures and hair, they had breasts, they could not look like men, even if they wanted to.”

“But they were still men.”

“Yes, they were still men,” Henry replied. “Don't just take my word for it, Lisa will tell you the same about her Alan. He had all his male parts, all in working order....That is before he disappeared.”

“So where do I come in,” asked Benjamin, suddenly getting a nervous feeling rising from the pit of his stomach.

“You're going to follow them, to see if you disappear, and if you do, where you disappear to.”

“But I'm not a female impersonator,” Benjamin started to say, then he realized why he had not been told all the details before now. “You mean that I'm going to be a female impersonator too.”

“Yes, I do Benjamin, that's why there was this absolute need for secrecy,” Henry replied. “If your colleagues had heard of this, there would have been no way of preventing them gossiping a little, and I want absolute secrecy.”

“But my brothers would not have given anything away,” Benjamin protested.

“I don't want to take any risk,” Henry said. “Walls have ears sometimes.”

“But if I disappear just like the others,” Benjamin asked, “how will you know where I am. I may not be allowed to contact you. I may not be able to get a message to you. What happens then?”

“I know. Don't think I haven't thought of that. I've no satisfactory answer yet.”

“What about a rescue beacon, like the yachtsmen have?” asked Benjamin.

“What about if they don't let you take anything with you,” countered Henry. “Remember there's never been any warning before the disappearances. Even if you were to have a beacon, you may be searched. It would be thrown away, or set off as a decoy. No, I'm still working on that one. We'll try and keep you out of harm's way until there's some solution.”

“What if it takes a long time.”

“Then you'll have had time to become a really good female impersonator, and who knows, you may be making a fortune.” Henry smiled sardonically at the thought. “I really don't want to put you in danger. The problem of finding you if we manage to get you into a position where you disappear is one which I shall have to solve.”

Benjamin was still struggling to come to terms with what had been revealed to him. His mind was turning over and over the little information which had been revealed. He tried to take everything in, and imaging just what he was being asked to do. One side of his brain shouted for him to get out, to escape whilst he still could with his sanity, and his body, still intact. The other side reminded him of his vow of obedience. It was the only one left to him now, and he had accepted the task which now lay before him.

"What will become of me then, Father," he asked quietly. "Must I become female in my appearance too?"

"Yes," Henry answered bluntly.

Benjamin was silent for a few moments. "Will I have to have women's hair and breasts?"

"Yes, you will," Henry replied. "If you're going to disappear like the others, you'll have to be exactly like them. It will take time and work for you to become not just a female impersonator, but a good enough one to be employed in the club from which they disappeared."

"What sort of work were they doing?"

"They were the main act, the star of the show."

"But I'm not a star," Benjamin protested. "I've never even been on the stage, even at school."

"No, that doesn't matter," Henry assured him. "Lisa is the best one to tell you how you're going to achieve stardom, she'll be looking after you, not me. All I know is that you'll get there. It may take a year or even longer, but you're the only hope we've got."

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Eventually, the car pulled into the drive of a motel. Henry avoided the reception area, and drove round the back. He seemed to be looking for a particular number, and when he found it, pulled in next to a limousine. As he stopped, the door of the motel room opened, and without waiting to explain, Henry got out and beckoned for Benjamin to follow.

"Come in, Benjamin. Close the door, this is Lisa, and this is where you and I part company. Lisa will look after you. If we meet, should I say when we meet again, you must remember that we do not know each other. Stay in character at all times." Henry held out his hand, Benjamin took it, and received his blessing. Then he was gone, leaving Benjamin alone with the lady introduced as Lisa.

"Hello, you're Benjamin," she greeted, smiling. She walked towards him, holding out her hand for him to take. He took it, and before he could react she had pulled him towards her and was kissing him on each cheek. "As far as you're concerned, I'm your Doctor Frankenstein. You can be Benjamin for a few moments more, then no more."

"What do you mean?" asked Benjamin, too stunned to take it all in.

"I mean, we start here. We start right now. No more Benjamin."

"If I'm not to be Benjamin, who am I to be. I don't understand." He could hear that he sounded confused as he spoke.

"I mean all the female impersonators, well the really serious ones like you're going to be, take girl's names. Benjamin isn't a girls name, therefore, no more Benjamin. you've got to get in character, and stay there." Lisa commanded. "Have you thought what name you'd like to be called."

"No, I never thought about it, Henry never mentioned...", he stumbled through the words, then a thought struck him forcefully. "If you're Doctor Frankenstein, and I'm to be your monster, then you should name me."

"I'd never thought of that. I agree though, I'm in command of this experiment," she giggled a little at the thought, and at once the atmosphere between them lightened.

"Who am I?" he asked.

"Wait, I'm thinking, you've got to have a real girl's name, nothing half way, nothing that could be used for a boy as well. How about Susan, there's no mistaking that name." She thought for a moment, "that's it, you'll be Susan from now on. I shall recreate you as Susan from this moment. Now tell me who you are."

"I am Susan," he said, feeling a little strange as the thought settled into his consciousness. "I am Susan." he repeated it again with more conviction.

"Yes you are. From now on, that's what you respond to, that's how you think of yourself. don't let it slip, not even for an instant."

"I guess you're not going to let me," he replied.

"No I'm not, and forget the monster bit too." Lisa smiled at him for the first time, "you're going to be so beautiful, you'll stop traffic before I've finished with you, my girl."

"I can't believe this," he mused aloud, the force of all that had been revealed was hitting home for the first time. "What have I let myself in for?"

"You've let yourself in, as you put it, for an interesting time. From now on you're going to have to get into a totally different mind set. You have to learn quickly, and you have to learn well."

"I can understand that," **Susan** replied. "I can't think that I know anything remotely useful to what I'll have to do."

"You probably don't," Lisa agreed. "But let's set out to enjoy this. you're here to help me. Henry fixed that, but you're not only helping me, you're helping Alan as well. I thought I was falling apart when he disappeared, only Henry kept me together."

Susan saw Lisa's eyes filling with tears as she spoke. She was unable to speak for a few moments, and dabbed at her eyes with a tissue.

"Tell me about Alan," Susan urged, wanting her to get it out of her system.

"He was fun," Lisa replied. "He was exceptional, I know he would never have left of his own accord. That's what keeps me going, that and Henry's determination to find out...."

She broke off to wipe her eyes again.

"Please tell me," Susan insisted. "It will help me to understand."

"We met a few times before we got together. I was a singer for a while, then moved into being a road manager, then manager of the group as it became more successful. The group split up, and I moved into working for an agency. This was over three years or so," Lisa began, her voice getting stronger as she spoke.

"Go on. Take your time, I want to understand."

"Well, in the agency, we represented all kinds of acts. Alan was an unsuccessful singer, then a bit part actor. He was always willing and ambitious, so I tried to get him what work I could. When there was nothing else, he started to do a bit of stand up, you know, as a comedian. He wasn't the greatest, but it was work."

"So how did he come to be successful as a female impersonator," Susan asked gently.

"That was my fault. We had been dating a few times. I had to pay, he had no work at all. He was quite desperate. One day, I mentioned that we had an inquiry for an act, and that we had none on the books, he said he would do it."

"Just like that?" Susan asked. "Surely, it's not something you can do without a lot of preparation?"

"That's just it. Alan told me that he had done an act before, whether it was true or not, I never knew, anyway, I wanted to get him the work, so I booked him. He had a couple of weeks to get an act together. He wouldn't let me near, and I was banned from the first few nights. I was so nervous for him. I needn't have worried. When he eventually invited me to come, his act was quite good really, but the thing which made it really take off was the way he looked. As a man he was nothing special. As a girl, he had a totally different personality. On stage it was a knockout."

"Was he a natural?"

"Yes, I guess he was. He confessed that he had always liked dressing up, and that the excuse was just what he wanted." Lisa smiled to herself as she remembered. "As a man, he was never going anywhere, as a female impersonator, he was a great act."

"You must miss him a lot," Susan suggested softly.

"I do," Lisa replied. "But I have to keep going. I fell apart after he disappeared, but I have my own agency now. If I fall apart for long, I lose my business, and a lot of people who rely upon me lose out as well. Henry was a great strength. He didn't believe Alan had just up and left. He believed in him as I did, and he taught me that the only way to solve the mystery was his way."

"That's why I'm here, right."

"Yes. I pretended I believed the story about Alan going off with a boy friend. I cursed him, swore to get even. It was all for public consumption. I wanted to get my acts back into the club where it all happened. I know the key to this mystery is there. I had to make them believe I was going along with all the crap they were telling me. It's working. that's why you're here."

Lisa stood and walked over to Susan. She took his head in her hands and softly kissed his forehead.

"Thank you," she said. "I needed to get that out of my system. Now we can move on."

"Tell me what to do," Susan announced with a chuckle. "Your monster - or whatever - awaits."

"All I want to do here is to change your basic appearance from male to female. Just a few things to change, and we're on our way. You're coming back with me as my protégé, my new star to be, so you've got to look the part from the moment we arrive."

She stood up and went over to a canvas bag which was lying on the bed. From it she pulled several packages which she sorted through.

Susan saw that some were clothes, more exactly women's underwear which he recognized from pictures. He'd never been this close to such garments before. He saw a large make up bag, which Lisa opened and began to arrange across the vanity unit.

"How often do you have to shave," she asked.

"I shaved this morning," Susan replied. "I usually just do it every two or three days."

Lisa felt his chin.

"You'll have to do it every day until I can get it fixed," she instructed. "I'll get the electrolysis booked as soon as we get back. They can tidy you up quite efficiently, but until then, every day, and very carefully."

"Do you mean you're going to remove my beard altogether?"

"Yes, totally," Lisa answered, "Now get those clothes off and let's move."

Susan felt self conscious, but removed his clothes whilst Lisa busied herself with the cosmetics again. When he stood naked, she looked at him in a business like manner, and walked round him looking carefully, as if working out what she had to do. Seeming to snap out of this concentration, she took a flesh colored garment from the pile she had sorted out. She held it out for him to step into.

"What's this?"

"It's a gaff," Lisa replied. "It's designed to keep your male bits out of the way, and give you a smooth profile at the front. Don't be shy, it will feel strange at first, but you'll soon get used to it."

Susan felt the strong elastic pulling as Lisa gently eased it up his legs. He wriggled to help, and then felt her fingers pushing as it reached his maleness. She pushed back and up, forcing his parts back into his body, and his penis backwards, where it was held in place, tightly strapped back between his legs.

"I can't breathe," Susan whispered hoarsely. "I don't know how you expect me to move in this."

"Take your time, move slowly and carefully."

She supported Susan as he stood, straightening up gently. She remained by his side, supporting his weight, encouraging him to walk a few steps. He did so, gingerly at first, wincing at the constriction, but gradually he felt it ease and the pain subsided. He began to take bigger steps as Lisa encouraged him to move more easily, to relax and breathe more naturally. She took advantage of his relief to slip some panties over his legs and gently settled them in place.

"These are the reason you're wearing the gaff. Look at the shape you have."

Susan looked down and saw just how the panties settled around his hips and clung there as if he had always been wearing them. They were high cut on the legs, and where it mattered, smooth and feminine in profile. The color, a gentle and highly feminine peach had been chosen specially for the occasion. There was nothing male made in such a pretty color.

Susan had little time to recover, before Lisa was telling him to hold out his arms. He obeyed and felt her slipping a bra over them. He watched as the garment which matched the panties was secured behind his shoulders, and could say nothing as Lisa placed breast shapes into each of the cups. Eventually he found his voice.

"This feels weird," he said softly. "Do women really wear these things."

Lisa laughed at the absurdity of the remark. "Not only do they wear them, they grow them." She laughed again. "And they're fun, and they feel good. Get used to them, you'll have your own before long."

"Before long. What do you mean?"

"I mean that before too long, you'll be having implants. you'll be having breasts yourself," Lisa commented in a matter of fact way.

"I can't. I'm a man, I'm the wrong shape."

"That's why you'll be having the implants." Lisa looked at him seriously. "That's the common factor in all the disappearances. The female impersonator has been male, not turned into a female by hormones, but they all had some plastic surgery. They could never have passed as men because of all the things they did to themselves, but they weren't female. That's what you're going to be. Didn't Henry explain all this to you."

"No, he didn't," Susan admitted. "The Abbot said something about me being changed so that I might not be able to go back, but I never guessed that was what he meant."

"To be fair, I don't think Henry knows just what's involved in becoming the type of female impersonator you're going to be," Lisa observed gently. "If it seems too much, tell me and we'll stop now."

"No," Susan replied decisively. "I gave my word to see this through. I'm in it to the end." He looked at her with confusion in his eyes. "But I'll need help to know what I'm doing. I'm not a very worldly person."

Lisa softened to him. She put her arms around him gently. It was the first time he had been this close to a woman in years. He liked the feeling. He liked it when she stroked the back of his head and whispered.

"Don't worry, I'll look after you."

They pulled apart slowly. Lisa turned as if self conscious all of a sudden. She handed him the shirt and jeans he had been wearing when he arrived.

He put them back on, and then slid his feet back into the sandals as well. There was such a little change, but now his form had been altered in subtle ways. He looked in the mirror, and could imagine that the body he was seeing was that of a young female, not his own.

“Stop admiring yourself. We have a long way to go to get you into shape.”

She indicated that he should sit down on a chair which she had placed in the center of the room. He sat, and allowed her to move his head as she studied the shape of his face and his profile. She turned to the cosmetics which were arranged in order for easy access and talking him through what she was doing, she began to make up his face.

“You're lucky.” she observed. “You've good features, and skin. The make up will be quite easy. No major flaws to hide.”

He sat still as she used moisturizer and then a foundation which she applied with a sponge. He felt the brushes flicking across his face as she applied powder and blush, carefully shaping and shading his features so that his cheek bones stood out and his cheeks hollowed. He felt the drag of the pencil as she outlined his lips, then filled in with lipstick which she applied with a brush. Finally she worked on his eyes, shading and shaping them so that they became the most prominent feature of his face. She finished off with a thin line of black kohl inside his eye lids, and then black mascara to make his eye lashes thicker and more luxuriant than he had ever known them.

“There, that's finished,” Lisa announced. “You look every bit the fashionable young lady.”

“Really.”

“Well, I'm exaggerating a little, but you do have potential,” Lisa replied. “I'll bet you'll be surprised how different you look in a few weeks, when I've had the chance to really work on you. For now, you'll pass. I've just to get your wig, and we'll be on our way.”

Susan turned to watch as Lisa pulled out a wig from a transparent bag where it had been lying. She shook it out and brushed it quite harshly. It was light brown in color, and looked to be quite natural. She indicated that he should hold the front, whilst she pulled the wig over his hair, being careful to tuck in every bit of his own mousy brown hair. She worked the wig for a few moments, placing it carefully, then she was done. The light brown hair fell thickly to his shoulders, with deep and heavy bangs at the front. It was very definitely a girl's style, quite casual, but attractive.

Lisa stood back, and Susan got the full effect of his transformation in that instant as he looked at the woman in the mirror. He wondered for a moment if it was really him, but then the idiocy of the thought that it might not be struck him forcefully. He smiled and half turned. His reflection did the same, and it was quite definitely female looking.

“Put your jacket on when you've finished admiring yourself,” Lisa said, picking up everything, and packing it back into her bag.

Susan put his jacket on, conscious of the way the breast forms rubbed underneath the denim, in a way which had not been there before when he was his own shape. He looked down at the bulge which was held in place by the bra, then looked again in the mirror. The image was still feminine. He felt a little fear as he realized they were leaving. He would have to go out dressed like this, but Lisa had her hand on the door and

opened it. She stood waiting for him, then watched as he walked carefully through the door.

"Here," she said, handing the room key to him. "Take this back to the motel office and tell them we're through here. I'll bring the car round."

She turned and walked away before the horrified man had any time to collect his thoughts, let alone argue with her instructions. He turned and began to walk towards the sign which stood outside the office. Taking his courage in his hands, he opened the door and walked in.

Yes," demanded the clerk, a fat, balding man, with a leer which could offend at fifty paces.

"I'm returning the key, we're through here," Susan said, trying to keep his voice pitched high and soft to match this appearance.

The clerk looked at the key, then at Susan again, catching her eyes. "You're not the girl who hired the room."

"No, she's waiting in the car outside. Is there anything to pay?"

"No, that's fine." His leer became wider.

Susan felt uncomfortable as he looked up and down, his eyes dwelling on the chest area. Susan turned, sure that the clerk recognized him for what he really was. Suddenly feeling brave, he turned, smiled back at the clerk, then walked out the door, still feeling the clerk's eyes, as he walked across the path and got into the passenger seat of the car.

"That's your first test over," Lisa noted. "Well done. There's lots of those where ever you go. You'll have to get used to them, especially where you're going. They're bad enough for women, but Alan always used to say they were worse for him."

The journey which followed was surprisingly light hearted. Susan initially felt strange and insecure, as if every eye was going to be directed towards him, but as they drove, they became two people enjoying getting to know each other.



Lisa told him something about Alan, and gave a few hints of the strangely different world he was to enter.

For his part, Susan told her about his life since he had entered the enclosed community from whence he had come.

Eventually, as it was turning dark, they began to encounter heavier traffic as they approached the city, but instead of driving into the conurbation, Lisa turned off and followed a maze of rural roads. They passed small communities, and occasional road houses, all with the lights of the city in the distance. They turned into a smaller dirt road, and eventually into the drive of a house which stood apart from the others on the road nearby.

"Here we are," Lisa announced. "This is my home. This is where you're going to be staying for....well for as long as it takes."

"It looks like a lovely house to have. You must have a good business."

"Well, I've a lot of good clients," Lisa said. "I told you I had my own agency. If I didn't pull myself together, I'd have lost all this as well as my business. I'm still angry, but I want to get even as well."

She paused.

"Enough of that, let's go in."

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The house was light and airy, with a comfortable feeling to it. The room to which Susan was shown as his own was very pink and feminine, almost frivolously so.

"This was Alan's room, his boudoir. Well we used to share my room really, but this was where he came to work on his image. He stored all his clothes here, I haven't touched anything since....well, you know when."

"It's beautiful, really," Susan answered, feeling the bed, then crossing to the window to look out over the open landscape behind the house. He turned to see Lisa opening the cupboards.

"These are Alan's clothes and things," Lisa said, "It's one of the reasons I can't believe he just left. Everything is here. Some things were....well.....special between us. I would know if it was all a lie."

Susan crossed the room and put his arm round Lisa's shoulders. She turned to him and buried her head against him. He could feel her sobbing. He let her rest there for a few moments, then when he felt her beginning to relax, he eased her face away from where it was buried against him. She lifted her face towards him, then raised a hand to wipe the wetness from under her eyes where her mascara had run.

"I'm sorry. I'm a mess. I'm all right really. It just gets me sometimes."

Susan walked across to the wardrobes and opened them, one by one. All were full of clothes, all female, ranging in style from the casual to the exotic - including the erotic, he noticed, although he made no comment. He guessed the drawers would be equally filled with....well, the kind of things normally kept in drawers.

Lisa watched him exploring for a few moments before speaking again.

"We'll be using these clothes. They're all yours now, that's why Henry specified someone of your build when he went looking for you."

"Won't the people you want me to catch recognize these clothes?" Susan asked.

"They may," Lisa agreed. "But I've made it clear that I believe the story of Alan running away. I'm the bitter abandoned woman remember. They know my business, and they know that I've announced that I intend to create a bigger star than the rat who let me down. They're really expecting someone like you."

"Does that make it easier or harder?" Susan asked.

"Neither really," Lisa said, crossing the room to take his hand. "You're going to be good anyway. I've a reputation to keep. You're going to have to work hard. You'll enjoy it though, I promise."

They remained in the room for a few minutes longer.

Lisa showed Susan where his night dress was already laid out for him to wear. It was a deliciously fine creation of peach silk and lace, floor length, with full sleeves, wide and gathered tightly into cuffs which fastened tightly with five buttons. There was a matching robe hanging in behind the door and mules at the edge of the bed.

Best of all, one of the doors which Susan had taken for a closet opened into a bath and shower room, with all the space and facilities that money could buy.

It was beautiful, and Susan felt himself gushing like a....well, like any girl would.

Susan awoke next morning, and for a few moments time seemed to stand still, as his mind replayed all the events of the previous day. His previous life, so ordered and familiar was remote, and now hard to imagine, yet it was only a day behind him. In that day, he had left Benjamin behind and become Susan. He was trying to think of himself in that name all the time. He had left behind his male identity in exchange for something he did not know.

This couldn't be real could it, he thought.

He raised his arm out of the bed, and saw that it was real as the peach silk of his night gown came into view. It felt good to his skin as it floated across his flesh in response to his arm's movements. He rubbed his eye, and felt the unfamiliar hardness of the mascara still thick on his lashes. Slowly he got out of bed and walked across to open the drapes from the window.

He turned and looked in the mirror. The wig was gone of course. He had placed it on the vanity last thing before he fell exhausted into the bed. The face which looked back at him was still very much his own. His mid brown hair was too short to be female, too short unless he was to pretend to be a cropped haired person.

What was the point of being female, he thought, if you had hair just looked like a man.

He looked again, and saw the smudged make-up around his eyes. He remembered Lisa saying something about creaming it off, but he had been too tired to look for the cream, too tired to do anything but lie down and sleep. He may not have done much physically yesterday, but mentally it had been exhausting.

Susan wandered lazily into the bathroom, and undid the cuffs of his robe. He pulled it over his head and let it fall, then stepped into the shower and stood there, letting the water soothe his mind as it soothed his body. He washed carefully, using the sweetly scented gel which had been left there for him.

Stepping out to the vanity unit, he toweled himself roughly, then stood to shave as carefully as he had ever done in his life. Finished, he stepped back and ran a hand through his hair. He looked just the same as he had yesterday.

He turned and picked up the night gown again. He carried it back into the bedroom and looked round. He could hear noises elsewhere in the house, so decided not to dress. It was an easy decision to make, faced with all the finery in the wardrobes and drawers, he had no idea where to start. He pulled the night gown back over his head, and fastened the cuffs. He smoothed it down, noting how there were no creases to be seen, even though he had slept in it, then he pulled on the robe and placed his feet in the mules. He noted how well they fit, even though the wedge shape was unfamiliar to his step.

Then he opened the door and stepped out.

Susan walked downstairs, following the sounds in the house. He could hear Lisa's voice and guessed she was talking on the telephone as there were no audible responses. He found her in the kitchen.

She smiled and waved as she saw him, still talking into the instrument as he sat down at a counter facing the terrace onto the garden at the rear of the house. The doors were open and a warm breeze was pleasantly rustling the hem of his gown, reminding him of its fullness as he waited for Lisa to finish her conversation.

"I wanted to let you sleep as long as possible," Lisa explained when she finally put down the telephone. "I have a business to run, and a lot to arrange today. The telephone will probably interrupt us several times."

"Interrupt us. You have something planned?" He smiled as he said it, gently teasing her.

"Yes, I've a lot planned actually," Lisa replied. "The first of our visitors will be here soon."

"You sound as if you know exactly what you're doing."

"Not exactly." Lisa looked coyly at him. "But I've had time to think about this and to plan. Remember, Henry told me what he had in mind some time ago. I've never done this before, so I'm learning as we go. I represent some female impersonators in my agency. I loved one, and lived with him forwell for a while, you know about that. I watch, I listen and I learn."

"So we're very much at the experimental stage, Doctor Frankenstein," Susan joked, wanting to lighten the atmosphere.

Lisa smiled at that. "Yes, my assistants are out collecting body-parts at this moment."

They laughed.

"Seriously," Lisa continued, "I know what Alan did to himself. I know what he had done, and who did it for him. I've let it be known that I'm going to manage a better act than he ever was. To everyone, that's going to be my revenge. Only you and Henry know differently."

"So where do I start?"

"Today, I've three appointments for you," Lisa said, picking up her diary. "The first one is the electrolysis, to get rid of your male hair patterns."

"What does that mean?" Susan asked.

"It means that you'll never have to shave again."

"What, never." Susan looked up at her.

"No, the electrolysis kills the hair," Lisa explained. "There's no scar, just no more hair growth. Your skin will remain soft and even. This is one thing that won't be reversible after we've finished. It's not like implants that can be removed afterwards. You'll like it, no chance of shaving rash ever again."

"Right, I can live with that."

At that moment, the door bell rang.

"That will be our girl now. Remember, stay in character, you want to be the best, convince her," Lisa said and went to get the door. "You stay there."

Feeling embarrassed, Susan remained sitting until Lisa returned with a small woman, dressed in a white overalls, looking just like a nurse.

"This is Angela," Lisa introduced her. "She wants to examine you here, where the light's strongest."

"I'm so glad you've come." Susan tried to sound female. "I'm really looking forward to everything you can do for me, Lisa's explained how good you are."

Angela smiled and opening her case, began to examine Susan's chin and neck. He was surprised when she continued to look at his arms and legs, then his chest. She looked in his hair, and gently stroked his eye brows, and smoothed them. She said nothing as she looked, but made small notes on a pad which she kept beside her. Lisa stood silently by as the examination continued.

Finally it was over, Susan was allowed to fasten his night gown again, and then sat attentively to listen to Angela.

"Well, I can do what you ask," she said. "I can make him baby smooth quite easily. His skin's got a good texture and the beard has not developed into a coarse texture. The arms and legs are more difficult for electrolysis. I can take a good lot off, but there'll still be some fine hairs coming through. You'll have to wax or shave quite regularly, just like the rest of us girls."

"When can you start," Lisa asked.

"Well, I'd prefer for him to come to my salon. I have all the best lights and magnifiers there, and best of all a bench which I can adjust to make the work easy. If you want me to it quickly, It's better there."

"That's fine," Lisa agreed, before Susan could say anything at all.

"Right." Angela consulted her book again. "For this, I recommend a strong sedative. I'll give you something to take before you come. My assistant's a registered nurse, she's anesthetic qualified as well, so she'll give you something safe to keep the discomfort to the minimum. We could start you off, the day after tomorrow."

"That would be fine," Lisa answered. "The sooner the better."

"Good, I'll expect you at eight, we start early. Please don't shave before then. It helps to get a good sight of the enemy."

Susan sat quietly in the kitchen as Lisa saw Angela to the door. He could hear them talking as they went. They seemed to linger and talk longer than he expected, but then there had been no talk of money, so he thought nothing of their long conversation at the time.

"That's really limited what we can do later on today," Lisa said when she eventually came back into the room. "If you haven't to shave, I can't take you out."

"Were you going to," asked Susan, relieved to hear that he was not to be expected to go out.

"Yes, of course. You have to get used to being out as dressed as a woman. You'll have to get used to being read as a man too. Remember, you're going to be a female impersonator, not a real woman. You're bound to attract attention."

"Lisa, I'm scared," Susan said, feeling suddenly weak and really fearful.

"I know it's different, but you must be used to people staring at you in your monk's habit, or whatever it was you used to wear."

"That was different, it was my profession, my life."

"Well, can't you think of this in the same way," asked Lisa. "After all, you're a volunteer, you know why you're doing this. Just trust me, I'll look after you as much as I can. Let it all happen, you're going to have an interesting ride."

"You're right of course. I know what I'm doing. Don't worry. I guess everyone gets some doubts about their life at some times."

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The doubts filled the rest of Susan's day, and much of the next. He was quiet and distracted.

Lisa guessed what was going on in his mind, but kept him busy, walking in heels, practicing how to stand and sit, all designed to keep him active and stop him thinking too deeply on things to come.

They were up early, and in good time to go to the clinic.

Lisa had selected some clothes for Susan before he awoke, and he was surprised to see what he was to wear. She helped him into a peach colored bra, which was already filled with breast forms. The gaff which he had worn continuously since the change at the motel was exchanged for an identical one, although Susan felt it to be tighter.

"That's just the newness," Lisa said brightly. "It will soon settle to your body, don't worry."

He wore high cut panties which matched the bra, no stockings and then turned to find Lisa holding out a gray silk dress for him to step into. It was a beautifully simple dress, with a full skirt and fitted top. The waist was quite loose, but still defined. He felt strange with the feel of the air against his legs as he stepped across to the vanity.

"No use doing any make up," Lisa observed. "Your stubble is too prominent, but just for effect, we'll do your eyes. I always feel quite naked without some eye make up on. Lots of women do."

She smiled as she started to brush a wand of pale beige across his eyelids.

"Alan always wore some, once he....well, started to become serious about being a female impersonator. He said it made him keep in character."

She took a darker wand, almost brown, and started to blend this closer to his lashes. Susan watched in the mirror as she worked. Lisa finished off with a touch of brown kohl pencil at the corner of his eye, which she smudged into the shadow. After a couple of coats of mascara, she pronounced him finished.

"I know they'll take it off before they start to work on you, but it will make you feel more female, just knowing you're wearing it as we go there."

She handed him some shoes, not quite flat, but with small heels. Susan put them on, and found that they felt similar to the mules he had been wearing around the house. They were quite easy to walk in, and he walked to and fro, across the room, looking at the reflection in the mirror. To his eyes, it wasn't quite a female reflection, but it certainly wasn't male.

They were on their way out of the door, when Lisa suddenly called him back, remembering something.

"Angela gave me some tablets for you to take this morning. They're just a mild tranquilizer, to get you ready for whatever they're going to give you there."

"What are they going to give me there?" Susan asked. "I remember Angela saying her colleague was an anesthetic nurse. Are they going to put me out?"

"I don't know," Lisa answered. She evaded his eyes as she did so. "They said that they'd spare you the discomfort, so I guess you'll just have something to make sure there's no pain whilst they're working."

She handed two white tablets to him, and held out a glass of water. Susan felt some misgivings, and hesitated.

He looked at the tablets, knowing that once he swallowed them, he would be on his way to.....to what.....to something he could not come back from. He looked round and

saw Lisa staring at him, saying nothing but willing him to take the tablets. He smiled ruefully, placed them on his tongue, took a sip of water and swallowed.

Lisa took the glass from him and they were out of the door and into her car before he had time to think.

On the journey, Susan could feel everything becoming distant. Sights and sounds seemed far away. He could not focus his mind. He could hear Lisa chattering to him, but wasn't able to follow her conversation. His thoughts became less focused too, as the colors of the countryside seemed to become brighter and almost hypnotic. One part of his mind registered that he was under the influence of the drugs he had swallowed, but it did not register that there was a problem. He just allowed his mind to drift comfortably.

He remembered arriving at the clinic, and Lisa helping him to walk from the parking lot, into the reception area. The brightly clinical sign proclaimed it "The Beauty Laboratory" as they sat and waited. His mind was becoming less focused, less able to concentrate. When a white robed nurse came to collect him, he could do nothing more than respond to her instructions.

Lisa remained behind as he was gently helped to undress, and then lie on a bench in a brightly lit room which smelled of antiseptic. He felt the needle going into his arm and then nothing.

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Slowly the room came back into focus. There was a feeling of irritation around his mouth, he raised his hand and rubbed his lip, it felt numb and swollen to his touch. He tried to focus, to find something familiar in the room where he was lying, but there was nothing. He rubbed his eye, and registered a slight feeling of swelling there too. He knew he had been given something to make him sleep, it felt like the effects were still with him.

Slowly, Susan tried to move, and felt at once weak and had a heavy sensation in his limbs. A nurse came into the room, and said something to him. He knew she was speaking because he could hear something, see her lips moving, but he could not focus at all. A second nurse came into the room and took his pulse, then looked into his eyes. She was speaking to him as well. He wanted to tell her that he could not understand her, but the words would not form on his lips. It was a relief when she placed the needle of a syringe into his arm and he drifted back to sleep again.

Susan's mind registered several periods of wakefulness, and each time the nurse was there. He registered several attempts to talk, but each time no words came, and the end was always the same, with another needle being pushed into his arm, then he would drift away into peaceful sleep.

Then he was awake and different things were happening. He was being dressed. He could not help. All he could do was to respond to the instructions he was given as they dressed him. He could feel his feet being pushed into some shoes, and he was half standing, half walking, steadied by white clad nurses on each side of him. He could feel the difference in the air as they took him outside, and helped him into a car. The

journey which followed could have taken a minute or an hour, it could have been anywhere.

Susan felt the car stop and the smell of the air as the door opened, then he was being helped again, into somewhere, up some stairs, then standing as clothes were removed, and something was put over his head. Then he was lying. His head was raised and he drank something for the first time since....his mind would not work...since when. Then a tablet was placed on his tongue and the liquid washed it down. He was eased into a lying position. He felt a pillow under his head, then nothing.

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Susan came to awareness slowly. He was back in his own room, everything was familiar, but his head was befuddled. He could not get his mind in gear. What did he have to remember. He looked around at the room, he did not remember going to bed, where had he been. Then his mind seemed to work again. He remembered "The Beauty Laboratory" sprang into his mind, and he remembered why he had gone there.

He lay back, relaxing now, taking deep breaths to pump consciousness into his brain. Slowly he became more aware of his body. He moved his hands and began to rub them up from his thighs. He felt the gaff, still covering him, as his hand traveled upwards. Everything felt the same, but smoother. Of course, there was no hair there. He raised one hand to his chin and felt a slight tenderness, but it was smooth. There was no stubble at all. The electrolysis had worked, and it had indeed been painless.

He lay still for as few more moments, allowing himself to become more aware. His head still felt full of whatever they had given him. It was heavy and throbbed slightly. After a few moments, he thought that a shower would wash away some of the heaviness, so he stumbled out of bed, and pausing only to drop his night dress, then his gaff, on the floor, he stepped into the shower stall and stood for a long time, letting hot then cold water revive him. He washed all over, using the gel which had been left for him to use, then after standing under alternately cold and hot water to revive him, washed his hair, using the shampoo and conditioner which were also waiting there.

Finished, he stepped out and began to towel himself dry. He looked down at his now hairless body. He searched for some stray hairs but there were none to be found on his chest, legs or arms. There were some remaining where his gaff had covered them, but then even women had hair there. He felt again the smoothness of his chin and cheeks. There was no beard at all to be felt. He wondered if he would see any difference, after all, he had always been clean shaven, but he walked to the vanity mirror and switched on the light above it to look.

The face which stared back at him was still recognizably his, but it was different. He turned to left and right profiles looking for beard, but there was none, just a reddish irritation where the removal had been completed. He looked again, and raised a hand to his lips. They still felt a little numb, and they felt thicker, larger. He looked again and discerned a faint lip line which he had never noticed before, marking the top and bottom edges of his lips. He felt along the line, there was nothing to feel there. The line did not come off. It did not move, yet it was there.

He stepped back from the mirror, surprised, but unable to dwell on the thoughts that were crowding into his mind, waiting to be worked through. He had other discoveries to make. The first was his eyebrows. Where before they had been thick and prominent, making him look studious and serious, now all had changed. They were gone. In their place was a thin high arch of eyebrows. He gently put a finger to them and could see them move to his touch, but could not feel them under his fingers, they were so thin

It was then that he noticed his eyes for the first time. The lashes were thicker than he remembered. He moved closer, yes, they were thicker and longer. He closed one eye, looking at the lid through the other. The lashes were really thicker and longer, and there seemed to be some make up lingering just where the lashes joined into his eye lid. He rubbed at the black line of the make up. It did not move. He wet his finger and rubbed it again, still it did not move.

He closed the other eye and repeated the process. Here again the lashes were much thicker than he remembered, and there was that bit of make up again, still trapped where his lashes met the eye lid. Again he rubbed, but it remained. He opened both eyes wide, and then noticed there was a little black make-up trapped where his lower lashes met the lower eye lid. How strange that it should have stayed there through all that had happened to him.

He took some tissue and wet it with warm water from the tap, and rubbed at the make-up. It stayed stubbornly in place, none had come off onto the tissue. He looked at it again, and felt along its line with his little finger, feeling for any sensitivity. There was a little there, just where the make up remained.

He suddenly felt a chill run through his body. He looked again at his newly discovered lip line, the thin arch that remained of his eye brows, and the lingering eye make up. His knees felt weak as he looked again, then stiffened with fear as he realized this wasn't make-up. This, whatever it was, was permanent. It was permanently etched onto his face. It would be there whatever he did, there was no hiding from it. He could not go back now, not looking like this, not looking more like a woman than a man.

Susan stepped back as this realization struck him. His face was really beginning to look like that of a woman, but what about the rest of him. How should the rest of him look, the thought scared him. Even more scary was the next thought. How should he behave?

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Susan rubbed a hand through his hair, and looked again in the mirror. He had sat and calmed a little now. He reached for his night dress and then his robe. He slipped his feet into the mules, and went in search of Lisa. He could hear her talking as he went towards the kitchen, and guessed correctly that she was conducting her business over the telephone again.

She looked up and waved at him when he entered, still talking, giving instructions to whoever was at the other end.

He sat and waited for her to finish.

"Well, how do you feel," she asked, putting the telephone down on its rest.

"I don't know, how should I feel," he answered. "I remember going to the clinic, if fact, I remember seeing the name, "The Beauty Laboratory" outside, I didn't know I was going to be the guinea pig."

"Oh don't be so silly." Lisa was teasing him, trying to lighten his mood. "I decided that since you were there and peacefully sedated that I'd have a few other things done at the same time. It will save time later."

"A few other things," he gasped. "I hardly recognized myself."

"That's the idea sweetheart," she mocked. "I guessed you were having a few doubts about how you would get around. How you would be able to change from being a boy into being a girl. I've just made the first steps a little easier for you."

"Easier," Susan repeated. "How easier?"

"By making it impossible for you to go around looking like a boy."

Lisa looked directly into his eyes as she spoke.

"The eye make-up is what they call semi permanent. That means it stays there whatever you do. It's quite light, but enough to give an unmistakable hint of make-up. The lip line is semi permanent too. It's what ladies put on with a pencil sometimes, just to give a guide where their lipstick has to go. I had them do the line very faint, but it's there to stay.

"What does semi permanent mean?" Susan asked, dreading the reply.

"I don't really know," Lisa confessed. "Put it this way, I've never known anyone going back to have it redone because it's faded away, but all the brochures say it's semi permanent. Anyway, I thought it was an ideal time to get these things done. The eye lash augmentation isn't going to last forever. That will need to be redone every few weeks or so. The extra lashes are attached to your own, so they'll fall out eventually as new ones grow."

Lisa smiled sweetly at him.

"What about the eye brows?"

"Gone forever, like your beard. I just asked Angela to tidy them up and give them a fashionable shape. She went for the fashion rather than the tidying. I was surprised at first, but now I look at what she's done, I think she's done a very good job of shaping them. When you see how good they look with a little make up, you'll love them. Eye-brows can be very sexy, you know."

"Lisa," Susan began. "Have you any idea how scared I feel. I may look like a woman, but I haven't a clue how to act like one. No one will be fooled."

"That's the idea, remember." Lisa said. "You're going to be a female impersonator, not a woman."

"But I can't be a female impersonator all day, every day can I?" Susan asked.

"Yes, of course you can. You will. Just wait until we get your figure right, and fix your hair. You're going where no ordinary boy goes. you'll look so good, you'll stop traffic before I've finished with you. Just think how much you've changed in ten days."

"Ten days," Susan said in amazement.

"Yes, ten days. You were in the clinic for most of them, until yesterday, when I came to bring you home."

"I didn't realize. Was I out for that long."

"You were sedated, yes of course, you'd have felt very uncomfortable otherwise. And the other benefit of being there is you've lost weight quickly. Remember, there's a lot to do with your figure."

Lisa looked at him as she paused.

"Which brings us to today's project."

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Lisa went out of the kitchen and returned carrying a large brown box which she put down on the bench in front of him.

"Let me introduce you to your breasts," she stated in a matter of fact way. She turned to him, holding up a smaller box. "These were Alan's, before he got the implants. There are two different sizes here, and you're going to start off with the smaller for starters. No argument, the smaller ones first."

"I wasn't arguing."

"I know, but if you did, I'd give in and let you have the bigger ones," Lisa replied, looking at him with a particularly mischievous look in her eye. It lightened the atmosphere.

"Okay, you want me to argue," Susan said lightly, "I'll argue. I don't want little tits, I want big ones and I want them now."

"You might not be able to control them," Lisa joked. "You need experience and a big tit license. You should graduate from the small ones. Remember, that's how we women do it."

"I don't have time to be a woman," Susan answered. "I'm better, I'm a real female impersonator, remember."

"I remember. And I give in, you can have the bigger ones, but don't say I didn't warn you."

She took two flesh colored shapes out of the box and handed them to him. They were breast shaped, he recognized that. The backs were rough, and tear shaped, graduating in thickness from wafer thin at the edges, to the full breast with realistic nipples. They were heavier than they looked, and felt of flesh, warm and supple, just like he imagined the real thing would feel.

“Well, they look all right to me,” Susan said. “But, remember, I’ve no real experience of breasts. What do I do with them?”

“You don’t do anything. Not now anyway, just sit there, and keep still.”

She held the right breast up to his chest, and moved it slightly out, then up, carefully judging its correct position on his anatomy. Holding it in place, she marked the position on his chest, then repeated the procedure with the left breast. She gave him the right one to hold in position whilst she held the left, all the time looking and comparing, making sure she was satisfied with the location chosen.

“Lie on the floor for me,” she instructed. “I’m going to spread some adhesive on your chest, then on the backs of the breast forms and we’ll see how they look on your chest.”

He lay down and felt the cold adhesive as she worked it across the area she had marked. He lay still and watched as she spread some more across the backs of the breast forms and placed them on the chair beside her.

“Now, I want you to hold just where I show you,” Lisa said, guiding his hand. He felt the breast form touching the right side of his chest. “We couldn’t have done this if you still had any hair there.”

Her brow furrowed in concentration as she carefully laid the backing in position. She took the edge he was holding and applied a little more adhesive, then pressed it into place. She repeated the process, using him to help place the left breast in position. Finally she sprayed an aerosol across the finished chest area.

“Lie still, and don’t move,” she instructed.

He lay there, feeling the strange sensations of the breasts now fastened to his chest.

Lisa packed away the boxes and adhesive and carried them from the room. She returned almost at once, and looked at him lying quite still.

“Okay, you can get up now,” she said, and watched as he stood, then raised his hands to his chest to support the totally new and unusual weights which were now attached to him. “They’re fastened with a special surgical glue, you don’t have to hold them. They won’t come off.”

Susan looked at her, as if allowing the words to sink in for a few moments. “They won’t come off.”

“That’s what I said,” Lisa replied. “The adhesive is used in operations. It’s totally secure. You can shower, swim, run, sweat, anything. they’re there until the solvent removes them.”

“We have some solvent?” Susan asked.

“No, but I know where to get some.”

She looked at him, the naked breasts hanging there. “They’re good, you’ll get used to them after a while. The color’s wrong for going topless, but if you want to show some cleavage, we can blend them with a little make up.”

Once again, Susan was struck with the powerful feeling that events were progressing far beyond his control. Whatever he was, or had been, he was no becoming Lisa's creation. He stood cupping his new breasts in his hands, to protect his chest from the weight. He could feel his throat going dry with shock and fear that he dare not show.

"I guess I really need to wear a bra right now," he said, after hesitating a few moments to calm, to get his voice back.

"Wear them for a few days, take things easy to get used to them. It will feel strange at first, but you'll be amazed just how quickly they become natural. Alan said that after wearing these, the implants were a real relief. He said they were more comfortable because the weight was carried by the muscles from the inside, instead of just being placed upon the skin. I'll be interested to see if you feel the same."

Susan went to get his bra. He knew that the conversation had assumed that breast implants were on their way towards him. He thought again, *was it an assumption, or was it inevitable.*

Something inside his brain told him it was inevitable.

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The next few days were passed much more quietly than had hitherto been the case. Susan was allowed to take his time getting dressed each morning. There was no shaving now, but there was make up instead. Lisa inspected his efforts as he worked from a comprehensive book of make up techniques. He was improving and he knew it.

He took pleasure in making his eyes look more and more prominent, without making them look over made up. The heavy lashes which he had permanently attached made it easy for the make up to look good. The permanent black line looked so precise and good when combined with subtle shading.

He experimented too with lipsticks, changing colors until he felt comfortable with shades which avoided heavy reds. He loved the paler peach shades in the day, and for evening wear, began to use plum colors, with added gloss so that his lips looked wet and shiny all the time. The permanent line was always there to guide his hand. Much as he had resented it being imposed upon him, he appreciated its value to the busy "woman thing" which he had become.

The breasts were still in place. Even though they looked wrong in color when he stood naked in the morning, under his clothes, they looked just bright. Following Lisa's suggestion, he asked her to shade them into his natural skin tones, and surprised her at dinner when he came down dressed in the highest heels he had ever dared to wear, and a skin tight silver sheath dress, which was so low, it almost exposed the false nipples.

As he saw her eyes light up as she looked into his cleavage, Susan suddenly understood that he was beginning to enjoy this interlude he was sharing with Lisa. He knew it could not last, but he was experiencing something which he had never expected. He understood now why the Abbot had released him for his vows. With all the temptations of the flesh to come, previously unknown carnal thoughts began to intrude on Susan's day.

Lisa too was having feelings which were new to her. She had missed Alan, missed his companionship, and missed watching him working on his act. She missed the intimacy of him being around. At first the idea of living with a female impersonator had revolted her, but as her relationship with Alan had deepened, she came to appreciate what it was to have a mate who used more make up than she did. Similarly, when he started to have plastic surgery, the thought revolted her, but as his features were made more feminine, and then as his breasts were created and augmented, she became fascinated.

As she looked into Susan's cleavage that evening, all these emotions came to the fore again. She wanted intimacy again, not that she loved Alan any the less, but he was gone, lost perhaps for ever, but this was now. Susan was becoming a lovely creature. She had guessed he would look fantastic when she arranged everything with the Beauty Laboratory. She feared that something was stirring inside her that was too strong to resist that evening when she looked again into a man's cleavage. Lisa knew in that instant that she wanted Susan to have real breasts, not these stuck on things. She wanted them for her own reasons.

That evening was the first time they had been so close together. They ate in the kitchen, an electricity between them, growing in intensity as the evening progressed. Lisa knew she was in control, setting the pace. She knew too that Susan was inexperienced and was now in the female role to her male. He had become subservient because of the things Lisa had done to him.

Without planning, Lisa found herself lavishing extra time and effort getting Susan ready that evening, she knew what she wanted to do and spared no effort to make him as feminine as possible, with heels, and perfume, with make up and a dress which was a tight silver sheath, low cut and really difficult to wear. She gave him rings and bracelets, a necklace and clipped big chunky gold ear rings tightly to his lobes. For herself, she scraped her hair tightly back, wore little make up, no jewelry, and lots of perfume. She dressed in a severe black pant suit.

Lisa set out that evening to seduce Susan as he had never been seduced before, as she had never seduced a man before. She felt herself using every trick to taunt and tantalize. And she enjoyed every second, making him play the female role. She began by taking command of the wine they were sharing. Then she held her glass for him to sip from, and when he complied, she felt instinctively that she was making the running. She wished she had planned more carefully, because she was enjoying herself so much, and wanted to prolong the feelings.

Slowly she lured him forward. He had no chance as she held out a morsel for him to eat from her fingers. She enjoyed the look and then the feel of his lips, pouting permanently because it was her desire. She liked his make up, the heavier more obvious look he had adopted for the evening. It was quite wanton, as if he had felt her desire, and subjugated himself to it.

Slowly, but surely they moved towards that first kiss, lip stick upon lip stick. She made the first move, placing her hand on the rise of Susan's false breast where it met the real skin of his chest. Gently she stroked, whispering into his ear, fantasizing about how it would feel to have a real breast, with a sensitive nipple to knead and ca-

ress, to touch, tongue upon nipple, tantalizing with teeth part bared, grazing across the most sensitive of bodily feelings.

Wordlessly, she lead him from the kitchen to her room, where she slowly undressed him and played with the breasts she knew were false, fulfilling a need within herself that she had barely realized existed. As he became more female in his appearance, she was becoming more attracted to him. Doctor Frankenstein was falling in love with the monster she was creating. He performed sexually as a male, but psychologically, Lisa knew she was in control. That really excited her, more than anything else.

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"I'm going to make you into the most beautiful boy ever," Lisa said as they lay in bed together the next morning.

"What brought that thought to your mind?"

"Nothing in particular, I just know I can make you into something so special," Lisa replied. "I know we've got to get some sort of act together for you, so that you can get that job. I've not lost sight of why you're here."

"I've not forgotten either."

"Well, for now, I'm just going to enjoy you," Lisa observed, reaching for him again, one hand finding the area where he retained a small portion of body hair, the other pulling his face towards her breasts.

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Lisa was as good as her word. The next weeks passed in a haze of delight for them both. Lisa spent the mornings at her agency, then in the afternoon she returned to find her special boy looking so beautiful that it was almost untrue. She took him here and there, delighting in his increasing confidence.

He raised his voice a couple of tones, and began to use a feminine inflection in his speech and used words the most men would have found foreign to their tongues.

She did not force the pace, allowing him to progress as fast or as slowly as he wished. She was excited to take him shopping for clothes, and encouraged him to try things on in the shops.

He was passing as a girl quite easily, even though that had not been the idea. He was comfortable in the role, and Lisa was comfortable in the role she had chosen for herself.

She was turning him into her bimbo. She did not realize at first, but when she totaled up the things she had done in this period, she could offer no other explanation. It started with his first visit to the hairdressers.

She booked the appointment herself at the best salon in town. She spoke to the principal stylist and tipped her well. She made no secret of the fact that their client was really a boy masquerading as a girl and told them they were to go as far as they wished with him, as far as they dared. He knew what she was doing, he had seen her

talking conspiratorially with the staff, yet he remained passive. He was hers to do with as she wished, she knew that as she left him in the salon.

“Well, what are we going to do with you,” said the stylist to him as he sat for the first time in front of her mirror. “I need to watch that way your hair falls, then we can see which way to attach the extensions.”

“Am I to have extensions?” Susan asked in her most feminine voice.

“Naturally, your hair's still boy length,” the stylist replied. It wasn't what he expected, her tone was really harsh and almost cruel. It said she knew what he was.

He was taken into the back, where his hair was washed and coated in evil smelling paste, applied with a brush. He sat passively all the time. If Lisa had ordered this, he would comply.

He sat passively when the manicurist came and worked upon his finger nails. She seemed to delight in telling him how he was having the most extravagant acrylic nails fitted, and that he would hardly be able to do a thing once they were in place because they were so long and difficult. He did not really believe her at the time, but since he had to learn how to pick things up with the balls of his fingers because of the restriction from the length of the nails. He even had to learn a new way of carrying his hands so as not to clench his fist and make the nails dig into his hands.

The shock of the nails was as nothing to the shock of his new hair style. When he went in to the salon he had been short and dark brown. As he emerged, he was blonde, an obvious platinum blonde, with nothing natural about the color. The extensions were something totally beyond his comprehension. He had heard of them, of course, but had no idea of the mechanics. He was shown lengths of hair which matched his newly bleached color, both in shade and texture. The hair was long, held against his head, it fell between his shoulder blades. It was attached to a strip.

Susan was instructed to lean his head forwards whilst the stylist and her assistant began to sew the extensions into his hair, starting low down below his ears, and working their way up to the top of his head with several of the strips being sewn in place. It was a long and laborious job for them, and they talked little as they worked.

The finished result shocked Susan when he saw himself long haired in the mirror for the first time. The length and volume of his hair was totally changed. The extensions were superb, the best the stylist had ever done she said. He could wash his hair, style it, do anything he could with natural hair she said. The extensions would not move. His own hair would grow underneath them. He would need the roots retouching every couple of weeks, but the extensions would not need to be re done before six or eight weeks.

Susan was one more step on the road to femininity. He was a blonde for the first time. As Lisa came into the salon to collect him, she knew the work was as exceptional and radical, as she had requested. He had gone in boy length, but he was coming out blonde bombshell length and style.

It was money well spent, Lisa thought.

Susan was reeling from these transformations as they walked back to the car. He was unprepared when Lisa pulled him into a jeweler's. Inevitably he was expected and was immediately taken into a small room at the rear, where his ears were pierced three times each. Three sets of hoops of different sizes were fitted into the holes, which were to be left undisturbed for four weeks, with regular cleaning, until the holes healed open for ever more.

If the ears being pierced was one shock, Susan was surprised to find himself being seated in the jeweler's afterwards whilst an array of gold was laid before him. He was speechless and could only agree with Lisa as she selected necklaces, and bracelets for him to wear. He allowed his fingers to be measured for ring sizes, then watched as the jeweler gently massaged some oil over his knuckles. Quickly, as if planned in advance, gold rings were fitted to the two middle fingers of each hand, his left ring finger held four, including one which looked like a wedding band. The final ring was a plain one which was pushed over the knuckle of his left thumb.

Immediately he felt the pressure of the rings against his fingers. They felt tight as the oil was wiped away with a soft tissue.

Lisa smiled a knowing smile. "Well, you're hands are worth a lot more now that they were when we came in."

"What, do you mean these are all real stones?" Susan asked, looking in wonder at the diamonds and rubies now on his fingers.

"Of course they're real." Lisa feigned horror at the question. "You're a real female impersonator, not a cheap one."

Susan felt at a ring, twisting it against the knuckle. "It's very tight."

"That's to make sure they don't come off," Lisa answered. "They're too good to lose, besides that way you'll see them whatever you're doing. It's what a psychologist would call reinforcing things in your mind."

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"This evening, we're going out," Lisa announced when they arrived home from the hair dressers. "Get yourself all dolled up, wear the silver sheath dress, and the highest heels you can find."

"I don't think I'm ready for that," Susan started to say.

"Nonsense," Lisa snapped back. "You're as ready as you'll ever be. I'm taking you out to see the places where I want you to work. Remember, you're a female impersonator. You're not embarrassed to be seen as a boy in a dress, that's the idea. That's what we're going to make money out of."

"Okay, I give in," Susan capitulated. "I need your help to do some make up on the breasts."

Susan went to his room and quickly cleaned off the remains of the make-up after the hairdressers. He rubbed his eye lashes, which were as thick and luxuriant as when they had been fitted, then sat back to look at this face which was now so familiar that he could not remember how he had looked without the alterations Lisa had made

to him. He knew she wanted him to look obvious, blatant even, and as he put on his make-up carefully, he did his best to look expensively cheap. It was strange making himself up as a blonde. The eyes were no problem, but he found that a stark red lip stick which he had rejected before, now looked the best. He filled in the color with a brush, being careful to follow his lip line exactly, then finished off with gloss. He blew himself a kiss in the mirror then went pull on his shoes.

When Susan was ready, Lisa had him walk back and forth several times, instructing him to take smaller steps, and to place one foot more directly in front of the other, to make his hips sway more as he moved. Susan got the idea, he was already trying to make his walk more appropriate to his appearance. The reminder was both timely and welcome.

The car ride to the city was shorter that he had expected, and for the first time he saw the agency where Lisa made her living, as she pulled into a private parking lot outside. Susan got out of the car, shivering a little in the cooling air of the evening. Lisa went to the trunk of the car and threw him a denim jacket which he gratefully pulled over his little silver dress. He pulled his long hair out of the collar, tossed his head and felt it fall onto his back outside the jacket. He wondered if Lisa had planned this as part of the image she wanted him to create tonight.

They went into a brightly lit bar, where Lisa was known. She introduced him as a new client, making it clear that he was a female impersonator. This open discussion in front of strangers shocked Susan who was made even more uncomfortable when several of the staff were called over to look at him.

"I thought he could do a few nights here, try out a new act," Lisa was saying.

"Sure, you offering, or do I have to pay?" the man who seemed to run the place asked.

"He's new in town, but he's going to be the best," Susan said. "I'll give you one try out, after that you pay."

"Two free nights, and if he's good, I'll pay one night a week for four dates to see how he goes," the man offered. "But it depends on what you're asking."

Lisa named her price.



"No," came the reply. "I'd want topless for that, and those tits don't look as if they're good enough for topless."

"You're missing a great opportunity there," Lisa continued. "He's going to be my number one act."

"Is he going to get some tits," the man persisted.

"Yes, and I'll guarantee you a booking afterwards," Lisa said, "but he needs to earn some money first. Have I ever kidded you, he'll be the best."

Susan stood aloof from this discussion, looking from one to the other, then around the club. He saw the waitresses for the first time. They were all female impersonators too, some quite obviously male, others more feminine, but he knew instinctively that even the best of them were never going to look as feminine as he was. He took off his jacket, and adjusted his neckline. The silver dress caught the light, and he saw the man's eyes going down to his cleavage. He kept his eyes there as he spoke to Lisa.

"All right, but he works the full evening, waits a few tables so that the customers get a good look at everything that's on offer."

"I'll agree, just because you've always had an eye for the best acts, I wouldn't want you to have missed the best of all."

"You drive a hard bargain," the man said. "I'll send some drinks to your table, ring me next week and we'll arrange dates."

Susan followed Lisa to a table at the edge of the small stage area. He watched as she nodded to several of the patrons, and exchanged a few words with others. He knew he was on display, and that they were being seated there at the front for all to see. It felt as if every eye in the place was looking at him.

"What have you let me in for," he hissed at Lisa when they were eventually sitting at their table.

"Nothing more than you were expecting," Lisa answered, "You've got to start somewhere, and this is as good a place as any. Alan worked here, and they know about his disappearance. Everyone in the business will know I've got another protégé, and come to see you."

"See me doing what. I'm really afraid that I'll just look stupid."

"Don't worry, we'll get you an act together," Lisa said. "I've arranged some rehearsal times for you."

"But, I haven't any experience as a performer."

"No, but the impact of a deadline to work to will make us get you an act together," Lisa replied. "We've got some of Alan's routines that he never used to start from."

"What did he mean about working the full evening," Susan continued. "I can't do that."

"Yes you can," Lisa instructed. "It's just a bit of waitress work. It lets the customers see you close up, gets them their money's worth. It's a tradition here. Only the best female impersonators work here, waitresses, bar maids, everything, as well as the floor show."

“He noticed my breasts. I don't know if I should be flattered or insulted at the way he was talking to them.”

“You'll get used to that,” Lisa promised, smiling. “All men talk to you there. He was doing it, and he could see they're false, just wait until you have the implants.”

“Why would men look at my breasts if they know they're implants?”

“Honey, do you have a lot to learn,” Lisa drawled in a mock southern accent. “Men's eyes are always looking into whatever cleavage you offer them. I use it to my advantage most times, but sometimes I want to say to them, ‘Hey, I'm up here’, when I'm talking to some men. I don't though. I've learned it's an advantage to use my femininity when I'm dealing with men in general, and some of my clients in particular.”

“But...,” Susan started.

“Take it from me, men are just fascinated by the bits they don't have, and if they think you have the same bits as them, as well as some bits they don't have, then they'll look and look again. Trust me.” Lisa looked him straight in the eye as if daring him to doubt her word.

Before they could talk further, the floor show started and Susan got his first experience of what was to be expected of him. He watched with increasing fascination as several female impersonators went through their acts. There was a stand up and a singer, a stripper and a dancer, and to end the show, a girl group sang a few numbers. Susan watched critically. At the end, he knew he could match them for appearance. It was the talent and performance which was now the biggest worry.

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The days which followed the visit to the club forced a change of pace on Susan and Lisa. Just as their relationship was changing, now their routine was changing too. The more feminine she made him, the more Lisa was attracted to Susan. It was the same as it had been with Alan. She wanted a man who was strong enough to be a real woman for her. It was a side of her character which she was recognizing for the first time, as she realized how strongly she was attached to Susan.

The first rehearsals were difficult. Susan was sent to a dancing school on the floor above the agency where a special tutor had been arranged to teach him how to move, dance and sing on stage. It took time to get him into a sense of rhythm and timing. Then it took time to get him to project his voice. It was only when the teacher, in exasperation, explained to him that he was playing a role every minute of his life, that he got the idea that he could play the role of a performer.

That single concept seemed to unlock an exhibitionist streak within Susan that no one had suspected was there before. Suddenly his movement became fluid and feminine, and the rhythm which had been lacking in his soul started to show in song and dance. His voice was a revelation too, for when singing, straining for the higher notes, he discovered a natural falsetto which was at once melodious and husky.

The teacher called Lisa specially to hear without him knowing.

“I think it's a real sexy voice,” she confided.

Bit by bit, the act came together. It was very much a solo act, using a backing tape for the music. It was a portable act too, in that it was self contained and he could take it anywhere. Susan became increasingly confident as the rehearsal turned into pleasure and achievement. He knew it was far from the real thing, but they were getting there, and it would be foolish to start too soon.

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After rehearsal upon rehearsal, Lisa came to watch him go through his routine. Susan was dressed simply in denim shirt over black leggings. He wore black six inch stiletto heel shoes, which made him look taller and slimmer than ever. They were too high for most women, but he looked elegant and confident as he moved across the praxes floor.

He had a radio microphone and moved gracefully as he sang. The songs were standards, sung plainly but well. He had a gentle style of delivery, no histrionics or over dramatization, which made the sound both pleasing and attractive. He ran through a bit of patter, pretending there was an audience there. It was a little contrived, but he had explained that part of the rehearsals had included some training on how to deal with hecklers in the audience.

The small dance section of the act was less successful.

Lisa thought it was too contrived and a departure from the mood generated by the songs. The end of the act was a big ballad, with full emotional delivery and a dramatic end. It was a fitting conclusion to the act and as he took a final curtsy to the audience, Lisa applauded.

Susan smiled, held his pose as if milking the applause, then broke off with a broad smile and came over to her.

"Well what do you think. Be honest, I need to feel that I'm not going to look stupid."

"Well, It's certainly good enough to take you through the first outings, but the dance has to be dropped."

"I thought you'd say that," Susan remarked. "It doesn't feel right at all."

"No, and it hampers the flow of the performance," Lisa said thoughtfully. "But the training isn't wasted. you're moving much more elegantly across the stage and there's much more rhythm in everything."

"How do you know that?" Susan asked. "You weren't allowed to the rehearsals."

"I know, but I heard through the door, and I talked to your dance and voice coach. You'll be able to dance with a troupe in the middle of a number, you know what I mean, the big production number when I get you into the good venues, with the dancers."

"That's what the coach said when I felt the dance was really weak," Susan agreed. "I guess it's all experience. Talking of which, when is my debut."

"Next week," Lisa answered. "It's all fixed, but remember you've got to waitress there as well. You have to be there in costume for an hour the night before to learn what to do."

"Do I really have to do that?"

"Yes, for one thing, it's the house style. And for another, it will give you confidence. Remember, you need to feel natural if you're going to look natural on stage. It's good experience."

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The debut was arranged. Everything was prepared, and so the night before, Susan and Lisa set off for the club for the waitress lesson. Susan was dressed in a small black dress, like the uniform of the club. It was tight, but not too revealing, deliberately so. Lisa had decided that the customers should wait until the first performance before anything more was revealed. His heels were three inch, his make up was precise, with hair pulled back into a neat French pleat.

In the club, he was introduced to Janet, who looked real good as a pert red head, but whose voice betrayed the male underneath.

Lisa stayed to talk to the owners whilst Janet, who was the bar supervisor, drilled him into what was expected from the staff, including instructions on how to deal with the intrusive grope from the customers. Susan was quite horrified at the thought.

"Don't worry, it's just the sort of thing they have to do," Janet explained. "Some just want to nip, others want to check to see if you're really male."

"I wear a gaff."

"All the time," Janet asked. "You must be really serious. Does it hurt?"

"No, not now I'm used to it," Susan answered truthfully.

"Well, not all the staff wear them. Some like to have bulges, they want to attract certain people," Janet noted with a puzzled look in her eye, and raised one beautifully shaped eye brow to ask the unspoken question.

"It still works," said Susan, but Janet's expression told him that this was not the required answer. "I'm not looking for a man, if that's what you're asking. I'm not that way."

"Good, that's settled. I like to know, just in case you get into difficulties with any of the customers. They can come on a bit strong sometimes," Janet explained. "You have to be very careful, they can interpret an innocent remark as an invitation."

"How often does that happen." Susan felt terrified.

"Something happens every night," Janet admitted. "We just rely on knowing our staff, some can handle things, others need our support. That's why I'm a supervisor, I watch out for you, and I'll be there if I see you getting into ashall we call it a situation."

Susan was reassured by his conversation with Janet, and as they talked, he discovered that Janet was quite a warm and friendly person. Janet had ambitions of being

an entertainer too, but had settled for managing the bars. He lived with the (female) owner of the premises. That had cured him of the desire to travel and endure the hardships that would come with a career on the stage.

Janet introduced him to some of the other staff who would be working the next evening. They ranged from the glamorous to the beautiful, he was surprised by them all, each in a different way. He realized as the introductions were made and he exchanged a few words with the others, that he knew so little about the world he was to enter. His life had been so sheltered, how could he have been so narrow in his horizons and experience and still had the conceit to think he could be useful.

Janet had him drilled into taking a couple of orders into the audience.

He felt terrified as he walked out with a tray balanced on his arm, past the tables and their occupants. He could feel them looking at him, they made no secret of the fact that they were sizing him up.

Janet told him the questions they'd be asking themselves as they watched him. Was he straight or gay, were the tits real or stuck on, how much had he been altered, and could he put on male clothes and look male. Some would be wondering if he was "available". Janet admitted that some of the staff used the job as a place "to find friends of all kinds, for all kinds of reasons" as she diplomatically put it.

As he walked through the tables, it was not so bad. When he stopped, it was not so easy, as he found out on his very first trip. He was bending to put a drink mat onto the table and had just taken hold of the glass when he felt a hand sliding up his thigh. He jumped back and without thinking, threw the drink into the face of a leering little man. He expected that would start trouble, but the group with him just laughed, and then to his surprise, paid for the drink and added a big tip. He trembled at the knees as soon as he got back to the safety of the counter.

"I saw that," Janet said. "Well done, he tries it on everyone when they're new. That's the first time that's happened to him. He'll never live it down."

"I was afraid you'd sack me."

"No, you'll fit in here just fine," Janet replied, and then gave way to the full voiced laugh she had been suppressing ever since she saw the drink flying.

Susan served a few more drinks before Lisa was ready to go. It got easier as the time passed. He was able to keep his head up and look round as he carried the tray. He knew that everyone knew he was a female impersonator. He wasn't fooling anyone, That was the reason he was here, and the reason why they were here to watch. He began to enjoy flaunting his kind of femininity at them. It was really good to be looked at and admired he decided.

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Next evening came his debut. He was dressed in a clinging silk dress, in deep red, with spaghetti straps to a lower than low neckline. His breasts were made up to perfection so that unless the viewer were standing next to him, the join would not be visible. They were pushed high by a special bra which succeeded in exaggerating his

cleavage beyond anything he had seen before, and Lisa had squeezed his waist into a tight laced corset, so that his figure looked really curved. His shoes were finished in a matching red, and had the six inch heels that he had become used to in rehearsal.

He had spent the day at the beauty salon, and as well as retouching his roots and replacing his extensions, the stylist had dressed his hair high on his head with lots of contrived tendrils of wispy hair looking as if it was falling out by accident, but really so carefully dressed and contrived, to look as sexily casual yet classy as possible. His finger nails had been re done as well, so that they were a full half inch beyond his fingers and finished in the same shade as his dress.

Without Lisa to dress him and attend to his make up, he would have been totally helpless, and unable to look anything like he did. And he knew he looked fabulous, and he felt fabulous and confident as they drove to the club. He had no doubts as he waited to go on stage, and as soon as he heard the introduction, he was away, bounding into the lights, starting his first number.

The adrenaline surged through him as the audience clapped and called for him to continue after his routine was finished. he went back onto the stage whilst Lisa ran his backing tape back so that he could reprise the last number. The applause finally died down.

“Get your tits out. Show us what you've got,” the voice from the back of the audience was loud and plain for all to hear.

“Have that boy washed and sent to my room afterwards,” he growled into the microphone. “I've really got a spirit of adventure tonight, haven't I.” He winked wickedly at the audience.

The audience clapped and whooped as the tape started again to save him from having to deal with any more louts. He sang the last number again, wishing he had a bigger repertoire to chose from, so that the encore could have been different, but he need not have worried. His reception was just as good, better than he ever could have wished for a first time.

Then he was off the stage, being congratulated and kissed by everyone back stage. All the “girls” from last night were there. It was heady stuff, and wonderfully exhilarating.

Lisa took him to the dressing room and helped him to change into a black dress. It was the house tradition that the acts should dress as the rest of the staff when they did their stint at waitressing. Lisa retouched her make up, and sprayed perfume over his shoulders, then he noticed. This time the black dress was cut as daringly as the red one.

Susan had not been expecting this and was about to question Lisa.

“You can handle it,” she said before the question could be asked.

Susan nodded and went to her work.

As they drove home that night, they were too exhausted to talk. When they went to bed they were too exhilarated to sleep. As they talked, they agreed the night could not have passed better whatever they had done.

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"I can't get you another booking for a few weeks. The only dates they have available are when I have to go away for a few days to sort some contracts on the coast," Lisa announced one day when he came down from the rehearsal studio, still dressed in leopard and practice skirt.

"That's okay," Susan replied. "I've still a lot to learn."

He was secretly glad to be postponing the event. He knew how well prepared he had been last time, this time he wanted more material, and a new song for an encore.

"I thought you could come with me," Lisa said casually.

"What, be outside, away...," Susan stuttered in his confusion.

"Well, yes, that's the idea," Lisa answered, laughing at his discomfort.

"Am I to be female on this trip, or a female impersonator?" Susan asked.

"What a strange question," Lisa countered. "I hadn't thought of that. What do you want to be."

"If I were to go as a woman, we could share a room," Susan replied, meaning the obvious consequences of that arrangement. "You could say I was your personal assistant."

"Yes I could," Lisa noted, seeing that she could use this for her own ends. "I was going to tell you that your plastic surgeon is coming to see you tonight, so perhaps it would work out nicely. After all, you couldn't rehearse dance routines just after your implants, could you."

"No," said Susan, blushing at the thought of what was to come. It was a possibility he had pushed to the back of his mind up to now, even though he realized that it was inevitable. He just hadn't wanted to think about it.

"Well, we'll speak to her tonight and see when you can be admitted," Lisa suggested, turning the operation into a finite time scale.

With that the telephone rang, and there was no opportunity for any more talk until they went home, but then the conversation in the car was interrupted as Lisa took call after call on her mobile.

Susan listed numbers for her to call back immediately they arrived home.

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"You get it please," Lisa urged as the doorbell sounded whilst she was still talking to a client.

Susan went to the door and opened it. There was a gray haired woman standing there, of middle age, carrying a large medical bag.

"I'm Doctor Green," she greeted, stepping inside at his invitation. "I think we met briefly when I operated on your friend Alan, so I'm looking forward to seeing what we've got this time."

Susan was too confused to reply.

They went into the kitchen where Lisa was still talking into the telephone.

"I'm your patient," Susan explained.

"But you've already got breasts," the doctor observed, putting her hands up to feel just what he had. She felt briefly. "Oh, I see let's go into another room and you can take your clothes off for me."

As they left to go into the lounge, Lisa was hurriedly finishing her conversation, promising to call back later.

The doctor looked at his glued on breasts, whilst they waited for Lisa. She measured round his chest and then over the breasts themselves.

"You've a good C cup there," she stated. "I'll probably be able to give you the same size, although they may be a little smaller. It depends on your chest muscles."

"I don't know, I hadn't thought..," Susan mumbled in reply.

"Don't worry, I only use the safest saline implants. As to size, they can be augmented later if they're not big enough. I remember Alan had four operations in all before he was satisfied," Doctor Green said.

Before he could answer, Lisa came in, carrying a plastic bottle of solvent. She applied it to the breasts and waited whilst it penetrated the join, apologizing to the doctor for the delay.

"That's no problem," Doctor Green replied. "This call is on my way home, and I know you've got to work. How else could you afford my bills?"

She laughed at her own joke, as the right breast was eased off Susan's chest. The left one was more recalcitrant, and needed a further application of the solvent to move it.

Lisa and the doctor were talking as the final weight was removed from Susan's chest. He was not hearing what they were saying, the sensation of no longer having these sensuous weights attached to his chest after so many weeks with them was a far stranger sensation than he had imagined it would be.

He turned and stood as instructed as the doctor did further measurements. Then she took his blood pressure and listened to his heart. There was little in the way of consultation with him involved, it was as if the doctor had been well briefed on what was required before she came. The doctor did not only measure his chest. She looked at his teeth and eyes, she inspected his nasal cavity, then measured his waist and hips. She had him remove his gaff, and felt his intimate parts, asking him to cough and bend.

"That's all I need for now, except for some photographs," she announced and pulled a camera from her bag.

It seemed she used a full film taking pictures of him in close up and full length, in profile and full face. She seemed to want to photograph every bit of him.

Susan asked why.

“Oh, it's insurance. That's it, insurance. So that if you end up with an extra leg you can sue me because the pictures prove you only had two before I operated.” The doctor smiled, at least her lips smiled, her eyes did not. Then she was on her way.

“I'll call you about admission,” she said as she was leaving.

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The call about admission came the next morning. It was early, not only before they were out of the house, but before Lisa's telephone began ringing with her clients. He was to be at the clinic as soon as possible. A patient had been removed from the list due to some sort of virus, so there was an immediate vacancy.

Lisa drove him to the clinic, which he was surprised to find was housed behind the Beauty Laboratory. Lisa fussed and arranged things in his room, talking all the time as if she did not want to allow him any time to think or ask questions. There were forms to sign for the billing, for the use of the room, the telephone, the television, the consent form for the treatment which Susan meant to read before signing, but it was all so rushed and before he could protest, and demand to read the form, the medical team were there to prepare him for the operating theatre.

He was dressed in a white sterile gown and before he had time to think, the nurses had a catheter inserted into a vein in the back of his hand and were injecting some clear liquid into it. Any thoughts of protesting, or even of reading anything disappeared in a pleasant haze.

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Susan came to consciousness in the room he had left. The lights were on and a nurse in white was sitting beside him. He felt strange, and registered the catheter still in his hand, but now connected to something in a bag suspended above him. He tried to move and was immediately halted by a pain across his chest. That reminded him why he was there.

The nurse said something to him, as he registered something pulling across his eyes and a dressing over his nose. He started to speak again, but only a croak escaped his lips, then she was injecting something into the catheter and he drifted away again.

He came to consciousness again, still a nurse was beside him. His senses surfaced just sufficiently for him to register the same things he had before, but again he received a measured dose into the catheter. This seemed to his befuddled mind to be repeated endlessly. He was always accompanied by a nurse, and always put back to sleep as soon as he threatened to come to consciousness, not that it was unpleasant, but it totally prevented any rational thought for as long as the treatment persisted.

Then the pattern began to change. There was nothing on his face when he had his fleeting moments of consciousness. Had he imagined it. The nurse no longer sent him back to sleep as soon as he awoke, but still repeated a dose of medication at regular intervals. These kept him in a state of semi consciousness, aware, but totally unable to think coherently or speak. He registered Doctor Green and Lisa visiting him and heard

them speaking but still the words they spoke would not register on his brain. He remembered the touch of Lisa's lips on his forehead just before she left.

Slowly, his consciousness came back. There was no nurse beside him, no catheter attached to his hand. He moved, no pain, just a little discomfort around his chest. That was what he expected. He raised a hand to rub his eye, and saw again the familiar red talons of his extended nails. He smiled at their familiarity, then brought his other hand into view to admire them both. He was about to raise himself into a sitting position when a nurse came in.

"I've been sent to see if you're awake," she explained. "We were expecting you to surface about now. I've instructions to tell Doctor Green, so you lie there. I'll call the doctor, then I'll be back to help you get more comfortable."

Susan lay back and waited. He felt really weak, but his alertness level was rising with every breath he took. The dullness in his head was dissipating fast, and there was no pain. The nurse came and eased him into a sitting position. He was immediately conscious of the weight on his chest. It was a familiar weight, but it was now pulling differently, it was inside him rather than attached to him.

So this was what implants felt like.

Idly, he wondered if women who had implants got the same sensation. He began to move his hands. Now was the time to explore this new body, but before he could move, the door opened.

"Here we all are for the great unveiling," Doctor Green announced. "They're a little smaller than the nasty stick on things you had, but I think.....no I'm confident that you'll like what you see. You have one of the most pleasing creations I've ever done."

"Thank you Doctor."

"We're just waiting for Lisa to arrive, she's on her way, bringing my check I hope. I'd hate to have to take them back if she doesn't pay."

The Doctor laughed at her own joke as Lisa entered. Smiling at Susan, she handed a brown envelope to the doctor who laughed again and put it in the pocket of her white coat.

"Now we're ready. I want you to note just how well the nipples have come out. I've used a new technique, injecting and shaping them. They look just like the real thing, and there should be no loss of sensation there either. I'm hoping you'll tell me that there's a new sensation there after you've got used to them."

As she was talking, she helped Susan to sit up further, and opened the buttons at the front of his night dress. Susan was afraid to look down, as he felt the material being pushed back from his shoulders. He pulled his arms out, then folded them across his chest in an instinctive gesture that was totally feminine.

"Now then, there's no need for modesty with your doctor," the doctor said, gently taking his arms and lowering them.

Susan looked down, seeing for the first time, his newly created breasts. He could hear the doctor and Lisa speaking, as he looked down in fascination. Slowly he raised his hand and watched as the red finger nails touched the breasts for the first time. He

cupped it in his hand and supported its weight gently, allowing the sensations to transfer from chest to groin as he did so. Slowly, his hand felt for the nipples, and explored their new fullness. The point seemed to harden and grow as his hands moved. There was another answering tingle from his groin.

"I take it we've been successful," the doctor noted, turning to Lisa. "He seems to have no bad reactions to the feel of them anyway."

"I think they look beautiful," Lisa said. "Just like the real thing."

And what about the rest of my work?"

"What's that," Susan asked. "What's the rest of the work?"

A new feeling of disorientation rose, then faded just as quickly. What did a bit more matter, there had been so many things done to him recently. There was nothing left of the young cleric who had been released from his vows just a few weeks before. As this thought passed through his mind, he knew at once that he had no idea of how long it had been. How long had he been sedated. It must have been a while, for all the healing his body had done.

Lisa placed a mirror in front of him. Susan looked and saw the face he had come to know. The lip line looked as good as ever as did the slightly smudged look of the traces of make up that were permanently lingering around his eyes. The eye brows were as fine and shaped as ever. Yet there were some differences. His eyes seemed a little wider, the brow line a little higher. He looked again, had his nose always had that shape at the tip. He turned his head to try and look at the profile but then he couldn't remember what it looked like anyway.

"We tidied up a few things. It seemed this was an ideal time to do them."

A dreadful thought occurred to Susan in that instant. His hand moved quickly down to his groin.

"No, not that," the doctor laughed. "Although it can be corrected either permanently or temporarily if you wish."

"No, I think we'll keep it," Lisa noted softly, catching Susan's eye as she spoke.

"You've seen most of the things we've done," the doctor continued. "There's a little work on your eyes and nose, just to give them a more feminine proportion. Your Adam's Apple was reduced a little too, but you'll have to stand to see the other things. I've done some new implants around your hips and rear end, just to give you a more feminine curve. You've lost as much weight as you can easily from the waist, the hips needed something to make them proportionate to your breasts. More proportionate in a feminine sense that is. As I said, it's a new style of operation, I think the results are very promising"

"They're a surprise, darling," said Lisa. "Just to help you feel really feminine for our trip."

"I'm surprised," Susan replied in a small voice, knowing just what Lisa meant.

"If they're not successful, I can remove them of course, but not for a year at least. The muscles mustn't be disturbed too recklessly or they lose all tone, not a good thing around the rear end."

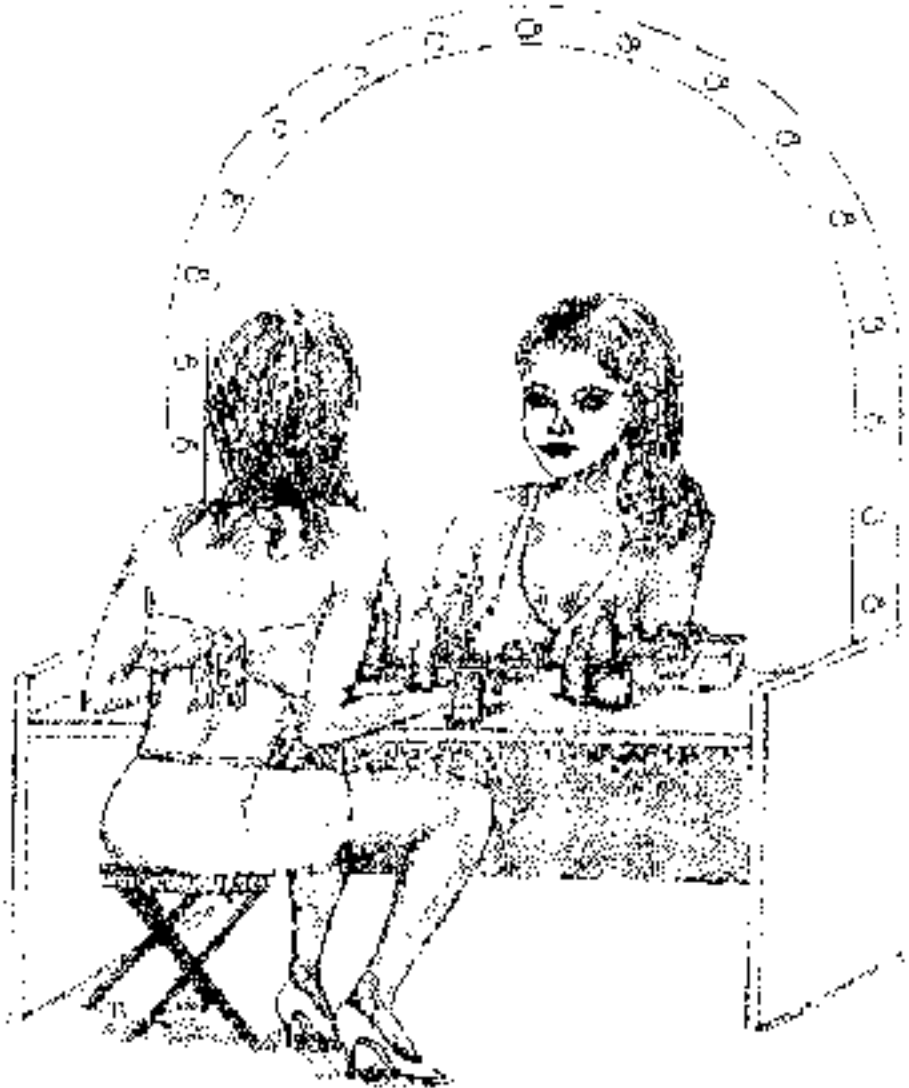
The doctor smiled again, waiting for them to join in. When they did not, there followed a silence in which they looked at each other a little awkwardly.

"Right, you can get up," Doctor Green instructed Susan. "Let me look at you standing, and if all's as well as I expect, I'll discharge you and you can go home."

"Thank you, doctor," Susan said, standing a little unsteadily, suddenly shy at his nakedness, shy at being examined in this way. He walked to the end of the bed, and then asked to go to the bathroom. He went into the small bathroom attached to his room and looked at himself in the mirror for the first time.

His face was more feminine, even without make up. His breasts looked real as he watched his hands explore them quickly. He looked down and examined his hips and bottom. They looked a little more rounded, but it was hard to tell just what had been changed. He felt around with his hand, nothing was different to his touch, he looked closely, turning left and right in the mirror, and could see no scars, but then there were none to see on his breasts either. He completed his ablutions and returned to the room.

The doctor looked around once again, she pulled the flesh around his buttocks and hips, feeling quite roughly for something. She turned him round and repeated the process. She grunted her satisfaction, stood back to admire her work, then looked up once again.



"You can go home. Everything's healed so well, better than even I expected. I can't even feel the implants, and I know exactly what I'm feeling for," the doctor said, and then turning to leave, hesitated at the door.

"Remember what I told you about hormone treatment. If you change your mind, call me."

"What was that about?" Susan asked after she had gone.

"Nothing. I'm not having you on hormones." Lisa looked into his eyes, a little coy this time. "It would switch things off, and I don't want them switching off."

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Susan spent the first few days at home just resting. He had been warned that the effects of the anesthetic were not easily forgotten by the body, and that it would take a little time to recover full energy. He enjoyed the days of enforced rest.

Lisa was often up and out early, the agency was busier than ever, and she was having to put in more hours as the acts she represented became more successful. She was thriving on the success.

It was not that she had forgotten about Alan, just that she realized that worrying about him would not help anyone. Sometimes she wondered if she really wanted him to come back. Her feelings for him had changed, she loved Susan now, and could not think of reinventing her relationship with Alan. It had never been as good as this had become. Nonetheless, she owed him a duty to be sure that he was safe wherever he was. That was what had brought Susan into her life, and they both knew that they had to see it through.

Susan spent the idle days slowly. He dressed late, and then would spend time in the sun shine in the garden, working on his tan. He liked the way the tanned body contrasted with his blonde hair, even though the roots were looking pretty bad. As these days passed, Susan began to accept his newly modeled body. It imposed a more feminine discipline on him, and he accepted it with joy. Exercise became part of her routine, working to flatten his stomach, and develop more shapely legs in particular.

His breasts had made him crave more femininity, at least in his appearance and manner. Susan knew that he was talking more like a real girl, both in intonation, and in the choice of words he used. He knew too that he walked and gestured correctly too. He had no desire to take hormones, or have parts of his body removed, the gaff was sufficient in that respect, and he enjoyed using that which he had never expected to use when he took his vows. He thanked the abbot daily for realizing what his duty was to be and releasing him so compassionately.

He dressed carefully every day, and always took care to look especially feminine when Lisa came home, but there was a change in him. It was a while since he had been to the beauty salon. The dark roots of his bleached hair gave him a coarse and tarty look, despite the daily washing and conditioning. He knew that he could work on this, and said nothing at all to Lisa, until one day, sitting at his vanity, he decided to play it up for all he was worth.

He dressed in the lowest cut blouse he could find. It was a halter neck, in pale blue, with buttons on the front. The buttons were tight and he knew he could make them pop open easily when he wanted to. He wore a white under wired half cup bra, very heavily trimmed with lace, but low and revealing. He pulled on matching panties, with French cut legs, and a tight denim skirt. White stiletto heels completed the dressing.

At the vanity, he drew heavy black lines round his eyes and smudged them so that the make-up was heavier on the bottom and at the outer edge. He used a white kohl pencil inside his eye lids, and a pale smoky gray shadow sparingly on his top lids. He hesitated with his lipstick, and tried three shades before choosing a pale pink shade, which he covered with gloss, emphasizing his enhanced pout. His hair he dressed simply, back combing and teasing it out, so that it was really big hair. Then he waited for Lisa to come home.

He heard the car pull up outside, and waited behind the door. He wriggled his hips and practiced a pout in the mirror to get in the right mood, then running his hand through his hair to muss it up a bit more, he opened the door and waited for Lisa to see him.

"I've got ideas, Honey," he drawled in his best accent. "You've been neglecting me lately. I want some attention."

He pouted provocatively, and thrust his chest forwards. The top buttons opened as he had intended them to do, exposing more breast, and the lace edge of the bra.

Lisa saw him and giggled. Her eyes said this was going to be fun.

They tumbled into each other, and each half carried, half dragged the other tumbling and laughing into the bed room where they became a mass of licking, touching and feeling limbs until they were both satisfied and exhausted.

"If you're going to behave like that every time I come home, I guess you'd better stay like that," Lisa said. "You look like a trailer park babe."

"And I acted better than a trailer park babe, as you call me," Susan teased. "I'm all woman and more, that's why."

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"If you're coming on this business trip with me," Lisa said the next morning, "we'd better get you looking the part."

"You mean you'd be ashamed to have someone who lives in a trailer park working for you," Susan mocked.

"That's right, my girl," Lisa said. "Either get yourself tidied up, or you're not coming." The voice was imperious, the look haughty.

"Seriously," Susan asked, "am I coming with you."

"Yes, but I'm serious. You'll have to look like my assistant. I'll be meeting some high powered people, and I want you to blend into the background, rather than being the focus of attention," Lisa explained.

"Okay, I can understand that," Susan agreed. "When do I start."

"Well, what do you want," Lisa asked. "I was thinking we'd arrange something with the salon tomorrow."

"I guess I'd better tone everything down," Susan said. "My hair's quite long now, relatively that is, under these extensions. How about if I go back to my brown hair and remove the extensions?"

"That would be good," agreed Lisa. "And we'll have your nails to a more natural length too, make it look as if you can type."

"But I can type. I learned when I was a student. We had to type all our essays. I can use a computer and all the modern office equipment too, I used to work in the offices part time, no women allowed inside the hallowed walls and all that, remember where I came from."

"Really. You never told me."

"Well, when you were training me to be a trailer park babe, typing and office skills just didn't seem important," Susan admitted.

"Okay, you win," Lisa said. "But if you really can type, and do all that stuff, I guess you can really work on this trip as well as just coming along for the ride."

"That's okay. I'd rather be useful."

"And you'll be one of the girls too," Lisa observed, suddenly thinking of something else he may have to contend with. "There'll be men to deal with."

"I can do that. Remember in the club."

"Yes, but this is different. In the club they knew you were a female impersonator. Where you're going with me, you'll be another woman. there's the difference, another woman. Do I have to spell out the difference."

"No, you don't," Susan said quietly, then added, "Look, I've come this far, I'm willing to risk it, I won't let you down. I won't get caught, and I'll learn a lot."

"Okay, but if it goes wrong, I'll send you home immediately. You have to agree to that condition.....and of course, if it's too much for you, you only have to ask, and I'll get you home just as quickly as I can."

Thus it was decided.

Susan went to the beauty salon, dressed quietly and casually for the occasion. He emerged some hours later as a sober looking brunette with mid length hair, cut into a sensible shape and quite straight. He looked for all the world like any other secretary. The nails were short too, and he felt quite dowdy. He had never realized how much effect his looks had upon him before. As a blonde he had felt light and frivolous, just like the stereotype. With dark hair, he felt much quieter, and with a shock he knew he did not feel as confident with this truly feminine identity. The blonde had been playing at it, this was for real.

To go with the sober appearance, he was allowed little jewelry and had to have a wardrobe to match his new role. He felt it was a disappointment to see the office worker's clothes going into his case, and the office worker's make-up was not as extensive as he had been used to. They had refused to re apply his permanent false eye-

lashes, saying it would not go with the image, although he still had the semi permanent make up. He knew they could do nothing about that. Whilst he was looking forward to the challenge of this trip, he was also hoping for it to be over quickly so that he could resume life as a blonde, with all the extra feminine trimmings that he had become so used to.

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They traveled to the airport in Lisa's car. Susan had never learned to drive, and even if he had, the name and photograph on the license would have been incongruous. They parked in a secure bay at the airport and were on their way.

The trip was to arrange for some of Lisa's clients to do some film work. It involved contractual negotiations in a more detailed form that could be completed at distance. Lawyers for both sides were to be present and advising throughout.

"I need you to keep our lawyer out of the way for a while," Lisa confided as they were driving from the airport to their first appointment. I want a little time alone with the money men, before he gets it too formal."

"How do I do that," Susan asked naively.

"You're a woman. Use your head."

"I'm not that sort of woman," Susan replied.

"I didn't mean you had to take him to bed," Lisa added, "Just keep him talking, get him to show you round or something, anything. Just do it, faint if you have to."

They laughed at the thought, but Susan knew Lisa really wanted him to do something to keep the lawyer away.

He turned out to be a real gentleman, inoffensive and very polite. Susan knew at once she would be able to flatter him and distract him for a while, even if it were not as long as Lisa wanted. He started straight away, asking questions about the town, and the sights. Everything the lawyer explained, he looked into his eyes and asked question after question, forcing himself to be a good listener. It worked, and before the lawyer could intrude, Lisa had an hour's meeting as she wanted.

Susan sensed the meetings were going well. He had some typing to complete, and then there were the faxes to send and collect, as the details were hammered out, and dates agreed. There was a lot of back and forth communications to do with Lisa's base office, for diaries to be compared to production schedules. Susan handled it all with the efficiency of a true professional. He thought he had managed to blend into the background successfully, but on the last day he was cornered by the negotiator in chief from the other side.

"If you ever want to change your job, there's one here with us," he suggested. "We could use a girl like you, and I dare say we'd pay you more."

"I couldn't," Susan replied. "I love my work."

"We've got more real stars on our books," he persisted. "You could join the major league."

"No thanks," Susan insisted. "I'm happy where I am."

"Well, perhaps you'll change your mind," he said. "We're all having dinner together tonight to celebrate the agreement. Think it over, there are fringe benefits." His leer as he said this left Susan in no doubt what he meant by fringe benefits.

If only he knew, he thought.

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"He offered what?"

Susan repeated her story, including her conclusions, as they dressed for their dinner.

This time Lisa was the star attraction, and looked wonderful in an off the shoulder dress in brown velvet. Susan by contrast, was dressed conservatively, with a high necked dress in a dark blue silk.

They were ready early and waited in the bar of their hotel for their hosts to collect them.

They left immediately, and drove to a hotel out in the country where a band played softly as they were served a wonderful meal.

Their hosts were attentive, but Susan wished that she did not have to keep pushing a hand off her knee. When Lisa agreed to dance, she was left alone with her would be employer. Her eyes begged Lisa to stay, but it was no use. Lisa knew what was going on. She wanted to see what he could do about it.

He edged his chair closer and put his lips to his ear. Susan did not hear what he said. He said it again, smiling, as if her silence was acceptance. He was asking her to come to his room. Stunned, she sat there in silence, knowing an answer was required but too afraid to give one.

Above all he had to stay in character, and shook his head, making eye contact to emphasis the refusal. Both hands appeared on her knees, and began to move up her thighs, taking the dress with them. The thumbs were inward, and he knew where they were going. He grabbed a fork from the table and jabbed it down hard into the back of the right hand. His assailant suppressed a shout of pain, and kept a fixed expression.

"I guess you've made your point," was all he said.

The rest of the evening passed without incident, their hosts remaining polite and convivial. They were dropped at their hotel, and following Lisa's example, Susan allowed both men to kiss her cheek in parting.

"I still hope you'll consider my offer," was the parting remark he received as they were thanked for their company.

Later, comfortable and relaxed in their bed, Susan recounted the evening's events to Lisa. She simply said that was what he had to expect from men.

The discussion ended when Lisa's lips found his nipple and began to work it in a way that was becoming altogether too pleasurable. His last thought before he gave way

to passion was to thank Doctor Green, and to remember to tell her that he was getting new sensations, all the time, and they were wonderful.

They flew back the next day. Susan almost purred with relief as they collected their car from the parking and set off on the last leg of the journey home. They were both tired, the travel and the negotiations had been more tiring than they had imagined, but now that they were over, the desire to rest kept them silent and subdued for the rest of the day. They slept quietly in each others arms that night.

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"Please will you book me in at the beauty parlor today," Susan asked when they woke the next morning.

"Why, don't you like being my secretary?" Lisa mocked her with a disappointed look.

"The job's easy, but I hate myself looking like this," Susan admitted. "I'm a natural blonde, you know that." He paused then added, "In character, if not exactly by nature."

"I suppose you want the hair extensions, the false eye lashes, and the acrylic nails as well." Lisa hardly needed to wait for an answer. The look she got from Susan was sufficient.

"And I want them today," he said quietly.

"I'll arrange it, but the eye lashes are done at the "Beauty Laboratory" not at the salon. Which do you want first?" Susan asked innocently.

"The eye lashes please," Susan replied without hesitation.

Lisa went out into the kitchen to make the call. She was gone for longer than the call should have taken, but when she returned with coffee and toast, Susan's suspicions at her delay evaporated.

"You've to be there tomorrow morning, they had no space today. They suggested removing all you have left of the last lot and starting again. This time they have some new lashes, and you're the ideal person to try them out if you would like to. they're thicker and longer, really extravagantly styled."

"I'd like that." There was something about him since he had the implants. He was different, more determined to emphasize his feminine characteristics. He was surprised at the way he wanted to look more of a woman than any of the real women around him. He knew he had these desires, but he determined to enjoy them, not to worry about them.

"If they're too much, you can have them removed and replaced with ones like you've had, or they can trim them back. It seems simple enough, but they want you to have a sedative so they can work quickly," Susan explained, hoping it sounded entirely plausible.

"A sedative, what do you meant, they want to put me to sleep again?" Susan asked, a little warning bell sounding at the back of his mind.

"It's just to make it easy," Lisa assured him. "They've agreed to fit you in, but they haven't time to be gentle. They'd have to work much slower if you were conscious, you can understand that."

"Okay." Susan thought it sounded right. "But what about the salon. Can I go there afterwards."

"I knew you'd ask that." Lisa smiled. She had him hooked again. "You can go from the Laboratory to the salon, I've made the appointment."

"I can't wait for tomorrow."

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The next day, Susan woke up early. She started to fondle Lisa's breasts and they soon wrapped around each other, out of control, each enjoying what the other could give. It was a feeling they had become used to, an urgency that only the other could fulfill, and complete in itself. They had become for each other what the world could not give either of them alone. It was a strange completeness, yet it was of itself, perfect for them.

"You'd better get ready. I promised the clinic that I'd have you there by eight."

"You should have known that I'd want to be with you until ten at least," Susan complained, slowly stepping out of bed. "It's far too early to be out of bed."

"I know, but this is your big day," Lisa teased. "You've got to be ready for your first date."

She went to the kitchen and returned with coffee as Susan quickly dressed. Susan took the tablet which Lisa offered. He knew it would render him insensible, yet he did not care. They could do nothing to him that he did not want by now. If it was a further step along the road to femininity, he was ready for it.

Lisa saw the tablet swallowed and knew the effect would follow. She watched as Susan's eyes glazed over, and he became incapable of stringing thoughts together. She felt secure as he surrendered to the chemicals which she had given him.

The drive to the clinic was easy. Once there, his transfer from the car to the treatment room was almost routine.

They had him in and deeply sedated so quickly, she hardly had time to realize what they had done. She left him insensible, and ready for the next stage on his journey into being female.

It seemed too easy, she thought as she drove back to her office. He was hers to play with.

It gave her a feeling of strength and power which she found was to her liking. Since he had the implants, Susan had become more compliant, more feminine. He was still fun to be with, but there was an added dimension to him which was truly attractive.

Lisa wondered how he would react to the treatment he was undergoing now.

He was to have the eye lashes she had described, and they would be truly magnificent. Whatever he did, they would look extravagant, too luxurious and even to be

natural, yet they would be permanently there. He would see them whenever he caught a glimpse of himself. Since the surgery had widened his eyes slightly, the effect would be stunning.

The eye lashes were not the only thing he was going to find when he woke up. She had arranged a couple of extra surprises for him. Firstly he would find that his navel had been pierced and a thick gold ring was going to be inserted there. It was one she had specially made for him, with a one way fastener, so that once it was closed into his skin, the only way of removing it would be to have it cut off with a metal cutter.

His second surprise he would see at once. He was to have a tiny diamond pierced into the left side of his nostril. It may not be the prettiest of fashions, but Lisa had seen lots of young girls on the streets with rings through their noses. The diamond was more tasteful, more expensive, and he would know that she had done this to him as another mark of his conversion.

Susan was left overnight at the clinic, Lisa had arranged to collect him when he had woken up and was fully recovered from the effects of the sedative. As she expected he had woken early, and as soon as his head cleared he had gone to the mirror to see his new eye lashes. They shocked him at first, they were really striking, and with the semi permanent make up which had not faded one bit since it was done, they made his eyes really striking.

He turned from the mirror, and started to walk away, then his eyes caught sight of something at the edge of his vision. Instinctively, he put his hand up and felt the hard rounded edge of the diamond stud secured in his nostril. He turned back to the mirror and saw what he had touched. It was much tinier than it had felt, and fitted flat against his skin. He edged a fingernail round it, and felt a dull pain. It was firmly secured. He tried to feel inside his nostril, but could not see how it fastened. It was there, he could do nothing about it.

His surprises were not over. He stripped and stepped quickly into his shower and turned the water on hard. Its pressure hit him, at first cold, then warming and soothing. He allowed the water to splash across his body, turning so that he was able to feel the jets all over his body, reviving and invigorating him. As the water hit him hard, the effects of his sedative were quickly dissipated.

It was when he rubbed his hand across his flat stomach that he found the ring at his navel. He knew instantly what it was, and wondered why he had not looked there as soon as he found the stud in his nostril. Suddenly his hands went to his nipples as a thought hit him, but they were as they had been. No changes.

Slowly he dressed.

Cut off jeans and a tight pink blouse over pink bra and panties. Heavy black boots with a block heel and short pink socks. It was an image he had been playing with, since he had seen the students around the university district. The boots almost seemed to be part of their uniform this summer. On a whim, he undid the bottom buttons of the blouse and tied the ends of the fabric above his navel so that the ring showed over the top of his tight cut offs. He turned to the mirror and began to make up his eyes, waiting for Lisa to arrive.

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The girls at the beauty parlor were waiting for him when the car pulled up outside. Lisa must have said something, so that when he went in, they all wanted to see and touch his new jewelry. One of the girls showed him her navel ring, which was much smaller. His was still a little sore to touch, and he had instructions to take care of the wound. The instructions showed how the ring had been fastened on a one way spring catch. He did not share this information.

He was the center of attention this time in the salon.

They all knew he was a boy, but now that his body was so altered, it seemed they were all taking their turn to work on him so that they could see his changes close up. They were too polite to say what they were really thinking, but each knew the other's thoughts as his hair was treated with the coloring agents. The coloring complete, it was time for the extensions to be sewn in. He sat patiently as one switch of hair followed another until he was as beautifully blonde and long haired as he had wanted.

"Well, I think I could stop traffic now," Susan said as he got into the car with Lisa to a chorus of wolf whistles from a nearby building site.

"You could," Lisa agreed. "I told you I would make it impossible for you to be a boy again."

"Is that what you've done?" Susan asked.

"No, silly." Lisa touched his hand gently. "I've made you into a beautiful female impersonator as we agreed. You've just turned out a little more beautiful than I expected."

"Really, do you mean that?" The thought appealed to Susan.

"Yes, of course." Lisa squeezed his hand then put her hand back on the steering wheel as they turned out of the mall parking lot. "You've found something in yourself which has surprised me. You like being a girl, don't you?"

"Well, yes," Susan admitted. "That is, I like it as far as I've gone. I like our life, and I don't want to have anything removed. You understand, nothing removed."

"I promise," Lisa answered. "Nothing removed. I wouldn't want that either, and It's important for another reason. If you're going to work at "Ladyboys" they won't have you unless you've got those boy bits intact."

"Ladyboys?" Susan asked.

"It's where the disappearances have occurred," Lisa explained. "Henry's told me not to book you there until we have worked out what to do if you disappear."

"Tell me about "Ladyboys" please, I've never heard of it," Susan admitted.

"You should have heard of it. It's the biggest venue for female impersonators in the area. They have an all boy staff, all female impersonators, just like you're used to, but they're all absolutely beautiful. It's the place to be seen at in this town."

"Can we drive past it," Susan asked. "I'd like to see it."

They drove past the club. It was loud and vulgar from the outside. There were huge posters with photographs of the entertainers and staff. They proclaimed that they were all boys, and offered a reward to anyone who could prove they had a girl working there. The place looked very plush and expensive. As they drove past the place was closed, but they saw a huge Mercedes pull up outside.

"That's Mrs. Gray," Susan said. "She runs the place with two of her daughters. They're very good business people, very shrewd."

"And you hate them," Susan added.

"More than that, I think they are responsible for whatever happened to Alan and the others," Lisa said angrily. "Henry suspects her too. She has to be involved, there's no other explanation."

"When am I to work there?" Susan asked.

"I told you, Henry's forbidden you from going there until he's got a way of tracing you, whatever happens," Lisa said. "They've approached me to see if you're available. So far I've told them you're not, but I can't stall them forever. I've told Henry that they'll smell a rat if I don't book you into the biggest and best club soon."

"Can't I just do a night there to see what it's like?" Susan asked. "I can't disappear from a single date."

"I don't know. I'll have to ask Henry."

"Please do," Susan replied. "I'd like to get a sight of the enemy."

"I'll ask. I think it's a good idea really," Lisa answered. "I can't stall and refuse forever."

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"There's nothing male left about me," said Susan as she prepared to go on stage at "Ladyboys" for the first time.

Lisa was fussing around, making sure his hair was piled high with just sufficient instability that he could shake it loose at the precise moment when his opening number became really dramatic. She silently agreed with him, there was no chance that he could ever pass as a boy without a lot of time being spent on his transformation back. He would need surgery, and even then his beard and eye brows were gone forever, as was the male nose, and other bits and pieces.

"You're just too beautiful as you are," she said out loud.

Then it was time to go.

They kissed, or rather air kissed the way girls do when they don't want their make up smudged, then Susan was on his way, pushing through the curtains, and into the spotlights for the first number. It was slick and well rehearsed. The scantily clad dancers behind him were all showing their expensive cleavage. "Ladyboys" boasted that it had the most expensive collection of breasts in the country. The small print added that this was based on the total cost of the operations the dancers had undergone.

Susan's dress was a silver gray material, almost sheer, slashed up to the right hip, and cut down almost to the waist. The back draped low from pencil slim shoulder straps. His breasts were unsupported, and moved with him, nipples showing all the time through the thin material. At the calculated moment, he allowed his platinum hair to fall across his shoulders and down his back. It had been teased into corkscrew curls for the occasion, and was fuller than ever. With his dark eyes shaded by the dark lashes, and redder than red lips, he looked more girl than ever.

The show ran to two encores, that was one more than house policy allowed, by Lisa had seen Mrs. Gray nodding her assent to the final one.

As Susan left the stage to tremendous applause, Mrs. Gray herself crossed from her usual seat at the side of the stage to speak to Lisa.

"I like your boy," she said. "he's the best I've seen. You must let me have him here for a season."

"He's not ready for a season yet. He's happier with short engagements. As you can guess, it's exhausting work for a boy like that."

"Yes. they are so soft and weak when it comes to being girls," Mrs. Gray said. "They're really the weaker sex, I think. These boys spend so much time on their appearance, they put us to shame. I should know, I employ more than anyone else."

Lisa remained long enough to be polite, long enough to satisfy herself that she was above suspicion. After all she had said in public about Alan's betrayal, she was now convinced that Mrs. Gray thought her bitter, and determined to prove that she was the genius behind the act that he had built up. As soon as she could, she escaped back stage and dragged Susan into the club where he could be seen and inspected by the clientele. He was just expected to be there, he had no other duties this time.

They made small talk in the bar, and even danced together for



the first time as the girl band played gently.

He was fun to hold, Lisa thought, as they turned slowly across the floor. It was very strange to be holding this feminised man in public.

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Next day, Lisa had a call from Henry. He wanted to meet them in secret. He thought he had a solution to the problem of tracing Susan if he were to disappear as expected. They were to meet out of town at a motel.

Lisa insisted that Susan dress down for the occasion so that he would not be instantly noticeable wherever they went. In the car, she made him hide his masses of blonde hair under a dark curly wig. He had to tone down his make up and wear dark glasses to hide his eye lashes.

Henry was to arrive first and take a room. They were to arrive later and go immediately to the room, taking as much care as possible not to be seen.

"I think I've solved out problem," Henry announced. "I was listening to some of my friends talking when it came to me. I made a few inquiries, and it seems it could work."

"What could work?" Lisa asked.

"This," said Henry, taking a small package from his brief case, and placing it on the table in front of them.

"But what is it?" Susan asked.

"It's a tracking beacon," he explained, as if they should have recognized it at once. "Marine biologists use them for tracking whales and dolphins. They're switched on and off by satellite signals, and their position can be plotted to within a few yards."

"But how could I carry one of these around without it being seen?"

"That's the problem I've been working on," Henry observed. "I spoke to a medical engineer, and quite by chance the solution presented itself."

"You're waiting for me to ask you what it is," Lisa said. "Come on, stop teasing us."

"It can be implanted in Benjamin's body," Henry replied, using a name which they had both all but forgotten.

"But I already have implants, Henry. And I'm Susan now, not Benjamin."

"But you could have another implant," Lisa suggested. "Remember, Doctor Green said she could make them bigger if you wanted."

"I'm big enough," Susan snapped back.

"No, let's be serious, this is a good idea," Lisa argued. "It's the first practical solution we've had. Henry, can you find out if the beacon can be contained in the saline sack of a breast implant."

"I already have, and it can," Henry replied.

"But we'd have to use Doctor Green again," Lisa said, thinking out loud. "I'm not happy that she should know what we're doing. She works for a lot of the boys who work in "Ladyboys" and you know who pays for that."

"I think I have a solution to that as well," Henry interrupted. "I've been doing a little research myself. It's not uncommon for female impersonators to have a second set of implants. It's simple, the bigger they are, the more they can earn, especially if they're willing to go topless. No one would think anything of your having another operation."

"I would," Susan said, not at all happy with the idea.

"No, let's not dismiss the idea," Lisa argued back. "We've already discussed it. you're a C cup now. You could easily be a big D with your frame, and it wouldn't look wrong."

"I'm not sure."

"I am," Lisa replied, cutting off his attempt to protest. "But there has to be a way so that Doctor Green doesn't know, because if she does, it will get back to Mrs. Gray and we'll be back to square one."

"What about if Doctor Green does the operation," Henry said quietly. "Susan comes home to recover immediately, there's no need to stay in the clinic as I understand things. He just needs to go back to have the stitches out and the final result passed as safe."

"Yes, but where does that get us?" Lisa asked.

"I have a friend, a priest in fact. Before he got the calling, he used to be a veterinary surgeon." Henry paused as if everything was simple. They just looked blankly at him. "Don't you see, he could come out to your house, switch Doctor Green's implant for one with the transmitter inside, sew you up, and then you go back for Doctor Green to remove the stitches as if nothing had happened."

"Can your friend stitch the same pattern as Doctor Green?"

"I don't see why not," Henry replied.

"I'm not sure I want to be a vet's first attempt at plastic surgery," Susan complained.

"I'll see you're well insured," Lisa snapped. "Henry, set it up at your end. Susan will go to see Doctor Green as soon as we get back."

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"But I don't want to have bigger breasts," Susan argued.

It was no use, Lisa was not taking any notice. She had made the appointment and was now pulling into the drive of the clinic. She parked and then escorted Susan into the consulting room.

"I guessed you would be back," the Doctor smiled across the desk. "Are you sure that it's only the breasts you want doing. I have some good results removing male parts, or perhaps an infibulation for a trial period would help you to feel more female."

"What's an infibulation?" Lisa asked.

"It's a simple procedure," the doctor explained, drawing on a pad to illustrate what he meant. "I take two folds of skin from around the testes which will be pushed back into the body, just like the gaff does. I sew the penis back and down, then sew the folds of skin over it so that it's fastened in a sheath of skin. The external appearance is female, although the sexual act is impossible. Oh and he would have to sit to urinate just like a real lady."

"And people have that done?" asked Susan incredulously.

"Yes, it's a half way to changing sex." The doctor smiled coldly. "People seem to like it, and for control purposes, it certainly stops people straying."

"I don't understand," Lisa said.

"Sometimes, the implants are paid for by someone else," the doctor noted. "It's an investment perhaps, and until the debt is paid, the infibulation remains in place. It's a completely reversible procedure, but it needs a good surgeon."

"I think we'll pass on that one," Lisa said. "I like to have him in working order." She gave Susan a look which said she owned him. "He's going to be a D, I've decided. When can you do it?"

"I guessed you'd want bigger breasts," the doctor said. "The other matter isn't to everyone's taste, but I do like to offer it. It is particularly feminising when hormones are not being used. It would give you a lot of control and limit his libido completely."

"I'll think about it for later," Lisa assured her. "Now what about the breasts?"

"Well if that's all you want, come in Thursday," the doctor replied after looking through her schedule. "It's an easy procedure, I just have to put thin salines behind the ones you already have. I can use sutures which will dissolve in the skin as it heals."

"That's great." Lisa agreed, getting up to leave. "We'll see you Thursday."

On the way home, Lisa telephoned Henry from a call box at the roadside. She told him it was go for Thursday.

Susan said nothing all the way home.

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Susan was resigned to his fate. he went to the clinic, signed the forms, and let them put him to sleep. He woke a few hours later and in panic felt between his legs, but nothing had changed. His chest was bandaged, and tender. He moved and felt heavier. He was now a D cup. To him, they seemed huge, but Lisa thought he would look great, especially topless.

Lisa drove him home and sent him to lie down. Shortly afterwards, the door bell rang and Lisa brought an elderly man into the room. They all knew why he was here.

"This is the sack with the transmitter inside," he explained. "Do you want it left or right."

It looked just like the saline sack which had been implanted, but held the tiny beacon sealed in soft plastic. It would be impossible to feel.

"Which side will give better stereo," Lisa teased.

Susan was in no mood for jokes.

"I guess I'll work on the right," he noted. "It's easier for me to work right handed."

"Can you do this so that Doctor Green won't notice?" Lisa asked.

"Easily with these sutures," he said pointing to the new incisions under Susan's arms. "The sack I've got is exactly the same size as they'll have put in. After you've healed no one will know the difference."

"Can I go through the security at an airport?" Susan asked, remembering some instructions for pacemakers he had seen years ago.

"Oh yes," he was assured. "There's no metal in the transmitter or the receiver. Nothing will show that it's there short of a post mortem."

"Or a signal detector. But we don't expect precautions like that if you disappear."

Susan felt the sharp stab of a needle. "What are you doing?"

"I'm just putting in the local, then I'll get on with it." He tried to look reassuring.

"A local." Susan was shocked. "Do you mean I have to watch?"

Yes, you can't have two general anesthetics in one day, even if I had the facilities. I don't so let's get on with things."

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The next two hours were the worst ordeal of Susan's life.

Lisa regretted the decision to go ahead too, as she was required to assist as the vet opened the incision, and using retractors, held open a flap of skin. The implant which had been there just a couple of hours was removed and lay stained and bloody, in a basin. The one containing the beacon was removed from its sterile container and carefully maneuvered into place. The vet carefully made sure it was contained within the correct location, then closed the wound.

There was nothing to show what had been done.

The next couple of days were exceptionally painful for Susan. The swelling and bruising was really tender. The right side of the chest was discolored. They began to fear that the bruising would not go down and then when he was due to see Doctor Green the secret would be betrayed.

Lisa almost tortured him with ice packs and then gentle massage to break up the bruising. By it was time to return to the clinic, both sides of the chest looked the same.

"I like you with bigger tits," Lisa said, gently helping him into a new bra.

"I know you do. I think you really like the idea of making a boy have tits. I've watched you, and I know how it has made me change. You said you were Doctor Frankenstein, and you like the whole thing of creating your own monster."

"You're not a monster," Lisa protested. "Or if you are, then your the most beautiful monster ever known."

"Whatever I am, I'm your creation."

"I know, and it's a delicious feeling," Lisa admitted.

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There was no hint of suspicion at the clinic, where he was passed as fit and ready for anything. The beacon was tested in secret. The signal from the satellite switched the transmitter on, and then pin pointed his position as they drove around a route which only they knew.

They were delighted when Henry told them exactly where they had been.

Susan had no sensation at all from the beacon. He could not tell when it had been switched on or off. It seemed that everything was ready.

After a few appearances in clubs and theaters, Lisa was approached with an offer from "Ladyboys" for a short season. They both knew what it might mean and it was with some trepidation that they accepted.

Susan rehearsed new songs and routines until he was quite exhausted. He was working harder than ever. Just before the season was to start, they tested the beacon again. It worked perfectly again. The season passed without incident.

"We expected something to happen," Lisa said. "But just because nothing did, it doesn't mean my theory's wrong. I'm sure Mrs. Gray and her daughters are responsible for Alan's disappearance."

"Maybe they need an order from someone else," Susan suggested.

"What, they look out for the talent, then when someone sends an order, a disappearance is arranged?"

"Yes," Susan speculated. "They don't keep anyone, they just supply someone to order."

"That would fit," Lisa said, her eyes suddenly brightening. "They had video cameras on Alan's act before he disappeared, and I've just realized who came to watch him. They filmed you, and the same people came to look. Perhaps there is a pattern there."

"If that's true, Mrs. Gray may just get a commission for finding the right person, and then only when there's a request sent to her," Susan continued.

"It's the best theory we've got, let's stay with it."

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Susan's career was taking off. He was working regularly and by now had become so confident that he thought nothing of traveling to venues alone when Lisa was busy

with other clients. His demeanor was now totally in keeping with his appearance. He was a female impersonator every minute of the day. If he wanted something, then he had no choice but to go and get it as a female impersonator. He could not change or hide his looks.

The changes made him frivolous and extroverted in the extreme. The breasts which he had resisted having enlarged became accepted, then seemed to act upon his brain. He looked like a stereotype of the air headed bimbo, and began to play up to that image. He used his eyelashes, he pushed his cleavage forward when men talked to him, he delighted in making them talk to his breasts as he pouted for them. Their gaze remained locked down there, making only occasional eye contact as he adopted a sinuous, feminine gait.

Lisa even got him into a video for a hit record. He had to dance in ecstasy, his clothes more awry, until a breast fell out for all to see. The camera panned back from his nipple to full face, then full figure in the uncensored final version. The close up had to be cut for the television version, but the uncut video sold with the rest of the group's videos became a cult classic.

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"I've a new offer from "Ladyboys" today," Lisa said one evening. "The money's fabulous. I can't say no, they even offer to let you chose your own dates."

"Do you think this is it?" Susan asked.

"They've made it impossible for me to refuse," Lisa admitted. "If I turned this down, especially with the date offer, they'd smell something wrong."

"Then I guess we'd better prepare."

And prepare they did.

Susan was perfect, and more importantly, so was the beacon which they tested the day before he opened. He was to do just two weeks, each of four nights. The act was the best yet with dancers and backing singers provided to make a spectacular show in the style of one of the female pop divas. There were costume and hair changes, a dance specially choreographed, and for the finale, a fabulous costume of red silken extravagance. Susan had a hair dresser and a make up artist provided by the management.

It was really fun.

Nothing untoward happened in the first week.

At the beginning of the second week, Lisa told him that she had seen one of the suspicious characters talking with Mrs. Gray during his act. They tested the beacon again to make sure it worked, and then decided to trust it. Further tests may have drawn attention to them which they did not want.

In the third week, there was a video unit in the club.

Mrs. Gray said it was for a documentary.

“Do you really think someone will be monitoring the dolphin frequency?” Susan asked.

“No, but let's not become paranoid,” Lisa answered.

He had just come off stage at the end of the final appearance when it happened.

A stage hand he had never seen before came towards him as he stepped into the wings for the final time.

He was tired and still glowing from the performance, or he would have sensed something earlier. He knew this was it. He knew just as the needle slipped into his restrained arm. He tried to protest, to shout, but there was only a sensation of falling, everything going vague and distant.

He felt himself being lowered gently to the floor.

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Lisa knew Susan had disappeared when he did not come out of the stage door on time. She knew he was not just late or delayed.

This was it.

Trembling, she went inside. It seemed as if she was reliving the events, now so distant, when Alan had gone.

No one had seen Susan leave, but he was not there.

“Don't tell me another of your clients has run out on you.” Mrs. Gray sneered when Lisa approached her. “I thought he was too friendly with that video director. Have they got something hot going.”

“I just don't know what to think.” Lisa wept, as if she didn't know Mrs. Gray was trying to be as nasty as she could.

Lisa gritted her teeth, as she hid her face behind her scarf, and did the best impression she could of a distraught lover, left without warning.

She made sure her hands trembled as she sipped the from the brandy glass which had been pushed into her hand. Surreptitiously, she made sure her make up was smudged and her mascara had run down her cheek.

As soon as she thought her performance had been convincing enough she left, hoping Mrs. Gray had believed everything she had rehearsed for this moment.

Lisa ran from her car into her office. She dialed the special number she had set up just for this moment.

Henry received the message, just as Susan's journey was beginning.

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Susan was conscious of pain. His head was splitting, and the light hurt. His eyes felt like there was grit behind the eye lids as he tried to open them and focus. He tried to rub his eyes, but felt something holding his arms. He gave up and lay back into the blackness behind his eyelids.

He felt something in his arm again, another trip he thought.
Then nothing.

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Lisa and Henry had planned their next moves. They both called cabs and drove to an anonymous motel where a rented car was waiting by the time they arrived in their room.

Henry connected his portable computer to the telephone socket of their room and the screen started typing furiously.

"Where are they taking him?" Lisa asked.

"I don't know, we'll have to wait and hope the satellite can track him," Henry replied.

"You mean it might not be able to track him?" Susan asked aghast.

She had assumed the technology was perfect.

"I told you it was designed for tracking dolphins." Henry looked her straight in the eye. "This is the first time anything like this has been tried."

They spoke a little more, making arrangements to keep in touch when any information came in, then they went to their separate cars.

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As they set off, Susan was arriving at his destination, although still unconscious and unaware. His first sensations were of a dull pain in his head, getting stronger as he emerged from the influence of the injections which had kept him insensible.

"Where am I," he mumbled involuntarily.

He lay still, allowing sensations to return to his body, waiting for the pains to subside. He was lying on a bed in what looked like a hotel room. His hands felt his nakedness under the sheets.

Who had undressed him and put him there, he wondered.

He saw a robe lying on a chair at the side of the bed and slowly got out of bed and pulled it on. He felt the door, which was locked, then turned to the window. It was partly open, allowing a pleasant movement of air, but there were wrought iron bars outside.

Escape was not possible.

Susan sat and waited, trusting that the beacon was bringing help.

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"I'm glad you're awake." a friendly voice said as Susan turned to see the door open.

"Where am I?" he demanded.

"You're safe." the reply came. "I'm Amanda, and I'm here to help you settle in."

Susan recognized something in this person. "You're Alan." he whispered.

"You're here because you're almost perfect as a female impersonator," Amanda continued, as if programmed to ignore anything Susan said. "This organization exists to supply your services to people who will pay highly for them. If you accept your duties here, you will be well treated and make some money. If not, well....there is no alternative for you, please be sensible."

"I'm not going to be forced into anything," Susan replied, feeling his anger rise.

"Come on, we were all like that when we first arrived here, but the role of hero out of a bad spy novel is not the right approach." Amanda smiled. "You enjoy being a girl, well, here we want to make use of that."

"You were Alan," Susan said. "Lisa is still looking for you."

At this Amanda hesitated.

"I was Alan, It's true. That was a long time ago."

"Not to Lisa," Susan said gently.

"Lisa will never find Alan." Amanda replied.

Susan suddenly knew what was meant. "You mean you've had the operation."

Amanda looked at him. "Yes, I cannot turn back now."

"But why?" Susan asked.

"I was paid for," Amanda replied. "A client of this organization paid to have me operated on, and pays to keep me here when I am not with him."

"And are you happy?" The question just slipped out.

"Yes, I am," Amanda answered. "I never wanted this, but now, I am happy. I had no choice, but I don't resent being changed any more. I have a good life."

"And what will they do to me?"

"That depends upon who buys your services."

Amanda stood to leave as a woman with a surgical tray approached Susan. He was too weak to resist as she carefully inserted a needle into a vein at the back of his hand, then squeezed the contents of the syringe into his bloodstream.

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The next few days were agony for Lisa as she waited for Henry. She left messages on his answering machine, and was getting increasingly desperate for news.

The telephone rang and she almost fell in her haste to answer it.

"Where is he?" Lisa asked.

"I don't know," Henry answered. "There was a signal, but it's out to sea. The satellite pictures from the area show nothing at all. There are no ships, and the signal's not moving."

“How are we going to get him out?” Lisa asked, not grasping the significance of what she had been told.

Henry looked at her and repeated what he had said.

Lisa suddenly felt cold as she realized exactly what he meant. Then she gave way to the tears waiting inside her.

Susan drifted back into consciousness. The light was hurting as it shone down, and as he slowly became more aware, he could feel the bandaging across his chest. The pressure increased as his mind became clearer and he knew suddenly why there was this pressure. He tried to move his arms, but they were strapped to the bed upon which he was lying. He heard the door open.

One of the women he had seen at “Ladyboys” came into his sight.

“We removed the signal beacon two weeks ago.” she said in a matter of fact sort of voice. “It's with the dolphins by now, and since you seemed to like big tits, we gave you DD cups. It seemed to be a fair exchange. they're all healed now, and we're going to let you get dressed.”

Susan started to protest, but was quickly silenced.

“You're here with us, no one else knows where you are. You either conform or take the consequences. If you behave, life can be easy. We don't have time to force you any more, any trouble and you'll be dumped with the dolphins too.”

The look in her eye showed that this was no idle threat.

Susan felt his resistance going as the realization of how far from his friends he was sank in. He felt his arms being untied and slowly he sat up, feeling for the first time the weight of the enlarged breasts shift for the first time. They felt heavy and instinctively, he cupped his hands beneath them for support.

The girl gave him a look which spoke volumes.

He was totally subjugated and he knew it.

“Dress.” she commanded. “Clothes and make-up are in the bathroom. We expect you to look right at all times, starting now, so no half measures, you're dressing for dinner with the boss.”

As he dressed, Susan thought of Lisa. He knew all their plans were to no avail. He felt terribly alone, but pushed his fears to the back of his mind as he summoned all his optimism.

It felt comfortable as he fastened the red half cup bra under his breasts. They were heavy, and big for his frame, and he guessed they had done this to him partly out of revenge for Lisa's plan to trace him, and partly to subjugate him to their will. He continued dressing, pulling up a tight gaffe, then red high cut panties. He rolled and smoothed sheer stockings up his legs and fastened them to a red garter belt. The dress they had left him was deep red, and tight Lycra. He wriggled to pull it over his chest and saw just how revealing it was at the top and how short it was on his legs.

“If that's what they want,” he thought as he turned to the vanity for the make up, *“I'll show them.”*

Carefully he used all the skill he had learned to create a face so perfect that his doubts would be disguised. He darkened the eyes as much as he dared, both on the lids and beneath his lower lashes, and carefully filled in his lips with a deep carmine red, matching the dress, finished with a high gloss. Quickly he painted his nails to match. They had grown in his captivity, and his natural nail was fully a quarter of an inch below his extensions.

Finally he brushed his hair. The dark roots showed badly, and needed retouching, but it did not matter tonight, and indeed rather suited his mood as he teased and sprayed it into as big a style as he could. As he stood and turned to survey the overall effect in the mirror, he heard the door opening behind him, and guessed he had been observed.

"Come in, my dear," Mrs. Gray invited as he was half pushed into the door. "Sit down."

"Why have you done this to me?" Susan asked as calmly as he could.

"Why, my dear, we only want the best talent to work for us," came the reply. "And you're the best there is at the moment. We have people who pay highly to use your skills."

"But people already pay me."

"They did, you're right." Mrs. Gray smiled. "But this way, they pay me, not you."

Her smile never wavered.

"You do what I say, and you're treated well. If you don't, then I shall have to let you go, and that would be a waste." Susan started to protest. "You've seen what I can do, don't doubt that I can do more."

"What do you have in mind." Susan asked.

"I have some offers already, but nothing is decided. Resign yourself, my dear, and you shall enjoy what we have in store. There are clients waiting to show you what life as a woman is all about."

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Lisa and Henry met several times after the signal failed, but they both knew their plan had failed. They did not know how or why, but the realization that Susan had vanished dulled their conversation.

Both knew there was no point in meeting again.

THE END