



Reluctant Press

A Walk In Her Shoes

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ILLUSTRATIONS BY MISTY MALVEAUX

A 'NEW WOMAN' NOVEL

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Reluctant Press TG Publishers

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A WALK IN HER SHOES

by Patricia Smith

CHAPTER 1

“Are you looking for work this morning Kim?” Mom asked me as she got herself ready to go to work. Mom was a nurse in a small and private clinic.

“Yeah,” I replied lazily as I watched her pop the last bit of her toast into her mouth. Then she put on her lipstick. “I look for work everyday, including today.” Mom was one of those rare and beautiful women. In her early forties she could pass for being in her twenties and it drove a lot of guys I used to know crazy. That was their tough luck. Ever since Dad left us, Mom has been a very determined and confirmed Lesbian. She’d had enough of guys using and abusing her so she had tried women and found that she liked them more than men so she stuck with them now.

I was nineteen and still lived at home with Mom. I had no choice. Ever since I had finished high school more than a year ago, I had been looking for work and couldn’t find any. There was high unemployment in the state and the few jobs that did open up were grabbed by those with more experience than what I had. But I stuck with it and kept looking for work.

Mom always amazed me when I saw her ready for work in the mornings. Her shoulder length black hair was clean and shiny and neatly arranged. She had large breasts encased in her full cup bra and sticking out in front of her like twin pointers. She had a tiny waist and flared hips and the best legs I have ever seen in my life on any girl. Mom wore three or four inch high heeled shoes all the time so I guess that had something to do with her fantastic legs. Her short uniform dress showed off a lot of her legs too and being a tight fitting dress it showed off her figure as well. All on a five foot frame so I guess she weighed about a hundred pounds or so.

I took after Mom in that respect I guess. Five feet tall and I weighed eighty nine pounds stripped. But I was a male while she was definitely a female. My hair was a bit longer than what Mom wore hers at, but it never looked as shiny and clean, even when it was. I just wore it in a ponytail at the base of my head and let it hang inside my jacket. I didn’t have any muscles the way other guys did and I didn’t have any fat on me either. Except for my excessive body and facial hair, I could have passed for a kid.

That was my curse. Hair! I had way too much of the damned stuff and it bothered me constantly. At nineteen, I had to shave my face twice a day at least to keep the stubble down to a comfortable level. Below my neck, I doubted if I had a single square inch of clear skin. Front or back! When Mom was trying to be cute with me she would call me her little monkey. I hated that nickname and I hated the damned hair but there wasn't a thing I could do about it.

Mom left for work when her ride arrived and I checked the time. The Employment Office opened in just over an hour so I had to get going. It would take me about an hour or so to walk down there. Buses were for rich people, cabs were for millionaires. I wasn't either of those.

I got to the Employment Office a few minutes later than usual so the line was a lot longer than usual. I got to the end of it and waited the minute or so before the doors opened, then waited more than an hour to get inside and check the postings that were left. Nothing again! I needed something soon.

There were a few places I could check on my way home, and a few people I could see on the way too. I thought I was in luck when I saw a Help Wanted sign in the window of the Morris Bar and Grill across the street. But by the time I was able to dodge the traffic and get there, they were taking the sign down. Too late again.

It had been a nice day to begin with but it had clouded up fast and I was right in the heart of the downtown area when the skies opened up with thunder and lightning and a heavy downpour that could drown a rat. I found shelter in a doorway with an overhanging canopy and stood there to watch the water fall from the sky. It should be over in an hour or so.

Standing there with nothing to do I watched as a cab pulled up and a woman got ready to run into the building I was taking shelter at. She leapt from the car and raced for the doorway and I opened the door for her so she could get straight inside. She flashed me a smile in thanks and I saw a lovely face framed by red hair and a perfect row of white teeth, then she was gone into the elevator. I turned to look at the rain again and the cab drove off.

That's when I saw the black purse laying on the sidewalk just about where the lady had jumped from her cab. I ran out into the rain to retrieve it and rushed back to the safety of the doorway and overhang. The handle strap was broken! That explained how she could lose it and not notice it, even in the rush she had been in and with the huge case she'd been carrying.

Guys aren't usually seen with purses so I tucked it inside my jacket and held it under my arm. I considered checking the purse for a name, but I didn't have to. I knew the face and I knew the building and I knew that no one else had come in or had used the elevator so I was positive I could find her without invading her privacy by looking in her purse. I would try it this way first. If worse came to worse, I could always look in it later.

I went inside the building and took a look at the old fashioned dial pointer above the elevator doors and saw that the car was stopped at the fourth floor. I would take the stairs. That way I could check each floor for any sign of the woman in case my idea was stupid. The second and third floors were dark and dank, dusty hallways with cu-

bicles off to each side. I doubted she would be there. The fourth floor was brightly lit with a carpeted floor that opened up to a private art gallery. I walked right in.

Walking into that art gallery was like walking into Mom's bedroom, minus the furnishings. Mom was a collector of old prints of the pinup girls of the thirties to the fifties. All the walls of her room were covered with prints of the original paintings, while this gallery seemed to be covered with the originals themselves. I walked with awe to stand in front of a picture of a pretty brown haired girl who was in the process of putting on a grass skirt. Mom had a copy of this one though she never knew the real title for it. The sign said the title was "I Hope the Boys Don't Draw Straws."

"Come to look at the pretty pictures?" a man's voice said behind me.

I turned and saw a tall man standing a few feet behind me with his arms folded across his chest and a relaxed grin on his face. "I didn't know they were here," I told him. "Are they all for real?"

"Of course! Its not proper to have copies in an art gallery."

"Gil Elvgren," I said and pointed to the painting I had been staring at. I moved my finger around the room to another area and added, "Alberto Vargas and Rolf Armstrong!"

"You know your pinup artists, do you? So come over here and look at this one and tell me who painted it," he said. I followed him to an easel standing in the middle of the floor and he allowed me to stand right in front of it.

"This is an untitled and undated work by Pearl Frush, circa mid-fifties," I said. Mom had a whole wall dedicated to this artist. "And I see you have some Zoe Mozert too!"

"Alright kid, where'd you come from?" the guy demanded.

"Outside," I said simply. "Its raining out there."

"Yeah I know, I don't need a forecast. What do you want?"

"Did a lady with red hair come in here?" I asked him.

"What do you want to know for?"

"Because she dropped something and I want to return it to her."

"You can give it to me and I'll give it to her." He held out his hand.

"No way! I'll give it to her if she's here or I'll give it to the police and she can get it from them. I won't turn it over to anyone else."

"Okay. Wait here. And don't touch!"

"You think I'm nuts? I can't afford a copy never mind an original!" I called after him.

I stuck my hands in my pants pockets and my eyes roamed back to the section filled with the work of Gil Elvgren. This guy really had talent! This gallery had about twenty of his paintings even though he had done hundreds of them. Still, since they were all real, they had to be worth a fortune now.

The woman came out and saw me and tried to give me a smile. “Ahh, the doorman.” It was obvious she wasn’t in a good mood. “I understand you know more about the art than my brother does. That pisses him off something fierce. What can I do for you?”

“After you came inside and were on the elevator,” I told her and reached inside my jacket, “I found this on the sidewalk by the curb.” I pulled out her purse.

“My purse!” she shrieked with obvious delight.

“Jill? What’s the matter?” the guy came running out.

“My doorman friend found my purse for me!” she waved it to her brother.

“You’d better check it. It could be empty. How’d he get it? Cut the strap?”

She held up the end of the strap and showed him that it was frayed at both ends, not cut.

“Looks like it broke when I got out of the cab,” she said. She looked at the catch and added, “It hasn’t been opened.”

“How can you tell Jill? You’d better check anyway.” The guy was giving me a dirty look now, as though he wanted a reason to jump me and beat the hell out of me.

“The catch on my purse has been loose for a long time so I use a tiny piece of tissue to make it tight. The tissue is still in the catch so I know it hasn’t been opened.” She opened the purse and the tissue started to fall so she caught it, “See? Now leave us alone Jeff. I want to thank this young man properly.”

“Your brother doesn’t trust people, does he?” I asked when he left us.

“Not people who know more about his art than he does. Well its our gallery, his and mine and the only reason he trusts me at all is because I’m his sister. He has no choice but to trust me. What’s your name?” she asked.

“Kim,” I told her. “Kim Young.”

“Well, I am very happy to meet you Mr. Young. My name is Jill Johnson.” She stuck out her hand and I shook it lightly. She was taller than I was, but she was wearing heels too.

“Just call me Kim,” I said. “I guess I had better go now.”

“What’s your rush Kim? Wouldn’t you like to have a look around?”

“Is it okay? I mean I wouldn’t want your brother to get mad at me or nothing.”

“Forget about Jeff. He won’t bother you at all. How is it that you know so much about pinup art from forty to sixty years ago? Not too many people these days seem to be all that interested in it.”

“My mother is in love with the work of that era. She has prints all over our house but she keeps most of the nudes or semi-nudes in her bedroom. I’ve lived all of my life with prints of most of these pictures and quite a few that aren’t here too. But prints don’t cost what these ones do so we can afford to have lots of them.”

“I’ll bet. I have a private room back here with more paintings in them. Care to have a look and see if you can tell me who the artist is?”

I was game. If it was from that period at all, I would have a good chance at an educated guess. Jill led me to the room and I saw about ten different pictures on the walls so I clasped my hands behind my back to circle the room and look at them all. Jill waited for me by the door as I concluded my tour. "Well?" she asked me.

"If these were all done by the same artist, then they were done in the last fifteen years," I told her.

"What makes you say that Kim?"

"The female forms are perfect for the era and the styles are almost correct all the way. But the colors are too new and its obvious that you were the model for most of them."

She smiled at me then. "Yes, my husband Andrew painted them. I model for him once in a while and sometimes he just puts my face and features over the outline of another model."

"He's a talented man, and a lucky one too."

"Yes, he is that. But he's also a starving artist. If it wasn't for my job here, we wouldn't be able to eat. He has yet to sell a painting."

"Yeah, well I wish I had half his talent," I said.

"So what do you do for a living Kim?" she asked as we walked back to the main gallery.

"Nothing," I said. "Unemployed and looking for work." I looked out the window and saw that it was still raining pretty hard. "No talent and no experience so no job."

"Can you work for minimum wage?" she asked me then.

"Sure!,Doing what?",I wanted what I could get.

"Nothing," she said with a smile.

"No, please. I can do something. Anything."

"Can you sit without moving for an hour or two at a time?"

"You mean like a model?" I asked her.

"That's exactly what I mean. All we can pay is minimum wage so we can't get the girls to sit for only an hour or two. They want eight hours at a time or forget it. Andrew just needs a form to sketch so he can fill it over with my face and figure later. He's done so many bowls of fruit lately that he is getting sick of them."

"But I'm a guy!,And a pretty hairy one at that!,Doesn't he need a girl?"

"No, he just needs a model so he can sketch the pose and get a start. He can fill me in over top later. Six dollars an hour. One or two hours a day for now, maybe more later. We're about the same height when I take my shoes off so you would work out perfectly. The only catch is you would have to be at least semi-naked to pose so he can get the lines right."

"I'm a really hairy guy Mrs. Johnson. I have to shave my face at least twice a day just to stay comfortable. And I can't shave the rest of me either. I tried it once and it doesn't work."

“Why not?” she asked. “And call me Jill.”

“Because when it grows back, and it will, I have to be tied down to keep from scratching. It almost drives me crazy. I have to let it grow on its own and leave it alone. I have very sensitive skin so I have to be very careful with it.”

“Have you tried a depilatory cream?”

“Yes, and waxing too. Electrolysis can work but its so darned expensive and neither me nor Mom can afford it now. If I can get a job and keep living with Mom, I may be able to afford to get it done in a year or so.”

“I see. Well, why don’t we go and see my husband and see what he says?”

I had nothing to lose. Jill went to tell her brother she was leaving and I saw them having an argument over something. I moved in closer and could hear some of it. “Its not worth that much!” her brother was saying.

“We paid a thousand for it Jeff. We can’t sell it for less!” I went to look at the painting in question and broke out laughing.

The man who was interested in the painting was there and he looked at me with a stunned silence. Jill and her brother came over to find out what was so funny.

“I’m sorry,” I apologized to my new friend. “But when I heard you say that you stole this painting for a measly thousand bucks and your brother wants to just give it away, that is really funny to me. If I had three thousand dollars, I would be tempted to steal it from you,” I said.

Jill was smiling then and her brother was as stunned as the other man. “What about it Kim?” she asked me.

“Its an untitled, unsigned and undated Billy DeVorss, circa early forties. If you want a fair market price for it, ask for six to seven thousand. A museum might pay as much as ten.” I looked away and gave out another chuckle.

“Okay,” the man said. “I thought I could steal it away for a few hundred bucks. I’ll give you eight thousand right now for it. But I won’t go any higher.”

Jill and Jeff looked at each other, then at me. “Sold!” Jeff said and took the man to the office to collect his money. Jill just stood there and looked at me with a bit of awe on her face.

CHAPTER 2

“I don’t think that six dollars an hour is a fair wage to pay you Kim.” she told me as we waited at the door for the cab she had called. “If my husband can use you, I think that eighteen dollars an hour is a much fairer wage as a model. When he doesn’t need you, we can use a salesman like you at the gallery. I know I can talk Jeff into it. I really want my husband to become a successful artist and he doesn’t have nearly

enough work done for a show. He needs at least two or three times what I showed you already.”

Eighteen dollars an hour!,With that much money, one or two hours a day wasn't so bad!,And I could like working at the gallery, if I could get along with Jeff. It would beat applying for a job as a dishwasher.

Andrew Johnson was bigger than Jeff was, burlier too, and he had a mustache which he kept nicely trimmed. The house was huge compared to any house I had been in before though it looked quite a bit smaller on the outside than some of the mansions I had seen. Jill told her husband all about how she and I met and the circumstances since then and he smiled broadly when he heard about my seeing his collection. He laughed when he heard about the sale of the Billy DeVorss painting.

“Jill tells me you're a really hairy guy Kim,” Andy said with a laugh.

“Physically, all the time. Figuratively, sometimes,” I smiled back and shook his hand.

“You're small enough and thin enough so the hair really doesn't matter. I can use any person about your size. We just can't afford to pay you much right now.”

“Kim and I have already settled on a fair wage Andy,” Jill said. “With the sale he helped us with today, I've offered him eighteen dollars an hour. One or two hours a day. When you are done with him he can come to the gallery and work as a salesman.”

“Ooh!,How'd that go over with your brother?”

“Jeff doesn't know yet, but he will. And he'll accept it too. Kim made us seven and a half thousand dollars today since Jeff wanted to get rid of the painting for a mere five hundred dollars. That's seven thousand profit. If nothing else, we can use Kim to help me appraise the works that we get in. He may be a lot younger than I am, but he knows a lot more than I do about the era and the art.”

“I'm going to clean this place up and get set up for some serious art work again. How about eight tomorrow morning Kim?”

“Sure. I'll try to be here for then.”

“If you can make it at eight, great!,If not, just get here when you can.”

“I'm taking the car dear,” Jill said then. “I'll drop Kim at home and take it to the gallery with me. Cabs cost a lot of money if I have to take them more than twice a day.”

Andy kissed his wife and Jill led the way out of the house and to their car parked in the garage. She gave me a ride home and I gave her a tour of the house Mom and I shared. “I can't show you Mom's room cause that's her room. Only she can show it to someone,” I told Jill.

“I understand,” she said with a smile. “I hope to meet your mother very soon then.”

“No you don't,” I said.

“Sure I do! Why wouldn't I?”

“Say hello to this print by Elvgren and you’ve just about met my mother. She looks almost identical to the girl in it.”

“If your mother looks like this, she would be beautiful!”

“She is. She can pass for my sister, and a lot of people mistake her for just that.”

“So why wouldn’t I want to meet her then?”

“I have to warn you about her first.”

“Warn me about what?, Stop beating around the bush and tell me Kim.”

“Okay. Ever since Dad left us, Mom has been a confirmed Lesbian. You are just about as beautiful as she is so she would be hitting on you from the moment she met you. It wouldn’t matter to her that you are married to a man. It would just give her more of a reason to hit on you all the more. If you’re not ready for that, you’re not ready to meet my mother.”

“Aah!, I’m glad you told me Kim. No, I don’t think I’m ready to meet your mother right now. So how come you haven’t been hitting on me too?”

“Lots of reasons,” I told her. She looked at me with her expectant look so I told her. “In the first place, you have a lot of class, too much for a guy like me. You remind me a lot of my mother with your style, beauty and your size. You’re married to a really nice man too and I never hit on anyone I know is married. Seeing the nudes of you I was tempted to reach out and touch to see if it feels as good as it looks, but I controlled the urge. Having met Andy and seeing what a nice man he is, I can control it even more now.”

She laughed. “That’s good to hear Kim. I don’t like people touching me. Except Andy of course. They can look at my nudes all they want so long as they don’t touch me.”

“Then you definitely are not ready to meet my mother.”

“No, I can safely say I’m not ready for that yet. But I am going to give you a reward for returning my purse to me,” she said opening her purse and catching the tissue.

“You don’t have to Jill. You gave me one job for sure and maybe a second. That’s a lot more than I had and more than I could have hoped for.”

“How are you going to get to my house in the morning then?, Walk?”

“I walk everywhere. I walked downtown today and every other day too.”

“You would have to leave here at about five in the morning to get to my house for eight. I’m giving you fifty dollars reward and you’re going to take it right now. You take the number 12 bus to get downtown from here and transfer to the number 17 to go out my way. You can leave here at seven and make it in plenty of time. When Andy is done with you, you come to the gallery and I’ll have a bus pass for you. Then it won’t cost you a buck a ride.”

“Thanks Jill,” I said as I took the money she stuffed into my hand. “Thanks for everything,” She left and I watched her go, then went to make myself some lunch.

Mom worked later than usual and came home in a rush. “Kim!” she called as soon as she came through the front door. “Kim! Where are you?”

“What’s the matter Mom?” I said as I came out of the kitchen wiping a glass dry that I had just washed.

“I have wonderful news for you dear,” she gasped out of breath. “The clinic just got in a light laser unit and they need someone to test it on. You are the perfect candidate and they’ll pay you a hundred dollars for a few months of an hour an evening, once a week.”

“All lasers use light Mom,” I told her.

“No, no, no. I mean light as in not heavy. Its an experimental way of removing hair permanently!,And its supposed to be completely painless too!,A hundred bucks can help with the bills around here too!”

It was something to be excited about. “When do I start?” I asked with some hope.

“Right now! As soon as we get back there! Lets go Kim!”

I put the glass and towel on the table, grabbed my jacket and locked up the door as I joined Mom in the car with Doctor Jensen. The clinic had gotten the light laser because they had an electrolysis unit before and did a lot of work for women. But it was time consuming, painful and cost a lot of money. They wanted to test the laser unit before they offered it as an alternative method of hair removal and who better to test it on than someone like me. Hair removal and I was even being paid for it. Well, Mom was taking the money. Maybe we could get our phone reconnected now?

The unit had been installed and hooked up by the technicians all day long and would only be used in the evenings. I didn’t have anything to worry about since I had both a Doctor and a nurse there if anything went wrong. But nothing would go wrong! It couldn’t! I had to get rid of this damned hair that plagued me so much for so long already!

No one was at the clinic when we got there so Mom used her key to unlock the door and Doctor Jensen killed the alarm. They took me into the room where the unit was and Mom gave me a little black G-string made out of a tough leather with silk bands to tie it on with to change into. “What’s this for?” I asked.

“The laser will only penetrate so far before it stops,” Doctor Jensen explained. “The leather will protect your genital area while the bands will allow the laser to go right through. The black color is to absorb the light coming from the laser so it doesn’t bounce where it isn’t supposed to go. We have hoods for the heads in various sizes and they will protect your cranial hair, eyebrows and eyelashes, not to mention your eyes themselves. All you should feel is a bit of warmth. The laser will only penetrate your skin to the depth of a hair follicle and it will kill the roots. When you get home afterwards, you have a shower and wash away the dead hair.”

Having it explained like that, I didn’t mind changing into the G-string. Both Doctor Jensen and Mom had seen me naked lots of times so I didn’t mind changing in front of both women now. The G-string was a bit snug, but it had to be to protect my genital area. I wouldn’t have much pubic hair left above my penis, but that didn’t matter to

me. All I needed was to be rid of the damned hair as soon as I could. It was lucky for me that I had shaved my face at noon and had a good bit of stubble on my face now. The hood was a snug fit too but it took the full length of my hair inside it, then covered the back of my head, around my ears and over both of my eyes.

Doctor Jensen turned me around this way and that way as Mom snapped off a bunch of pictures. They wanted before and after proof that the light laser worked, and safely too. I was glad I had the hood on then since I didn't need for my face to be recognized in a full front and back almost naked picture. I was laid on the table on my back and arranged with my legs slightly apart and my arms away from my body, palms down. I was told not to move and I heard them flick the switch that would start the treatment.

I could hear them as they sat down behind the barrier that protected the control panel from the laser and where they could keep an eye on me. Then I remembered my good news so I told them both about my day. Mom was happy that I had done the right thing and she hoped to be able to visit the gallery and see the artwork they had in there. Doctor Jensen mentioned the fact that it might be easier for the artist if I didn't have all this hair tomorrow when I had to pose in the nude for him. Easier to paint flesh tones without so much hair there. I agreed with her.

When the full half hour was up, I heard the unit being turned off. I was turned onto my stomach and put my face into the donut shaped pillow so I could breath through it. I was arranged once more with my palms up this time and told not to move again. The flick of the switch and I began to feel the pleasant warmth of the light as it hit my body. I lasted the full half hour and the switch was turned off.

Mom helped me remove the hood, then stepped away so I could change into my own clothes once more. The table was wiped down, then the hood and G-string were hand washed and put into a plastic bag with my name on it. I would wear them again for the next treatment in another week and this way no one else would wear them in between.

Doctor Jensen gave us a ride home then and Mom invited her into the house. I was ordered into the bathroom to have a shower and to wash off all the hair that I could. I was not to use a razor at all, even if I still had to. And I was to come out naked when I was done since they wanted to see any contrasts if they existed.

I took a long and hot shower and I used the soap and the back-brush to scrub at every inch of my body. The hair was coming off and it was washing down the drain! I was so happy with it that I could have cried. But I had the dreaded fear of regrowth to drown my happiness as I continued to scrub everywhere. I hadn't been this hairless since I had tried the waxing more than two years ago. I still had my cranial hair, my eyebrows and eyelashes and that was good. I only had a thin vertical line of pubic hair left above my penis and it looked more like an inverted triangle now. That was okay too. I didn't even need that if it had to go.

I turned off the shower and washed the last of my hair down the drain. When I got out of the tub I only had to use one towel to dry myself off completely. I used to use three of them before. I checked my face in the mirror and was happy to see that I

didn't need a shave right now. Maybe tomorrow morning, but not right now. This was fabulous! And free too!

I wasn't shy about stepping out of the bathroom naked and letting both my mother and the woman Doctor see me naked. I was used to them seeing me that way since Doctor Jensen had been my Doctor for as long as I could remember anyway. Mom, as a nurse, was there to see me naked too and she saw me that way almost every day anyway.

I got the first shock when I padded into the living room in my bare feet. Doctor Jensen was seated on the couch and held Mom on her lap and they were kissing! I hadn't known that Doctor Jensen was a Lesbian too! She had one hand covering one of Mom's breasts over her blouse that she had changed into and they both seemed to be enjoying the kiss.

"I hate to break this up," I said then. "But I'm here!"

They weren't surprised that I had caught them embracing and kissing but they were both very surprised when they turned to look at me. Mom got off of Doctor Jensen's lap and they both came over to have a look at me. They poked and prodded me a bit and I had to explain to them what it took for me to wash off the hair. Then Doctor Jensen began to pose me again as Mom snapped off more pictures of me. "Mom!, Stop it! I'm naked and anyone who sees those pictures will see my face too."

"Too bad," she told me. "But we need these pictures and a lot more. Before and after each and every treatment."

No one had said a word about pictures and I hated the thought of them. But I hated the hair I'd had to put up with even more. The pictures were the lesser of two evils so I might as well put up with them. At least they wouldn't itch and drive me crazy, I hoped. I would just have to avoid the clinic the best that I could from now on. Everyone there was bound to see them.

"So what's with the two of you?" I asked them.

"Oh, Kathy's girlfriend of two years dumped her for a man," Mom said in reference to Doctor Jensen. "I've been without a partner for a while so we've decided that we like each other enough to be together now. Does that bother you Kim?"

"Nope. If you're happy, I'm happy," I said.

I went up to my room where I put on a clean pair of shorts, then my bathrobe. I came back down the stairs in my bare feet and they were at it again on the couch. I just walked past them and into the kitchen where I made myself a sandwich. I had missed dinner completely with the treatment I had gotten and was a tad hungry. I walked past them again on my way to my room and Mom broke off her kissing to ask me what time I needed to be up. Doctor Jensen had her hand inside Mom's blouse now and took the opportunity of the break to begin undoing it. "Six," I told her. She nodded and reached to undo her skirt as her blouse fell away.

I knew I couldn't count on Mom now so I found the travel alarm and set it for the proper time and the alarm should go off at six in the morning. I hoped it still worked. If I saw Mom at all in the morning, I knew she would be in a good mood. It had been far

too long since she'd had a woman to spend the night with. Particularly one as good looking as Doctor Jensen was.

CHAPTER 3

I got to Andy and Jill's house at ten to eight in the morning, and Jill was still there. I didn't think she would be at the gallery already and I was glad to see her too. I accepted the offered cup of coffee in their kitchen where Jill asked me, "Any chance you can shave your legs Kim? It would help Andy a lot."

"I don't have to," I said and took a sip. Then I told them about the night before and the fact that I had very little hair anywhere now. I didn't even have to shave that morning.

They both thought it was great and were very happy for me. It would help Andy a lot for me to be so hairless now. He went to get his stuff ready. "Any chance I can talk you into wearing some clothes for this session?" Jill asked me.

"Sure. What do I need?" I asked.

"Girls clothes," she said half expecting me to explode.

"I figured that Jill," I said surprising her. "That's the theme that Andy paints. Don't beat around the bush. Tell me what you want me to wear."

"I have everything laid out in the dressing room, just in case. Its what I have to wear for when he fills me in over top of the sketches of you." I followed her into the dressing room that joined the studio and saw them for myself. There was a white garter belt with a pair of beige silk stockings, pink frilly panties trimmed with ribbon bows, a flesh colored bra and a sheer shortie nightie in purple nylon with a darker furry trim on the neckline and the hemline. There was a pair of high heeled shoes too.

"I've never worn any girls clothes before. How do I put them on?"

"I'll help you if you want. Then I'll get you into your pose before I have to leave."

So I stripped naked in front of Jill and she helped me into the garter belt first, then into the silk stockings and she had to twist them a bit to get the seam straight up the back. Then I put on the panties and she adjusted them for me too. She helped me into the bra and as she filled the cups out with rolled up tissues she said, "When Andy fills me in over top, it'll be without a bra." She finished filling out the cups, then helped me into the shortie nightie.

"Can I put the shoes on in the studio?" I asked her. "There is no way I can walk in shoes with any height of heel higher than flats."

"Sure. Lets go then." She led me into the studio and Andy was all business as he waved me to the seat that was set up for me. Jill put the shoes onto my feet, then showed me how she wanted me to sit. I did it her way with my right leg tucked under me and only my shorn foot showing out from under my frill pantied bottom. She had

me move this way and that and Andy got into the act to move me back a bit more on the seat. Then I held my arms back for support and I was set. He saw my left profile for the most part.

“Just pull the hair off the left shoulder,” he told his wife. “Yeah. That’s perfect. I can do the entire body and the limbs now and get your figure over it later. Should be about two or three hours today.”

“Meet me at the gallery at about noon then Kim and I’ll take you to lunch,” Jill said. She gave her husband a kiss and was off.

The actual work started at about eight thirty and Andy was finished with me by eleven. He wouldn’t let me see what he had done so I went into the dressing room and changed into my own clothes. When I came out he offered to give me a ride downtown. He had to get some more paints anyway. I would save a buck for the bus ride and a lot of time so I accepted the ride.

“This is working out perfectly for me Kim,” he told me as he drove. “Your hair coming off last night, your willingness to put on girls clothes, its perfect.”

“I thought the hair removal would be good for you and it was fortunate for me. I can’t stand the damned stuff on my sensitive skin. As for the clothes, the way I see it is that if I’m going to be a model I’ll have to wear what’s appropriate. Your theme is girls, not boys. Girls clothes are the only ones that can be appropriate for being your model.”

“That is exactly the right way to look at it Kim. Can you be back tomorrow at eight?”

“Sure. Jill said she would get me a bus pass today.”

Andy dropped me off in front of his wife’s building and drove off to get his supplies. I took the elevator up today and was greeted by Jill and Jeff when I stepped off of it. Jeff seemed a lot happier to see me today than he had been yesterday. I guess the money I had saved him helped a lot.

“Got done early huh Kim?” Jill asked me.

“Finished at eleven,” I told her. “Andy was coming downtown to get some paints so he gave me a ride. He dropped me off and left.”

“Form modeling for Andy now huh?” Jeff asked.

“That’s right,” Jill sang back in reply. “He just needed a body and it didn’t have to be a female one. Kim is the right size too.”

“Hey, that’s fine with me,” Jeff said. “Kim can work here full days when Andy doesn’t need him and half days the times he does.”

“The deal is Kim,” Jill told me, “six dollars an hour plus commissions. Your commission is two percent on anything you sell for us where we make a profit. Yesterday you made a hundred and forty dollars commission. Two or three more sales like that and you’ll get a pretty good pay check on the fifteenth. Okay?”

“Sounds good to me,” I said.

Jill took me out to lunch as promised while Jeff watched the gallery. She bought me a bus pass too and promised to get me a new one every month. I told her that Andy wanted me back for tomorrow morning too. She thought that was wonderful.

When Jill and I got back to the gallery, Jeff left for his lunch while Jill explained and showed me everything she thought I needed to know about. Jeff got back to take over the instruction while Jill had to go meet a prospective buyer. He went over everything Jill had told me and added a few extra things as well.

“I want to apologize for my behavior yesterday Kim,” he told me when we settled into the office to await a customer. Only people who knew about the place came in. “I hope you won’t hold it against me.”

“Don’t worry about it Jeff,” I replied. “You never know who you can trust.”

“Yeah, like that man yesterday. I thought he was a friend and he tried to rip us off!”

“I’ve heard it said that in the art world there are only buyers and sellers, no friends.”

“That’s a good line, mind if I use it?”

“It wasn’t mine to begin with.” There was something about Jeff now that looked very familiar to me but I couldn’t place it. I just had to think about it and I knew it would come to me.

“What’s the matter Kim? You have this troubled look on your face.”

“I think I’ve seen you somewhere before and I’m trying to remember where.”

“Ever been to Paris? I spent a whole year there one week.”

A year in a week! I’d heard that before too. Where was it? “I got it!” I said as I brightened right up again. “I saw you in Oscar’s a few times last year, right?”

“Uh, I doubt it,” he said and he turned white as a ghost.

“Yeah, I knew I had seen you. A friend of mine took me there for dinner and dancing. I can’t afford Oscar’s on my own so I can only go when a friend is willing to pay my way. I knew I had seen you somewhere. Have you been in there lately?”

“You must be mistaken Kim,” he said. “We’ll talk about it later.” Jill was back from her meeting so she and I went to the store room so she could show me some other pictures she had her doubts about. There were some fakes and some even older paintings but no more of the treasures like the one we had sold yesterday.

“What was the matter with Jeff when I walked in?” she asked me. “He looked a little on the white side.”

“Oh, he apologized to me for yesterday,” I told her. “That probably did it to him.”

Jill left early that day because she wanted to get home to pose for Andy so he could finish the painting as soon as possible. She didn’t want it to take all night either. I helped Jeff close up and he offered me a ride home.

“Thanks for not telling Jill about seeing me in Oscar’s,” he told me as he drove.

“I figured she didn’t know and it’s not my place to tell her. Does anyone know?”

“Very few people and I want to keep it that way,” he said. “What about you?”

“Its no one’s business but my own. I know my mother would probably freak right out if she knew that I was Gay so I trust you won’t say anything?”

“Jill tells me that your mother is a Lesbian! And you say she would freak out to find out that you’re Gay?”

“My mother isn’t just a Lesbian, she’s a man hater. All men. She tolerates me because I’m her son and because she thinks that I like girls as much as she does. I’m dead meat if she ever finds out the truth about me.”

“Well, Jill is a lot more open minded about these things than a lot of other people we know. But I still can’t tell her. I don’t ever want her to find out about me, ever.”

“She won’t hear it from me Jeff. When I get to know her better, I might tell her about me, but never about you.”

“Thanks Kim. And I really am sorry about yesterday.”

“Don’t give it another thought. Its in the past, lets forget about it.”

I told Mom and Doctor Jensen all about my day though I didn’t mention the fact that I did wear some clothes for the modeling. I merely told them that it was a good thing that I’d had the hair removed since it did help the artist a lot. They were both happy to hear that when I wasn’t modeling that I would be working in the gallery. Mom still wanted to come down someday to see what they had. I just told her to let me know when and I’d make sure to be there to meet her and to show her around.

I was back at Jill and Andy’s house the first thing the next morning and got another cup of coffee before Jill helped me change into the flesh colored bra again, then a forties style ladies swimming costume before she set me into the pose so Andy could work on me. I had to wear the filled out bra under the top part of the costume and it showed but Andy needed the right amount of rise on the chest to get the costume drawn in properly. He just wouldn’t draw in the bra.

I was on my feet for two hours straight without moving, then we were done, the canvas got covered up and I got changed to leave. Andy saw me out before going back to work and I took the bus downtown. I got to the gallery in time to have lunch with Jill again. It was the first chance I had to talk to her.

“Did you have to model for long last night?” I asked her.

“No,” she replied. “And thank you Kim. Half an hour and he had what he needed from me. He worked on that painting for several hours after that.”

“That’s good! Isn’t it?”

“That’s wonderful! I got some work done at home last night and he was in a great mood when he finally finished for the night.”

“So when do I get to see it? He wouldn’t let me look at what he’s done so far.”

“Only he and I ever see his unfinished works. When its done and he decides its good enough for the show, it goes into the back room at the gallery. Then you can see it.”

“How long does it take him to finish them?”

“Anxious?”

“A bit. I’ve never modeled before so I’m curious as to how it’ll turn out.”

“That’s understandable Kim. Trust me though. So far, it’s one of his best! He’s hoping to get three starts a week with you and to use me where he needs me in them. That first one can be ready in a few days, then all it will need is for him to decide it can go into the show. Andy can be quite moody sometimes Kim,” she told me.

“He’s an artist. They usually are moody.”

“When Andy gets an idea for a series of paintings, he sticks with it till he has what he wants. He has his idea and he is very happy right now. He told me part of it because he needs my help with it. He’ll tell me more as he works it out in his own mind and in his own time. But so far his idea needs you to be his main model. Do you mind Kim?”

“Why should I mind? I am being paid for this, right?”

“Right. Every Friday and in cash so the I.R.S. doesn’t have to know about it. You get paid for your time at the gallery twice a month and we take off the deductions that the government requires employers to take.”

“That’s fine with me Jill.”

“The bus passes I give you are a bonus too. You are doing me, Andy and Jeff a big favor by making yourself available to us so we want to help you in that little way.”

“I appreciate the bus passes Jill. I always thought that a person had to be rich to ride the bus. To me it was the millionaires who drove cars or took cabs.”

“We’re not millionaires yet, but we are working towards it. Most of what we have was left to us by our family.”

Jill and I got back to the gallery so Jeff left for his lunch. “My mother is planning to come and see the gallery someday soon,” I told her. “She wants to see the art for herself.”

“Oh oh. She wouldn’t try anything here with me would she?”

“Not anymore. And she wouldn’t at our house either. She has a new lover and she is moving in with us so Mom is perfectly happy with her new relationship. Mom is a very monogamous person. She will only have one lover at a time.”

“That’s good to hear. I have nothing against Lesbians or Gays and I even have some of both who are friends. But I’m straight and I’m married and I’m monogamous too.”

“That’s good to hear. I have nothing against Lesbians or Gays either since my mother is a Lesbian and since I am Gay.”

“You’re what Kim!?” she gasped.

“Yeah, I’m Gay. I always have been. I figure if we’re going to be working so closely with each other that you needed to know. But don’t tell my mother okay?”

“She doesn’t know?”

“Nope. Mom is a man-hater. All men. I'm her son so she tolerates me because she thinks that I like girls the same way she does. She'd kill me if she knew that I liked men better than I did women. And I'm not telling her about the costumes I wear when I model.”

“Why not? Its just a part of modeling.”

“I know that and you know that and so does Andy. But Mom has expressed her view to me on many occasions that any man who willingly puts on women's clothes should be turned into a woman for real. Its okay in her mind if I'm modeling in the nude. But if she ever gets the idea that I ever put on a bra or a pair of panties, she'll make me wear them all the time. That's not me and its not what I want.”

“I'll keep your secrets Kim. And I'll give you one to keep too, if you want?”

“Sure. I like secrets!”

“Okay. Don't let on to Jeff, but I think he's Gay too.”

“What makes you say that, about your own brother?” I tried to sound shocked.

“Because he is my brother and because I know him about as well as any sister can. He isn't married and never has been and he's never even had a girlfriend. All of his friends are men and he gets along really well with our Gay clients and friends. No, I think Jeff is Gay too.”

“Have you approached him about it?” I asked her.

“Oh sure, a few times. But he just clams up about it or he changes the subject. Its very personal to him so I don't push it. I really do wish he would open up and tell me the truth.”

“Sorry Jill, I can't help you there. I have already promised you I wouldn't talk to him about that.”

“Right. But maybe you can tell him that you're Gay and he can open up to you if he is too? He's my big brother and I love him and I just want him to be happy.”

“Okay. But if I tell him and he makes me promise not to tell you, we're right back where we started. If you really want this out in the open Jill, you have to release me from that promise right now. I'll use some tact when I tell him so he won't get too upset. If everyone knows the same secret and nobody is willing to talk about it, it stays a secret forever.”

“Okay Kim. Use your best judgment and talk to my brother for me. I'm releasing you from the promise of a secret. You can discuss everything that you and I talked about with him.”

“That's a good first step Jill. But what if it turns out that he's straight?”

“Either way I don't care. Just so long as I know for sure.”

CHAPTER 4

Jill and I had a little old lady in peddling some paintings she'd found in her attic when she was cleaning up when Jeff got back from lunch. Jill was trying to contain her excitement at the find as I gave them a good going over. The old lady just sat there with a smile on her face as I used a loupe on the last one of them.

"They're all very good forgeries," I said. "Should be worth a couple of hundred each."

"Forgeries!!" Jill's face showed her disappointment.



"These paintings are real!" the woman told me. "My William bought them as an investment years ago and we just forgot they were up there!"

"I'm sorry Ma'am, but you bought forgeries. Elvgren is spelt with two E's, not one E and an I. No artist would spell his own name wrong on three paintings." I put the paintings back into the tubes she had brought them in.

She was furious with me and picked up all three to march out of the gallery without using the cane she had leaned on so heavily when she had come in. Jill was ecstatic and Jeff seemed to be quite pleased too since he had heard the last part of it.

"Saved us some money, did you Kim?" he asked.

"Only about thirty thousand dollars," Jill said. "I thought they were real too."

"Very good forgeries," I said again and showed them my hands. I had color stains on both thumbs. "Probably painted this month."

"How do you know so much about art Kim?" Jeff asked.

“I took art classes all through school since my mother had so many prints at home. I was no good as an artist myself, but I did learn a lot about a lot of different art. It was all for my own pleasure so I never really thought I would ever be able to use it to get a job working with art.”

“Just goes to show how wrong a person can be, doesn’t it?” Jill said. She gave me a wink that Jeff didn’t see. “I have to meet with Tracy and Jim and let them know about this little old lady and her ‘real artwork’ before someone does pay a fortune for it. You guys mind the store and I’ll be back as soon as I can.”

I followed Jill to the security room and watched as she backed up the tapes of the little old lady coming in and she printed off some pictures of her. She got some of the woman leaving too, without needing to use her cane. Then she wrote down the particulars of the paintings before she photocopied everything and put a copy into the safe with the original video tapes. She gave me one of her beautiful smiles, a pat on the shoulder and a kiss on the cheek before she was out the door and off to her meeting.

Jeff sat in his office chair and watched the security monitors for signs of someone using the elevator or entering the show room. “I had a good talk with Jill today,” I told him. “I told her I was Gay and she seems to think that you might be Gay too.”

“Thinking isn’t knowing, right Kim?”

“That’s right. She doesn’t know for sure. She only suspects. She figured that if I told you that I was Gay that you might open up to me.”

“But you aren’t telling her anything about what we talk about, right?”

“Not without your permission. She’s your sister Jeff and she loves you. All she wants is for you to be happy too. No one can be happy hiding in a closet when there is so big of a chance to get out of it. Tell her. It’ll make both of you a lot happier.”

“Now you’re a counselor too Kim? I thought it was enough to be an art expert!”

“I’m in the closet with my mother because I know her views on everything relating to men and to Gays. You don’t have that excuse. You’re in the closet because you don’t like who or what you are.”

“That’s not true Kim. I like who I am and I don’t want to be anything other than what I am!” he told me.

“So tell her then. Stop causing so much anguish for the both of you.”

There was someone in the elevator so I went out to the show room floor. Jeff followed me and he greeted the man who stepped off the elevator. The man just wanted to look around so Jeff returned to the office and left me to take care of him. The man was quite old, probably in his mid fifties, but he did like the pinup art he saw in the gallery. He looked around and asked a few questions, then left. I stayed in the show room and did some more looking myself. I still had to know as much as I could about what I was supposed to sell.

The next time the elevator came up it was with Jill and another older woman on it. Jill introduced me to Tracy Willow. She and her husband had a small gallery too

though her husband was also a cop. Mrs. Willow hated the formality and insisted on me calling her by her first name so I did.

“So tell me Kim,” she said as Jill stood aside, “how is it that you got mixed up with these people?”

“Just lucky I guess. Maybe it was fate.”

“Want to come and work for a better gallery?” she hinted broadly.

“Where?” I grinned. “I’m already at the best gallery in town and I’m not ready to move to another city just yet,” Jill laughed.

“I’m thinking about renting out your services as an expert to other gallery owners,” Jill told me then. “Seems that Tracy would have bought those last three except she didn’t have the money.”

“They were very good forgeries!” she tried to defend herself.

I agreed with her. They were very good. “I don’t know how you can rent me out to other gallery owners,” I said. “You would have to make something and I would have to make more than my hourly wage. I might miss out on a commission if I wasn’t here. And if your seller came here, we might buy from him instead of you.”

“We’ll work it out so everyone is happy,” Jill said. “Tracy just wanted to meet you so I brought her along. I didn’t know she would try to steal you from me.”

“You don’t have to worry Jill,” I told her. “With all the security you have, this place is pretty well theft proof.” She laughed and gave me a wink as she left me alone with Tracy.

“You think its theft proof?” she asked me.

“Maybe not one hundred percent, but whoever installed the system did a good job. I can’t find a flaw anywhere so far.”

“Jim installed it for Jeff and Jill. Besides being a policeman and owning half our gallery, he owns part of a security company too. So there’s no chance I can talk you into coming to work for us then eh?”

“None I’m afraid. Maybe if I get fired, but I won’t quit now that I have a job I like. I don’t know that I’m qualified as an expert, I just know what I like and I do know a bit about art.”

“More than a bit I’d think. It doesn’t require a degree to be an expert Kim. All it does require is a knowledge of the subject material. You certainly seem to have that.”

“If you say so. But I think that all I can do is to offer an opinion. What people do with my opinion is up to them.”

“Your opinion is all that is needed with some of us. We’ll make sure people know that you don’t have a degree and we won’t pass you off as something you aren’t. What you are though is someone who has studied this art his entire life and who can spot a fake from the real thing. That’s what we sorely need in this town.”

I could see through the window of the closed office door that Jeff and Jill were having a serious talk about something. It could be a confrontation too! Then I saw Jeff

stand up and they had a nice brother and sister hug. I hoped it was settled because I sure didn't want to be in the middle of them. They came out together, Jeff looking a bit sheepish and Jill giving her brother a good hug along the way.

Jill was leaving with Tracy so Jeff and I had a chance to talk again. It was out in the open now. He had told his sister the truth when she had confronted him about it. He was glad to have it in the open and Jill was happier to know for sure. Her acceptance had been unconditional as I had forecast so Jeff wasn't upset with anyone now.

The man who had been in earlier came back and I got a sale again. He wanted an Edward Runci and we only had one that I could show him. It was unsigned and untitled but he and I both knew what it was and what it was worth. Jeff took care of the paperwork and got the check certified before I wrapped up the picture and allowed the man to leave with it.

"I think that was another good one Kim," he told me. "I think Jill paid a hundred bucks for it because it was unsigned and just fit in with some others." The ten thousand that we got for it was a bit higher than what it had been worth to any other dealer, but the man made the offer so we took it. He was a collector from out of town.

We found out from Jill when she got back and went through the books that she had bought the painting at a garage sale for ten bucks. She hadn't known what it was but had liked it and just put it on the floor because it fit with everything else. She would have sold it for fifteen dollars if she could get that.

That was twice in one week! Jill and Jeff were gallery owners and art dealers and they had art that they didn't know was worth anything!? I found that amazing! I would have thought that since it was on the floor that they felt it was worth something and probably did know what it was and how much it was worth! Was it more luck than brains with both of them? I had to wonder who tied their shoelaces for them? But it really didn't matter one way or the other to me now. I was here and I was working for them and I was happy to have a job and be making some money. Maybe in a year or so I would have enough to get a small place of my own to live. I would keep working and learning all I could and saving all the money I could too.

CHAPTER 5

I had to shave two days after my first light laser treatment. I got some itching here and there as the hair began to grow on my body again, but it wasn't nearly as bad as with the other hair removal methods I had tried. I had my second laser treatment and it was about the same as the first one. Mom and Doctor Jensen watched as I changed into the G-string, then Mom took her pictures of me before she helped me with the hood and onto the table. More pictures were taken as Doctor Jensen got me positioned, then the treatment began. Half an hour later I was flipped over for more pictures and the positioning and the final half hour of the light laser. Mom took more pictures of me as I got dressed again.

I took my hot shower as soon as we got home again. I didn't have to scrub nearly as hard at my skin this time since there was a lot less hair showing to begin with. A lot less hair to wash down the drain. I just had to scrub hard enough to make my sensitive skin stop itching. Then I had to pose for the nude pictures in the living room.

I posed for Andy three times a week now too, always wearing the flesh colored bra with the cups filled out with tissues by Jill to simulate breasts. Then she dressed me in a variety of other feminine items of apparel though they were always items of lingerie or swim wear. She would arrange my hair for me, pose me in the studio with the added high heeled shoes that had to be worn, then leave for work. Andy and I seldom spoke as he worked so in two to three hours after I had arrived, I was leaving to catch my bus and get downtown.

If Jill was in the gallery when I got there, I would go for lunch with her. If she wasn't, I would wait and go for lunch with Jeff. Jeff was a much nicer and happier man now that he was out of the closet all the way. He was free to be himself all the time and he loved the feeling. Jill had been encouraging him to find one steady boyfriend and to settle down rather than playing the field as he was used to.

I got to meet the other gallery owners as they needed a second opinion now and then on pieces of art they were buying or already had in their storerooms. The little old lady with the three fake Elvgren's was caught by the police. Turned out she wasn't as old as she pretended to be. She named her accomplice, the police raided the house and turned up a dozen more fakes by the same artist and three more sellers trying to pass them off as real.

Life went on. After my sixth treatment, no regrowth of hair on my body! I needed two more treatments to completely eradicate it from my face too. I had no more itch anywhere, and no more use for a razor either! So what if I now had less hair showing on me than a girl my age would have? I was comfortable and that's what counted.

I celebrated my newfound comfort with an evening at Oscar's. It had been more than a year since I had been in there and I could afford to spend some of my hard saved cash on a night out with the boys. I met some of my old friends in there and I sat with them. We talked and we ate and we drank and I even got up to dance with some of the guys who asked me. But even with all the fun I had dancing and flirting with the men who frequented Oscar's, I still went home alone and slept in my own bed. Maybe I was too picky when it came to finding the right man for me, but A.I.D.S. was a fact of life for Gays now and one curse I hoped to avoid. Still, it would be nice to fall asleep cuddled in the arms of a lover.

Doctor Jensen had moved in with us during that week of my first laser treatment. She had her things in Mom's room and the phone had been reconnected immediately. Mom was the happiest I had seen her in years and she seemed to be taking even more pains to make herself appear more as my sister than as my mother. I didn't have to pay rent or help with the bills so most of the money I made went into building my nest-egg bank account.

Mom allowed me to bring Jill home from work on a Saturday so she could show off her bedroom to my boss. Jill got to see the whole house again and every print Mom owned. Then, Mom came into the gallery and saw all of the real paintings that some of

her prints had been made from. But Mom had never studied art so all she knew was what she liked.

I thought it was a good piece of luck at the time. The gallery was being closed for a month so Jeff could go to Paris and visit friends while Jill and Andy traveled a bit to see if they could find more pieces for the gallery. Then they would take a week to relax out at the lake before they got back into their usual routines. With what I knew about art, Jill invited me to go with them. Besides, in their travels, Andy might want to sketch and he could always use his favorite model along.

I talked it over with Mom and Doctor Jensen and they thought it was a wonderful idea for everyone concerned. I could help Jill find the artwork she wanted, I could keep on posing for Andy and I would get a chance to travel a bit. Mom and Doctor Jensen would get a bit of privacy for a change without having me there for three weeks. I wasn't going to the lake with Jill since that was for their relaxation.

Mom helped me pack a bag and saw me off when Jill and Andy picked me up. We were driving where ever we went since they didn't plan on going too far this time. Jeff was already gone. We visited a few of the major cities within driving distance of home and stayed in hotel rooms Jill had reserved in advance.

Our first hotel room was a suite with a sitting room and two bedrooms and bathrooms. On our first morning, after we had eaten the room-service breakfast, Jill got me dressed up for a couple of hours of posing for Andy. She had nothing else to do so she stayed and watched as he got down the sketching he wanted. Then she was there to help me change out of the lingerie and into my own clothes for some window shopping with her.

"You know what would be a lot of fun Kim?" she asked as she helped me out of the negligee she had brought for herself.

"What's that?" I asked her.

"For you to go out with me while all dressed up as a girl," she said.

"I don't think so Jill," I told her. "Its one thing to sit motionless while wearing this stuff. Its another thing to try walking around in it. Besides, I can't even walk two feet in your shoes so how can I walk anywhere else? I don't look anything like a girl and I don't know how to act like one either."

"I can help you with most of it. I can teach you how to walk and talk and act like a girl and I can make you look like a girl too. It might be a fun diversion for both of us. I wasn't saying you should go out with me as a girl right now, but maybe before the end of our travels? What do you say? Care to learn something new?"

What could I say? She paid me to do two jobs I really liked. She treated me good all the time and she was treating me to this working vacation too. How could I refuse her something that she could enjoy doing? I couldn't! "If you really want to Jill, I'll try it. But I can't make any promises about if I can go out as a girl later on."

"It'll be fun Kim, you'll see." She helped me out of the flesh colored bra, then told me to wait there as I was and she would be right back. She ran to her room and came back with another of her demi-bras and a silk teddy for me to put on right now. The

white demi-bra didn't do a thing for me though it did match the garter belt and panties that I still wore. The cream colored silk teddy covered everything I wore, except the tops of the black nylon stockings and the tabs that held them up. Then I put on my shirt, socks, jeans and loafers. I tied my hair into its normal ponytail at the base of my head and put on my jacket.

Jill still wanted me to go shopping with her, but she wanted me to wear her underwear under my own clothes. It sure was a weird feeling to wear the nylon stockings inside my jeans and have them brushing against the coarse denim. But it was a kind of nice weird feeling since it was so sensual too. The silk teddy was nicer against my sensitive skin than anything else I had ever worn. It was too nice because it was feminine and it wasn't me!

Over the past few months I had lots of opportunity to put on and wear, for short periods of time, a lot of Jill's sexy lingerie. But this was my first experience at wearing it under my own clothes and wearing it out in public, public being more than just Jill and Andy. I never minded it if people thought I was Gay because I was. But I had never tried to be effeminate before so I didn't know what to expect from people who might see me as being a Gay man wearing feminine under-things. My brain was in a turmoil over the thoughts I had running through my head as Jill led me from the suite so Andy could work alone.

Yeah, the feminine underwear felt good, it always had, and every time I had put it on. But I had never thought about wearing it anywhere other than in the studio. Now I had the odd feeling that people who saw me could see right through my outerwear and see that I was wearing the feminine undies. I was very self conscious about it.

Jill led me around the downtown area for a while and we looked in some of the various galleries but we didn't find anything worth buying. Not for her gallery anyway. "I feel like having some fun Kim," she told me. "Just play along and there won't be any problems."

Fun! That didn't sound too good to me. Jill just grabbed my hand and dragged me into a beauty salon and up to the reception desk. A pretty and young girl asked if she could help us.

"Yes," Jill said. "Are you very busy today?"

"We have a few spots open. What would you require?" she answered.

"My young cousin here is visiting from the country and she has never been in a salon before so I thought I would treat her. Hair, makeup, the works."

"That is a wonderful treat. You've come to the right place. Right back here please." The girl led the way and Jill half dragged me into the back work area. I didn't want to do this but I didn't see any way to escape. Jill had said to play along and there wouldn't be a problem so I had to act like a dumb girl if I wanted to survive this.

I was taken into a private room where two women waited for a customer and I was it. Jill told them what she wanted for me and I was put into the chair. One woman was washing my long hair while the other one was setting up to give me a manicure. Jill sat back in another chair with a magazine and looked up now and then to smile at me as the women worked on me. My freshly washed hair was trimmed and shaped a bit,

then put into curlers while the other woman filed my fingernails into pointed ovals. Jill chose a shade of pink nailpolish for me and the woman applied the color to all ten of my fingernails.

The first woman had my hair in curlers and a plastic bonnet over my head and was about to begin work on my face when the second woman, who was finished with my hands, asked Jill, "What about a pedicure too?" Jill approved the idea and came over to help the woman remove my shoes and socks. I was wearing nylon stockings too so they had to remove my pants and the stockings so I could be given a pedicure. Undressed that far, they decided to take my shirt off of me too. All anyone could see of me now was a hairless body in a silk teddy. I hoped that my male genitals stayed put and didn't rise up unexpectedly now.

To work on my face with makeup, the woman first began to pluck some of the hair from my eyebrows. She said that she had to 'clean it up' a bit first. I was horrified with that thought but Jill said it was okay and told me to relax and try to enjoy my first time in a beauty salon. I knew there was no way for me to enjoy the experience and I knew there was less of a chance for me to escape it now too. All I could do was sit back and let them do what they would.

I couldn't see it happening and they never said a word as they worked on me as efficiently as they would on any other girl. I didn't know what they were doing or how or why. All I knew for sure was that I would leave that salon looking more like a girl than I had ever wanted. My head was on fire as the woman finished up with my face so she removed the bonnet, checked the hair under a curler, then removed them all to rinse my hair again. My feet were finished though the cotton balls were left between my toes until the polish on the nails was dry enough. That woman got a tray to show to Jill who picked out some other things.

My hair was dried and styled and trimmed a bit more here and there, then the other woman returned and made a few marks on my earlobes. Using a special gun that she loaded each time, she shot two studs into each of my earlobes. I now had pierced ears to complete the female image I knew I projected. Jill would be satisfied with nothing less and she was approving every little thing that was being done to me. There wasn't even a mirror for me to look in.

The women left us as Jill helped me back into the nylon stockings I had been wearing and got them smoothed up my legs and attached to the garter tabs. Then she allowed me to put on my shirt, pants, socks and shoes. All I could see then was my pink painted nails. I could see myself in the mirrors when we left this horrible place.

Stepping out of that room and into a room full of mirrors, I was stunned by what I saw of myself. The young man that I was had vanished and all I could see was the girl who was wearing my clothes. I moved a hand to my head and the girl's hand did the same in my reflection. It was me and I did look like a real girl! My hair had curls and waves to frame my face and to bounce around my shoulders. My eyes weren't my eyes anymore, but I still saw with them. My nose, my lips, my cheeks and my chin. They were mine because I could touch them, but they didn't look like me at all. Even the glint I saw of the studs in my ears was out of place on me.

Jill paid for everything, then half dragged me out of the salon. “What did you do to me?!” I gasped when we were alone on the street. “I look like a girl now!”

“That’s right Kim. You look wonderful! You’re so beautiful, I know a few men back home who would love to make your acquaintance now.”

“You can’t kid me Jill. Gay men like men who look like men, not like girls.”

“You’d be surprised Kim. I know a lot of Gay men and they seem to like men who look and act more like girls. Don’t be such a scaredy-cat. We’ll get you some clothes now and you can begin to learn all about being a girl.”

“I thought I was going to learn it before I had to be outside?”

“Why wait? I’m having a lot of fun! Thanks Kim!” and she gave me a hug.

CHAPTER 6

Jill was the one having all the fun, not me. I was scared speechless when she led me into a department store and took me up to ladies wear. Her story about me being her country cousin come to town worked as well here as it had at the beauty salon. The saleswoman we got helped Jill pick out a couple of dresses for me to try on and some shoes too. I didn’t mind Jill helping me try on the dresses in the dressing room, but I hated it when I had to step out to show the woman how I looked in each of them.

The first outfit was an older style dress. Hemline at my knees, flared skirt, round neckline with no collar and sleeveless too. It fit me through the body and was loose at my chest since I didn’t have any cleavage of my own, thank God! The dress was a dark blue background with a large pink and yellow flower design on it and the shoes were pumps with solid two inch heels. Since the heels weren’t stilettos, I had a chance to be able to walk in them.

The second dress was a little shorter than the first one with the hemline a couple of inches above my knees. The skirt wasn’t quite as loose fitting though it wasn’t as tight as some of the outfits I had seen Jill or my mother wear. The round neckline with a bit of a collar and short cap sleeves. It was a white background with blue flowers and green leaves. The shoes were T-strap sandals with the solid two inch heel that allowed me to walk. But my black stockings didn’t go with the second dress so Jill had the woman get me a pair of beige nylons to try on.

Jill couldn’t decide which outfit she liked better and I had heard those stories before from when Mom took me shopping with her. Indecision was good because it meant with Mom that we didn’t get anything and had to come back some other time to look at them again. “I just can’t decide,” Jill said to the woman. “Are there some purses to go with those shoes?”

The woman led the way and Jill went with her to look at purses which meant that I was left alone to stare at my reflection in the mirror. With the makeup and the hair I looked a lot more like Mom now. But I didn’t have her figure. Mom had a big chest and

a smaller waist and I guess about the same size of hips though. And I thought that my legs looked just about as good as my Mom's did. Yeah, I looked like a girl alright, and that thought scared me again. I was a man and I had no business wearing women's clothes in a store and looking so good in them.

There were other people around so I paced back and forth a bit in front of the mirrors and not too far away from the dressing room that had my clothes inside it. I tried to act natural, just like the other women in the store who were pacing back and forth in front of mirrors. Jill came back and slung a white purse over my shoulder, then had me hold the black one she had picked out for the other outfit. "I just can't decide," she said and I felt a smile growing on my lips. "We will just have to take them both," she added and my smile froze. "Back into the dressing room Kimmie dear."

Inside the dressing room Jill handed out the first outfit to the woman and the tags from the one I had on. She emptied the pockets of my pants and dumped everything into the white purse I still had slung over my shoulder. "What are you doing Jill?" I asked her.

"Well Kimmie dear, since I am buying both dresses for you and since you look so nice in the one you have on, I thought it would be nice if you wore it all day now. We'll put these other things of yours into a bag and carry them back to the hotel."

"Be serious Jill! I can't go out on the street wearing a dress!"

"Sure you can Kim. Girls do it all the time and you are a girl now. Look in the mirror and tell me you don't see a girl looking back out at you."

"Of course I look like a girl now. But I shouldn't."

"Well I'm not giving you a choice Kim. Its either you wear what you have on or you don't wear anything at all. You do as I say and you won't have any problems. The best part for you is that we're in a strange city where no one knows either of us so no one back home will ever know about this."

Looking at it that way and I could see her point. So what if someone saw me? They wouldn't know who I was or where I had come from and once we left town, I wouldn't see any of them again. But it was still hard for me to leave the dressing room that time. I knew I wasn't just going to show a saleswoman how I looked. I was staying dressed like this until Jill allowed me to change back into my own things.

Jill carried the bags for me since I had a hard enough time just walking in the high heels that I wasn't used to. It was easier when I took the smaller steps like she told me to, but it was still quite different from wearing the flats I always had. We stayed in the ladies wear department for a while longer and Jill looked at some nighties for me too. "Please don't get me anything else to wear?" I asked her seriously.

"Nonsense Kimmie," she said. "I want you to be my girlfriend for the rest of this trip so I am going to buy you a lot of nice things to wear. Wait here a minute dear girl, I'll be right back."

I watched her step across an aisle and pick up a pay phone. She dropped in a quarter and made a call. I couldn't hear what she said or to whom she was talking to but

she had a big smile on her face and was nodding her head happily. It just had to be more trouble for me, I just knew it.

Jill came back to where I was and led me to a wall by a service door. She stopped the first woman who came along and asked if they had an incinerator there. They did so Jill handed her the bag with my clothes and shoes in it and asked her to dispose of them in it. The woman took the bag into the back and came back with a smile on her face. She had done it.

“Now you don’t have a choice Kimmie dear,” she told me. “You will only wear the things I help you to put on or you won’t wear anything the rest of the trip.”

“You mean until we get back to the hotel, don’t you?”

“No, I mean the whole trip. I called Andy before and your painting is coming along rather nicely. He is taking a break from his work now so he can dispose of all of your male clothing. That means that you will wear what I buy for you or absolutely nothing at all!”

I was trapped even more now than before. In a strange town with no money of my own, no access to my bank account, no one to turn to other than Jill and Andy. I had to do it her way or risk being left behind. “I guess I’m your girlfriend for the rest of the trip then,” I told her painfully.

“Good attitude Kimmie. Relax, smile and enjoy yourself. Its not all that bad, is it?”

“Its not me, its not who I am, its who I have to be now though.”

Jill led me to the restaurant inside the department store and got us some coffee. We took a table that afforded us the most privacy so we could talk more openly. “Listen Kim. I’m having a wonderful time right now so don’t spoil it for me, okay? What is your problem?”

I thought about it as I sipped on the coffee before me. “I guess the hardest part for me is that women’s clothes feel so damned good on me.”

“What is so wrong with feeling good?”

“I’m a man,” I whispered. “Men aren’t supposed to like things like this.”

“Says who?”

“Says my mother. I’ve heard it from her all of my life. Girls are girls and boys are boys and boys who dress as girls should be made into girls. I don’t want to be a girl so I don’t want to like dressing as one.”

“But you do like dressing as one, don’t you?” she asked. “Don’t you?” she persisted.

“Yeah, I like the way the clothes feel on me. But I’m scared someone is going to know that I’m a man dressed as a girl.”

“No one will know that unless you tell them. We have a bit less than three weeks to go and you’ll be home again. I’ll help you all I can in that time so you will know how to act as a real girl and you’ll have a lot of practice wearing high heels too. You look wonderful Kim. You look like a real girl. But you have to relax and you have to smile and you have to begin enjoying this little interlude or it’ll ruin the good time I’m having.”

“What exactly is your idea of a good time?” I asked her.

“Having fun with a girlfriend like you.” she told me. “Jeff is too big to make much of a sister for me but you are just the right size to be my girlfriend. Andy is even bigger than Jeff so I could never make him look or act like a girl. Please Kim. Please try to enjoy it for a little while.”

“I’ll try Jill. But its hard when I think about going home and how I am ever going to go back to being a man again. They did too much to me in that beauty salon that I know its going to be impossible to face Mom again.”

“Don’t you worry about a thing Kim. When the time comes, I’ll make sure you get home safe and sound. When you do see your mother again, I know she’ll greet you with open arms.”

“My mother has never greeted me with open arms,” I said.

“Trust me Kim, and don’t worry about a thing.”

I had to trust Jill alright. I didn’t have a choice. But I did like the way I was dressed, even if I did feel like a fool for allowing it to go this far. I should have nipped it in the bud when she wanted me to wear her undies under my own clothes and go out with her. Once I had done that, there was no going back for me. I was trapped.

At least liking the way I felt in women’s things was a good start. I knew I looked like a real girl so all I had to do now was learn to act like one too. With Jill there to coach me and with a lot more shopping to do, I learned a lot about being a girl by the time we got back to our hotel, our arms full of bags of new clothes for me. New girl clothes that is.

Andy was taking a nap when we got up to our suite so Jill and I quietly went into the bedroom I was using and closed the door. I checked my bag and all that was left in there were the few incidentals I had brought along, like my hair brush and elastic hair ties and other things. He had cleaned me out as Jill said he would. I didn’t think Jill would lie to me but I had to check for myself anyway. I was stuck wearing only girls clothes for the rest of this trip.

We unpacked the bags of things we had bought and Jill helped me remove the price tags and manufacturers labels and pack most of the things into my bag. She laid out a red shortie nightie for me to wear to bed that night, then the second dress we had first bought today for me to wear down to the dining room for dinner. She undid the dress I had on and told me to strip naked and to have a sponge bath. She would be back to get me dressed again in a few minutes.

I did as I was told. It was easier for me to take off the women’s clothes I had on than it was for me to put them on by myself. I got naked and I went into my private bathroom where I used a face cloth to wash myself all over, except on my face. That would ruin the still perfect makeup job that I had. My femininely appearing head sure looked out of place on my hairless and still masculine body. At least the clothes went with my appearance and helped make me into more of a real looking young woman.

Jill came back with more of her undies for me to wear. She had a red Merry-Widow corsette which she helped me into first, then a pair of sheer and nude nylon stockings.

She removed the shoulder straps from the corsette so she could help me into the black bra she had bought for me earlier. My own bra had slightly padded cups and she filled them with a pair of clear silicone breast forms she had picked up for me in a sex shop. "Its not as big a bosom as I would like for you Kim," she told me, "but they were the biggest that they had. They'll do for now." She had me put on my new black bikini panties. She helped me into the dress and got it zipped up behind my back and stopped me when I reached for the shoes she had bought to go with it. "Not those, not now Kimmie dear. Come with me girlie."

She led me into the sitting room and told me to sit down on a chair. I smoothed the skirt part of my dress under myself to sit as she had taught me to earlier and she smiled at me as she rushed into her room. She came back with a pair of silver sandals with four inch stiletto heels and knelt in front of me to buckle them onto my feet.

"I can't wear these Jill," I complained to her. "I'll either break my neck or a leg if I try to wear these tonight."

"Not tonight Kim. Its going to take me an hour or so to get ready for dinner and you're all ready to go now. You can practice in them until its time to leave, then change into another lower pair. I have a pair of six inch heels if you'd rather practice in them?"

"Uh, no! I think these are high enough for now."

"I thought you might agree with me," she grinned.

Andy came out of their bedroom as Jill helped me to my feet and reminded me to take small steps and to point my toes straight ahead. "Andy. I need your help," Jill told him. "I want you to keep Kimmie on her feet. Don't let her sit down at all. She needs to learn to wear high heels and the sooner the better. Maybe put on some soft music and dance with her."

Andy had a bigger grin on his face than Jill'd had. He took my hands to lead me around the sitting room a few times while his wife went to get herself ready. "All done up like this Kim," he said to me, "you're even prettier than I thought you could be."

"Is that a compliment Andy?" I asked him.

"I thought it was. You should have been born a girl Kim."

"Why do you say that?" I had to ask.

"Because you look so damned good as one. I'm really glad you came on this trip with us." I just looked into his eyes to see if he was serious. "I know Jill and I know what she likes and she usually gets what she wants. If you weren't here to be her girlfriend, I'd be the one in the dress and heels and there is no way I could look half as good as you do."

"She'd make you wear a dress and heels if I wasn't here?" I had to ask again.

"Oh sure. Its what Jill loves best, after sex of course. She wouldn't make me go out in them, but she would damned well make me wear them. I had to wear a dress for her a few times before, just so that I could stop sleeping on the couch. I'm really glad she found you."

“Yeah, so I could wear the dresses and save you from having to do it.”

“Partly. Look at me Kim. I'm over six feet tall and I weigh almost two hundred pounds. There's no way I could look good in a dress. Before you came along, I had almost stopped my painting altogether. No inspiration, no new ideas. With you here I have more ideas in one day than I ever had in a year before. With you in our lives, Jill and Jeff's gallery is finally starting to turn a profit. Jeff is finally out of the closet too. Lets face facts Kim. With you in our lives, our lives have improved drastically. As good as you look right now, is it so bad for you to dress and live as a girl for a little while?”

“You don't think its wrong for a man to dress as a woman Andy?”

“For a man like me its very wrong. But that's only because of my size. If I was your size I could wear the dresses Jill wants me to. For a man like you, it could never be wrong. What do you find wrong with it?”

“Men aren't supposed to like the soft and sensual things that women do, are they?”

“Of course they are! Why do you think women start wearing those things in the first place? To attract men, that's why! Women don't need frills and lace and sensual fabrics to begin with. A lot of women will do without them in their lives. But when a woman wears them to get and keep her man, some of them fall in love with that part of their lives. Men have always loved to see frills and lace and the softer fabrics on their women and to touch them too. The lucky men are the ones who realize that they do like it. The even luckier men, like me, have wives who will continue to wear those things forever. I love to feel her body next to mine with only a layer or two of soft and sensual material between us.”

“That's fine for when you're in bed, but what about the rest of the time?”

“All the time Kim. Can you keep a secret?”

“Yeah. What?”

“Jill lets me wear teddies that she buys for me. Silk and satin and lace too. I always wear one every day under my male things. I love it. I love feeling the soft and sensual material right next to my skin all day long. When we go to bed together, one if not both of us is wearing a soft and sexy nightie. Sometimes she likes to sleep naked. I always wear a nightie.”

“What!?”

“I love the materials. I love having them next to my skin. I love my wife and she loves me and if she can't be with me all day long, she provides me with a substitute so I can enjoy the feeling of soft and sensual things all day and all night. Sure, if I were your size I would probably love to wear dresses and heels and makeup, and to go out in them. There is nothing wrong with it when the person looks the part he or she is playing. I'm too grotesque when dressed as a woman so I'm better off being a man. You make a better woman than you do a man so what's the problem Kimmie?”

“If my mother ever finds out about this I know I'll be stuck like this forever.”

“So what's the problem? If you like it, do it and enjoy it. So what if your mother wants to make you into more of a girl? Just think of all the fun you could have if you never had to dress as a man again.”

“I really don’t see it as being fun Andy. Sure, I do like the materials and the clothes themselves are comfortable enough, but I am still a man inside and I never wanted to be a woman.”

“We don’t want to make you into a woman, Kim. That wouldn’t be any fun for Jill. She has fun as long as you are a man inside and want to stay a man. She will have more fun if you can learn to enjoy playing the role of a woman while still being a man inside. Its always been a lot of fun for me to have a male model who was wearing female things. Even with your new hairdo and your feminine look, you are still a male model to me and its going to be a lot of fun to have you posing for me now. Why can’t it be fun for you too?”

“I guess I’ll just have to think about it, Andy.”

CHAPTER 7

I didn’t have a whole lot of time to just sit and think that night. I had to stay on my feet and learn to balance myself on those incredibly high heeled shoes. With having a balance so I could stand alone, I had to learn to walk in them too. Small steps? My steps were smaller than baby steps. I moved an inch or two at a time and it was a lot for me to do. Why any woman would torture herself like this was incredible to me. Why I was being tortured like this had just been explained to me. Jill loved to have a super feminine girlfriend who was really a man!

Jill was ready to go and I was still having problems on my toes and in her shoes. She let me sit down so she could take them off for me, then she put another pair of her shoes onto my feet. These ones were black pumps with open toes and two inch stiletto heels. I found my balance easier in these shoes though I still had a problem walking on the narrow heel. That was just too bad for me as far as she was concerned. They were all she would allow me for tonight.

Andy was a happy man as he escorted both me and Jill down to the hotel dining room for dinner. Being able to lean against Andy I was able to stay on my feet and make a presentable girl when we entered the room and were shown to a table. Seated and I was fine and made it through the meal without mishap. Then Jill had to go and insist that I go to the ladies room with her. She was all set to make a scene about it so I had to go with her. I didn’t need to use the facilities but Jill just had to have me there. All she did was to touch up her makeup and to touch mine up for me a bit as well. I thought that both of our makeup was fine before we went in there. When we got back to our table, Andy had taken care of the bill so we went back up to our suite.

Safe and secure inside our suite Jill allowed me to take off the heels I had on. What a relief that was, but it was short lived relief. She had her four inch heels for me again and I had to wear them for the rest of the evening. Jill was having a lot of fun, and so was Andy, but they were the only ones. My feet hurt and the pain ran all the way up to my back and shoulders. This was not what I considered to be fun.

It was with great regret when Jill announced that it was time for bed. She took me into my bedroom and helped me undress down to the Merry-Widow she refused to take off of me. I had to wear a pair of red panties and the red shortie nightie she had laid out for me before. She tucked me into bed like that and I think I was asleep before she turned off the light and closed my door. The next thing I recalled was her waking me up and the sun coming through the window of my bedroom. It was morning already and I felt like I had just fallen asleep.

Jill was in her robe and slippers as she helped me out of the nightie, Merry-Widow and the panties I still had on. She led me into the bathroom where she began to run a bubble bath for me. When I was in and the water was half way up, she took off her robe and kicked off her slippers to climb into the tub with me.

Jill became the very first woman I had ever seen completely naked. Her tits were as big and as flawless as Andy had painted them. Her large brown nipples looked about as big as the tips of my little fingers, the aureole that surrounded them was so wide and so pink too. Her waist was tiny by comparison though I knew that it was just a bit smaller than my own. She had wider hips than I did so I knew that her panties wouldn't fit me.

“What are you doing?” I asked her.

“I'm saving our natural resources and bathing with a friend. Relax Kimmie. Its okay for two girls to bathe together.”

“If you say so. I don't mind, so long as Andy doesn't mind,” I said.

“Andy!” she called at the top of her lungs. A minute later and he came into the room. “Kim was wondering if you mind me taking a bath with her?” she asked him.

“Not at all. But thanks for asking. I like seeing two naked girls in a bubble bath. Maybe I can do a painting of this scene?”

“We'll save this one for when we get home. Hotel facilities just aren't as good as the tub we have.”

“That's true. Okay girls, I've ordered breakfast and its on its way so hurry up.”

Even naked now I was a girl to both of them! Jill helped me wash my hair and face and she had me help her wash too. She wasn't just the first woman I had seen naked, she was also the first naked woman I had ever touched as well. And there was nothing sexual about it as far as I was concerned. Maybe she was having a sexual thrill though? She held my hands as she guided them over her huge and heavy breasts and I felt the size of her erect nipples too. She had really nice tits as far as tits went, but I really wasn't interested in them. Sure, I liked the art that showed girls with big knockers and tiny waists, and I liked to look at the real girls who were built that way, but I never had a need to see the real things up close and to touch them too. Still, it wasn't a totally unpleasant situation to find myself in now. It helped me to realize that I still had my preference for men as sexual partners.

Jill dressed me for a few hours of posing for Andy. The red Merry-Widow corsette with the sheer and nude colored nylon stockings, red panties with the flesh colored bra filled out with the forms and extra tissues to get the cups as full as they should be,

then the red shortie nightie over top. She dried and styled my hair for me and put makeup onto my face, then had me put on the pair of red sandals she had brought along from her room. Four inch stiletto heels again! I had to walk out in them to have breakfast with her and Andy before we got down to work.

Jill got me into the pose Andy wanted by the windows and he got to work while I sat as motionless as was possible. Jill went to get herself dressed, then made a few phone calls in her bedroom. I sat, Andy worked, and Jill talked for the few hours Andy needed to get the pose onto his easel. When he was done, we had coffee together, then Jill got me dressed for the day.

The nightie came off along with the flesh colored bra and she put the red bra onto me with the forms filling the cups themselves. The red full slip and the red dress. I didn't have a red purse to carry so she told me to carry the black one and she got me one of her lighter weight top coats to wear since it was a little cool out, a black coat. The red sandals stayed on my feet.

Andy escorted me and Jill down to the coffee shop where we had lunch together. It was going to mean trouble for me if I didn't smile and at least pretend to be having a good time. But I wasn't used to dressing like this for a public display so I was still a bit nervous about being where so many people could see me. I began to look around at the other people.

Some women and they gave me weak smiles. A few children and they just ignored me. Mostly men and they stared at me and gave me broad smiles, almost to the point of laughing at me though I knew that wasn't the case. Jill was right! No one could tell that I wasn't the person that I was being presented as. The men and women were treating me as they would any other woman they would run into during their day. My disguise as a woman was impenetrable, as long as my actions matched my image. If I acted like a lady I would be treated as one.

Acting like a lady was no easy feat for me. I was still learning to navigate in four inch high heels and there was a lot for me to learn yet. I had to learn it now or risk being found out for the person I really was. A man dressed as a woman. I didn't want that. Not here and not now and certainly not in the future. It would be too embarrassing if that happened.

Andy went back to the suite while Jill led me out onto the street. We were walking today and I followed her the best I could. I was taking very quick and short steps now, almost to the point of running since I didn't want to be left behind. My feet hurt and my legs ached and I knew my back was going to ache too, but I still kept up to the pace that Jill set.

We visited two galleries but we didn't find any artwork we wanted so Jill took me to do some dress shopping. I had to try on more dresses and skirt outfits and although I really didn't like it, I was able to pretend to be having the time of my life. It could be my ruination if I didn't.

When we got back to the hotel, Andy was ready to go and Jill and I were dressed for the occasion. We went to a dinner theater for a nice meal with a show, then relaxed with coffee and the comedy routines afterwards. The shows were entertaining though my mind was still on the personal misery I was going through.

The next morning was a different outfit and a different color for more posing, then Jill got me dressed in a more casual outfit for a day of checking out some garage sales. We took their car while Andy worked in the suite and I had to navigate with city maps while Jill drove. We got to four garage sales on that Saturday afternoon and Jill didn't see a thing that she wanted. I found a picture that I wanted to buy but Jill said it was useless. "The artist had a lousy sense of humor Kimmie," she said. "A pretty girl with a gorgeous figure, her arms full of packages on the street and her panties at her ankles while her dress is blowing up in the wind. This guy was sick."

I wanted the painting anyway so Jill let me buy it with my own money, of which I had very little with me. The woman wanted ten bucks for it so I gave her what she wanted. Jill didn't like me taking that painting into her car and she told me she would not allow it in her gallery.

"That's up to you Jill," I told her. "Can I use one of your portfolios to keep it in till we get home? I wouldn't want it to get damaged."

"Why do you want that painting Kim? The guy who painted it was a sicko!"

"I want to check it out with my loupe, and Art Frahm wasn't a sicko. All of his pinup girls have their panties at their ankles in public with the wind blowing."

"Art Frahm?" she asked a little less annoyed now.

"I think so. I want to check it and see if its an original or a copy. As a copy it could be worth a couple of hundred dollars. As an original, it could be worth a few thousand. You did bring me along for my expertise with art, didn't you?"

"Yeah, that I did. Dressing you as a girl was a spur of the moment bit of fun for me and I guess I expected you to be as outraged at that painting as I was. With all the fun I was having I kind of forgot why you were here in the first place. Sorry."

That was about it for that city. We packed up that night and left the next morning right after breakfast. Two more weeks and two more big cities with some small towns in between. Hotels and motels, galleries and garage sales, stores and shops and boutiques and salons. I was in them all and I got quite used to running around in my four inch stiletto heeled shoes. Wearing my dresses and skirt outfits was no longer such a big deal to me. It was how I had to be dressed for the days I spent with Jill. Nights were different since I wore nighties of various lengths when I crawled into bed to fall asleep. Sensual and sexy nighties and I didn't care one way or the other.

We traveled all day that last Saturday and spent the night in a motel. We got back to our own city on Sunday morning and went straight to Jill and Andy's house where we unloaded their personal belongings. Then Jill and I went to the gallery and deposited all of the purchased artwork there before she drove me home.

"If there is anyone at home when we get there Jill, I can't go inside like this."

"Sure you can Kimmie. We'll just tell your mother the truth," she said. "The truth that you wanted so much to be a girl and kept bugging me about it that I finally relented and helped you dress up as one for



the time we were gone.” She had a big grin on her face and it was all she could do to keep from laughing.

“That’s not the truth and you know it,” I said quietly. She was having fun with me again.

“Yeah, but the look on your face when I said it was priceless. Your mother will know that I forced you to do this and that you had no choice since I got rid of all of your own clothes. I wish you’d reconsider and wear one of your lovely dresses to work next week, Kimmie.”

“Almost three full weeks as a girl was enough for me Jill. I’ll be glad when I can get into my own clothes again.”

Luck wasn’t working for me today. Doctor Jensen’s car was in the driveway and there was movement inside the house. They were home! I wanted to run and hide but Jill pulled into the driveway and shut off the engine. She got out and popped the trunk open so we could get out the three bags I now had. I had left with one and came back with three. All of them filled with my girl clothes and accessories.

Mom had seen us and had the front door open. She recognized Jill though she didn’t know who I was and kept looking outside for the boy me to appear. “Where’s Kim?” she asked as Jill and I set down my bags.

“Oh I’m sorry Mrs. Young,” Jill said to her and the Doctor who was there too, “I got real tired of having Kim along so I left him behind.”

“You what!?” Mom exclaimed.

“Yes,” Jill continued. “I threw all of his clothes in an incinerator and made him dress as this lovely young girl here. Just remove the dress and the lingerie and the makeup and you’ll have your son back.”

Mom stared at me now with a look of total disbelief in her eyes. “Hi Mom,” I said to her.

“Kim?” she gasped. “It is you!” She came to me and gave me a big hug I never expected from her. “You’re beautiful!” she said as she held me back at arm’s length.

“I’m going to go up to my room and get cleaned up and into my own clothes okay?” I asked as I reached for two of my bags.

“Oh no you don’t,” Mom said. “I’ve often dreamed of making you over into a girl and now that you are here and looking so beautiful, I want to keep you this way a while longer. Jill, your husband called and he wants you to call your brother at home.”

Jill used the phone in the living room while Mom and Doctor Jensen herded me into the kitchen to make a pot of coffee. I was trapped again so I sat down at the kitchen table in my most ladylike manner and crossed my legs at the knees.

Mom and her lover stood in the doorway and talked about me like I wasn’t there. “Nice legs,” Mom said. “And doesn’t she look pretty in that dress?”

“Very pretty,” the Doctor agreed. “But her chest is a bit too small for her to be your daughter, or even your sister.”

“Sorry about that,” Jill said from behind them. “I got Kimmie the biggest pair of breast forms I could find. She would look so much more like both of us if she had to wear a DD bra instead of the C-cups. Look, I have to run so I’ll talk to you ladies more later. Kimmie, it was a lot of fun for me to force you to do this. I still want you to consider coming in to work as a girl from now on though.” She said good-bye to us and the Doctor walked her out.

“I have a wonderful surprise for you dear,” Mom said as she poured us each a cup of coffee and served them onto the table. Mom’s attitude was a lot warmer to me now than it had ever been before. Anything she had for me had to be better than what I had to put up with for the past two and a half weeks.

“What is it Mom?” I asked her with some anticipation.

“Well,” she said as she sat down right in front of me and took my hand in hers. “When Jill called me over two weeks ago and told me what she was making you do, I was thrilled about it. I cleaned out all of your male things and transformed your old room into a girl’s room. You now get to stay a girl forever! Isn’t that wonderful!?”

I think I passed out. I woke up with Mom still patting my hand and Doctor Jensen in the process of applying a compress to my forehead. “Wha...what happened?” I asked weakly.

“Too much excitement and good news all at once,” the Doctor said.

“Oh just think of all the fun we can have now as mother and daughter,” Mom said to me happily and she gave my hand a squeeze.

“Jill called you and told you?” I asked a bit stronger.

“Oh yes,” Mom said with glee. “She called and gave me weekly updates on your progress too. But don’t you worry Kimmie dear, Kathy and I will take very good care of you now. By the time you have to go back to work in a week we’ll have you feeling just like the woman that you will be forever.”

That wasn’t what I wanted to hear. “I don’t want to be a woman Mom,” I told her. “Jill made me do it and I didn’t have a choice. It was dress and act as a woman or run around a strange city naked.”

“Yes dear, I know. And I think you made the right choice. But since you chose to dress and act as a woman, we are here to make sure that is what you will have to be from now on. You still don’t have any choice in the matter.”

They had me in between them as we went to the living room where my bags were parked. We each carried one up to my old room and I saw for myself that Mom had done what she had said she had done. It was now a girl’s bedroom complete with lace curtains and sheer drapes and softly feminine colors all over the room. I never had the pinup prints in my room before but now I had about a dozen of the prettier little girl ones.

The Doctor prescribed bed rest, and lots of it so she and Mom did the unpacking of my bags and getting it all put away. I cleaned as much of the makeup from my face as I could at the vanity table that I never had before. Then Mom helped me get undressed

and into the little pink nightie she had chosen for me to wear while the Doctor was out of the room.

There was no point in fighting since I had nothing else available for me to wear. It was a Sunday so my bank was closed and I couldn't get to my money yet. Complaining would probably get me a slap in the face. All I could do was comply and bide my time till I could get away and back to some semblance of my own life.

Mom tucked me into bed for the first time since Dad had left us. She gave me a kiss on the cheek as she gave me the biggest smile I had seen in years. Doctor Jensen returned and gave me a pill with a glass of water and they made sure I took it. They even checked my mouth afterwards to make sure I had swallowed it. Then they left me alone.

Yeah! I would get to my cash, get my own place, get some male clothes again, then get my own life back! No more swishing around in skirts and high heeled shoes! I fell asleep.

CHAPTER 8

My bedroom window faced east and the sun was just coming up when I woke up. I could hear the birds singing outside as I stretched my arms out from under the covers. I felt the puffed sleeves on my shoulders brush against my head so I stopped the stretch to examine the frilly and lacy white babydoll nightie I had on. White? I had put on a pink one before I climbed into bed! How did I end up in a white one?

I pulled the covers down from my neck and was horrified to see the twin mounds that caused my nightie to rise up from my chest! I was on my back so they were flattened down a bit and I sat up so quickly that their movement hurt me. I had tits like a real girl now! My hand shot down to between my legs and I felt that I still had the family jewels intact down there. At least they hadn't taken those away from me.

My plans to get away were shot to hell now. I had a real set of tits every bit as big as both Mom and Jill. There was no way I could pass for a man with these things standing out in front of me. I wanted to cry but my tears wouldn't come so I examined my tits instead.

They were big and heavy in my small hands and felt about the same as Jill's had. I don't know how they did it but I had bigger nipples now too and it was only by looking in a mirror that I was able to see that my aureole was increased as well. When I stroked them slightly they stood up so hard and erect that they hurt. I had real tits now! I really did want to cry but the tears refused to flow on command. What if they were the DD size that Jill said she wanted me to have? I hoped they weren't. I didn't want them on me.

I found the peignoir for the nightie on a chair and put it on. I was stuck as a girl for now so I figured I had better act like one. I put on the furry white mules that were be-

side the bed and was glad that the heels were only three inches high. When I tried to walk I found that my boobs bounced up and down and it hurt so I had to hold them with my hands as I tiptoed out of my room, down the hall and down the stairs to the kitchen.

The coffee pot was set to go so all I had to do was turn it on. Then I took a look at the calendar Mom had on the wall and got a big surprise. If the calendar was right, then it was no wonder they had been able to do this to me! Three whole weeks had gone by since I had returned home with Jill. I had been sedated the whole time they had transformed me into this ugly and horrible thing that I now was! God only knew what they had done to me, and He wasn't talking to me! I sat down then and I did cry. Real tears and my shoulders shook with each sob causing my boobs to bounce and give me some more pain. I was far too much of a girl to ever be much of a man again. I kept on sobbing and crossed my arms under my tits to keep them from bouncing and hurting so much.

My cry was over by the time the coffee was ready so I had a cup and resolved to live the life I had no control over. I had to be a girl now, there was no choice and no alternative. If I was a good and obedient girl, maybe they would let me keep the family jewels I still carried between my legs. It was something to hope for. But I knew that if they wanted to take them from me, there was nothing I could do or say to stop them.

I heard the creak on the stairs and knew that someone was coming down. I watched the doorway and saw Mom peeking around the corner. She had hoped to sneak up on me but saw that I had seen her and came into the kitchen in her slightly longer and powder blue negligee. I had never seen her this undressed before.

"Good morning Kimberly," she said addressing me with the feminine form of my name. "How do you feel?"

"Good morning Mom," I answered and saw the surprise appear on her face. "I feel hungry," I told her.

"I'll make you something to eat then. A good breakfast and you'll feel a lot better."

"It'll help. But I'll feel a lot better after a long and hot bubble bath. Did you get me any bras this size or am I stuck with the pain when they bounce around on me?"

My comments and question surprised her even more. "I thought you'd be asking why I had this done to you," she said giving me a curious stare.

"I already know why you had it done Mom. To make me into more of a girl. So I could never go back to being a man again. Because you want me to be your daughter, not a son. That is why, isn't it?"

"Yes. That's about it. You're okay with that?"

"It doesn't matter if I'm okay with it or not. That's the way it is and there's nothing I can do about it except learn to accept it and get on with my life as the girl I have to be now. I need a bubble bath and some clothes so I can go back to work again. Does Jill know anything about this or is it going to be a surprise to her?"

"She knows though she hasn't seen you and doesn't know the particulars. It will be a big surprise to her when she sees you," and Mom smiled. "Two big surprises actu-

ally. Kathy can probably get you another operation and then you can be all girl! How would you like that dear?"

"Uh, no thanks Mom. I think I want to wait a bit and see how I can fare as the girl that I am before I try to go any further."

"That might be wise Kimberly. We got you all new clothes and they're in your closet and dresser drawers in your room. We had to guesstimate the fit but the sizes should be okay. You can never be a mother but with the right woman, you can still become a father. Maybe after you have sired a daughter or two we can help you become more of a real woman."

"Maybe," I agreed with her. There was no way I could ever have sex with a woman so maybe my agreement would buy me the time to plan and execute my escape. Just go along and get along was my plan for now.

Kathy Jensen came down and was dressed for work as she had breakfast with me and Mom. I saw her in a new light now so I couldn't call her by her title any longer. To me, a Doctor was someone who helped people with their ailments, not someone who would physically alter a person against their will and without their consent. I would seek my medical advice elsewhere from now on. She was just Kathy to me now since she was my mother's lover. Neither of them seemed to mind my sudden lack of use of her title. I ate as much as I could, then excused myself to go and have a bubble bath.

The food had helped me regain some strength and the bath helped me relax a bit. I lay on my back in the tub and watched my tits as they bobbed up and down and around. They had a tendency to float in the water and they kept the bubbles dancing around in different patterns. I was a girl now and for as long as I had to be one so I had to act as one until such a time as I could make a break for it. And I owed it all to Jill, and my mother, and her lover. I didn't like any of them as much now as I had before.

I made my way back to my bedroom wearing just the bath towel wrapped over top of my mammoth tits, like a real girl would wear it. I searched my dresser drawers to find out what I had to wear now and where it was all being kept. I went through my entire closet. I had a full wardrobe now, more complete than what Jill had bought for me and in different styles and sizes to fit my altered body.

Having spent three weeks dressing as a girl with a woman like Jill, I had learned a lot more than I had let on to her. The first item I pulled out to put on was a medium pink bra. I had a lot of bras now but I chose the medium shade of pink for its implied femininity. It would show a subtle acceptance of my new stature as a young woman. It was a size 34-DD so I knew I would have to use the last set of eyes with the hooks that held it closed behind my back.

The towel went onto the floor as I pulled the bra up my arms. I grasped the ends in my fingers and prepared to pull them together behind my back, first bending at the waist to drop my heavy breasts into the cups. I did it. Then the adjustments. The shoulder straps were too short and I had to lengthen them. Then I did the boob adjustment I had seen Jill do. Thumbs into the side elastic just behind the cups on both sides and give the boobs a good shaking. It helps to settle a big pair of tits into the

cups more comfortably. My tits needed the support so the bra was the first item I put on.

Panties next, to give support to the family jewels. Most of the panties I had now were of the bikini style. I found a pair to match my bra and stepped into them to pull them up and fit them about my hips. I seemed a bit bigger in my hips now than I had been before. Either that or Mom had gotten me panties in a smaller size. They were a snug fit, but I got them on.

Rather than pantyhose or a garter belt, I chose the waist cincher in the same shade of pink as everything else I had on. It would give me a little more back support and I needed that if I was going to wear a pair of four inch stiletto heeled shoes all day long. It wasn't an easy feat to get the hook and eye closure done up behind my back but I managed and I got it right on the first try. The six garter tabs dangled loosely about the tops of my thighs so I would need a pair of stockings to wear with it. Now to see what I had of them.

In my hosiery drawer I found about half a dozen pair of pantyhose in a variety of shades and in what should be my size. I found about four dozen pair of stockings, all brand new, some in silk, the rest in nylon. Obviously Mom intended that I should wear stockings more than pantyhose. I chose a pair of beige silk stockings and took them back to my bed. With my longer manicured nails it was easy to rip the package open and separate the garbage from the soft silk.

The silk stockings appealed to my mind now. In the first place, they were a lot more expensive than the nylon stockings, and a lot harder to get these days. Let Mom pay for them. The silk stockings had reinforced toes, heels and vamp and since I no longer had any polish left on my toenails, I wanted to cover them up more. But it was the darker seam that ran under my foot from the toes and up the backs of my legs that would shout femininity to everyone, probably as loud if not louder than the tits that stood out in front of me. Tits could be faked and enhanced subtly inside a bra, but hairless legs encased in a smooth silk with a seam up the back were an asset to girls and women that could never be forged.

And there was one more reason for wearing the silk stockings today too. I liked them. I liked the smooth feel of the soft silk as I smoothed them up my legs and attached them to the garter tabs as tautly as I could. I liked the way my legs felt in them all day long when I had to wear the really high heeled shoes that I was going to be wearing. And I liked the way the hems of my slip and dress would swish against them when I walked, sat or when the wind blew. There were a lot of things about dressing as a girl that I could enjoy, but that didn't mean that I wanted to be a girl and have to live the rest of my life as one. But since I had to be a girl now I may as well get whatever pleasures I could out of it, and silk stockings were a part of that new joy.

I found a pink full slip in my collection so I put it on. The color was about the same and I could enjoy the pleasurable sensation of the soft silk where it was able to caress my skin and the hemline as it brushed against my silk clad legs. The hemline was just above my knees and trimmed with a wide band of lace to match the lace on the bodice as it hid my lacy bra completely. I took out my dress and hung it on the closet door for now.

My vanity table held everything I was going to need now. I was able to brush my damp hair and with the aid of a hair dryer I got back some of the permed style Jill had given to me. I would have to visit a beauty salon and get them to give me a better style since this one had grown out a bit too much in the past month and a half. The makeup was all there so I got to work in the same way that Jill had always done it for me. Being associated with art all of my life, having even attempted to become an artist, and watching closely as Jill worked on me helped me to do it by myself for the first time. My eyebrows had been kept down so I didn't have to pluck any hair from them. Foundation cream first smoothed on with a sponge. Then the blue eyeshadow that went with my skin tones, hair and eye color. Mascara next, then the black eyeliner at the base of my upper eyelashes. I did my lips in the same way that Jill had. I outlined them with a dark shade of pink using a very fine brush, then filled in the outline with a slightly lighter shade of pink. I applied and blended in the blusher to my high boned cheeks and I was done. I used the spray unscented deodorant, then dabbed on a bit of the floral scented perfume. I had done just about as good a job as Jill ever had.

Time for my dress. I took it from its hanger to open the back zipper and stepped into it to pull it up and slide one arm into the sleeve hole. Then I was able to use the free hand to tuck down my slip before I put that arm into its hole. The dress didn't have any sleeves or collar but it did have a round neckline that showed off some of my new cleavage. I had to contort myself in ways I wasn't used to in order to get the zipper closed behind my back. With that done I was able to reach under the hem of the dress to arrange my slip to where it should be, then smooth down the dress itself. I chose the gold colored jewelry that was available to me and put a thin chain around my neck, a wristwatch on my left wrist and short dangling earrings into the lower set of holes in my earlobes. Now I was ready for my shoes.

The four inch stiletto heeled shoes were pink to match my dress and all of my undies which I was wearing. I chose them because they had closed toes, a sling back style of strap to go behind my ankles and a thin strap to buckle higher up on the ankle. And because the heel was stiletto thin and four inches high. The higher the heel, the more feminine my movements and the easier it would be to stay feminine all day long. I sat down and buckled them on.

Then I took a look at myself in the mirror. Not too bad. I needed a belt to snug in the looseness of the dress at my waist so I found an off white one that was narrow enough and that still looked good on me. The belt would go with a purse I had in my closet and I found my wallet, keys and other personal effects to put into it. I made sure I had my bank book too. A sweater? I could carry it for now and if it turned cooler later I could put it on. I had a short pink cashmere cardigan that would go nicely with this dress and I tried it on to see how it would look before I decided to take it with me. I was ready.

I avoided the squeaky step on my way down the stairs and was able to surprise Mom when I walked into the kitchen. She was dressed for the day though not in her uniform and having about her tenth cup of coffee that morning. "Oh my gosh! Kimberly!" she gasped when she saw me. "You look fantastic!"

"Thanks Mom. Have you got about ten or twenty dollars I can borrow?" I asked her.

“Whatever for dear?” she asked me curiously.

“I have to go downtown this morning. I will only need a dollar for the bus but if I get too much hassle at the bus stop or on the bus I will want to switch to a cab. It would be best to have the money for a cab before I take one.”

“Why do you have to go downtown Kimmie?”

Questions! Nothing but questions! “I have places to go and people to see and things to do and they’re all downtown.”

“Like what dear?” Another question.

“Like, I have to go to my bank to get some money and to arrange for credit cards so I won’t have to go in there everyday. Then I have to stop by the gallery and see if I still have a job there, and to check on my painting. I have to find a beauty salon that can take me right away so I can get something done with my hair, a manicure and a pedicure too, maybe even a facial. I can’t stay as I am. Can I borrow the money? I’ll pay you back when I get home.”

“I’ll get my purse and go with you. We can take a cab straight from here. You have a painting?” She put her cup into the sink and ran water into it.

“I bought one with my own money at a garage sale when I went with Jill. She didn’t want it and tried to talk me out of it but I bought it anyway. It might be worth something so I want to check it out at the gallery.”

“Are you going to sell it Kimmie?” she asked.

“If its a fake, sure. Why not? If its real, I’ll keep it. We can hang it in your room instead of the print you have.”

“Who is it?” She was excited about this now.

“I think it may be a Frahm. But I won’t know for sure until I can check it out properly.”

“How much did it cost you?”

“Ten bucks. I thought it would be worth it even if it was a fake.”

Mom got her purse and called for a cab and was very excited as we stood outside together and waited for it. “You really surprise me now Kim,” she told me. “I expected a lot of tears and crying over what we did to you.”

“I had my cry before you got up Mom. But I came to realize that I have to live with the way I am so there was no point to causing a big fuss over it. I don’t like the idea that you would do this to me without even talking to me about it or asking my opinion, but I can’t change what’s been done so I may as well make the best of it.”

“You do seem to be doing that, and nicely too.”

CHAPTER 9

The cab dropped us off downtown in front of my bank that wasn't open yet so Mom and I went for a coffee in a nearby cafe. It had been years since Mom and I had gone anywhere or done anything together and the only reason she was with me now was because I was so much more of a girl. She didn't like to be seen with a boy or a man, not even with a son. But a daughter was a different story.

There were a lot of eyes on us now as we ignored the people around us and concentrated on talking to each other. Mom had a lot of questions for me about everything in my life, a part of me she had never cared to know anything about before. I weighed her questions carefully and made sure I didn't give away too much with my answers. I was stuck as I was and I had to live and the only way to do that was to be as much of a female as was possible since it was impossible to do anything at all as a male again.

I kept an eye on the clock and when the time had arrived I excused myself to begin to take care of the things I had to do. Mom was right behind me. The bank was easy. I withdrew one hundred dollars in cash and applied for the credit cards. Then I left with Mom right behind me and started the walk to the gallery. She was better on her heels than I was, but I didn't have a single misstep in the two block walk. The gallery was open when we got there and had the usual crowd of zero when we got up to the fourth floor show room. Jeff came out of the office with his air of a salesman about him. "Are you ladies looking for anything in particular?" he asked us.

"Yes," I told him. "Is Jill here, Jeff?"

He seemed shocked that I would know who he was since he was sure we had never met before. He had no way of recognizing me now. "She had a stop to make on the way in this morning and I expect her any minute," he said.

"That's good," I headed for the back room where the paintings we had bought were put upon our return to the city and Jeff stepped in front of me.

"I can't allow you to go back there Miss," he said to me.

"Relax Jeff," I said in reply. "It's me, Kim. Don't tell me no one told you what was being done to me!"

"Kim! Oh my God! I would never have known it was you!"

"Well, do I still work here or not?" I asked him.

"Uh, yeah! As far as I'm concerned you do."

"Then I can go in the back and check on some things?"

"Sure. Go ahead. Uh, who's your friend there?"

"That's my mother. Stay away from her if you want to keep your balls where they are."

He grimaced at that thought but he knew enough to keep his distance from my mother. He knew she was a man hater and could take great joy in permanently disabling any man. I went into the back room with a smile on my face as I contemplated the thoughts he had running through his head. Let him worry. Mom was harmless to men in public places. It's when she got a man alone that she was at her most dangerous state of mind. Like when she got me alone.

My painting was still in the portfolio where I had left it so I took it out and set it up on an easel. I set the lights and used my loupe to begin checking some of the finer points that only Frahm could put into his works. They were there, it was a real Frahm and probably worth a few thousand dollars. I put it back into the portfolio case and slid it into a corner where no one would think to look for it.

Jill was in the gallery and talking to Mom when I came out of the back room. She did a comical double take when she saw me though I kept from laughing. I wanted to punch her in the face for what she had done to me, but I still needed the job and all the money I could get so I kept my cool and pretended to be the woman I appeared to be. "Hi," I said when I stepped right up in front of her. "Remember me?"

"Kim!" she gasped audibly. She looked down into my cleavage, then back up to my face as I gave her a wry smile.

"You do remember me. Jeff says I can still have my job. Is it okay with you too?"

"Uh, yeah! Sure! Of course!" She was at a complete loss for words then.

"I just checked out my painting and I'll be back to get it later. I have a spot at home I would like to hang it." Mom had a big grin on her face then.

"I showed it to a few people and I have offers of six hundred for it. You don't want to sell it?" she asked then.

"Oh no. Its an original and worth quite a few thousand right now. If I hang onto it for a couple of years it'll be worth even more. I won't sell it for any price right now and certainly not for six hundred."

"Uh, of course not. Where are you going now?" she asked.

"I'm a real mess right now Jill. I have to find a beauty salon that can take me right away and do something with my hair and nails. I certainly can't stay looking like this! Do you know of any salons nearby that I might try?"

Everyone likes to give an opinion and it helps to put people like Jill at ease if they can be of some assistance to someone like me. She suggested a couple of places and even offered to call ahead for me to save us some walking. I let her do that and stayed with Mom in the gallery.

"Its a real Frahm!?" Mom just had to ask me.

"Oh yeah. Its real alright. Packages flying, skirt blowing in the wind and panties at the ankles, just the way only Frahm can paint them. You'll see it later at home."

"I can't wait Kim. Thank you."

It was a few thousand dollar ploy but I needed to set Mom's mind at ease. She had to think I was happy with myself as I was and the painting might blind her sufficiently. I had other ideas on how to blind her and Jill and the salon was a part of that.

Jill came back out and gave me the name and address of a salon that could take me right away. "Are you coming right back here when you're done Kim?" she asked.

"I don't know, why?" I replied.

“I can go to the bank and get the money I owe you and have it here, if you’ll be back to get it,” she said.

“What money?” I asked. “You pay me by direct deposit to my account.”

“All that posing you did for Andy on our trip. I still owe you for that. The total is about fourteen hundred dollars and I always pay you cash.”

“Oh!” I hadn’t expected to be paid for it but I wasn’t about to turn it down either. “Then I’ll be right back after I’m done at the salon,” I said.

I was a take-charge kind of girl now, more so than I ever was as a man. I led the way and Mom followed as we went to the salon. I got a nicer hairstyle after I took off my shoes and stockings so I could have my pedicure at the same time. They did my manicure for me too though I opted to leave the facial for another time. With so much cash waiting for me at the gallery, I wanted to get back there and pick it up before the banks closed. I didn’t want to carry that much cash around with me.

When we got back to the gallery, Jill had my cash waiting for me and told me that Andy still wanted me to pose for him. He had a lot of ideas for other paintings and still wanted me as his main model. I told her I would be there the next morning. Then she showed me the ones he had finished and had allowed to leave home.

It was a bit of a shock to me. Andy had used my face though adjusted to look feminine. He had used my hair color though he had used Jill’s hairstyles. All of the features throughout the body were mine, except for the tits where he had used Jill’s. He had more than doubled his work for his first showing, thanks to the posing I had done for him. Mom loved seeing me on canvas and as the girl Andy had made me. She wanted to be at the premier exhibition too.

I went to my bank and made a large deposit, then I went out to do a bit of shopping. I had the bonus cash I hadn’t expected and Mom was a bit worried when I took a short cut through the men’s wear department. But the ladies wear was on the other side and that was where I went. I tried on a few dresses and some skirts with blouses and I bought an outfit that fit me better than the dress I was wearing. It pleased Mom to no end that I chose dresses and skirts over the pants and slacks that most other girls and women were into. But I did it to put her mind at ease and to make her relax enough that I could get away later.

We stopped at the gallery for a third time and I got the portfolio case from the back room. I checked to make sure my painting was inside, then said good-bye to Jeff and Jill. I would see them both tomorrow. Jill at her house and Jeff when I came in to work again. Mom and I caught a cab to go home and she paid for it again this time while I climbed out with the painting and my new outfit.

Mom was happy with the painting and we hung it in her bedroom in place of the much smaller print she’d had. She was happy with my outfit and watched as I hung it away inside my closet. And she was very happy with my carefree attitude as a girl now as I sat in the kitchen to watch her begin to prepare our dinner.

CHAPTER 10

I made good and sure no one could find fault with my role as a girl now. Not Mom, not Kathy or Jill or Jeff and not Andy either. Dressed as a young woman, I was a lady at all times. I was a lady even when I posed nude and seminude for Andy. I was properly feminine all day at work and every evening when I came home. That's what they wanted and that's what they got.

I was at the salon for my monthly appointment a few months later when I ran into Sheila Graham. She had no idea who I was, but she and I had been classmates in our final year of high school and had been casual friends of a sort. She and I got along well since both of us liked boys and she didn't like me that way. Her favorite line to me was, "You should have been born a girl," and she used it almost everyday. I hadn't seen her in more than two years.

We were in chairs next to each other getting our hair done so I struck up a conversation with her. I started off by letting her know that she and I had gone to the same school together and that we probably knew a lot of the same people. I asked her if she had seen this person or that person and what were they doing now. She knew them better than I had so she knew all about them and told me everything. It was driving her crazy that she didn't recognize me but I merely told her that she had to figure out who I was.

She was done before I was and waited for me to finish, then asked me to join her for a coffee so she could figure out who I was. I went with her to a deli that had just opened up down the street and they didn't have a lot of business yet. It was quiet when we entered and we got a table quickly and our coffee. "Are you still drinking those horrid concoctions of yours Sheila?" I asked her.

"What horrid concoctions?" she asked with some surprise.

"I think your favorite was a chocolate, banana, pineapple milkshake," I told her.

"Not too many people knew about those. I only had them with three other girls around, and one guy. Who told you about them?"

"Well lets see. You ran with Marcy, Cheryl and Tanya and you let Kim in once in a while since he liked boys the same as you four girls did. Right?"

"Right. Who are you?"

"Do you give up Sheila?"

"I give up already. I don't remember you and I know I've never seen you before and I can't figure out who you are. But you had to have been there to recognize me and to know so much about me and the people I know. Who are you?"

"You always told me that I should have been born a girl, remember?"

"Kim!" she almost shouted. "You're Kim Young?" she asked more quietly.

"See Sheila, you do remember me after all. How do you like my new look?"

"You look fabulous! But you don't look, act or sound like the Kim I knew in school."

“People can change Sheila. You and Marcy still switching clothes all the time?”

“We only did that in school to confuse the hell out of people since me and Marcy looked so much alike. I guess the guys don’t chase you out of the boys’ washrooms and locker rooms any more huh?”

“I can’t go into them anymore. I have to use the ladies rooms now.”

“I guess. So, you’ve decided to become a girl now! Why? I thought you were happy as a Gay guy? What brought this big change on?”

I told her my story in general terms from start to finish so she understood that my being a girl now was not my choice. It was just something I was stuck with.

“Why don’t you just move out?” she asked me. “You’re working, you have an income.”

“Do you know the cost of an apartment?” I asked her. “Furniture and food and bills? I make minimum wage with an occasional commission and the odd bit of freelance work here and there. I need a bigger nest egg to fall back on. Or I need a roommate. None of the guys I know want to live with another guy who looks, dresses and acts the way I have to.”

“Okay, so what about a girl roommate then? Surely you can find a girl willing to share an apartment with you, can’t you?”

“I don’t know many girls Sheila. I don’t know how to meet them and I wouldn’t know how to approach them with a proposition like that.”

“Do you remember Sandy James? I think she was in our music classes.”

“Yeah. Tall and thin, almost anorexic wasn’t she?”

“That’s the one. She’s filled out a lot since then. She’s marrying Dave Woods next month. You remember Dave don’t you?”

“Oh yeah. How can I forget the guy who always chased me out of the locker room? In his words, he didn’t like having a faggot around when he changed, showered or took a leak.”

“They’re having a social next week to try and raise some funds to pay for their wedding. Neither family nor themselves has the cash to pay for their nuptials. I have a spare ticket in my purse I’m going to give to you.” She reached for her purse. “You show up and only you and me will know who you are. We’ll get you acquainted with the girls and you can dance with the guys but no one gets to know who you were before. If you’re a hit with the girls we can scout them out to see who might need a roommate. Who knows, you may be able to live with one of them and never have to reveal your true sex!” She gave me the ticket. “Semiformal Kim. Dresses or a skirt suit or pants suit. No jeans.”

“I don’t have pants or jeans. Only dresses and skirt outfits.”

“Good. You’re a very beautiful girl Kim. You should have been born as one.” We both laughed at that.

“So why are you helping me Sheila?” I had to ask her.

“I get along okay with Sandy. Her sister Beth is my roommate. I can’t stand Dave all that much and very few of the girls can either. But we all get along great with his sister Roxanne so we’re helping out to make it a bit easier on her. Since Dave was always so rough on you in school, I think it would be fun to get a picture of him dancing with you. There’ll be other guys there from school who weren’t all that nice to you so only you and I will have the satisfaction of watching them fall all over themselves to dance with you. You can dance, can’t you?”

“Oh sure. But I’ve only danced with men so I have to follow their lead.”

“Me too. You should have been born a girl Kim.” We laughed some more before we parted and I told her I would be there. I had a week to prepare for the social.

Running into Sheila had been a stroke of luck for me, and it was about time. Sheila had been the one girl who could understand me and like me though she never had an interest in me as a boy. She was the only girl willing to be a friend to me. Marcy, Cheryl and Tanya all put up with me because Sheila told them to. When it came to girls, I guess I liked Sheila better than the rest of them.

Mom seemed concerned when I told her I was going to the social on the Saturday that was coming up. I told her I would need to get a car and my license to drive so I could take a girl out on a date, if I met one there. That made everything alright, even though we both knew I didn’t have a chance in hell of getting either a car or my license. Buses were too public and cabs were too expensive to use all the time.

The week went well and fast and my nest egg grew due to a fat commission I got from Tracy and Jim Willow. They had a man who was liquidating his assets to pay his debts so his collection had to go. Jim had gotten a loan to buy it from the bank with some of his policeman friends cosigning for him. But they all needed verification that the paintings were worth the money they were investing. That’s where I came in. I wasn’t a certified expert, but I was the one person in town who knew the most about the art work in question. Tracy and Jim both came to meet me to set up the inspection, and it was the first time I had seen either of them since I had begun to live as a girl. They happened to arrive when Jill was at a meeting with her accountant and Jeff was at a Doctor appointment.

“Hello Tracy,” I greeted her with a smile as she stepped from the elevator. “Hello Jim.”

“Uh, you know us?” Jim asked me with a puzzled look on his face.

“Certainly. I’ve been to the Willow Gallery many times this year,” I said. “Can I get you some tea?” I offered as I led the way to the office. “Jill and Jeff are out so I am the only one here right now.”

“Is Kim Young due back soon?” Tracy asked as she took the seat I offered to her. “He is the one we came to see.”

“Oh oh,” I said. “Jill didn’t tell you I take it?”

“Tell us what?” Jim asked.

“This is awkward,” I said to them. “Jill’s idea of a good time is to force a man to look and act like a girl.”

"I know that," Tracy said. "She and I have discussed it before. So what?"

I spread my arms out and smiled at them. "Kim!?" Jim gasped.

"My mother agreed with Jill and took it a few steps further," I told them. "Its impossible for me to look like a man again so I have to live as a woman now."

"They can't force you to do that!" Jim told me. "That's against the law!"

"Perhaps. But I can't very well have my mother and her lover as well as my employer arrested and put into jail now can I? I was sedated so I don't know who did what to me."

Jim was stunned by it. "You make a very lovely girl now Kim," Tracy told me.

"Thanks," I said. "I do try too. Its either I try to survive or let myself go crazy. So, what can I do for you today?"

"We have a collection we are about to acquire," Tracy said. "We have the investors lined up and credit from the bank. All we need is to verify the art work and you are the one person in this city who can do it for us. We know you aren't certified but your opinion is all we need. The investors have agreed and so has the bank and the insurance company. We'll just have to tell them you're a young woman now instead of a young man."

"Why tell them anything?" I asked.

"They want to be there to hear your opinions themselves. The bank will send a representative as will the insurance company and the cosigners will all be there too, along with the seller."

"When and where?" I asked.

"Saturday evening at our gallery," Jim said.

"I can't make that. I have a prior engagement," I said.

"Friday, same place?" Tracy asked.

It was set. It was a small gathering of ten people plus the Willows and myself to make the lucky number 13. It was informal and the gallery was closed to the public and everyone there knew that I had once been a man and was living as a woman now. It made me a bit uncomfortable but a commission was a commission and I wanted the money. The bank's representative was a woman and three of the police officers were women and Tracy was a woman too so it helped me to relax a bit more with them there. Gay bashing was still a common occurrence and it could happen with cops too though it was less likely with women around.

The seller was a relieved man when I gave my opinion that every piece was authentic. I was even able to set a fair price for each painting for him to sell at and it was fair enough that Tracy and Jim could make a profit on them when they sold. My commission was based on that fair value I set. At two percent, I made sixteen hundred dollars. I gave my branch and account number to the woman from the bank and she promised the money would be deposited that very evening. She would do it before going home.

One of the female police officers offered me a ride home so I accepted it. Taking a bus at this time of night from downtown was out of the question for any girl who

looked the way I did. A cab would have cost me a lot. "Its hard to believe that a girl as beautiful as you are was once a man," she told me.

"Thanks," I laughed. "But I still am a man, down where it counts."

"And you're going to become all woman?"

"Not if I can help it."

"So why live as a woman at all then?"

"Its these tits of mine. They don't come off and they're impossible to hide so I could live as a man. I'm stuck with them until I can afford to have them removed."

"So why did you get them in the first place? I just don't understand."

So I told her the same general story that I had Sheila and ended it off with stating that I couldn't have my mother and her lover and my employer put into jail.

"Yeah," she agreed. "All they have to say is that you asked for it and its your word against what, three of them?"

"Four actually. Jill's husband Andy is bound to side with his wife. My word against theirs and I wouldn't stand a chance. I'm stuck as I am for now so all I can do is make the best of what I have until I can straighten things out myself. Since I will be seen as a girl no matter how I dress, I may as well be the best girl I can be for now."

"Well, you seem to have a good attitude about it. Good luck Kim." She let me out in front of my house and drove away.

The social the next night was a lot of fun for both me and Sheila. I wore white panties and bra with sheer pantyhose and my light blue minidress, black four inch stiletto heels and carried my black purse. I presented my ticket at the door and was admitted to find Sheila sitting with a group of girls. She introduced me to her friends, then dragged me off to the tiny ladies room and locked the door behind us.

"I have good news and bad news Kim," she told me. "You look great by the way."

"Thanks. Might as well give me the bad news first."

"Okay. I already talked to most of the girls who will be here tonight and none of them is in search of a roommate."

"So I guess all I can do here is meet some girls and dance with the guys then huh?"

"I'm afraid so. Sorry."

"It happens. So what's the good news then?"

"The good news is that they don't figure to make much on this social. Sandy's sister Beth, my roommate, is moving back home so she can help pay for the wedding. It looks like I'll have to find another roommate now. You wouldn't happen to know of anyone willing to share a two bedroom apartment right downtown with me, would you?"

"Two bedrooms? Downtown? That's perfect Sheila! What would my share be?"

“Beth made a little better than minimum wage as a file clerk and she could afford it. We can work out the details later. Lets go and have some fun tonight but remember, only me and you can know about you.”

I wasn't much for drinking but I was a good dancer and I got asked by just about every guy there. Sheila was snapping pictures every time I got into the arms of an old schoolmate for a slow waltz. These guys would have beat the crap out of me if they could have caught me those years ago in school and now they were copping feels from my ass as we danced. I had to pull a lot of hands off of my ass throughout the night, even though I liked having a man touch me there. I liked dancing with all the men and I would have liked even more, but they were all straight so I knew that was impossible.

Sheila wasn't a drinker either so she was as sober as a judge when we left the social a little after midnight together. But we were giggling so hard over all the fun we'd had and all the invitations I had gotten for a rendezvous later on that everyone thought we were drunk. Beth had already moved out so Sheila drove us back to her place.

It was a large apartment with two large bedrooms, a huge bathroom, in suite storage and laundry facilities and a balcony too. The apartment had a kitchenette off the hallway joining to a small dining room, then into a large living room. It was fully furnished and comfortable and all I had to do was to move in. Beth's share of the rent and bills had been paid to the end of the month so it wouldn't cost me anything till then. She showed me the accounting she'd put together and it was easily affordable for me.

“I only have one obstacle to moving in right now Sheila,” I told her. “My mother. She isn't going to give up her control of my life without a fight.”

“She might,” she told me, “if she thought the circumstances were favorable to her and for what she is trying to plan for you.”

“What circumstances are you referring to?” I asked.

“Well, you did tell me that your mother doesn't know that you're Gay and she is hoping you'll meet the right girl, get married and give her some grandchildren. So we tell her we met at the social, I recognized you from our conversations about school, was in love with you then and need a roommate now. I can tell her that I love the idea of a man living as a woman and that such a man is what I want in my life. If I don't get a roommate before the end of the month, then I have to move back in with my parents and they've just moved out of the state.”

“That might work. My mother is a Lesbian and a man hater but she likes me a lot more now than she ever has before. You sure you want to tell her that you and I might become lovers if we live together?”

Sheila was a lot taller than I was and it became rather apparent to me as she stepped up close to me. “I do like men Kim,” she told me. “A man in a dress is still a man as long as he has the right equipment. Maybe I'm part Lesbian too since I don't mind those big boobs of yours. The only thing you have to watch is that you don't jump or scream if I cop a feel in front of your mother.” Very slowly and deliberately she lifted a hand to one of my breasts and gave it a gentle squeeze. She moved her other

hand to my back and down to my ass and I still didn't jump or try to back away. I was a bit hesitant when she leaned down to kiss me on the mouth, but she said it would be necessary if I was to get out of my mother's house so I let her kiss me.

I knew I had to do a lot of distasteful things if I was ever going to get away from Mom but kissing and being felt up by Sheila was the worst so far. Then she added another factor by having me feel her up too. We both had to appear to be in love with each other for this to work and I was willing to bet that Sheila was enjoying herself with me now. Personally, I felt revolted and disgusted that I had to do this with a woman. But if I pretended she was a man, it wasn't nearly so revolting an act for me. I could kiss her and let her touch me in places I only wanted a man to touch me as I tried to imagine that her smallish breasts were nothing more than a fatty chest on a slim man.

The absolute worst came a few minutes later when Sheila led me to her room, stripped me naked and undressed herself to join me on her bed. "I am truthfully going to tell your mother when I see her that you and I slept naked together in my bed and that I enjoyed it too," she told me. "You'll tell her that you want to live with me. We'll save the consummation of our love for if we ever decide to get married."

That was fine with me. I was naked and she was naked and we were in her bed together and my cock was as small and flaccid as it ever could be with a woman. Only men ever got me excited enough to get an erection. I just had to suffer her attentions until I moved in with her. She needed a roommate and I needed a roommate so what could be better?

CHAPTER 11

Sheila drove me home in the morning, after we took turns in the bathroom and had something to eat at a deli down the street. Heck, I could walk to the gallery from her place, any number of the different galleries I consulted for too.

Mom and Kathy were up when we got there and pleased as punch when they saw Sheila walk into the house with me. I made the introductions and then launched into the explanation as to why I hadn't come home last night. I excused myself to go and change my clothes and left the three of them alone. I hoped this story worked. I really wanted out of this house.

Coming out of my room in a completely clean set of clothes I ran into Mom coming out of the bathroom. "Sheila is a wonderful girl Kimmie!" she gushed as she gave me a hug.

"I think so too," I replied. "I really don't want her to have to move back to her parents just to live so I want to move into her apartment with her. Would you mind that Mom?"

“Not at all Kimmie dear. Having met her and seeing what kind of girl she is and having been able to talk to her so openly and honestly, I wouldn’t want any other girl for you. Kathy and I can help you pack up and get you all moved in there today.” I gave Mom a hug then.

That’s exactly what happened. Kathy and Mom helped me pack my things into the travel bags that I had and into some other boxes and with two cars we got everything over to my new home in one trip. I don’t know exactly what Sheila had said to them but I was glad for whatever it had been. I was out of Mom's house clean and without a fight.

Mom and Kathy loved my new apartment and they got along fairly well with Sheila too. We got everything I owned into my new room and arranged so that I could find things at a moments notice. I had more room here than I did at Mom's house and it was easier too. I now had it all on one floor rather than having to run from the main floor up to my bedroom, then down to the basement and back up again.

The four of us went out to lunch at a small cafe in the center of the downtown area I had never been to before. Mom and Kathy had been here before many times though it was a new experience for both me and Sheila. It was a ladies only cafe, Lesbian ladies only. We had a quiet little lunch and walked back to the apartment where we sat around and talked like four real women even though I wasn’t one and never would be now. My plan was working even though it was coming together a lot faster than I had anticipated.

There was only one main rule that Sheila insisted upon before she would agree to take me in as her roommate. No men allowed inside the apartment. She said I could have all the boyfriends I wanted but I could never allow them inside our apartment. It had been a rule with her and Beth too and both of them had abided by it. She’s had a few different boyfriends in the past but she had never brought them here or had allowed them in if they just showed up. She viewed it as a consideration for the roommate rule and no exceptions were allowed without prior approval by the other. I had no trouble agreeing to that. I didn’t have any male lovers yet and had no expectations of finding one the way I was now.

Mom and Kathy made Sheila and I promise to be at the house together next Saturday for dinner before they left us alone. Sheila jumped at the opportunity for a home-cooked meal and I had no problem with it. I wanted to stay on good terms with Mom for now and dinner once a week wasn’t a bad idea. About all I could do in a kitchen was to make a sandwich or take soup from a can and put it into a pot. Sheila wasn’t much better apparently. We agreed.

Sheila was a waitress in a downtown restaurant and was fairly sick of restaurant food as she not only served it all day long, she saw how some of it was made and that turned her off of a lot of things. Take-out and home delivery would be our main forms of nourishment with snacks available in our fridge and cupboards. Coffee in the mornings and tea if we wanted that.

Both Sheila and I were homebodies for our relaxation times. As a waitress, she had to wear the uniform that consisted of a short skirt, low cut top and heels. The male customers liked to see some tit and leg and so did her boss and if she wanted to make

the tips, she had to show as much as was considered descent in a restaurant. When she was off and able to relax, she liked to stay away from the things she had to put up with at work. Men ogling her and copping quick feels here and there and the tight clothes that showed off her figure so well. Home with a female roommate was perfect for her, especially with the promise that no men would be invading her sanctuary. She liked looser clothes though she still liked to be pretty and feminine too. She felt at her best when she could walk around at home in a nightie and not feel too undressed. Curled up on the couch with soft music and a glass of wine and another girl to talk to or just to read a good book were her ideas of a fun evening.

I was used to having two women around all the time so just having one was fine with me. The music wouldn't bother me one way or the other and neither would an occasional glass of wine or a bit of girl talk with a friend. I had some books I wanted to read too and Sheila had a lot of books she could lend to me as well. As for dressing down for relaxation, I didn't much care for it but I wouldn't object to it either. After having to wear the nicer dresses or skirt outfits all day long with my high heels, it just might be relaxing to lounge about in a nightie. I hadn't really tried it before so I couldn't knock the suggestion now.

Sheila's room was Sheila's room and my room was my room, entrance by invitation only. All the other rooms were both of ours'. The bathroom door did have a lock on it but it was not to be used. We were both girls and as such we wouldn't be doing anything in that room that another girl couldn't be privy to. Long bubble baths were okay, so long as the other one had access to the toilet if necessary. It made sense to me. The apartment didn't have a built in shower and Sheila didn't have a handheld one either, not that she would use one anyway. She preferred baths and since I still had to be a girl, so did I.

I had to be a girl until such a time as I could find myself a Doctor and afford the surgery to remove the extra chest that had been forced onto me. For some reason I didn't trust Doctors all that much so finding one I could be comfortable with was going to be a challenge to me. Then I had to have the cash for the surgery since health-care didn't cover nonessential operations like what I wanted done. And I had to be able to live during the recovery time as well. What I had in the bank wouldn't do it yet, not by a long shot.

So Sheila was wearing a knee length yellow nightie on our first night together and it did look nice on her with her shorter brown hair and lightly tanned skin. I wore my pink three piece babydoll set with a pair of fluffy mules with two inch heels. My whiter skin and longer jet black hair offset it perfectly so that I appeared more feminine than I wanted to, but I fit right in with Sheila and her expectations of a roommate.

"So what exactly did you tell my mother to make her not only agree to let me move in with you, but to help us do it so fast?" I asked her as we sipped on our wine on opposite ends of the couch.

"I told her exactly what she wanted to hear," she laughed. "First of all that I was a Lesbian too, secondly that I still wanted to be a mother as well. That my ideal girlfriend would be one who could get me pregnant. I told her about the friendship we had

in school and that while you seemed to like me as much as I liked you, that you were just too shy to say anything to me about it." She laughed again.

"Yeah," I admitted. "That would fit in with Mom's plans quite nicely."

"Its the only way we could live together Kim," she told me. "But it also means that she expects us to become a couple like her and Kathy are."

"A...a couple?" I stammered.

"Relax Kim. Its not as bad as it sounds. We have to cement our friendship first and that can take a year or so, then we can begin to share a bedroom instead of each having our own. We would have to sleep together and have sex regularly before I could get pregnant."

"You want me to make you pregnant?" I gasped.

"Hell no! But your mother thinks I do. That's what matters here, right?"

"Yeah," I felt a lot more relieved now.

"For now, all she really needs to see is that we are getting along and that I am a Lesbian and that you are still straight. What we do behind closed doors is our business. We don't kiss and tell. But I can tell her that I think you're very beautiful in your pink babydoll."

"Please Sheila, don't start on me with the feminine compliments already."

"Well its true! Whoever turned you into a girl did a great job! You're gorgeous!"

"Okay, enough. I'm gorgeous and beautiful so lets leave it at that. Are you a Lesbian?"

"I don't know. I've never had sex with a girl. You're the first girl I have ever kissed and touched and taken into my bed. It wasn't unpleasant to me either. But I doubt if I saw you as a complete girl then."

"Have you had sex with men?" I had to ask her.

"Oh sure, a couple of them. I dated the first one for a year before I had sex with him and it wasn't wonderful for either of us. The second one I dated for a few months before I would do it with him and then he wanted to do it all the time. I didn't. We split. What about you? Did you ever have sex with men?"

"A couple of them. One night stands is all they were."

"So? How was it?"

She had just been honest with me so I didn't feel I should be less so with her. "It was nice for what it was. I like it when a man kisses me and touches me and I like touching him too."

"So what do two men do together?" she asked me. "I mean besides the kissing and the touching that every couple can do."

"Well, I don't know about other male to male couples. All I know is what I did with the men I've been with."

"So tell me already. Don't be shy."

I had never told anyone what I had done before but she really seemed interested and willing to learn, so why not? “I did the same things with both men. We did each other orally, then some rimming and anal intercourse.”

“Ouch! That had to have hurt!”

“Well sure, of course, at first. But once you get past the pain it feels really good too.”

“What’s this rimming you were talking about?”

“Rimming is oral attention to the anus,” I told her.

“Yuck! You licked each other’s butts? That’s disgusting!”

“No more so than what two women do with each other, or even a man with a woman.”

“Have you ever had sex with a woman?”

“No. I’ve never wanted to either.”

“Why not?”

“Women have never appealed to me. Women don’t excite me and they never have.”

“You just haven’t met the right woman Kim. I’m willing to bet I can get you excited and I don’t even have to touch you. Care to bet?”

“I didn’t get excited even when you did touch me Sheila. But I can’t afford to lose money so I don’t bet.”

“The stakes aren’t money. The stakes are fun! I win we have sex, you win we don’t.”

I didn’t want sex with Sheila, but I didn’t think it was possible for her to make me hard without touching me either. “What are your rules?” I asked. Might as well find out what she had in mind here.

“Simple. You stand up and hold your nightie up a bit so I can see when I win. I’ll go into my room for a minute, then come back and get you ready for sex without even touching you. But you do have to look at me and watch me very carefully until I give up. Is it a deal?”

I had seen Mom and Kathy and Jill and Sheila in their nightie and they didn’t do a thing for me. I had seen Jill and Sheila naked and been seen naked and done some touching with them and nothing. If I won this with Sheila now, she would have no choice but to leave me alone later on. I saw no way to lose this bet. “Its a bet,” I told her.

She got up and I got up and we shook hands to seal the bet. Then she got me into the position I had to stay in until she gave up before she went to her room. I stood there holding the frilly hem of my nightie up to my tummy with both hands so she could see my small manhood inside my see-thru panty. What I saw when she came back really caught me off-guard.

She had this strap-on cock with a pair of balls below it and it looked just like a real male erection. Her nightie hid the straps that had it attached to her lower torso. But the length and girth of that thing was just like one of the men I had been with. She

watched my eyes to make sure I watched what she was doing and she glanced now and again at my panty to see if she had won yet. She stood about six feet in front of me and very slowly she stroked her cock and made it bounce and weave around and I could see the hairy sac with the two weights inside bouncing too. I didn't even realize it until she laughed, but she won the bet. I had a hard on!

CHAPTER 12

It was a fake cock! It wasn't real! She was a girl, not a guy! How could I get a hard on just by watching a real girl play with a fake cock? No matter how realistic looking it was, it was still a piece of latex that had been shaped like a penis! She had won, I had lost, and she made it as painless as possible for me to begin with. All I had to do was to suck on her fake cock for about twenty minutes or so, just long enough for the vibrations to run through it to give her a couple of orgasms. Then I had to let her suck my cock and she made me cum into her mouth within about ten minutes. She spent the next ten minutes kissing me on the couch and playing with my tits while I handled her imitation male parts. She came again.

"How can my playing with your toy make you cum so much?" I asked her when she took a break to enjoy the afterglow of her orgasm.

She smiled down at me. "Its double ended," she explained. "The big end, which you can see and touch, is about seven inches long. The other smaller end inside me is about four inches long and slightly curved. Attention on the outside part translates to the inside part and it feels sooo nice."

"So where'd you get that toy from?" I asked.

"About a month after I broke up with my last boyfriend I was passing a sex shop and I saw it through the window. I had an idea that I might want to try sex with a girl so I went in and I bought it. I never did have sex with a girl though I have used it myself a few times. You're the first person to ever see it since I bought it. Care to try my outside on your inside?" she grinned.

"You want to have anal intercourse with me?" I was shocked.

"Lets face some facts here Kim," she said. "You're a guy who likes guys, specifically you like male sex organs. You like yours and you like them on other people. You have to like mine too or you wouldn't have gotten hard when you saw me playing with it. I dream about girls and I still like guys and you're both in one. My toy, as you call it, was made for two women to play with. You just happen to like having a male organ inside of you and I've never put this one inside anyone before. Is it too big for you?"

"Well no, its not that. But part of having a male organ inside of me is feeling the heat of it and the heat of the orgasm too. I can't get that with your toy."

"That's where you're wrong Kim. The reason the balls on this one are so big is because they're little pumps. I can fill them up with hot water or milk or something else

and it will make the shaft hot too. When you've had enough you just reach down and squeeze them and you'll get the male orgasm you want. So what do you say? Is it worth a try?"

It had been over two years since the last time I'd had sex with a real man. I'd just turned eighteen and had gone out to the Gay hangouts and had a good time with one of them. A week later and I had the other one. Then nothing for the last two years. This thing looked real and it felt real and if it could act real, why not give it a try? Maybe then I could stop pining my heart out for a man I couldn't have now.

"Okay Sheila. I'll give it a try, if that's what you want to do," I said.

"It is Kim, it really is!" I watched as she ran some very hot water into a bowl, then she dipped in the tip of the toy cock and gave the balls a squeeze. The air came out the end of it to bubble to the surface and when she released her grip, the toy cock sucked up a lot of the water. It was hard and hot and ready to go and she was feeling quite happy about what we were going to do now.

She took me back to her room so we could get comfortable on her bed. I had to remove my panty, then get into the doggie position she wanted me in. I could pretend it was a real man behind me, just like it had been before. I felt the head of it searching down through my crack till it found the spot, then the pressure as entry began. Yes, it was just about like what I remembered had happened before! The pain and the pressure and the heat and some lubricant making it a lot easier to fill me up. She got it inside of me and waited a few moments before she began to slide it back out. No pain as just the head of it was inside of me, then more pain as she slid it back in. I felt less and less pain with each stroke until finally I felt no pain at all. It was just the welcomed fucking motions of a cock sliding in and out of me and my lover reaching down to fondle the tits that dangled from my chest.

It had to be as good for Sheila as it was for me since she stopped twice with the full length of it inside of me to enjoy the orgasms she had. As she began to groan through her third one, I reached down and gave the balls a good squeeze. I felt the warm water shooting inside of me with all the strength of a real male orgasm and it was wonderful!

She pulled it out of me with a tiny plop and I collapsed onto the bed. I twisted slightly a few minutes later and saw that she had wiped it off with tissues, then undid the straps and took it off. She smiled at me and pulled me up for a kiss and to play with my tits again before she dropped her hand to my groin to play with my erect penis.

She forced me back to the pillows as she kept on kissing me, then straddled me to guide my hard cock into her wet womanhood. With our mouths pressed together I couldn't voice my protests and any attempt made her kiss all the more passionate. I was inside her pussy then and she had both her hands playing with my titties and fingering the large nipples I had. It made my nipples get bigger and erect and ache but she kept at it as she pumped herself up and down.

I felt the heat of Sheila's wet pussy wrapped around my smallish cock and felt her muscles contract and expand to give me all the pleasure she could. She enjoyed fucking me this way and I tasted her orgasmic groan more than I heard it as she kept her mouth on mine, her hips working against me, her hands on my breasts and nipples.

My mind rebelled at what was happening to me but my flesh enjoyed the pleasure it was receiving. My cock was as hard and erect as it ever had been before and the ache in my nipples became a warm and pleasurable sensation. My whole body was alive with the pleasures of the sexual stimulation that I was receiving and it didn't take long for my mind to bend in that direction as well. I was having sex with a woman and it was wonderful on the senses and becoming acceptable to my mind! I fought it but the sensations were too strong and the pleasure too great and my mind was reeling from the impact my thoughts were causing. Being fucked by a woman wasn't so bad, though it still wasn't as great as being fucked by a man. Could this be rape!

Sheila screwed me till I came. Till I shot my load of cum into her and it made her cum again too. She rolled off of me then and had this peaceful and happy sort of look on her face. I still hadn't come to terms completely with what had just happened to me and the turmoil in my mind confused me. I was Gay! I liked being Gay. I liked men. But I'd just had sex with a girl and it wasn't as bad as I had always imagined it would be.

I rolled off the bed and scooped up my panty as I made a run for the door, then into the bathroom. My warm water enema was cleaning me out and I had to evacuate my bowels. I was seated on the throne and doing my business when Sheila came in to wash off her toy tool. She gave me one of those coy smiles that only a girl can and I heard her humming a soft tune.

"Thanks for the fuck Kim," she told me. "First time with a girl?"

"You know it was," I told her. "But I still prefer men."

"Yeah, I know what you mean. I've been with a couple of men before but it was never as good as this time was. I never knew what I was missing by not trying other girls before. I think I'm going to stick with girls like you from now on. Its a lot more fun than men are." She held her toy up to the light to inspect it. "Yeah, a lot more fun," she sighed.

It actually looked as though she had enjoyed giving me the bum-fucking. She had her grin plastered onto her face as she left me to clean myself up. I finished on the toilet, then stood in front of the sink to wash off my flaccid flesh before I put my panties back on. I lifted my babydoll nightie to inspect my breasts and they were still red from the mashing she had given them. But the sensations that they had given to me were still fresh in my mind and they confused the hell out of me. Tits on a man weren't supposed to produce such pleasurable sensations, were they?

It was early still, but I went to bed anyway. Sheila was in the living room and I just didn't want to see her right now, or to talk to her. I wanted to be alone with my thoughts and to think things through by myself. I lay in the strange bed and thought about the events of the evening and soon fell asleep.

My alarm woke me the next morning and it took me a few moments to realize where I was and my new circumstances. I had lots of time to get to the gallery this morning since Andy didn't need me today. Three times a week was too much for him now so he had reduced it to once or twice a week at the most. He had pretty well had me in every pose he could think of and was fast running out of ideas. He still had a lot of sketches

to fill in with color and he had a good collection of paintings waiting at the gallery for his first show.

Sheila was having coffee and was all ready for work when I entered the kitchenette to get myself a cup. "Morning roomie," she said with a smile. "Did you have a good sleep?"

"Good morning," I replied. "I guess I slept okay. You?" I feared any mention of the sex we'd had the night before.

"I always sleep good. I was thinking I'd like some Chinese tonight. Want some? I can pick it up for two on the way home from work and we can have it here at six or so."

"Yeah, that would be okay I think. How much will you need?"

"We can split the bill later. Any favorites?"

"No. I can eat anything. Get what you like."

"That sounds dangerously suggestive to me Kim, but I have to go to work now. If you can eat anything, we might explore that possibility later on." She gave me another of her coy little smiles and an uninteresting view of her legs as she stood up.

"I was talking about food Sheila," I told her.

"Right. So was I. I'll see you tonight then. Have a good day roomie."

There was lots of room for her to walk past me. She didn't have to come so close and brush her arm against my nightie and my nipples, but she did anyway as she went to the hallway to check her face in the mirror before picking up her purse and leaving for work. Damn! I hoped I didn't have to put up with that all the time. It could make living at home with Mom a lot more attractive to me.

Sheila wasn't so hard to live with for the rest of the week. Work was work and there was nothing new there for me. A few sales and posing twice in the week only in the evenings now so Jill could be there to supervise or be in on the poses. Jill got a big charge out of helping me change into something or in seeing me naked. She loved the contrasts that my body presented with the little male pecker hanging between my legs and the big tits that stuck out from my chest. She just had to have her thrills.

Saturday came and with it, the dinner with Mom and Kathy. Nothing special happened there. We arrived and talked though the conversation leaned more towards how wonderful they all thought it would be for me to become a real girl as we waited for dinner, ate the food, then Mom sent us home while she and Kathy cleaned up. Home was a different story.

Sheila changed into her comfy nightie to do some reading while I stayed dressed. She came out of her room with her toy tool attached and sticking out in front of her, holding up the front of her nightie. It was time for me to try and avoid another episode like the last one so I got up to head to my room. She blocked my way.

"What's the matter Kimmie baby? Don't like the company?"

"The company's fine," I told her. "Its the accessories I can do without."

"Afraid you'll get too hot and horny if you stay here with me?"



“Yeah. Once every couple of years is enough for me. Now if you’ll excuse me.”

“No. I told you I was going to stick with girls like you and since you’re the only girl like you I know, you’re it. Your schedule doesn’t suit me at all. Twice a month is what I want. You give me that and I’ll leave you alone the rest of the time.”

Moving back home with Mom was less of an option now since she wanted me to be a real girl and as soon as possible. Moving

out on my own wasn’t an option either. Being hassled by my roommate most of the time would be unbearable. Jill and Andy bragged about having sex four or five times a week. Jeff was getting laid regularly too now and was even thinking of having his boyfriend move in with him so he could get it more often. Twice a month wasn’t as painful as she might have made it for me, but I guessed it was about my only sane option for now. I hoped I didn’t make her pregnant. I agreed to it, but only to ensure myself of some peace every now and again.

Sheila went to the kitchen to fill up her toy, then met me in my room where I had stripped naked. She got me excited again, then into the position for some mutual pleasure for both of us as she pumped her tool in and out of me until I’d had enough. She pulled out to remove her tool and I rolled over so she could be on top of me again, the way she liked it. She had a couple more of her loud orgasms before I delivered my seed into her waiting pussy and our sex came to an end.

It was less painful in my mind for me this time since I had somehow adjusted my mind to accepting this torture. Sheila didn’t force me to kiss her this time. She just sat above me and as she worked me and her to a mutual climax, she mashed down on my tits and stroked my nipples. It really seemed to get her off faster if she could play with my tits.

Six months later and I still wasn’t money ahead. I had found a Doctor and been examined and was given a price I would have to meet to get the surgery. The money had

to be paid in advance so I was out of luck there. I didn't have the cash and a loan was out of the question for me too. I tried in vain to get my picture back from Mom, but she wouldn't part with it now. I needed money and I had no way to get it.

Two months later and I was feeling really depressed. It seemed as though I would never be able to shed these chest ornaments that had been forced onto me. Then Sheila came up with a wild idea that would suit her perfectly. She wanted us to get married, then go to meet her parents together. The only bad part of that, to her way of thinking, was that her folks wouldn't approve of a man with tits and who looked so good as a woman. They would insist that I have the tits taken off even if they had to pay for it. They wouldn't want their son-in-law to make a better looking woman than their own daughter. The price I had to pay to get what I wanted was marriage to a woman that I was screwing on a fairly regular basis. Or should I say that I was allowing her to screw me? That's the way it was anyway.

It wasn't a decision I wanted to make. I had never considered marriage to a woman except to discount it entirely. And I didn't see it so much as a decision now as I saw it more as a foreseeable solution for my problem. But there were drawbacks to everything. I knew that if I agreed to go along with this scheme of hers that I would have to put up with her sexual advances towards me a lot more often than just twice a month. She seemed to be a lot hornier lately so I figured her schedule would change drastically too. I didn't like that idea. But having more sex with this girl might be my only hope of coming up with the means to an end, an end that I had to have. The end to my tits, the end to having to dress and live as a woman. It was there, it was in sight, and all I had to do was to agree to marry her and put up with whatever sex she wanted from me. Once I got what I wanted I could divorce her and go back to the life I wanted for myself. It disgusted me to think about it, but I couldn't see any other way.

CHAPTER 13

It was time for sex again. Sheila had her tool on and I got an erection right on cue so she pushed me to the couch to get on her knees in front of me and began to give me some oral satisfaction. She sucked my length into her mouth and gave me a few licks, then stopped just long enough to ask me to marry her. She sucked my length into her mouth once more to give me a few more licks, then stopped just long enough for a second time to ask me to marry her again. If she thought that prolonging my agony would hurry me into a decision, she was wrong. I wanted this night to end as quickly as possible and I had already decided to accept her proposal. She stopped a third time and before she could ask again, I said yes.

A mouth on my cock was a mouth and if she stayed with it I could pretend that she was a man and I could have a wonderful orgasm. Then we could go to one of the bedrooms and I could have her hot and ready tool inside of me for a painless session of anal intercourse. Once that was out of the way and I had another erection, she could climb atop me once more for the degrading act of vaginal intercourse.

But she had proposed to me and I had said yes so that changed everything for her. I had made her happy when I said yes so she made me happier with the sex she wanted. After she had finished my blow-job, we cuddled and kissed on the couch while she played with my tits and I played with her tool. In my bedroom she penetrated me again and worked me till I'd had enough, then rolled me over to give me another blow-job. After that, we just fell asleep together.

I awoke alone in bed the next morning and crawled out to put on my panties and peignoir to put on my slippers and run into the bathroom. When I was done in there and feeling a lot better I went to the kitchenette for coffee and found Sheila sitting at the dinette suite. She was wearing a pair of men's pajamas with men's slippers and robe and there was a noticeable bulge in the front of her outfit at her groin.

"Good morning lover girl," she greeted me.

"Morning," I replied and took the chair opposite her. "What's all this?" I asked.

"Just trying to see how comfortable it is to be a man," she told me. "You did agree to marry me last night, didn't you? Or was I just dreaming it?"

"It wasn't a dream Sheila. You kept asking so I accepted."

"Great! The only bad thing about this is that my folks won't accept a same sex marriage so one of us has to be a man and the other a woman. There is no way you could possibly look like a man so I guess its up to me now. Its not pleasant and its not what I would choose for myself but I don't see where we have any choice now."

"My sentiments exactly," I told her. "Now you can understand my point of view a lot more. I didn't choose this, I didn't want it, but I was stuck with it and had no choice."

"Oh don't start bitching Kim. You're a better woman than I ever was. Petite and pretty and so very feminine in everything you do. But I think we should have a normal heterosexual style of wedding rather than a Lesbian one. You'll be the bride and I'll be the groom. Besides, my cock is bigger than yours and mine is hard all the time," she laughed.

What her toy tool had to do with this conversation was beyond me, but I let her have her laugh about it. "So, what do we do now?" I asked her.

"Now we have to tell our parents," she said. She pulled the phone over to her and dialed a number and I heard her talking to my mother. All she did was to ask if we could visit this afternoon. She got her answer and hung up. "Go and have a bath and get yourself all pretty and as feminine as you can Kimmie, we're having lunch with your mother and Kathy later."

I stayed to finish my coffee while she dialed her parents' number long distance. Sheila got her mother on the line and explained all about me to her first, then told her the news that she had. From what I could gather by watching Sheila and hearing her side of the conversation, her mother was quite pleased with what was about to happen. I finished my coffee and went to take my bath. Sheila was happy and I felt sick about it, but it was the only means I saw for the end that I needed to have.

I soaked in the tub for about half an hour, then I washed my hair and body and got out to dry off just as my fiancée came into the bathroom. "Well, the cat's out of the bag

now Kim,” she told me as she helped me dry off. “I sent my mother a picture of my new roommate last year and now I told her that that pretty little girl is really a man living as a girl and my fiancée now too. She’s a lot more liberal than I thought she’d be but there is no way my father can be so open-minded. I told her if bad came to worse that you would be willing to become flat chested again just to cut down on the tension and to allow us to be happy.”

“That’s true,” I said with a bit more happiness showing. “I would have the operations now except I can’t afford them.”

“Yeah well Daddy will insist on it and he can afford it. But I’m going to insist he wait till after the wedding. We’d make an odd couple with you standing at the alter while I walked down the aisle in a gown so we’re going to reverse it. I’ll be at the alter in a tux while you come down the aisle in the white wedding gown.”

That figured, I thought to myself as I went to my room to get dressed. Sheila was about six inches taller than I was and about fifty pounds heavier. She just had to have a role-reversed wedding with me as the bride and herself as the groom. I had to suffer for now but I wouldn’t have to put up with this garbage for too much longer. Not a minute more than was necessary.

I spent an hour getting ready but Sheila didn’t like the dress I was wearing. She wanted me to change into my white minidress and badgered me until I did what she wanted. My white minidress was a little more low-cut in front when I got it home than when I had tried it on in the store. I think a switch had been made on me by Sheila since she had been there when I bought it. She liked anything that overexposed my tits. Four inch heels too, but I wore them all the time anyway. I was very used to wearing them now.

Sheila was dressed too, in a shirt, a pair of jeans, socks and sneakers. Her hair was pulled back into a ponytail at the base of her skull, no makeup and no jewelry. As plain and as masculine as she could make herself. We went down to the underground garage and got into her car to go to my mother’s house.

Neither Mom nor Kathy was happy to see Sheila dressed as she was and it was obvious to anyone. Sheila pretended not to notice. Lunch wasn’t ready yet so we sat down with tall glasses of iced tea so Sheila could break the news to them.

“So what’s happening?” Mom asked us. “Sheila sounded quite vague on the phone.”

“What’s happening,” Sheila said and put her arm around my shoulders, “is that I asked your daughter to marry me. She said yes!”

It took a few moments for it to sink in, then there were smiles all around, except from me. Mom and Kathy congratulated both of us and Kathy got up to dispose of our tea to get out a bottle of champagne she had been saving. “And the reason for your sudden change in clothing style?” Mom asked her.

“My father is too conservative to allow his daughter a Lesbian style of wedding. He will insist on a normal and straight wedding. Since Kim is too feminine to make it as a groom, I’m going to take that part and let you walk her down the aisle in a white wedding dress.”

Just then Kathy popped the cork on the bottle and poured us each a glass. She proposed a toast and we clinked our glasses before taking a sip.

“My mother and I think we can cajole Dad into accepting me as the groom and Kim as my bride,” Sheila continued then, “but Dad is too conservative and will want to do something to make Kim be more of a man to his way of thinking. I’d rather keep Kim just the way she is but I am willing to let her lose her breasts and dress like a man again if it’ll keep the peace in my family. We’re going to try talking Dad out of that, but he’s pretty stubborn at times.”

“Are we going to meet your parents before the wedding?” Mom asked.

“Oh sure. They’ll be up here next weekend. We haven’t set a date yet but its going to take a few months to get everything planned and working. My mother insists on a church wedding with a minister, even if it is a small church with few observers.”

“Any special denomination?” Kathy asked.

“No. Just as long as its not Catholic. Dad wouldn’t go for that.”

“Neither would I,” Mom said. “And I used to be Catholic.”

My own sickening feeling about the whole thing added to the wine without any food in my stomach made me ill. Lunch was served and it helped some, but I still felt sickened with the thought of marrying a woman, with having to pretend to love her, with having her touch me and hold me in front of my mother. Sheila’s choice of clothing didn’t help any since she didn’t look much like any kind of man. Just a woman in mannish clothing.

We stayed at Mom’s house for a couple of hours and all anyone could talk about was the impending wedding that had to be planned out. My feelings weren’t considered nor my opinions asked for as they tried to plan out my future. I had my own plans and was feeling better about them the more they left me out of their plans. I figured I had less than a year to live as a woman and that thought alone gave me the strength to continue.

I had a near religious experience when Sheila and I got back to our apartment. As happy as she was about being engaged I figured for sure she would want more sex, but she left me alone this time and just got onto the phone to call everyone she knew to tell them the news. I dreaded getting home with her since I dreaded having sex with her but her preoccupation with spreading the word saved me, for now. She barely knew I was around.

I slept in my bed, she slept in hers and I didn’t even see her in the morning when I got up to have my bath and coffee before going to work. Her door was closed so I left it that way. I got to work and Jill pulled me straight into the office for a private talk. “Well?” she asked me.

“Well what?” I asked in reply. I had no idea what she wanted or expected.

“You weren’t going to tell me about getting engaged?” she asked me.

“I was going to tell you today. How’d you find out?”

“Sheila called and told me, and your mother. Why didn’t you call me?”

“I haven’t been able to get near a phone so I thought I could tell you in person,” I lied to her. I had no intention of telling her anything I didn’t have to.

“Well, I’m happy for you Kim. I guess you aren’t Gay after all.”

“I guess not,” I lied again. No matter how I had to live, I was not a woman and I still did like men.

“Any idea when the wedding will take place?” she asked.

“No. Sheila’s parents are coming into town next weekend and the planning shifts into gear then. There’s a lot of details to cover.”

“Yes, I know all about that. Your mother has asked me to be your Matron-of-Honor and I said I would be happy to do it. I’ll get a couple of the girls from other galleries to be Bridesmaids for you. I know all the people that you know so I’ll help with the guest list too. Don’t you worry about a thing Kim. Your mother and I will help you find the prettiest wedding gown in the city and we’ll handle everything from here on. I am really very happy for you.”

I was really screwed now, but I still had that glimmer of hope looming on the horizon. I still had Sheila’s conservative father on my side, even if he didn’t know it yet. I just hoped no one could get him to see things their way. From what I’d heard of Mr. Graham, that possibility was pretty remote.

No more posing for now. Andy had a lot of sketches to catch up on and the next pose he wanted me in was in my wedding gown, once I got it. I really didn’t want to pose nude or seminude for him anymore anyway. All his paintings showed me as a real woman and I really didn’t care for them. I would have liked them better if he had shown me as I really was, a man posing in women’s things, even as a man with big tits was preferable to me.

Jeff wasn’t happy to learn that I wasn’t Gay at all. He seemed quite pissed off that I was going to marry a woman now. He always assumed I was a transsexual since I was dressing and living as a woman all the time. I tried to tell him it wasn’t by choice but he wouldn’t listen to me. He could think what he wanted, and so could everyone else. I knew what I was and what I would be again someday.

I got home that evening and got the surprise of my life. Sheila was there and she’d been to a barber and got her hair cut just like a man! Very short, shaved at the back and sides and so short on top! “Why’d you do that?” I asked her.

“Do what?” she asked.

“Cut your hair like that. You look so...so...”

“Masculine?” she finished for me. “I forgot to set my alarm last night and slept in. When I got up I called and told them I would be in to work as soon as possible. They told me to forget it and that I was fired. So I called some friends of mine and found another job. I’m now the bartender at Caruso’s and I start tomorrow at noon. Fewer hours, better wages and better tips and I have to wear their uniforms. The hair cut is for the job since the uniforms are for men. I can bind down my breasts a bit and not too many people will know I’m not a man.”

“Bartenders usually wear name tags,” I said. “Not too many men I know of named Sheila.”

“My boss is an old friend and she’s taken care of that. My name tag says Sherman on it. The S is for my real first name, the her is my real sexual designation and the man is the role I will play to do the job. Pretty nifty huh?”

“If you think so,” I told her.

The week passed and Sheila apparently was doing well in her new job. She insisted I come down for afternoon drinks on Friday since she wanted to introduce me to her boss. I had to tell Jill where I was going and why before she let me go early. It was bad enough that I had to meet Sheila’s boss but it was worse since Sheila made me wear my white minidress to work that day. She wanted me as pretty and as feminine as possible when I met Sandy Warman.

The Warman family owned the entire city block on which Caruso’s was situated and so Sandy got a good discount on her rent when she opened her bar. With her family backing her, she had no choice but to be successful. Sandy was about five years older than me and Sheila and had known Sheila since childhood.

Upon meeting her I found that Sandy was a pleasant woman to talk to. In appearance, she seemed quite mannish even though she wore a dress and flat heeled shoes. She had short styled blonde hair and wore light makeup that was barely noticeable. She was a couple of inches taller than I was if I was barefoot but had to weigh at least twice what I did and most of that was muscle and not just fat. I guessed that to own and manage a bar one had to be capable of many things.

Sheila and Sandy didn’t keep secrets from each other. Sandy knew all about me long before she ever met me. But Sandy showed more concern and sympathy for me in my situation than any other person ever had before. She didn’t laugh at me and she didn’t ridicule me and she didn’t seem to be thrilled to meet a man who dressed and lived as a woman. She agreed with my way of thinking that men should be men and women should be women.

Sandy and I were able to sit and talk and commiserate with each other about our lots in this life and the things we would change if we could. I wasn’t about to share my plans and my goals with anyone in this world let alone a woman I had just met. Not even a woman who had as much empathy for me as Sandy seemed to have.

Sheila got off from work early and had the weekend off too. She changed her jacket and came out looking a lot more masculine than she did at home. I exchanged good-byes with Sandy since I thought that Sheila was going home now and that I could get a ride with her. Wrong! We got into Sheila’s car in the parking lot when she dropped the bomb shell on me.

“Mom and Dad got into their hotel a couple of hours ago and they just called me at work. We’re going to meet them right now for dinner at their hotel.”

“Can’t we go home first so I can get changed?” I asked.

“Into what? You look great Kim! Don’t sweat it. Both Mom and Dad are expecting to meet a beautiful little girl named Kim. They know all about you too since you are my fiancée and you will become my wife.”

It was embarrassing to meet people who knew all about me when I had to look and act as dainty and as feminine as I was now. It was bad enough when I could wear a longer skirt with a more concealing blouse, but it was ten times worse this way.

Sheila must have guessed that I was ready to bolt and run away since she held my hand all the way from the car to the hotel and into the dining room and right up to the table where her parents had just been seated. Mrs. Graham recognized me from my picture before she recognized her own daughter dressed so masculinely. Sheila greeted her parents first, then introduced both of them to me. After shaking their hands, her father got up to hold my chair for me. I sat.

Mr. Graham didn’t have much to say. He didn’t care for the changes he saw in his little girl and he didn’t like it that I was a man though it wasn’t to say that he would prefer his little girl to be with another woman. But he had been warned in advance and cautioned about what to say and definitely what not to say so he bided his time and held his tongue.

Mrs. Graham had brought along some of Sheila’s things so mother and daughter were going up to the room to look at them. That left me alone with Sheila’s father. A situation I was not looking forward to.

We had a strained silence between us until the waiter brought the ordered coffee and the menus for us to look over. Now we had a distraction that required some silence. Finally, he put down his menu, took a sip of his water and spoke to me in a quiet whisper. “I don’t know about you Kim, what you feel or what you think, but I find it kind of hard to believe that you really are a man. You’re just too much of a lady to my way of thinking.”

“Not by choice,” I told him. “Down where it really counts I am still as much of a man as I always was and always hope to be.”

“So how come you got these womanly attributes?” he asked indicating my large and fairly exposed breasts.

“Its a long story,” I sighed.

“So start now. I want to understand,” he said. “I don’t understand any guy who can look and act so much like a woman.”

“It starts with my mother. She has been a Lesbian ever since my father left us. She is also a dedicated man-hater too. But Mom is also a nurse. Her current live-in lover is a Doctor. My boss took me on a business trip, conspired with my mother, tossed away all of my clothes and made me wear dresses until I got home. Once home, my mother’s lover, being a Doctor, ordered bed rest for me and gave me something to help me sleep. When I woke up I had these huge tits that I could never hide inside men’s clothes, if I ever had any to wear. Having breasts isn’t life threatening so health care won’t help me get rid of them. I have to pay for it myself and it costs a lot more than I have.”

“So you don’t want to look and act like this then?”

“Heck no. But when men hating women are in control of your life, you just have to learn to live with whatever they dish out. Then I ran into Sheila again and she seemed to like me just the way I am.”

“So with you looking so gorgeous as a woman she decided to be more masculine. Is that it? Sheila wants to be half of a heterosexual couple?”

“Actually, she was fired from her last job for sleeping in one day and got hired on as a bartender if she could look more masculine. Now she’s insisting on a role reversal wedding where she’s the groom and I’m the bride.”

“Shit!” he cursed.

“You can say that again,” I told him.

Sheila and her mother returned to the table then so our talk stopped. I excused myself to use the ladies room and was joined there by Mrs. Graham. We weren’t alone so we didn’t have a chance to talk in private yet so I used the stall as any other woman would have. She was at the mirrors when I came out. I washed my hands and fluffed out my hair before I checked my makeup in the mirror. She just smiled at me and we walked back out together.

Father and daughter had been talking, but that was to be expected. The four of us were seated together now and after a few strained minutes of silence, the talking began. Mrs. Graham just had to compliment me on being so much of a lady. Mr. Graham agreed with her assessment. I defended myself by saying that I had to be a lady to survive. Sheila agreed with all of us.

I had reached a certain level of understanding with Mr. Graham and although I hadn’t had a chance to speak to his wife in private, there was some sympathy there for me too. Mother and daughter had reached an agreement of sorts and so had father and daughter. Dinner was ordered and the talk now revolved around the wedding that had to be planned. Unlike my family as it was, Mr. and Mrs. Graham asked for my opinions and suggestions and ideas. Preferences that I might have and any objections I had.

“Everyone already knows my objection,” I told them. “I object to being a woman, to being the Bride. But I’ve been overruled all the way. With that said, nothing else will make me object. I am what I am and have to live with it for now.”

After the meal, with the check taken care of, Sheila and her father went for a walk and a long talk. That left me alone with Mrs. Graham and we had our first private talk together. “I cannot understand why anyone would object to being such a beautiful young lady as you are Kim,” she told me.

“The answer is simple Mrs. Graham. Its because I am a man. Its because I’ve always wanted to be a man. I have never wanted to be anything but a man. But I wasn’t consulted and I didn’t have a choice in the matter. As a man I was given a pill to help me relax and three weeks later I woke up as the woman that I am. My choices were stolen from me and I’ve had to learn to survive the best way I can. Beautiful? I wouldn’t say so. Hair style, makeup, lotions and creams all combined with clothing, accessories and undeniably feminine attributes make me the person that other people see. Beauty is in the eye of the beholder and I don’t think I am beautiful.”

“Perhaps you don’t, but I do. I’ve seen a lot of young women and you have to be one of the most strikingly beautiful young lady in my memory. Sheila tells me you don’t even own a pair of pants. Just dresses and skirt outfits.”

“I don’t see any point to wearing pants. The only ones that fit me with the figure I have are ladies styles. I don’t like the tight fitting styles that are made for women. Since I can’t be seen as the man that I am I may as well wear the dresses that help hide the male parts more effectively and comfortably. Its all part and parcel to survival.”

“I just can’t imagine you as a man Kim. I’m sorry if that offends you but its the way I see things. I know that you are a man because Sheila has told me you are, but I can’t see it myself.”

“I don’t expect that you would Mrs. Graham. You’ve only seen me presented as a female. Both in the picture you have of me and in person now. My day to day survival demands that I act out the part I have to play so I can’t let anyone see my male side. What else has Sheila told you?”

“Not much Kim, just the usual things a mother would expect to hear from her daughter. She says she’s in love with you and that you are the only man who can possibly make her happy. You are the only man she wants to be the father of her children. She seems to love everything about you as you are. Is there no chance you can learn to love being the way you are?”

“I can’t foretell the future Mrs. Graham, but I doubt it.”

CHAPTER 14

It was a large gathering, too large for the small house that Mom lived in. Me and Sheila, our parents with Kathy and both bridal parties. The gathering was held at Jill and Andy’s house since it was by far the largest house I knew about and able to accommodate everyone. The church and the minister had been booked and the date set for three months away. The financing was being handled by both families. Sheila’s because she was the legal woman in the marriage, mine because I was the Bride that would be walked down the aisle by my mother.

Jill had found two other girls I knew to be my Bridesmaids. They were thrilled that I would choose them though I didn’t know I had until I saw them there. Sally and Maria were a little too giddy for my liking, but I didn’t have a choice. Sheila had chosen Andy as her Best-man with Jeff and his live-in lover Michael as the Ushers. There weren’t any guys we had gone to school with that she wanted at her wedding and she didn’t know any other guys. She was limited in her choices.

Invitations had been chosen by the two mothers and the guest lists checked and double checked. Mr. Graham and Kathy were handling the reception and all that went with it. They took care of ordering the flowers, the dinner, the bar and the entertain-

ment as well as the photographer. All that left for me and Sheila to do was to get our clothes. The mothers had ideas for that. The seven of us who would be dressed as women could shop together. The four who would be the men in the Groom's party would rent traditional black tuxedos. Mr. Graham would wear one of his suits.

Sheila still had to work her six hours a day, five days a week but Jill gave me the time off to locate my wedding gown. She would be right there with me too. Jeff could handle the gallery himself and since I had evaluated the entire stock, I would get a small commission on everything he sold. I could still make my income without going in to work, if anything got sold.

Sally and Maria were given the option of helping me find my gown or of going to work though they did have to be there with Jill to be fitted for their Bridesmaid's dresses. Jill had a list of about a hundred different Bridal Boutiques and ordered them according to her estimates of the best to the worst. From there it was a simple matter of going to the ones that were closest together first. We all might agree on the first gown in the first boutique, but I had to try at least ten different gowns before we could settle on one. Those were the rules.

Shopping as a woman for women's clothes was nothing new to me. Having an entourage of three to six other women with me was. I was guaranteed to have Mom, Jill and Mrs. Graham with me at all times. Kathy, Sally or Maria at any other time. They weren't making it easy on me so I vowed not to make it easy on them. I stayed awake at night dreaming up the little things that could make a difference to me. Things that would make it more difficult for them. I had to be the best girl I could be to survive. Should I be any less of a girl now that I had to be a Bride?

The first boutique we went to was nice, though there really wasn't anything there to catch anyone's eye. Still, I wanted to try on one gown just because I thought it had possibilities and try as they did to talk me out of it, they lost. We were in public so they couldn't make a big scene. It was my wedding and my gown and I got my way.

The gown was a poor fit, but they all would be. I didn't have the kind of figure that could be fit so easily with a mass produced wedding gown. Still, when I had it on, Mom liked the lace that was used and Mrs. Graham liked the sequins. They wrote down what they liked and I changed into my own clothes to leave with them. The gown wasn't what we were looking for.

Four boutiques and seven gowns later, everyone but me agreed on the gown I was trying. It took us three days to get there too. I didn't like this and I didn't like that and it would take major alterations to make it acceptable to me. The lace trimmed petticoats had to go for sure!

"What is so terribly wrong with the lace trimmed petticoats?" Mom asked me right in front of everyone else. "They're gorgeous and they go so well with the gown."

"Yes, I know that. But I always wear four inch stiletto heeled shoes Mom. Can you imagine me walking down the aisle and getting a heel caught in that lace? I don't want to take that chance no matter how lovely it looks. I can't be comfortable in lower or thicker heels."

My point was conceded and we left to look for another gown that fit in with the new criteria I had just laid out. "I thought you didn't like being a girl!" Mrs. Graham said to me as we walked to Jill's car. "So what difference does the heel of your shoe make?"

"My shoes are a big part of who I am," I told her. "As long as I wear four inch stiletto heels I am constantly reminded of who and what I am. Without them I inadvertently revert back to using my male mannerisms, to thinking and acting like a male. I can't allow that."

"I see," she said. "I suppose it does make sense. Sort of."

"I've tried other shoes Mrs. Graham and these are the only ones that allow me to stay as a complete female all the time. With the years that I have worn them already, they are comfortable to me now. They are what keeps me looking and acting like a woman. That was a perfectly lovely gown back there but a ruffled hem wouldn't do with it at all."

"Now you're an expert on what will and will not do Kim?"

"Yes. Through no choice of my own I am the Bride in this wedding. To me its the same as having to live as a woman every day of my life. I have to be the best that I can be or I may as well quit right now."

"You can't quit Kim," Mom said. "You will marry Sheila and that is that."

"I still have a choice in everything," I told them angrily. "I have chosen to marry Sheila and since I have to be the Bride to do it, I will be the best Bride that I can be."

"Granted, you have a few choices Kim. But quitting isn't one of them. We did concede your point back there, but don't push it."

"Or what Mom? What if I were to run out in front of that bus right now? I can quit my life any time I choose and it is an option for me. Its one I have thought of many times. I like life and I want to live and I want to be happy. Deny me that and live with my death."

"Don't talk like that! Don't even think it!" Mom gasped. Jill and Mrs. Graham looked absolutely horrified at the suggestion.

"You chose my life for me Mom. Don't complain now that I am trying to be the best that I can be with your choice. Its my way or the highway."

They were all pretty well shaken up right then so I left them at Jill's car. I took a cab home and let them think about what I had said. I wanted to live to a ripe old age and I doubted I had the guts to take my own life. But they didn't know that now. They actually believed I might be seriously considering suicide and their beliefs could now work in my favor. They would have to be a lot nicer to me and concede a little more or risk pushing me over the edge.

I had made my own lunch and had eaten it, then sat in the living room with a glass of wine as I listened to Sheila's classical music. I needed to relax a bit and to evaluate things in my own mind. I knew I couldn't push them too far or they would call my bluff. Then they would know it was a bluff and push me even further just for some measure of revenge. Sheila came through the door a few minutes later.

“What’s up?” I asked her. “You were supposed to work till six.”

“You tell me what’s up Kim. I got a visit from Jill and our mothers and they were pretty shaken up. You didn’t mean what you said to them, did you?”

“Why not? My very survival depends on me being the best that I can be. I have to be the Bride in our wedding so fine! I am going to be the best Bride I can be and either they learn to live with that or I may as well quit right now.”

“Hey! Don’t quit. I need you.”

“I don’t want to quit Sheila. That is a last resort. But it is the only option that everyone is leaving up to me. Is it so wrong of me to want to be the best Bride that I can be?”

“No! Never! I want you to be the best Bride you can be too. I know what you need Kim. You need to get laid. Lets go into the bedroom little girl. I have something for you.”

“No, thanks Sheila. I just need to relax and calm down a bit. You go back to work and I’ll see you tonight. Maybe by then we can both get laid. I have to get my mind ready for another day of shopping tomorrow. I’ll find the right gown if I have to visit every boutique in town.”

She gave me a smile and left the apartment. It was true. I was the Bride and I needed a gown and I would get one that suited me. But I had to concede a few things too. Sheila wanted a good view of my breasts. Mom wanted a cinched in waistline and lots of lace. Mrs. Graham wanted a sequined bodice. Jill wanted an off-the-shoulder gown. They all wanted it white and floor length. I needed a ruffled hemline to the petticoats to assure me of steady footing. I took the phone off the hook, then went out.

Cassel’s was a four block walk for me but it was destined to be our tomorrow afternoon stop. I wanted it to be our last stop. It would be gown number ten or eleven. I was in luck when I walked through the doors like a woman on a mission. Sylvia Cassel was the owner/manager and she was there with her sales people and seamstresses when I came through the doors. No other customers were in sight.

“Good afternoon Miss. Are you looking for anything in particular?” Mrs. Cassel asked me politely.

“Yes,” I said. “Very particular. I have been dragged around this city for four days now and I am getting very tired of it. I’ve tried on almost a dozen different gowns. The plans are that we will be in here tomorrow afternoon so I am hoping to find the perfect gown right here.”

“We can probably provide the basics by then and make any alterations after a first fitting tomorrow. When is the wedding Miss?”

“You’ll have a little less than three months,” I told her. I told her my dress size and she measured me all over, then I laid out the preferences while she wrote them down. “One more thing,” I told her before I left. “No one here has ever seen me before tomorrow when we come in together. One little slip up and the chances are pretty good that you’ll loose the sale.”

“No problem Miss. It will be our great pleasure to meet you tomorrow for the first time ever,” she replied with a broad smile.

I went back home then and put the phone back on the hook. I had no sooner poured myself another glass of wine when the phone rang. It was Jill.

“Hi Jill,” I said as cheerfully as I could. “What’s up?”

“Uh, not too much,” she said uncertainly. “Your phone has been busy for a while.”

“Yeah. I hate it when it rings and rings while I’m in the tub. I should get an answering machine, shouldn’t I?”

“Don’t bother. You might get some for a wedding present.”

“I don’t need some. Just one. I hope you aren’t calling to cancel out on me tomorrow. I still have to find the perfect gown and I am going to need your help.”

“Oh! No, no! I was just calling to see how you’re doing, that’s all.”

“Me? Oh I’m fine. How are you?”

“Oh, I’m fine too.”

“That’s good. Then I’ll see you tomorrow morning?”

“Uh, yes! Of course! We’ll all be there and ready to shop.”

“Good. We’ll find the right gown or I’ll have it custom made. Anyway, see you tomorrow morning then. Bye-bye.”

She said good-bye and we hung up together. I thought I sounded quite cheerful and full of resolve not only to live but to find the right gown to satisfy all of us. Mom called next and it was the same story with her, then Mrs. Graham. None of them mentioned our little spat and so, neither did I. But I knew it would remain on their minds and it might make things a little easier on me now. Let them sweat it out for a bit. I went for a long bubble bath and took my wine with me. Two or three baths a day weren’t unusual for me. They helped me to relax.

Sheila and I spent a quiet evening together, without sex. She went to bed with me in my bed just so she could cuddle up to me and hold onto me as I fell asleep. She was still there in the morning when I woke up so I didn’t disturb her when I got out of bed. Let her sleep.

I had my morning coffee first, then my bath and was in my room getting dressed when she finally woke up. I saw in my vanity mirror that she was sitting up in bed though I pretended that I hadn’t seen her at all. I continued applying my eyeliner with all the care the task required. Sheila was topless since she had climbed into my bed wearing only her pajama pants and with her small and flat breasts she presented a much more masculine image than I had ever seen in her before. I wasn’t excited by her seminude pose, but I did find her a bit more attractive this way than when she tried to be a woman.

“Cover yourself up there Mister,” I said to her as I closed my eyeliner tube. “I have places to go and people to meet and things to do so I don’t have time to attack you right now. But if you’re a good boy, maybe we’ll do something tonight.”

She laughed then and lowered the covers even further. "You sure you don't have the time for even one attack?"

"Positive. Your mother would have a fit if I was late. So would mine for that matter."

She got out of my bed to come up behind me and massage my shoulders a bit. Then her hands slid down to my breasts confined within my bra and slip and she gave them a good feel and a little squeeze. "Stop that right now Sheila. If you ruin my makeup I'll knock you all the way into next week." She laughed loudly but she stopped and left my room leaving me to finish getting dressed and ready to go.

Jill arrived at the front door at the same time I did so I got into her car with her. We met Mom and Mrs. Graham at the hotel, in the coffee shop. No one said a word about yesterday so I pretended like it never happened. We spent the morning in Tonya's Bridal Salon and I tried on three different gowns. They were lovely, all of them, but they weren't lovely enough to satisfy all of us. We had a light lunch not far from Tonya's and it started to rain lightly while we were inside the cafe.

Cassel's was two doors down so we scurried next to the buildings and got inside without getting too wet to be greeted by Mrs. Cassel herself. "Good afternoon ladies. I see its a little wet out there today." I was the only one looking her way so she gave me a little smile and a wink.

"A little," I replied. "But the worst is yet to come."

"That would depend on your point of view," she said. "I am Mrs. Cassel. I am hoping that one of you four ladies is a Bride-to-be?"

"That would be me," I smiled at her. "Kim Young. This is my mother, my soon to be mother-in-law, and my Matron-of-Honor." They all provided their own names as they shook hands with the owner/manager of the boutique.

"You're not too busy today," Mom observed as she began to look around.

"Cassel's is an exclusive Bridal Boutique," she told us. "We don't mass produce anything we sell here. We produce gowns for the discriminating Brides, Bridal parties and mothers. We use only the finest materials and our seamstresses work mostly by hand. We leave the mass production to others. Our gowns are all one of a kind."

"How long does it take to make a gown?" I asked her.

"That would depend on the gown and the specifications of the Bride. Usually anywhere from one month to six months, depending upon how busy we are and the deadline for the Bride. We start with a basic body of a dress, then add or subtract whatever is required."

"We have a lot of criteria that has to be met," I told her and we moved further to the back of the store so everyone could hear what we wanted. I went over the list again, just as I had in every other store and as I had done for Mrs. Cassel yesterday. I ended it by giving her my basic dress size and with her measuring me again.

She was a good actress since the surprise on her face looked very real. "Would any of you ladies happen to know a Karen Slovnik?" she asked us.

We looked around at each other and shook our heads. "Who is she?" Jill asked.

“She was a young lady, much the same size as Miss Young here, who came in three months ago and ordered a very similar gown. She paid a nonrefundable deposit and we got to work for her. She came in one month ago to inform us that the wedding was canceled so her gown was too. Its not finished, but it is shaping up to be exactly what you have just requested.”

“Can we see it?” Mom asked with a gleam in her eye.

“Certainly,” was the answer and she disappeared into the back room. The gown was far from being done, but it was exactly what everyone wanted.

“Can I try it on?” I asked with all the hope I could muster.

I was led to the dressing room where only Mrs. Cassel was allowed to help me. With the gown only partly built it required a knowledgeable hand to get me into it without destroying it. I was helped out of my dress, slip and bra before Mrs. Cassel frowned. She told me to wait a moment and she left the dressing room to return in a few minutes with a pure white basque. She helped me into it first, then into the gown she had designed just for me. I could see in the mirrors around me that this gown was the most beautiful gown I had tried on so far, and it would still fit the criteria of everyone else.

I walked out of the dressing room with all the grace and style I had inside of myself and I could hear the oohs and aahs that came from my entourage. I was closely inspected from all sides and at all angles and none of them could find fault with it. Mrs. Cassel was there to suggest little things that could be done to make the gown even more beautiful. It was satin and tulle and silk and lace and the train could be any length we wanted. They could build any headpiece I wanted as well. The old deposit would stand so all they needed from us was a much smaller one to make sure we did come back and they would work to finish it for within a month of my wedding date.

Mom paid the deposit while I stood for the seamstress who needed to make her own notes on what had to be done for me yet. An appointment was made for me to return for another fitting, then Mrs. Cassel brought out the sketches she had developed for the Bridesmaids gowns to compliment my gown. She had other sketches for the mother of the Bride and the mother of the Groom as well. Cassel’s became our one-stop shopping center for my wedding.

Mom, Mrs. Graham and Jill were so excited and chatting away about this and that as they left the store that they didn’t notice I had stayed behind. “That was a good story you told,” I said to Mrs. Cassel. “They bought it. And you did a wonderful job in such a short time too.”

“Its the off-season for us,” she told me. “Most of the women who come in here do so in the early spring. You gave us a challenge Miss Young and I was glad we were able to meet it.”

I wondered how long it would take before they missed me so I stayed in the store and browsed through the displays of accessories that they had. I was getting the white basque for sure, but I needed a garter belt and panties and stockings and I wanted shoes the exact same color as my gown. I was going through the book of headpiece accessories with Mrs. Cassel when the trio returned to the store. I pretended I didn’t

even know they had gone and that made them all the more happy that we had come in here.

It was almost the weekend and a time for a celebration. Party time at Jill's house again and she took me to her beauty salon for a special treatment. My hair had grown out quite long and she wanted me to keep it that way though with a bit more style to it. I got a henna treatment to make my hair shine as purely black as Mom's hair did. I was given a facial and a makeover with the latest techniques. They took extra care with my eyes and it was slightly painful when I felt the pricks on my eyelids, but I figured they knew what they were doing.

Jill explained it all to me once we had left. Eyelash implants gave me long and lustrous lashes that wouldn't require curling or much in the way of mascara. The eyeliner on my upper and lower lids was semi-permanent so I wouldn't have to apply that anymore. But it would fade in three or four months and I could have it done again. I was relieved that it wasn't permanent since I still wanted to go back to being all man again someday.

The party was fun for all since the Gay men had to learn to dance with the women and the straight men had to learn to dance with me. To say it was awkward for them was an understatement since neither Jeff nor Michael had ever danced with a woman before. Likewise for Andy and Mr. Graham since neither of them had danced with a man before, at least to the best of their knowledge. I didn't look like a man and I didn't act like a man but they both knew that I was a man so it put them to a disadvantage when I was in their arms. Sheila was also disadvantaged as she had to learn to dance with the girls now. The girls were a bit uneasy with it since they knew that it was a girl dressed as a man who was holding them close for the waltzes. Me, Mom, Kathy and Mrs. Graham were the only ones completely at ease with all of it. I had some fun doing some teasing of my own for a change.

CHAPTER 15

I was back at work then and the Grahams had gone back home. The men had been fitted for their tuxedos, a deposit paid and they would have them in plenty of time for the wedding. It was a fitfully happy Sheila who described her fitting for me. She had been taken as being a man and no one guessed she was really a woman. Or at least if they had, they had kept it to themselves. With that occurrence behind her, she tried all the more to look, act and sound just like a real man at all times. It went with her job anyway.

Sheila wasn't wearing her nighties anymore. She opted for her pajama pants without the top though she sometimes wore a male bathrobe with it. She let the hair on her legs grow, and under her arms though she kept her head groomed like a man. Her eyebrows had grown back in and she never wore makeup anymore. She slowly replaced her panties with men's shorts and told me she liked them. Her high heels were

replaced with men's shoes and her dresses and skirts with more men's pants and shirts and suits.

The more masculine she became, the more I liked her. It didn't take a month for me to find that with her new appearance, wardrobe and attitude that I could become excited with her without the use of her toy tool. I could give her the sexing she wanted before she gave me the sexing I needed. I hadn't thought I could engage in heterosexual sex, but I did.

I went for my fittings and my gown was coming along perfectly. All of my Bridesmaids were fitted too and they loved the gowns they were getting. Mom and Kathy were getting new dresses made there too, though Mrs. Graham was getting one made for her at her home. Two weeks before the wedding and my gown was finished. I had the headpiece and the train and all the accessories I was going to need and we took it over to Mom's house. She had paid for all of it and for everyone else too. Sheila was the only one not allowed to see my gown prior to the actual wedding itself. She heard bits and pieces of it here and there but couldn't get a good sense about it. That's the way it was supposed to be.

Something old, something new, something borrowed and something blue. I met all four of those standards. I had an older comfortable pair of my shoes refurbished and colored to match my new wedding gown. Mom supplied me with one of her brand new garter belts to make up the third requirement, and Jill got me a blue garter to wear on my right thigh. Sheila would remove it from me at the reception to shoot it into the crowd of unmarried men, after I tossed my bouquet to the unmarried ladies.

The big day was approaching faster than I cared for it and I became unexplainably nervous about it. I kept telling myself that it was no big deal, that it was just another step closer to my ultimate goal of becoming a man again, but it didn't seem to help. We went through the rehearsal the night before and everything happened just as it should. The Grahams had arrived that morning and were there too.

Then it was my wedding day and Jill had reserved the entire salon for all of us women for the morning. My semi-permanent eyeliner had faded a bit so they redid it for me, then did it for the other girls too. My lash implants held up fine so the other girls got that done too. We all had our hair done, got manicures and pedicures and one by one we all had our makeup applied by the expert beautician. We were the best we could be when we left the salon.

Seven of us piled into the two cars and headed back to Mom's house where we were all getting dressed. I was allowed a hot bubble bath though it had to be run for me with the bathroom door left open since I couldn't allow the steam to build up around my hair or makeup. I soaked in the tub of barely warm and scented water while the other girls came in and used the toilet or had their sponge baths in front of the sink. Mom and Jill dried me off, then Mom stayed to clean the tub while Jill escorted me to my old bedroom where I was to dress. The other girls were spread about the small house getting themselves ready.

Mom and Mrs. Graham were there to dress me since they were all ready to go themselves. My towel came off and Mrs. Graham saw for the first time that I had been a natural male. She had been taking everyone else's word for it so far and now saw the

evidence of it herself. My borrowed garter belt came first, then my new silk stockings and panties. I was helped into my basque and used my deodorant and perfume. Then came my gown and I stood nervously as I was helped into it and had it closed behind my back.

I watched myself being dressed in the full length mirror placed in front of me so I saw myself blossom into the beautiful Bride I couldn't help but be. The snug lace sleeves ran from below the ruffled puff of satin gathered just off my shoulders to the backs of both hands and held taut by a string that looped around my middle finger. The cinched in waist made me appear even smaller there than I really was and the sequined bodice gave me the appearance of having larger breasts than I did. I had an ample display of cleavage that should please Sheila to no end. The tulle, silk and satin flowed gracefully down from my hips, inside and out and I felt a luxurious sensation as my silk clad legs brushed against them. I hadn't worn silk stockings with the gown before so I hadn't anticipated this feeling of luxury that I now got. It was nice.

I balanced myself against Mom as Mrs. Graham knelt to buckle my shoes onto my feet for me. The instant height that the four inch heels gave me combined with the need to balance myself in them helped me see myself as the woman I was now. I thought I looked quite beautiful, as far as being a woman went. My jet black hair offset by my pure white skin and the slightly ivory shade of my gown. My makeup appeared so much more perfect for me that my stomach finally settled, along with my nerves and I was calm and prepared for what was to come.

The train was detachable from my waist and would be put on me at the church before I was walked down the aisle. The headpiece was a tiara that sat upon my head and clipped into my hair. The veil covered my face and cleavage in the front and hung down my back well past my hips to blend in with the train. My veil was thrown back for now and would cover my face just before we started the long and slow walk down the aisle. We were all ready to go now and just in time too.

The long white limo arrived and it was decorated with pink and blue flowers. Kathy took her car with my bag that contained my change of clothes for later. I wouldn't be back here at all for at least two weeks. Sheila had arranged for us to take a Honeymoon though she wouldn't tell me where we were going. Jill took her car since she needed it to transport herself and Andy after the day was done. Me, Mom, Sally and Maria rode in the limo.

Jill and Kathy raced ahead of us to get to the church before us. They had to keep Sheila safely hidden away so she couldn't see me arrive in my gown. Andy was out in front of the church when we got there to open the doors for us and to pose with us for the photographer before we were led inside and into a private room that awaited me.

My train was attached and I checked my makeup before the veil was lowered into place over my face. I was less nervous now than everyone else as they paced and waited for the appointed hour to arrive. I had my bouquet and everyone was ready as the time ticked by slowly. Mom was the most nervous as she watched the clock. Jill was trying to crack jokes but they weren't coming out the way they were supposed to. Sally and Maria had nervous smiles as they wrung their hands. It was my big day and I was the only one who was cool, calm and collected.

Mrs. Graham came to get us as everyone but her was in their places. She hurried back to her seat at the front of the church and gave the signal to the organist. The music began and the procession started down the aisle. I thought Mom was going to faint and I had to hold her up as we cleared the doorway a good ten feet behind Jill. People I knew and people I didn't know leaned out of the pews on both sides to snap off some pictures and Mom regained her composure. We got to the front of the church and I was handed off to a grinning Sheila who really did look like a man in her black tux.

The service began with Sheila and I standing throughout and before I knew it I was saying "I do," and then Sheila said it too. We had vows to repeat to each other as we put rings on each other's fingers, then the veil came up and over for the kiss. We were led to the minister's office where we had to sign the marriage license and the guest books, then back to the church for the final blessings.

The minister presented us to the guests as Mr. and Mrs. Sheila and Kim Graham, another kiss, then the walk back up the aisle and into the waiting room. The guests had to file out of the church before we made our appearance to the thrown rice and into the waiting limo for our ride to the hotel.

We had a reserved suite and it was a flurry of activity around me and Sheila as we waited for the photographer to finish getting off his shots. Then it was down to the



ballroom where we stood in the receiving line to greet the guests as they entered. It was all a blur to me from then on since I was drinking the wine and eating the food at the head table with my 'husband' on one side and my Matron-of-Honor on the other and everyone talking at once.

We got through the food, the multitude of toasts and the speeches that came with it. We got into the partying and dancing and I had to dance with just about every male there. I didn't mind and Sheila was dancing with all of the women too. I tossed my bouquet and had my garter removed and slingshot to the men and we left the party to go up to our suite and get changed.

Sheila had to help me with my gown since there was no chance I could get it off by myself. There were a lot of buttons down the back, all spaced closely together, then the hooks and eyes that actually held the gown closed. I stripped down to just my panties and with Sheila there and stripped down to her shorts, I got an erection. She took me onto the bed and we consummated our marriage right then and there, then got up to dress, called for the bellboy for our luggage and headed off for our Honeymoon. Andy and Jill would take care of the things we left behind.

We rode in the limo out to the airport and caught a flight for Hawaii. We had two whole weeks in the sun and surf and a lot of nights of sexual fulfillment for both of us. I was happy that Sheila had brought along her toy tool since it gave me more pleasure than she could on her own.

CHAPTER 16

Hawaii was fun, even with all the sex we had, but not because of it. It still bothered me that a woman could make me hard, even though she could pass as a man. We got home on time and had the weekend to settle in before we had to go back to work again. Sheila as a man and me as the woman. We had presents to open and thank you cards to write and mail out and it promised to be a lot of work for both of us. But we had Mom and Jill to help us too.

There was one development that I hadn't expected and it caught me off-guard. That was that I was now Mrs. Kim Graham instead of being the Kim Young I had always been. Mom had taken my identification and had the changes made for me. It was legal too. Sheila was happy with the name change I had undergone though I was less than thrilled with it.

We worked and we lived and time passed. We loved as best as we could and on our first wedding anniversary, Sheila had a surprise for me. She was pregnant! She was going to have a baby and it was going to be a girl too.

"How do you know its going to be a girl?" I asked her. "Five weeks is hardly enough time to determine the baby's sex."

“It doesn’t matter what the baby’s sex is.” she told me. “Whether its a natural girl or not it will be raised as a girl.”

The pregnancy was good news to me. My father-in-law told me that there had to be a child before there could be an operation to straighten out my sex for me. There was no way to guarantee a normal pregnancy so the child had to be born, healthy and able to survive before I could have the surgery I needed. I had about eight more months to go now.

I was a much happier person as Sheila’s pregnancy developed. She had to take maternity leave from her job, but Sandy understood since she had been at our wedding. I had to dip into our savings and pay for everything myself as I was now the sole bread winner for our growing family. Mom and the Grahams helped out where they could and the spare bedroom in our apartment was transformed into a nursery for our daughter.

Sheila was back to being a woman again so there was no chance of a sexual encounter with her for now. I was quite happy about that and she was pleased too. She shaved her legs and her underarms and plucked her eyebrows as she let her hair grow out and took bubble baths once more. She was wearing dresses and skirts once more and her nighties too. We were two women sleeping in the same bed since my male reactions had deserted me.

The child was born and it was a boy. Sheila had collaborated with her mother and mine and Jill to come up with the name she liked the best. Our son was named Jillian Suzanne Graham and I had no say in the matter. Mr. Graham wasn’t fond of it either but he had even less say than I did. He knew that his grandson was destined to be raised as a pretty and feminine girl. The only thing Mr. Graham had any say in was in my future. He was willing to put up the money for my operations to become all man again.

Having her child, Sheila didn’t object anymore. Having a grandchild, Mom didn’t object either. They had a baby boy they could raise to womanhood so they didn’t need me anymore. The appointment was made and I had to wait a month after I was reexamined by the Doctor in charge before I was admitted to the hospital. I was ecstatic with the thoughts running through my head as I was put to sleep in preparation. I was going to wake up more of a man again.

I woke up in a lot of pain, strapped to the bed with my head lower than my hips. I was given a lot of pain killers and drifted in and out of consciousness. Something was wrong! I still had the mounds on my chest and the pain was centered in my lower abdomen. Mom and Sheila arrived to hold my hands and explained to me how wonderful they thought it was that I was now all woman! I passed out from the shock of it.

I was kept strapped to the bed for a month since it was felt that I appeared less than happy with the surgery that had been performed on me and they didn’t want me hurting myself. My male parts had been stripped from me and turned inside out to make me into as complete a woman as modern medicine was capable of performing. I found out that it was the surgery that Mr. Graham had ordered for me and had paid for. Since it was against the law for two women to be married to each other, Sheila had divorced me in secret just after the surgery was done. It wasn’t my signature on the

documents but a reasonably close resemblance of it. I was divorced and all of my money drained from my bank account to go to my 'ex-husband' so she could raise our child. I was still Mrs. Kim Graham and my identification now said that I was a legal female.

I was given five hundred dollars in cash, three suitcases with my clothes in them plus my travel makeup case and two choices. I could move back in with Sheila and live as a Lesbian with her to help raise my son as her daughter, or I could disappear and never be heard from again.

My choice was the only one I could make. I would disappear from their lives and find my own life somewhere else, as the woman I had to be. I could never be a man again and the only men I could have in my life would be heterosexual men. No Gay man would want anything to do with the person they had forced me to be.

I left the hospital and found shelter at the YWCA for the week it took me to figure out where I was going to go and what I was going to do. Funny thing though. Jill and Jeff's gallery had a burglary and they lost a lot of their most valuable paintings. Someone had bypassed their security system completely and made off with hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of art. Since the office was ransacked and their lists stolen and all the art stacked by the door too, they couldn't pinpoint exactly what was missing. All of Andy's artwork had been slashed up with a knife. There were a few fires too. Jill and Andy's house burned to the ground with most of Andy's artwork inside of it while both of them had been at the gallery. My mother's house had burned down as did the clinic where she and Kathy worked. Spontaneous combustion aided by some kerosene and a match. The Frahm in her bedroom was missing from the rubble. What's even odder, Mr. and Mrs. Graham lost their house and car as well in the next state. They just had a stroke of bad luck that promised to follow them as long as they tried to own anything at all. Apartment buildings couldn't be torched without damaging innocent people but burglaries happened where the valuables were stolen and everything else trashed. Pretty soon and insurance wouldn't cover any of them. They never saw me again, though they were certain they were hearing from me often enough. The police had one lead but they couldn't find me to do anything about it. Kim Graham and Kim Young no longer existed. I was who they had made me and I made my own life now.

THE END