

TV FICTION CLASSICS

Volume 42

COED CREATED

"FOR A SCHOLARSHIP, CARL IS FORCED
TO ATTEND COLLEGE AS A GIRL"



A SANDY THOMAS PUBLICATION

ONE OF TWO

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MAGAZINE

VOLUME 42

“COED CREATED”

by D. CREASE AND ALICE TRAIL

BOOK ONE OF TWO

Published by
SANDY THOMAS ADV.

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QUOTE BOARD

With all the athletes coming out about their
crossdressing. . . watch for a frenzy of
pulled G-strings.

COED CREATED

By D. Crease

BOOK ONE OF TWP

Edited by: Alice Trail & D. Crease

“Hey, Carl!” I hollered. “Toss me one of your beers!”

Putting down his paint brush, Carl opened his cooler. “You got it, Bill buddy. CATCH!”

After three years in the dorms at good ol’ State U, at the start of our senior year, we finally got out. Pooling our resources, my pal, Carl Cloisonne, and I, Bill Ross, rented a great, third floor apartment in a large, converted mansion just a bit off campus.

Carl and I had been pals ever since we met as freshmen even though our fields of study were vastly different as I majored in accounting, and Carl studied architecture, with a minor in art history. While our academic interests differed, we still became fast friends.

Our two bedroom flat had a combination living/dining room, galley kitchen, and a single bathroom. We weren’t exactly ‘galloping gourmets’! In fact neither of us could hardly boil water, but as long as ‘Pizza Planet’ delivered, we figured we wouldn’t starve!

We moved into our apartment two weeks before fall semester classes began—a time steeped in tradition for heavy duty partying! It took us almost a week to set up, but the effort was worth it. Giant posters of sexy super models graced our walls, and neon beers signs hung conspicuously in every window. Our furniture, although used and a bit beaten, was serviceable enough to get by. With our place ready, we were looking forward to some nonstop fun!

We set our party for Friday night. Carl was to get the munchies while I got booze. Late that afternoon, I returned from the liquor store with a cold, sweaty keg and a case of vodka for our ‘passion punch’. Seeing the load was too large to carry up four flights by myself, I called Carl to help. “YO! Carl. Lend me a hand!”

As I waited for him, I kept the beer iced as it was a HOT late August afternoon. After five minutes, Carl was nowhere in sight, and pissed off, I ran upstairs intent on dragging him down.

Just as I bounded up the last flight, I nearly ran right into our downstairs neighbor, Megan O'Rourke coming out of our apartment. I'd known Megan for quite a while and although she appeared upset about something, I was still peeved. "Is Carl goofing off, again? There's a keg of beer down there that's starting to boil!"

I really shouldn't have vented on Megan. After all, we had dated pretty seriously a couple of years back. She was a foxy Irish lass who stood five nine with a gorgeous face framed by long flowing fiery red hair and a curvaceous figure that made her knockout in anyone's book! Majoring in psychology, she carried a 3.75 grade point average. Although she had a body and brains to match, I broke up with her because she was a control freak. If she couldn't dominate the man in a relationship, she wasn't happy.

"You insensitive jerk!" she spat. "Don't you have an ounce of sympathy? Carl is totally devastated, and all you care about is booze. SCREW YOU AND YOUR BEER!" Elbowing me out of her way, Megan stomped down the stairs to her apartment and slammed the door behind her.

As I entered our place, I scratched my head in confusion. Since Megan left in such a huff, I knew Carl was home. "Hey pal!" I shouted. "Quit screwing around! Have you got something going with Megan? If you do, you had better watch out, or you'll end up with your balls in a jar!" When he didn't answer, I got worried and went into his room where I found

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him lying face down on his bed with his face buried in a pillow. His body was quivering, and he was obviously crying. At that point, I became worried.

I knew Carl better than he knew himself. Even if world was collapsing around him, like when the sorority girl he dated for two years dumped him, he'd never bat an eye! Whatever this was had to be really bad! Seeing a crumpled yellow paper at the foot of his bed, and realizing it was a telegram, I feared the worst. It read:

TO: Carl Andrew Claussen.

FROM: Arizona State Police:

We regret to inform you that Frederick W. and Martha F. Claussen were killed in an airplane crash over the Grand Canyon yesterday. STOP.

Please accept our regrets for your tragic loss. STOP.

"His parents—DEAD!" I silently cried. "DAMN!"

Needless to say, I cancelled the party. Later that evening, Carl was coping a little better and we talked about his folks. While I had only met them a few times, I knew they were really swell. His Dad sold carpeting and his Mom was a secretary. They scratched and saved for years so Carl, their only child, could realize their dream and go to college. The next day, I loaned Carl my car to drive back home to arrange the funeral.

Four days later, I found my car parked in front of our apartment, but for some reason, I didn't see Carl for two days. I finally met up with him on Saturday before the start of classes on Monday.

While Carl was away, I had gotten myself into a drunken stupor. It was my way of dulling the pain I felt for Carl's loss and avoid facing reality.

I noticed Carl clutching a stack of papers. As he looked them over, I sneaked a peak. It looked like a contract and I figured it involved his parent's estate.

"That does it," Carl somberly sighed as he affixed his signature to the last of several papers.

“Settling the estate?”

I knew Carl heard me, but he didn't reply right away. Watching him anxiously wringing his hands made me nervous. “Actually Bill, the estate's been settled. Mom and Dad didn't have much. Their house was mortgaged to the gills and the bank ended up with the whole thing. After all the creditors got paid off, my inheritance totalled a whopping two hundred and fifteen dollars.”

“So, what with all those papers?”

“These? They are for my some scholarship,” he sheepishly muttered. But then, he became morally indignant and almost shouted. “Damn it, Bill! This is the only way I can afford to stay in school and get my degree!”

“Chill out, man,” I said, holding up my hands. “I'm cool.” Still, I was bewildered! Not only was Carl's attitude shift confusing, but I was baffled by him being qualified for a scholarship. He was nowhere near the top of his class. I'm fact, he just barely squeaked by! I also doubted that it was an athletic scholarship. Standing only five feet seven inches, Carl was pretty puny for a guy. While he exercised now and then, he remained thin and scrawny. Heck, even Megan was a couple of inches taller! At six foot, and a muscular two hundred pounds, I towered over my buddy. Totally, mystified, I asked, “Scholarship? What scholarship?”

“Hear me out, Bill,” he anxiously replied. “You know I'm broke.” As I nodded, he continued. “Dad couldn't go to college, and he always wanted me to be a college graduate. In fact, the police told me that his last words were that he wanted me to find some way to finish college. But with no collateral and no one to co-sign, I can't even get a student loan. Heck, the only reason you haven't seen me lately is because I've been running all over campus looking for some kind of financial aid! With the tight economy and my shaky grades, I kept running into walls. Sure, everyone is really sympathetic, but they are far from generous. Then yesterday when I was about to give up, I ran into Megan.”

“Megan?” I huffed. “What could SHE do besides con you out of your pants? She wants to wear them in her relationships, you know!”

"She told me about a special scholarship in the Psychology Department's that involves some sort of experiment. I rushed to the Psych Building and found Dr. Baldwin, the department head. She was really great. She listened to my problems like she was really interested in me, not just some research project! We talked for over two hours about my folks, my ambitions, and my money problems. After giving me a physical, she said I was a perfect candidate for the experiment, right down to my size and body shape."

I wondered what that meant. Carl was no Adonis, weighing no more than 135 pounds. His limbs and fingers were thin and slender and he had small feet for a guy. While his facial features were somewhat delicate, with naturally high cheekbone and a long thin nose, he wasn't bad looking. If it wasn't for his outgoing personality, he'd have been a perfect nerd!

"I saw Dr. Baldwin this morning," he continued, "and she accepted me into the program. I'm getting the scholarship, but there are a few problems. The biggest is that I have to switch my major to art history."

"Art history? Carl, all you've dreamed about was becoming an architect. What gives?"

"Changing majors is a scholarship precondition. Heck, I'll be getting my bachelors degree, and that's what counts! That's what Dad wanted. Once I graduate and start working, I can always take night courses to complete my architecture certification."

Although Carl was thrilled, I didn't know enough facts to share his optimism. "It sounds like a pretty good deal, but you've neglected to mention anything about this 'experiment'."

All at once, Carl turned red as a beet. "Promise you won't laugh?"

"Scout's honor."

"They want to see how much effect society, fashion and environment has over sex."

"Why would I laugh at that?"

"It's like this, Bill. In return for full tuition, books, and living expenses, I have to liiivvve as a girrrrrlll."

“Love a gorilla? Carl, speak up and quit mumbling.”

“They want to see how fashion effects gender.”

“What?” I said. “And that means?”

“I live as a GIRL! There, I said it. Satisfied?”

“NO?” I shouted, nearly falling off my chair. “What do you mean ‘live’ as a girl? Not all the time?”

“That’s the deal. The Psychology Department has some kind of private grant to study the effects that wearing feminine clothes would have on an otherwise normal heterosexual male. Crazy, eh?”

“Carl, you’re a cool guy. You dig chicks, and they dig you. Living as a girl isn’t crazy, it’s INSANE and probably against the law!”

“Insane? Perhaps, but I have no other choice if I’m to graduate from college. With my folks gone, getting my degree means more than ever before. There’s isn’t a dime of scholarship money left on campus. Anyway, I’ve just signed the papers and accepted this scholarship.” Then my buddy broke into one of his famous smiles and joked, “Hey, so what if I have to parade around in dresses for a year! Pals like us can’t let a few stupid girl’s clothes come between us, right?”

“No way,” I chuckled back. Yet, as light-hearted as Carl seemed, I sensed a glimmer of panic in his eyes. Deep down, I had to think he was far more distressed about dressing as a girl than he was letting let on. I considered pursuing the subject, but let it drop. His family had been so adamant about him getting a college degree, I feared upsetting him farther. Anyway, Carl was no dummy. Even I was surprised that there was a full scholarship still out there. I was confident he’d figure out a way to quit this crazy experiment before he got too involved.

While I temporarily quit dissuading him, I offered my business training to review his scholarship papers. “You don’t want any hidden language in the small print to surprise you?”

Surprisingly, the contract made little mention about Carl having to live as a girl. Instead, it required him to “submit to the discretionary authority, instructions and requirements of



*Carl said, "The terms are
I live as a GIRL!"*

the Department of Psychology and specifically to Dr. Geneva Baldwin and her staff."

"I don't know, Carl. The wording's awfully vague. It's like a 'best efforts' contract. Before you turn it in, I think you should let the Student Lawyer Services look it over."

"What for?" he snapped. "Look Bill, I need the money! What's the worse thing that can happen? I'm out of school! That's where I am now without the contract."

Before I knew it, Monday and the start of my final year at State U arrived. During the first week, Carl and I went to our respective classes. Although he submitted his scholarship acceptance, you'd never have known it. They paid for everything. He had to buy a ton of 'fine arts' books for his new major. Since the Psych Department was paying for them, what did he care?

At week's end, Carl and I were sitting out on the back porch of our apartment, drinking beer and planning our weekend when suddenly our peaceful afternoon was turned upside down.

"Oh no you DON'T!" a female voice shrieked out of nowhere.

Startled, I abruptly turned and saw Megan glowering at us. "Put that beer down, NOW!" she scolded. At first, I thought

she meant me, but I quickly realized that Carl was the focus of her Irish ire.

"Can't a guy kick back with a cold beer after a long hard week?" I spat.

Megan brusquely snatched the can out of his hand. "No more beer for you, Carl Claussen! Not while I'm your undergraduate advisor."

Confused, I looked over at Carl and he shrugged back, equally puzzled. Then we both turned to Megan.

"Since we live in the same building, Dr. Baldwin has appointed me to assure that you abide by the scholarship conditions and experiment protocol," she huffed.

"Scholarship? Experiment?" Carl mocked. "It's been over a week, and I've been told nothing about nothing."

"Don't worry, honey," Megan replied condescendingly, "Bright and early Monday morning, you're meeting with Dr. Baldwin. Then you'll find out just how much baloney you've bought into!"

"In the meantime, at least be civil and let the guy have his LAST beer!" I wisecracked.

Rolling her eyes, Megan reluctantly handed back Carl's beer. "Fine, you get bloody drunk this weekend, but come Monday and for the rest of the school year, I will be watching everything you eat and drink. I mean EVERYTHING! We can't have you lose your girlish figure, now?"

"I told you that bitch was out to get your pants!" I scoffed as Megan strode away. "Maybe I can scrape up a few bucks a month. . .and you could get a job?"

"Thanks but I have to give this a try," he sighed in resignation while looking down at his beer. "It's the only way I can pay my expenses and not go in debt. Anyway, it's only for one year. How bad can it be?"

Monday arrived all too quickly. While Carl smiled and assured me he was okay, in reality, he was as nervous as a cat. His meeting with Dr. Baldwin definitely weighed heavily on his mind.

After we parted for classes, I didn't see Carl again until well after midnight. Exhausted and harried, he lumbered into the apartment carrying his backpack slung over one arm and a strange, large, leather satchel over the other. Figuring he could use a little cheering up, I smiled, "Hey, man, what's shaking?"

"PLENTY!" he sighed, dumping his bags on the kitchen table. Plopping down on a chair, he laid his head on the table.

"Gosh, you okay?"

Looking up he said, "Yeah, I guess. I never figured this experiment would be SO involved. From now on, I have a three hour class with Dr. Baldwin at seven every morning, seven days a week. On top of that, every afternoon at four, I have some sort of 'training session' that, depending on the topic, will last for two to four hours."

"I told you so!"

Ignoring my jibe, Carl said, "By the way Bill, you can take over my side of the refrigerator. I won't be eating at home except on weekends. Dr. Baldwin has arranged a special diet for me, and I'll be taking my meals at the faculty dining room in the Psychology Building."

"What else has this Dr. Baldwin arranged for you?"

He moaned, "Some other time Bill, I'm hitting the hay. I've got to be out of bed by six a.m!"

As fate would have it, I didn't see much of Carl for the rest of the week. He left the apartment by six thirty every morning, and I was either sleeping or studying at the library when he returned home late at night. We just couldn't hook up. One strange thing did happen that week when Carl wasn't around. Late Thursday afternoon, while I ate a quick bite before heading to the library, my meal was interrupted by loud banging on the front door.

"Where's the fire!" I shouted when I saw Megan and two delivery men. "This is a lousy time, Megan. Carl isn't home."

"I know, and its just as well," Megan replied nonchalantly. "We're here to deliver some things to Carl's room. We won't be very long."

“Wait a second! I don’t have time right now. I’m on my way out to the library.”

“Not to worry. Carl made me a copy of his key. I’ll lock up when we’re done.”

“You have our key? NO WAY! Give it back.”

“Afraid not, Billy boy,” she coyly smirked. “As Carl’s advisor, I have the right to access his apartment at any time. Unfortunately, he lives with you, so I’m cursed to see more of you than I care to.

“Very funny, Megan. You’re not still pissed that we broke up?”

“Pissed off? No. Incensed? Infuriated? Perhaps! You see Bill, I don’t take kindly to rejection, especially from a male. Believe it or not, you’re the only guy who ever dumped me. Typically, I’m the one who decides when a relationship is over.”

“Gosh, Megan, I never knew you felt that way. I’m sorry that. . .”

“Don’t bother with hollow apologies, Bill. I’ll get over it someday. In the meantime, you had better go.

I wanted to stick around and see what was inside those large boxes the men hauled in, but I had a report due the next day that was worth 10% of my final grade. Grabbing my jacket, I left Megan as she liked, in control!

It was nearly 2:00 a.m. when I got home. Carl was there, but he was in his room with the door closed. “This whole scholarship business was getting more bizarre every day. What kind of perverts need to test a man by making him pretend to be a woman? To me, girls are girls and guys are guys, period!” I thought as I fell into bed.

The following Saturday morning, I slept in. Awakening after ten, I sat on the sofa, reading the newspaper and enjoying a hot cup of coffee when the front door opened.

“Hi, Bill,” a familiar voice softly whispered.

I looked up from my paper and was awestruck! “My GAWD! Carl? Is that really you?”

"In the pink," he nervously tittered. "You're not mad or disgusted with me, are you?"

Carl hadn't moved and was still in the shadows by the front foyer. While I couldn't get a good look at him, I figured he'd be dressed girlishly by now. But what concerned me more was his speech. Carl had always had a manly, resonant voice, but for some reason, he was now speaking in a soft whisper. "I can barely hear you, pal. Come on in here."

"Well, okay, but you better not laugh or tease me! Promise me you won't, Bill. Please."

"Sure," I promised and then it dawned on me that he wasn't just whispering! His entire manner of speech seemed affected. Whether it was his inflections or his choice of words, he sounded almost feminine! When he came into the light, I did a double take. In all candor, I figured that he'd be dressed like any other campus coed — tight jeans, skimpy tee shirts, etc. To my great surprise, my buddy was wearing pink cotton flowered jumpsuit that zippered up the side with the overly wide legs which looked like a mini skirt! Instead of a shirt, he wore a billowy white blouse, with puffy sleeves. As he entered the living room, I further noticed that he had pink women's casual leather flats on his bare, smooth, shaved legs!

Dismayed, he sat across from me in the easy chair.

I shook my head in disbelief when I saw his once burly legs, hairless and girlishly smooth. Perched at the very edge of the chair, Carl firmly pressed his knees together as any proper girl! Speechless, I just sat dumbfounded on the sofa with a stupid, clenched tooth grin.

A deafening silence filled the room. Finally, Carl, in an eerie girlish murmur, asked, "Well?"

"Looks like the experiment's a go, huh?" I could have kicked myself in the butt for that moronic reply, but I just couldn't find anything better to say.

While I felt like an idiot, Carl seemed unusually appreciative as his lips pursed into a bashful simper. When they reached full pucker, I was stunned. He was actually wearing lipstick! The pale shade of pink wasn't obvious at first glance, but its glossy sheen became very clear. Even his eyebrows

were subtly arched and thinner than his bushy brows had been before. What's more, he wore a touch of blush high on his cheekbones, dark mascara, a faint application of eyeliner, and a hint of rosy eye shadow.

My overt stare didn't go unnoticed. I guess Carl was letting me take it all in to lessen the shock. Just when I thought I'd seen it all, he folded his hands atop his lap; not with his fingers laced together like a guy, but palms demurely flat, like a girl! It was then that I saw his fingernails filed into slight ovals and polished a light, pearly pink that exactly matched his lipstick!

More silence passed until I said, "So what's the matter with your voice?"

Suddenly, Carl appeared sullen and depressed. "I'm really not supposed to talk about the experiment with anyone on the outside. Dr. Baldwin made me take an oath. If I divulge any secrets, I could lose my scholarship."

"Well, you know how I feel about that, man."

"I know, but I really need it. On the other hand, if I don't share my feelings with somebody outside the project, I fear I'll go mad! Bill, if I tell you about things that aren't really secrets, promise me that you won't breath a word—especially not to Megan! She doesn't like me living here with you while I'm going through the experiment, and if she learned that I had divulged confidences, she would make me move in with her. Then, I'd have to put up with her crap 24 hours a day, and I couldn't stand that!"

"Sure, pal. You can count on me not to let you down," I promised.

"You're a sweetheart!" he sighed. His choice of pet name for me was disquieting, to say the least! Nervously wringing his manicured hands, Carl explained, "You asked about my voice? I don't speak this way by choice. Dr. Baldwin insists I appear AND sound like a girl. She says if I look and sound feminine, soon I'll feel feminine. But, that's all I can say."

Respecting his wishes, I didn't press him. "Okay, Carl, I think I understand. So, that explains the makeup, too."

"That's Megan's doing. After my meeting Tuesday with Dr. Baldwin, she rushed me to a beauty salon. I hate her for

what she had them do to me. SEE!" Carl ran his feminized hand over his smooth, shapely leg. "My legs—arms—chest—they even gave me a bikini waxing! My body hair is all gone, and I have to keep it that way! To top that, they used some kind of goop with a special hormonal depilatory on my face. Its supposed to soften my beard until its completely removed by electrolysis."

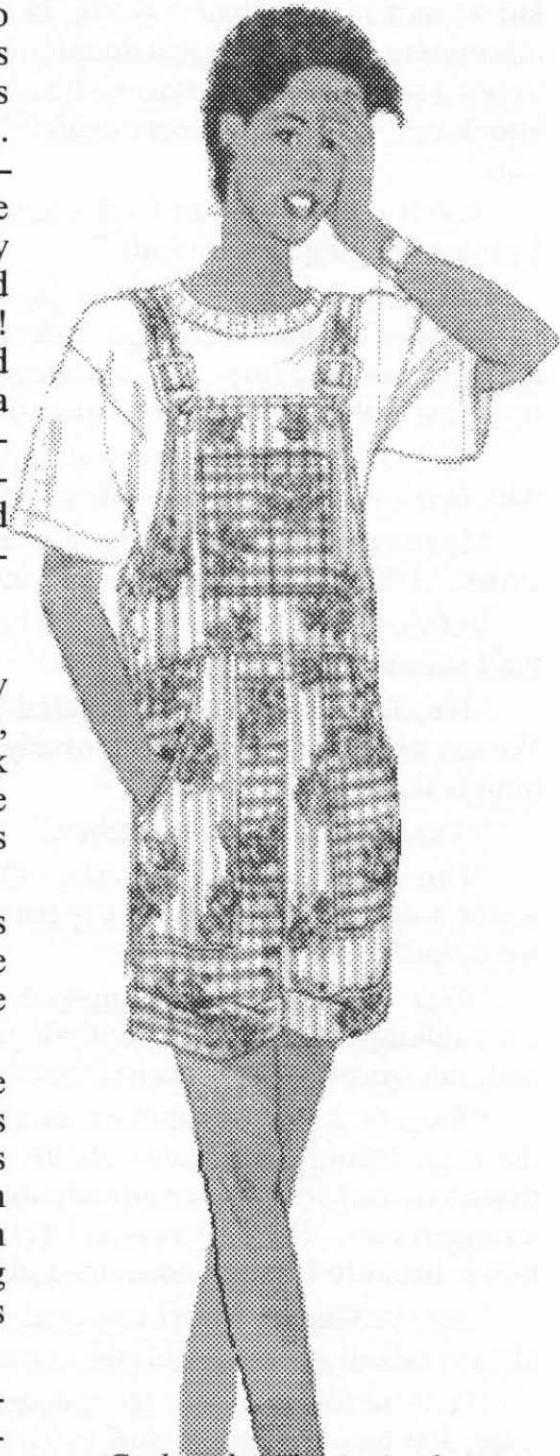
"NO WAY!"

"I had my first hourly session last Thursday, and I have to go back three times a week," he grimaced. "Boy, does that needle sting!"

"Gosh Carl, that's awful. But at least the hair on your head's the same."

"For now!," he mugged, running his pointed fingernails through his dark brown hair. "My beautician says it'll soon be long enough for a girl's style!"

This was all so depressing. Although meager in size, Carl was one of the more manly guys I



Carl said, "This isn't what I expected!"

knew, and in less than a week, he had been reduced to an effeminate sissy. I was just about to break my promise and try to put a stop to this nonsense when Megan walked in without knocking! "So, you're here again?" I sighed in total frustration.

"Chill out, Bill. I'm Carl's student advisor, remember? I'm just keeping tabs on him."

I'm certain Megan, with her psychology background and knowledge of body language and verbal inflections, sensed that she was intruding. She also likely knew we were bending the rules and discussing the experiment.

"Say, Carl honey, since you have the rest of the day free, why don't we do some shopping over at the mall?"

Megan must have read me like a book, prompting her to smirk, "Oh, I'm sorry, Bill. Am I interrupting something?"

Before I could say a word, Carl cut in, "Gee, Megan, the mall sounds swell."

"No, dear," she firmly corrected. "Girls don't say 'swell'. We say divine, darling, sweet, lovely—especially when shopping is the topic!"

"Yes, Megan. I'll remember."

"I'm sure you will sweetie. Oh by the way, you two weren't discussing our little experiment before I dropped in, were you?"

"Heavens no," Carl promptly lied. "Actually, Bill and I were talking about today's football game! He thinks State can win, but Midwestern went to a bowl game last year. . ."

"Sweet Carl," she mocked, cutting him off. "You know the rules forbid discussions about sports, politics, and other macho nonsense. You're already on thin ice over your living arrangements. The only reason Dr. Baldwin lets you stay with Bill is because I live downstairs and can keep tabs on you!"

"Sorry, Megan," Carl cowered. "It's just that Bill and I always talked about sports and I guess I sort of forgot."

"You're forgiven, but see it doesn't happen again. Otherwise, I'll have to report you to Dr. Baldwin. That'll mean either out of this apartment or out of the program and NO scholarship!"

As Carl meekly nodded, Megan turned to me. "That goes for you too, Bill. Unless you and Carl quit talking sports, politics or other manly rubbish, he'll be moved! His success depends on your cooperation. If you're really his friend, you'll do as I say."

The way Megan belittled Carl pissed me off, but his little charade upset me even more. For some reason that I didn't understand, he was afraid of her, but he had given away no secrets. The whole situation regarding this awful experiment was confusing. As much as I wanted to help my friend, I wasn't about to let the devious Megan to get the upper hand with me. In my resolve, I spat, "Don't try to control me Megan! This is Carl's problem, not mine. And another thing. . ."

"Cooperate, Bill. PLEASE!" Carl whined.

It pained me to hear my pal beg, but it seemed Carl would do almost anything to stay with me during the experiment. He had lied to Megan, and now, he was begging me to hold my tongue. I hated what he was doing, but I couldn't let him down. "Fine, Megan, I'll cooperate, but only for Carl's sake." I relented.

"Fair enough!" she pompously grinned. Then, turning to Carl, she said, "Shall we go, darling?"

"Sure—but I need to change, first. I can't go to the mall dressed like this!"

"NOT AGAIN!" Megan huffed. "You said the same thing the first time you wore your new clothes, but I thought we had put that issue to rest by now. REALLY! For a week you've gone to class and wandered about the Psychology building in those precious shorts and your other darling outfits with hardly a complaint. From the start you've known you would be required to wear women's clothes in public. The whole experiment is to gage the psychological effect of this exercise on a normal male. How can we measure your reaction if you stay cooped up in here?"

"In the Psych building it's different," he panicked. "Everyone knows I'm a guinea pig. At the mall, the people won't know about the experiment, and they will know I'm a guy. They'll think I'm a pervert or something! Even with makeup,

my short hair gives me away. For Christ's sake, Megan, you can't expect me to go out dressed like this!"

"You don't want to wear your shorts to the mall?"

"Definitely not!"

"You'd rather wear a skirt?"

"NO! Not a skirt. PLEASE!"

"Then go freshen your makeup, grab your purse, and stop complaining before you violate the terms of your scholarship contract!"

Immediately upon hearing her ultimatum, Carl rushed to his room. Apparently, he had no doubt that she would make him wear a skirt to the mall if he didn't hurry.

In the meantime, I kept my mouth shut. I didn't want to, but I had promised Carl not to upset Megan.

Emerging from his room minutes later, Carl's cheeks were rosier and his lips appeared a deeper and shinier shade of pink than before. He looked very nervous as he placed the strap of a white leather purse over his shoulder. As he and Megan left the apartment, I noted the wrinkle of his underwear beneath his pink shorts, and after all that had happened, I was fairly certain the imprint wasn't made by jockey briefs!

For most seniors, the final year at college is supposed to be a cake walk, but for me, the opposite was true. I couldn't remember when I had more work. Cost accounting was a killer, and the professor was a ball buster! Between that and corporate taxation, I had my hands full! Consequently, my opportunities to see Carl grew fewer and fewer. Despite the fact we lived in the same apartment, we just never saw each other. Heck, we didn't even run into each other on campus like in the old days! All of my classes were in the Business School, and his were at the Fine Arts Complex on the opposite end of the campus.

With our busy schedules, I didn't see Carl again until the following Saturday. About 10:00 a.m., I had my accounting books scattered across the kitchen table and was on munching coffee and doughnuts when he came in from his session with Dr. Baldwin. I was caught off guard by the way he was

dressed, but I did manage to say, "Hi Carl, would you like a doughnut before I eat the whole dozen?"

"Love to!" he sighed as he glided into a chair. "With my strict diet and hectic schedule, I could sure use the sugar rush, but I have to watch my waistline, you know. I will take that coffee—black."

While I poured him a cup, I looked him over more closely. In just two weeks, his "strict diet" had taken a toll! He was thinner than ever, which was obvious since he was wearing a black full body leotard! Topping that, he wore women's black sneakers, a multi-colored cotton paisley ankle length skirt with a matching scarf tied loosely around his neck. He had apparently been exercising vigorously, since sweat was still running down his face, streaking the remnants of his makeup. Setting the cup before him, I observed, "I've never seen you in a skirt before. Do you wear them often?"

"Oh this?" he replied, self-consciously rising from his chair, unfastening the skirt and quickly whipping it from around his waist. "It's just a wrap. Megan insists I wear it. She says it's immodest for a girl to go out in public in just a leotard, so after my morning aerobics, I wear it to keep the peace."

I was about to ask why he just didn't wear sweat pants like most coeds, when I was shocked to notice a pair a small mounds rising from his previously flat chest then noticed no manly bulge in his leotard! "What's with the new..." unable to find the words, I could only point at his crotch.

"OH!" he blushed. "It's all tucked up and hidden by my gaffe," he grimaced while making animated motions with his long, pink tipped fingers. "It's hellishly uncomfortable, especially during aerobics, but Dr. Baldwin insists I wear it at all times."

"And?" I grimaced, cupping my hands in front of my chest.

"Just a training bra, not that I have anything to train!" he sighed in an exasperated tone. "Dr. Baldwin wants me first to get used to being small, like a young teen entering puberty but they will gradually add padding until my figure is adult sized."

"Gawd! What else?" I asked curiously, trying to hide my desire to know more about this weird experiment.

"Sorry, Bill. Can't talk," he anxiously brushed me off. "Megan will be here soon to give me a makeup lesson. I have to hurry and take a bath." He grimaced as he rinsed out his empty cup, something he never did before and frowned, "She gets so upset when I don't do as she says."

"But a makeup lesson?" I gasped.

"Please leave me alone, Bill. You promised!"

"Yeah, I know, COOPERATE!" I sneered, holding my tongue.

"Girls aren't born knowing how to apply makeup so it looks right, and neither was I," he nervously chattered. "Young girls experiment with colors, combinations, and techniques for play, and by the time they're teenagers, they're almost experts. What takes girls years to learn, I have only weeks. Don't give me a hard time or I'll never survive the year!" Then, his softened voice cracked and he ran from the room almost in tears.

A couple of hours later, I was walking out the door, heading to the football game, when Megan bounded by me and into the apartment, as was now her habit. "Must you barge in all the time?" I griped. "At least, you could knock!"

"Where's Carl?" she asked, ignoring me. "He has a makeup lesson."

"I live here, too, Megan. Don't you think a little common courtesy would be fair?"

She smirked, "Just think of me as a third roommate!" Getting in the last word, she slammed the door.

Having a door slammed in my face was bad enough, but my own door? Back when we dated, Megan could be a bitchy redhead, but I never realized just how testy she could be. I thought about going back inside to straighten her out, but I'd lose my chance to get a good seat for the game.

As things turned out, State was getting trounced 38-3 by half-time, and I had seen enough. Like many of the 'loyal' fans, I left the stadium and returned home.



"Well Bill," Megan snickered, "What do you think of your beer drinking roommate now?"

No sooner had I walked in and grabbed a beer, Carl's bedroom door flew open. "Back so soon?" Megan scowled.

"Excuse me for living," I sneered, putting my jacket back on. "I'll leave until you're finished."

"Wait a minute Bill. You've got to see this!"

As I turned back, I heard Carl beg, "Please Megan! I don't want Bill to see me like this! Oh gawd, shut the door!"

"Oh no, you don't, sweetie!" Megan demanded. "You can't hibernate in your room any more than you could hide out in the Psychology building. It's your choice, either drop out of the program, or do as I say. Now, get moving!"

A moment later, a very red faced Carl slowly ambled from his room, and to my great surprise, my beer drinking, woman chasing buddy was completely dressed and made up like a girl! If he wore blush with his eyeliner and mascara, he didn't need it because he was supplying his own. His face was so red, it almost obscured his scarlet lipstick! He wore a silky white, long sleeved turtle neck top, pushed out ever so slightly by his gently padded training bra, a short red pleated skirt, white tinted nylons, and low heeled red pumps. His short dark brown hair had been teased into a passable girlish style that sported a white plastic barrettes on the side. He even wore gold clip-on earrings!

"Where did you get these clothes?" I gasped.

"Those delivery men brought them the other day and we picked up some odds and ends shopping at the mall last Saturday. For your information, even though Carl has been wearing dresses and skirts to class all week, today is the first time he put his own makeup on from start to finish. Doesn't he look terrific?" Megan beamed.

"Terrific? Not the word I'd use," I muttered. Yet, as sad as it was to admit, Megan was right. I knew Carl would have dress as a girl, but I never expected anything like this! Who'd have thought a dress and a little makeup could make a guy look so feminine? I felt like a traitor. While Megan prettied him up, I had been to a football game!

"Okay Bill, you run along," Megan said, impatiently pushing me toward the front door.

"But I just got home. You can't kick me out of my own apartment!"

"We're far from finished and you'll only be a distraction for Carl. So, beat it!"

"Wait a second!" I protested. I looked at Carl and asked, "Do you want me to leave?"

His deep crimson lips pouted sadly through his tearful gaze. "I have no choice but you don't have to stay." Turning away, he scurried back to his bedroom atop his low pumps with his skirt swirling saucily about his hairless, nylon covered thighs. I knew he wanted me to stay, but what could I have done? Grabbing my books, I left him to his fate.

After that stressful Saturday afternoon, Carl and I saw even less of each other. We didn't go out of our way to avoid each other, we were just on different schedules. I'd hear his high heels click on the tile kitchen floor every morning as he mixed and drank the breakfast concoction provided by Dr. Baldwin, but I usually wouldn't get up to see how he looked.

The few times I did see him, he wore collegiate style dresses and skirts. His face was always made up, and each time, he appeared more attractive than before. I once overheard Megan remind him that he was forbidden to wear pants or to ever be without makeup. I felt sorry for my roommate, but I knew, he had no choice if he was to maintain his scholarship and graduate on time.

What a weird situation! My roommate, every bit a guy as me, wore dresses and looked like a girl! Except for the fact that he kept the apartment neat and tidy, I had all the disadvantages of living with a girl and none of the advantages. Aside from the absence of sex, the air was filled with the scent of perfumes, and I could hardly get into the bathroom because his nylons, panties, slips and padded bras constantly hanging across the shower rod and towel racks to dry. At least, seeing all this feminine lingerie confirmed what he wore under his dresses and skirts! I don't know how he endured the humiliation of wearing these feminine things, much less in public!

Using threats of negative reports to Dr. Baldwin, which made Carl believe he'd either be out of our apartment or lose his scholarship, Megan gradually increased her control over him. As time passed, she employed this psychological tactics to push him to dress and act more femininely!

One day when she wasn't around, I asked Carl how he could so blindly submit to her. Fidgeting, his pale blue eyes grew wide and he looked about anxiously. "I must Bill. Otherwise, Dr. Baldwin will rescind my scholarship." Then cowering from me, he pouted, "Please don't be disappointed in me, Bill. Deep down, I'm the same person."

"You could always quit, Carl."

"Lose my scholarship? After going this far?" he answered indignantly while pursing his red glossed lips and adjusting his short tight skirt over his smooth nylon clad thighs. "Not on your life!"

"Then, my friend, you reap what you sow!"

Saturday, the morning after mid term exams finally arrived, and I really needed the upcoming four day break! While most of my friends were going home to visit, I decided to stay on campus and catch up on the sleep I lost in marathon cramming sessions.

I hadn't seen Carl in about a week and didn't know what his plans were for the break, but around noon, when I staggered into the kitchen to brew some coffee, I found out. While I looked like death warmed over, in my scruffy bathrobe, four day old beard, and uncombed hair, he was dressed prim and proper, like a professional secretary! He wore a fuzzy, long sleeved, pale yellow angora sweater with a straight, slightly longer than mid calf charcoal grey wool skirt that was belted tightly to accentuate his narrowing waist. Sheer smoky gray nylons encased his smooth, slender legs, and he wore three inch suede pumps that matched the color of his skirt. I noticed that his brown hair was a few shades lighter and had grown considerably. It was set in a cute girlish style with neat bangs that made his face appear softer and more rounded. Moderate makeup, including blush, eyeshadow, eyeliner, mascara and bright red lipstick combined to effectively eradicate all traces of the masculine Carl!

Being so busy, I hadn't noticed Carl's "breast growth," but that day they were not only full size, they appeared to bounce like the real thing! I started to wonder if those crazy women had given him breast implants! To add to my confusion, he

walked around with his forearms parallel to the floor, his wrists limp and his hands sporting recently manicured, inch long, red tipped nails. Oddest of all, he was walking about the apartment with a book on his head!

I asked, "Don't you get a rest from dressing as a girl over mid-term break?"

"I wish, but there's no rest for the weary!" he griped. "According to Megan, I slouch too much. So, along with aerobics and my other training, I have to learn to carry this book on my head!"

"Okay, the book I understand, but what's with the get up. Heck, you look like your about to 'take a letter' any second now!"

"More training!" he huffed. "I'm supposed to experience various facets of women in the work place. I don't exactly know what Dr. Baldwin has in mind, and I couldn't tell you even if I did." Hesitating a moment, he said, "I guess it's not all that bad. Mom was a secretary, and she often dressed this way. I guess it sort of makes me feel closer to her."

Carl's oblique confession threw me. In all the time I'd known him, he would go out of his way to be macho. He was a real 'daddy's boy', and that was the first time I had ever heard him identify with his mother. That was scary! What was happening to my buddy?

With his shoulders thrust back and the book atop his head, Carl meticulous minced across the living room. While his balancing act improved his posture, it also caused the womanly mounds to jut provocatively forth from his sweater. Despite his slow, deliberate movements, each step made them to quiver in a most remarkable, life-like way! They jiggled so realistically, I couldn't tear my eyes away from them and I'm sure Carl was well aware of where my eyes gazed.

I just had to ask. "Man they look real! I mean, they haven't—have they?"

"Heavens no!" he laughed as his book teetered atop his head. "Actually, these little beauties were designed for mastectomy victims. They have the feel, weight, and MOTION

of real breasts, don't they?" He ran his hands over the eye-catching swellings.

"They sure could fool me," I sighed with relief. "Must be brutal getting used to. . .how big are they?"

The humor faded from Carl's face and I was sorry I asked. "With the prosthesis, my bosom is 36 inches now," he admitted somberly. "Dr. Baldwin says my proportionate cup size is a B, so I won't have to sport larger sizes. Even with these, my bra the straps cut painfully into my shoulders!"

"Oh," I cringed.

I felt sorry for Carl, but this is the only way he could finish his education at a good school. Besides, he had already rejected my advice to quit. When the coffee was ready, I poured two cups, and he joined me at the table. To my surprise, he smoothed his skirt, sat down, and demurely crossed his thighs without so much as a wobble from the book on his head. What's more, he held his head erect and drank from the cup without spilling a drop.

We had just finished our first cup when Megan made her usual unannounced entrance, and seeing Carl sitting down, she went into a rage! "Up off your fanny and back to work!" she shouted angrily. "You're supposed to be improving your posture—not socializing over coffee!"

Carl sprung to his feet so fast that his book toppled off his head. Quickly retrieving it, he anxiously replaced it and began walking about the room again.

"Obviously, you haven't been working hard enough, or your book wouldn't have fallen off!" Megan scolded as Carl apprehensively minced about the room. "Anyway, you ought

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to be able to walk at a normal pace by now, so get going. Faster! FASTER!"

Carl's heels clicked while his limp wrists wagged loosely and his hips swung seductively in the confines of his tight skirt. His panicked expression made it clear that he feared Megan and what she might do if the book fell from his head again.

"For a woman, proper posture is everything," she lectured. "Erect carriage must become routine. Slouching around with your old beer buddies stifles your feminine potential!" Walking away into the kitchen, Megan returned with a box of toothpicks. Leering into Carl's eyes, she turned the box over, scattering toothpicks across the floor. "When you can pick them all up without losing your book, you'll have made some progress."

All at once, fire burned in Carl's eyes. The way he tightly compressed his glossy red lips, I could tell he was seething! But, just as quickly as rebellion's flame lit, it was smothered, and Carl meekly crouched down in search of toothpicks. Poor Carl, if he'd only let me help out of this jam. Instead I watched haplessly as his skirt rode up, revealing his nylon covered thighs and the lacy hem of his black nylon slip.

Pouring herself a cup of coffee without asking, Megan critically scrutinized Carl as he reached for a nearby toothpick. "Oh no you don't!" she yelled.

Startled, Carl reflexively jerked and the book fell off his head.

"This isn't 'pick-up-sticks', dearie," she scolded. "Lower and raise yourself for each toothpick! That's the only way you'll learn."

In silence, Carl did as he was told and it had to have been pure hell! Guys bend at the waist to pick up stuff, but Carl was forced to do the equivalent of a deep knee bend with his knees tightly pressed together and maintain a demure feminine posture. Talk about unnatural! What's more, he could only grip the tiny wooden slivers with his finger pads since his fingernails had grown so long!

I don't know which was more traumatic for Carl; being bossed around by Megan or having me witness what a wimp

he had become. Yet, if he'd been put through the same grueling torture for each feminine trait he had acquired over the past eight weeks, no wonder he moved, walked, and talked like a woman!

After her coffee, Megan stepped into Carl's bedroom. While she was out of sight, Carl looked up at me in shame. Batting his thick, mascara laden lashes, he seemed to beg for my indulgence.

"I'm pleased your room is neat and tidy!" Megan smiled when she returned. "You've learned well on how to keep a proper girl's room."

Megan's quip got me wondering. I hadn't seen Carl's bedroom since he started wearing dresses, but why was I even thinking about that? As Carl continued his tortuous chore, I showered and shaved, then headed to the campus bars. I'd endured enough of Carl's humiliation.

Later that night, I didn't go home. Instead, I crashed at a buddy's frat house. Since school was out for four days and I planned on relaxing, I stayed over another two nights. Anyway, I was too cowardly to watch Carl's feminization first hand.

After three days of partying, I finally returned to the apartment. When I awoke the next morning, I heard singing coming from the kitchen. At first I thought it was the radio, until I realized there was no radio in there. Throwing on my robe, I went to investigate. "Carl?" I cried, regretting I didn't stay in bed. At least I thought it was Carl!

"Hi'ya, Bill!"

My mouth gaped, but I couldn't speak. Seeing my pal in a long pink nightgown and a matching, gossamer peignoir was more than I could handle! Sitting down, I watched him glide across the kitchen floor. His gracefulness was far more feminine than before. Even his fanny had a definite girlish wiggle. Damn that toothpick exercise!

In one fluid movement, Carl smoothed his flowing robe and gown as he joined me at the kitchen table. It was all so bizarre!

"What's happened, man," I asked. "Have you looked in a mirror lately? Your face, hair, body, voice—all changed! I tried warning you, but no, you wouldn't listen. Please Carl, before this gets any worse, quit that damned experiment!"

As I sermonized, Carl calmly sipped his coffee. Even after I said my piece, he remained silent. The only sound came when he pursed his pink lips as if he was gathering his thoughts. He finally said. "I've had to sacrifice a few things to maintain my scholarship, but don't judge a book by its cover. Deep down, I'm still the same guy. After all this is over, I'll be back to my old self in no time, you'll see."

"I hope so Carl, I sure hope so!"

We drank our second cup of coffee in silence. Neither of us knew how to launch a conversation at the moment. "More coffee, Bill," he asked in his high pitched voice.

"Sure, why not," I muttered.

Getting up from the table, Carl fetched the pot. But he made a detour at the refrigerator. "Almost forgot," he said, retrieving a large, brown bottle from inside.

"Carl, is that medicine? Are you sick?"

"These?" he replied, popping a purple capsule into his mouth. "Gosh, no. These are just the vitamins Dr. Baldwin prescribed for me. With my diet and weight loss, she says I need a nutritional supplement."

I never saw vitamins that shape and color before, nor had I seen any kind of medicine in a container without labeling. As Carl returned them to refrigerator, I silently hoped he knew what he was really taking.

After refilling my cup, Carl quietly whispered, "Want to know the secrets behind this experiment?"

"You're kidding? Since when could you tell me?"

"I still not supposed to tell, but Dr. Baldwin has invested so much time and money into me, I'm sure she'll overlook a few indiscretions. I don't think she'll dump me for confiding in you. Besides, the secrets aren't so secret anyway."

"I'm all ears. So, what have those crazies done to you lately?"

"Hang on!" he grinned. "Let's sit in the living room. It's more comfy in there."

Curling up in the corner of the sofa, Carl sat atop his legs like a teenage girl. Although he patted the cushion beside him, offering me the seat, I felt more comfortable across from him in the easy chair.

"Hmm, where shall I begin?" he thought aloud. "I've got it! Here's an update. My voice. It's really different now, isn't it, Bill?"

"I'll say! It's not only high, but you sound like a girl."

"Dr. Baldwin has me work with a speech pathologist and a voice coach. They've raised the pitch by two whole octaves while retaining a smooth and natural flow." As Carl spoke, I sensed it wasn't just the tone or timber that had changed, but his manner of speech as well. His verbiage was even more effortlessly feminine, as he uttered words like delightful, delicious, divine and heavenly throughout our conversation.

"Dr. Baldwin is very pleased that my voice has adapted so well to the training, and she wants it raised even higher until it becomes unquestionably feminine. Others she's worked with have attained my current pitch only after extensive vocal cord surgery."

"Others?" I queried. "You mean that you're not the only guy going through this crazy training?"

"That's why I figure it's not such a big secret anymore. Dr. Baldwin says she has been involved in this type research for more than a decade. What's more, there are fifty such programs on college campuses all over the nation."

Learning about the enormity of the programs shocked me. Hearing about Carl's honest admission about his feminine training made my stomach churn!

"A lot more has changed than just your voice!" I observed.

"Yeah, I know. I can never grow a beard, and I've lost a little weight."

"A little? HA! Looks like you've been on a third world diet!"

Curling his lips, Carl sarcastically rolled his eyes. "Okay, perhaps I've lost a tad more than a little. All I eat is liquid

protein and natural complex carbohydrates. For your information, I've dropped over twenty pounds so far."

"You're kidding. How much do you weigh now?"

"Between 117 and 120, but Dr. Baldwin wants me to lose another seven. They say those last few pounds are the toughest to lose."

As I listened and observed, I noticed other subtle changes in Carl. He didn't have to tell me about them, they were obvious. Even without makeup, his face with its clear rosy complexion and highly arched brows was uniquely feminine. He also used his hands more expressively as he spoke, flashing his long, pearly white polished nails as he emphasized his point.

He told me how he was trained by a fashion model coach. This obviously explained the wiggle in his walk and the gliding way he moved about. His hair, which used to hang down about collar length, was drastically restyled to what I guess is called a 'pixie cut'. Bangs draped almost into his eyes, and the hair on the back of his head and around his ears was closely cropped. Along the sides of his face, in front of his ears, his hair was trimmed to a long point that followed the line of his face and softly blended with his high cheek bones.

Unable to curb my curiosity, I asked, "What about your hair? It seems lighter."

Blushing, Carl's lips pursed into an uncertain smile. "My beautician has been trying out different styles and shades. This color is called 'golden chestnut brown'. Like it?"

I couldn't believe it. Carl had lost all control of his life. The person sitting across from me was more like a stranger than friend. I was about to leave when Carl leaped to his feet, grabbed my hand and slowly drew me back down. With our hands intertwined, I felt how even his skin had changed. It was so much softer—like a girl's! "Don't go Bill," he pleaded. "I need for you to understand what I'm going through."

As I reluctantly took my seat, I again noticed that my pal no longer sat like a guy. Instead of placing his feet square on the floor or crossing his legs, he curled his legs beneath his

bottom, sitting atop of them in a distinctly feminine manner. To top this off, he delicately draped his filmy nightgown over his smooth knees and onto the sofa cushion.

Although he looked comfortable, anxiety was written all over his face. He apparently had a lot on his mind that he desperately wanted to share with me. I was frustrated by the changes in Carl, but he was, after all, my best friend. At least, I owed him a chance to explain. "Okay, I'm listening," I mumbled.

We talked for the next several hours. He explained that, in the beginning, he planned to follow the scholarship terms to the letter. Wear girl's clothes around campus while being himself behind closed doors at home. "But it all backfired!" he confessed. "Dr. Baldwin laid the law down on the very first day and hired Megan as her 'watchdog'. Between the two of them and their training sessions, I've been robbed of my old life."

He told me how Dr. Baldwin made him change into girl's undies, shorts, and wear light makeup and parade about the Psychology building the very first day. Two days later, just as he was getting used to the stares and derisive comments, she insisted that he wear them to class! I figured he must have been wearing girls' shorts all over campus for two days before I first saw him that Saturday morning. "When Megan took me shopping that afternoon, she made me buy dresses and skirts to go with the ones the men delivered earlier that week. That's all I've worn since!"

"Are the other students giving you a hard time?"

Obviously ashamed, he answered with a blush, "They did at first! The guys ridiculed me, and some of the girls were downright cruel on my way to and from class. Since I changed majors, and I'm in the School of Fine Arts, the professors and students are more open minded. They all know about the experiment, and I think they think it's funny to treat me like any other coed."

"How's that?"

"Like we're stupid just because we're girls!" he huffed, not realizing that he had referred to himself as a girl. I said nothing as he continued. "Over time, as I became more

comfortable in dresses and skirts, most of the students seemed to ignore me. The counselling sessions with Dr. Baldwin help a lot, too." Then, all at once, Carl's casual demeanor changed as he became grimly serious. "I've gone too far not to see this experiment through to the end, Bill. You have to understand. I can't quit now." With tears welling up in the corner of his eyes, he quickly dropped his head into his hands and cried uncontrollably.

As I watched him weep, I don't know why, but I felt a need to comfort him. Moving beside him on the sofa, I gently placed my hand on his quivering shoulder.

Carl reacted to my gesture by taking my hand in his and gently resting his head on my shoulder. At first, I felt very awkward, sitting so intimately close to him and feeling the soft fabric of his negligee and the fragrance of his delicate perfume invading my nostrils. I never had a guy cry on my shoulder, but at that moment, I knew it was the right thing to do. After all, he was my friend, and he needed my emotional support.

As I comforted him, I began to think about how this Dr. Baldwin had changed Carl's outlook on life. Despite his small size, he had always been a man's man who believed 'inner feelings' like those he had just expressed, were pure hogwash. As I thought about his situation, I realized that my best friend was actually changing in more ways than just the clothes on his back. Since the time he started this crazy experiment, I wondered how he felt about wearing dresses and frilly lingerie. As he cuddled up next to me, I garnered the courage and asked, "How does it really feel to wear girl's clothes?"

Lifting his head up, Carl blotted away his tears on the soft hem of his negligee. Then taking my hand he said, "Come to my room Bill. Once you've seen it, you'll better understand that I'm not the only thing that's changed."

Boy, was he right! In my wildest dreams, I couldn't have imagined a more feminine room. There was a poster bed, covered with a lace spread and matching curtains. The walls, painted a pale pink, matched the plush, rose colored carpeting. He had a mirrored vanity table that was covered with cosmetics and a full length mirror. Dazed, I choked, "You sleep in HERE?"

"Dr. Baldwin approved Megan's design," he bashfully revealed. "Thank goodness you weren't around when she set all this up. I was very ashamed that you'd see it and hate me for letting them make me so feminine."

"I don't hate you. I guess I can understand your embarrassment. Anyway, what about all those girlish clothes we came in here to see?"

Hesitating a moment, he said, "Okay, but don't say I didn't warn you." Still, when he opened his closet, I was astounded. The racks were filled with dresses, skirts, and blouses of every type and style. On the floor were shoes of every kind, style, and color. There were pink and white aerobic sneakers, high heel pumps, feminine flats, and knee high boots!

As Carl stepped away to give me a better look at his feminine wardrobe, I had to ask, "What happened to all your 'guy' things?"

"Gone. Everything except a few of my favorite tee shirts, but now, I don't even have those. Megan got mad at me one day for not acting girlishly enough, and she confiscated them all."

"That Megan is some piece of work!"

"You don't know half of it!" he whined. "She really gets off on being super critical of my every word and gesture. If I'm not perfect...you saw what she did with those toothpicks!"

As I nodded, I felt truly sorry for Carl, but I couldn't think of anything to say or do to help him except to continue to be his friend.

Finally, he opened his dresser drawers, and the sheer volume of feminine undergarments he had were beyond belief. Why, he could go without doing laundry for months! One drawer held just panties and slips. Another was filled with bras of every color in the rainbow, both bright and pastel and then some. A third was loaded with nylons, pantyhose, garter belts, frilly garters, and a whole array of other items that I hadn't a clue as to what they were. "Why do you need so many?" I gasped.

"I asked that myself in the beginning," Carl admitted. "I've learned that girls feel prettier when they coordinate their lingerie with their outer clothes."

"Even if no one can see what they're wearing underneath?"

He nodded shyly. "Wearing lingerie makes me feel so odd. . .so unmanly."

After seeing all this, I wondered if my buddy would ever be able to resume being the guy he was before. "So, why after hiding it from me all this time are you now playing 'show and tell'?"

Pulling tightly on his soft negligee about his neck, Carl shied his eyes. "Because you comforted me when I cried just now. I never used to cry, but sometimes now, I just can't help myself. Anyway, I owe you for putting up with my craziness all these weeks, and I need for you to understand what I'm going through. Can you believe I've grown accustomed to wearing skirts? I'm no longer embarrassed to be seen in them, but emotionally, I've been through two months of hell!"

"Hell eh? You must feel terrible?"

"I feel like a complete sissy. The hardest part has been the silence. I'm not allowed to discuss my feelings with anybody except Dr. Baldwin, and she just records my words in her journal without giving me any advice. Megan says I'll feel better later. . .when I become more comfortable. . ."

"You mean girlish?"

"Yeah. You, on the other hand, console me like a true friend. I promise, I won't keep anything from you again." With that, Carl took my hand and gave it a tender squeeze. I was getting uncomfortable as we gazed in each other's eyes. He asked, "Hey! Would you like to watch me dress?"

"Dress? In these clothes??? Wouldn't that embarrass you?"

"Oh why not! I promised to be open, right? Besides, you got to see some of this stuff!" Slipping out of his negligee, Carl tossed it on the lacy bedspread. Crossing his hands at his hips, he grasped the silky fabric of his nightgown, quickly pulling it over his head. As he did so, I saw him almost naked

for the first time in months. The only clothing remaining was a pair of pink nylon panties, and to my amazement, he had no conspicuous masculine bulge!

Without his falsies, his narrow torso was boyishly preadolescent. Yet, even in his state of near undress, his hairless body imparted a feminine smoothness upon his translucent skin. Along with his graceful and delicate gestures, I was amazed at how girlish he looked. When he peeled off his panties, all he was left with was the flesh-toned foundation which so effectively hid his masculine equipment.

Staring at the nothingness between his legs, I shook my head. "Gosh, Carl. What's that thing. It looks SO tight. Man, its gotta hurt!"

"A gaffe!" he warily replied. "It was terribly uncomfortable at first, but I'm used to it now. In fact, it's designed so I never have to take it off."

"You mean you bathe and. . ."

"And use the toilet."

"How?"

"How do you think? I sit." Turning beet red, Carl busied himself by hanging his peignoir and nightgown up on a padded hanger. After placing them in his closet, he removed a navy blue and red tartan plaid skirted jumper and navy blue knit top. Regaining his composure, he smiled. "Watch carefully, Bill. I'm about to divulge some female trade secrets. A girl always chooses her outfit, then coordinates her undies to match."

As I gawked, Carl stared into his lingerie drawers. With one hand resting on his hip, he tapped a long tapered fingernail against his puckered lips as if pondering his choices for the day. This sight wasn't exactly new to me. I had seen my sister do it countless times when I was growing up, but seeing Carl act exactly like her spooked me!

"How about red?" he said as he stepped into a pair of frilly red nylon panties and adjusted them about his hips. With the skills of a contortionist, he deftly fastened a red bra behind his back. Then he opened a large box sitting atop his dresser. "Feel this!" he impishly grinned, handing me one of the

simulated breasts, while placing the other in the appropriate cup of his bra.

"It feels SO real!" I gasped kneading the jelly-like silicone filled form in my hands. Holding the prosthesis felt very eerie, and I quickly gave it back to Carl. In turn, he inserted it in the empty cup, leaning forward to adjust his "breasts" like a woman. Sitting on the edge of his bed, he rolled opaque navy blue tights up his smooth legs and slid a silky red slip over his head. After pulling on his knit top, he stepped into his skirted jumper, turned his back to me and asked, "Do you mind?"

"Mind what?" I replied in confusion.

"Zipping me up, silly."

It was such a small favor, and I'd done it for my Mom, sister, and girlfriends more time than I knew. Still, the notion that my best buddy wanted me to zip up HIS dress, left a queasiness in my gut.

"Bill?" he asked with a wondering lilt. Glancing up at Carl, I saw an uncertain expression in his blue eyes. He seemed to want me to zip his dress, but then again, maybe not.

I hesitated a moment more, but when he moved his hand behind his back, I quickly intervened. "Does this have one of those gnarly hooks at the top?"

"And how!" he sighed, pleased I was helping. Then, in a cute voice, he cooed, "Thanks. I really appreciate it."

After a few failed attempts, I finally fitted the tiny hook into the even more minute hoop. Smiling gratefully, Carl twirled to his right, making the pleats of his knee length skirt swirl about his nylon covered thighs and revealing the lacy hem of his red slip. Then, scurrying to his closet, he slipped on a pair of navy blue, three inch pumps. "Time to change makeup," he said matter-of-factly, prancing toward his vanity

"Change? But, it looks like you not wearing any."

"So much you know! I'm wearing inside makeup, silly." he said as if stating the obvious. "I have to change my makeup for day wear."

For a long time, Carl primped at the lighted vanity. Using some kind of cream, he cleansed the makeup from his face, and before starting anew, he explained the procedure in detail.

First, he applied a tan liquid base to make his complexion smooth, eyeliner to make his eyes appear larger, eyeshadow to draw attention to them, dark mascara to lengthen and separate his lashes, peach colored blush to highlight his cheekbones, and a frosted pale pink lipstick to go with his already long, pearly white nails. After meticulously brushing his light brown tresses into a cute 'pixie' style, he carefully combed his bangs across his forehead. Then, he opened a small hand carved wooden box and rummaged about its cluttered contents. When he next turned around, he was wearing a simple strand of small 'faux' pearls and matching clip-on earrings. "Well?" he asked apprehensively.

"You look like the cover girl for 'Preppie Quarterly'! Very conservative."

"Very funny, Mr. Smarty Pants." he said coyly but then his mood quickly became somber. "I wear traditional styles because I'm afraid that if people see me in the latest high fashions, they'll think I being sexy."

"Oh," I said understanding. If his skirt was short or anything provocative, guys would think he wanted to get laid or something.

Carl's revelation was thought provoking, to say the least. This was all so complex. I was glad he was thinking ahead. Before I could enjoy the prospect of my pal's return to the male species, I heard the front door open and slam shut.

It was Megan. "I see you finally invited your old buddy into your boudoir!" she cackled upon seeing us. "Well, you had better watch out, Carl sweetheart, Bill doesn't exactly have a stellar reputation as a gentleman."

"You're one to talk, Megan," I said, crossing my arms. "You're not entirely a lady in the sack yourself!"

As we traded insults, I peered over my shoulder at Carl. The poor guy was as jumpy as a cat. No sooner had Megan entered his bedroom, than he scampered to his full length mirror and anxiously checked every aspect of his clothes and makeup. "Sorry, Megan. I just thought," he stammered as his eyes grew large, fearing she'd find some fault with his girlish appearance.

"It's alright!" she giggled. "If you want to show your roommate how you make yourself so pretty, who am I to object?"

While Carl sighed with relief, I was surprised to see Megan amiable and not her controlling self.

"Are you about ready, Carl honey," she asked almost too sweetly. "The stores are already open, and I do want to squeeze in some shopping before our luncheon date with Dr. Baldwin." Turning to me, she remarked, "It's SO exciting. She's taking us to the Empress Club!"

"But I thought we were all meeting at the mall," Carl gulped uneasily.

"Isn't that the 'women's only' professional association?" I asked. "I read somewhere that they've never admitted a male into their building."

"No problem," Megan smiled. "Carl is so pretty and demure, not even the club members will think he's anything other than what he appears to be, a lovely young college coed. Right Honey?"

All at once, the color drained from my pal's face. "Suddenly, I don't feel so good, Megan," he injected. "Maybe I just ought to stay home today."

"Not on your life, sweetie. Don't you remember this is the SPECIAL meeting, with the other SPECIAL people? Now hurry up so we can get in some quality shopping before we have to meet Dr. Baldwin. I saw a darling dress at Lowmans that will be just perfect for you."

Putting on a long, wool coat, Carl picked up a small, navy blue leather purse that matched his shoes. "I guess I'll see you later, huh?" he said, his blue eyes filled with despair as he followed Megan out the door.

Alone, I gazed about Carl's girlish room. Recalling his comment about not wanting others to think he liked being a girl, I tried savoring that thought for as long as I could. Unfortunately, reality quickly set in. It was just too difficult to fathom how he could ever maintain any sort of male identity while being relentlessly bombarded with femininity twenty four hours a day.

After that, the days passed quickly. As with all good things, our short break ended, and we had to go back to the grind. I in pants and Carl in skirts, dresses, heels, and makeup!

During the first half of the semester, Carl and I had been extremely busy and used our activities as an excuse to avoid each other as he became more feminine by the day. In contrast, during the days and weeks following our little encounter, we made it a point to try to see and talk with each other whenever possible. He really needed my support, and I knew that all may be lost if I wasn't there for him.

As things turned out, Dr. Baldwin didn't add much of anything new to Carl's agenda the second half of the term. Instead, she insisted he hone his skills in feminine mannerisms and gestures to the point that they were second nature. To assure that he followed instructions, both she and Megan observed him closely and noted his progress.

Meanwhile, Megan became even more domineering and controlling, and Carl, unable to resist her highly suggestive influence, became putty in her hands. Twenty four hours a day, even when he was alone, she insisted that he comport himself as a young woman! To enforce her rules, she 'visited' us more frequently than ever before. The slightest error or lapse in his girlish deportment resulted in a swift reprimand. I could easily see that her aim was for him to be cognizant of his femininity at all times. All that hard work and shame for what? That lousy scholarship money!

Megan's 'full court press' on Carl had me worried because, with every passing day, I saw my buddy slip further and further into femininity. I figured if I could talk to her, she might ease up a bit—at least enough so that he could switch back to being a guy without much too much trouble when this crazy experiment finally ended. Personal experience had taught me that confronting Megan would do no good, so over the next few days, I thought about how to approach her. I finally decided that diplomacy was the key. Perhaps if I'd been more diplomatic when I broke up with her, she and I could have remained friends instead of becoming adversaries.

With an hour between classes one day, I headed to the Student Union to pick up a newspaper. Just as I was going in, I saw Megan walking out. "Got a minute?" I asked.

Turning to face me, her beautiful, fiery red mane tossed about her soft, rounded shoulders. With her lips curled in a sour simper, she impatiently snapped, "I'm in a hurry. Can it wait?"

"Actually, no. We need to talk and this is the only time when we can—without Carl around."

"I won't talk about Carl. He's the subject of a highly sensitive experiment, and I won't jeopardize the project by divulging its secrets."

"Secrets? I know what's going on, Megan. Carl told me all about what you, Dr. Baldwin, and the others are doing to him."

"Oh, you do?" she asked with a sarcastic lilt. "All you know is what we let Carl tell you. He has opened himself to you because he's at a critical stage in his development. To solidify his femininity, we've encouraged him to renew his old friendships, but as a female."

"Damn your precious experiment! Carl is no guinea pig! He's a person—a MAN! All he was suppose to do was wear women's clothes, not become a woman. Anyway, I think you're being hard on him to get revenge on me for breaking up with you!"

"You've said enough, Bill!" she snapped, becoming angry. "Beyond being Carl's roommate, you have no say in this matter."

"Don't get me wrong, Megan," I back petaled a bit for the sake of the diplomacy I had vowed to practice on her. "I'm not telling you your business. All I'm asking is that you take it easy with him. Don't go so far that he can't become a guy again."

"So, that's what you're worried about!" she gasped in a relief filled voice. "Oh Bill! You're a regular riot!" She laughed without stopping, and dumbfounded, I watched her cackling to herself as she walked toward the center of the campus.

After my half-hearted attempt to rescue Carl failed, it seemed the more I saw of him, the more feminine he appeared. The clothes he wore played a big part. He wore nothing but dresses, blouses, lingerie and pumps. With the weather turning cooler, he often wore sweater and skirt sets, always accented with jeweled rings, bracelets, necklaces, and clip-on earrings, all in an understated classic style. His skill at makeup had become impeccable, and his hair was growing rapidly, allowing him to fashion it in increasingly feminine styles.

More acute than his manner of dress was the behavioral changes Carl was going through. His every movement, gesture, speech pattern, and voice inflection had become strikingly feminine. Even his personality was different. Once outgoing and confident, Carl had become meek and submissive to the point of being girlishly demure. While he appeared increasingly timid under Megan's relentless control, he no longer seemed ashamed, embarrassed or self-conscious when acting and dressing as a woman in public! Unfortunately, Carl's own prediction had been wrong. He wasn't just wearing a few dresses and a little lipstick around campus!

After mid-term break, my professors really began piled on the work. Fortunately, I'm a good student and was able to keep up with the extra load. As I walked back from the library on a Saturday evening in mid-November, the excitement of the weekend filled the air. It had been two weeks since I had gone out partying, and I was itching to do some again.

Arriving home, I changed into an old warm-up suit and laid out on the sofa to watch a 'west coast' football game on television. I hadn't seen Carl when I got home, but he later joined me in the living room. Seated stiffly erect in the easy chair, he busied himself with a needlepoint project, another one of Megan's feminine activities, while remaining apparently oblivious to the television. Wearing a long sleeved, hunter green wool dress, with a high collar and medium length skirt, his beige, nylon clad legs were neatly crossed at the ankles, just above his matching three inch pumps, he kept his thighs demurely pressed together.

As always, his makeup was perfect, although it seemed that his pink, frosted lipstick was a deeper shade, much closer to red. Carl sensed that I was eying him, because he looked up from his project and gave me a warm smile. That was when I noticed his lengthening hair seemed to have a lot more blonde highlights than before.

"Your hair. . .pretty."

"Thanks, Bill," he grinned appreciatively. "I was at the salon today. One of the girls insisted I get it 'enhanced and have a few little things done.'"

"Enhanced? What's that mean?"

Somewhat abashed, Carl replied, "Oh, just a bunch of stuff girls do. Nothing you'd be very interested in."

"No, really, I'm curious."

Blushing, Carl bit his lip. "Well, I got my hair and nails done. Megan had my beautician frost it. She's trying to break me out of my conservative preppie style. Too much?" Twirling a tendril of his frosted locks about a long, two-toned, French manicured fingernail, Carl awaited my reply.

"Looks rather girlish," I finally said.

"They said it went with my complexion?"

"Yeah. You look great—that is if you were a chick."

"I can't help it, Bill. Megan made me get a mud-pack facial and a leg and bikini wax."

"You mean you're wearing a bikini now? It almost winter!"

"No, silly," he simpered. "It just means that my hair's waxed along the 'bikini line.'"

"OUCH" I moaned grabbing my crotch.

Carl didn't reply, but his beet red cheeks more than answered my question.

Not to prolong my friend's shame, I turned my attention back to the game. A few minutes later, I glanced back at Carl. Although he was still sitting in the chair, he appeared fidgety and restless. Then, out of the blue, he asked. "So, Bill, whatcha doing tonight? Not hanging around here with me, I hope."

"I dunno," I mumbled, caught off guard.

Had it been old times and Carl had asked the same thing, the answer would have been simple. We'd be heading out for some serious bar hopping or party crashing! But times were different, and so was Carl. In fact, I was surprised that he even asked about my plans. "There's an open beer party over at the Kappa house," I said. "They always throw a big bash, but I don't know. Those frat parties are all alike. Maybe I'll head back to the library and get ahead in my studies."

"Why? Because of me!" he scolded. "I'm not stupid or a freak. . .it's not like I asked to tag along?" With that, he scurried to his room and slammed the door.

Carl's rebuke really hit home. I felt like a heel! "Hey buddy! I'm sorry," I said, softly knocking on his door. "Okay, you were right. But I swear, I really didn't mean what I said."

Moments later, the door slowly open. Blotting the corner of his eye with a tissue, Carl's lips wore a simpering grin. "Me neither. I don't know why I get so emotional sometimes."

"Listen, we could go out together," I said really expecting he'd say no. "I mean, we always did before. Why should things be different just because of some clothes?"

"For one, I don't exactly look as I did the last time we went bar hopping," he said, mocking a fashion model-like pose. "You wouldn't really want to be seen with me like this, would you?"

"Why not?" I said as enthusiastically as I could. "Come on. . .just like old times."

"Okay!" he cheered. Then, after a long pause, he girlishly tipped his head and asked, "What should I wear?"

"Anything's that's not too extravagant will be fine, I'm sure," I smiled. "A Kappa party is no formal affair, you know."

"You're TOO silly, Bill" he giggled, giving me a light punch in the arm. He obviously was also aware at how purely girlish his little 'love tap' was, because even before he pulled his fist back, he was blushing bright red.

Leaving Carl, I went to shower and change. But then, I got second thoughts. Maybe going out with Carl wasn't such a brainy idea after all. Running into anyone we knew scared the heck out of me. I was too young to be branded a weirdo or worse, a queer!

On the other hand, I couldn't abandon Carl. Even in his feminine state, my friend needed my support. If people talked, so what! That was their problem! If I had to take a little flack to make Carl feel okay, so what!

Half an hour later, I was wearing my favorite ski sweater and jeans, cowboy boots, and black leather biker jacket. Yet, Carl was nowhere in sight. I knocked on his door, and shouted, "Hey, pal! Ready?"

"Oh WAIT!" Carl faltered as I heard things bumping and dropping. "I'm hurrying, Bill. Don't come in. . .okay?"

"Sure, no problem," I replied as his blow dryer start to hum. Carl had freely let me watch him dress before, but now he was shutting me out, again. I understood he was in a hurry. Returning to the living room, I caught the last quarter of that football game. Twenty minutes later, I knocked on Carl's door, again.

"Five more minutes. . .!" he shouted back.

The five minutes dragged on to fifteen. . .twenty. . .thirty! Heck, Carl was playing this woman's role thing to the hilt! I was anxiously pacing the floor for a good ten minutes when I heard the door to his room squeal open. "Well, it's about time," I started to snap. But when I turned around, I was at a loss for words.

"WOW!" I choked, utterly amazed at how the flushed faced Carl had transformed himself. His hair redone, the lengthening tresses were parted on the side and combed it over the top, while lower hair was pulled back. Teased and ratted, with tons of hair spray, the style was high and wild. I hate to admit it, but if he was a girl he'd be downright beautiful!

Megan's constant hounding over his makeup techniques showed definite results. His eyes were bewitching, accented with smokey eyeshadow and dark eyeliner, while mascara had lengthened and thickened his lashes to no end. Using just a

subtle hint of blush, he emphasized his naturally high cheekbones, making them appear even more prominent than they already were. Finally, his lips, painted a high gloss shade of rich peach, were simply luscious!

Not quite recovered from the initial shock, I commented, "That outfit is not one of your reserved 'preppie' styles, is it?"

"Megan insisted I buy it. After my hair was frosted, she took me shopping. Anyway, I'd hate for you to see what she REALLY wanted me to get!"

His little outfit was something else! The tightly ribbed tan top sweater emphasized his false bosom to its greatest advantage. The unmistakable feminine curving at his waist, hips, and rump lead me to conclude that he must have been wearing some sort of waist cinch and padding. If so, it did wonders for his straight black miniskirt that was SO tight, it could have been painted on! All this, together with opaque black tights and four inch black pumps silhouetted his slender legs while turning his instep so femininely.

"Are you really going to wear that?" I stuttered.⁷

"Sure," Carl sweetly smiled but his cheeks were still flushed. I could tell that he was really looking forward to going out and truly appreciated me for taking him.

As we headed out of the apartment, he slipped a small black leather purse over his shoulder. When I opened the door, a huge gust of frigid November wind hit us without warning. Seeing Carl draw back from the cold, I asked, "Where's your coat? You'll get sick without one."

"That's okay Bill, but nothing I have looks right with this outfit."

"OH," I muttered, shaking my head. I couldn't believe this was the same guy who just six months earlier thought nothing of wearing a plaid shirt with a pinstriped suit to take his girlfriend to a sorority formal! Fashion before comfort. . . Carl was becoming more girl than even he realized!

"Take my coat," I said, handing him my biker jacket. Although I'd never rode a motorcycle in my life, I loved that tough, black leather style.

"Gee, I don't know, Bill. What if Megan sees me. It's a guys jacket and all. She'll get really angry."

"Damn it, Carl, wear it! You're still a guy, right? Anyway, lots of girls wear their boyfriend's jackets." I didn't mean to say that, but it was too late to take it back.

Meanwhile, Carl stared at me with a coy simper on his lips. "I'm not your girlfriend!"

"Cut it out, Carl!" I blushed. "All I'm trying to say is that it's not the end of the world if you wear my jacket, okay!"

"Okay. Vogue had a photo spread with super models wearing men's leather jackets. I thought it was sort of exciting." Taking my jacket, Carl threw me a knowing wink as he slid the bulky sleeves over his slim arms and narrow shoulders. Although he was swimming in it, he seemed pleased.

When we got to my car, I was about to hop in when I saw Carl still standing beside the closed passenger side door while clutching my jacket about his neck with both hands. He didn't say a word, but the disappointed pout on his glossed lips spoke volumes. "OH BOYFRIEND?" he teased.

"So I have to be a gentleman too?" I quipped while walking around to open his door for him.

"Thanks," he smiled. Mindfully smoothing out his short miniskirt, Carl daintily lowered himself on to the bucket seat, then gracefully turned his slender, nylon clad legs into the car.

As I carefully shut his door, I had a feeling someone was watching us. Walking back to my side, I peeked up toward Megan's apartment window, but all the lights appeared off. Maybe I was paranoid, but I wouldn't put it past her to be spying on Carl.

Pulling out of the drive, we headed toward campus. This was the first time Carl and I had driven together since his 'gender-bending' experiment began. Before that, we would sometimes cruise around for hours. But now, we drove in silence. He was a different person and it wasn't just his clothes. At a stop light, I glanced over at Carl. He grinned bashfully back, then demurely lowered his eyes. When the light turned green, I returned my attention to the road, but out of the corner of my eye, I noticed Carl maintaining feminine

modesty by tightly squeezing his thighs and tugging down his short skirt.

"I'm not used to skirts this short," he apologized.

When we arrived in campus-town, I asked Carl, "Where to?"

"How about O'Brien's. I haven't been there in ages."

"O'Brien's? That's our old hang out?"

"I know, but it's been so long and I sort of miss those old times, Bill."

Of all the bars on campus, he had to go and pick this one. Carl used to be a regular there and I still was! I wanted to veto his choice, but I didn't have the heart. Carl was really looking forward to going there. Besides, I rationalized, maybe this would keep his male spark alive.

As on any Saturday night, O'Brien's was wall to wall people. As I maneuvered through the sea of humanity, I felt a tug on my sweater. Turning around, I saw Carl take my hand. The look in his eyes seemed to be saying, "Wait for me." Feeling his soft skin and long fingernails nestling in my hand sent shivers up my spine. Thankfully, the bar wasn't far away, and we wouldn't have to hold hands for that much longer.

"What'll it be, my man," Murph the bartender asked.

"Two beers," I started to say, until Carl pinched my arm. "Make that ONE beer and a club soda with lime, please," Carl's girlish voice loudly squeaked over the din of the boisterous crowd.

"Comin' up!" The robust Murph lecherously smiled. "Say babe, you look familiar. Don't I know you?"

It was an old Murph "line" but I don't think Carl was prepared for any such recognition, at least not this soon. Blushing, he faltered.

"No Murph," I cut in to rescue my feminized friend. "She's an old friend of mine. . .from back home. Actually, we're like brother and sister." Maneuvering Carl away from the bar, we found a quieter spot in a far corner. "You'd better watch yourself, pal. You know Murph's reputation."

"You mean with women?"



"I was confused. Should I be embarrassed or proud to be seen with Carl in a skirt?"

"NO! You know Murph is crazy. Remember what he did to those gay grad students a couple of years back? It's a miracle he ever got his liquor license back after that. Just imagine what he would do if he recognized you!"

"He thought I was a chick."

"I didn't know this was a test."

"I'm sorry, but just 'living' has become a test," he blushed, pursing his lip. "Dr. Baldwin wants me to keep notes on how others respond to me—especially people who knew me before."

"That's dangerous."

"I know, but let's forget about Dr. Baldwin for tonight," he sighed wearily. "We came out to have a good time, right?"

I had a few more beers, while Carl stuck to soda, but in the meantime, he loosed up. Being out of the apartment and away from Megan's control gave him some well needed peace of mind. Despite his feminized state, he was still a lot of fun to be with. I guess once a friend, always a friend.

While I was at the bar, a few guys hit on him as they would with any pretty girl. At first, I thought he'd react the same way he did with Murph, but when he stiffened up and grabbed hold on my arm for dear life, I guess my little warning had hit home. After tell-

ing the third guy my 'old friend' excuse, we decided to leave before someone caught on.

As we left the bar, Carl asked, "So as a girl. . .what kind of date am I?"

"Huh?" I thought he was joking and laughed along. Yet, the annoyed lilt in his voice made me think his remark was not entirely in jest. He really wanted to know.

Eventually, we made it to party at the Kappa house, and things were really cooking when we arrived. Beer flowed freely, and the music was great! As Carl and I stood along the wall, I couldn't help noticing how the guys ogled my pal. . .his figure, legs and short skirt.

Carl seemed oblivious to the stares and their significance. Tapping his heel to the beat, he was really getting into the music. When the D.J. put on a new rock hit, Carl began swinging his hips to the rhythm, and before I knew what was happening, he grabbed my hands and pulled me out onto the dance floor!

"What are doing?" I anxiously yelled over the noise. Hanging out with Carl was one thing, but dancing?

"I can't ask any of the girls like this so just pretend I am what I appear to be," he whispered loudly in my ear. "Besides, we both love to dance. Come on, it'll be fun!" With his hips swinging and shoulders shimmying, I was amazed at how uninhibited Carl danced. He had always been a good dancer as a guy, but now his moves now were so provocatively feminine that I knew no one would doubt I was with a real live girl!

More than a few guys tried to cut in and dance with Carl. Dodging pick up lines at the bar must have built up his confidence because he cleverly avoided their advances, without my help.

No matter how he was forced to dress and behave, deep down, Carl was still a guy. Who better could side step being hit on? Or so I thought.

As the party was drew to a close, some jerk, who just wouldn't take no for an answer, pushed his way between me and Carl. I was about to slug him, when Carl girlishly threw

his arms around my shoulders and thrust his petite body hard against mine.

Did it work? I guess we all learn early not to take a bone from a dog's mouth. The guy lumbered away with his tail between his legs. Was I shocked? HELL YES!

"Those uncivilized wolves!" he huffed, patting his long bangs back into place.

Defending my sex, I said, "Then you're just a wolf in sheep's clothing."

Still hanging on my shoulder, Carl thought that was funny. "Who are you? The leader of the pack!" Then, pointing a finger at my chest, he playfully stabbed me with his long, French manicured fingernail. "So how many sheep have you had lately?"

Drawing his finger back, he took my hand in his, just as the last, slow song began to play. Without uttering a word, Carl gave me this long, yearning stare as he snuggled against my chest. Before I knew it, we were surrounded by other couples, keeping in stride with the slow, romantic music. Half-way through the dance, Carl rested his head on my shoulder as he stared dreamily into space. This close, I couldn't help inhaling the delicate fragrance of his perfume.

Cuddling closer, he moved against me, pressing our bodies more tightly together. When his breast prosthesis pushed up against my chest, it was hard to believe they weren't real.

When the song ended, I glanced down at Carl.

"That was nice," he cooed, running his fingers through my abbreviated hair, adding, "You need a haircut."

"I need a hair cut?!?" I thought as I held my friend. I sensed something becoming radically different with him. His wide and bright toothy smile and sparkling and radiant doe-like eyes beamed a softness I had never seen in him before. This wasn't merely superficial. It was emanating from his soul!

The following morning, I awoke to the pungent aroma of brewing coffee and sizzling bacon. Tossing on my ratty cotton robe, I wandered into the kitchen to find Carl setting the table, complete with the red and white checkered tablecloth and the

old napkin rings my Mom made me take to the apartment, as well as a vase with a single white carnation!

Although he now dressed exclusively as a girl, I was still amazed by the refined image before me. His short straight black watch plaid skirt was matched with a soft, bulky, black lambs' wool sweater, complete with the initials "C.S." monogrammed in old gold on his ample artificial bosom. Sheer black tinted nylons and black penny loafers completed his morning, co-ed ensemble. "Morning", sleepy head!" he cheered, tightening the strings on his floral patterned apron. "Hungry?"

Nodding silently, I stared at Carl in awe. His frosted hair was different from the night before; now brushed into a neat pageboy style. Sporting bright red lipstick and subtle eye makeup, his entire face had an angelic glow. As he labored effortlessly at the stove, he periodically looked up and smiled sweetly at me.

As he brought me a piping hot cup of coffee, I noticed that he had also changed his nail color. His long, tapered talons were now polished a bright red, perfectly matching his shade of lipstick.

Checking my watch, I saw that it was only eight o'clock. I never got up that early—especially on a Sunday morning, but what astonishment me more was that Carl had to have been up hours to look so good! "Hey, pal, did you sleep last night? We got home after 3:00 a.m. So when did you have time to change your look, set the table AND cook breakfast?"

"You just make time. It's the burden of being a girl," he sighed melodramatically. "Really, I'm okay, Bill. You never know when Megan might pop in, and I have to be prepared. She insists I keep a proper house and dress appropriately. She would be quite cross if the table wasn't set, and I was running around in my nightgown. Oh, by the way, do you like?" He pirouetted and ran his hands down the front of his outfit.

"Oh yeah, looks great."

"Better than last night?"

Now I knew Carl wasn't only dressing and behaving like a girl, he was thinking like one, too. Who else but a woman would ask a 'no win' question like that?

"They're each nice in their own way," I replied diplomatically.

Demurely lowering his eyes, Carl pursed his glossy red lips and asked again, "This outfit's conservative compared to last night's. . . was it too racy?"

"Both are fine," I said.

After serving bacon and eggs and pouring me a second cup of coffee, Carl filled a glass with water and popped his purple 'vitamin' capsule. It seemed odd that such a large bottle appeared nearly empty only after a couple of weeks. I figured with his starvation diet, he must have been taking more than one a day.

While I ate, Carl sipped coffee and hovered over my shoulder. It was a little annoying, especially when he softly, yet deliberately cleared his throat several times. Finally, he nagged, "Well, how does it taste?"

"Fine, no actually good! Best breakfast I've had in ages."

"Thanks, Bill," he sweetly grinned. "Believe it or not, I've worked hard on my cooking skills. Truthfully, it's the one thing in this whole darn femininity project I really enjoy."

"With cooking like this, I guess the experiment has a redeeming social value after all!"

After breakfast, Carl immediately washed the dishes, then made my bed and straightened my room while I read the Sunday paper. As I lounged on the sofa with the paper scattered all about, he brought me a fresh cup of coffee and sat in the easy chair with his back straight and erect, his ankles neatly crossed, his knees pressed tightly together, and his skirt adjusted modestly across his smooth nylon clad thighs.

"May I have a piece of the paper?" he softly asked with a girlish lilt.

"Sure, take anything but the sports section. I'll be done with it in a minute or two."

"That's okay. Sports don't interest me like they used to. It's the feature section that I want."

I couldn't believe what I just heard! Carl lived and breathed sports. That damn experiment had really warped his mind! But what did he want the feature section for, maybe the cross word puzzle?

"Good luck, pal," I chuckled. "The Sunday cross word's a killer!"

"Oh no. I want to see what's on sale. . .the fashion page."

"FASHION! Wearing girl's clothes because you have to is one thing, but don't you have enough clothes?"

"I need a new black skirt and I'm looking for a pair of medium heels. . ." Putting down the paper, he neatly folded his hands atop his lap. "Besides, I get quizzed on this stuff, Bill!" he huffed. "When I walk into Dr. Baldwin's office tomorrow morning, Megan will have a list of questions. If I don't know the hottest color or the newest skirt length or trendiest shoe style, I'll never hear the end of it!"

"What does that have to do with pretending to be female?"

"EVERYTHING! It's easy for girls. They grow up learning about fashion. I have to know about fashion trends. . .the only way I'm going to get through this is to fit in!"

"Gosh, it's really all that involved?"

"Well, it is," he sniffed while toying with the hem of his short skirt. "I only wish wearing girls' clothes was all I had to do. It's the little things that are making it work." Blotting his eyes, he said, "Would you believe that they taught me to cross my legs while 'accidentally' allowing my skirt to hike up? I had to watch videos and practice for hours before a mirror until I could do it provocatively."

Seeing the bare flesh above the tops of Carl's nylons, I said, "They've taught you well."

He huffed, "No matter how trivial a feminine mannerism might be, like crossing my legs, overlapping my steps as I walk, checking my hair, or smiling when someone pays attention to me—Megan and Dr. Baldwin make sure I master it flawlessly. I can't even remember how I used to do things before. You can't believe what I've been through."

Before I could answer, Carl got up, straightened his skirt and scurried to the kitchen. "More coffee, Bill?" he asked as if it was his duty to serve me.

Watching him closely, I could only imagine the long, arduous hours he spent under Megan's tutelage, striving to perfect his acquired feminine comportment. With his forearms habitually held parallel to the floor, he kept his wrists loosely limp. His artificial breasts hauntingly bobbed as his hips swung naturally side to side and his undulated bottom saucily wiggled, although not as pronounced as the night before. But now, his skirt wasn't nearly as tight nor his heels as high.

Later that day, we started studying. I spread out my work across the kitchen table, while Carl curled up in a corner of the sofa reading a large picture book of famous works of art. I couldn't imagine him being comfortable sitting like that, with his legs tucked girlishly beneath his hips, but he appeared to be. But no sooner did he sit down, he jumped up. "Oops," he peeped, kicking off his loafers. "Can't get the sofa dirty." As he modestly swung his nylon clad legs off the sofa cushion, I saw that even his toenails were polished.

The rest of the day was quiet as we kept busy with our school work. Carl made a couple more pots of coffee and, without me even asking, kept my cup filled. During one of our breaks, I noticed him rubbing his chest while his face twinged subconsciously as if he was in pain.

"What's wrong with your chest, pal? Your bra too tight? You can take that off around here, I'll never tell."

"I don't think it's the bra. . .for the last few days I've had an awful itch across my chest. It's really annoying."

"Well for gawds sake, itch it!"

"Just makes it worse. It's really weird, but I'm sore around my nipples."

"Maybe it's from wearing those falsies? You better tell Dr. Baldwin. Maybe you'll get a medical OUT?"

"I already reported the problem to Dr. Baldwin last Thursday. She just smiled when I told her about the itch and how sensitive my chest had become all of a sudden."

"If that's all she did, she's a quack."

"Oh, she gave me a salve that I'm suppose to massage into my skin if the irritation gets to be too much."

"Guess I should massage some in. They are beginning to burn," he said in reflection. "The cool salve helps, but afterwards I get this eerie tingling sensation in my nipples. . . then they get bright pink and puffy."

By this time, Carl's face was blushing beet red. All this must have been embarrassing for him. Unfortunately, the only solution I could have offered was for him to quit the experiment.

Carl went to his room for a while and when he came back, his face reflected contentment. "That's better," he said smoothing at the bodice of the looser top he'd changed into. "Now I can study."

His painful itch seemed so odd to me. Could a male just wearing a women's brassiere be the cause?

All in all, Carl's frankness and honesty made it a very enlightening day. Later that evening, I suggested we order in pizza. With Carl's diet restrictions, pizza was really a 'no no', but I persuaded him otherwise. "Hey, rules are made to be broken, right?"

"Sometimes it's just not worth it," he chuckled.

"But we haven't seen Megan all day, and I promise to take the heat if she pops in," I vowed. I wasn't used to ordering just cheese, but out of respect for Carl, I forewent my usual double pepperoni. It was still delicious, and to prove it, I ate the whole thing except for the one slice Carl barely nibbled.

As we ate and made small talk, I thought about our relationship. Carl and I had been tight from the time we met and even with his girlish training and new clothes, we stayed close—albeit in a different sort of way.

I loathed what Dr. Baldwin was doing, making Carl so wimpy and submissive but at times I'd get lost in the illusion.

He looked like a girl but he wasn't like Megan or the other girls I knew at school. They were either back stabbing competitors or pushy male wannabees. Instead, Carl was developing a softer, more demure personality, which oddly enough, I found attractive!

For the remainder of the semester, we still saw each other only sporadically during the week, but on weekends, I found myself spurning female company to hang out with Carl. I told myself that it was to prove he still had my backing and support.

Finally, the semester came to an end. One more to go before graduation! After my last final, I made a bee line to O'Brien's Pub to celebrate before heading back home for winter break the next morning.

It was quite late when I got back at the apartment. I had a few too many beers and was a tad more drunk than I had planned to be. Not a light was on as I entered, which was fine by me. My head was spinning and all I wanted to do was crawl into bed and pass out.

But when I passed through the kitchen, I heard stirrings coming from Carl's room. His door open just a crack and I barged in, flipping on the light. This was a mistake! As he lay sprawled across his lacy bed spread, my friend's long pleated navy skirt was hiked over his knees, revealing his soft slip and the tops of his pale beige nylons. His once stiffly pressed white cotton blouse was a wrinkled nightmare with dark mascara and makeup stains on both sleeves. He was whimpering and his entire body was quivering from what appeared to be some fit of hysteria. He hadn't been this upset since his folks were killed, and the shock made me sober up rather quickly!

"What's wrong Carl?" I asked, trying to clear my head.

"Lies, lies, all LIES!" he shrieked in a high soprano. "They promised I'd dress up for only a year, and all this girlish crap would be over! But NO!"

"Who lied?"

"EVERYONE!"

"What's going on here?" I asked as I sat beside him on his bed. I saw his vitamin bottle on the floor. The cap was

missing and the bottle was empty. "Where you're vitamins, man?"

"Flushed!" he wailed, cradling his arms across his chest. "That was the BIGGEST lie of all!"

"Chill out, Carl. I don't understand."

"Scholarship. . . Graduating. . . Piercing my ears!" he blubbered incoherently. Then his voice broke off and I couldn't follow a darn thing after that.

"What's the big deal?," I garbled, my mind still dim. "Lots of guys have pierced ears these days."

"You're as bad as they are!" he wailed. "Get out and leave me alone!"

"But Carl. . .!"

"Get out. . . NOW!"

As I left his room, Carl slammed the door shut and locked me out. I couldn't understand what I did to piss him off until the next morning when I was greeted by a mother of a hang-over! I realized I should have been more patient with him, but by then, it was too late. He was nowhere in sight.

I even stopped at Megan's to see if he was there, but she wasn't home either. I felt like a louse. Christmas break was just starting, and it'd be a month before we'd see each other again. As I drove up the interstate toward home, I wondered why my buddy was so upset, and I hoped he'd let me make up for my insensitivity when I got back to campus.

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