

TRANSITIONS

By Evie Kay



ILLUSTRATED BY C. PITTS

TWO 'HER TV' STORIES

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THE POOL

By Evie Kay

“Good morning, ladies.

“With management's indulgence, I've called this meeting, in an attempt to avoid whispers. I know how easily they can start when all of the facts aren't out in the open.

“We have a new co-worker in our secretarial pool, and he is going to be uncomfortable enough among you beautiful ladies. He doesn't need the added insecurity of everyone whispering behind his back. I mean, you people talking about him.

“C'mon, let's all welcome him warmly into the fold, and make him feel at home! His name is Miles Dolan.”

So, this is the way it began for Miles Dolan.

Not exactly fresh out of high school, he had done a variety of odd jobs, while trying to break into the writing profession. He found it difficult to do so and he was impatient to find his niche.

Miles hoped that this job would get him as close to his personal goal, which was being a secretary for a publishing firm.

His academic records impressed Violet Shakman. Enough so, in fact, that she broke up her formerly all-female bastion.

Violet had a good group of women who took pride in themselves without being unnecessarily militant about it.

As a pool, they were exclusive to no one executive. Any executive could, however, avail himself of the services of a particular woman.

As far as Miles was concerned, his being the only male in the office meant there were *bound* to be rumors. Foreseeing this, Violet called this meeting, to introduce the new member to the staff.

With the brief meeting already underway, the “acceptance” of Miles now out of the way, Violet had yet another announcement to make.

“Speaking of rumors, *this* is one we've all heard. I couldn't do anything about it, without making myself out to be a liar. I didn't want to let the cat out of the bag before I was ready.

Yes...it's true. I *am* retiring.”

Collectively, there was a somewhat muffled “Awww...” throughout the conference room.

Violet continued, “I really don't like rumors much. *Some* may be harmless, however a lot of them involve speculation that might hurt a person.

“For instance, suppose you heard that I was thinking about retirement, and I really wasn't ready to go. The wrong person hears it, and, before you know it, it's a good idea to let me go!

“But, relax! It was *my* idea. I'm ready to go.

“And my successor is going to be one of you girls. Which is precisely why I'm giving this little speech. Bringing in Miles sets the tone.

“I'll be here a little while longer. I'll be breaking up my workload amongst you, so as not to burden your new boss I'm still the boss here and I say there's no need for rumors or speculation about who's going to be chosen.

“Again, unfortunately, someone's *bound* to be hurt, when it turns out that they weren't the one who was picked. But, if things are left alone, I'm sure everyone'll be happy with my choice, *when* the time comes. Okay?”

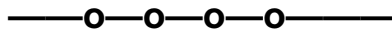
Violet ended her little speech with a warm smile, causing even newcomer Miles to relax.

Violet then went on, to discuss several things of importance before calling the meeting to a close. After which, Miles was personally introduced to all of the women, before settling down to his own workload.

Miles was to be “sheltered” for the next month—learning routines, how to operate several systems, and being allowed to feel at ease with his new surroundings. This would happen before he was rotated out for work among the executives.

Until that time, only Violet and the women of the secretarial pool would know he even existed. To Personnel, he was only a name on a piece of paper. After his training period, Miles would be officially integrated into the pool, gradually meeting every executive he would work for.

And so it went.



A few days later, Miles was approached by Karen Olsen, another secretary.

“Miles?,” she asked. “Do you have a moment?”

“”Sure. I could use a break. What's up?”

“Well...keeping in mind what Violet said a few days ago, we all want you to feel at home here. Truthfully, even without Violet's speech, we're not a bunch of feminists who hate men and think, ‘How *dare* you invade our territory!’ I, for one, am glad you're here. You're a nice change of pace.”

“”Why...thank you, uh, Karen.””

Karen's unexpected praise had made Miles a little uneasy. Karen now realized this as well. So, she continued, in order to clarify why she wanted to speak to him.

“”Well, I didn't come over here to butter you up.

"You see, with Violet leaving soon, we're all gonna get together and throw her a little party, over at my place. Now, I know you just started and all, but we'd still like you to come.""

"Well, I'm flattered that you'd ask. I *am* a man working with a bunch of women. I'm know I'm a little bit of an 'outsider' in this situation."

"Don't think that way! From your first day here, you became one of us. We all do a lot of things together. Besides, after Violet's speech, how would it look if you *didn't* show up?! It would look as if we ostracized you. I'm trying to prove to you that we're not like that.

"Although Violet was speaking to the whole office, she was really talking to *you*. We already knew what she had to say about welcoming new people, because we've heard it before. It was just a ploy to make you feel comfortable.

"You're gonna find out that the secretarial pool sticks together. We're a team! We're here to pull for each other, in work *or* play! C'mon! It'll be fun!"

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The weekend came, and that Saturday the group met once again, for the surprise party for Violet. They eventually got down to the gift-giving.

Violet cried over the tokens of love and appreciation, then said soberly, "I want to thank you girls for this, especially the sexy underwear. I'm so glad you've noticed that this ol' girl's still got it!

My poor, dear George hasn't used 'it' in so long, if he gets a hard on, I'll probably get carried away kissing it just to praise him for *getting* it hard. I'll wind up giving him a blowjob, and waste it!"

They all laughed at the comment about her husband. Miles could only guess that was whom she was referring to. He had never having heard Violet mention a "George" before.

The chuckle came just in time, because he started to blush at Violet's frank language. Observant Violet missed his embarrassment but she did have something on her mind, something she had noted concerning Miles.

"Y'know, while I do appreciate this...and you girls have been great, so far, in his first week...you used to have a party whenever a new person came aboard.

"I'm still gonna be here for a few weeks. This could've waited, assuming you still welcome new co-workers, that is."

Linda Hess quickly shouted, "She's right, y'know!

"We've made Miles feel at home, but we haven't *really* made him feel like 'one of the girls'! C'mon, how 'bout it?"

The response was immediate. All were in favor of a party for Miles.

All except Miles, that is.

"You really don't *have* to do this! It's okay. I'm comfortable," he said.

“Hey!” called out Shirley Harper. “It gives an excuse to party. Don't tell me that you *don't like to party!*”

“*Of course* I do,” said Miles, laughing.

“Then, it's settled,” Linda said. “My place, next week!”

When he left, Miles was very pleased. He found that Violet Shakman was not being facetious when she said that the women under her charge were beautiful. She meant that they were beautiful inside, as well as out.

They had, indeed, made him feel at home with them. When he considered taking the job, he had worried about feeling like a Peeping Tom.

These were all young, vibrant females—with the exception of Violet, of course. She proved to be youthful and high-spirited in her own way; her attitudes and frankness were among her best qualities.

The others were more or less unattached. The majority of them had perhaps a steady lover. Being the only male in a setting like that had the potential for making him feel like an intruder, or “a rooster in a henhouse”. Instead, Miles was made to feel like a integral part of the group. Knowing this made him feel very good, indeed.

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By the end of his second week on the job, Miles' proficiency had enabled him to learn his lessons well. It showed Violet that she did not have to spend a whole month with him in training.

Still, before any official decision was made, she had decided to “sleep on it”, before moving him into the normal grind too quickly.

As it was Friday, Violet had the luxury of the weekend to mull things over. So it was that at 5 PM, her only thoughts were of the weekend. She decided to clear her mind of thoughts of work until Monday morning.

Also, tomorrow night was another “Girl's Night Out” at Linda's house.

The next night, the party underway, Violet noted hard liquor was available, a fact she felt compelled to mention.

“Last week, you didn't have any booze at *my* party. I just realized that.”

“Well,” said Linda, “*I* had no say over that. It wasn't my house, and I wasn't asked to help out with the refreshments. It's probably just as well, though, 'cause sometimes we get 'silly'. It wouldn't have done to send you home drunk from your own party!”

Violet rejoined, “Oh, I'm just talking, dear. George was snoring when I arrived home, anyway. I could've dropped a bomb and he would've slept right through it! Oh, speaking of my one and only...”

“I wore that red lace teddy I got, with my hair down, the next night. I was so hot with my platinum hair draped across my bosom! I figured I was only going to get marginal reaction from George at best. Tell you the truth, I was tempted to get myself off in the bathroom, before I even showed him the lingerie.

"Well...I wasn't the only one with fire in my furnace that night..."

"No!"

"Yes! George got so hard, so *fast*, it surprised him! He grabbed me quick, thinking that it wouldn't last. But Linda... We *made* it last!"

"Really?" Linda smirked.

"Uh huh. It's been quite a while between 'bouts' with my hubby. So, I wore the teddy again, two nights later, and it happened *again*! The very next day, I went and bought myself two more of the sexiest I could find.

"As far as sex is concerned, I figure I get by. I take what I can get, but I'm not like *other* women. I'm *proud* that I still have a figure, and while others are cutting their hair close to the skulls as they get older, I like mine long.

"So far as sex goes, most women my age seem to be able to take it or leave it. I don't care—I *want mine*!"

"If a piece of clothing can help me get it, I'm all for it. I'm seriously thinking about throwing away George's jockey shorts and replacing them with panties! He should *really* be excited if he's wearing *those*!"

"A man his age needs all the help he can get!"

Linda looked at Violet thoughtfully and smiled. Then she said, "Y'know, Vi, it's funny you should say that about George."

"Oh? Why?"

"Well...since you were going to leave soon, we didn't feel it necessary to include you in our plans for Miles. Y'know...to make him feel comfortable with us, in the pool?"

"Anyway, Shirley came up with the idea, and we all agreed to give him gag presents. From what we've seen of him, he seems like he can take a joke."

Catching on quickly, Violet exclaimed, "No! You're *not*..."

"Sure. It's all in fun. We're gonna take it as far as we can."

"Now, don't you dare be vicious!"

Linda put her hands on her hips and said in mock defiance, "Now, Vi, I'm surprised at you! Don't you know your people yet?"

"Well, I've seen you girls in action, getting even with some of the bosses for sexual harassment. You knew taking legal action could get out of hand and probably wouldn't have solved anything. You all took matters into your own hands; the girls practically stripped naked.

"You *dared* those men to come on to you all, then! With me essentially looking the other way...I couldn't tell you girls what you could or could not wear. The poor bosses were constantly horny. I could hear them moaning in the men's room down the hall, afterwards," Violet giggled. You people thought that it could happen and you had it *planned* that way!"

"By constantly stirring them up, giving them more than they normally saw, they were 'blueballed', actually fearful. From that point on, they didn't *dare* make a grab

for a secretary, even in the privacy of their offices. Copping a feel through clothes was one thing. Taking a chance on actually touching flesh was another. They knew their boundaries, and played their stupid little games. Plain and simple, they did not want to leave themselves open to a rape charge”

“Well, it worked, didn't it? Becky Reese still dresses to tease, these days!”

“Well, Becky's got the figure to do it. She didn't dress ‘prim’ in the first place!” Violet emphasized.

“I know. She was the one who gave us the idea for the counter-attack against the execs!”

“I know that, too!” Violet remarked, with a knowing smile. “That girl's got it all. Beauty *and* brains!”

Linda now chimed in, “Y'know...I wouldn't be a *bit* surprised to find out that she had some work done on her tits.”

Violet said quickly, “Now, Linda! Do I detect a little green-eyed monster?”

“Heck, no!” Linda laughed. “I’m a little heavier and maybe I don't show it off like *she* does, but I'm no slouch in that department!” She paused for a moment. “Well...maybe a *tiny* monster. But only because I'm too lazy to get the extra pounds off. Not because of Becky. Becky's okay in my book.”

“Okay. Just checking. You girls *do* work well with each other, and I'm very proud of that fact. I like to think that I had *something* to do with that. Yet, I would hate to hear that after I'd gone, you girls fell apart.”

Violet stopped for a second, thinking. “I don't see why you should. It's not like you're bringing in an outsider, to take charge. Whoever you pick is gonna know our strengths and weaknesses, and there'll be no reason for jealousy.”

“...Uh...it isn't *me*...Is it?”

“Now, there's no need to campaign for the job. You can pass that around,” Violet said. “Although I haven't made it official yet, I've already chosen her. I'll announce it at the proper time, and not a moment before. Capisce?”

“Gotcha, chief,” affirmed Linda, with a mock salute. “Well, let's go join the rest. Some of the girls are already tying one on. I think we'd better get to the presents, before we all get too bombed!”

Violet said, “Yes, I'm feeling good already, myself. But Linda, remember. Even though we may get smashed...anyone getting out of hand, I expect you to take charge. This is your home!”

Linda took the admonition to heart, as they went out into the living room, to join the others. At a pre-arranged signal, came the moment that, by now, even Violet was anticipating.

“Miles! Miles!” called Shirley. “Come sit by me!”

As he went to do so, Miles saw boxes come out of their hiding places. By their wrappings, he knew they had to be gifts...for him.

He said, "Hey, people! The party was enough. I don't *deserve* any gifts!"

"Nonsense!" Shirley spoke up. "Like Vi said last week, we *always* welcome a new girl with a party."

Miles began to speak, but was cut off.

"Not a 'new girl,' you say? Well, I can fix *that!*"

At that, Shirley whipped from behind her a long blonde wig, and practically threw it upon Miles' head. She said, "Now, you take care of this, Millie. It costs a couple bucks, but I wanted you to have it!"

"Shirleeee!" Karen exclaimed. "My God! How can she wear it right, if you're just gonna toss it on 'er head? I don't think she has one of these at home!"

Karen then quickly grabbed her bag, and dug for a comb and brush. Without bothering to ask, she proceeded to not only affix the lengthy wig properly on Miles' head, but also bring out its style with her utensils.

Everyone then patiently waited until Karen was finished. Sitting silently, Miles was filled with mixed emotions, in part because of what he had upon his head and in part because of the attention he was receiving.

He had no idea that this was going to happen, but realizing there were other gifts, he figured this was only the beginning. While he was trying to be a good sport, it was not lost on him that his gender had been altered. Not only that, but his name seemed to be "Millie" now!

"Hey," he said to himself, "the girls aren't being cruel. We're having fun! Get into it and go *with* it...Millie!"

Once Karen was done, he said aloud, "Oooh. Thank you, girls!"

"Not bad, Millie," noted Linda, commenting on the feminine timbre Miles had attempted on the spot. "A little deep, but not bad. Here, open *mine* next."

There were about a dozen women in the pool there, but a core group consisting of Karen, Shirley, Linda and Violet was the most vocal.

Everyone had made a comment or two though, even if it was only "ooh" and "aaah." Since the purpose was to welcome him into a feminine environment, absolutely *everything* was feminine. Some of the comments about the "new girl" were very sincere. Miles was called Millie for the rest of the night.

As far as gag gifts went, some, like Shirley, spent none too little in purchasing their so-called "gag gift". A few honestly did not know *what* to buy, and bought some genuine items, with the idea that if Miles did not take it well, they could use the gifts themselves.

Miles had proven to be very outgoing these past two weeks, instead of isolating himself. For instance, his willingness to ask for assistance from anyone helped him to excel around the office. His camaraderie and personal warmth also endeared him to the women.

As a result of being a good sport tonight, once the wig went on "her" head, Millie was being treated almost as if "she" was a girl approaching womanhood. Along with

the wig and the outfits came helpful hints about how best to use the gifts that were bestowed upon her.

Millie had gotten a makeup kit, and different shades of false fingernails in addition to nail polish and a manicure set. Several sets of stockings, even a blouse and a skirt, along with inexpensive “junk” jewelry and perfume were added to the “stash”. Someone even gave her two daring sets of lingerie, lacy panties and bras, and even matching garter belts.

As the gifts were being opened, the women huddled closer around “Millie” to help her take stock of what was received. By the time it was over, not only did Millie have a wig on, but also a set of the fingernails, a pair of clip-on earrings, and her face was completely made-up.

After all the gifts were opened, Miles, still “in character”, said with a smile, “I want to thank you girls for everything. When I wear these, since I don't know who gave what, I'll think of *all* of you. I imagine you all planned it that way, anyway!”

At this, after edging Violet away from the group, Linda whispered, “Miles is more than just a good sport. He took this better than I *dreamed!* You don't suppose...?”

“So, what if he is?” Violet swiftly went to his defense. “I don't know for sure, and he never gave any indication before tonight, but it shouldn't make any difference. He—or *she*, should she decide to come out of the closet—deserves our support, just the same as we've supported the other women in our group!

“Some have lost boyfriends, been divorced. One has even been raped! Miles' acceptance of Lila these past weeks has helped her immeasurably towards trusting men again. I know, 'cause she told me!”

She paused. “Here we are, making snap judgments about Miles, and he could just be making the best of an awkward situation. That alone gets a few high marks in *my* book! If he comes to work Monday in that skirt and there's something wrong with it, I'll be right there to help ‘her’ out!”

“You're a wise woman, Mrs. Shakman,” smiled Linda. “Y'know, Vi, since you mentioned it, I think Millie'd be real cute in that skirt and blouse she got. Two of the girls bought those presents without knowing what the other was getting Luckily, they go together! Listen, let's give her a hand. Becky's offered to drive Millie home with her gifts, since she doesn't have a car yet.”

Millie was very feminine despite her flat chest and wearing shirt, slacks and loafers. Now that it was time to leave, Linda made sure that Miles was aware of that.

Realizing that he was just about to go out of the door into the outside world, Miles' hands jumped to the top of his head, reflexively Next, his eyes darted around, looking frantically for tissues. Not finding any quickly enough, his hands went to his mouth. Linda was faster, though, and stopped him before he smeared his pretty mouth.

“Whoa! Slow down!” said Linda. “Mavis did apply it a wee bit too thick, but you're okay. With practice, you'll know how to do it for yourself, just right. 'Sides, with Becky driving you home, few people will notice you this time of night. Hey, go with it for a while.

"You *do* look nice and a lotta girls wear blouses, pants and penny loafers, y'know. Anybody seeing you won't even give you a second look."

Miles tried to say something, but by the time Linda finished, he changed his mind. He had seen what he looked like earlier, and with Becky along, literally "for the ride", Miles was not going to have to endure something embarrassing or dangerous alone.

Linda was telling him to have some fun and the feminine camaraderie got to him. The more welcome these women made him feel, the more comfortable Miles felt about wearing what he had on. He began to notice an insistent thought about actually using these gifts, to really *be* one of them!

Of course, he was really going to do it out in *public*!

"Thanks, hon." It was "Millie" who now spoke, instead of Miles. "She" wanted to let Linda know that she was taking her friendly advice for what it was worth.

"Y'know," said Linda, "I know I was critical of that voice earlier, but the more I hear it, the more it fits, *without* making you look strange, might I add. If you tried it on the bosses, you'd fool them, easy."

Millie replied with some concern, "'We-ell, I dunno 'bout *that*. Doing this in private is one thing. I'm not thinking vain, mind you, but what if one of them came on to me? I'd be in a *heap* o'trouble, in more ways than one!"

"Not to worry!" came the answer. We take care of our own. I know it's beginning to sound like a broken record already...but you *are* one of us! Now, more than ever!

She continued. "As far as a frisky exec is concerned, we've already *gone* that route. They won't *dare* try it now with you, because you're new. We've already stared them in the eye, and...*they blinked*. They'd get in trouble now if we found out. Even *if* you were willing!"

Linda paused reflectively for a moment, going back mentally to her and Violet's conversation earlier. She recalled Violet's remark about considering keeping her husband in panties.

Linda added, "Still, if you're comfortable in these things, you haven't even *met* any of the execs yet. It's not *that* crazy an idea to use 'em!

"We didn't do this so that you could wear 'em to work, though. Frankly, I'm surprised to see how all of us were on the same wavelength, buying real gifts for a so-called "gag." I confess I was one of those who bought an underwear set and a pair of stockings for the garter belt, since I knew another girl was buying one, too.

"We did all right in the size department, I'm pretty sure. We're good like that, from back when we had to buy gifts for our bosses' girlfriends or wives. We don't do that anymore, but you don't lose the knack!

"Y'know...thinking about it, it even might be to your advantage to wear what we gave you. For starters, the bosses might be less friendly with you because you're a man. Some of 'em are narrow-minded and think secretarial work's an 'unusual' job for a man, if you get my drift.

“Present company excepted, of course, men are generally weird. They will hate or avoid homosexuals, but the majority of them will accept a lesbian, or try to make her bisexual. Some men find the thought of women getting it on with each other a huge turn-on!

“You make up your *own* mind, Hon. You wear what you think you *should* wear. I'm not gonna be the one to tell you what to do. But I will say this. If you *do* decide to wear something frilly and lacy, I'm sure it's okay with Vi.

“After all, she lets *us* wear with we want, since there's no written dress code. Some of us cover up from head to toe, while others wear as little as they can get away with. And although Vi's leaving, her successor's gonna be someone from the pool. I don't anticipate *that* much of a change in office policy.

“Think about it...Millie.” Linda smiled, deliberately stressing Miles' new feminine name. “They don't have to know what's in your panties. But, if the *rest* of the girls get some extras by virtue of being pretty, why should *you* lose out just because you can grow a mustache? Forget that!

“If you look close enough when she's not paying attention, you'd notice that Marjorie has one that she bleaches. Cutting it only makes her's grow back!

“It might just be a free lunch. Or a few extra dollars in an envelope around Christmas time, from one of the execs, but a perk is a perk, right?.

“Hey, that's why *I'm* working! For the money! All I can get!. Legally, of course.” Linda ended with a laugh.

Despite her seeming bravado, Linda *did* have her reservations when it came to Miles accepting his gifts.

Somewhere in her mind, she had a tiny cruel streak. She was secretly ready to laugh at any discomfort Miles might have shown as he opened his gifts. When it did not happen, she lashed out quietly, from hidden frustration, for Vi's benefit only. As Violet chided her, Linda was surprised by her own attitude, recognizing it for what it was.

Linda felt ashamed because Miles was not a man who had wronged her; he didn't deserve her abuse. She honestly liked Miles, and thought of him as nice. They all did. He got into this unusual situation simply by being willing to go along, to have fun.

So, as a way to rectify her attitude, Linda went out of her way to make Miles feel comfortable about accepting his gifts. Little did she know that Miles already had a head start, if only in his mind, allowing the women to use some of the gifts on him. Perhaps, if Linda had not said anything, it would have been something to dismiss.

But *now*, who *knew* what Miles might do with his gifts?

Miles listened to Linda and was still thinking about it as Becky drove him home. Every now and then, he would glance over at Becky, hoping that she would not catch him staring at her.

Miles, predictably, stared at her full bosom, as it was fairly well-exposed. As she breathed, Miles was fascinated by the bust's fullness and how it would jiggle at the slightest provocation as Becky drove over a bumpy section of road.

Tearing himself away from her roiling cleavage, he surveyed the shapeliness of the rest of her body. His eyes cataloged her, from the slim waistline to the abrupt end of her short skirt, which rode ever higher from her squirming in her seat.

Traveling down her long legs to her feet, Miles marveled at the heel height of the shoes she wore. He guessed it to be about four inches. It was at that moment, that he wondered if *he* could wear heels that high.

He began picturing himself wearing *everything* a woman could wear. Not just for work, now. Miles had changed from his earlier thought about dressing up just in private.

Now, in his mind's eye, he no longer saw himself as a man admiring a beautiful woman, but as one of that wonderful breed himself. He wondered if "Millie" could look just as beautiful as Becky beside him was.

Miles began to hope for it turning into a pleasurable all-round experience. Not *just* to be accepted by the women of the secretarial pool. Not anymore!

"I guess you're wondering how I can drive, wearing such high heels," Becky said.

Becky's voice snapped Miles out of his reverie, and he instantly felt embarrassed, knowing that he had been caught staring at her feet. It quickly passed because it mixed with relief that she did not catch him when he was staring much higher. Still, Becky caught his discomfiture, even in the darkness of the car.

"Well, it isn't *easy* to push the gas pedal with little more than your toes!" she laughed, deliberately overlooking the uncomfortable. Yes, she knew he was staring at her, and had waited until his eyes moved lower before saying anything. "Usually, I *do* kick 'em off. But, even if I forget, I can do it without removing them, like now."

Becky's light demeanor caused Miles to feel at ease, as she intended.

Soon, they were parked in front of his apartment building. As she cut the car off, Becky said, "I'll give you a hand. Otherwise, you're gonna, havta make two trips, at least."

Once inside, with his packages safely deposited, Becky said, "Uh, Miles? Can we talk for a bit?"

Immediately, Miles recalled comments he had heard about Becky these past two weeks, that she dressed to "please." He had to admit to himself, though, that he saw no evidence that she was wanton. She got along with all of her fellow workers. But, there was, in Miles' brain, a thought that her attractiveness had "opened doors" for her.

What saved Becky from being envied and hated, was that uncomplimentary comments floated around about almost *everybody* in the outer offices. As a result, the group was tight-knit and ready to defend one another.

Why they would rally to Becky's defense was because she was one of the "prime movers" in the actions against the bosses' free and easy dispositions with the secretaries.

Even with the women's distaste for the way they were treated by the bosses, Becky's idea was not acceptable at first. They all knew that *she* could twist a man around her little finger. So, her plans would be easy for *her*.

Yet, some of the other women who were among the vocal wanted a chance to prove that Becky was not "so hot". In other words, they felt *they* could be just as attractive. To achieve *that* was a challenge they felt that they could not resist. They caused the majority to adopt Becky's idea.

Yet, now, they were "all for one and one for all".

Miles now recalled the harmless "sexy" comments made about Becky he had heard these past two weeks. Because she had practically invited herself to his apartment, saying she wanted to "talk," Miles was now looking forward to Becky coming on to him.

Miles sat down, next to Becky, on a sofa. Almost immediately, he reached out to touch her hand in her lap, attempting to hold it.

Becky withdrew both her hands to her sides, as if reading Miles' mind. Then, she said, "I think you're getting the wrong idea, Miles. I like you, but not the way you think."

Suddenly aware once again of the wig on his head and the new fingernails, Miles felt very foolish. Worse, because he felt that perhaps he rushed things, he began to get depressed, a reaction Becky did not miss.

"Miles, please. I'm not rejecting you," she said. "In fact, why I want to talk to you is because of what the girls and I did tonight. I'm really glad you're here."

"You see, while we all get along, the rest of the girls and I have never really been close. Not the way it could've been, from the start, anyway."

"But, it's not *their* fault. It's *mine*. Deliberately so."

"I have wanted—no, *needed*—a buddy, a confidante, a pal, for a long time. But, I've been afraid to be completely honest, and that's the one thing a friendship survives on."

"Still, I've been almost deathly afraid of rejection, at the price of being honest about myself. Only recently I've acquired a girlfriend who loves me, knowing *everything* about me."

"And...as of tonight...I'd like to include *you* in that confidence."

Miles listened to Becky's every word, anxious. Truth be told, he was waiting for his moment to be able to proposition her. However, now, as she finished, he was confused.

"Needs to be close to someone, but afraid?" he thought. "She's got a girlfriend?"

Aloud, he said, "Excuse me, Becky. Are you trying to tell me that you're trusting *me* to know, but afraid to let the *other* women find out that you're gay?"

Becky smiled at Miles' perplexity. "Nooo," she said. "Let me see if I can start over..."

"Miles...you don't mind being called 'Millie', do you?"

Miles now sharply recalled his wig and knew—acutely—that he was wearing makeup and long false fingernails. “Well, look at me,” he laughed, without embarrassment. “At the moment, I hardly look like a ‘Miles!’ ”

“Yes, so I noticed. So did some of the others. I wasn't eavesdropping, but I did overhear Linda talking to you, before we left. Your looks are easily translatable into feminine ones and Millie's voice is honestly not bad. I could help you make it authentic, and that's my point.”

Becky paused long, hoping for everything to sink in. When Miles said nothing, she continued.

“Miles, the makeup and nails were playfully forced on you. Truthfully, though, you are going to find yourself *wanting* to try these clothes on. Maybe as early as tomorrow.

“You're seriously thinking about taking Linda's advice about being a female during working hours, but not just for the feminine ‘charge’. I can tell. But, I want you to tell you something very important.

“Um...it's not going to be that easy.”

Miles became a little nervous with Becky's ominous demeanor. Becky had been insightful, as if she could read his mind. Was she saying now that there could be trouble in wanting to do as he hesitantly thought about?

“No, Miles. Not ‘trouble’ in the way you're thinking,” Becky smiled.

Miles quickly blanched at Becky's astuteness, as if she did indeed read his mind that time.

Becky went on. “Miles, the act of crossdressing, dressing up in women's clothes, can be habit-forming.

“To some, it's an irresistible turn-on. Others just like the feel of feminine clothes. Still others desire to *be* female, because they *feel* feminine while wearing them.”

She took another long pause, causing Miles to wonder if that was all she had to say. Suddenly, she continued.

“I know. I'm one of them.”

Slowly, Miles realized that Becky Reese was saying that she was something no one would guess in a million years.

It was too unreal! So unreal that the thought compelled Miles to burst out laughing.

“Miles, I am a *man*!” Becky plainly stated. “At least...that's what it says on my birth certificate. I haven't been ‘male’ since I left home in my late teens.

“I was never confused about my identity, but upon being called a girl's name one day, I deliberately played it up. The name-caller, seeing that I couldn't be ruffled, left me alone. I continued to camp it up regardless, for no apparent reason, and was amazed at the audience I gathered.

“Thereafter, given an opportunity, I let the ‘woman in me’ come out. Much to my surprise, people warmed to me. Women mostly, but also some guys I hardly knew. They actually treated me like a sister!

“Well, let me take that back. Not *exactly* like a sister.

“What I mean is, the way I acted somehow gave them the idea that I had some secret passage into the feminine psyche. To me, it was only using common sense, and for the most part, it was dead-on. The guys I was around were able to appreciate me as a human being.

“I swished like the Dickens from the start, but back then, I was only kidding around. As I saw the feminine person in me grow, I gradually evolved into a more responsible feminine state of being.

“Since my feminine self was more popular than the boy I had been, I started to let my hair grow, to do “her” justice. I actually *liked* me, for perhaps the first time in my life.

“It’s been so long, I can’t even talk like a man anymore. If I *tried*, it would sound like any normal woman trying to mimic a man’s voice.

“I’ve worked at all kinds of jobs that let me keep my hair long. The few that didn’t I left or was fired. I’ve worked for Vi for the past six years. It was just before that, that I went for sexual reassignment surgery.

“I was a late virgin. I finally found someone who accepted my femininity. I finally got laid, so I postponed undergoing the knife.

“By that point, I had gone as far as getting my beard permanently removed and my breasts augmented. My then-girlfriend loved my breasts, so I didn’t have them removed.

“But the novelty wore off, and I lost her to her next big thrill. I still had my bosom, though, and I went headlong into womanhood, becoming the sexiest bitch I could be!

“I found that I liked being a woman so much! I would’ve pursued the surgery again, but the money I had scrounged and saved for years was gone.

“Still, what I had in my panties was nobody’s business and it was the only thing that could give me away. Once I was hired to join Vi Shakman’s secretarial ‘stable’, my life was complete.

“Or, so I thought.

“By that time, I had achieved my goal of being a sexy woman. I never really studied any particular female; it all came naturally. I just was!

“I knew that men liked a pretty face. They will do *anything* for a beautiful woman, and not *always* to get a fuck.

“Armed with this knowledge, I let myself be ‘available’—to be given things, from dinner to gifts. I gave them the best time I could, given the circumstances.

“Most times, they were just happy to have my arm linked in theirs. If they got an affectionate peck on the cheek, it was considered a bonus. I was a class act and not a slut, so I never had to fight anybody off from finding out that I didn’t have a pussy.

“During this later time, as I worked with Vi, I was invited to a swanky party and met a sophisticated, but *very* kinky lady, and we hit it off. By ‘kinky’, I mean she loved to touch very intimate places.

“She wanted to hold my hand, put her arm around my shoulders or waist, even cup or caress my boobs a moment or so. We'd meet and instead of a kiss on the cheek, it would almost always be a quick peck on the lips. Sometimes, a little *more* than a ‘peck’!

“We became good friends and she even dug up a double-date for me, from time to time. She kidded that it was her way of taking me out and letting someone else pick up the tab!

“Years passed, and I found that I couldn't help myself. We were “best friends,” but I was falling in love with her. It was hurting me to see her only on double-dates, with her on the arm of a man.

“I'm no dog, so the guys never minded...much. The few that wanted to fuck her, couldn't with me and my partner around, and my girlfriend would call the date to an end, if her guy grew insistent. Of course, I already knew how to rein in *my* date if he felt the same way.

“I was afraid to reveal my crotch to her. I knew why *I* didn't want to get fucked, but could two people with the same situation have found each other? The odds on that were astronomical! So, I just *knew* that she was the ‘real thing’!

“Knowing that, I was at a quandary as to how to confess myself to her.

“Would she be disgusted, seeing me as homosexual, which I wasn't? Would she see me maybe as a lesbian, what with being so ‘touchable’ herself, if you follow me?

“Not knowing what to do, I simply avoided her. I then took her a while to notice, but eventually she did want to know why I was ducking her.

“With my back figuratively pinned to the wall, I wanted to tell her everything. But, she was such a good friend to lose to an assumed attitude, I just broke down and cried.

“In frustration and blubbering, everything became easy, and my story spilled out along with the tears. Realizing what I had done, after I did it, I steeled myself for the inevitable.

“It was then that she surprised me.

“She knelt before me, and without a word, slid my skirt to my waist as I sat. She needed a little help as she did it, and as numb as I was, I gave it to her without thinking. By the time she was pulling down my panties, it started to sink in that she was accepting me.

“She got my panties completely off and then went for my crotch where, in a long-enforced habit, my cock was completely stuffed away. Both of us had been to the beach in bikinis and even *that* hadn't betrayed me, but now she kept digging for a cock she knew to be there.

“Her foraging for it only served to excite me. She didn't let me get even semi-hard before she had her mouth wrapped around it, licking and sucking me.

“She made me cum but would only allow me to groan in pleasure before I got there. I was to enjoy it without protest. A short while later, we were both naked and fucking each other.

“That's the way it went.

“She told me later that she was *glad* that I had a cock. She was always free with her hands, touching people in the 'wrong' way. Some people didn't mind and some did. That was the extent of her 'kinkiness'.

“She had been feeling 'things' about me that she couldn't explain. It's funny, but being a lesbian disturbed her. For some reason, she couldn't give herself over to fucking randomly anymore, not after meeting me.

“At first, I didn't make the connection I thought I was just her 'protection' so her date wouldn't force himself on her. Then, I disappeared.

“She knew that she loved me then. Lesbianism was not thought of, anymore. I was *more* than her best friend, a close female pal. *She really loved me.* Now, she wanted to know why I was avoiding her.

“She was assuming that I, as a woman, had the same reason—that I loved her, I mean. But, before she would make up her mind about us once and for all, she felt that she had to *know* for sure.

“When she found out that I had a cock, it was the piece of the puzzle that made everything complete. In her caring for me, she wanted to be true to me. But her not wanting to be a lesbian was due to the fact that, although she might get 'used' to pussy, she wasn't ready to give up cock.”

At that, Becky laughed, “When she discovered I had one, she joked about hiring a billboard, to tell the world she was proud of what she was. It was going to say, ‘I am a lesbian and proud of it!’



“We're planning an elaborate but small, wedding ceremony and reception, to make everything legal in a couple months. Except for Vi—and now you, of course—no one at the office knows, or is invited.

“The ceremony will be performed by a priest who knows that I am a male by birth, but is allowing me to wear a gown. He will use the name Rebecca-, which it legally now is. Everyone will probably be shocked as I ‘come out’ as a lesbian. Even the other people that are invited, will see it as a lesbian wedding, as a matter of fact.

“It will be interesting to get reactions from the girls at the who have thought of me as a slut, even if only a mild one. I *think* they'll accept me as a lesbian.

“To have told them that I was a transvestite with breasts, fooling them and keeping it to myself all these years—I don't think that they could handle that.”

Miles then asked, “You told Violet all about you?”

“Not as early as you might've guessed,” said Becky.

After a quick pause, she added, “Uh...Miles. She's going to make the announcement Monday. Yesterday, while everyone went to lunch, Vi asked me to hang back a minute, without letting anyone else know...

“I'm going to be her successor.”

“You?”

“Yes. She told me that the way I spearheaded what the girls called the ‘Touchy-Feely Fiasco’ gave her the idea. How I could think on my feet and how, even with my beauty I didn't alienate anyone, were the determining factors.

“I was flattered, but also afraid to take the job.

“Y'see, after almost a lifetime of getting away with being as I was, that same instinct for survival kicked in. It was telling me that maybe being the boss would cause me to stop being well-liked, that perhaps people would begin digging where they had no business and, well, you can guess the rest!

“Well, since she was leaving and wasn't a gossipmonger, I told her about myself.

“Vi was shocked. She asked if I was so worried about being exposed, did I notice what I just did?

“I wasn't sure what she was getting at, but she said that it was exactly what she needed—a person that is not caught napping.

“Vi said that I would even be *more* of an asset, knowing how a man might think. What *really* made me feel good, was that not once did Vi refer to my ‘being’ a *man*.

“Anyway, Vi didn't offered me the job and as part of it, she wanted me to look after you, to help you out.

“Miles. you're very smart and you catch on quickly. Just like Linda guessed, though, the men *are* going to treat you funny. At some point, just by the luck of the draw, you'll be the only one available for them to look at while working. That's all they can do *now*, is look.

“You shouldn't have to take their shit, just because you're a man. Because of you, we might have to go down the garden path again, to insure you get treated right.

“Because of what we were going to do, I wanted to help you cope, just in case your own crossdressing compulsion did kick in. What *I* am is *my* choice, and it came gradually, without compulsion, until, finally, everything became normal for me.

“A lot of men are addicted to wearing women's clothes, though. And as lucky as *I've* been, there *have* been those who were utterly humiliated.

“If what we did *had* given you the ‘bug’, I wanted to be there to let you know that it was okay to enjoy such things, and that you needn't suffer for it.

“It seemed to me that no sooner had Shirley dubbed you ‘Millie’, the bug stung you but good! I mean, you not only turned on Millie's voice, but you *kept* it, for almost the whole rest of the night!

“It was a gag, so you didn't get anything a natural-born female wouldn't get in gifts. Makeup, perfume, underwear. Even a skirt and blouse! Not to mention, a good wig?!

“You've got everything but shoes!

“And if that's going to be the only thing from stopping you from wearing that skirt and blouse on Monday, I've got oodles of different shoes I'm sure you can get into. I'd be more than happy to let you have whatever you want, to get you started.

“Maybe, even some sedate outfits, if you'd like, to really give you a starter wardrobe. As you've seen, I've haven't been wearing that kind of clothes at work, although there *was* a time.

“Being your boss, and having come out of the closet after the wedding, I may be expected to tone myself down. To Hell with that! I'm my own woman!

“After a while, you may even outdo me!”

Becky then heaved her bosom with a sad, heavy sigh. “Makes me wish that I had figured out some way to be honest with everyone from day one. The girls will accept you in a skirt because they *created* you. But me impersonating a woman for so long, and admittedly, a blatantly sexy one...

“Well, you could see how impossible it would make things. Especially with me being their boss now.

“But let me stop, before I wind up making your mind up for you. Although I think you already want to do it on your own, I'm beginning to *push* you there. As if Linda and Shirley hadn't already put the idea there!”

Miles felt compelled to hug Becky, in gratefulness.

“What was that for?” Becky asked upon release, having been taken by surprise.

“Y'know, Becky, I was looking forward to being ‘lucky’ tonight. Getting you into bed and all. With you volunteering to help bring my gifts home, I sorta felt more halfway there.

"I've been told that I'm a nice guy and a pleasant change of pace from the crude ones out there. But I've always known that to get a special lady, you have to be a special man.

"I've got to be more than just a 'nice guy', and a 'one-night-stand' wasn't really gonna do it for me...or you. Special ladies are like that.

"So you've got a cock instead of a pussy! You're *still* the best woman I've ever known!

"You've made *me* special, by confiding what is your most guarded secret, after knowing me for just two weeks. And as far as us being 'together', well, we'll *be* together because you want to be my friend.

"Sure, I'm working just for the money, just like Linda said she was tonight. But, this is gonna be fun!

"I don't know *where* the desire came from tonight, but it's here and I *do* want it!

"And...you know what makes all of even *more* fun?

"People like you, on my side, taking away the worry about other people reacting negatively about all this.

"I'm thinking that, if I do get 'stuck' liking this...maybe, just maybe...*I* could get as lucky as *you*.

"Becky, you found somebody, not just once...but *twice*! Granted, the first time didn't take, but it seems that this time, she isn't around for a few cheap thrills. If I'm just *half* as lucky as you are, I'll do all right."

"Then...you *are* looking to be 'dressed up', come Monday?" Becky asked.

"Well, not without shoes...?" "Millie's" voice meekly reminded Becky of her offer.

Becky replied with a broad smile, "I want to refine that voice of yours, just a *little* bit. Oh, there's so much more I can teach you!"

Millie exclaimed, "Anything you say, lady! You're the boss!"

FINIS

SHERMAN TO SHERRI

Evie Kay

I am an idiot.

No...I'm obviously insane.

I know...I'm an insane idiot!

What have I done to myself?!

Was it really worth it?

Okay...Mickey said it wasn't permanent. That as soon as everything was over, these would have to be removed anyway, as part of making a complete getaway.

"These" being my breasts.

After all, they'd wind up looking for a woman with a cock, not a man'

Sigh.

Look at this body!

Long slim legs, petite feet. A narrow waist that looks as if you could wrap an arm around it, twice. A knockout face with absolutely kissable lips and super-long, flowing hair.

And these tits...!

I have to admit, after all the trouble I've gone through, I *do* look nice. I guess that's what's scaring me.

I was a man.

As a female...all vanity aside...I think I look *too* good.

It won't do for me to be discovered, having a cock. If I expose *myself*, that's one thing. Somebody *else* doing it before I'm ready...well, they'd be horny enough to try it, to strip me, most likely for sex...

So, there's no *telling* what they'd be liable to do, depending on whether they're still horny or not after exposure. I don't want to think about *me* being horny or not!

Oooh, I can't help it! These jugs are *nice*!

Nice and big, the way I've liked to have seen on a woman I'd be proud to call mine. Kind of hefty, though. Not at all what I figured they'd actually feel like. This, I can live with, though.

Not like before.

Ugh.

Maybe it's due to all my conditioning for this scam, but looking at my naked body in this full-length mirror, my cock is starting to get hard, and it looks gross, hanging where I *should* have a pussy!

The man in me, sees hot stuff. But right now, I'm female, and this *just won't do!*
Not "ladylike" at all.

If Mickey caught me "letting it all hang out", as it were, I'd never hear the end of it!
I'll just tuck it in, like I've practiced.

There! That's it! Now, I know it can stay put.

Let me find some panties.

OoOoOoO

"Ooooh, Baybee! Don't *you* look good enough to be eaten!"

Even though I knew who it was, his sudden voice in the room startled me, so I jumped, but not enough to spoil the picture.

"Don't you know how to knock?" I spat out angrily, not enjoying the "compliment", particularly under the circumstances.

"Uh uh! Better be nice to me!

"I'm the sugar daddy who made all of this *possible*.

"Besides, I was only kidding.

"Especially with my knowing about you-know-what being hidden. If you're gonna get all 'femininely upset,' save it for somebody who doesn't *know* you."

"Okay, Mickey," I said, pouting. "I was admiring myself. Guess I got carried away."

"It's okay, Sherm...or should I say, 'Tina?'"

"I should treat you right. Otherwise, you'll be no good when the time comes," said Mickey. I followed his eyes; he continued to admire my still-naked body. "We're gonna clean up big!

"And if what they say about some judges is true, we may not even *have* to go the contest route!

"Y'know, how they might want to bed you, for their vote. If *that* happens, then depending on which rich, fat cat judge we hook, we'll be set for life!"

"Hold it, Doctor Michael Peter Forrest!

"I don't know what school you picked up your code of ethics at. I agreed to a one-time deal, to make some easy money and get the hell out of this town. You told me everything could be easily turned off, undone or removed, like these tits. It was going to be foolproof!

"You convinced me that the beauty contest money was harmless. That taking it was not gonna be like taking food from somebody's mouth! Outside of some people being upset, no one's was supposed to get hurt!

“But if you’re thinking even for one second, of a continuous, ongoing blackmail scheme, count *me* out!

“And take these ‘milk bags’ offa me, NOW!”

“Whoa! Slow down,” said Mickey. “You’ve evidently learned your part, very well. You’re really acting like a woman, even before we get around other people!

“And before you get your nose outta joint, that was a *compliment*, not a jibe!”

I *wanted* to smile at what Mickey just said, knowing that he was praising me. After all, I *knew* I looked good! That’s why I was just preening nude, in front of the mirror. It was also the reason why, even though his sudden presence had upset me, I still hadn’t been in a hurry to find my panties, as I had started to.

Truth be known, I was afraid of Mickey, a guy I had grown up with, now a respected doctor. I felt odd about that, because, having been his friend all these years, I knew the *real* Michael Forrest. I knew he busted his hump to become a physician. Only because that was where the big money was. Well, according to him!

Even back then, if someone wanted something “on the side”, like a controlled drug or an “quiet” abortion, good ol’ Mickey would do it...for a price, of course.

This was no guess on my part. He had freely admitted it to me, his “ol’ pall”

Yet, Mickey *was* good at what he did for a living. He might look for ‘easy’ things or loopholes in business, but he never cut corners in his medical expertise. He was not some slipshod quack!

If something he was asked to do wasn’t on the “up and up”, he did the job well enough. That way if anything *did* happen, they wouldn’t be able to blame his expertise or professionalism.

That thought gave way to another thought...and therefore yet another fear.

Mickey did a hell of a good job of giving me tits. Looking in the mirror, I couldn’t see any scars!

As he had offhandedly complimented me, I was practicing everything I had learned. It seemed to have become almost second nature, as I looked, moved, acted and re-acted!

Yes, even as I was arguing with myself at how crazy this was, I *liked* what I saw. I must admit, though, I *had* been disappointed with my cock spoiling the view. Despite the fact that I had deliberately let it hang free!

Suppose I sincerely get to *like* this?

Am I *already* liking this?

Could I work things out, to stay this way, if I *wanted* to?

Uh, did I *really* just think that?

OoOoOoO

It had been years, absolutely ages, since I’d seen Mickey.

Inviting me to lunch at a nearby outdoor cafe, he began reminding me of the pranks we pulled in high school. While I laughed at the memories, I really wasn't in the mood for mirth, due to my present circumstances, and Mickey caught that.

Actually, I was not dressed in high fashion, so it was easy to detect my low temperament. Genuinely concerned, he asked how I was feeling, how I was doing overall.

One feeble explanation later, I wound up in his office, where he gave me an examination, no charge. As it was winding down, he seemed to be very pleased by what he had discovered.

It was at that point that Mickey reminded me of how we had been "partners in crime" in our youth, of his beauty contest scheme.

Now, back in school, we did a lot of things, but we never outright stole anything or physically harmed anyone. Although no one was to be hurt here, either, this was going to be a whole new ball game.

Mickey had to convince me that no one would be hurt. I was starting to go along with him, because I was broke.

Then, I found out what my part was to be.

I threw a blue fit!

I told him that I might be broke, but I wasn't *that* desperate!

Calm and collected, Mickey patiently waited until I blew off all of my steam. Seeing that he was not going to make it a shouting match, I did wind down.

As I became silent, he spoke, again calmly.

"Look, Sherm. I make good money. I'm not greedy, but if there's a few bucks to be had, *somebody's* gonna grab it, so why not *me*?"

"I've had this idea for some time now. But, to be honest, the idea wasn't originally mine.

"Being a gynecologist, I learned how to work on every part of a woman's body. Well, a model came to me seeing if I could enlarge her breasts. She confided in me that she was to be a contestant in a beauty contest. She'd be damned if she wasn't going to be everything she *could* be, in order to win!

"I chose gynecology and plastic surgery deliberately, primarily because that's where the money was. Also, it offered the bonus of meeting and bedding beautiful women.

"Not to mention, I get to touch 'em where they'd ordinarily never let a man they don't know touch 'em. If they weren't too hot in the 'looks department,' ol' Doc Forrest could work something out for that, too!

"Anyway, this cutie gave me the idea.

"I dunno, I guess I *could've* been motivated to do more than just blowing up her boobs. However, I just *knew* that I would've been played for a sucker, as she would've stiffed me.

"And I'm not talking about makin' 'Petey boy' here between my legs rigid!

“Although she trusted me enough to spill her plans—maybe because of doctor-patient confidentiality—she never thought of me as a confederate. Still, I never gave her away.

And do you know what happened?

“She won.

“Sure, I do good work, but I know that these pageants classify such things as ‘additives’. Therefore, many contestants are disqualified, if they get caught.

“Still, I’m in this business to make money. So, since she didn’t ask, I didn’t volunteer anything to her.

“She wouldn’t even think of naming me as a coconspirator because my work was undetectable. Therefore, my name would not come up if there was trouble. In any event, she wasn’t caught. Whatever she had to go through, my work was not discovered!

“So, I figured that if I could do it *once*, why not *again*? And *this* time, get a piece of the pie.”

But, why *me*?” I asked. “Why not a real woman or another guy?”

“Because I know you and trust you.

“I don’t know another guy who could pull it off, with your build. I’ve examined you, remember? Most likely you are this way due to your unfortunate circumstances. You could have me drooling, and I’d be the one who *made* you, as it were!

“Besides, I don’t know any women well enough. Chances are, any one I picked could be just as treacherous as the one who gave me the idea in the first place.

“C’m on, waddayasay?”

That was it.

If I was even the least bit financially stable, I would’ve told him where he could’ve shoved his stethoscope. I might have even shoved it there myself!

But I was an outcast in my own home town.

Former classmates and other so-called friends I had known over the years, didn’t want to know me now. The only friend I *did* have wanted me to do something illegal.

I was almost painfully slim because I was down and out and not eating regularly. My hair was quite long and I was somewhat unkempt from living in the streets. In retrospect, it was surprising that Mickey even recognize me.

I don’t think I fit into his plans, though, until after he examined me!

My problems had become, in my mind, a rationalization for going along with his less-than-honest scheme.

Another of my ‘qualifications,’ as it were, was that I could go days without shaving. What passed for a “beard” when I did shave, was a joke. I started to believe that maybe I really *could* pull this off, since I could forget to shave, and still not create a “problem” in my new persona.

However, as it turned out, without Mickey even working on my sparse beard, that was not a problem at all. By the time he had finished with me, strangely enough, I no longer had to shave, period!

I reasoned that the model he told me about was never caught. Why would *I* be? After all, it wouldn't be as if I was going to be making a habit out of pulling scams like this, right?. As larcenous as Mickey was, I trusted him. Fear would come later.

For now, we agreed that it would be a simple matter to remove the boobs, when everything was over; they were the obviously major giveaway. I assumed this at first; Mickey would confirm that thought later, as I gradually gave voice to doubts.

Everything else could be removed or restored, and I could easily put some weight back on, to be of more manly proportions. We'd both be home free and I'd be able to get my life back together, to some semblance of normalcy, now with money in my pocket!

OoOoOoO

Mickey had a particular pageant in mind, one that covered a number of counties within the state. It was several months away, to give me time to 'get into shape' and...if possible... to work his secondary scam on a judge.

That part never sat right with me and I simply chose to ignore it whenever Mickey brought it up. What I didn't know wouldn't hurt me, or so I hoped. A few times, he brought it up, but he soon got the message that I was not interested. From that point on, he seemed to just concentrate on making me beautiful.

I had moved into his house before he began to work on me, and the few clothes I owned were disposed of, destroyed. From that point on, even though I looked ridiculous at first, I wore nothing but women's clothing.

One of the first things I had to learn, was to hide my cock. That was something that made me want to call the whole thing off.

Mickey kept after me to keep it hidden, because it would be the major thing that could give me away. When I relented, even after I whined about the discomfort and pain, Mickey would nonetheless inspect me.

Sometimes, he would boldly shove everything up inside me, if I "forgot", like after I went to the bathroom. Even though I thought that I could get away with having a bulge under a skirt, Mickey would often lewdly surprise me, by lifting it, to check my middle.

He might stop if he'd checked several times in a row, and I was tucked. But my "buddy" had a suspicious mind; he was sure I could tell when he was going to check, and he was convinced that at times I was "swinging free".

There were times when I *was*, but I'd be damned if I was going to admit it to him.

I soon tired of it all. I guess somewhere, deep inside me, a little voice told me that I should be embarrassed and hurt with such behavior. And so, I was.

From that point on, except for a rare instance, like now, when he caught me ogling myself, I was always properly tucked away.

It was weird, I'll admit.

You'd think that, if I wanted to admire my womanly body, I'd hardly want to look at something that looked like a freakish clitoris, right?

Thank goodness I had replaced "myself", just before he saw me, even though I was naked. Mickey was in a good mood and it would've been a shame to spoil it, especially because of *that*.

I grumbled from time to time, as the transformation slowly took hold. When I behaved as a woman should, *looking* as a woman should, Mickey took pride in my reactions, and even showed me a little respect.

But still, occasionally, in the middle of the night, I'd feel a hand touching my underwear, because I hadn't secured my middle from exposure while I slept.

He told me that I should be perfect at all times. At least that was the story he told me, as I was awakened by his touch. I can only wonder, now.

There *must've* been a better way.

Yet, the end result was that it became second nature to tuck that body part away. Over time, it was so secure, I could, and did, wear T-back panties and you could not guess that there was a cock down there'

I never really had a big one; during my high school days, though, I had no complaints from the few girls I slept with. The pain of putting it away and keeping it hidden that I thought would never go away, eventually did.

Either that or my mind just shut it out. The end result was that my middle, covered properly, looked no different from any other woman's pubic region.

Still, once in a rare while, I would let 'it' breathe.

But this had better be the last time I do that. That "brush" was too close; although I was in his house, it wouldn't necessarily be Mickey who might catch me.

Although I hadn't left the house at all as my body was changing its contours, he had been receiving guests at home. Although ensconced in a room during these early stages, it would only be a matter of time before I was formerly introduced to someone. Until that happened, I don't want any accidental meetings.

During this phase of my training, I was encouraged to read magazines on feminine hygiene and personal grooming. I had to practice, practice, practice, the many diversities of makeup techniques, as well as styling my long tresses in a seemingly-endless succession of fetching styles.

I learned how to braid my hair, as well as to make it look remarkably short, without losing one follicle, not to mention the many different types of long-haired styles. I fell in love with what I could do with my hair.

Dieting, on the other hand, was hard.

Being down and out, I hadn't been exactly "chubby", but still, Mickey couldn't just give me jugs and put me in a bikini. What Mickey *did* put me through to get to proper shapeliness, though, wasn't easy. Especially when at mealtimes, Mickey would sit across from me, chewing on a steak, as if he had freshly killed it, like some caveman I

Okay, so maybe I'm exaggerating, but I *was* starving from my "rabbit food" meals!

I was grateful that Mickey had not had me on the type of diet that would take forever to lose a pound. He also gave me some injections to chemically induce weight loss, that caused considerable discomfort inside me. Some of that may have been attributable to the tight corsets I wore, to mold what flesh I had left into the proper dimensions.

One day, with a promise of no more unusual pain, Mickey gave me a sedative that put me to sleep. When I awoke, after saying just a few sentences, I could not *believe* my own voice! It came from *my* mouth, as if I had been female all my life!

Even though he never told me *exactly* how he did it, my throat hurt for the longest time. Taking a guess, I think it had something to do with shaving my Adam's apple. I think, anyway.

Whatever.

Before I could become too concerned, however, it cleared up. By that time, I was used to my new voice, and never really felt a need to know exactly how it was accomplished.

Soon, came the day of getting my breasts, my bazooms, my tits.

Needless to say, all of the clothes that had looked ridiculous on me before, now filled out in the most interesting places.

Without getting into any technical mumbo jumbo, which I never understood anyhow, I can tell you I was even awake for the whole thing! Mickey was even nice about asking how big I wanted them.

At first, I wanted them huge, and he accommodated me. But they soon became very uncomfortable and I asked if he could reduce them.

He teased me at first, playing with them. I was very sensitive to the touch, and couldn't help but get turned on!

Sure, I went along as he fondled them. At first, I got into it because, by that point, I felt as if it wasn't "two guys" playing around. After all, I was looking *almost* every inch—and certainly sounding like—a female. *I had real tits!*

Shortly, though, I was getting excited, and really hurting you-know-where. Getting an erection and not being able to do anything about it, was excruciating.

I begged Mickey to stop. He thought that I was just being whiney, once again. Mickey was playing and didn't see the need to stop just yet.

He claimed not to see why I was in discomfort. What made him stop, he later told me, was that he could see I could take no more; my eyes rolled to the back of my head and my knees could no longer support me. They buckled and I fell to the floor.

Plain and simple, I had ejaculated into my panties and passed out. While not actually being aware of it as it happened, it was like no other orgasm I ever had.

Ooooh, it was so—well, “delicious” is the word I would use!

When I awoke, I discovered I somehow had gotten into bed. My breasts were no longer uncomfortable and I noted it to Mickey.

He told me that he “shrank” them. They were still somewhat large, but not as heavy.

Mickey never played with my tits again. Sometimes, I would deliberately get him in a “horsing around” mood, just so that he could, if he wanted to!

But it just was not the same.

I never said, “Play with my tits,” and it was almost as if he purposely avoided them. Our “playtime” ended all too short, for my taste, anyway. I didn’t try to rationalize it. After I found out what happened the first time, I wanted it to happen again.

I wanted him to make me have an orgasm!

Prior to being reunited with Mickey, I hadn’t had sex in a long time. I suspected that, in not having my cock free, the pressure just built up, leading finally to indescribable release of ecstasy!

It was just *too good* a feeling to pass up. I thought, if I could make it happen, I should just go for it. Yet, oddly enough, as I appeared to be female, I never dreamed of bringing myself off by masturbation.

OoOoOoO

Catching me by surprise one day, Mickey said that I should no longer have to ogle myself. Soon, there would be many others to ogle me.

The contest was asking for entrants, instructing them where to sign up, via a notice in the personals section of the newspaper. He found it, and so, we went.

He had enrolled me as “Tina Montgomery.” I was to be interviewed.

All these months of physical preparation did not exclude mental preparation. Again, that’s why he had me read up on everything feminine. He wanted me to not only to know *how* to do things as a woman would, but *why* they did them, as well.

As I learned how to do things femininely, I was also to get the “feel” of doing womanly things. Along with personal grooming, it was necessary for me to learn comportment, how to handle myself.

To act...no, to *be* female!

It would not do to *look* like a fragile flower, but *move* like a bowlegged cowboy!

“Tina” also had a complete, flawless history, in case it was checked. Although not quite as painful as learning to successfully tuck away my cock and balls, I found it difficult to be constantly grilled in my...*her*...history. Given the time we had to work on it, it too, was perfect.

Therefore, the interview went without a hitch. I gave them no reason for doubting me, and fortunately, everything was accepted as gospel.

Photos for promotions were soon taken and I got a chance to really strut my stuff!

I *knew* I looked hot, and I did everything in front of the lens but strip! Since I went from street clothes to a two-piece bathing suit, a literal stripping routine would've been redundant!

I turned every which way every few seconds for the camera; Mickey had to scold me halfway through, reminding me that I wasn't posing for Playboy!

Although the photographer went for every pose, without objection, Mickey accused me of trying to queer the deal, before the pageant. Not that I was giving myself away, but to Mickey, it looked as if I was "giving myself away"! I was only having fun!

According to Mickey, the photographer was getting turned on!

Hmmm...

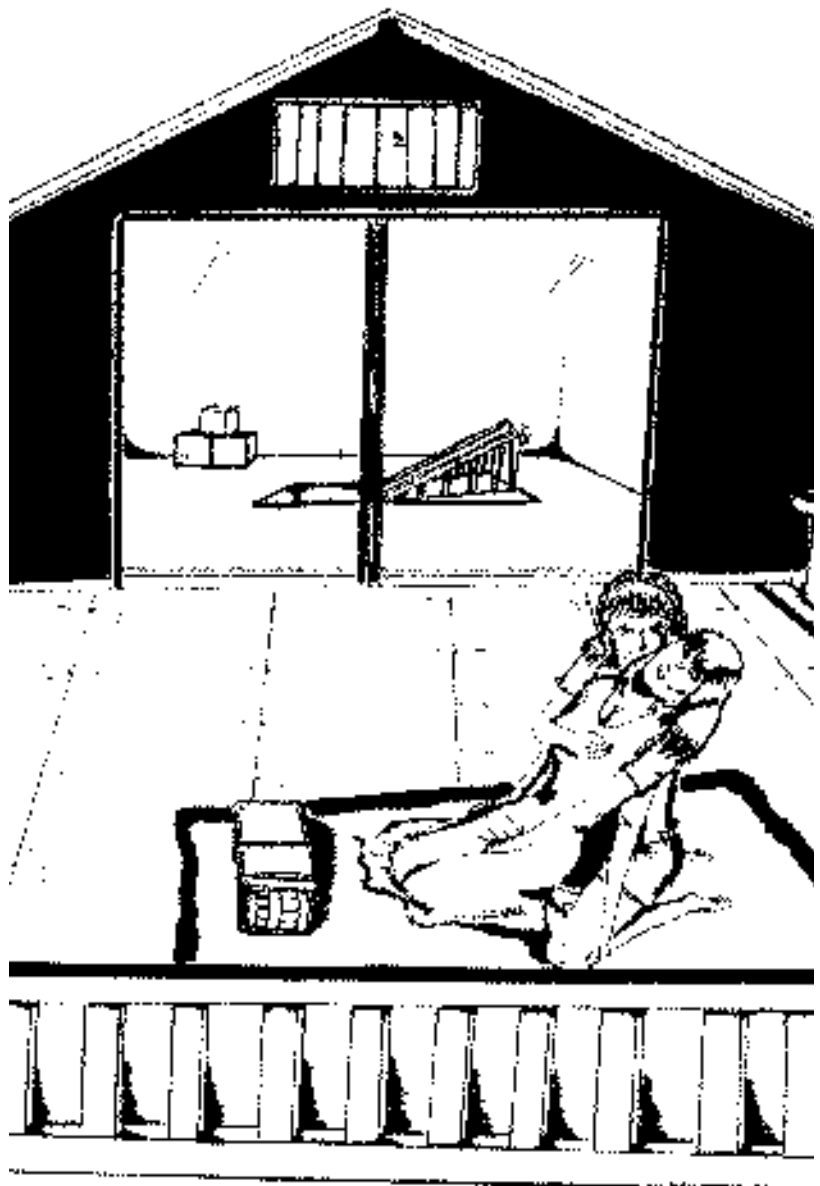
Maybe someone else was, too? After all, it "takes one to know one", right?

Mickey warned that if I didn't cut it out, with what the photographer had to show the judges, they might deem me unacceptable. Personally, I thought that Mickey was getting jealous, especially with the swimsuit pictures!

Again, I didn't bother to bring a tank suit! Unknown to Mickey, I had brought the tiniest thing I could find!

In the end, though, it was his own fault. As I never left the house, Mickey bought me several suits to "lounge around in", and the one I wore at the photo shoot was one of them.

All throughout my "development", especially after I was given my breasts, I wore all kinds of things. I wanted to see which would suit me best as a woman. I wanted to see what would make



me a surefire winner of the pageant. But now, incredibly, it seemed that Mickey was trying to protect my virginity!

In any event, Mickey got the photographer to leave the room on a pretense. Then, after scolding me, Mickey stole what had already been shot.

When it came time to wrap things up, the photographer discovered that he had to take yet more, in order to replace what he thought he had!

He apologized profusely, saying that he had never been so distracted in his life. I told him it was okay, I *liked* getting my picture taken...now.

I forgot to ask Mickey what happened to the “lewd” pictures he stole...’

OoOoOoO

Some time later, after I was accepted by the pageant, it was almost time for the actual contest to begin. Rehearsals were about to begin, and that was when disaster finally struck.

While alone at Mickey’s house one night, I got a phone call. It was Mickey himself!

I’d been wondering where he was; I’d been alone for most of that day, and I started to tell him what I thought. He abruptly cut me off.

“Listen, Sherm!” he yelled. “I’m allowed two phone calls, so I figured I’d call you, before my lawyer. I don’t know if I’ve got a time limit or if the phone’s bugged.

“I don’t *think* it is, I’ve got to *trust* that it isn’t. Still, I’d just as soon not mention ‘our girlfriend’s’ name.

“You warned me, buddy!

“You warned me! But me, Mr. Careful, finally got greedy!

“I mean, you were looking so hot! And I did it! I just *had* to go for it all!”

Calling me by my former name was surreptitiously letting me know what had happened. After a moment of rambling, he went on...to ramble some more...before getting to the point.

“I was anxious!

“Instead of waiting for you to be involved with a variety of people, I saw how you got that shutterbug all worked up. So, I went for the only person that ever got you alone.

“Remember that judge, Murray Atkinson? The one that interviewed you? He didn’t want me in the room because he didn’t want me ‘coaching’ you.

“Well, before I left, you two had gotten along so well, it was easy to see why he *really* had me leave. He wanted to see just how ‘friendly’ you really were!

“Because of the flash jockey’s reaction to you, I decided to chance it, since I wasn’t sure if you could handle being alone with a bunch of women, in the actual pageant. I overplayed my hand, Babe! OK, I approached him about putting the “fix” in.

“Anyway, as it turns out, Atkinson’s a *real* judge! Not just a pageant judge! How was I supposed to know?

“He had me arrested!”

I was listening to what Mickey was saying, but I kind of blanked out after he said “arrested.” Sure, I guessed that was where he was. To be right, though, was just too much!

All I could think was...*what was I going to do?*

Mickey continued talking, then I heard the phone click. It took the returning dial tone to bring me back to reality.

I sat next to the phone in a daze for a few minutes, doing nothing. Finally, reality set in and I started to wonder about my next move.

What *was* I going to do?

I was, after all, Mickey’s partner-in-crime. He could not possibly blackmail that judge without me, whether I was physically present or not; I was the *reason* for blackmail!

Would the police be coming after me—as Tina—next?

Although I had been re-created, as it were, to be someone else, The history he invented for “Tina Montgomery” just happened to be that of a woman that Mickey had a fling with in medical school.

“Tina” had been born of rich parentage and was a wandering soul, freely living life, having money to burn. She went on this way until she found out that her father was dying.

While barely tolerating his daughter’s lifestyle and expenditures, he was always been afraid that she would get raped someday, or worse. With her promiscuous nature, he always worried that someone wouldn’t take “no” for an answer.

So, with Father on his deathbed, Mother long gone, combined with the fact that Tina wasn’t getting any younger, she took up medicine. This was her attempt to make him happy.

Alas, as Tina continued her schooling, her father, who had come around somewhat due to her new resolve, suddenly passed away. After an appropriate period of mourning, instead of resuming her old life, she continued to pursue her new profession.

Upon graduation, however, Tina realized she could no longer comfortably live around her father’s old surroundings. Instead of merely relocating to a new city or state, Tina decided to go to England to practice medicine; it had long been one of her favorite places in the world.

I knew she must have been serious about Mickey, for her to have told him so much about her private affairs. If nothing else, it gave me an unimpeachable background.

Although no longer romantically involved with Mickey, she kept in touch with him; eventually, though, the letters began to get further and further apart. By now, there had been none for a long time. And yet, Mickey never forgot her.

I guess in a way, I am a tribute to his love for her.

Had I come right out and asked about that, knowing Mickey, he would've laughed it off. I imagine him explaining that she just *happened* to be the only woman available, with no flaws to mar "my" history, since she was so far away.

One of the reasons Mickey never got to know a woman for long was because he loved to play the field. He was a good looking guy and he *knew* it.

He thought that he could not be "tied down" to one female. Being aware of his attitude, learning about Tina surprised me, as I never thought he'd be serious about *any* woman.

Mickey had been able get a blank birth certificate and fill in her particulars, so that would be "mine" for the contest. The only change to Tina's story would be that I would claim taking part in the contest would be my last fling, as it were. Tina—me— would explain that she had made the decision to go to medical school.

The idea of a beautiful woman going to medical school, rather than becoming a fashion model would impress the hell out of the judges. Or so we thought.

Other than that small change, Mickey had recreated me in her image. My long, dirty, honey blonde hair was dyed to a reddish chestnut color. Another thing Tina seemed to love was braiding her very long hair into one huge braid that trailed down her spine. That became my usual hairstyle.

My facial features, not requiring plastic surgery, favored her, but only by the judicious use of cosmetics. My measurements were enhanced by Mickey, bosom and all, despite my earlier size request, so that in the end I was her doppelganger.

Later, he told me that he was allowing me to have my fun; for purposes of the complete masquerade, though, I would have to have smaller boobs. My initial forty-four-inch D chest was reduced to its present 38D.

OoOoOoO

Back to reality and present time, what could I do to make myself invisible?

Tina had been something of a slut before her "honorable decision". While not an evil person, she was hardly Snow White, either.

Just as I thought of Mickey as a leopard incapable of changing his spots, although I had never actually met Tina, my impression of her was similar.

Even the real Tina, had she been in the pageant, wouldn't have wanted anyone to know about certain parts of her history. The judges would probably not have dug that deep into her past, unless there was good reason to.

Offhand, though, I'd say blackmail was a damned good reason!

Therefore, while Tina *might* be seen as merely having been used by Dr. Michael Forrest, given her background, it was just as likely she would be seen as the doctor's willing cohort.

That brought up a thought. Why couldn't Mickey just say that Tina had nothing to do with the blackmail, thereby freeing me of guilt or worry...*unless* he needed me to get him off the hook?

Then again, if I couldn't be found, there might *still* be a possibility of getting off.

Damn that man! I don't know *what* to think!

When Mickey called, telling me where he was, I felt that he was hinting I should get the hell out of his house, in so many words. The authorities knew my place of residence was the same as his—his police record would match the address listed on my pageant application—I had to assume they would be coming here, possibly to lock me up!

If that happened, I had no guarantee of bail. Mickey could be denied bail and I had no money even if *I* wasn't. Mickey paid for everything when we lived together, not even giving me an allowance. There was, after all, all that money we would supposedly get from the contest.

I had seen enough prison movies to know that I would eventually be strip-searched by a police matron. I couldn't even contemplate her checking my pussy for contraband and finding a cock instead, I was certainly *not* looking forward to being thrown in a cell with men, wearing a dress, dangling 38s!

Calming down, I convinced myself that Mickey had called to help me. He knew that I wouldn't have a chance if the cops were going to be banging on the door any second.

They would have to get information from him, in order to get to me. So, they did not know of my connection...yet. Although the crux of the blackmail scheme was the involvement of myself and Judge Atkinson, it would take an investigation of the contest records before they would know that Mickey and I lived in the same place.

Even the pageant might not volunteer my record readily for the police to see what Mickey and I had in common. For the time being, since I wasn't with him for the actual blackmailing request, they must think that Mickey acted alone. So, I had at least a little time to do something, to be able to hide.

I needed a disguise.

Without Mickey's help, though, I could only be a woman!

Okay, calm down. Here's where learning to be a woman all these months, would come in handy.

Without Mickey's help, I *had* to be female. But I no longer had to be *Tina*!

Tina's hair was very long. Mine was down my back when I got reacquainted with Mickey; it had grown to the crack of my ass. So much a part of me, I felt as if I was cutting off a limb, but I was able to at least shorten it to just beyond shoulder-length.

I threw the excess hair in the garbage disposal, making sure it didn't clog, so the disposal would not regurgitate the evidence. Next, I fled to the bathroom to wash the telltale color out of my hair.

Being in a near-blind panic, I rinsed the color out of my hair so well, that not even my *original* color was left. I was left with the pure white hair color of a platinum blonde!

As I dramatically restyled my hair from the way it had formerly been, and began packing bags as it set. I had a somewhat extensive wardrobe by now. For whatever

value it might be to me later (Maybe I wasn't going to return to manhood, after all..?), I was glad that it existed now.

Finally thinking sanely, I packed quite a few outfits and accessories. Mostly clear-headed, I was not only able to make sensible choices, I got all the clothes, complete with accessories, into two large suitcases. As preparation for the contest, I even had my own luggage!

Packing a vanity case, I was able to take all of my cosmetics. Not before I did my face, though.

As I said, makeup had a lot to do with resembling the real Tina Montgomery. We wanted to be ready in case anyone who knew her from years before turned up. I mean, suppose someone who knew her in the past heard that she was in the contest and just *had* to be reunited with her?

We had been concerned about publicity if I had won. Upon winning, the plan was for "Tina" to disappear. Now, I was faced with the task of looking completely different, totally *me*.

Speaking of "me," *who was I now?*

I couldn't be "Tina" any more. I *certainly* couldn't be Sherman Kennedy!

Then, it came to me. Following the principle of "keep it simple, Stupid", I decided on "Sherri."

It was suitably close enough to Sherman; if I slipped and said my "old" name, it would be considered a joke, or a "pet name".

If pressed, I'd use "Kennedy" for a last name. Seeing a girl as beautiful as me, most men don't want to know a name, anyway, just the easiest route to my pussy!

When I got a chance to breathe, I'd have to remember all that I'd been taught, the memory lessons from Mickey, designed to cement a completely new persona. At the moment, as I took my hair down, out of the rollers, and brushed it into place, I needed to figure exactly where to go, and with what!

That's it! That's what Mickey was telling me!

As I was going numb, barely realizing where he was, Mickey was giving me the combination to his safe, so I could burn any evidence of the scam. I had become so dense, I hadn't remembered it quickly!

And if I wasn't mistaken, there was a few bucks in there! Surely, he'd understand if I helped myself!

OoOoOoO

Some time has passed since Mickey called. I've had time to pack, cut and restyle my hair.

Since I didn't know exactly what to look for in the safe, and I didn't have time to be *reading* much, it would have to be pretty obvious what related to Mickey's scam. I

gathered what I could, scanned it all, and destroyed what seemed to be the damning documents, while I got dressed.

God, this white hair stands out like a beacon, but Mickey only had red hair dye and I had used that to dye my hair in the first place! Disposing of the dye, this bright color *could* work like reverse psychology.

Who'd think that I would be so obvious, as if I *wanted* to be caught?

When Mickey hinted to me to scoot, I don't think he expected me to stick around this long, but I was glad I did. Now I felt good about taking the money.

After all, where the hell could I go, without a dime to my name?

Nobody had shown up yet, and I was finding it hard to believe that anyone could even think that Sherri and Tina were the same person! Of course, 'our' voices were the same, but get me away from here, and that would be just be a coincidence.

Okay, let's see. I'm packed, my purse is filled with necessities, including a little more than a thousand bucks. My hair's done up, still long but much shorter and styled differently from "Tina's" and my face is definitely my own.

Where's that black coat? Here it is!

Now, all I have to do, is get the cab that I called.

If I can just make it from door to car without being noticed, once inside, I'll officially be "Sherri Kennedy," with absolutely no apparent ties to anyone named Tina Montgomery or Michael Forrest.

* * * * *

Whew! Okay, heart, beat normally now.

I've made it inside the cab and we've pulled away. Only thing is, where the hell do I go from here?

Originally, before meeting Mickey, I figured maybe it would take quite a bit of money...I don't know, a few thousand, maybe? to be able to start life over.

Well, it's just like I had figured.

Almost.

All I needed, all I ever wanted, was a chance to get back on my feet. Splurging on a plane ticket for a warm climate, I was hedging my bet. I was determined not to wind up on the streets again.

If I was to be homeless until the winter months, at least I was not going to freeze'

* * * * *

In any event, being female, an *attractive* female at that, helped tremendously!

I have a few hundred left from what I took from Mickey's safe, and I've got a job and a place to sleep. In the safety of this "breather", I again reminisce how things happened, before I was reunited with Mickey.

Turns out, Dad had gotten a blood transfusion. He came home, had sex with Mom, and then Mom got real sick.

Until now, I hadn't even thought about suing. The way I looked now, I had a snowball's chance in hell of collecting, even forgetting that I was a potential criminal accessory. The sad thing was, had I been clear-headed enough to sue *before* I lost everything, I would never have been so involved with Mickey!

Live and learn, huh?

I didn't have a job, I couldn't work even if I *had* a job; I was so messed up mentally, worrying about my parents having a hopeless disease. The next thing I knew, they were dead -

It took what little they left behind, to pay for their medical bills, and I swiftly joined the ranks of the homeless. Reduced to begging, I became a pariah to those who knew me. Until my reunion with Doctor Michael Forrest.

My *pal* Mickey.

OoOoOoO

Well, what's done is done.

I thought about going to the West Coast. But I felt pretty girls were a dime a dozen out there, and I wouldn't get anywhere except perhaps to someone's bed.

I was not being vain. Mickey did good work. In order to win a beauty contest, I *had* to be good!

The only worry I had was that I was bound to be found out if a gentleman got "familiar". But instead of getting hysterical or upset, I just might be his latest freak show! That was my version of "thinking positively"!

Be that as it may, southern Texas has been okay, so far.

As soon as I got off the plane, I looked up the address of the nearest YWCA. They took me in right away, and the girls I got to know were very friendly.

I lasted a little better than a couple of weeks, as they "let their hair down" around the "new girl". Although my cock was always hidden, I had to take it out to clean it.

Call it paranoia, call it whatever you want, but in order to do that, I showered in the middle of the night. I prayed that no one else would wake up then to get clean, too.

It was no way to live.

Tired of taking chances, upon asking around, I found a nice hotel that cost only a little more than the Y.

There, I breathed a little easier and I began thumbing through the classifieds, for a job.

I really *had* no skills, but all too soon, I knew, would come a day when I had no money, once again. So, despite everything I felt about being a good-looking female, I took what I could get.

Anyway, that's how I ended up being a waitress.

OoOoOoO

Checking the papers for something to do, I also looked to see if anything happened to Mickey.

It hadn't been exactly the Miss America Pageant we were fooling with. Somewhere between Miss Apple Orchard and Miss Bohunk County, just below interstate competition, was where he had aimed. It was probably only local news, and therefore, not likely to be in another state's newspaper.

Anything higher up the rungs than the pageant Mickey chose would've gotten us definite national media attention whether or not we were caught. There would have been no letup until we were caught.

I *guess* that's why Mickey went for the blackmail angle. There just wasn't enough money involved, for both of us. I only needed a few bucks, really, and I don't know why Mickey couldn't just *loan* me the money. I was his friend!

But here's a spooky thought.

I had already figured he would let me take the rap, even though he *did* give me a chance to flee. Suppose Mickey had gotten tired of playing penny-ante pranks, if we both got off?

Suppose, as he saw me in need, *he* saw a way to graduate to big-time crime?

Suppose, just suppose, he had *no intention* of letting me return to manhood?

Could *that* have been the reason for buying me all those clothes? When I fled, I took what I considered "enough", but I still had nearly a full closet!

Maybe Mickey *had* changed, but only for the worse.

Mickey could've possibly talked his way out. With neither he or the authorities able to find me, the charges would've been dropped. After all, they would be trying to avoid a scandal. If they had successfully nipped Mickey's scheme in the bud, why bother going any further?

But if I came back, I would be in no position to demand that Mickey remove my tits or restore my voice. And who's to say that he wouldn't have another nefarious scheme up his sleeve?

No thanks, but I would rather take my chances with those probably kinky ladies that resided at the local Y'

Coming to terms with the reality of my situation for the first time, I had no direction to go in but forward. I was who I was, for better or worse.

PART 2

“Now, honey, I can give it to you in one of two places.

“You can have your coffee in your cup, or in your lap. Personally, I’d get a kick outta your lap, but I’m not getting paid t’have fun!”

“Aww, Sherri, why ya bein’ so mean? I just touched ya!”

“Uh uh. If you ‘just touch’ me anymore, I’m gonna havta charge you an entertainment fee,” said Sherri. “Right after I deck you, Kyle!”

“Oooo oooh,” chorused the Denver brothers, Ken and Charlie, who were sitting in the booth with Kyle Rogers. All three were regulars here, the diner where Sherri Kennedy worked.

“You’re not helping, guys,” Kyle spat at his friends. Then, to Sherri, “Sherri, why won’t you go out with me t’night?”

“I’m only a piece o’meat to you, Kyle,” Sherri stated. “Another conquest.

“You look at my face, tits and legs—not necessarily in that order—and, just like a little boy with his face pressed against the toy store window, you just gotta have it!

“Well, this is one time Momma says ‘No’” Sherri then sashayed back behind the counter to await the trio’s order.

*“I was really beginning to like being female,” Sherri thought. “With my cock not presenting a problem, I had almost forgotten about it, as if **all** women have one. But in this job, I go home with a sore butt. With some guys game enough to grope for my tits, I just don’t know...*

“It was nice...being ‘appreciated.’ At first.

*“But **now**, I feel like I’ve gotta wear cast iron panties and a bra with spikes!”*

“Yo, Sherri! Pickup ‘table five!” Cookie called out, breaking Sherri from her mental reverie.

“Thanks, Cookie,” Sherri acknowledged aloud, as she went to the pickup window. “Got ‘em.”

“Psst, hey Sherri. C’mere,” Cookie whispered from the pickup window of the kitchen.

Cookie is a tall but buxom woman, of almost Amazon proportions. One could not readily tell that she was even female, what with the lack of makeup, her lengthy locks tucked under a chef’s cap and the rest of her body covered with billowing and amorphous clothing.

When Sherri walked over, Cookie waved her over to the kitchen door, and then spoke softly. “Sherri, I couldn’t help but see you goin’ another round with Kyle.

“I’ve told you before, you’ve gotta expect a *lotta* things from guys, while you work here. I know what you’re going through. I’ve been there myself, in my ‘better’ days.

“That’s why I wasn’t exactly eager t’hire you. Not that you couldn’t do the job. You just don’t belong here, hon. You belong in some high-fashion magazine or as somebody’s private secretary.

"I felt I was holding you back, you grabbing the first thing that came along, not really looking for the good jobs. I know the job market's scarce, but people make room for girls like *you*."

"You're not gonna fire me, are you, Cookie?" Sherri panicked. "I promise I'll do better."

Sherri knew the real reason she went for such a job. Cookie was not a "big business" type who needed to see things like birth certificates or references in order to hire someone to wait on tables.

Sherri *could* have taken a blank birth certificate from Mickey before she left, and filled it out later. As much time as she took before leaving, there wasn't time to be *that* thorough.

To be honest, in her panic, she did not even recall that Mickey *had* the blanks until she was far away. Sherri felt that she had struck it lucky when Cookie hired her.

"Honey, calm down! This conversation's just between you and me!" Cookie said in a hard whisper.

Smiling now, Cookie added, gently patting Sherri's cheek, "I wouldn't fire a hard worker like you. Truth is, I'm ashamed that I can't pay you more.

"I hired you because the last girl quit and I just *can't* do it all! Besides, you're bringing me even more business. They're not coming here just for the food, anymore!"

Sherri smiled brightly and said, "I like that."

"Okay, now. It's all settled.

"You just behave yourself now with those boys, y'hear?" Cookie smiled warmly, as she gave a quick pat to Sherri's rump.

OoOoOoO

The rest of the day went more or less uneventful, and sometime during the evening hours, Sherri found herself atop the roof of Cookie's building.

Cookie had decided to have what she called a "city picnic." The city had parks at which to do picnicking, of course, but Cookie preferred those she had on her roof.

Cookie was surprised that Sherri wore a dress there, seeing that she wore dresses waitressing all day, and said as much to her. Surprised as she was, thinking that Sherri would have worn something more leisurely like pants, Cookie did find Sherri very pleasing to the eyes, in her full skirt and sleeveless top.

Cookie wore what she *always* wore: Jeans and a T-shirt. Only this night, the jeans were cut very short and her top was worn halter style with the small neck collar cut to display the cleavage of her voluminous bosom.

No question, Cookie had put on a number of pounds between the days when she was a waitress herself to when she became owner/cook of her own establishment. They were, however, mostly muscle and not flab.

It never occurred for Sherri to wear jeans, since from that day of transformation, there had been several months of not wearing anything even remotely male. Mickey had seen to that, thoroughly indoctrinating her, in order to have the then-Tina as feminine as possible.

Amongst all the feminine clothing that Sherri owned, there was not a single pair of pants. It had now been almost a year of being constantly female, and this was the first time Cookie noticed that Sherri had never worn slacks.

“Uh, Cookie, was I supposed to wear jeans?” Sherri asked innocently.

“No,” Cookie laughed. “Come on...” she said, and they were soon sitting upon a spread blanket upon the roof.

After some light banter as they ate, the women noted that the sun had set and the stars were beginning to come out. The evening was warm and Cookie tuned her portable radio to a soft music station. That done, she rejoined her friend and they sat side by side, their backs against the outer wall of the stairwell jutting through the roof.

With the music playing, Cookie lazily slid her head to Sherri’s shoulder and let it stay there. Slowly raising it minutes later, Sherri took a turn, tilting *her* head to lay upon Cookie’s shoulder. As the present song finished, Cookie deftly cut off the radio, without disturbing Sherri.

After a heartbeat of silence, Cookie looked at Sherri. Sherri, feeling herself being watched, turned her head to find Cookie staring at her.

Cookie took it from there and kissed Sherri quickly on the lips.

Breaking away, she saw Sherri smile, comfortable with the buss. Sherri then lowered her eyes as she straightened up slightly, to kiss Cookie more strongly. Cookie hungrily returned the fire as their tongues entwined.

Then, Cookie left Sherri’s mouth to leave a trail of kisses from her cheek to her neck. By the time she was busily nibbling the side of Sherri’s throat, one of Cookie’s hands slowly moved to caress Sherri’s bosom, Soon, she was unbuttoning Sherri’s blouse.

Getting it mostly undone, Cookie scooped her hand into a cup of Sherri’s bra, to fondle a breast as she removed it from its confines. Feeling bolder, Cookie left Sherri’s neck to suckle on a teat.

Sherri was thoroughly enjoying this attention, and dreamily closed her eyes. However, when Cookie put her lips around the nipple, Sherri was abruptly shaken out of her blissful state. Sherri’s eyes snapped open suddenly, as if just realizing where Cookie was *and* what gender *she* was supposed to be!

“Cookie! Cookie, stop!

“Please...stop!”

In her own euphoria, it took Cookie a moment to desist. She raised her head and said, “I wasn’t hurting you, darlin’. Was I?”

Sherri was suddenly frightened.

Sherri now thought that Cookie wore pants not entirely for comfort. She thought that, perhaps, Cookie wore them for the same reason Sherri wore her skirts—for *identification*.

Sherri thought that Cookie was a lesbian.

Not knowing *why* Cookie preferred women, and with her actually sporting muscles, Sherri was afraid that Cookie might turn out to be just as violent as a man finding out he had unwittingly been amorous with another man in disguise. In her own mind, Sherri felt that she had resigned her manhood long ago. She knew, though, that that decision did not automatically make everything right.

Sherri had been denied physical affection for so long, Cookie's sure invitation drove her over the edge. Cookie being female, Sherri's sexual reaction was, oddly enough, male, causing her to return the kiss passionately.

Alarms started ringing loudly in Sherri's head.

Not knowing what to say, afraid to say *anything* really, totally frustrated, Sherri started crying, hard.

Cookie was stunned by this reaction. She said, "I'm sorry, honey. I should've known better.

"A girl as pretty as you has probably had as many cocks as she could handle and doesn't know anything 'bout girl-to-girl lovin'. I must've caught you off-guard. 'Swhy you responded."

Sherri stopped crying as Cookie spoke. But seeing Cookie's light from the bright moon bounce off her muscular shoulder, she shook violently, then cried some more.

Cookie saw this reaction, slowly realized the truth and said, "Aw, honey...tell me you're not afraid of me? I wouldn't hurt you.

"Is *that* what it is?"

"I...I...I better go," Sherri stammered and she attempted to rise.

"Wait a minute," said Cookie, preventing Sherri from rising with a strong hand upon her shoulder. She then said sternly, "I don't want you *afraid* of me.

"We've been working side-by-side for months now, and I just wanted to get to know you better.

"But, I know the drill. I've been here before.

"Now that you think you know about me, you'll stay on a week, maybe two. Then, you'll give me notice or just suddenly not show up at all!

"The last girl before you? She was nowhere's pretty as you and still, the customers ran her ragged. I tried to console her. I *tried* to tell her to slow down, that she didn't have to jump through hoops for anyone, they'll get their food when they get it.

"Instead of listening to what I said, she only heard *how* I said it. I said it out of concern, but she took it differently. She didn't come right out and tell me...but that 'look'! She had the same one you're giving me now.

"Well...the next thing I knew, I was hiring *you*."

Suddenly, there was panic in Cookie's voice. "I'm sorry, Sherri! I didn't mean to come on so strong!

"Please! It's not what you think! Don't leave me!"

Cookie was crying now. So much, it made Sherri stop crying completely.

Stunned, Sherri swallowed hard then said, "Cookie, I don't think I understand.

"Uh, aren't you a lesbian?"

The next moment Sherri could not believe. What sounded like sincere tears blended into laughter. Cookie, her face wet, was now chuckling heartily.

Catching her breath, Cookie said, "Honey, would you believe me if I told you that you were my first?"

Sherri did not know how to react, as Cookie continued. "I know you're referring to the way my body looks, and what I started just now, but the truth is...well, do you remember, earlier today, when I told you that I was like you?

"Y'see, one my last boyfriends got me into bodybuilding. I had been raped once and tried to fight while it was happening. The guy that did it considered my struggles part of his fun!

"I was always tall and strong-looking, but I was still female. Despite how I might have looked, I couldn't punch my way out of a wet paper bag!

"I knew that I had to learn how to defend myself. To be honest, I liked the way I looked. Only thing was, the better my body got...sporting muscles and all...well, more than just potential rapists stayed away!

"That question you just asked, about me being a lesbian, was how I lost my last help. And all I was trying to be, was helpful. I wasn't trying to help myself to her.



"I like you, Sherri. A lot. Maybe more than I should. That's probably why I kissed you just now.

"Something about you made me want to mother you, at first. You came into the diner after seeing my 'Help Wanted' sign in the window and y'made me sorta want to give the lost child a home.

"We gotten closer and closer since you started work here. When I gave advice, you always listened. You didn't run like that scared rabbit I had working for me before.

"So, it was natural to invite you here. Although, lemme say so you don't misunderstand, seduction was *not* planned.

"Forgive me, honey?"

"I guess I went for what I thought would turn a woman on, without thinking. Truth is, I've been 'without' for so long! I realize I act and look like a guy...God knows I've got the muscles...I guess everything just blended into one lump.

"I was just trying to please you, and remembering what it used to be like, for *me*!

"*Please* don't quit on me! You're the only friend I've got, right now. I don't want to lose that. I don't want to lose *you*.

Silence filled the air for several moments. Cookie desperately wanted not to be rejected and Sherri wondered if she dared confess her 'sins'.

Sherri bit her bottom lip.

She thought about how being a waitress was hardly her dream job. Somebody had to do it, though, and it *did* put food on her own table.

Look at Cookie, though. She was able to own her own place.

"All I ever wanted was to live my life to the fullest," Sherri thought. "That doesn't mean necessarily having the best of everything. I just want to be happy with what I've got. Having a friend or two along the way sure would make life a lot easier.

"Despite his scheme, I enjoyed Mickey's turning me into a woman in the end. I can admit that now. I don't feel stuck. Not really.

"I have added a little to my money in the bank. I could move on.

*"But, is **this** what I have to expect, for the rest of my life? Running from people, because of my penis?"*

*"I guess I **could** see a doctor eventually, about surgery to go either way. But I'd hate going back to being a man, now. Maybe I'm crazy, but I **like** being a woman!"*

"I haven't even stood up to go to the bathroom, in ages!"

"I don't know about that operation, though, to get a pussy! It's probably more money than I'll ever be able to afford, at this rate!"

"I'm so confused!" Sherri said aloud.

"About m-m-me?" Cookie stammered sadly.

"No," Sherri said quietly, and before she could change her mind, Sherri pulled up her skirt, gathering it at the waist. Then, easing her rear up slightly, she lowered her panties, and said, "See?"

Cookie looked but was baffled, "See *what*, Sherri? Maybe it's too dark..."

Sherri realized what the problem was.

After so much time living as a woman, she had truly forgotten that her member did not automatically expose itself. Her member was only noticeable when left untucked. That was a habit she had dropped even before leaving Mickey.

By now, Sherri could even walk around nude with her middle appearing properly feminized. Now, by way of explanation, Sherri spread her legs apart and after some digging, her penis now seemed to inflate to normal size in the night air. Embarrassed, she quickly stuffed it back into her panties.

"Sherri...?" Cookie gasped at the sight. "*You're a man?*"

"Some time ago...early last year, yeah. Now, I don't know *what* I am!"

Cookie just stared. From Sherri's face to her bosom, to her middle and back again, Cookie's eyes moved.

Before Sherri could move, Cookie grabbed her in a tight embrace.

"Say you'll stay! Say you'll stay!" Cookie shouted, as if she could read Sherri's negativity. "If you don't say it, I might just hold you like this forever!"

Sherri's eyes grew as wide as saucers and a big smile grew on her face. "Are you saying that you can handle this? I'm not much of a man."

"I'll say!" Cookie answered. Remembering what she saw between Sherri's legs, Cookie added, "But, you're the only woman I'll ever want!"

"Do you *mean* that?" Sherri asked, incredulous.

Rather than answering by word, Cookie took Sherri in her arms. Their eyes met and stayed locked for a long moment. To Sherri, it seemed as if time had suddenly stood still, as if the universe had slipped a cog and ground to a halt. It was a confusing, exhilarating, *thrilling* feeling to her.

Was this *love*? Was this *lust*? She wasn't entirely sure about the former, never having felt that particular emotion toward a woman, at least not since *becoming* one herself. About the lust, she was on more solid ground. That, she *had* felt before. Just not like *this*!

Several years had passed since Cookie had given up the notion of trying to be a lesbian; she threw herself into her work and, for the most part, forgot about trying to have a love life. In those increasingly rare moments when she allowed herself to fantasize about being loved, desired, wanted, she struggled with imagining what kind of person could accept her.

Now, suddenly, here was Sherri, holding her, possibly even *loving* her! Sherri was everything Cookie could hope for in a lover. Man and woman in one was Sherri and Cookie was in a personal Nirvana, just holding her close.

Unable to hold back anymore, Cookie suddenly bent Sherri backwards and, slowly, lowered her to the roof's surface. She lay on top of the startled Sherri and gazed into her eyes for a long moment. Passion consumed Cookie and she wondered if Sherri felt the same. A stirring beneath Sherri's dress soon gave answer; her long-dormant "manhood" was making its presence known.

For a moment, Cookie worried that she had taken things too far. After all, she couldn't assume that Sherri was comfortable with having an erection. Sherri's wide smile of contentment soon assuaged her fears, though. The younger woman's eyes told the story: She was enjoying this fully as much as Cookie was. Emboldened by the reaction, Cookie pressed her mouth to Sherri's in unbridled passion. Their tongues met and intertwined for what seemed like minutes.

Sherri's erection stiffened further. While enjoying the sensations that caused in her, she was concerned as well. What *was* she, exactly? Was she now Cookie's *male* lover or her *female* lover? Did it even matter? One thing was certain, though: She *LOVED* what she was feeling, *whatever* it was!

Unable to contain her passions any longer, Cookie quickly got off Sherri and, reaching over, lifted her dress. She ran a hand up Sherri's smooth thigh; Sherri responded with a soft moan. Teasingly, she ran a fingertip along the hardness inside Sherri's silky panties. The erection beneath twitched in response. Cookie couldn't help but smile at that.

She couldn't wait any longer. Gently, she pulled down the panties. Sherri felt as if she was helpless to resist, a feeling she didn't not mind at all. Her erection sprang forth from its silken prison happily. Cookie was pleased at the sight; it had been *forever*, she thought, since she had caused that reaction in someone. She lowered her mouth onto the shaft. *So many* times had she fantasized about doing this to someone who cared for her in return!

Slowly, she began taking Sherri's shaft in and letting it out. Sherri caught the rhythm and began to moan softly again. This felt so wonderful to the younger woman; she was being released from the notion that no one would want her because of her "in-betweenness". Cookie's mouth was giving the lie to that notion forever, as it slid up and down the shaft of her penis. Quicker and quicker Cookie went, causing little tremors in the object of her affections.

Sherri gripped the bedcovers tightly, her nails digging into the sheets. This was simply *wonderful!* It was the acceptance Sherri desperately needed and the response Cookie craved. Cookie went faster as she thought she could actually *feel* Sherri falling in love with her. Sherri *didn't* want to let go, but she *did* at the same time. Sweet release she craved. Cookie wanted to prolong this moment as long as she could. She *knew* what sweet torture she was causing Sherri at this moment.

Faster and faster she went, occasionally letting her teeth barely graze the side of Sherri's penis, throwing the younger woman into further reaches of ecstasy. Finally, she could feel the spasms that told her Sherri was ready to come. She ceased her up-and-down motion and just sucked gently. Sherri could hold back no longer and came, gloriously, happily. Cookie loved every drop; to her it was validation of herself as someone who could be *loved*, someone who could love *someone else*.

Sherri's body, formerly tense, now relaxed and she fell back against the roof top. She sighed, her eyes were half rolled-up in her head and she smiled contentedly.

Cookie relaxed. Sitting up, she looked Sherri straight in the eye and said, "Honey, you're gonna spend the night with me. I won't take 'no' for an answer.

"Tomorrow, the diner will be closed and we'll reopen the day after.

"In between, the two of us'll get to know each other *real* well. I'm gonna find out how you came to be the answer to my prayers!"

Sherri realized something. "But, if I'm gonna 'get to know you better', then people will think the same thing about you that *I* did!"

"Sherri honey, no one has to know any of our business. They can think whatever they want, as far as I'm concerned. If it gets out of hand, I can always relocate where nobody knows us. People always have to eat

"Sides, it would get Kyle off your back, t'say you're a lezzie."

After a moment, Sherri's eyes sparkled in the bright moonlight that illuminated the rooftop. It had been *such* a long, strange trip, from losing her parents and her home, to finally being able to leave the streets. Sherri had not been this happy since she first moved into Mickey's home.

Now, confident that there would be no more schemes or machinations to be involved in, Sherri Kennedy was now *truly* prepared to be female for the rest of her life. *At last*, she had someone who could appreciate and love her for the complete person that she was!

As tears of happiness were wiped from her cheeks, Sherri said softly, "Honey, let's hurry up and get inside!"