

TV FICTION CLASSICS

MAGAZINE

TOES IN THE HOSE



*"That can't possibly be me," I gasped.
"I'm a guy! No way can I look like
such a gorgeous woman! OH MY!"*

VOLUME 71

A SANDY THOMAS PUBLICATION
P.O. Box 2309
CAPISTRANO BEACH, CA 92624-0309

TOES IN THE HOSE

By Kelly Anne

Illustrations by Puyal

"Ouch, couldn't you be a little gentler?" I cried out as Jackie pulled the strip of cloth from my eyebrow, taking the hair along with it.

"Don't be such a sissy. Women do this all the time," she admonished as she spread wax along the bottom of my other eyebrow.

Until now, I was living a good life, a very good life. After hitting a multi-state lottery a few years ago for several hundred million, I became a jet setting vagabond; skiing in Aspen, swimming in the Bahamas, and living the life most people only dream about.

I was until I got the letter saying that Frank, my best friend, needed my help. If I had any idea what I was getting myself into, I would have thrown the letter away and taken the next flight out of the country.

No, let me take that back. Frank is my best friend and I know that deep down inside, I'd do anything for him. I just wish there had been some other way to help.

"Frank's having trouble with his job," Jackie spoke as we drove to dinner. "He needs your help, but is afraid to ask."

"I am not!" Frank glared at his sister. "I just don't know how to explain things. It's not something a guy would normally ask."

"What do you need?" I asked, trying to break the ice. "A couple of bucks to tide you over until you find a new job?"

"Nothing quite so simple," Frank muttered. "Besides, I really like my job. It's just"

"He needs a girlfriend," Jackie piped in. "He's lost several chances at promotions because they think he's queer." Frank's face turned a

deep crimson color, but he didn't try to correct her.

I couldn't keep from laughing at the thought of Frank being considered queer. "That's ridiculous, you're as straight as any guy I know. You're easily the shyest person I've ever known, but we both know you're not queer."

"The owner of the company Frank works for is very straight laced," Jackie continued as Frank avoided my glances. "If he ever hears the rumors, Frank might as well give up any thought of promotion."

I couldn't begin to figure out how to help Frank. "I've met a few girls in my travels, but I never thought of myself as a pimp," I told him. "There must be a call girl service you can contact."

Frank shook his head vigorously. "No, I'd lose my job if anyone ever recognizes my date as a call girl."

"The guy's that strict?" I whistled in amazement. Frank's boss seemed like a throwback to the dark ages. "Why not just change jobs?"

"I work in a pretty tight knit field," Frank explained. "There isn't that many companies and the top people all know each other. Screw up in one place and you've screwed up in the others too."

"I still don't know how I can help," I shrugged. "I'm just not in the market to buy a company."

Frank shifted from one foot to the other, wringing his hands. "Remember the senior class play in high school?" he finally asked. "You had the lead."

I had to admit that the memories were fond ones. The play was "Charlie's Aunt", about a guy who has to impersonate an elderly woman. I was so successful in the lead role that many people swore that a girl had played the part.

"That was a great show," I nodded. "I had nearly everyone fooled! I did it again in college remember?" Frank nodded, avoiding my eyes again.

"Would you do it again?" Jackie asked, "For Frank?"

I was thoroughly confused. "What does a play have to do with your problem? You don't really expect me to get all done up as an old lady ..."

"Not an old lady," Jackie interrupted, clearly emphasizing the word "old".

Frank and Jackie both stared at me until it dawned on me what role they had in mind. "No, no way," I shook my head. "I'm not going to be any guy's date. That's insane."

"I told you it was a goofy idea," Frank snapped at his sister. "I was an idiot to listen to you!"

"I can't help it if you're too stupid to get a date," she snapped back. "How hard can it be to ask a girl for a date, for God's sake? No, my baby brother's too shy. He's afraid some big bad girl will eat him up! Well that was your last chance. I've tried setting you up, but you keep backing out. Now you're on your own!"

I couldn't stand watching Jackie cut him to pieces like that. Frank was a great guy. Any girl would have a great time with him, if only he'd get over being shy. "There must be something else I can do to help," I asked just as Jackie was preparing another tongue-lashing.

"Be his girlfriend for a few dates," Jackie shrugged as if she were asking for the time. "Until the rumors stop and he gets enough guts to date a real girl."

"You don't have to do this," Frank jumped in. "I'll work it out and get a date on my own."

"How many dates have you had since we doubled in college?" I asked.

The shifting of the feet and wringing of the hands started again. "Tell him," Jackie ordered.

"Well, uh, there was ..."

Jackie was right there to help. "None, zero, zilch."

"You haven't had a date in 5 years?" I asked. "Are you nuts?"

"I just can't bring myself to ask for a date," Frank explained. "I really want to go out with a girl, but I start to shake and sweat whenever I get to the point of asking."

"Not a pretty sight," I mumbled, remembering some of Frank's ill-fated attempts in college. His only dates had been doubles with my dates and their friends.

"Will you help?" Jackie prodded. "I'll teach you everything you need to know."

It was the craziest idea I'd ever heard. Yet I couldn't let my best friend down, so I agreed. Jackie ran a charm school and would spend the next month teaching me how to dress and act like a lady. After that, I'd have a few dates to let Frank show me off before we broke up and I went back to my life.

So here I am the next evening, sitting in a torture chamber otherwise known as Jackie's beauty shop, having hairs forcibly ripped from my face. "I can't help it if it hurts. I never did anything like this for the play!" I rubbed my face, trying to ease the pain.

"No one saw you up close in the play," Jackie explained in her matter of fact tone that drove me nuts. "You're going to be my little brother's girlfriend. People will be checking you out. Don't you want him to have a pretty girlfriend?"

"Of course I do. I'd just rather it weren't me."

"It really is sweet of you, Adam. I'm sure Frank appreciates your help," she told me as she cleaned my brows.

"I'm sure he does, Jackie," I sighed deeply, "but I can't imagine pulling this off. What if I do something stupid and someone gets suspicious?"

"Trust me, when I'm done with you, the women may get jealous and the men will certainly get hot, but no one will get suspicious."

"I never wore anything like this for the play!" I protested days later as Jackie laid out my clothes for the day.

"Quit whining about what you did for the play. That's history," Jackie ordered. "We wouldn't be doing this if it wasn't necessary."

"But a garter belt and stockings?" I asked as I examined the pink, lace covered, satiny belt. I remembered how a few of my dates had worn them and how incredibly horny I got when I saw them. It was downright humiliating to wear such a thing. "For heaven's sake, couldn't you have found something less sexy than these panties?"

"They're a matched set," she shrugged, indifferent to my plight. "The bra, panties, and garter belt. Aren't they hot?"

"They'd be fantastic on a woman." I shook my head as I fingered the satin panties and cups of the bra. What I wouldn't give to see them on a beautiful woman. I couldn't possibly imagine being the woman though.

"I decided to go for the sexy stuff right away. We don't have much time to make a woman out of you, so it's important to remove any masculine feelings right away," Jackie explained as she shooed me towards a dressing room. "You won't feel much like a man dressed in those things."

I didn't like her idea of "removing any masculine feelings", but then again, I figured it just wasn't possible. After all, I was a normal, everyday sort of guy. I played some sports, liked women, and never had a thought about being with a guy. You just can't change that with some sexy lingerie, right?

I was stunned when I pulled the panties up my smoothly shaven legs. They were so incredibly light and delicate and felt so different from the briefs I always wore. I carefully adjusted the lace waistband before wrapping the garter belt around my waist and fastening the hooks. I threaded the thin straps through my panties as Jackie had advised, then reached for the bra.

"Don't forget to fasten it in front like your garter belt, then turn it around and slip your arms through the straps," Jackie called from outside the room. "Let me know if you need help."

"I can manage," I called back. A bra was one thing I had worn for the play. It wasn't nearly as sexy as the one I was now wearing, but they still went on the same way. I finished with my bra, then carefully rolled up my nylons and attached them to my garter straps.

I couldn't believe my reflection in the mirror. Jackie had dyed my formerly mousy hair to a light blonde, and after the perm it was now soft and wavy. Being thin, along with my smooth chest, legs and arms, gave an illusion of a developing figure. I looked like a teenage girl wearing her mom's sexy lingerie. I broke away from the mirror, took a deep breath, and opened the door.

"Is this what you had in mind?" I asked as I stepped out of the dressing room.

Jackie appraised me as though sizing up a woman. The fact that I was a guy in lingerie just didn't seem to be getting through to her. "Close," she finally admitted. "We need to fix your makeup, then get you dressed, but I'm sure we're moving in the right direction."

She handed me a short slip to cover up with and led me to a makeup station. "This will cover up any imperfections in your skin," she said as she smeared a liquid onto my face. "Of course, I won't need much with skin as smooth as yours."

Jackie kept up the small talk as she worked, giving me a quick lesson in making myself beautiful. "After the base coat, we'll use powder to set it and give your face a more natural look. Then we use blush to add color, eyeshadow and liner to define and show off your eyes, and finally lipstick to make your lips look full and kissable."

Just what I wanted; full, kissable, lips. I wanted to call the whole thing off, yet I was somewhat intrigued to think that Jackie could actually make me look like a woman.

I had to admit that once she was done with my makeup, I didn't look like an ugly girl anymore. At least from the neck up, I looked very much like a woman; a woman with a pretty face, lips that begged to be kissed, and hair that seemed to cry out for a man to touch. Once this little charade was over, I knew the kind of woman



I would do anything for my buddy, but this was above and beyond the call of friendship. I was confident that I could wear the clothes, but could I look like a girl?

I'd concentrate on; the kind I now looked like!

"Frank is going to be thrilled with his girlfriend," Jackie teased. "I can picture him holding you tight, kissing you, telling you how pretty you are, and how much he loves you."

"I'll break every bone in his body if he tries!" I said as I adjusted a bra strap that had slid down my arm.

Jackie noticed the gesture and a light went off in her head. "I almost forgot!" she cried out. "You need boobs."

"I know where I can find a couple," I laughed. "Just get your brother here and I'll have a matched set!"

"I can do better than that," she said as she pulled a very realistic set of breasts out of a drawer. "Pull your bra down," she ordered as she unscrewed the cap from a small tube.

I did as I was told and seconds later she had smeared the goop over me and pushed the breasts against me. "Give the glue a few seconds to set up and you'll be all set. By the way, you're a full 36B now." With that, she placed my hands against the breasts and left to find something.

"This is a little much for day wear, but we have to make a woman out of you fairly quickly and this should help," Jackie smiled and handed me a short black dress.

I was going to argue, but when I looked at myself in the mirror, the ugly girl playing with her mom's clothes was gone. "Mandy, you're going to be hot!" she said as she made sure everything hung just right.

"Mandy? Who the hell is Mandy?"

"You are. You're Mandy now. Amanda Marie Joshen."

"Amanda? What happened to Adam?" I asked as she smoothed out the dress.

"Frank can't date a woman named Adam, even if she is a knockout

like you, so we'll call you Amanda from now on." Like before, she might as well have been asking for the time. She had decided I was going to be Amanda and that was that.

"Any other changes I should be aware of?" I asked sarcastically.

"Actually, there are," she smiled as she zipped up the back of my dress. "I think it would be best if my friend Amanda stayed with me. A hotel room is no place for a pretty woman. We'll have a great time shopping, maybe catching a movie, bar hopping, and just being girlfriends. Spending all day, every day, as a woman will be a big help when you're out with Frank."

Jackie had spoken and she wasn't about to brook any argument from me. I was going to have to get used to being Mandy Joshen, Frank's girlfriend and Jackie's personal Barbie doll. Completely dressed and made up, I looked every bit a foxy lady, so once again I bowed to her odd logic and moved my stuff from the hotel to her place. It really bothered me that she viewed me as another woman, but she promised I'd get used to it soon enough.

From then on, she never called me Adam or gave any indication that I was a guy in women's clothes. She did her best to drive out all masculine traits. I wore nothing but skirts and dresses during the days as I practiced my feminine mannerisms and spent my nights in satin negligees or skimpy babydoll nighties.

Jackie delighted in buying new outfits for me. Every day brought a new dress, extra makeup, or jewelry. One evening she brought home several pairs of earrings, which, she said, would look "adorable" on me. "Those are for pierced ears," I said and instantly regretted it.

"We'll take care of that little problem this weekend," she informed me while showing off the jewelry box she had thoughtfully picked up for me.

"What are you doing?" I asked incredulously as she hung her latest purchases next to a closet full of outfits she'd already bought for me. "I'll never wear half of the things you've already bought me. The local Goodwill store will nominate me for sainthood when I donate all this junk."

"It's not junk!" Jackie responded in a huff. "Your outfits come from some of the finest women's stores in town."

"And probably cost me a small fortune too!" I shook my head in disbelief as I looked at some of the price tags. "Two hundred fifty bucks for a dress? You must think I'm made of money!"

"You probably spend more than this in a week in Vegas," she laughed. "Now lighten up and try some of these outfits on. I'm dying to see you in that sundress and sandals. You'll love the way men will lust after you when you wear it!"

"Why are you doing this, Jackie?" I asked bluntly. "This was supposed to be for Frank. There was no mention of having men lust after me. This is more than just helping your brother, isn't it?"

"Don't be silly, Mandy. I just want Frank to be happy."

"I'm sure you do, but you're way too organized for a spur of the moment idea. It was your idea to ask me to help, wasn't it?"

"It seemed like a good idea. After all, you did play that part in the school play." I sensed hesitation in her voice. She was definitely not telling me everything.

Time to increase the pressure. "Tell me what's going through that mind of yours or I call this whole thing off."

"I'm just trying to help..."

"I'm outta here," I interrupted, starting to undo my skirt. "Find a hooker for your brother."

I could have sworn I heard her suck in her breath. "No, please," she begged. "Frank needs you."

"Tell me," I insisted.

She licked her lips and nervously ran her fingers through her hair. "While teaching girls to act like ladies, I wondered if it was possible to teach a perfectly normal guy the same training I give the girls, and see if it sticks."

"You think that you can get a guy to act like a woman?"

There was that sound of air being sucked in again. "No, I think that with the right training, I could convince a guy to switch his sex and become a woman."

"No way!" I shouted just before I broke up laughing. "That's a little too crazy, even by your standards."

"I'm sure it can be done," Jackie insisted. "I've taken girls who hated getting dressed up and despised wearing makeup, and turned them into lovely young ladies."

"But girls are predisposed to that sort of thing," I explained.

"Not these girls," Jackie insisted. "Calling them tomboys would have been an understatement. They were as butch as a girl can get."

"It still won't work on a guy unless he wanted to be a woman."

"Do you?" she asked with a wicked grin. "Do I what?" I asked.

"Want to be a woman?" she asked, her grin growing larger.

"Of course not!" I exclaimed. "I never even considered it. I enjoy being a guy."

"You'll enjoy being a woman even more," she laughed as we arrived at the mall. "Wait and see."

So that was it. I was Jackie's Guinea pig in her bizarre little experiment. I considered calling it quits, but Frank needed my help. Besides, it would be fun to finally prove his sister wrong. As long as I'd known Jackie, she was very strong willed and opinionated. Once she made up her mind, she felt she couldn't be wrong. The really irritating thing was that nearly every time she was right! This time though, I knew she was wrong and it would be my pleasure to rub her nose in it!

"I'm going to enjoy making you look like a fool," I said feeling very confident. "Take your best shot!" She looked at me and laughed,

but it didn't matter. I'd be out of this mess in a few weeks and she'd be the one with egg on her face.

"You're going to love being a girl, Amanda," she giggled one night as we watched TV while in our nightgowns. "You're so pretty that it's a shame you had to be a guy."

"I don't feel pretty; just stupid," I admitted. "I'll do my best to help Frank, but I'm a guy and I have no desire to change that."

"But guys don't get to experience the feel of satin and the fantastic feeling of a pair of ultra sheer nylons. They can't enjoy spending a day in the beauty shop being pampered or just the sheer joy of seeing how pretty you look in a new dress."

"It's not that big a deal," I smiled being pleasant. "Guys don't worry about runs in their stockings, matching shoes to their suits, or whether another guy might wear the same suit to a party."

I thought I had done a good job of defending my gender, but Jackie just blew me off. "I'll ask you again in a couple of weeks," she laughed. "I won't get the same answer then. I'll bet that in a couple of weeks you'll enjoy being a girl."

"You're a really sweet person, Jackie, but you're nuts. never change my mind about being a guy."

"Did you just hear yourself?" she laughed triumphantly. "You called me 'sweet' without thinking about it. You're hooked."

"I'm not hooked, you moron," I shook my head in amazement. "It's called getting into character. I have to talk like that for my part."

"I guess I'll have to convince you that you're better off as a girl," she giggled. I didn't care for the direction the conversation was going, so I said goodnight and went to my room.

"Imagine her thinking I'd want to be a girl or even enjoy dressing like this," I thought a few days later as I stood in front of a mirror. Of course, the clothes are very soft and silky feeling, but that didn't mean I want to wear them. I could always get silk boxer shorts to wear after this was all over. They'd feel just as nice as my panties

did. "Maybe even pick up some silk pajamas and a robe," I thought as I ran my hands along the floor length, satin nightgown I wore. "Some silk sheets would be nice too."

After a few weeks of practice, Jackie informed me that I was ready to appear as Amanda in the real world. She and I would take a few trips to the mall for practice, but from then on, while Jackie worked during the day, I was to spend my time picking up groceries or running household errands so that I could work on fitting in as a woman.

"Don't you think I should be able to fit in before I practice in the real world?" I asked, hoping she would change her mind. "We could go out together so that I won't stand out."

"Afraid you can't pull it off?" she teased. "I thought you had more confidence in your acting abilities?" Why did she have to say that? Did Frank coach her on the best way to get me to do something, by challenging me?

"No challenge!" I answered back in a huff. "I paid attention to all of your coaching. I can pass at a beauty contest!"

"Glad to hear that," she called back as she chose an outfit for me to wear. I had been beaten and she barely raised a glove. She quickly returned with a dark blue denim mini skirt that was so short it made me feel extremely self-conscious. The top she had chosen fastened with just two buttons in the middle of the back, barely covering my bra.

"I can't wear these. I feel half naked!"

"You're wearing pink babydoll pajamas that just cover your panties," she challenged, "and you're afraid of feeling half naked? You chose to wear those pajamas, even though you have longer gowns you could have worn. I bet you're more of a woman now than you care to admit."

"Knock it off," I griped as I pulled in vain at the hem of my pajamas. "I've told you a million times that I'm only doing this for

Frank, and then it's over!"

"Touchy, aren't we?" she jabbed back. "Relax, Mandy, your secret is safe with me. You enjoy wearing pretty clothes and being a woman. You'll never return to being a guy again. You're secretly hoping that my brother falls in love with you and makes you his wife."

"If Hell freezes over, Jackie dear," I replied angrily. I couldn't believe that she had the nerve to goad me like that when I was helping her brother. I briefly considered walking away in a huff, but that would have only hurt Frank.

Jackie smiled and nodded. "You did so well in getting rid of those nasty male feelings," she complimented me, "sometimes I forget that you're not a girl."

I was tired of arguing with her, so I just smiled. "Thanks. It's a left over talent from my acting days."

I didn't want to tell her that her plan had been working, and that the babydoll pajamas I was wearing actually did make me feel a little bit feminine. I found myself walking with much smaller steps, bending my knees to reach something on the floor, and sitting with my legs pressed tightly together. She was right. I had picked those pajamas to wear because of how wonderful I felt when I wore them. Unconsciously, I had picked up the movements of women I had seen wearing such pajamas and had adopted them as my own. I'd heard of actors who lost themselves in their roles, but this was getting to be ridiculous!

I carefully put away the filmy pajamas I wore, slipped on a bra and panties, pulled on my top, and stepped into my skirt, marveling at how comfortable the outfit felt. The skirt and top were so soft, comfortable and easy to move in, just like the other outfits I'd been wearing. I was comparing the feel of the women's outfits to my usual attire

I noticed these odd feelings the very first time Jackie had me get dressed, but I shrugged them off as a fluke. As the days passed though, I enjoyed the feelings more and more; the pleasures of satin panties, and the indescribable delight of my nylon covered

legs as they rubbed against each other. Even the tightness of my bra against my chest was offset by the wonderful sensation I got when I looked at the lace trimmed, satin cups. I felt silly and guilty thinking those things, but I couldn't help enjoying them.

"You really enjoy looking pretty, don't you, Mandy?" Jackie asked as I slipped my feet into a pair of socks and laced my ladies sneakers. "Will you admit that you'd rather be a woman?"

That brought me back to reality in a big rush! If I mentioned my feelings to Jackie, she'd never let me live it down. Likely she'd have me engaged to Frank in a second!

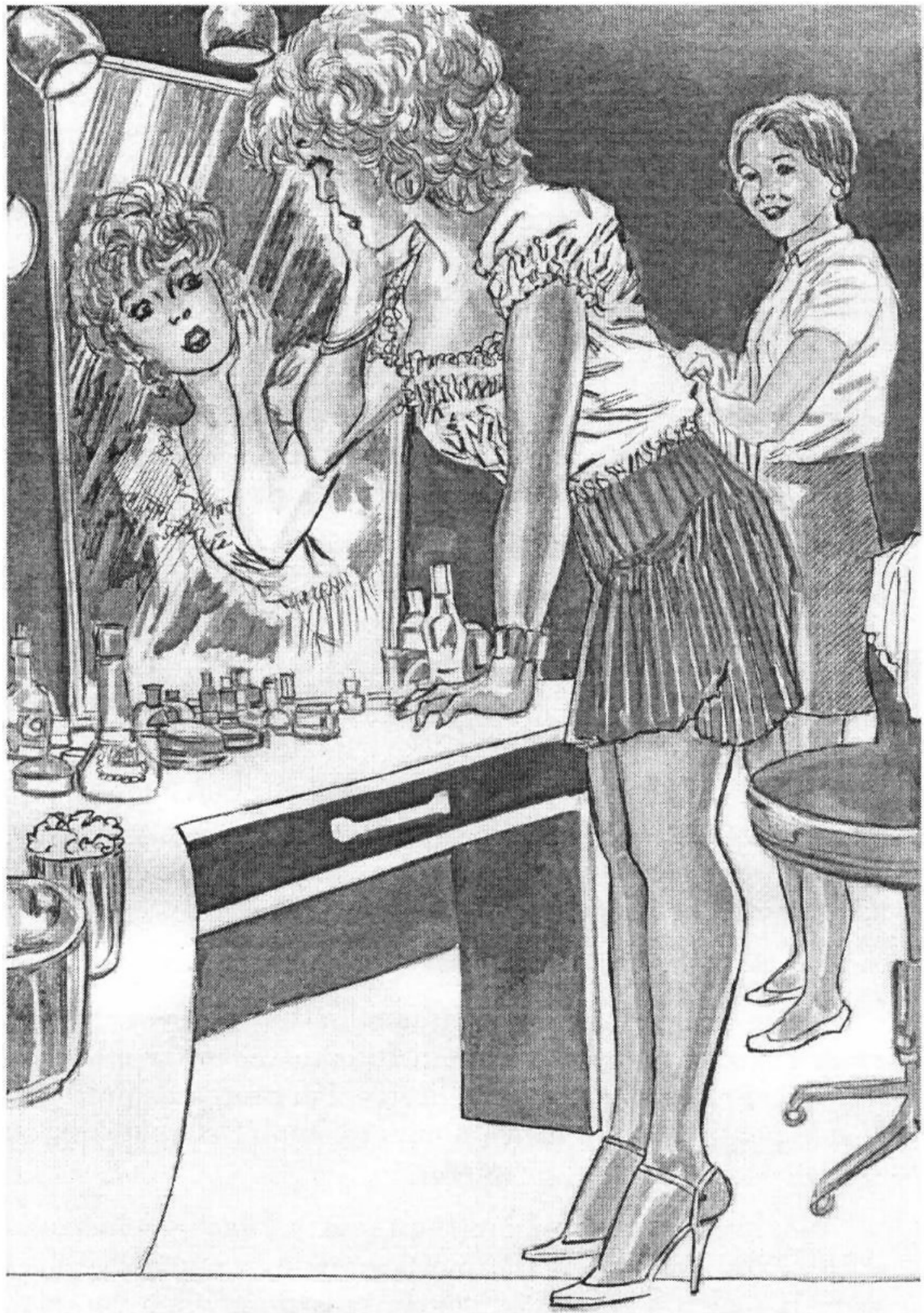
"You're not going to win, Jackie," I said in the softest, sweetest voice I could manage. "I'll look like a woman, I'll sound like a woman, and I'll even act like a woman, but as soon as I fix Frank's reputation, it's back to being a guy. This is one time when you're completely, totally, off base, and I'm going to enjoy proving it to you!"

I was absolutely certain that there was no chance I'd ever want to be a woman. The clothes felt nice, but I could always buy similar things made for men. No, I'd help Frank, make a fool out of Jackie, and then it would be off to a sunny beach to hook up with some good-looking babes.

"We'll see how good your little acting job is when you're in public," she laughed. "The longer you stay in role, the easier it will be to make a woman out of you."

At the mall, Jackie did everything she could to force me deeper into my role. Our first stop was to get my ears pierced, where she chided me for being such a baby when I winced in pain. She took me into several stores and insisted that I purchase sets of matching bras, panties, and garter belts. She dragged me to the dress department where I spent several hours trying on and modeling styles that would look good on me.

I ended up buying several outfits along with matching shoes, which started her gloating. "Would you mind getting a quick makeover at the cosmetics department?" she asked sweetly. "I bet that you've



"That can't possibly be me," I gasped. "I'm a man! No way can I become such a beautiful woman."

never had a professional makeover before. I'm dying to see how you will look."

"It's not going to work, Jackie," I told her as she guided me to a chair in the cosmetics department. "You can dress me in the sexiest outfits, you can even make me look like a princess, but I'll still be a guy when it's all over."

"We'll see," she giggled, "we'll see."

Maybe I should have left out about making me look like a princess because when I was finished, I could have easily passed as one. Several women crowded around to watch my transformation and were staring at me as if I were a priceless work of art. Guys walked by, some taking a quick glance and smiling while others made no effort to disguise their lust. Jackie stared at me, shock written over her face.

"Your face is like a canvas," the woman who did my makeover said, her voice touched with wonder. "Even without makeup you'd be extraordinarily pretty, but I can't describe how makeup seems to glide onto your face. It blended in perfectly, enhancing those beautiful eyes, your high cheekbones, and of course your sensual lips!"

My face started to burn. I was blushing uncontrollably. I hesitated, then slowly turned and looked into the mirror on the counter. I was stunned to have the most incredibly beautiful women stare back at me. Good Lord, was that I? Everything the cosmetics saleswoman said was true. No wonder people were staring. I was gorgeous!

For the first time since I was a little kid I burst into tears, bringing Jackie hurrying to my side. "Are you okay, Mandy?" she asked as she wiped my tears. "Don't cry. You'll mess up all the lady's work."

"I'm so pretty," I blurted out, "I'm just so pretty!"

Jackie handed me some tissues to dry my eyes, bought every bit of makeup the woman recommended for me, then slowly led me out to her car. "Pretty, I'm pretty, so pretty," I kept repeating as we drove home. I couldn't stop staring at my reflection in the visor mirror.

"No, Mandy, you're more than pretty," Jackie whispered softly. "You are one of the most gorgeous women I've ever seen. It's such a waste for you to be a man when you look like this."

I heard what she was saying and wanted to scream how mad I was, but when I opened my mouth, all that came out was, "Pretty ... so pretty, wasting time ... look so pretty."

"You like looking pretty, don't you, Mandy?" Jackie asked. "The way those people stared at you was nice. They thought you were beautiful, and you liked it, didn't you?"

I was stunned. I was so sure of myself, absolutely, totally positive that I'd make a liar out of Jackie, but one look at myself in a mirror shattered all of my confidence. I was a guy, thought of myself as a fairly good-looking guy who had no trouble attracting women, and had never given a thought to being a woman, but the face looking back at me cast a spell. I couldn't look away. I had to stare at the woman in the mirror, the woman who up until a few minutes ago was a self-assured man ready to shatter Jackie's silly theory. I knew that Jackie was taking advantage of my bewilderment, but instead of anger, I agreed with her. I enjoyed the attention I got at the store, and inexplicably, I craved more.

"I can make you look even prettier, Mandy," Jackie's voice pushed through the fog that had enveloped my brain. "You want to look even prettier, don't you?"

"Okay, I guess ... prettier, make me prettier." I was powerless to stop the words that gushed from my mouth. "I'm so pretty."

Jackie smiled and patted my bare knee. "Leave that up to me. Trust me, Mandy?"

I stared into the mirror and nodded like a little kid. "Trust ... yes ... make me prettier," I babbled.

"Good girl," she giggled. "We'll get all prettied up and go to dinner. Okay?"

Getting dolled up and going out to dinner with Jackie seemed so appealing. "Will people look at me?"

"You can be sure they'll look at you, Mandy. You'll be the prettiest lady there," Jackie assured me. I smiled broadly and kept staring into the mirror.

When we got home, Jackie left me staring at myself while she rushed around finding us outfits. Still in a trance, I vaguely remember removing my clothes, and Jackie helping me into another outfit. She fussed with my hair, touched up my makeup, and sprayed me with perfume.

"It's a good thing we got your ears pierced first," she laughed as she inserted a pair of ruby earrings into my newly pierced ears. "After the makeover, you turned into an absolute zombie!"

I looked at myself all done up in a burgundy dress that perfectly complimented my hair color, matching heels, which drew attention to my legs covered in smoked gray stockings, and my hair styled to frame my luscious face. I liked what I saw! I twirled around in front of the mirror, smiling like a cat that had just eaten several canaries.

The next thing I knew, I was walking into a very upscale restaurant, my shoulders back, my chest out, thrilled to be the object of so much attention. Jackie and I were two hot looking women, dining alone, and I was turned on. I loved the feel of my stockings brushing each other as I crossed my legs, the tautness of my bra made me feel secure, and the tug of my garters on my nylons made me feel so very sexy!

The next thing I knew, I was standing in front of a mirror at Jackie's, wearing only a sexy black bra, matching panties, garter belt, and my nylons. Suddenly I felt sick to my stomach and ran for the bathroom. "Are you okay, Mandy?" Jackie called from the other side of the door. "Was it something you ate?"

I cleaned myself, for some odd reason being careful not to disturb my makeup or hairstyle. "Tell me it was a dream, Jackie. Please tell me!" I begged as tears began to well up in my eyes. "I didn't really let you doll me up and go out, did I?"

Jackie shrugged her shoulders. "You amazed me, Mandy, totally freaked me out. One minute you're telling me how you'll never

enjoy dressing up as woman, and the next you were begging me to make you look even prettier. You just seemed to switch gears in midstream."

"That's not possible. I'd never do anything like that," I insisted rather lamely.

"I have a videotape of you laughing and twirling around in front of the mirror. Would you care to see it?"

A flood of memories rushed back, the dress I wore, the cool breeze against my legs, the taste of my lipstick, freshening up after dinner in the ladies room, they were all so vivid and all so horrifying. "No, don't bother," I sobbed. "It's all coming back. God, what happened to me, Jackie?"

"I've seen it happen to the roughest girls. Once they see how pretty they look, they melt into the sweetest young ladies you ever met. I was joking with you, Mandy. I never expected you to become such a piece of feminine fluff, but that's exactly what happened."

I couldn't hold back the tears any longer. I started crying like a baby. "You're not telling me something," Jackie raised an eyebrow. "There's a reason you acted the way you did. Maybe I can help, but you have to come clean."

I shook my head. "It was just a fluke, Jackie, just one of those things."

"No," she replied in a very firm voice, "but you will tell me, won't you?"

"Forget about it, please?" I asked, hoping that she'd give up. I knew that once Jackie decided she wanted something she didn't give up until she got it.

"Okay, if that's the way you want it," Jackie shrugged and walked to the phone. "Too bad though. I had this absolutely stunning peach, off the shoulders cocktail dress picked out for you to wear. It has a mid-length full skirt and built in petticoat. I bet Frank would have wet himself seeing you in that outfit!"

I accidentally knocked her into a chair as I pushed her from the phone. "No, please, I don't want to call it off," I cried. "I'll tell you everything. go out with Frank. I'll let him hold and hug me, and even kiss me if he wants to, but please don't make me stop." As soon as I said it, my stomach cramps stopped, my heart stopped pounding, and I felt so much better.

Jackie shook her head in wonder. "Wow, that is so strange," she spoke softly. "I'm trying to convince you to be a girl, and all along I as preaching to the choir!"

"It started when I was ten years old. There was a Halloween party where my mom worked, and she thought it would be fun if I went as a girl. She bought a complete outfit, a flower girl dress she found in a thrift store, and all the appropriate underwear. Mom left nothing to chance. She was determined to make me into the prettiest little girl. She had a great time getting me all prettied up, and when she was all done, I wore a pink dress with fluffy petticoats, sheer sleeves, and a sash tied into a big bow. I wore a pair of pink panties with ruffles across the back, a slip, pink ankle socks with lace cuffs, and a pair of white shoes. Mom pinned extensions into my hair, applied nail polish, then added just a little bit of makeup before she let me look in the mirror."

I take it you were impressed?" Jackie smiled.

"Actually, I was in tears!" I laughed. "I was so afraid that everyone would point at me and laugh. I wanted to hide in my room, but mom made me sit and wait while she got ready. "Be a good little girl," she told me. When she was done, she gave me a bouquet of fake flowers and took my picture. She almost had to carry me to the car."

"Did anyone laugh?" Jackie prodded. I was not getting out of this without telling her every last detail.

"That's what upset me," I explained, giving up to the inevitable. "People who didn't know mom just looked at me, smiled, and told me how pretty I looked. They really thought I was a little girl pretending to be in a wedding. Mom's friends made a big fuss over me, telling me how pretty I looked, and how I was doing such a good job of pretending to be a girl. Several women even told mom

that I should have been a girl!"

Jackie's grin faded when she heard that. "I'm sure they meant well, they just didn't realize how a little boy would take something like that," she said softly.

"I took it pretty badly, especially when I won first prize," I sighed. "Mom said I had to be a good girl and smile, but I wanted to run away and hide."

"What changed your mind?" Jackie asked.

Tears welled up in my eyes as I explained, "I was upset because the longer I wore those clothes the more I liked them! By the end of the night, mom didn't have to tell me to be a good little girl. I already was. I sat next to her with my hands folded in my lap, just like the girls at school. I smiled when people told me how pretty I was and thanked them, just like a good little girl. I played with the girls, and when we left, I held mom's hand and waved good-bye."

"Did your mother notice the change?" Jackie asked nonchalantly. She was never nonchalant about anything. My story fascinated her. It played into her theory about making a man into a woman. If I could go from hating being dressed to enjoying it, then she had to be right — with the correct motivation, a normal guy could be turned into a girl.

"Yeah," I grunted. If Jackie was going to be proven right, she was going to have to work for it.

"Did she say anything?"

"Uh-huh," I wasn't going to open up and let her into a secret. No, if she wanted details, she'd have to pull them out of me, one at a time, kicking and screaming.

"Come on, Mandy, cut me a break, will you?" she said exasperatedly as she gave me another hug. "You and I know that you're dying for me to dress you up and turn you into a grown up version of the pretty little girl you once were. I promise to make you into the woman of your dreams, so soft, pretty, and ever so feminine. All I ask is for you to tell me about the little girl you were

that night." Jackie finally dropped her façade of being in charge. I had something she wanted, and she had something I wanted, but neither of us could reach our goal alone. We needed each other.

"I'm sorry, Jackie," I said with a grin. "I thought that I finally had you over a barrel. I promise no more fooling around."

"Good," she said with barely concealed glee. "Tell me everything. What did your mom say to you? Did you ever dress up again?"

"You're not going to be satisfied until you know every detail, are you?" I joked.

"Did I mention that I bought a matching satin bra and panty set for you to wear with that dress? Peach colored, just like the dress, but the panties are so delicate, they're practically sheer, and the cups of the bra are nothing but lace," Jackie asked in an overly polite tone.

"Throw in a matching slip and I'll spill my guts." The deal was made, so we made ourselves comfortable as I told the story of how my mom turned me into a little girl.

"As soon as we were in the car, she asked if I had a good time. I told her it was okay, but her smile said that she knew better. When we got home, she helped me out of my dress and slip, but left me standing in my panties while she went to get a pretty nightgown with a ruffled hem and lace around the neck and armholes. She smiled and asked if I wanted to wear it to bed. I insisted that I didn't want to wear it and quickly put on my own pajamas, but she saw through me and left it on the bed in case I changed my mind.

The next day when I came home from school, I found that she had hung the dress in my closet and placed the slip and socks in my drawer along with several pairs of panties. "Did you ask her why she did that?" Jackie asked excitedly. "What made her think that you wanted those things?"

"I guess it was because I didn't bother to take off the panties when I put on my pajamas the night before, and the nightgown was still on the bottom of my bed, but folded differently than she left it. The clincher though must have been that I was still wearing the panties

when I came home from school!" I said sheepishly.

"You wore panties to school!" Jackie exclaimed. "What were you thinking?"

"That I didn't have gym class so I could get away with it, and that they felt so nice," I laughed, remembering how terrified I was that someone would find out that I was wearing girl's underwear.

"I read that boys who dress up in secret like that get a kick out of being scared. Did you?"

"I practically floated through the day. I was so happy."

"What happened when you found the clothes in your room?"

"I tried to get mom to take them out, but she told me she knew I wore the nightgown and that I was still wearing the panties. I was beaten, so I gave in and became her little girl whenever either one of us wanted. She bought me all kinds of pretty clothes and baby dolls and I loved every minute of being a girl. She taught me how to cook and sew and did my hair for me. Sometimes we went shopping or to a movie. It was the most wonderful time of my life."

"What made you stop?" Jackie asked nicely. I suddenly noticed that things had changed between us. I no longer felt threatened by her, instead I was seeing her as someone I could relax and have a good time with.

"As I got older, I started to feel silly about wearing dresses and pretending to be a girl, so I forced myself to stop. I threw myself into sports and dating so that I wouldn't have time to think of how nice it felt to wear a pretty dress or how much fun I had when mom used to curl my hair. It must have broken mom's heart to lose her daughter, but she said she understood."

"It must have been so hard on you to have to hide those feelings all these years," Jackie said in a voice tinged with pity. "Did you take the part in the play so that you could dress up again?"

"I felt so confused. When I dated a pretty girl, I kept noticing her outfit and wondering what it would be like to wear. I wanted into

my date's pants just like other guys, but for entirely different reasons — I wanted to be the one in the pretty dress and stockings, I wanted to be wearing the pretty bra and lace-trimmed slip. I tried to block it out, but it kept coming back. In college when the idea for the same play came up, I just had to audition for it. Mom was happy to have her daughter back for a little while and we celebrated the success of the play by going to dinner as two women. It was the last time she saw me as a girl before she died. I'm glad she had that memory."

Jackie smiled and hugged me. "I'm glad you told me about this, Mandy. I'll help you as much as I can. I promise. We're going to have a lot of fun from now on. I can't wait to spend time with my new girlfriend!"

"She can't wait to spend time with you either," I smiled as we hugged. "Thank you for reminding me just how much fun it can be to be a woman, Jackie. I'll never forget what you've done for me."

I took a jar of makeup remover and thoroughly removed all traces of makeup from my face. After soaking for an hour in a luxurious bubble bath, I slipped into a frilly pink baby-doll night set that I'd never had the courage to wear before. The panties were satin with ruffles across the butt and lace at the leg openings. When I pulled them, I sighed in delight as the cool fabric stretched tight against me. I slid the sheer outer part over my head and gently tugged it to rest on my hips, just a few short inches below my panties. I slid my feet into a pair of pink mules, and then carefully put my hair up in a ponytail.

"Am I still pretty?" I put my hands on my hips and shamelessly fished for a compliment from Jackie.

Jackie's eyes widened when she saw me in the sheer nightie with the ruffled panties. "You look fantastic, girl," Jackie told me. "But what about Adam? Is he gone for good?"

"Oh he's around here somewhere," I giggled, "but I think that Mandy's going to be around a lot more from now on."

"Let's just not tell Frank, at least not right away," Jackie suggested. "I'm not sure he'd understand."

"I'm not sure that I understand," I agreed.

Jackie smiled sweetly and said she understood, and then hit me with a shot that rocked me. "Do you think you're woman enough to seduce my little brother?" she asked out of the clear blue sky. "Can you get him to take you back to his place for a bit of necking?"

"I'm not sure I'm ready to be that much of a woman. I'm new to this, after all," I replied when the shock finally wore off.

"You have to do it, Mandy," Jackie urged. "It will bother you until you do. You have to know if being a woman is right for you, and what better way to find out than with a man? Frank's pretty tame, he'd be the perfect subject for a test of your femininity."

How could Jackie have known what I'd wondered since I put on my first dress? I decided to just answer her question. "What if I decide I like being a woman?"

Jackie acted as though my becoming a woman was the most natural thing in the world. "I think you've already enjoy looking and acting like a woman. Why not find out if you really want to become a real woman?"

She could see the confusion and fear in my eyes. "I won't tell a soul, Mandy," she pledged. "We'll convince Frank that he needs to have you around for a while. I don't think he'd mind escorting such a pretty lady."

I took a few minutes to think things over. What would it be like to be a woman? I loved being mom's little girl, all sugar and spice, wearing pretty dresses and silky underwear, ribbons in my hair, playing with my dolls. When I got tired, I could always go back to being Adam in jeans and tee shirts, climbing trees, and playing baseball. It would be different if I followed through and became a woman. I'd spend the rest of my life in pretty dresses and silky underwear. Then again, women didn't wear dresses all the time, they wear slacks and were free to do pretty much anything a man can do.

"Who would ever care, Mandy?" Jackie asked as though reading my thoughts. "Your parents are dead as are all of your relatives. If you

don't try, you'll always have a nagging doubt."

I sighed, smiled, and turned to her. "I'm not sure I could ever go that far, Jackie. I'm not sure I can picture myself as a real woman, let alone Frank's wife."

"You don't have to be Frank or any man's wife, Mandy," she said determinedly. "Women don't need to be wives to be fulfilled. You could spend the rest of your life enjoying a man's companionship when you want it without being tied down."

"I need to think about that, but I can't wait to see what Frank thinks of me now," I giggled.

We decided that I needed a little more experience as a woman before Frank could show me off, so for the next couple of weeks I ran errands for Jackie during the day until once again I felt totally comfortable passing as a woman. Then it was time for Frank to meet his new girlfriend.

"Hi, Frank," I purred into the phone. "This is Mandy." "Mandy?" he asked seeming to be puzzled.

"Yes, Mandy," I cooed softly while Jackie tried to avoid laughing while listening on the extension, "your sister's friend, the one who's been staying with her. Remember?"

"Adam, is that you?" he asked after a few moments. He never was that quick on the uptake.

"No silly, this is Mandy. You mentioned that you were interested in going out with me. There is a great movie playing at the theatre if you are still interested."

I could swear I heard him take several deep breaths before answering. "Sure, I'd like that if you're ready."

"I'm ready if you are, Frank. How about tomorrow at seven? You can pick me up at your sister's, okay?"

There went the deep breaths again. "Well, if you're sure you're ready, uh, seven tomorrow?"

"I'd like that very much, Frank. That's very sweet of you. See you at seven." I gently hung up the phone, and then Jackie and I bust out laughing.

"The poor boy won't know what to do with himself," Jackie laughed. "One look at you and he'll have an erection, then he'll remember that you're his best buddy and there goes that erection!"

"I just hope he's a gentleman," I chuckled. "I don't want to spend my evening defending my honor!"

"With my brother?" With that Jackie fell to the floor, laughing so hard she was crying. "That's rich!"

"He might just be a tiger in disguise."

"Please stop," Jackie begged in between peals of laughter. "You're going to make me pee myself"

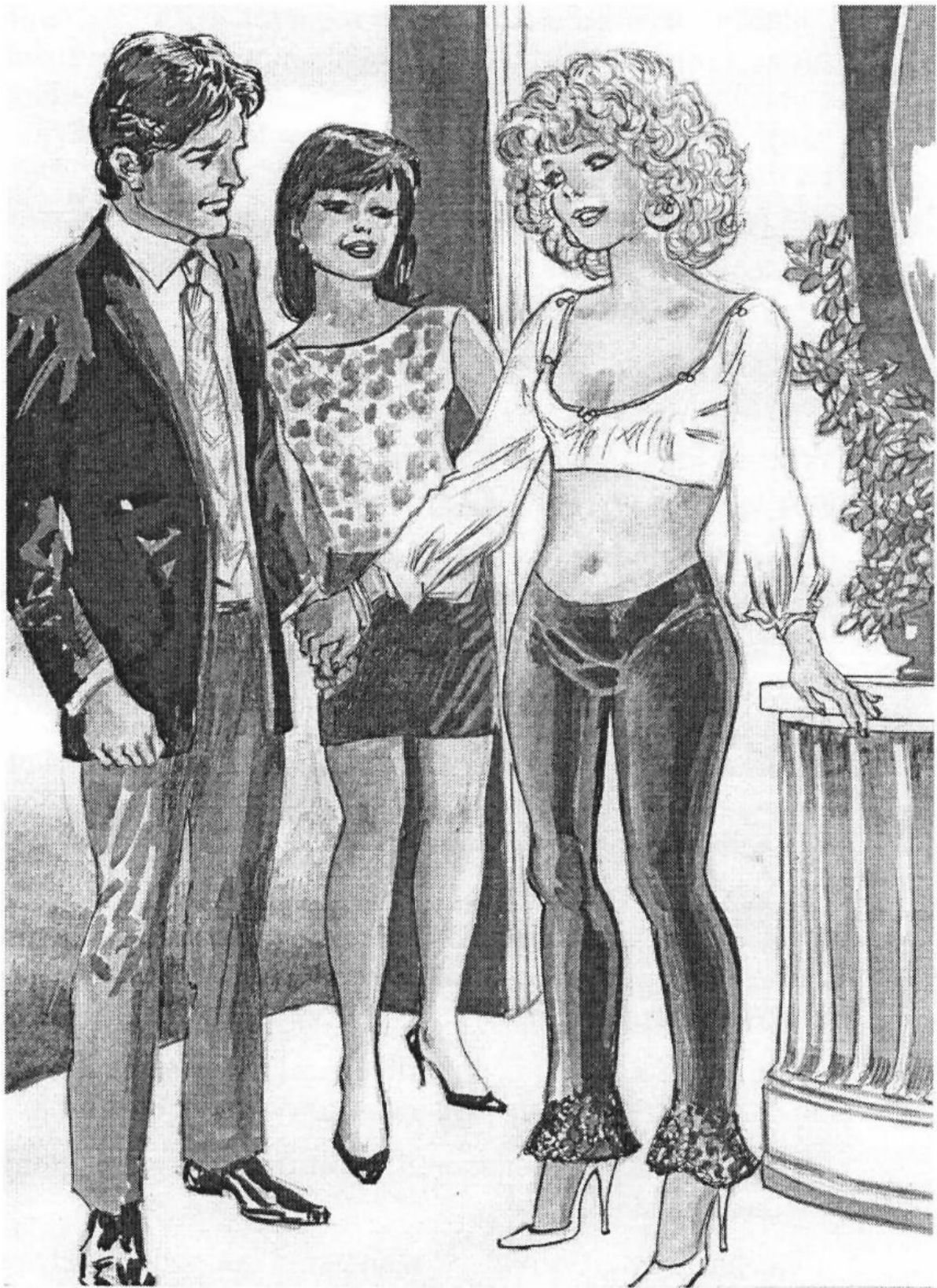
I decided on a nice pair of hip hugging slacks and a sleeveless top for our date. I would have preferred a tight dress, nylons, and heels, but Jackie and I agreed that I should start slow with Frank. He might not know how to react to me in something really pretty. He'd have to learn quickly though; I'm not about to give up on pretty clothes just because Frank has trouble accepting it!

"Not bad at all," I giggled as I ran my hands across my nicely rounded hips and butt. "It's amazing what a little padding in the right places can do for a girl!"

When Frank picked me up, he was blown away at how I looked. "Is that really you, Adam?" he asked over and over. "You look just like a girl, a pretty girl!"

"It's me, Frank," I said with a smile. I held my arms out and did a slow twirl to let him check out my figure. When I stopped, it was obvious that I had quite an effect on him. He stared at me with a silly grin on his face.

"Make sure you call me Amanda or Mandy, okay?" I asked sweetly. "You wouldn't want a girlfriend named Adam, would you?"



"Adam? Is that really you?" Frank stammered upon meeting the new me for the first time.

"Do I look like an Adam?" I giggled. My name is Mandy now."

"N...N...No, of course not," Frank stuttered. "I'm sorry, Mandy."

I couldn't help myself; he was just so worked up over seeing the new me that I couldn't resist giving him a kiss on his cheek. "Why did you do that?" he blubbered as he wiped his hand across his cheek. "Are you nuts?"

I smiled and put my hands on my hips. "No, Frank, I'm not nuts, just a girl named Mandy who's going to teach you how to get along with women. When I'm done, you'll be comfortable around women, which will help you get dates and solve your problem at work."

"Okay, I can deal with that. Just don't kiss me again!" he insisted.

"If I'm going to teach you how to be comfortable around women, I'm going to have to kiss you now and then, but don't get your hopes up, you're not that cute. It's just something I have to do, right Jackie?"

Jackie was in complete agreement with me, and of course, Frank didn't have the backbone to stand up to either of us! "Not only will she kiss you, Frank," she added to Frank's dismay. "You're going to have to hold her tight and kiss her. Otherwise people might get suspicious. Do you want people to start wondering about your new girlfriend?"

"Good grief, no!" Frank nearly went apoplectic. "If anyone ever finds out you're a guy ..."

"Take a good look at Mandy," Jackie practically ordered. "Does she look like a guy to you?"

Frank did as he was told and gave me a very thorough going over. "Wow, if I didn't know ..." he shook his head.

"No one need ever know, sweetie," I told him as I gave him another kiss. "Now be a good boy and let that one stay."

When his hand didn't flinch, I knew I could do anything I wanted to him and get away with it. I planned on making good use out of his being so docile. I'd teach him how to act with a woman and have a little fun at the same time! "Now be a good boy and hold me while

we walk," I instructed as I stole a glance back at Jackie.

"Come on, I won't bite," I giggled as I snuggled a little closer. "Trust me, girls like being held. It makes them feel secure." Frank shrugged and pulled me a little closer as we walked out the door.

"Be good kids!" Jackie called as Frank opened the car door for me. I looked up and gave him a great big smile.

"Stop that!" he whispered frantically. "You're going to give me a hard on."

"A hard on, Frank?" I whispered as seductively as I could manage. "You're getting all worked up over little ole me?" I moved a little closer to him and playfully ran my hand down his arm; prompting him to slap me away.

"I don't believe this," he muttered over and over. "You're Adam, my best friend. You can't possibly look this good, it's just not right!"

"What a wimp," I thought as I moved back to my side of the car. Okay, time to get tough!

"Listen carefully, Frank," I commanded in my male voice. "You asked for my help. I didn't come here expecting to get all dolled up to be the girl of your dreams. I felt sorry for you and ended up agreeing to an idea so crazy I still can't believe it. I'll teach you everything you need to know about how to get along with women, but you'll have to do what I say, which means that you'll forget about Adam and concentrate on Mandy. You'll learn to treat me the way you would a real girl if you're going to learn anything. When it's all over, you'll have plenty of confidence around women but for now, just relax and pretend that I'm your sister's friend, Mandy."

Frank just nodded his head like a chastised little boy. "I'm sorry, Mandy. I'm just not used to dating such a beautiful woman."

"Very good, Frank," I clapped and gave him another kiss on his cheek. "All women love to be flattered. Tell them how pretty they look and how happy you are to be with them. It's not easy getting all prettied up, you can take my word on that, so let the woman know that you appreciate her looking her best for you!"

He looked at me and started to smile. "I'll try my best, Mandy," he promised. "You're sure it's okay with you?"

I smiled back. "I'll be fine, Frank, trust me."

He convinced me to stop for a pizza and beer before the movie so that he could get used to the new me. As we pulled into the parking lot, Frank had a funny look on his face. He was up to something, but I never could figure what he might pull. He quickly came to my side of the car, opened my door, and held out his hand to me. "How sweet," I thought as I gave him my hand.

To my surprise, Frank put his arm around me, pulled me close, and kissed me right on the lips! "What the hell was that all about?" I asked after I recovered from the shock.

"I couldn't help myself, Mandy, you're gorgeous!" he laughed. "Besides, my sister did say that I was supposed to hold you tight and kiss you, right?"

"You win that round, Frank," I told him, "but please ask before kissing me again, okay?"

"You mean you'd let me kiss you?" he asked in surprise. "Even though we're both guys?"

"Keep it down, will you, dummy?" I whispered. "And since I went through all this trouble to look pretty for you, I'd appreciate it if you'd quit calling me a guy."

"I'm sorry, Mandy," he quickly apologized, "but do you realize that you're acting just like a woman?"

"You moron, I'm supposed to be a woman!" I seethed, ready to wring his neck. How could one man be that stupid? "If you want my help, you'd better get used to thinking of me that way!"

The rest of the evening went well as we covered the simple things like opening and holding doors for me, looking into my eyes rather than my chest, and making sure not to look at other girls. By the end of the evening, Frank was relaxed and confident, anxious to show me off to all of his coworkers.

"This is going to be so great, Mandy," he said with a grin. "I'll be able to show off my new "Trophy Girlfriend" to everyone! The guys will cream in their shorts and the girls will be so jealous! But to hell with them, they treated me like garbage, so they can kiss my butt."

"I didn't come here to be your trophy anything, you jackass!" I hissed. "Once you overcome your shyness and we generate a little interest from women, I'm out of here. If you want revenge, your best bet would be to show them that women find you desirable. That won't happen if you're just shopping for trophies." I grabbed my purse. "Will you be a gentleman and take me home, or do I have to call Jackie?"

Frank turned pale and started to shake. "Oh hell, I did it again, didn't I? Shot off my big mouth and screwed up everything." He reached over and gently took my arm. "Please don't go, Mandy. I know I acted like a jerk, but that's why I need your help. You're the only one who can help me. I can relax and be comfortable with you. I can't do that with a real woman. Please stay?" I looked into his big brown eyes and for a brief moment wondered what it would be like to have him forget that I was his buddy and kiss me. "I'll be a good boy, Mandy, I promise," he smiled and took my hand in his. Before I could stop him, he gently pulled me close and kissed me. "Was that okay?" he asked timidly.

"Uh yes, that was just fine, Frank," I said after I caught my breath, hoping that he couldn't read my mind or feel my heart pounding beneath my bra.

He released my hand and laughed. "It just came to me. I'm glad I didn't offend you."

"N...Not at all, keep doing things like that and you'll have to beat the women away with a club!" I stammered. "Women like romantic gestures like that."

Frank smiled and stared into my eyes. I tried to glance away, but he seemed to hold my gaze. "What are you looking at?" I finally asked, feeling very self-conscious. "Is there something wrong with my makeup?"

"I'm sorry," he immediately apologized. "I didn't realize ... I hope I

didn't upset you."

"Uh, no, it's okay, Frank," I smiled. "I thought something was out of place."

"Everything's fine, Mandy," There was his smile again -the one that made my heart flutter, "just fine." He seemed lost in thought for a second or two. He blinked several times and smiled at me just as our pizza arrived.

After we ate, Frank waited patiently while I went to the ladies room to freshen up. "Doesn't that scare you?" he whispered as we walked to his car. "I mean being around all those women, what if they found out about you?"

I laughed as I thought about all my past training. "It did at first, but Jackie kept after me, forcing me to go to rest-rooms so that I don't even think about it anymore," I said as he held the door for me. "I guess I pass well enough that no one ever seems to notice me."

"That's a shame," I heard him mutter under his breath.

"I'm sorry, did you say something?" I asked sweetly, hoping to get him to repeat what I heard.

"It is a shame that no one notices you. After all you are a very attractive woman."

I was so flattered that I just had to give him a kiss on the cheek. "That is so sweet, Frank," I giggled, "and such a nice thing to say to a girl. Once you overcome your shyness, any girl will be thrilled to be with you."

We had a great time that evening. Frank was a relaxed and confident gentleman who did his best to treat me like a lady, which I greatly appreciated. I let him hold my hand during the movie, telling him that it was how a girl thanked a guy for buying her ticket. Actually, it was more than my way of thanking him; I had an irresistible urge to find out what it was like for a man to hold my hand. It felt wonderful!

Frank dropped me off at Jackie's door saying that having Jackie around would ruin his illusion. "What illusion, Frank?" I asked, my voice dripping with charm.

Frank took my hand and looked me in my eyes. "I had a wonderful time tonight, Mandy. I really appreciate what you're doing for me, but it would all be ruined if I saw you with Jackie. I had a date with a smart, funny, and very pretty lady named Mandy, and that's how I prefer to think of you, as Mandy, not Adam. Seeing you with Jackie would just remind me of Adam and spoil a great evening. I hope you understand."

He gently pulled me close. I smiled and raised my head, expecting to give him a quick peck, but then our lips met and I became aroused. It seemed natural to slip my arms around his neck and allow him to hold me tight and kiss me goodnight. Twice.

"That was very well done, Frank," I tried to be calm and detached even while I was hoping for another kiss. "You have a technique that women will enjoy."

"Did you enjoy it?" he blurted out.

"You have to remember that I just look like a girl, Frank," I smiled and tried to act like a teacher, "but a real girl would have enjoyed that kiss very much."

"Thank you," he said giddily as he hurried off to his car. "I can't wait to see you again!"

"I'll be waiting for your call," I said only half joking. What would he think if he knew I couldn't wait to go out with him again?

"How did it go?" Jackie asked as I gently closed the door behind me.

"I'm in big trouble," I told her as I kicked off my heels. "I let Frank kiss me goodnight."

"Yeah, so?" she asked, barely looking up from the book she was reading.

"Twice."

"Twice? Why?" she put down her book and stared.

I looked at the floor and felt my face flush. "I liked it."

She shook her head, reached over and lifted my chin. "You like having my brother kiss you?" she stared into my eyes so hard it hurt.

"Uh-huh, a lot. He's such a good kisser and he was making me horny," I admitted shamefully. "I couldn't help myself."

"My brother made you feel that good?" she asked in wonder. "We are talking about Frank, right?"

"Frank is really a sweet, wonderful guy who made me forget that I was a guy. Honestly, Jackie, if he can overcome his shyness, he'll be the best thing to happen to women since chocolate!"

"You are joking right?" she laughed. "I mean Frank's a nice guy and all, but I can't picture him sweeping women off their feet."

"He swept this one," I giggled. "I thought I'd let him practice holding and kissing a woman, but that was a mistake. Before I knew it, he was holding me tight, my arms were around his neck, and his tongue was in my mouth."

"This can't be happening," Jackie muttered as she felt my pulse. "Damn, you're not joking, you really are excited, aren't you?"

"I shouldn't be," I lamented. "Honestly, Jackie, I don't know what's happening to me. I thought I'd give Frank a quick peck, but when he put his arms around me, I couldn't resist. It felt so good when he held me tight and kissed me. I just reacted the way a girl would and kissed him back."

"How did he take kissing his best friend?" Jackie asked, a silly grin plastered on her face.

"He liked it," I said with an embarrassed laugh. "At least I hope he did. He seemed really happy as he left."

"Aren't you taking this a little far?" Jackie asked with obvious concern. "It's one thing to dress up like a woman, and it is sweet of you to help Frank this way, but you really have no idea what you're getting into."

I couldn't help myself; tears began to roll down my cheeks. "You're right, I am getting in way over my head. I tried to avoid this whole thing, but now that I'm involved I can't seem to do anything about it. I'm becoming the girl my mom always hoped I'd be and I don't know how to stop. Hell, I don't honestly know if I want to stop."

"I don't think it's a good idea to get involved with Frank," Jackie advised. "You're experimenting with this girl stuff and Frank's lack of experience is causing him to latch onto the first girl that comes his way, even if she is another guy. You're risking years of friendship if this little game doesn't work out. Frank will be devastated to think that he fell in love with another man, and personally I don't think you're ready to be a real woman."

I realized that I'd been wrong about Jackie all along. She was really a sweet person, concerned about two people who obviously meant a great deal to her. She was so right about Frank and me. I was pretending to be a woman and had somehow gotten caught up in my role. I could never forgive myself if I hurt Frank.

"I'll try to keep things friendly from now on," I promised, "but I need a favor from you."

"Just name it," Jackie said with a friendly smile.

"I'd like to spend some time as Amanda when I finish with Frank. Will you help me?" I asked shyly.

"I'd love to!" Jackie grinned. "But are you willing to chance wanting to become a woman for real?"

"Maybe that's what was meant for me," I smiled. "If so, then maybe I'll come back for Frank."

Jackie hugged me and gave me a kiss on the cheek. "I'd love to have you as my sister-in-law," she told me.

I dreamed about Frank that night, how good it felt when he held me, and the wonderful feelings that coursed through me as first our lips, and then our tongues met. He had treated me as a woman, not as a guy in a dress, and I responded to him as a woman. It hurt when I realized how badly I wanted to be held, squeezed, kissed, and caressed by him, but I couldn't let it happen. I had to help Frank, and then Mandy would have to bow out of his life and let him find a real woman he could eventually love.

Of course, with Jackie's help, Mandy didn't have to just disappear forever. I was determined to put Adam into storage somewhere and let Mandy breathe and develop. I had to know what it was like to live as a woman, and possibly even to love as a woman.

The next morning, Jackie was waiting as I padded down to breakfast in my babydoll nightie and fuzzy pink slippers. "Good morning, Mandy. Did you have sweet dreams?" she asked with a grin. "Of Frank?"

"Definitely sweet, and definitely of Frank!" I smiled happily. "How does a girl forget her first love?"

"She gets a second one of course," Jackie laughed, "and possibly a third and fourth. Are you sure you're ready to be a full time woman?"

"Positive," I replied without a second's hesitation. "Are you ready to make a woman out of me?"

"I'm not going to hold back. I plan to make a heartbreaker out of you, a woman that men will lust over. A smile from your pretty lips will drive men insane."

"That's a tall order. I hope you're serious," I said coyly. "Life as Adam was okay, but I want to experience life as a sexy, desirable woman, to travel the country and possibly the world as a woman that turns men's heads."

"Are you sure you can handle the attention that kind of woman gets?" Jackie asked. "I don't want anything to happen to you now that we've become good friends."

I hit upon a great idea. "Come with me then, please? We can travel as girlfriends and you can teach me everything I'll need to know to be a woman. Please?"

"Who's going to pay for all of this?" Jackie always was a practical sort.

"I've got more than enough for both of us," I quickly offered, "and we could share a lot of outfits. I do have expensive tastes, so I hope you don't mind shopping in boutiques. I cannot handle department stores."

"Sounds great to me!" Jackie grinned. "I can't wait to see how you react when a man holds you and tells you how beautiful you are. You'd better not chicken out!"

"I can't chicken out. It's too important," I confided.

Later that afternoon, Frank sent me a bouquet of long stemmed, red roses with a card that read, "To the sweetest, prettiest woman I know." He was going to be tough to forget.

Two weeks later, Frank and I had our second date, a company picnic at a local theme park. I wore a pretty blue split skirt with a white tank top, and white sneakers and socks. Not exactly the low cut, clingy, evening gown and heels I would have loved to wear, but evening gowns and heels get in the way on roller coasters.

Frank was on time to pick me up and was very generous with his compliments. "You look great, Mandy," he smiled as I walked into the room. "I hope you enjoy the park. You always liked coasters."

"It should be a lot of fun, Frank," I smiled sweetly. "I've never been to this park before."

Frank was a wonderful date, introducing me to all of his coworkers as his friend, which raised a few eyebrows. A few didn't believe him. They were most likely the ones who thought he was gay and I was just a friend. That upset me and I resolved to prove them wrong.

After shaking everyone's hand and exchanging pleasantries with

the other women, I put my plan into action. "Come on, Frank," I purred and squeezed his hand. "You promised we could ride that big coaster first."

Frank squeezed back, begged off from the group, and we were off to the coaster. "Those bastards think you're queer," I hissed when we were out of earshot. "What's wrong with them?"

"Just the way things are, I guess," he shrugged and glanced back with a sad look. "A guy without a date is automatically labeled. I really appreciate what you're doing for me, Adam."

"Amanda or Mandy, if you please, Frank," I gently reminded him. "I'm going to teach those jerks a lesson."

With that, I got on tiptoe and planted a kiss on Frank's cheek. We were close enough to the group to see confused looks on a few faces. I squeezed his hand and led him off to the coaster. "Put your arm around me and hold me tight," I said as I snuggled close to him. "Remember that I'm just a scared girl."

Frank didn't miss a beat as his arm went around me. "Is it okay if I kiss you? Just for show of course," he asked.

My heart was pounding as I let him lift my chin and kiss me. "You can do better than that," I asked brazenly. "You have something to prove, remember?"

Frank grinned as he stole a glance at a few coworkers on the platform. He pulled me close, placed his hand behind my head and leaned in for another kiss. "French," I whispered just before our lips met. "Make it good."

An instant later, I was tight against his chest, our lips pressed firmly together and our tongues intertwined. As his tongue probed my mouth, I thought I was going to make a mess in the expensive satin and lace panties that I was wearing. Thank God I was wearing a pad.

When we broke off the kiss, I gently laid my head against his chest and smiled at him. "You did a great job, Frank," I said as I squeezed his hand. "There will be a few hot rumors in the office

tomorrow!"

Frank was wonderful as he played the role of my escort. He helped me onto rides, bought me ice cream, and even won me a big teddy bear at a game stand. Naturally, I rewarded him with a big kiss.

Our last ride of the night was a tunnel of love style ride. I noticed Frank looking at it enviously every time we passed, so I did the proper thing and chided him. "If you're not going to take me into the tunnel of love, how am I supposed to know if you like me?" I asked in my little girl voice.

"You wouldn't mind?" he grinned stupidly. "I was afraid to ask."

"I noticed," I said as he practically pulled me to the ride. "You can't afford to be shy with your dates, Frank. It's up to you to show that you appreciate them. I told you before that it takes a lot of time and energy to look pretty. A girl wants to see a return on her investment."

"I'll do better next time, I promise," he smiled as we sat in the car. "There will be a next time, won't there?"

"Yes, Frank, I promise there will be as many next times as you need," I said as he pulled me to his side. "I'm not about to let those jerks think you're queer."

As I finished my tirade, Frank rewarded me with a kiss that made me gasp. He ran one of his hands through my hair as the other gently rubbed across my butt. Our tongues met for what seemed an eternity before he gently withdrew and finished off with a passionate kiss on my lips.

"Thank you for everything, Mandy," he whispered as he held me tightly. "You'll never know how much this means to me."

Jackie was talking as I changed later that night. "He's falling for you, Mandy," she laughed. "Your best friend thinks you're the hottest girl he's ever met."

"The feeling is mutual, Jackie," I grumbled. "I feel so wonderful every time I'm with him. It's going to be tough to leave him with another woman."

"You're experiencing your first crush on a guy, Mandy," she started to pooh-pooh me until I reached into my panties and removed the pad I was wearing. "Aren't you taking this girl stuff a little far?" she asked.

"Not at all," I said calmly. "This saved my panties several times today."

"From what?" she laughed. "Forget your period?"

"From Frank and from what happens when he kisses me the way he does."

Jackie's eyes shot wide open. "Oh God, don't tell me."

I nodded as I wrapped the pad and placed it in the trash. "Your brother excites the hell out of me!"

"Damn," she whispered as she left to let me remove my makeup and prepare for bed.

"Hi, Mandy," Frank's voice rang out on the phone. "There's a dinner dance coming up. Would you like to go?"

"I'd love to, Frank," I said in my sweetest voice. "That's very sweet of you to think of me."

"It's a bit on the dressy side. Is that okay?"

"No problem, I've got this gorgeous dress I've been dying to wear. I hope you'll like it."

"I'm sure I will if you're wearing it," he responded.

"Role playing?" Jackie asked as I hung up. "Teaching him how to ask a woman for a date?"

"That too," I giggled. "He invited me to a dinner dance. I can finally wear that gorgeous peach gown."

"Don't forget the lingerie or your pad," she teased.

"I might have to take several pads," I teased back. "Frank's been pretty amorous lately. I'd hate to drip."

I got a swat from a throw pillow for that one. "You wouldn't dare!" she laughed.

"Do you suppose he carries condoms or should I buy my own?" I asked in mock thoughtfulness. Jackie shook her head and walked away. She hated it when I teased her like that!

I primped for hours on the afternoon of my big date. I wanted to look perfect for Frank. The better I looked the hotter he got and the more kisses I got. Not a bad deal.

I pulled a pair of wispy peach satin panties up to my waist followed by a matching garter belt. I had to be extra careful with my nylons, I had bought extra sheer and silky ones to make me feel more feminine and they were very prone to runs in. I sighed in delight as I hooked my strapless bra and gently positioned my glued on breast forms into the cups. The gown was low-cut so I had to glue my breasts on instead of resting them in the cups as I usually did. I wanted to show some tempting cleavage to Frank and any other male who might steal a peek.

I carefully brushed out my hair then attached pearl earrings into my recently pierced ears. I was proud of the way I looked and makeup just added a little extra touch to my features drawing out a little more of my latent femininity.

I dabbed a little base coat onto my fingers and carefully blended it into my face before setting it with a large brush and powder. I used a deep red lip liner to outline my lips before filling them in with a lighter shade. I capped my lipstick and added it to my purse; hoping that Frank would do his best to kiss it off of me!

"Foxy lady," Jackie called out as she passed my room, "you're going to drive my poor brother mad."

"I'm going to hate to leave him," I said while stepping into my heels. "I'd marry him tonight if he'd ask."

"That's why you have to leave him," Jackie explained. "Sooner or later you two would realize what was happening and I'd prefer that he wasn't screwing your pretty little brains out when you do."

"You're right, it wouldn't work," I admitted sadly. "I don't know why I'm suddenly so willing to give up on being a guy, but I can't help it. I really, really, enjoy being a woman and I don't know if I can go back."

Jackie's face suddenly brightened, "Once Frank can stand on his own, why don't we girls take a little vacation? I can spare a few weeks if you can?"

My mind was overwhelmed with thoughts of spending more time as Mandy. I wondered if I could get away with wearing a bikini on my favorite beach in Southern California, the one where all the surfers are. Would they think I was pretty? Would any of them hit on me?

"Do you really think I could get away with it? I mean Frank's knows so ..."

"You're not going to sucker me again," Jackie laughed. "Admit it, you enjoyed being your mother's little girl and you'd prefer to be a woman."

"I'm close to doing just that," I said hesitantly. "I like this more than I should, but I'm still unsure."

"I've always thought you were sweet and sensitive, Mandy. That's why I thought you'd be great as Frank's girlfriend. I honestly don't mean to insult you, but I always thought of you more as a girl than a guy."

"There was a time when I would have been insulted, Jackie," I smiled and kissed her cheek. "But now I thank you for bringing out the real me. When I was a kid, nothing made me feel better than pretending that I was a girl named Betty. That was what mom called me. I loved spending time with mom as she did my nails or set my hair. Once, when I was eleven, I even went on vacation as

Betty. We spent a week at a beach. I spent an entire week pretending to be a girl. I wore nothing but girl's clothes, went swimming, to dinner, and even made friends with kids who thought I was a girl. It was the most wonderful time of my life."

Jackie gave me a sisterly hug. "It must have been tough pretending to be a guy all these years when deep inside you knew you were a girl. That's all over now. I promise to be the best sister you could ask for. I'll teach you everything there is to know about being a woman, even how to flirt with and handle men."

She helped me dry my eyes and repair my makeup. When Frank arrived, his beautiful date was ready and eager for him. "I hope you don't mind my saying that you look gorgeous, Mandy," were the first words out of Frank's mouth. "I feel silly calling someone as pretty as you Mandy. That seems too plain. If you don't mind, I'll call you Amanda for the rest of the evening."

"You don't need me, Frank," I teased. "With a line like that you can have women waiting in line for you."

Frank stared at me, making me feel uncomfortable. "But would they be as pretty and as sweet as you?" he asked quietly.

"Slow down, Frank, I'm not the real thing, remember?"

His smile disappeared instantly. "I remember," he said softly. "Too bad."

Frank was thoughtful, kind, and the perfect gentleman the entire evening. It was so delightful to have him take me by the hand and lead me to the dance floor. I've heard women say how secure it feels to be in their lover's arms, but until Frank held me close, I couldn't imagine how wonderful it felt.

Suddenly, all the others on the dance floor disappeared. There was no one else but the man I loved and I. He gently pulled me close and wrapped his arm protectively around my waist. I stepped into his embrace and the rest of the people in the club disappeared. He smiled, lifted my chin, and when our lips met, the rest of the world simply ceased to exist! I was about to pledge my undying love for him when the song ended and we returned to our seats.

"Are you having a good time, Amanda?" Frank asked after bringing me a drink.

"Yes, thank you, Frank," I gave him what I hoped was the most enchanting smile he'd ever seen. "I'm having a wonderful time. Are you?"

I noticed his eyes darting around the room before returning to me. "I can't remember ever having as much fun as I have since you came along, Amanda," he whispered as he took my hand in his. "I think I'm in love."

I smiled. "Who's the lucky girl?"

He pulled me close. "You are, Amanda. "

"No, Frank, it can't be me. I'm your buddy, Adam, remember?" I whispered to avoid being overheard.

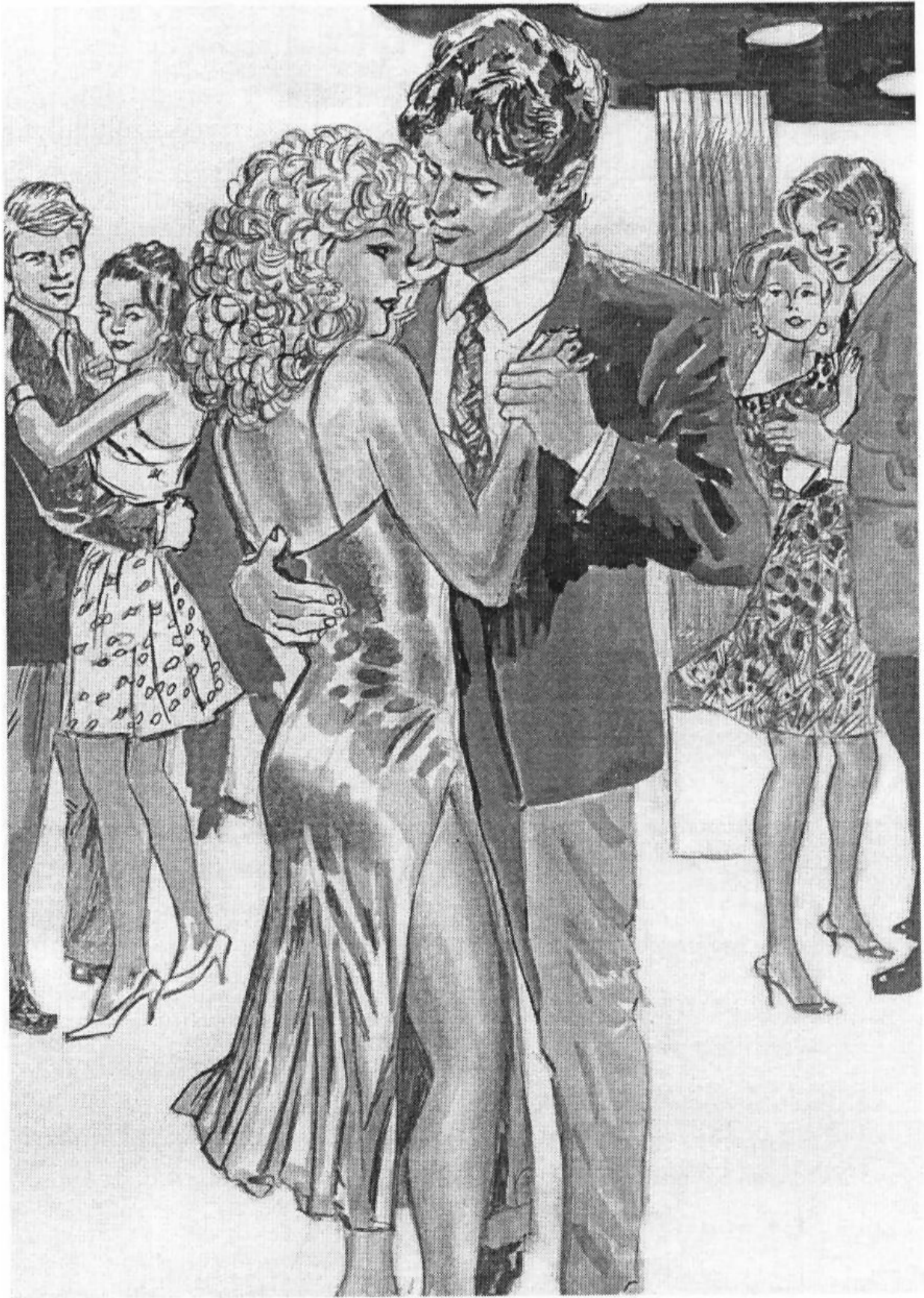
"It's you, Amanda. There isn't another girl like you in the world," he insisted. I wanted to run home and cry. The man of my dreams was professing undying love for me and I couldn't return it.

"I'm not a girl, Frank," I said softly. "If I were, I'm sure I'd love you too. But I'm a guy named Adam. I'm just helping to make you comfortable around women. I'm not the girl for you. I'm not the girl for anyone."

"I know all of that, but it doesn't matter," he told me. "You're beautiful, you're sweet, you're everything a guy could ever hope for, and I want you to be mine."

"Please don't do this, Frank," I pleaded. "We've been friends for years, but this will end all of that. I came here to help you, not to marry you. You're good enough to find a woman who can love you and be all that you're ascribing to me. Let's not ruin a great friendship."

Frank finally understood what I was saying and released my hand. "I'm sorry, Adam," he choked. "I guess things got out of hand. "I'll take you back to Jackie's now if you want."



Everything was so mixed up. Frank professed undying love for me, but I'm his buddy, Adam. To make matters worse, I loved him too.

"No, Frank," I smiled. "I'm your date and I'm having a good time. Let's stay."

"You're not upset with me?" he asked hopefully.

I leaned closer and kissed him. "I'm flattered that you want me, Frank. Some woman is going to be very lucky." I wanted to tell him, "She'll be lucky, but I'll be heartbroken."

"If you ever change your mind, Amanda," Frank smiled and kissed me, "Call me first." What a sweetheart. How could I give him up?

The rest of the evening went without a hitch. I was his pretty date and he was my guy. I never had to ask for a drink or to dance. Frank practically read my mind. I was the envy of quite a few women that night!

"I had a lovely time, Frank," I said as he opened the door to Jackie's house. "You're going to make some woman very happy."

"My offer still stands, Amanda," he said as he pulled me close. "I'm yours if you want me."

"I'll remember, Frank," I whispered just before our lips met.

"Damn, was that my brother?" Jackie asked, the awe in her voice clear. "Tell me that was some other guy."

"No," I said dreamily. "That was Frank, the sweetest, most lovable guy in the whole world."

"Where did he learn to kiss like that?"

"If I knew, I'd thank them from the bottom of my heart!" I giggled. "Now do you understand why I wear a pad when I'm on a date with him? He proposed to me tonight," I mentioned as I stepped out of my dress.

"He what??" Jackie's gasped.

"He proposed," I repeated, waiting for her to flip. "But he knows that you're a guy, right?"

"Yes."

"And he asked you to marry him?"

"Yep."

"And you said?"

"No, of course, silly," I concentrated on undoing my nylons. "I'm not ready to settle down. But when that time comes, I'd love to settle down with him."

"I think you shook him up but good," she whistled. "Imagine, Frank marrying another guy?"

"He wouldn't be marrying another guy, Jackie," I rushed to my honey's defense. "I'd switch and be all the woman he could ever want."

Jackie looked at me as though I were nuts. "I hope that he finds himself a girlfriend soon."

"I'll volunteer!" I offered with a grin. I got hit with a pillow for my efforts.

It was more than a week since our last date when I heard from Frank again. "Guess what?" he nearly shouted through the phone. "I asked a girl for a date, and she said yes!"

"That's great, Frank," I congratulated him while choking back my tears. "It's time for Mandy to step out of your life then."

"I'll never forget what you did for me," Frank said softly. "I'll never be able to thank you enough."

I tried to be cheerful. "I was happy to help, Frank." I wished him luck with his life, hung up the phone, then threw myself down on the bed and cried my eyes out.

Jackie tried to console me with a slice of pie and ice cream when she got home, but I knew I'd never give up on being Frank's girl. "It's for the best, Mandy," Jackie told me as we gobbled up an

entire pie and half gallon of ice cream. "Now we can start that vacation we talked about. Remember, you're going to test the waters as a full time woman?"

The thought of spending time as a woman seemed so attractive to me. It was one thing to stay here with Jackie, but soon I'd be passing myself off in all kinds of situations; bars, hotels, beaches, you name it, and Mandy was going to be there. Hopefully, running around on a beach in a skimpy bikini would help me forget Frank. It certainly wouldn't hurt to find a new boyfriend.

We packed our things and hit the road a week after Frank and I broke up. I know we were never really a couple, but that's how I thought of us and probably always will. Atlantic City was our first stop. We had reservations for dinner and a show. Remembering how women dressed for that sort of thing, I decided to wear the same dress I wore on my last date with Frank.

"I love dressing this way," I confided to Jackie as we waited for an elevator. "I feel so different, so much more alive than when I wore men's clothes."

"You are a different person altogether too," she agreed. "Being a woman really agrees with you."

She was right, it was so easy for me to forget that I was a guy and enjoy the feeling of my nylons whenever I crossed my legs. I felt tense and ill at ease in group settings as Adam, but as Mandy I relaxed and opened up. It was simply wonderful getting to know people.

Of course vanity played a large role in my enjoyment of being a woman. No one ever looked twice at me when I was a guy, but now, as a beautiful woman, people noticed me. Women smiled and sometimes stared at me, appraising my hair, makeup, and outfit. Men would smile, hold doors, and often go out of their way to be nice to me. All I needed to do was to smile and pleasantly thank them. I learned that a smile from a beautiful woman was worth its weight in gold to a man.

We weren't in the dining room for five minutes before two men asked us to dance. Greg, my partner was tall, broad shouldered,

and well muscled. He held me close in a tight grip, yet he was as gentle as I could hope for. He kept the conversation and his attention focused on me while he gingerly led me across the floor. He and Jackie's escort, Jim, joined us for dinner and provided a much needed lift to my spirits. At the end of the evening, when Greg asked if he could see me again, I was only too happy to give him our room number.

Greg called the next afternoon and asked if I'd like to be his date for a Broadway show. I'd always wanted to see one and since he was such a gorgeous hunk of man, I quickly accepted.

I wore a low cut, spaghetti strap, black gown with a side slit that showed off a considerable amount of my nylon encased legs. Judging from the look on his face when I opened the door, Greg must have enjoyed the dress every bit as much as I did.

The play was fabulous, dinner was great, and once again, Greg was the perfect date, making me feel like a princess. The time seemed to fly and soon we were back at my door saying goodnight. Greg had only been in town on a business trip and was leaving for home the next day. I worried that he might expect sexual favors in return for being such a generous escort, but he was nothing if not the perfect gentleman, thanking me for bringing such enjoyment into what he had feared would be an otherwise dull trip. A lingering kiss and gentle hug was all he wanted.

"Two dinners and a Broadway show," I told Jackie as she unzipped my gown, leaving me in my panties, nylons, and bra. "All I had to do was let him hold my hand and kiss me now and then. "Not a bad return on my investment. I love being a woman!"

"It's not all that wonderful, Mandy," Jackie interrupted my dreams. "Being a woman can be a drawback at times. Not all men are as nice as Frank and Greg. Some would expect you to put out for them after an evening that wasn't nearly as glamorous as yours. In business, some companies routinely hold qualified women back while promoting less qualified men. Even the clothes can represent discrimination — men can sit any way they please in pants, but a woman in a dress has to be much more modest and careful.

I hope you'll spend enough time as a woman to find out that it isn't

just pretty clothes and flirting. I'd hate to see you turn into some airhead piece of fluff."

Wow, talk about bursting my bubble. I never gave a thought to the problems Jackie mentioned. Frankly I had thought it would be all pretty clothes and flirting. "I never really thought of it that way, Jackie," I apologized. "You're right though, I should get to see what it is really be like as a woman before I do anything drastic."

"Why not try living as a woman, not just flitting around on a vacation?" she proposed. "We can still have our vacation, but then I think you should get a job and do the working girl routine. Think you could cut it as an ordinary working girl?"

"I've never been a working guy," I joked feebly. "So I don't know where to start. I'll try though if you'll help."

Jackie had everything planned out as usual. Once our little vacation ended, I would become a secretary or receptionist, typical female jobs. I'd spend eight hours a day working in a skirt or dress, heels, wearing makeup, nail polish, and perfume. I would have weekly appointments for manicures and monthly appointments to keep my hair looking pretty. She urged me to join a health club or to become active in some church or community group. I would be totally immersed in a feminine lifestyle. If I survived, I'd be a better woman. If not, I had no business in a dress.

"I was thinking," she said innocently. "Those breast forms are going to get very uncomfortable if you wear them day after day, and that belt you wear to hide your family jewels isn't going to feel much better. I hate to think how uncomfortable you'll be lying on a sunny beach, your chest and crotch itching with no way to scratch."

I suddenly had to scratch the very spots Jackie mentioned. "That would suck," I mumbled while scratching an imaginary itch on my chest. "But I can take my breasts off at night, and since I'll be wearing a dress or skirt, I won't need the belt."

"I was thinking of something a little different," Jackie winked. "Something to make you feel like a woman."

"Frank?" I asked hopefully.

"Breast implants and a little creative surgery on your genitals. You could wear the skimpiest bikinis or even go topless." She stared at me daring me to answer.

"I thought I was supposed to test the waters before I became a woman?" I asked, trying to imagine life with breasts and without my manhood.

"It would be a test," she shrugged. "Nothing permanent, just implants, hiding what you won't be needing, and replacing it with something to remind you that you're a woman. If you decide to stay as Mandy, then we'll make the changes permanent."

"I don't know, it seems ..." "It's not, trust me."

"But ..."

"Forget it then, I just thought you might enjoy having a man run his hands across your breasts or perhaps experience a man's fingers caressing you and sending you to new heights of sexual delight."

God, that woman could paint one hell of a picture. I could imagine lying on a bed while my lover licked my breasts and fingered my crotch. Would it feel as good for me as it felt for the women I'd done it to?

"How long have you planned to make a girl out of me?"

"For years actually," she smiled. "I decided years ago that you'd make a pretty girl. Frank just happened along at the right time. I made a suggestion, he went for it, and the rest is history."

"What about Frank? Won't he get suspicious of your new girlfriend?"

"If you go all the way, you can always try to win him back. If not, he doesn't need to know a thing."

"I really need an answer," I sighed. "I can't go on wondering if I could have been Frank's girl."

"Great, I'll make the arrangements!" Jackie jumped up and hugged me. "You're going to be such a doll!"

As usual, Jackie threw herself into the project of making me as physically female as possible. We postponed our vacation for a few months, but it will be worth it when I pull on the skimpiest bikini and admire myself in a mirror.

I had to go through a lengthy interview with the doctor before any changes could be made, but he finally agreed that my urge to be a woman was overwhelming. Over the next several months, I underwent a few changes to see if I really would be able to experience life as a woman. I still wasn't sure that it was what I wanted, but deep inside I just had to find out.

I was a good girl and took the hormones prescribed for me. Soon my skin began to soften, my breasts began to bud, and I began experiencing the mood swings women often experience. Jackie was thrilled with my changes. I was a little concerned.

It took a few months of discomfort and pain, but the day finally came when I was able to squeeze my cute butt into a white G-string bikini, and nestle my thirty-six B's into the top. I brushed out my hair, added a touch of makeup, and then it was off to the beach with Jackie!

I was in heaven, tanning topless while Jackie taught me about men. It gave me such a thrill every time a guy walked by to check me out. I always smiled at them and often made a point of checking out the bulge in their trunks. Not too long ago I had one of those too. Now I couldn't wait to feel one inside of me. Jackie tried to tell me that my feelings were a result of the female hormones, but it didn't make a difference why I felt that way. I just wanted to get laid!

"It was never like this when I was a little girl," I whispered merrily as I undid my top to get an even tan. "Boys checked me out, but I never imagined I'd go this far!"

"Second thoughts?"

"None," I quickly answered. "I just wish I had kept dressing for

mom. I would have loved going to the prom in a pretty gown or teasing the boys in a cute bikini."

"I want you to be the woman of your dreams; pretty clothes, sexy lingerie, and handsome men at your beck and call. It's all yours now, Mandy, if you're willing to accept it."

It was certainly a vacation to remember as we toured the country, sunning ourselves on beaches, catching plays in New York, enjoying a cruise to the Bahamas, and of course enjoying the company of good-looking men. It all ended far too soon though, and I was left to start a life as a woman while Jackie went back home. She wished me luck, gave me a big kiss and hug, and then I was alone.

I rented a nice little apartment and quickly found a job with a temporary agency filling in for other girls as receptionists. I loved wearing pretty outfits, having my hair done, and even enjoyed the harmless flirting from men who visited my employers. I felt so much more alive as Mandy then I ever did as Adam. Somehow the world was a brighter, more vibrant place!

I joined a health club, not so much to please Jackie, but because the hormones were redistributing my body fat, mostly to my butt! At first I thought it would be a breeze. I was in good shape and had spent considerable time on treadmills at various health clubs. That notion was quickly set aside my first day in Jazzercise class when it was all I could do to keep up with the other girls who seemed to be going through the routines effortlessly. The next day I stopped at my local video outlet and rented several videos to do home workouts with. I wasn't going to be the girl on the sidelines in my regular class.

I got to know several of the girls in my workout class and was quickly included in what they called their GNO's or Girl's Night Outings to restaurant's, movies, or sometimes just to another girl's apartment for ice cream, chocolate, and cake. No boyfriends, husbands, or dates were allowed. It was strictly girls talking about their lives, loves, and any other laments. It only took one outing with a bunch of fun loving girls to decide that it was far better than sitting in a smelly bar with a bunch of drunken guys complaining about women and sports.

Everything was wonderful. I was happy, had several close female friends, and had an active social life with men who seemed to enjoy my company. Little by little, Amanda took over and pushed Adam out of the picture.

I gave a lot of thought to becoming a woman permanently, but it seemed so final to have my male organs removed. What if I should meet and somehow fall in love with a woman? It wouldn't be an easy thing to do with me spending all of my time as a woman myself, but you never knew, it could happen.

Like the saying goes, "Life is what happens while you're making other plans." And so it did. I was planning a little ski trip with a few of my girlfriends and invited Jackie to join us. We hit the slopes and the lodge with a vengeance, four sexy ski bunnies daring men to keep up with us on the slopes and enticing them at the lodge.

On our second night there, I was sitting at the bar in the lodge, wearing a pink turtleneck sweater, tight black slacks, and a pair of ankle high boots that looked so sexy. My makeup was perfect, my perfume subtle but enticing, and my hormones were at their peak level. I was a woman on the prowl and I needed a man!

"Frank would have a baby if he could see his sweet little Mandy now," Jackie howled. "He thought you were all sugar and spice, a perfect lady. Little did he know!"

"I was all sugar and spice when Frank knew me," I shrugged and sipped my drink "That's what you insisted on making me, right? You wanted a sweet, demure, good-looking piece of fluff to hold your brother's hand and show him how to treat a lady. Now, you got me all pumped full of estrogen. I can still be that sweet piece of fluff, but every now and then the sexy woman in me wants her time in the sun too. Frankly, she's a whole lot more fun than that silly girl that dated your brother!"

"You go, girl!" Jackie laughed as we clinked our glasses together in a toast. "Girl power!"

"Excuse me," a male voice said from beside me, pointing to an empty seat next to me. "Would you mind if I sat here?"

I looked up at a six foot three inch hunk of man with shoulders that seemed to go on forever. Blond hair, blue eyes that seemed to pull me into them, he was so hot! I shot a "get lost" look to Jackie who smiled and excused herself. I turned my attention to the Adonis standing next to me. "Please, have a seat. My name's Amanda," I practically purred.

Lee, my new friend, was a sweetie with tons of questions and all of them about me. He flattered me, danced with me, and his kisses reminded me of the old days with Frank. I flirted shamelessly, but that's what girls do when they're in a situation like I was in. I had a cute looking guy that was interested in me, so it was up to me to let him know the feeling was mutual. I invaded his personal space by touching him with my hands and knees, laughed at anything remotely resembling a joke, and made sure I kept his attention on me by occasionally arching my back to emphasize my breasts. There was no room in me for Adam with the stakes as high as they were. I pulled out all the stops to be all girl for this hunk of man!

By the end of the evening, I was starting to feel that I had stumbled onto something. I gave Lee my room number, a kiss, and told him that I hoped he'd call, then I went to my room and waited, hoping he'd take the yummy bait I had wiggled in front of him.

Lee was on my phone the next morning asking for a date. I considered letting him stew, but then again, what if he found another girl while he was stewing? I quickly accepted and was delighted to learn that he was taking me to the finest restaurant in town that night. I promised to look my best and to my joy, he promptly told me that he couldn't imagine me any other way!

I snagged an emergency appointment with the hair salon in the lodge, and then set about making myself desirable for Lee. Did I forget to mention that I planned on seducing Lee? He was to be the lucky guy that would deflower me, make me a whole woman, or at least give me a taste of sexual fulfillment as a woman.

I took a long bubble bath, soaking expensive and fragrant body oils into my estrogen softened skin while taking extra care to shave my legs and pits to prevent stubble from interfering with my pleasures later that night.

The lingerie I picked out would set any man's heart pounding. It was black and nothing but lace for my panties, garter belt, and bra. I took extra time shaving that afternoon to give myself a cute, heart shaped bush that I hoped Lee would appreciate as he drove me to successive orgasms. Even I had to giggle as I admired it through the sheer lace of my panties!

My stockings were outrageously expensive, but who cared? I had the money and I had legs that deserved to look their best in sheer, silky, seamed black nylons. I just hoped Lee would be careful removing them while I lay helpless on my bed, but if not, I could always buy another pair for another night.

I slid on my panties, then threaded my garters through, fastened my bra, attached my nylons, and shimmied to allow a black satin, full slip to glide sensually over my breasts and hips. Femme Fatale at her best, I slid a tight pink dress with a deep V-neck over my head, then slipped my feet into a pair of three inch, knock me down and F*** me heels.

"The poor boy will never know what hit him," I giggled to myself as I did my makeup.

Lee was very sweet and generous with his compliments when he picked me up, but as we hugged I noticed a bulge in his pants that told me he liked what he saw. I kept the pressure up throughout the evening by touching him and snuggling as close as I could while we danced. As the evening wore on, he was getting hornier by his distracted thoughts. It wouldn't be tough to convince him to stop for a while when we got back to my room, in fact, he would probably even suggest it, leaving me to be a dear and agree.

"I had a great time, Amanda," he told me after our fifth kiss outside my door. "Did I mention that you were easily the most beautiful woman in the world tonight?"

"You might have, but why not come in and tell me again?" I asked seductively while handing him my key. "You can never tell a girl she's beautiful too often."

The door was open and we were inside in a flash. "Would you like me to make you a little snack?" I smiled and glanced at the bulge

in his pants. Would he get my meaning?

He grinned and stepped towards me with outstretched arms. "I think you'd make a wonderful snack," he said as he enveloped me in his strong embrace.

I had his tie off, his shirt unbuttoned, and was working on his belt by the time we hit the bedroom. Lee helped me out of my dress and slip, then stood and licked his lips as he looked over the tasty little treat he was about to devour. I felt vulnerable but so hot, nothing at all like I felt when I had been in Lee's position.

We left our clothes in a pool as he gently kissed me and lowered me onto the bed. His hands cradled my breasts while our tongues got to know each other. Soon his fingers found my nipples, and then it was on to my slit, making me buck and writhe in delight! Sex as a man could never compare to how I felt and he wasn't even inside yet.

"Oh God, I'm really a woman now," I thought as I felt him enter me. I couldn't imagine ever being a man again as Lee pumped away. I used every trick I had read about, clamping down and relaxing my muscles, pushing towards his thrusts, until we finally came together.

"That was wonderful," I ran my fingers through his hair as he made himself busy sucking on my breasts. "Can we do it again?"

We did it again and again that night and Lee surpassed every foolish record I thought I held as a man, bringing me to five separate orgasms before daylight filtered into my room.

Lee left two days later and I was in a real funk. Had I really seduced a man and allowed him to make love to me? What was wrong with me? How did I let my life get so out of control? It started as a stupid way to help my best friend and somehow escalated to the point where I had gone to bed with another man. I had horrible nightmares remembering how I had shamelessly seduced Lee, how I had moaned in pleasure as he entered me, and worst of all how much I had enjoyed being a woman.

Now however, I felt foolish. I was a man damn it, not a woman. It

was a silly game with my mother. I never intended to let it take over my life, yet somehow it did. I cried for hours before I called Jackie and poured my heart out to her. "I don't see why you're so upset. Lee didn't force you to do anything you didn't want to do."

"That's just it, you moron!" I screamed. "I shouldn't have wanted to do it! I'm not some bimbo who just lives to be a man's play toy, at least I shouldn't be."

"It's what you wanted, you were the one who told me to get lost so that you could be with him."

"You shouldn't have left me. Couldn't you tell I wasn't myself?"

"You enjoyed it, didn't you?" she shot back. "You would do it again if you had the chance and that's what bothers you. You have this silly idea that you're a man and you hate the way Lee made you feel all soft and vulnerable, just like a woman, right?"

I nodded silently. "You led him on, you dressed to get his attention, you flirted with him, you offered yourself to him, and now you're upset because he accepted?" I just kept nodding, not knowing what to say in my defense. "It sounds to me as though you've made a decision." I bit my lip and hung my head shamefully. How was she able to read my mind so well?

"Yes," I said in a soft voice. "I think I'd be much happier as a woman, but it's so hard to face that fact."

"I think you need to get away and sort things out, Mandy," Jackie said as she gently brushed my hair. "You know what you have to do, you just need time to adjust."

I packed my things and grabbed a flight to Florida. Maybe being around all the happy people at Disney World would cheer me up. It took about a month before I started to feel better about myself. I dated a few men in that time, but I never let any of them get very close. I was afraid of what might happen. I still had too many nightmares of Lee.

Just as I was thinking of packing up and heading elsewhere, I received a dozen long stemmed red roses with a card signed,

"Secret Admirer". I checked several times to make sure the flowers were meant for me. I couldn't imagine who my secret admirer might be. I thought it might be Jackie trying to cheer me up, but I knew she didn't like to receive flowers. Upset that they'd only last a few days, she thought they were better admired and appreciated if left on the bush.

The next day, a box of my favorite, hard to find, candy was waiting at my doorstep; another gift from my secret admirer. It went on like that for two weeks, flowers, candy, my favorite meal ordered in advance and waiting at the hotel restaurant, it was all very mysterious, yet very touching.

Finally, at the beginning of the third week, a box arrived with a beautiful carnation and a card asking me to wear it to the restaurant that evening to meet my secret admirer. I was as excited as a girl preparing for the prom. The carnation was beautiful and it simply cried out for the peach gown Mandy had gotten for me. No one there had ever seen me in it, and I knew I'd garner more than just a few glances from the men at the bar.

Feeling very naughty, I dug out the pretty lingerie that went with the dress, soaked in a tub full of scented oil, and then carefully dressed and did my hair and makeup. Whoever my new friend was, I hoped he'd be suitably impressed. Then again, he must already be impressed to have gone to all of the trouble to secretly court me these last few weeks.

"Could Lee have somehow ended up in this part of the world?" I wondered as I brushed powder onto my eyelids. "Would he expect me to go to bed with him again? How could I possibly resist when I had such vivid memories of our only tryst?"

I finished my hair and makeup, and then did a thorough check in a mirror. My hair was fabulous, my makeup perfect, and my dress couldn't have fit better.

"Whoever it was, he'd certainly be getting his money's worth from this girl," I thought as I sprayed perfume on a few strategic places. I grabbed my clutch bag, took a deep breath, and went to meet my secret friend.

A table was reserved, and of course my favorite meal had already been ordered. I sipped the drink that was waiting, my favorite of course, and waited anxiously. "You've never been more beautiful, Amanda," a familiar voice said from behind me. "I missed you."

I turned and was stunned to see Frank standing there! "What are you doing here?" I stammered, almost spilling my drink. He was the last person in the world that I wanted to see me like this.

"I hoped to have dinner with a beautiful lady, if she doesn't mind," he smiled. "Did you like the flowers? How was the candy? Did they get your dinners right?"

"You ... you're my ..." I gasped. All this time it had been Frank pursuing me!

"I missed you so much," he said tenderly. "There have been a number of women in my life since you left, but none that could ever compare to you. They were pretty, intelligent, fun to be with, but they weren't you."

"I can explain everything, Frank," I gestured towards my dress. "It's not what you think."

"Yes, Amanda, it is what I think " he gently took my hand in his, nearly giving me a heart attack. "You're a woman, a beautiful, kind, thoughtful, wonderful woman, and I love you."

He squeezed my hand and looked into my eyes. Damn, if I had known it was Frank, I would have worn a pad. Then again, if I had known it was Frank, I would have probably run away. I'm glad I didn't know.

"How did you know where to find me?" I just couldn't tear myself away from his eyes.

"Jackie, but please don't be upset with her," he pleaded, still holding tightly onto my hand.

"I wish she wouldn't have ..." Tears began to well up in my eyes. "It's just going to cause problems."

"She said you needed help," he said softly. "You were there when I needed help; you changed my life around."

"I accidentally changed mine too," I admitted. "Just how much did your sister tell you?"

"That you're afraid that you made a huge mistake, and don't know how you can live with it."

"Any details?" I asked warily. "I didn't ask," he smiled.

"You came here not knowing I was still pretending to be a woman?"

"You're not pretending, Amanda," he smiled and squeezed my hand, "we both know that. I think we both know that you're having problems dealing with being a woman. I'd like to help if it's okay with you?"

Tears started running down my cheeks in torrents. I couldn't believe that Frank knew me so well. "I don't think you can possibly help," I sniffed. "I dug myself into this hole, now I have to figure out if I really want out."

Frank never said another word. Instead he kept staring at me with his gorgeous eyes and smiling. I felt like I was under a spell. I had to pour my heart out to him

"I don't know what to do, Frank. I feel lost and alone. Part of me has never been happier, yet another part thinks I'm nuts. I don't think I can go back to being Adam again, yet I'm afraid to let go."

"I'd like to be your safety net if you'd let me," he said in a soft, soothing voice.

"I don't see any way that you could ..." I started to tell him He put a finger to my lips to quiet me, then reached into his pocket and pulled out a small jewelry case.

"This is how I can help," he said. I swear his eyes were twinkling!

He let go of my hand, opened the case, and handed it to me. "Oh my god, it is a diamond engagement ring!"

"Marry me, Amanda," he asked. "Marry me and make me the happiest man alive."

"I can't, Frank," I sobbed. "You don't understand. I'm not what you think."

"I understand completely," he took my hand and held it tightly. "If you were, you wouldn't be so upset right now, but if you're still Amanda, then it's because you want to be. No one's forcing you, it's a decision you made, and both Jackie and I feel it's the best one you've ever made. Now you have one more decision to make. Will your perfect record stay intact?"

"You're serious, aren't you? You're honest to god, cross your heart, hope to die, serious?"

"I've never been more serious or more sure of anything in my life. I want you with all of my heart. Will you marry me?"

What was there to think about? My best friend knew me better than anyone on earth. He knew me, he loved me, and I knew without a doubt that I loved him. "Yes, I'll marry you," I said in a firm voice. "I promise to love you forever."

"I never doubted it," he smiled and leaned over to kiss me. As our lips met, a flash went off. I turned to the source and saw Jackie standing next to the table with a camera in her hand and a grin on her face.

"Hi, I see everything worked out," she said as casually as though discussing my meal.

"You knew just what I needed, didn't you?" "Never doubted it for a second," she shrugged.

"You realize that I'll never be able to thank you enough," I smiled, and then gave Frank another kiss.

"Seeing my best friend and my brother happy is all the thanks I'll ever need." Jackie took a few more pictures then disappeared to give us time together.

"I still don't understand all of this, Frank," I confessed. "I honestly don't know what happened to me. I never expected this, but I couldn't help myself."

"I know how you feel," Frank laughed as we held hands. "I thought I was nuts when I realized that I was falling in love with you. I've never met a woman as wonderful as you, yet you kept telling me to calm down."

"I felt the same. Every time I looked in your eyes, I wanted to have you hold me and tell me how much you love me. You can't imagine how painful it was to leave you." I gazed into his eyes and marveled at how lucky I was. I had a new life ahead of me, one that I was certain would be filled with happiness.

"It's awfully crowded and noisy here, honey," I smiled suggestively. "Why don't we go some place quiet where I can get to know my future husband a little better?"

"I'd love to," Frank grinned, "if you're sure?"

"I'm positive, sweetie," I took him by the hand and we walked to the elevators.

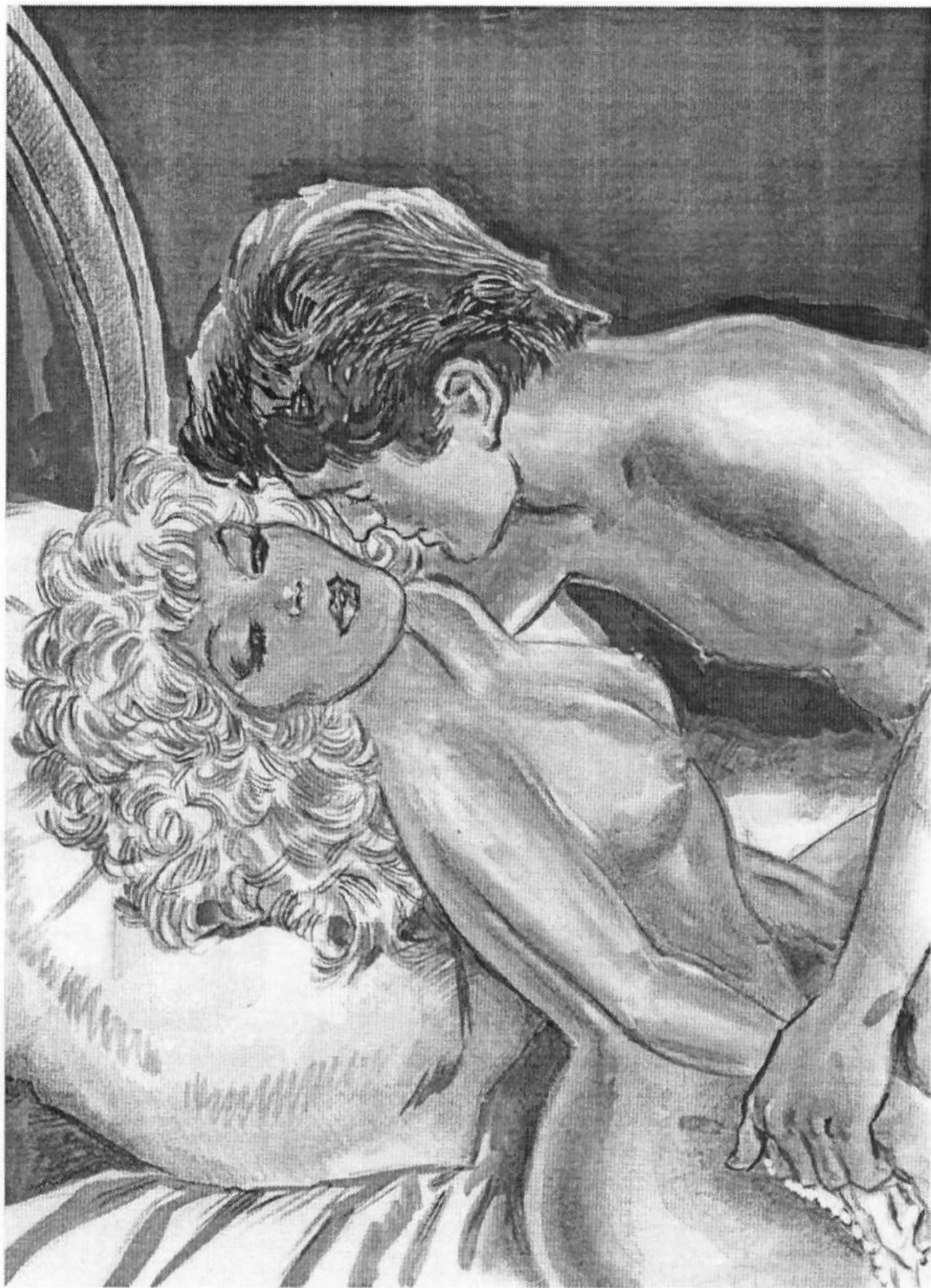
The instant that we entered the room, Frank grabbed me, pulled me to him, and gave me the most passionate kiss I'd ever had. "You've been practicing," I giggled as I helped him out of his jacket and shirt.

"I had to. I wanted my wife to have the very best," he whispered as he unzipped my dress.

The thought that I was going to spend the rest of my life wearing pretty dresses and lingerie used to scare me, but now it was very comforting. I wanted to look pretty, to be sexy and desirable for my lover. I would be a woman forever, but being Frank's woman made it right.

"I do, believe me, I do," I slowly undid his belt and unbuttoned his pants. I didn't want to rush anything. This time had to be just right.

"Remember to say that when the minister asks," he joked as he



I am a woman, a woman in love with her former best friend, soon to become her husband. Could life get any better? I doubt it!

stepped out of his pants.

Instead of a snappy comeback, I dropped to my knees, pulled down his shorts, and took him in my mouth. "I never would have believed it would come to this when we were kids," he moaned as I slid my mouth up and down his shaft.

"This is just the start, my love."

I gazed at his rock hard shaft soon to be mine. He quickly undid my bra then lifted me into his arms and carried me to my bed. I was in ecstasy moments later as Frank caressed my breasts while licking my slit. I ran my fingers through his hair and sighed contentedly. It felt so wonderful to be a woman.

Suddenly I felt Frank's shaft poking around my crotch. I reached down, grabbed it, and guided it home. "Is this what you're looking ...?" I never got to finish my smart remark. I was gasping in throes of delight while arching my back. I locked my legs around his waist and met his thrusts. This had to be heaven!

Frank was wonderful. He took his time with me and made sure that I was being satisfied. It was daylight before we finally fell asleep in each other's arms.

I woke up first later that afternoon and quickly slipped into one of my favorite babydoll nighties and panties. I cleaned up the pile of clothes we had left in our haste and had a cup of coffee waiting on the nightstand as I gently woke my lover.

"Have I ever told you that I love you, Amanda?" he asked before kissing me. "You can't imagine how wonderful it feels to know that I'll wake up every morning with you at my side."

I had the final operation a few months later, and soon afterwards we were married. It felt so wonderful wearing the most beautiful gown I could find and walking towards the man I loved. I was going to spend the rest of my life as his wife, lover, and helpmate. That to me is true fulfillment!

The End