

# CONTEMPORARY TV FICTION

MAGAZINE

## "WINDOW DRESSING"

BLAIR'S NOSE JOB LANDS HIM  
A NEW JOB. . .AS A MANNEQUIN!



*VOLUME 37*

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

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## "WINDOW DRESSING"

by Kelly Michaels  
Illustrations by GABI



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"I like fiction because it's possible to survive  
one's mistakes."

# WINDOW DRESSING

by Kelly Michaels

It all started when Blair's mother remarried after many years of them living happily all by themselves. His father, Claude Martin, had disappeared while on assignment photographing the exfoliation of the rain forests in Brazil.

Blair was just a baby and really had no recollection of his father. His mother had said that the magazine for whom he took photographs had reported that Claude had been swept away in a flash flood. He was working on a photo essay many miles up one of the tributaries of the Amazon. His body was never recovered.

In retrospect it seemed to Blair that his mother had spent very little time in mourning. When he became old enough to ask, she abruptly brushed his questions away whenever he asked about what kind of a person his father was. Why had he gone so far away and left them alone?

She had taken all of the photos that Claude had made of them as a family and stored them in the attic of their comfortable home in the South Bay. It was as though she wanted to save the memories of her husband, but out of Blair's reach.

She referred to him only as "C.M." when she spoke of him; never as her husband nor as Blair's father.

"C.M. was always away," she would remark to friends who came to console her when he didn't return. "Life goes on. Thank goodness he left us with enough to take care of ourselves."

Monica Martin was a beautiful woman. She had been a model and met Claude, when she was in her twenties, on a photo shoot that he was supervising. She noticed him immediately and after a short courtship, they were married. Blair came along when she was twenty-five. Claude was older than she, but youthful and aesthetic. His delicate nature as an artist was what had won her heart.

When he disappeared, Blair had few memories of his

father and could never understand why Monica (she insisted that he call her by her first name instead of "Mother") would not discuss their lives together. Granted, Blair was just a little boy, but he was intelligent and curious about the man who had given him life. He once went to the attic to explore as children often do and was severely reprimanded by his mother and told to never go there again.

Blair may have been a bit of a problem child, but never to the extent that he had to be bailed out of jail or anything. He minded as well as the next kid and quickly learned to not interfere with his mother and her way of living. He felt like a fifth wheel some of the time, but determined that he would survive, no matter what.

When Monica hooked up with Fontaine, the retired Air Force Colonel, things changed dramatically. Blair was now expected to become some kind of soldier, not the sort of person he'd grown accustomed to being as an only child. He had resisted Fontaine's heavy hand, but without emotional support from his mother, his resistance was extremely difficult to maintain. Because of his mother's devotion to her new husband, it seemed that he was not only unloved but unwanted. Now, to be shipped off to what was, apparently, a virtual prison was horrible.

Fontaine had forced him to join a military athletic program and was put on a severe diet with the expectation that he would beef up and "become a man" as the stepfather continually insisted. Blair did manage to toughen up a little, but remained slender and his muscle development was minimal. Now and then, Monica would remark that he was just like his father, saying it with an air of disdain.

Often the other boys in the program would make fun of his hairless body and slender waist. He was respected, but not much and chose to remain in the shadows, never attempting to overly excel as Fontaine continually insisted.

Blair was especially good at individual sports, though, and could hold his own on the racquetball court with any of the other boys, even the jocks.



*Blair suddenly had a  
"HONKER."*

The first mistake. . .

He made the unfortunate choice of looking back over his shoulder in a fierce match one afternoon. He should have known better, but caught the well hit racquetball full in the face, smashing his nose and making it necessary for him to have plastic surgery to repair the damage.

His step-father liked the "tough, smashed look and didn't want to spent the money but Blair insisted and the doctor agreed.

When they arrived at the specialist's office and were greeted by a beautiful receptionist, Blair guessed that she had taken advantage of her job to have some work done to make her more beautiful. When she asked his name, her voice was low and sultry; almost masculine.

Monica answered for him, ordering him to sit and stay. He sat and stayed reluctantly, now curious as to why the receptionist looked so very feminine and young but had a deep "smokers" voice.

The doctor arrived and Monica excused herself to speak with him privately before including Blair, leaving him alone with the pretty girl behind the desk.

"Do you have a cold?" Blair asked.

"A cold," she replied. "No, I'm fine. But, thank you for asking."

She was only a few years older than Blair with long blonde hair and piercing blue eyes that seemed to look straight through him. He blushed and picked up a magazine from the table beside his chair.

"Hope this doctor is good!" Blair mumbled.

The receptionist smiled and said, "He's the best! Are you scared?"

"Yeah."

"You were wondering about my voice, weren't you," the receptionist asked. "What's your name?"

"It's right there," Blair said shyly. "Blair Martin."

"Oh, right," she smiled with a bit of a delicious "dumb blonde" expression. "Blair. What a coincidence. Mine's Claire. Blair with a 'C,'" she giggled throatily.

Blair looked up from his magazine and still blushing went to the counter where she sat. She was unlike anyone he had ever met, except perhaps his good friend Jill with whom he could share any secret and know it was safe.

"Claire? Really? I used to know a Clarence?"

"Did he look like me?" The blonde adjusted her skirt, pulling back from the counter so that Blair could see her shapely legs. Her throaty voice seemed to turn him on a little and he could feel his face grow pink, again. She wore a cute little off white short sleeve blouse unbuttoned at the top with a slender gold chain around her alabaster neck.

On the chain hung an unusual pendant which looked like a cross with a circle and an arrow. Her tight peach colored skirt rode up her legs well above the knee, exposing the tops of her stockings to which he could see a pale pink garter belt. The skirt, slit to the hip, moved sensuously as she adjusted herself in her chair.

Her eyes never left Blair's face. He seemed mesmerized by her eyes.

She pulled sexily at the hem of her skirt, calling attention to her sexy purple ankle strap high heeled sandals. Red toes peeked out from her smooth nylon stockings. She wiggled them and giggled.

"Guess not, eh? Claire is just Claire," she said with a smile. "Does that mean your name is Blairance?" The boy blushed and laughed a little. He had never been vamped before and in the moment it took to get his bearings, he knew that he liked it.

"Your voice is, well, pretty unusual, for a young girl," he said, finally.

The receptionist smiled and chuckled to herself. "Are

you really curious about my voice," she said, her mint like breath ambushing his senses. "It's a long story. . ."

Blair felt shy, but somehow very attracted to this new acquaintance and blurted, "Well, sure. I mean, yes, I guess so."

The blonde looked to see if the doctor was coming from the inner rooms of the office, then stood to allow Blair to take in her full figure and appreciate her golden hair cascading to below the middle of her back. She seemed to enjoy exhibiting herself for him.

"Well, the doctor sometimes gets mad at me for telling, but I think that I'm a GOOD advertisement for his services, don't you think?"

Blair looked Claire up and down. Not only was her face cosmetically perfect, but her breasts pouted with each breath she took from beneath her soft silken blouse, showing her nipples coming to attention as they rubbed against the soft material.

Blair tried not to stare, but it was clear that she was proud of her body and enjoyed showing it off. For an instant, Blair wished that he had big muscles to show her. But he just enjoyed her exhibitionistic delight and relaxed as she stepped into the waiting room to join him.

She began in almost a whisper, "I was not always like this. The doctor has been very generous and very helpful to me." Blair could not take his eyes from the receptionist's beautiful body. She was used to the attention and turned slightly so that he could see her curvy silhouette. Her nipples protruded even more with the movement. "You like what you see?" she sighed.

"You have had cosmetic surgery?" he asked. "I thought so.

"Oh my YES," she giggled. "Once I got started, it was fun to have even more done. I guess I'm a bit of a junkie!"

By this time, Blair was totally intrigued with his new acquaintance and sat, rapt by her sultry voice. She sat on the sofa beside him, and reaching out, gently touched his cheek and let her hand trace his jaw line sensuously to his chin. There was a strength in her hand that he could feel. He could smell her perfume mixed with the

scent of her freshly painted, glossy red nails---perfectly lacquered, as she withdrew her touch and perused his face closely.

"Nice bones," she said. "You'll be a good candidate for surgery."

"I just got smacked with a racquetball," he said rubbing his messed up nose. "No big deal. Monica insists that I get it fixed."

"That's all? You know, with a little more work, you could be pretty," she said as she continued to examine his features.

"Pretty? Excuse me? I'm a guy, okay? I don't know from pretty, though you are one of the most beautiful girls I've ever seen!"

She sat back from her position next to him. "Oh, I didn't mean anything by that," she said, quickly.

"You said that you weren't always like this," he asked.

"Do you really want to know how much changing I've done with the help of Dr. Tanner?"

"Sure. I really can't see any scars, which is a good thing, I guess because Monica's going to insist that I get my beezer fixed."

"You are a funny one," she laughed. This helped Blair to relax, and with a deep breath, she looked deep into his eyes and began. "I'm almost thirty," she sighed.

Blair turned his head slightly to one side, not totally believing that she could have been that much older than he. "No!"

"Really. Thirty in a couple of months. I was in bad shape when I was about your age. What are you? Sixteen?"

"I'm eighteen," Blair responded a little defensively.

"Eighteen, right. You look very young, Blair. Anyway, I was sixteen and was riding with my parents in the car when we were crashed into by a speeding police car in pursuit of a criminal or something. My parents were killed instantly and I was pretty well messed up and was not expected to recover."

Blair was in shock. His father had died but both her

parents---gone in such a tragic way.

She went on, "Dr. Tanner was just completing his residency at the hospital where they took me and just took a liking to me. He had planned to specialize in plastic surgery and had been able to develop new techniques in reconstruction. As I'd lost my mom and dad and had no relatives to come to my rescue, he arranged to become my foster parent and began what was to become the most amazing experience of my life."

Blair, sat quietly, waiting for another shoe to drop. What a shame that this beautiful girl had been so injured and lost her parents all at the same time. If she had sustained permanent damage fourteen years ago as a kid, she seemed to have full recovery now.

"I was in bad shape there for a while," she said quietly, her husky voice almost a whisper. "But, Dr. Tanner told me that I was going to be fine---but there would be some major adjustments that I'd have to deal with."

Blair sat in awe of what she'd gone through.

Her eyes glazed over as she explained, "My pelvis had been crushed when the police car broad sided us and I'd sustained not only broken bones, but because I was not wearing my seat belt, I'd been thrown against a window and my face was smashed to where I was almost totally unrecognizable. They didn't let me near a mirror for fear that I'd totally freak out. I've seen photos since then and I know that I probably would have!"

"WOW!" Blair said. "Makes my little nose problem; drivel. Thank goodness for the doctor!"

"Dr. Tanner had attained a grant and permission to do some experimental work on me. My stay in the hospital was really not too bad. With no one in the world who really cared about me, and being disoriented by the whole trauma, I allowed him to do whatever he thought would get me into the world again. For over a month, I was totally in traction and couldn't feel anything below my waist. When the feeling gradually began to come back, I'll never forget the look on a nurse's face when I asked to go to the bathroom, Blair, she just looked at me and said, 'You don't know?'"

'Don't know what' I asked. She hurried out of the room to get the doctor. The thing I didn't know; that no one had bothered to tell me was that I was not a boy any more!"

Blair sat back in astonishment. "What? You are a boy?"

"Used to be," she smiled, rising on her pretty sandals and smoothing her short skirt. "Used to be."

Blair was dumbfounded and stared at her with gaping mouth. "You are maybe the most beautiful girl I've ever seen and you used to be..."

"A boy, a guy, a male, whatever you want to call it. But no more! I'm into being a gal now."

It was so matter of fact, the way she said it. There was a pride in her voice that Blair could detect and after he'd had time to catch his breath, he asked, "Why did you want to tell me this? There is no way in the world that anyone would guess that you had been a male, let alone that you've even had plastic surgery. Why tell me?"

She smiled and approached him. "I can sense that you are tense and upset about this situation with your nose and beyond that with your mother. I know these things. I see unhappy people every day and you are the first one whom I've shared my whole secret with. I like you and don't want you to be afraid. Dr. Tanner saved my life and gave me a whole new approach to living. He may be able to do the same for you."

Blair trembled then turned his attention to the receptionist's waist and let his eyes glance at her crotch. She smiled and turned away shyly.

"Your pelvis was crushed? That's why. . .right?" Blair's voice trailed off.

"There was more to the problem, actually. I'll be happy to tell you all about it, if you really want to know, but I hear your mother and the doctor coming back now."

"Did they cut ... you know?"

The receptionist smiled and placed her lacquered finger tips to her lips to shush him. "Shoo. We'll talk later."

Quickly she returned to her seat behind the desk, adjusting her skirt over her ample bottom as she rushed to sit down just as they came back into the waiting room.

Returning to the front of the office, the voices of Dr. Tanner and Monica grew louder as they returned to the waiting room.

"He'll do just fine, Monica. For the past fifteen years I've been fixing faces and you'll have a beautiful son in just a couple of weeks."

The doctor invited Blair and Monica into an examination room and left them for a moment to discuss the procedure that they had planned for Blair.

"Dr. Tanner is the best in the business, Blair," Monica began. "Actually this accident might be just the opportunity you've been hoping for. You never have liked your 'look' much and what the doctor and I discussed will not only make it more acceptable but he'll be able to do some other procedures that will make you a very attractive person."

At this point, after hearing the receptionist's story, Blair was more than a little apprehensive about what Monica had in mind. He touched his tender nose and wondered just what lay in store for him.

"Monica, I just want to be a normal guy," he said. "Don't let him do anything radical to me, please? Am I so bad looking that I need more than my nose fixed?"

"Of course not, Blair. It's just that our insurance will pay enough to fix your nose and the doctor has offered to throw in a complete make over. I think that we should take advantage of it. Dr. Tanner is world famous for his work. You are lucky to get him."

Blair cringed a little and wanted to tell his mother about the receptionist's story but knew that wasn't right. As the doctor returned to the examination room, he took photos of Blair with an electronic camera then connected it to a computer. The photo of Blair came on the screen and the doctor began to manipulate it with a program called Morphavaganza.

"This is an amazing program," said the doctor. "I can

take your photograph and show you all of the procedures that we have in mind. Just moving the image around with this mouse. . ." He began to reconstruct Blair's face and in a few minutes, a new Blair emerged in a new window on the computer screen.

"Blair, this tool really helps me to visualize what I need to do to fix you up with a new look. What do you think?"

Blair stared at the computer screen. The basic shape of his image was the same, but his somewhat oversize nose had been whittled to a narrow up turn making his cheeks look more prominent. His chin seemed less pronounced and his eyes appeared to become the center of his look instead of his nose.

"Magic! Blair, you look wonderful," Monica exclaimed. She seemed excited to see her son in the middle of a transformation. Turning to the doctor, she announced, "Very pretty!"

Pretty was the last thing that Blair was interested in being. The memory of the receptionist's story was fresh in him and if this surgeon could make her out of someone who used to be a boy and a 'disarranged' boy at that---was a really a little frightening.

"Do you do many men?" Blair asked.

"Don't be rude," Monica interrupted. It seemed to Blair that this was like their visits to buy clothes or to get his hair cut. He had little to say about the situation and had resigned himself to let her do what she wanted. His nose was bent and he did want that fixed.

After sitting with the doctor and having him explain what the procedure would be like, they made an appoint-



*The "honker" was gone!*

ment to have the work done in his office.

"This is a simple procedure these days, Mrs. Martin," he said casually. We can have Blair in and out in a couple hours.

"Please, call me Monica," she responded. "My son needs all the help he can get and I'm sure that you will do your best. Come along, Blair. The doctor is busy. We'll see you in a week, then."

As they left the office, Blair looked over his shoulder at the receptionist, Claire, wondering if she, had really once been a boy or if she was just teasing him like some stupid girl would.

That night Blair went to bed early, nervous with the idea that he would be having surgery on his face, even though he knew that it was necessary. And, he wondered, too, about the beautiful blonde in the surgeon's office. "Could it be true," he thought, "that she was once a boy?" He tried to imagine what 'he' could have looked like, but couldn't.

As he drifted off to sleep, his imagination began to hurtle like a roller coaster from its highest peak. Through a pitch black tunnel that was at once exhilarating and frightening. He could hear distant strains of an orchestra. A syncopated rhythm. Tango music. Then, suddenly, he was in a ballroom with polished floors and magnificent draperies and wall coverings. The walls were lined with floor to ceiling mirrors and though he sensed other people in the room, he could only see one, a beautiful blonde woman at the far end of the ballroom, standing before him alone on a low flight of stairs.

She was dressed in an off the shoulder ball gown with a flaring skirt just above the knee, cinched tightly to her waist and barely able to hold in her creamy white breasts. She floated effortlessly toward him, swaying gently to the music and dipping her head from side to side in time with the music. As she glided closer, he could see that it was Claire, the gorgeous blonde from the doctor's office.

She was smiling. From her ear lobes hung expensive diamond earrings and each lobe was pierced above where

she wore diamond studs. Her hair hung in tendrils from her temples and bangs framed her exquisite face. Emphasizing her electric blue eyes she wore subtle kohl liner accenting thick black lashes which fluttered as she drank him in with all of her attention.

Blair moved closer, reaching out to touch her when she stopped just beyond his arm's length and reached back with her right hand to undo the single pin which held her long blonde tresses high up on her head.

Shaking her head as she did so, her hair bloomed like a flower, framing her head, alabaster neck and torso in a cloud of platinum froth. She turned and her hair wafted on the air up and away from her shoulders and then down again, bouncing against them as though they were entirely weightless.

Transfixed, Blair waited as she dipped and turned before him, beginning to feel the tango deep inside, he moved again to the angelic figure. She laughed and kept a step away from him, dancing with his movements and teasing him with her hair and calling to him as she did so.

"Blair. . .Ohhhhhh Blair. . ." she called.

In what seemed an eternity, she allowed him to take her hand and as he pulled her towards him, he felt a soft barrier between them. He also felt that he was taller and more graceful than he'd ever felt before. Angelic Claire then pulled him close and he could see that her stunning black dance skirt had commingled with another similar skirt in creamy white and he could see two pairs of dainty spiked heels at the floor where they now stood, moving sensuously to the tango.

Claire laughed again and turned them to the wall in traditional tango movement. Blair could see that the blonde was leading as two gorgeous women, holding themselves cheek to cheek stepped quickly towards the mirror. The blonde was alive with the music and was the most beautiful woman he had ever seen in his life.

The other woman was dark, her elaborate ebony tresses piled upon her head, with long jet earrings dangling next to Claire's diamonds contrasted beautifully.

Confused, he tried to change the direction of the dance, but the blonde firmly brought them closer and closer to the mirror.

Could this be him, Blair thought? I'm not a woman, but in the mirror there is a beautiful girl, dancing with the person I met in the doctor's office.

At that moment, the blonde reversed the direction of the dance and in the mirror on the opposite wall, he could see not only the two beauties locked in the tango, but a reflection of the two of them from behind, their tight buttocks rising above the flared black and white skirts and the matching high heels lifting them dramatically as they capered across the dance floor.

Exhilarated, he became subtly aware of his maleness beginning to respond insistently, but allowed himself to be led through the dance, spinning and gliding and stepping to the music. Accepting the bizarre situation he began to observe himself in the mirror and could see the boy he knew himself to be and the beautiful woman inspired by the dream girl, Claire, almost flowing into and out of one another.

Claire moved closer and closer, undulating more sensuously into him as the music played on, caressing his crotch with her thigh and exploring his ample behind, rubbing and massaging him. She laughed when he mirrored her actions and they danced more furiously, more tightly embraced, spinning each other in precision movements, always moving more closely; whirling back to their lusty embrace.

As she gyrated closer and closer, Blair was aware of what felt like breasts pressing into his breasts? But, at the same time, he became more and more excited and could feel himself pressing against the flair of Claire's skirts more and more insistently.

The music bloomed into crescendo after crescendo, each one more exciting than the last, as they whirled to and fro, watching themselves in the gigantic mirrors of the ballroom. Though he felt on display and understood that he was a boy dancing in a dress with Claire, who had introduced herself to him as a former boy, nothing seemed out of place here.

He relished the feelings of the nylon stockings on his legs and became aware that they were smooth and soft, his thighs brushing one another from time to time as the dance called for a crossed leg pattern. He looked down at his slender arms and they were also smooth and free from hair, soft and supple skin with long painted fingernails holding another perfectly manicured hand with matching diamond rings and golden bangles.

He shook his head as they came close again to a mirror and his hair, came loose and tumbling luxuriously down over his neck and shoulders, falling to his waist. His jet black earrings brushed his cheeks and his long feminine eyelashes fluttered as at the beginning of a swoon.

Claire laughed and turned them about again and again.

Blair abandoned himself to her touch, to her scent, to her strength and complimented her touch by pressing himself harder and harder into her thigh as they came together in the dance. Grinding and laughing, the music rose again as she dipped him effortlessly to the floor.

His body now alive as he'd never felt it before, sensitive to the slightest caress, his partner followed the contour of his body, pulling him insistently into her with one hand while moving directly to his manhood with the other. His breath came in short hot bursts and he thrust his loins hard into her urgent touch. He could see her eyes staring deeply into his and then look up as if she was going to swoon.

With his free hand he cupped her full white breast, which crested her beautiful gown, her nipple firm and

ARE YOU  
A  
WRITER?

ARTIST?  
OR JUST A  
"GAL" WITH  
SOME IDEAS  
OR SCENES?

SOME OF THE  
BEST IDEAS  
START WITH  
SOMEONE JUST  
SCRIBBLING  
DOWN A FEW  
SCENES TO A  
FANTASY?  
I'D LOVE TO SEE  
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yearning for his touch.

As Blair exploded, the morning sun washed the bedroom with blinding light, disorienting him. He sat up in a tangle of covers. The dream had left him completely spent. His sheets wound around him soaked with sweat and essence.

“Come down and make breakfast!” shouted Fontaine.

Blair slowly returned to his senses and still disoriented and confused shook his head to clear it, returning to room, the memory of his dreamy tango fading. He could see that it was well past rising time and if he didn't have eggs and toast on the table when Fontaine came into the kitchen, there was Hell to pay. He scrambled into his jeans and stumbled down the stairs. “Sleeping late again, are we, son?”

Blair set the skillet on the stove, cracking two eggs into it and set to making toast. He knew that responding to Fontaine would only make it harder. When he chose to not respond, he was damned, too, but usually the non-confrontational approach worked better. He served the breakfast and left the kitchen.

The day arrived for Blair's nose job and he arrived in the surgeon's office with Monica in time to see Claire coming up the stairs from behind. Her long blonde mane bounced across her shoulders and the sunshine coming in from the windows illuminated her dress in such a way as to let him see that she was apparently not wearing underwear. Whether or not Monica had noticed, he could not tell, but the vision brought him abruptly back to his dream and dancing the tango with her.

His body began to respond, which made him feel very embarrassed. As he blushed Claire turned at the top of the stairs and seeing him smiled broadly as though she might have known about his dream. She flicked the hem of her skirt flirtatiously and then, held the door for Monica and Blair as they entered the door to the office.

Blair thought that he felt a slight pinch as he followed his mother in and turning, saw that Claire was feigning

innocence and laughing to herself. She enjoyed being a girl.

Dr. Tanner was the best plastic surgeon in the area and went to work on Blair quickly and efficiently. Claire was asked in to assist and the last thing Blair remembered as the anesthetic took him under was the sound of tango music and Claire's laughter behind her surgical mask.

Dr. Tanner added subtle cheek implants to balance the petite little nose his mother had always wanted him to have, giving him a slightly angelic look. He told Blair that it would take a little getting used to, his new look, but that no one would ever be able to tell that he had had surgery after the healing period of about three weeks. "Modestly, I'm good at this," he said. "Enjoy."

At first, Blair was embarrassed with his new more delicate look, refusing to attend classes at school. In the evening from his room he could hear Fontaine shouting at his mother that her wimpy excuse for a son was hopeless. Blair spent hours alone with his head in his pillow, wondering how life could have dealt him such a rotten hand.

As time went on, it was clear to Blair that if he didn't find a way to get back to school that he would fall hopelessly behind. His closest friend, a senior, Jill Alexander, was his only ally. They spoke daily on the phone and finally, she convinced him that even with his petite nose and slightly feminine look that no one would really notice. Getting an education was something that he simply had to do. He didn't remember much about his dad, but did know that Claude had always encouraged him to learn every thing that he could.

He never really made much of an impression on his teachers. With with the constant hounding by Fontaine, he seemed to only resent assignments and having to attend classes where he was often teased for his lack of aggression and inability to fit in.

Jill and Blair were constant companions before and after school, however; one element of his life that was, at least, bearable. "What can I do," Blair asked Jill one night as they sat at her house watching MTV and munch-

ing on popcorn.

"Do?" said Jill? "What do you want to do?"

"I want to be left alone and just get away from that Fontaine guy. How could my mother marry such a jerk? He's constantly on me about grades and school and that stupid exercise program. And, he never stops reminding me of the fact that I'm not a 'team player'."

"You only have one more year of high school, Blair." Jill reminded him. "Can't you stick it out? If you put a little more effort into your classes, you can at least go to State and get away from that guy. That's where I'm going, you know. I'm only a year ahead of you, we could be roomies when you get there next year. It'll be fun!"

"I don't know, Jill. Getting through this year will be tough. My heart's just not in it."

Jill could see clearly that Blair was depressed. Suddenly, she knocked the bowl of popcorn out of his hands and grabbed his face in hers like a basketball. Surprised he resisted a little relaxing as she examined his face intensely.

"You know what," she whispered excitedly. "I hadn't noticed it before, but with this new nose of yours and these high cheek bones, you really are rather 'pretty'!"

Blair pulled out of her grasp. He laughed and blushed. "What? Me? Pretty!?!? Get out of here! How can you say that? I'm just a kid, a guy, a fella, a boy, for cryin' out loud!!"

Jill laughed. "I thought I could get a rise out of you!" She jumped up and headed for a closet. "I just want to try something. You've been so down lately, you know? When I'm blue I just need a change, sometimes. We're going to change you for a little while. I bet it'll work for you, too!"

She opened the closet and found a long floral rayon dress with a Victorian bodice and a large floppy hat with a enormous pink rose sewn on the front. In a box at the bottom of the closet, she lifted out a pair of high heeled platform pumps with a contrasting floral pattern.

Blair sat on the sofa transfixed. What the heck was his friend thinking? How could their old game of "dress

up" help now? It was one thing to play like a child when he was a kid, but he was a teenager now and much too mature for this stuff.

He remembered many afternoons, before that jerk, Fontaine, had come into his life, when he and Jill would play in the basement of his mother's house and Jill would delight in imagining all manner of Let's Pretend with him. Together they would be explorers on the moon with toy helmets on their heads or often he would let her dress him in his mother's old frocks stored in a trunk in the storeroom.

She would dab lipstick on his pouty lips and then her own, wrapping the old feather boa around both of their necks; they would pretend to be Siamese twins. But, those were childhood days: the days before responsibility and dealing with the judgments of the real world. Before Fontaine.

Jill giggled as she returned with her purse in hand, along with the dress, the hat and the heels.

"Blair... what a sweet name, my dear. Here, let me help you out of these rough old jeans and those clunky Dr. Marten's." She tickled him and pulled off his shoes, tugging his T shirt over his head. "Hurry up! Off with those Levi's!" she shouted swinging his shirt like a banner over her head."

Blair and Jill had been friends since childhood and had often played around in their underwear with never a blush. They were buddies and both of them knew the value of being pals. Blair shrugged and removed his jeans. Jill yanked off his socks and waved them, too.

"My socks? Jill! What the heck??"

He blushed again but allowed her to stand him up and slide the long floral dress over his head. She cinched the wrap around his waist and playfully pinched his cheeks a little.



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"Ow!"

"You pantywaist! That doesn't hurt. Just relax. We'll get you into a better humor. . .or else!"

"Or else?"

"Or else, we'll have fun trying. Now, hold still and step into these."

Blair stepped into the floral print ankle strap high heels and Jill fastened the buckles for him.

"How do you stand up in these? I'm wobbling."

Jill laughed and from her purse took a lipstick and a brush.

"You wobble worm, you. Just you wait!" she said, softly stroking the dark red lipstick on his pouting mouth. She then took a dark slightly blue-gray eyeliner pencil and added a smudgy line to his eyelids, top and bottom. She then brushed on a bit of mascara and stood back to admire her work.

"Well, I do declare. Blair! Not bad." She back combed his longish hair with her brush, rouged his cheeks lightly with her rose colored blush and plopped the hat on his head.

"Not bad at all!"

"Not bad? What are you doing? I feel really stupid!"

Jill sat on the sofa and asked him to turn around. Blair felt like a total idiot and started to remove the hat and kick off the shoes.

"This is dumb, Jill. I can't do this."

"Well, Blair," she sighed softly, "if you'll just take a minute to peek into the hall mirror, I think that you'll be surprised. Please? Just for Jillsie?"

Blair had christened her "Jillsie" when they were five and whenever she wanted to get her way, she just reminded him and he was putty in her hands. With a shrug, he strode unsteadily in his platform ankle straps to the mirror.

"Wow! Who's that?" Blair laughed. He struck silly poses before the mirror and saw Jill's beautiful face appear over his shoulder.

"That's another Blair," she said. "That's my childhood pal, my playmate and the guy I want to feel better about life."

Blair laughed and removed the hat while stepping out of the high heels. He knew that this was Jill's way of taking his mind off the troubles with Fontaine and it was working. She hugged him around the waist and dug her chin into his shoulder.

"You'll be fine," she cooed, "my little girly whirly girlfriend."

Blair blushed and relaxed a little as he pulled the dress off over his head and went to the bathroom to wipe the makeup from his face.

"You're a miracle worker, Jill. But, dressing up is for kids. Don't you think that we're long past that?"

"What ever makes you smile makes me smile, Blair. And, you do bear a striking resemblance to Marilyn, you know?"

"What? Me? You think I look like Marilyn Monroe," Blair laughed.

"Silly. No. Marilyn Cramer, the girl whose locker's next to mine at school!" Jill giggled. "Seriously, you're really quite pretty with a dab of makeup. With a little work, though, you could probably even pass as a girl at school, you know?"

As Blair buttoned up his jeans and secured his belt buckle, he knew that his friendship with Jill would sustain him forever. She had a way of making him forget his troubles and for this he would be always grateful.

"I won't be going to school as anything but a guy, thank you!"

Jill cocked her head to one side and smiled. She had succeeded and she was proud of herself. She knew that the way to Blair's interests was through sincere attention. She was only one year older, but on another level, she was way, way ahead of not only Blair, but his unfortunate mother, who had at the time of his father's disappearance had left him emotionally abandoned was now subjecting him to the worst possible influence, Fontaine.



*Blair was angry at first but before he knew it he was in a dress, wearing make-up and relaxed. He hated how easily she controlled him.*

Jill graduated in the spring and went off to work at a mountain camp for disabled kids and Blair was left alone for the summer. With no Jill to distract him he found himself in summer school very much against his wishes. With Fontaine constantly badgering him about one thing and another, school was a relief.

He fell into a simple routine. Summer school in the mornings and a part time job at a local department store in the afternoons. He was still required to do his daily workout, but with his schedule at the store, was able to cut it back without angering his stepfather.

"Work is work, kid. You've got to learn discipline, you've got to learn to focus, because if you don't then you're a lost soul. If it don't hurt, then it's not the real thing. No pain, no gain, we always said in the service. Are you in pain, soldier?"

Blair nodded, but added silently to himself that the biggest pain of all was the pain in his butt which he had to endure with this bully's stupid sense of accomplishment. He spent as much time as possible at the store, learning about marketing and even window dressing. Donna Lenore was his supervisor and his job was to do basically what ever she asked him to do.

It was mostly moving stock from the store room to the floor and cleaning up the store in the evenings.

One night, just before he was about to clock out, Donna called him into the stock room and asked him to move some new mannequins which had been delivered that day into a new display in the main window in the front of the store.

He was amazed at how lifelike they all were and he noticed that one of the female forms looked familiar to him. He couldn't immediately place the face, but it nagged at him as he took the last one and placed it in the window. It was now dark outside and in the reflection in the window, he could see himself as he set the mannequin down. The wig on its head was slightly askew and as he straightened it out, he could hear a faint voice on the outside of the window, "Oh my! Twins? How clever!"

He turned to see Jill standing outside laughing and pointing at him! He then saw his own reflection in the mirror surface of the window. The mannequin looked almost exactly like him! The hair and build were different, of course, but the facial features were incredibly the same. He waved at Jill and then took the wig from the model and placed it on his head.

Jill laughed even louder.

At this point, Donna appeared in the doorway to the window to see what all the laughter was about. Blair turned and, seeing her, quickly removed the wig and adjusted it on the mannequin's head.

"Auditioning for window dressing, Blair," Donna smiled.

"Um. Just teasing my friend, Jill, Donna. She's right there, outside the window."

He turned to see that the street in front of the window was now totally devoid of traffic and Jill was now nowhere to be seen.

"I see," Donna said quizzically. "And, do you chat with your imaginary friend all the time, Blair?"

Blair frantically looked up and down the street, but Jill had vanished completely. She was just plain gone. From behind Donna, though, he heard a familiar giggle and exited the window to find that Donna and Jill were beside themselves in gales of laughter.

"We had you going for a second there, didn't we," Jill chirped. "Donna and I are old pals from my days on camp staff. I'm happy to see that you two are friends, too."

Donna explained that she was a couple of years older than Jill, but had helped her learn the ropes at the camp where they had met. She had invited Jill to come for a visit and to surprise Blair at the store that night.

"Doesn't he make a smashing mannequin, Jill," Donna smiled.

"He is a beauty! As I have often said, haven't I Blair," Jill responded, winking at him knowingly. "You should see him in a sun bonnet!"

Blair blushed and dug a toe into the plush carpeting.

"You can say what you want to, Jillsie, but I'm no model, that's for sure!"

Donna stood back a step and put her hands up to form a frame, like a film director would do in framing a shot for a movie. "Blair," she said, after a moment, "could you just turn your head away from me a little?"

Blair turned his head. "Well, I guess so." He turned his head, looking back at her and wondering what she had in mind. He liked Donna and had come to understand that she was rather an artistic type of woman who would try anything to make the displays at the store look creative.

Donna reached into the clothes rack directly behind her, and snagged a deep purple Givenchy suit, tossing it to Blair. "You look exactly like the mannequin that will wear this in the window. If you'll put it on and let me take some photos of you in the display, I can show them to Mr. Stanley and let him make the final decision for what pose to place it in for this display. He's always so critical of my choices, but if I give him a variety of poses, then the final decision will be his. He'll think that he's a genius and I'll get all the credit!"

"You want me to put this purple thing on? Get serious, Donna, I'll go a long way for the company, but to have photos made in a woman's suit? In a department store window? Give me a break!"

"Oh, Blair. Just for Jillsie?" Jill cooed. "Do it? For me? Please?"

Jill's nickname had always turned him to mush and in a minute the three were at the cosmetics counter. Donna expertly stroked on a heavy base of makeup. Blair flinched at her touch and avoided looking into the mirror. He felt his cheeks redden and the heat rose in his collar.

Once again, he was at the mercy of a woman. He could have rushed out, but that would have meant his job and because of Jill's friendship with Donna, probably would have made trouble for him with Jill, too. And, so. He endured.

"Jill," Donna said over her shoulder to her smiling friend. "Would you please run up to the Beauty Salon on

the mezzanine? These dummy wigs are a bit stiff and I want Blair to look his best for the photos. What do you think? Blonde? What about his being a blazing red-head?"

Jill stood in front of Blair and examined his face carefully. It seemed to her that he had softened a little in the month or more it had been since she had seen him last. Maybe it was his tan or maybe it was the rigorous training that Fontaine had been forcing him through. Or, maybe it was just his advancing maturity. But, with the mascara and the blush over the heavy beige base makeup that Donna had applied, he had a definite feminine look.

"His tan is still coming through, Donna. Better do that base a little heavier. Thank goodness his beard isn't coming in yet! His hair? I'd say a nice auburn? What do you think?"

Donna put down her puffy blush applicator and stood beside Jill, smiling at her creation. "Auburn. Yes!! Why don't you check the stock in the Salon and just bring down an armful. Those girls up there will love the idea that we're using their wigs for such a creative purpose!"

The store had closed an hour before and Donna's voice echoed down the marble aisles. Jill saluted and took off skipping like a little girl toward the broad stairs that led to the mezzanine. She mounted them two at a time and stopped half way up to blow a kiss. Donna laughed.

Blair sat helplessly with his eyes closed. He imagined that he could actually feel the weight of the makeup on his face. His eyelids felt heavier and then Donna asked him to close his eyes and open them.

"How can I close my eyes and open them at the same time? Hasn't this gone far enough. I'll play along, but I'm expected at home pretty soon. What would my mother say if she caught me doing this?"

"I want you to just open up your eyelids so that I can make them pretty, Blair," Donna explained. "Just let me work. There's plenty of time before you have to get home, now sit still!"

He could feel a sort of cold sensation on his eye lids and then they felt even heavier. He blinked and Donna

scolded him. She had applied a special adhesive and not one but two pairs of thick false eyelashes to make him look even more like a mannequin.

As she brushed what felt like another pint of mascara on his lashes and painted on another coat of lip gloss, he opened his eyes to see Jill returning with an arm load of luxurious looking wigs. "Raided the hair farm, eh, Jill," Donna laughed as Jill grinned and lined them all up on the cosmetics counter.

Obviously, these women were off the scale with delight, much to the dismay of their unwilling victim. Jill smiled as she added her own touches to Blair's makeup.

"This will be a blast!," Donna cried. "Now, before we start with the hair, let's get Mister Mannequin into this outfit. Hmmmm. He's a little flat here and there. I wonder if the foundations department would mind if we borrowed a bra and some other stuff. Jill, you get this young man out of his jeans and I'll be right back!"

Blair's body was still that of a boy, though Jill was surprised that he seemed to have much more of a chest where she remembered him not quite so well developed. His legs were more muscular and his abdominal muscles were beginning to ripple like a washboard. He averted his doe like eyes as she looked him up and down.

He ducked behind the counter when Donna returned with several different bras and a bustier. She also had a strange pair of what might have been panties, but they seemed to have a shape of their own. She tossed the bustier on the counter and then held out a pair of black lycra bikini panties and a matching black waist cincher with satin roses sewn up the hook and eye closure to Blair.

"Here, honey, put these on. Might as well have some realism for these shots. Maybe it will help you with your posing, to feel more like a real girl, huh?"

"All I feel right now is embarrassed," Blair said quietly.

"Oh, come on. This will help us both, you know? I'll get Stanley's attention and you'll get some major credit when word gets out what a doll you are. . .literally,"

Donna chuckled.

"If word gets out that I'm dressing up in this stuff, I'll be ruined, is what I'll be. I've really got to get home soon. Fontaine is so strict, especially when Monica's out of town. And, she is, you know. Will this take long?"

Donna smiled and coaxed him into the lycra panties. She then handed him a matching black under wire bra with lace trim. It took a minute for him to figure out the front closure and Jill came around behind the counter to help him. Meanwhile, Donna had gone back to the foundations department and returned with a pair of silicone gel breast forms.

She handed them to Jill, who carefully placed them into the cups of Blair's bra. Blair blushed as he felt the cool inserts touch his skin and immediately begin to warm to his body temperature. As the breast forms snuggled into the cups of the bra, he could feel them begin to warm to his body temperature.

Jill and Donna smiled conspiratorially as Jill plumped Blair's tanned chest over the breast forms. The slight cleavage looked very much like the real thing. She jiggled the breasts playfully making him blush, though through the heavy make-up it was hard to see.

"Bounce up and down on your toes a little, won't you," Jill said. As he did so, it felt to him as though the now warm breasts were almost a part of his body. He thought of watching Bay Watch and imagined himself jogging down the beach as he'd seen the voluptuous life guards do. Bouncing stimulated his own nipples and he could feel them grow erect under the silicone. This made him blush even more, and now a new sensation crept in to his consciousness, which he immediately dismissed.

"Uh Oh," said Jill. "What's this?" She spied soft chest hair now sticking up conspicuously from between Blair's uplifted boobies. Donna found a razor in a drawer behind the counter, and before Blair could resist, shaved his chest hairs with one stroke!

"I've been growing that for three years!" he cried. "Gawd! Give a guy a break!"

The girls now sat Blair back in the makeup chair and

held one wig after another up to his well made up face. They held up long blonde wigs with curls the texture of which felt like real hair to Blair. They held up short bobs and Dolly Parton country western bonanzas. Every color of the hair rainbow they tried and finally settled on a longish red wig, a page boy with fluffy bangs.

It turned under in gently and brushed his shoulders lightly. The fit was tight, but not all that uncomfortable and as the women tugged and brushed and combed and fussed over him, he resisted the feeling that this was wrong, but knew in his heart that if, ever, anyone saw him like this, his reputation would be forever destroyed. He only hoped that they would hurry and take the damned photos so that he could get out of this prison of frilly finery and just get home.

Why had he ever agreed to this, he didn't know. But, as long as Jill was there and his supervisor, he knew that he would have to make the best of it.

Donna and Jill worked together, teasing and spraying and fluffing and combing and brushing the soft red wig on Blair's head for what seemed like an hour. They then fussed more with his eyelashes and his brows and touched up here and painted more there.

Donna stroked some dark makeup between his breasts, creating a even more of a cleavage and set it with a powder puff. Jill stood back and squinted a little, evaluating their project.

"Time for the outfit!" Donna smiled and handed Blair a scoop neck ivory top with a tiny bow at the front. It's texture was softer than any material he had ever before experienced.

As it caressed his skin, the warmth of his embarrassment changed to a titillation and he could feel himself begin to be excited. "Girl clothes must be soft," he thought, "so as to not scratch their delicate skin. No wonder they like dressing up so much. But, I'm a guy!" He divorced himself from his thought and checked his watch again.

"Don't worry, we'll get you home in plenty of time," Donna said.

He pulled the ivory top down over his new breasts, now feeling more like a part of his body than before. Looking down, he imagined that he might actually have those perky little peaks really a part of his body. He gingerly reached up to feel them and was surprised to feel their warmth and softness. He jiggled them up and down playfully and then bounced on his toes again, with the image of the Baywatch Babes in his imagination.

"Feeling yourself up, Blair?" smiled Jill.

Blushing, he quickly withdrew his hands and smoothed the top over his tightly cinched waist. She handed him the deep purple Anne Klein skirt and helped him step into it. The silken texture was foreign to him, but the whisper of the soft material on his thighs was oddly exhilarating. Jill helped him tuck the ivory top into the waistband of the skirt and smoothed it down over his hips.

They stood in front of a mirror together and Blair watched his transformation in awe. How could a kid who was just one of the guys become such a fetching girl? He shook his head, an attempt to clear this day dreaming and the auburn page boy softly brushed his shoulders and glided across his cheek.

Jill helped him into the matching jacket and gently lifted up his soft red tresses to allow the collar to adjust properly to his neck. She then came around to the front of him and smoothed the jacket over his breasts stimulating his own breasts as the silicone had now become virtually one with his own body. She buttoned the single button that brought the jacket tightly in at his waist.

Taking a step back, she examined her handy work with a smile. "Well, honey bunny, this is a tiny waist we have here. Those cinchers really do a number on a girl, don't they?"

"On a boy! I'm still a boy!" Blair said softly. "It's a little hard to breath, Jill. But, if we can just get this over with, I can get home! Fontaine will grill me six ways from Sunday, if I'm late. And, I'm already late!"

"Don't you worry your pretty little head about it, Sweetie. Donna will write you a note and he won't say a

thing. You're still on the clock, aren't you?"

Blair realized that he was, indeed, still on the payroll, but wondered if anyone would ask what he was doing for this extra hour. He cringed at the thought that anyone would find out and almost bolted for the door. Of course, dressed in a purple Givenchy suit with a \$400 price tag hanging off the sleeve, he might draw a little more attention that he really was interested in getting. So, he swallowed hard and waited for the next step.

"Oh! Shoes! We've got to find you a pair of shoes to match this gorgeous outfit. Jill!" smiled Donna conspiratorially.

"Yes, ma'am!" Jill laughed taking Blair's arm.

"Off to the shoe department while I find a camera and some film. I'll be right back. Some four inch pumps, I think, Jill. Our mannequins are a little taller than our cutie here. Spikes will give her those sexy legs that the boys all go for, eh?"

Together Jill and Blair's walked off to the shoe department. "You look amazing, my sweet," she cooed into his ear. He could feel the hair of the wig whisper lightly against his cheek and his exposed neck. "Amazing," she repeated.

Realizing that he had no stockings, she found the rack with tan tights and took a pair, returning with them to the boy. He looked beautiful, though a bit stiff. But, of course, mannequins are supposed to be a little stiff, she smiled to herself.

Without a word, she removed the panty hose from their envelope and held them out to Blair. He just stared at them and her.

"Don't worry. They stretch. Just slide them on. They'll cover that unsightly hair on your legs. Actually, it's nice hair, Blair, but unsightly for a store mannequin. Go on."

Blair hesitated.

"Or, we could just shave your legs, I guess?"

"I'm putting them on. Look, here I go. Here I go! I'm putting. I'm putting!"



*Blair felt so silly and so controlled  
by these women. Thank gawd  
no one would see him. . .*

Jill laughed hard and so did Blair, though his mind was reeling from the experience

He took a deep breath and pulled the tight fitting pantyhose on one leg at a time. The restricted sensation of being very enclosed in the nude colored garment came over him. He had worn tights when he worked out in wrestling, but this was an even tighter feeling, though softer. The combination of the cincher encasing his mid-section, the silicone breasts and the tight bra and now, the lycra pantyhose were almost more than he could bear.

He knew that to resist now would only slow the process, so he pulled the hose up to tightly encase his privates. His behind felt as though it was in the clutches of a large hand. The restraint was uncomfortable, but not necessarily in a bad way. He wondered if Jill could sense his confusion. He wondered if women who go through this daily had the same sensations.

Sitting him down again, Jill went to a sale rack and found a pair of mauve four inch pumps that matched his purple outfit. From their years of playing dress up as children and knowing him all of her life, she knew that his size was almost exactly the same as hers. Actually, hers was only a half size smaller. She loved to put her new shoes on him now and then and get him to stretch them out for her.

"These will fit perfectly," she said as she helped him on with the right pump. He winced as the smooth leather squeezed his pinkies into the narrow toe of the fashionable high heeled shoe.

"Yeah, right. Perfectly, too tight."

"You baby! Just stand up in these and you'll see! Upsie daisy, now."

He wobbled to his feet and stood, now three inches taller than Jill. Using her shoulder for balance, he took a short step and winced with the pinching of his chic high heels. She laughed. "Women have to endure this every single day. And, we do it for you, you know? Men! Serves you right to have a little education, my pretty!" She cackled like the Wicked Witch of the West and Blair cracked up with her.

"Just get me out of this get up and put me in a box and ship me back home to Fontaine where I'll only be taunted, verbally abused and sent to bed without my supper," he said half jokingly as Donna arrived with a camera and a tripod.

"Off to the salt mines," she laughed and they all headed back to the entry to the main window where the new display would be installed the following day.

"You help Blair into the window, Jill," Donna said. "I'll go outside and we can pose him through a roll or two of film. This will be a blast. Blair, I can't thank you enough for being a good sport!"

Jill stood Blair in front of her, examining him from head to toe. He blushed a little but knew that it would soon be over and he could get back into his jeans and, hopefully, make a plausible excuse to his step father and sneak into his room without incident.

Dealing with Fontaine was always a problem. It seemed as though he could never do anything right and Fontaine was the first to loudly point it out. His mother seldom rose to his defense because Fontaine was such a bully that on the odd occasion when she actually did, he came down equally hard on her; accusing her of pampering the boy and making him soft and irresponsible. He loved his mother, but now that he really needed her, she seemed to be less and less available.

Jill helped him into the doorway to the display window, following right behind. It was a dark night and the street outside was dark and difficult to see. Occasionally a car drove by, but there were no pedestrians. In a moment, Donna appeared outside the window and set the tripod with the camera up directly in front of the display area where Jill and Blair were standing.

Just as she began to ask Blair to pose and to have Jill adjust his outfit appropriately, the shadow of a large figure appeared beside her. She jumped back and immediately, Blair could see that his worst nightmare had just come true.

It was Fontaine! He was angry. Donna, off of Blair's look knew something was wrong and instinctively

blocked his view of the window by placing the camera between herself and the seething man. The glass was so thick that neither Jill nor Blair could hear exactly what was actually being said, but Blair was terrified. He knew that if Fontaine discovered him in this outfit...in this window, dressed from head to toe as a pretty mannequin in a purple Givenchy that he would never hear the end of it.

Without moving his lips, he whispered to Jill, "Get me out of here!"

She whispered back as she turned her back to the window to block Fontaine's view of the "mannequin" that all they had to do was go through with the plan. "Blair," she said quietly, "you look perfect. Just like a beautiful department store mannequin. All you have to do is let me pretend to adjust your arms and pose you for Donna and he'll never know the difference."

Frozen, Blair stared into space, doing his best not to breathe; not to blink and NOT to wet his pants.

Fontaine announced, "I'm Blair Martin's stepfather and he's not made it home yet. Figured that you were keeping him here for some reason. He has a strict schedule and I need him at home right away."

Donna breathed a sigh. "Oh, Mr. Fontaine. Blair's mentioned you, of course. He's such a hard worker, you know..."

Thinking hard, Donna knew that she had to continue on with the photo session and to protect Blair at the same time. She could tell that Jill was savvy to what was going on. Smart gal, she thought, hiding Blair's body with her own.

"I'm just doing some preliminary photos for our new window display, Mr. Fontaine. I have to have the film at the processor before they close, so if you'll excuse me? I'm sure that Blair is on his way home or will be soon. He's certainly the best assistant we've ever had. Excuse me, though. I do have to get this done."

She tapped on the window and Jill turned back to see her gesturing for her to adjust the "mannequin". Her face contorted in mock fear and Jill laughed a little to herself



*Blair stood perfectly still, unable to even blink.  
This was the most terrifying moment of his life.*

and said quietly to Blair, "I'm just going to adjust you a little. Trust me, you look terrific. He will never in a million years know that it's you. Hmmm. Red is a very good hair color on you, you know?"

"Just be careful and stay between me and the window," Blair moaned, trying to not move his lips. He fixed his eyes on the horizon in a glassy stare. "How's this," he whispered.

"Smashing, luv," she responded quietly.

"That mannequin looks almost real," said Fontaine, moving to one side to get a better look. Is that girl talking to the dummy?

"Jill often really gets into her work, Mr. Fontaine. You know artists, they are wired a little differently than most of us. Please. Excuse me? I really must get to work."

"Haywired!" he snorted. "Art! Damned artists are pulling the wool over everybody's eyes these days. Norman Rockwell! Now, there's an artist for ya. A real artist, that is. Patriotic. Realistic. Paints stuff that means something, at least, not this slap dash crap them hoity toities call art!" He stood back out of Donna's way trying to get another angle on the girl and the mannequin in the window.

Jill countered his movement to again block his view.

Donna stifled a laugh as she adjusted the camera and tripod. "Right, Mr. Fontaine," she said to herself, "and, those prints of the children with the big eyes are next in line on your list, I'm sure."

"What are they making those dummies out of these days," Fontaine asked, still unable to get a good view of the window. "I remember those old plaster things from when I was a kid, but this one is beautiful. I might be in love." He leered at the mannequin and then turned his gaze to Donna. She ignored his stare.

"Oh, Mr. Fontaine. These new mannequins might be really lifelike, but you're a married man, you know and I think this young lady is also spoken for." Donna choked back her laugh, knocked on the window and motioned to Jill to clear her shot of Blair, moving herself between Fontaine and Blair, posing in the window.

He moved toward the window, examining the "mannequin" more closely. "There's something about this one, though. She looks a little familiar. Where do they make these things?" he said under his breath.

"I think these come from Italy, Mr. Fontaine," Donna said as she framed her shot. "They certainly are life-like, aren't they? I know they cost an absolute fortune. This one has a totally movable body. Even the torso and the fingers move independently. I believe they are covered with a polyethylene or styrene or a polymer of some kind that makes the skin so life like."

Fontaine stared at Blair. Blair held his breath. Jill watched closely, wondering if their new "mannequin" would be found out. Donna moved quickly from one position to another, directing Jill to move Blair into one pose after another.

He was totally frozen with fright but was able to allow Jill manipulate his arms and legs and head, pretending to be jointed like a real window dummy. As she turned his head, he could feel the soft red hair brush his face and shoulders. His eyes began to itch and it was all he could do not to blink, until Jill managed to block Fontaine's view of his face. He blinked quickly, feeling the long black eyelashes flutter against his lids. In a way the fear of being discovered was delicious. Could it be that he was beginning to actually enjoy this?

"Wait a minute," barked Fontaine. "Did that mannequin just blink?"

"Oh, Mr. Fontaine, your imagination is working over time, isn't it? Funny how being 'in love' can make you do that, you know?" Donna laughed, again placing her camera and body between the man and the window.

"I could have sworn..." said Fontaine, shaking his head slowly from side to side, still trying to get a good look at the mannequin.

Thankfully, he watched for only a few minutes and then excused himself. "If you see that kid, tell him he's expected at home when he's ordered to be there. His mother's out of town and I don't want him running all over the place when there's work to be done at home. You

tell him!"

"You bet, Mr. Fontaine," said Donna over her shoulder, continuing to work with the camera and direct Jill to move Blair into one position after another.

As Fontaine disappeared around the corner of the building, Donna gave the all clear to Jill and Blair. Blair let out a long soft sigh and started to move quickly to the door out of the display window.

"Wait! I'm not finished," Donna called through the glass and Jill grabbed Blair and hugged him to her. The women were now in stitches and Blair was chuckling a little to himself.

"That was a close one!" he said with a concerned smile.

"That was great!!" shouted Jill and danced Blair around the window. As her laughter diminished, Donna knocked on the window, directing them to take another pose.

As Jill helped Blair out of the window, Donna joined them, beaming.

"This will be great," she smiled. "Not only will these photos go over big time with Stanley, we might have a new job for you to do in the store, Blair."

"What job would that be?" the boy asked.

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"Whoa! No modeling for me, Donna. This is a one time thing and I'm ready to just wash and go home and take my punishment. Good thing I'm on the clock, that Fontaine is a stickler for making money. If he knew what was going on, he'd have my head on a platter, for sure."

"Blair," said Jill. "He stood not four feet from you and didn't think a thing about whether or not you were a mannequin. You look fantastic! And, no one would ever guess, in this makeup and hair that you are a boy. Never."

"Can't we call it quits now," he sighed.

Donna and Jill smiled conspiratorially at each other. "Are you thinking what I'm thinking?" Donna asked Jill?

"I think so," she replied, "but is the Oak Creek Mall open this late at night?"

"It's open until ten!" Donna smiled, and together they each took one of Blair's arms and lead him away.

Donna was beside herself with glee as they pulled into the parking lot of the mall. It was in a trendy part of town and as Blair's eyes grew to enormous proportions, the two women strolled into the main entrance of the mall with Blair scared to death.

"What are we doing???" he said in a whisper as they entered the fancy corridors.

"Shhhh," said Donna. I just want to prove to you that you are undetectable as a girl. Just follow our lead and don't be nervous. You look fantastic. Just don't say anything. Baritone coming from such a babe is not acceptable. Oh! I've come up with a new idea for Barbie: Baritone Barbs! That's Ken in a dress and a nice red wig!"

The other two groaned at her joke. Blair laughed and began to relax a little. Why or how he'd allowed himself to be dressed as a girl from head to toe, photographed in the window of a department store and was now about to stroll casually in public in make-up, high heels and a

dress was mind boggling.

They wandered the mall and as they window shopped, Blair could see his reflection in the various windows. He began to relax as they got deeper and deeper into the shopping area and especially in the windows that had dark backgrounds, he began to see the beauty of the mannequin he had become emerge.

"Jill!" he whispered... "Jill, I've got to get out of here and go home!"

"Hush. We'll go in a minute," she replied. But, then realized that Blair could really be in trouble with Fontaine, whispered to Donna something that Blair couldn't hear. Donna excused herself and left Jill and Blair alone standing in front of an expensive boutique.

"Donna's gone to call your house and make excuses for you. She'll just say that after the photo session, she found you still slaving away in the stock room and that she asked you to do one final job before you clocked out. You're on over time! It seems that Mr. Fontaine's work ethic is so misplaced that your making extra money will justify your being tardy. So, just relax and we'll have a ball just shopping and carrying on."

"Carrying on, right," Blair whispered.

"Have you noticed that some of the boys in the mall are giving you the eye?" Jill asked.

"I think that would be giving you and Donna they eye, Jill," he responded.

"No, silly. It's you! You look radiant! Here, look. She took him into the boutique where they were greeted by a middle aged sales lady, dressed to the nines with platinum blonde hair cut in a short bob. Her makeup was perfectly done and she was very cordial.

She was wearing a suit not much different from the Givenchy that Blair was wearing, though in a soft beige accented by a simple strand of pearls. Her platinum hair framed her pretty face comfortably and her make up was tastefully applied, accenting her gray green eyes.

"May I help you ladies? That's a lovely suit, dear," she grinned, turning Blair to see them standing side by side in a full length mirror. Blair was terrified, but as the

saleslady turned them to one side and the other he could see that with the padding and the hair and the make up that he really was able to hold his own as a girl. The saleslady took a pale pink scarf from a display near the mirror and gently tied it around Blair's neck.

"Accessories are the key, my dear. Who would think that a red head could wear pink this well?" She fingered the scarf daintily and touched Blair's wig. She touched it again gingerly and then looked deep into his face. He felt very embarrassed but stood still and tried not to return her gaze directly.

Finally, she smiled and whispered, "A very nice hair piece, dear, I hope it's just for fun."

"Oh, she's just trying a new look," Jill said, coming to Blair's rescue.

Blair nodded emphatically. "She's sort of lost her voice, you see and we're just trying to cheer her up with a little shopping."

"Ah, yes, I see," the saleslady nodded knowingly.

"We were really just looking," said Jill, fingering a silvery velvet cocktail dress, "but my friend might like to try this,"

"It looks just the right size," said the woman and took it from the rack, motioning for Blair to follow her. "Right this way, miss. And, I do love your hair!"

Blair followed with Jill right behind, giggling. The woman handed the slinky garment to Blair and pulled back an elegant curtain revealing a richly appointed dressing room ushering him inside. He took the dress and went in.

Jill called to him, "Just take your time, Blair, I'll be right here."

Blair felt trapped, but knew that if he didn't try the

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beautiful dress on that the sales lady would be suspicious and he might be discovered. What are the penalties for impersonating a department store mannequin, he wondered.

The silver velvet dress was made of lycra and as Blair carefully pulled it over his head, the scoop neck dipped low enough to expose the tops of his breasts. The silicone inserts the girls had used to enhance his figure softly pressed his own breasts up and over the top of the neck of the velvet frock.

The dress snuggled up into his well cinched waist and smoothed itself like liquid over his hips and buttocks, falling just above his knees. The padded shoulders of the dress gave Blair a high fashion look. He twisted the pink scarf the saleslady had given him and wrapped it around one wrist.

Fluffing his auburn page boy in the mirror an interesting feeling glowed inside of him. He smiled and the image in the mirror responded. Lifting his breasts slightly to expose his subtle cleavage, he turned to one side and then the other, appreciative of the expensive dress and the feminine figure he was able to present.

Moments later, Blair flung back the dressing room curtain, emerging with a flourish. "What the heck," he thought to himself, might as well have some fun, I guess.

He emerged from behind the curtain in the silver velvet, his hair brushing his shoulders, arms in the air. Jill gasped and then laughed happily as Blair blushed and did a little turn for her.

Together they stood in front of the large oval mirror. Jill shaking her head; smiling, knowingly. Standing together, they didn't look so much like sisters, but more like college friends out on a lark. The silver velvet sheath clung to Blair's body as though it was made for him. The sales lady came up behind them, gently arranging his hair around his face and tugging a little on the tight skirt.

"This is something I designed myself," she said. "I've had this little shop since my husband passed away and find it a wonderful way to meet people and exercise a certain artistic flair that I could never sell in the big wide

fashion world. This fits you like a glove, darling. You look smashing in it."

Blair turned before the mirror, admiring his figure. Jill nudged him with her elbow.

"As a matter of fact," the woman continued, "I'm having a showing of my designs here in the shop next week and if you're available, then I'd like to hire you to model for me."

Blair gasped for air and Jill stifled a giggle.

"I don't see what's so funny about my making a legitimate offer for a job," she said quietly.

"We mean no disrespect, ma'am..." Jill began.

"Oh, please, don't 'ma'am' me, my dear, my name is Claudia, it's there on the window and as it is obvious that your friend is a professional model and looks perfect in my creation, I want to hire her."

Blair looked at Jill. Jill looked at Blair and realized that Claudia was absolutely right. He looked as good as any model in any magazine she'd ever seen and because this was all just a giggle to her, she had not thought about how very feminine he did look. She could still see her childhood friend behind the false eyelashes and the sleek silver velvet, his full red lips and radiant complexion were those of a model, no doubt about it.

"Let me speak with my friend for a minute, will you, please, ma'am.. I mean Claudia. Just excuse us for a moment?"

Claudia nodded staying within earshot as Jill took Blair by the arm and turned him back to the full length mirror. In a low voice she asked him what he wanted to do. He certainly could use the money and all he would have to do is show up here, where no one would ever recognize him and look pretty.

Blair responded by almost swooning in her grasp. He was not a model, he insisted. He was not a girl by any stretch of the imagination and would never, ever consider doing this again under any circumstances.

Jill continued to whisper quickly into his ear. The large clip-on earrings they had chosen reflected her face

and made the situation even more silly and fun for her.

"Blair! This could be just the break you are looking for. With financial independence, you won't have to live under the thumb of that Fontaine guy and with the money that models make these days, it's not out of the question that it could happen. Just try it one time and see what happens. I'll be right here to help you and make sure your eyelashes are on straight and your chest is hairless!"

Blair giggled a little at her joke. "But I'm a guy! I am a man!"

"You can be a beautiful young woman, too, honey," Jill whispered. "I'll tell you what. We can tell this woman the whole story and if she still wants you to model for her, then that will be her choice and you'll both benefit. I've seen you through new eyes tonight and with a little work, you'll be absolutely undetectable. No one will know that you are a boy and you'll have something, at last, that you might really enjoy pursuing. Hasn't that step dad guy said something about focusing on a goal? Well, here's a goal!"

Blair had to admit to himself that she was pretty convincing. All this time the owner of the shop stood patiently by a rack of beautiful dresses pretending to straighten them.

"What do you say, Blair? Do we tell her and get you started on a great career or just go back to the plain old song and dance with Fontaine---and be frustrated for life?"

"I'll be really embarrassed, Jill," he said softly, unconsciously smoothing his pretty attractive auburn tresses. The hair felt so real to him and as he perused himself in the mirror, he began to feel strong and decisive.

The beautiful party dress did look good on him. At least to his limited judgment as he'd never really paid that much attention to the way that women dressed before.

He did recall that his mother.... that Monica... always looked perfectly put together. Always. He could see a strong resemblance to her now in this feminine image he



*As Blair tried dresses and hair styles, he realized that he didn't like seeing himself without a girl's hair style..*

stared at in the shop mirror. In a platinum blonde wig a little longer than this one they had borrowed from the department store, he could have easily passed for his mother's younger sister!

Jill looked at her watch. They looked at each other, their glance a knowing one. Blair had to get home and fast.

"Well, you've seen that modeling for me will be a wonderful opportunity, no?" Claudia smiled as she rejoined them.

"Oh! I am so sorry," she exclaimed. "I've not even learned your names, my dears."

"I'm Jill, and, this is my best friend, uh... Blair." She shrugged her shoulders and Blair responded. He did have an androgynous name and at this point, they might as well use it.

"Blair..... Blair! A one word name. How unique and wonderful. How are you, Blair?"

Before Blair could open his mouth, Jill answered for him. "You see, my friend is sort of new to this modeling idea and, there is one tiny problem that we anticipate that might make you want to change your mind."

"Problems! My dear, if you only knew the problems that I've overcome in my life. And, perhaps one day you shall. But, we create problems to solve them, no? This way we grow!"

Claudia was glowing with the challenge of creating a new mannequin for her designs. "What could be such a problem? I want this young woman to model my couture. Claudia provides everything. From France, the firmest of foundation garments; the latest high heeled shoes imported from Europe; luscious lace and silky chemises hand crafted in Switzerland to my special order.

"Blair will receive a complete make over, though you are beautiful as you are, my dear. Beautiful. We'll just emphasize the, how shall I say... sophistication, yes, the sophistication of your look a bit to match my haut couture."

She approached Blair with a designer's flair and began to fuss with his hair and adjust the dress he had tried

on. On closer inspection, she touched his cheek and an odd expression came over her face. She paused and fluffed his wig, taking care to be gentle. Slowly, she stood back from him and turned him to the full length mirror.

"What is this 'little problem' of which you speak, my dears?"

At this point, Blair felt that he had nothing to lose and though he felt a little embarrassed, he knew that he had to excuse himself fast and get home or he would be in really hot water with his step father. Jill interrupted once again. "There is one little thing we started to explain Claudia, that we both think will make a difference to you about working with Blair."

The friends looked at each other, then, finally Jill said, "Should I tell her or will you?" Blair swallowed hard and took a deep breath. He knew that coming clean was the best thing to do, but he hesitated momentarily. Jill coaxed him to speak up, but he just stood there sort of beginning to speak, but nothing came out.

"Blair has a little beard problem," Jill blurted out. "She seems to have a hormonal imbalance and it's very embarrassing, but that's it. I'm sure that we can find make-up or a depilatory that will solve it with a little work. As you say, 'Problems are created to be solved.'"

Claudia looked a bit startled, but she had felt Blair's light beard beginning to come out and seemed to relax with Jill's explanation.

"I see. And, this hair, my dear?"

Again, Jill and Blair looked at each other and some version of the truth began to evolve. "Blair was helping me with a photo shoot and we needed her to have this sort of look. Her own hair is really very nice, though she's had it pretty short for the summer, but it's growing, isn't it, Blair?"

Nodding, Blair stared at Jill in disbelief. His hair had gotten a little longer over the summer with Fontaine's relaxing his rule about a buzz cut a little, but there was no way it looked like a girlish hair do. "So," Jill continued, "We have opted for wigs and hairpieces until, his... I mean her hair has grown out."

"Another challenge! And, easily solved," Claudia interrupted. "Just down from my shop is a wonderful hair salon where they specialize in wigs and hair pieces for every walk of life. The owner is a personal friend and now that I think of it, we can arrange for Blair to have a rainbow of hair colors and designs, each to emphasize my collection.

Blair stood dumbfounded. His eyes widened until Jill thought they might pop out of his head. But, she knew best this time and if Blair would just relax and let her do her stuff, he could have a wonderful new way to make money and maybe even find himself. On her look, he shifted uncomfortably from one high heel to another. "Blair's always wanted to be a model, haven't you, honey? Yes, of course, you have," she rushed on, making it all up as she went along. "And, you do look wonderful in Claudia's designs. Yes."

"What sort of photos were you making," Claudia asked.

"We were doing a sample window for my friend, Donna," Jill confessed. "Blair can stand still just like a flexible mannequin for as long as fifteen minutes at a time, can't you, dear? Of course, you can," she answered for him. "So, moving and modeling should be no problem at all, should it, darling?"

Again, Blair nodded slowly and silently, all the while seeing an imaginary prison door clanging down before him. Fontaine would literally suspend all of his freedom if he ever found out about any of this. However, something in the pit of his stomach was twittering like a butterfly and on another level the feeling of being out in public in all of this feminine finery was exhilarating.

"Oh! A Window Dressing Mannequin. How wonderful. How exciting, this is. I used to do that when I was in Paris many years ago. The thrill of standing so very still and seeing the public looking so carefully to try to catch the flutter of an eyelash or the twinge of a muscle. I'll bet you are a champion, Blair! That will be the first part of your assignment, then. To be in the window here wearing my newest creation! You'll be gorgeous. As you like to change your hair, we'll find the perfect hair and

make-up and you'll be the hit of the show!

"It will be a wonderful affair. There will be wine and cheese. Espresso. Why, I even hire a string quartet for the event, as well as a strolling violinist.

"My late husband, Auguste, bless his soul, left me with a substantial sum of money and so, I'm able to take care of this business and my designs and so on with very little effort. Finding just the right model for these fashions, though, is not so easy."

Claudia smiled and took Blair by the hand. She seemed to sense something special in this "girl" and was not about to let it go. Blair looked away, shyly and saw Jill in the mirror, encouraging him to speak. "Well," he started.

Claudia looked carefully into his eyes and smiled. "Yes," she said.

"Well, you see..." his voice quavered and though it was not a deep masculine voice, quite the opposite, in fact it was a nice contralto, "you see, I'm... I'm..."

"Yes, you are," Claudia interrupted. "And, a very sweet one, too. You're a boy. Of course, Blair. I know."

"You know? But... why would you ask him to be your model and lead him on so, if you know that he's a boy? Come on, Blair, she's just playing a game with us!"

Jill was angry now and started out of the boutique with Blair in hand. He stopped in his tracks, reminding her that he was wearing a five hundred dollar dress and it didn't belong to him.

Claudia smiled. Taking Jill by one hand and Blair by the other she led them back into the shop. She looked at them sincerely and slowly began to speak. "I have a secret, too. It is a secret that I've kept for over ten years and as we say in our business, 'It takes one to know one.'"

Blair and Jill stopped where they stood and looked carefully at the older woman. "She" was small and though in her fifties was as graceful and as attractive as any middle aged woman they had ever seen. She ushered them to the back of the store where an informal reception area had been created.

There was a charming Victorian settee and a teapot sitting under a beautiful lace fringed tea cozy. She motioned them to sit down. Placing exquisite Wedgewood tea cups and saucers before them Claudia poured the rich steaming amber fluid into the delicate teacups. She sat reflectively, holding her cup daintily supported by the elegant saucer. Her eyes misted over a bit and then, she began,

“Almost twenty years ago I was an artist and an idealist. I’d made a name for myself in my business but discovered that even though I enjoyed success and money; I had friends and a decent family, but something was missing. Something was just not right. I made a very good living and was fulfilled. . .but not completely, fulfilled.”

At that moment, Donna rushed in from the phone to report that she’d gotten through to the answer machine at Blair’s house, and had explained that as his boss, she just had to keep him for a few more hours. Just as she was leaving her message, though, Mr. Fontaine had picked up the phone and been very upset that Blair was still out and insisted that he get home and get home fast! “He sounded as if he’d been drinking,” Donna said quietly.

Jill and Blair rose from the settee and excused themselves. Blair turned to change back into his Givenchy, but Claudia rushed to the dressing room to gather his things and put them in a bag for him.

“I understand,” said Claudia. “Just promise that you’ll consider my offer and that we can talk again. Your hair and make up are very nice, Blair, but I think we can make some changes that will enhance your femininity even more. Take my pretty velvet with you. Just be careful with it. You can return it when I see you... shall we say tomorrow afternoon?”

Jill and Blair looked anxiously at each other as Donna did her best to puzzle out what had happened in her absence. Jill took her by the arm and grabbed Blair with the other. “He’ll be here tomorrow at five, if that’s all right with you, Claudia?”

“Five it is. I’ll make arrangements with the salon and we can rehearse a little then?”

"Five. Yes. But we really must be going. We'll explain when there's more time. Thank the nice lady, Blair."

"Thanks," Blair stammered as Jill hustled them out of the shop and to the waiting car.

"What about tomorrow? What's going on?" Donna asked as they rushed to get into the car and head for the department store. Jill and Blair explained the events that had transpired while she was off on the telephone.

"It's all happening so fast," Blair said quietly. "Just get me back to my jeans and get me home. How will I explain things to Fontaine? He's such a stickler for being on time and if I can't get this make-up off, he'll know for sure that something is up."

"Will you relax, please," Jill began. "We'll be back at the store in five minutes and in no time you'll be cleaned up and we'll get you home. I am so very excited for you, Blair. This is an amazing opportunity. We didn't discuss your fee with Claudia, but she is very wealthy and I have the feeling that she's taken a liking to you."

They told Donna the whole story as they drove and she laughed out loud that such a lark should turn into such an adventure. "Synchronicity," she said. "Amazing!"

"What did she mean by 'it takes one to know one', I wonder," Blair said, half way to himself.

They arrived at the department store and pulled into the loading area where the girls hustled Blair back into the women's department and quickly removed all of his female accouterments. Jill carefully hung Claudia's silver velvet sheath on a hanger and Donna made the executive decision to put the garments and silicone breasts that Blair had used for the evening into a borrowed suitcase so that he could use them for his modeling debut.

By the time Blair had arrived home, his mother had returned and had been able to distract Fontaine from his wrath against Blair's being out after his curfew. She regarded him kindly as he entered the house.

"Overtime at the store, huh?" she asked.



*That night Blair had a horrible nightmare. He had a dream that he was with his mother meeting Fontaine for the first time. . . ONLY he had a girl's figure!*

"Donna needed me for some extra work, Monica. I can use the extra money and I hope that Fontaine won't come down on me for being late."

"I've taken care of that," she said quietly. "You are such a beautiful boy, Blair. I just hope that you can find yourself and find something that will make you happy. I'm sorry that I'm not around all the time, but it's important that you listen to Fontaine. He is not a bad person, he just has a different way of doing things."

"You can say that again," he said under his breath and excused himself to his room. He knew that Monica would be on another trip soon and that if he could get over his embarrassment about this modeling deal, that it might be a doorway to being independent.

The following day, Blair awakened early. He had not slept well. Nightmares haunted him but he tried to forget them. Especially the one about Fontaine.

He spent extra time in the bathroom in preparation for his adventure. He examined his face in the mirror and though still very much a boy, could see where his recent plastic surgery had left him with a very androgynous look. He wondered how the connection to Claudia and the prospect of becoming a model would change things in his life.

He still felt embarrassed and resistant to the idea that he would soon be in feminine finery and be dressed from his skin out in silks and satins, but as Jill had said, this could be his way out from under the firm and unbearable thumb of the man he had come to regard as his wicked stepfather, Fontaine.

Thoughtfully, he changed the blade in his razor and then carefully washed his face, using the washcloth and cold water to stimulate the surface of his skin. As he did



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so, his face began to tingle, partly from the chill of the water and partly from excitement.

He then took his shaving lather in hand and pressed the top to generate just a dollop of the gel on his fingers, massaging the now foaming mass under his nose and over his cheeks and chin. Because of his very light beard, he laughed a little to himself and caught a mischievous gleam in his reflected eye. "What if I make a go of this dressing up thing?" he thought to himself. He smiled through the foam at the reflection which seemed to have an other worldly cast to it in the steamy bathroom mirror.

Methodically, he began to stroke his smooth cheeks with the razor and the feeling of the new blade somehow excited him. He never really thought much about shaving as he really didn't need to every day, but the soft scraping sound of the razor and the slightly pink blush of the denuded skin became a sensual activity to him.

As he pulled the skin taught above his left ear, he allowed his razor to shave higher into the hairline, eliminating his short side burn; making a stronger sound. The hair clung to the razor and he shook it in the stream of water in the bathroom sink to clear the blade. As he stroked his neck and chin, there was no resistance what so ever to the moving blade, leaving his tender skin clean and pink. He repeated the denuding of his right side-burn, relishing in the change. He splashed icy water on his face which was bracing and sensual in a way he'd never experienced before.

Examining his recently shaved chest, he casually gave the barely emerging stubble his razor's edge and giggled at the stroke. He'd really been upset when the girls had taken his masculine chest hair away, what little there was.

The hair on his arms and legs was very light and he even checked under his arms to determine if shaving there would be necessary. "Mustn't go too far with this," he thought. "If Monica or Fontaine find out what's going on, there might be Hell to pay." He laughed at a joke his active mind had created with a vision of the Devil in a bad wig!

Splashing after-shave made his freshly shaven face

sting for a moment and then he quickly dried his face and gave his hair a pass with a brush. Fontaine had insisted that he keep his hair in a buzz cut, but with his summer activity at the department store and being able to stay out of the man's way, he had managed to get it to a point where he could at least part it and give it some shape with the brush. He playfully brushed it all forward and pouted into the mirror like a Playboy centerfold and even with no makeup at all, the gamin look was surprisingly feminine.

Quickly, he brushed his sandy locks back off of his face, brushed his teeth and rushed to make a small breakfast for himself and to leave food for Fontaine before meeting Jill. Just as he had his hand on the door to leave, a voice thundered from outside the kitchen, "Blair! Where the hell are you?"

Could Fontaine be drunk at eight in the morning? The man stormed into the kitchen slightly off balance, catching himself on the counter. He glared at Blair, who stood, back to the door, pinned by his gaze.

"Where are you off to so bright and early," he barked. "Have you done your chores? Is my breakfast ready?"

Blair took a breath and crossed to the stove top where, in a frying pan he'd left Fontaine's eggs and bacon. On the table, he picked up a note that he'd written and handed it to the seething man.

"What's this?"

He read the note out loud as Blair inched back toward the kitchen door, resting his hand lightly on the glass knob. "Going to work for overtime. Back late tonight. Your breakfast is on the stove. Blair.' Well, ain't this nice? What are you up to young man?"

"I just have an opportunity to make some overtime money and I have to get to work right away. I didn't think you'd mind because it'll keep me busy and I think you like it when I keep busy."

"Just so. Just so," the man said slowly fingering the note; folding it into half and then half again.

"So, I'll just be going, sir," Blair said as he turned the knob to open the door and make his getaway.

"Just so," Fontaine said quietly, turning then to the stove and lifting the lid on the skillet where his breakfast sat still sizzling. This seemed to engulf his attention and without a word, Blair then fled the kitchen, leaving his nemesis to his breakfast and his own strange thoughts.

"Hope you choke on it," Blair said under his breath as he quietly closed the door. Fontaine looked up sharply and seemed to think about pursuing the boy out the door, but was brought back to the eggs and bacon by their pungent aroma, evidently more interested in his breakfast than more harsh words for the young man. Blair and Jill arrived at Claudia's shop with the suitcase filled with his feminine shapes inside.

They had decided that to do this properly, he would just present a blank canvas to Claudia and let her do her magic with it. She greeted them and examined Blair's face. His extra care with shaving gave him a decidedly feminine look. Claudia stood the boy before her and taking his chin in her hand, she turned his face from one side to the other and back again.

She stroked his smooth chin, impressed with the closeness of his morning shave. His hair was well above his ears and still slightly blonde from the summer sun. She ruffled it with her fingers, pulling it this way and that, making little gamin curls across his forehead and cheeks, but it was really too short to do something very feminine with.

"This hair! Chic!" she smiled, "But, I think we shall take full advantage of my neighbor's beautiful wig collection. What is your pleasure, my dear Blair? I liked the auburn you wore last night, but maybe we can go a little more dramatic to match the look of my designs? Your eyebrows will need a little work, my dear," she said to herself, stroking his face gently, "but you are a very attractive boy. Your natural beauty will enhance my collection perfectly well, I know."

Blair sighed and looked at Jill who returned his gaze with understanding as though to say, 'Don't worry!'

The three of them left Claudia's boutique and arrived down the mall at Chez Dramatique, the salon where Blair was to undergo his transformation. The owner was a

beautiful French woman in her thirties who, like Blair, had but one name: Ondine. She greeted them broadly and gave Claudia as well as Blair and Jill European air kisses and immediately sat Blair in a comfortable chair behind a partition that masked the station from the entry to the shop. She stood behind Blair and fussed with his hair a little, shaking her head.

"If you let your hair grow, we can do wonders with wiglets and falls, my dear, but this is much too short to do anything with right now. You do have lovely tresses, though, I am a professional and I know these things.

She giggled to herself and began to examine Blair's face in the mirror facing him in the beautician's chair. She massaged his shoulders, taking them in her strong hands and squeezing them tightly and releasing them to help him relax. He smiled and received another comforting glance from Jill as she made herself comfortable in a chair near by. Claudia, on the other hand, paced back and forth, offering suggestions about what to do with his eyebrows and how to contour his face to look more feminine.

First she thoroughly cleansed Blair's face with an astringent which stung a little, making him wince. "Not to worry, my dear," Ondine cooed, "this is just to make the skin taut and receptive to the make-up. Hold still." Jill smiled at him. Even though seeing her old friend so feminized was a little disconcerting, she knew that the experience could go far to make him feel better about himself and that was exactly what she thought the best thing for him was.

At last Ondine brought out a make-up kit and chose a medium foundation which she expertly stroked on his cheeks and chin. She used a slightly lighter base on his forehead and nose, highlighting the tops of the cheeks and the point of his chin. She then found a gray eyeliner pencil and before she started on his eyes, looked at him carefully in the mirror. The foundation brought out his electric blue eyes vibrantly and she realized that in order to do a proper job they would have to choose a hair color for him.

She excused herself and had Claudia join her as they

went to the back of the shop to choose a wig for Blair. They returned with a long honey blonde, similar to the page boy that he had used for the window dressing photos and another shorter platinum blonde with wispy bangs and a poofy flip at the ends. He tried on the first one and was shocked how much he looked like his own mother. Then, they placed the platinum on his head and it was as though some magical transformation had happened in a twinkling.

Remembering the joke that Jill had made about his resembling Marilyn.... not Monroe, when Blair looked at his image in the mirror, even without a complete makeup, he looked exactly like Hollywood's blonde bombshell. His eyes widened and the women smiled in agreement that this was the look they were going for. A classic movie star look.

They removed the wig, placing it on a stand on the counter. Then Ondine went quickly to work, shadowing his eyes, adding mascara in layers and finally a set of very subtle false eyelashes. Standing back she squinted thoughtfully. "We'll have to thin these brows a little," she announced reaching for a pair of tweezers.

Blair jerked his head back for a moment. "Wait! I can't go home with skimpy little eyebrows. I've just gotten used to this new nose. Please don't do anything that will be permanent!" Ondine stood back and held his chin in her hand. "I can be very subtle, my dear. We can shape them with some hair spray, too. But, we really must remove a few of these long feelers here. I'll be careful, don't worry.

She then deftly eliminated the stray hairs between his eyes, shaping each brow slightly to a subtle arch. Ondine then enhanced his lips with contrasting colors of lipstick. Finally, she smoothed on a light blush to bring up his new cheek bones and emphasized his tiny nose perfectly. All this time, Blair had abandoned himself to the process and sat with his eyes closed. As she completed the make up, she asked him to keep his eyes closed as she placed the platinum blonde flip on his head and brushed it to match a photo of Marilyn that Jill had found in a magazine and called her attention to.



*Wasting no time, they quickly changed Blair's  
boyish style into a girls...  
perfect for wearing a dress!*

Meanwhile, Claudia had returned to her shop and had brought a beautiful white halter top dress which was similar to the one that Marilyn wore in *The Seven Year Itch*, with flaring skirt and a gathered bodice.

Keeping his eyes closed, they helped Blair out of his chair and moved him into a dressing room where Claudia had placed a complete set of undergarments to mold his body into the feminine shape necessary to properly present her fashions.

She had him remove all of his clothing and observing his thin body knew that only a little padding would be necessary to create the illusion of a well proportioned mannequin. She noted the light hair on his legs and asked Ondine to bring her electric razor into the dressing room. With a conspiratorial sweep of the razor, she had whisked the hair from his left leg and before he knew it, the right one was smooth and silky clear of hair.

"It's just for the show, Blair," Claudia announced. "It will grow back, but when you see how pretty your legs are with no hair, you might enjoy keeping them shaved."

"Well, if it'll grow back, I guess it's all right," he said softly, secretly marveling at the rush of air over his legs. He rather liked the sensuous feeling of shaving his light beard and enjoying the smoothness, but this new feeling was entirely different.

She handed him a tight panty girdle and helped him struggle into it and suggested that he pull his privates back to make a smooth front, which he did, reluctantly, but again, the feeling was oddly provocative.

Then followed a tight waist cincher which Claudia hooked up the back for him and guided him into a pair of lycra panty hose which accented his smooth legs, lifting his behind up into a cute, feminine butt. They then brought a white lace under wire bra and fastened it around his chest, pulling his existing breast tissue up and into the cups. A pair of soft silicone breast enhancers lifted his breasts out of the cups of the bra, giving him a slight cleavage. Claudia smiled, seeing her creation come together as she had imagined.

Adding a string of pearls to the ensemble and hooking

the bodice of the dress up the back, she had him step into a pair of four inch high heeled pumps which matched the dress perfectly. She pulled and pushed here and there, finally giving an adjusting tug to his platinum blonde wig, pulling the sensuous bangs down over his stunning mascaraed eyes.

She clipped on a pair of matching pearl earrings and stood back to admire her work. Standing before her, Blair looked like a model from a movie magazine. He still had not seen himself and was a little unsteady on his new high heels.

"Just walk around in small steps," Claudia said. "Small steps and keep one foot right in front of the other. It takes a bit of getting used to, Blair, but you will. I know you will."

He took a single tentative step, wobbling on the high heels, but stuck with it as he made it from one side of the room to the other. "These shoes pinch a bit," he complained.

"No pain, no gain," Claudia chided, reminding him of his stepfather's philosophy and almost making him want to forget the whole thing. But, with all the attention that he was gathering, and a growing notion that this might be fun, he simply said, "Yes, right..."

Jill peeked in from the other room and gasped at the sight of her friend now completely transformed. "Blair! Have you seen yourself? You are gorgeous. You are perfect. You, my darling, are amazing! Not only are you a perfect young woman, but no one would ever, ever guess that you are a boy! Come here!" She grabbed him by the elbow and dragged him back to the main part of the salon where she stood him in front of a large mirror.

"Look at her!" Blair stood facing the mirror blinking his eyes. The Blonde in the mirror's eyelashes fluttered dramatically. He looked around behind him as though there might be someone standing behind him. Claudia and Ondine approached, beaming.

"I like this look very much, Blair. Ondine works quickly and she'll be on hand to put you together next week when we do the actual show. Please come to my

shop where we'll find the wardrobe you'll be modeling and make sure that each out fit is perfect on you."

As they traversed the few doors down to Claudia's boutique, Blair was aware of many eyes upon him. Something in him made him swing a little with the natural gait that his new high heels gave him and Jill smiled as she walked a few paces behind, observing the mall patrons gawking at Blair.

As they entered the boutique, Blair thought he saw a familiar figure whose back was toward him. He continued to the back of the store while Claudia went to check on her assistant with the customer Blair had noticed.

In the back there was a rack of stunning creations. Each one had a style and personality of its own and as Jill pulled one after another from the rack, Blair began to get into the spirit of the event. It was understood that he would model half of the creations and Jill would be invited to do the other half. Ondine would supervise wig and make up changes as the fashion show went on. They would rehearse a little bit today and then the actual show would take place the upcoming weekend.

Claudia joined them and quickly determined which model would look best in which creation and marked the outfits with colored tags and hung Blair's selections on a separate rack.

"That was one of my best customers," she said. "I hope to have about thirty ladies who shop here regularly at the show on Saturday. They like the exclusive nature of my One-of-a-Kind pieces. This will be so much fun. And, Blair, you look smashing. Smashing. No one would ever guess that you are a boy and better than that, you do wonders for my designs. Gorgeous."

She turned to Jill and looked her up and down. "You, my dear, will be an invaluable asset to our production. Blair will model the party gowns and frocks and you'll take the contrasting role with my business and casual designs. Here," she said taking one of the suits from the rack where she had put Jill's outfits, "try this one. I know that you'll be fine, but I'd just like to get a contrast to Blair's outfit here."

Claudia handed Jill a casual black pants suit with a stylish burgundy blazer. "Now," Claudia said thoughtfully, "We can have Ondine work her magic with Jill's hair and with a fall and wiglet I see it down to the middle of her back with thick bangs sensuously caressing her forehead. The perfect contrast to Blair's flashy dress up styles."

Jill and Blair looked at each other, silently giddy at the prospect of such a wild adventure. "I just can't wait," Jill said. "Saturday will be a debut for the both of you lovely ladies and I hope to sell every single design. Let's rehearse a little and then I'll let you both out of here."

She exited the back and they could hear her bidding good bye to the woman who had been shopping when they came in. They then joined Claudia in the shop and she showed them where they would show the outfits and how to pass each other without running into each other.

Blair seemed to adapt to his high heels almost as though he was born to wear them. Jill tried on the shoes to match her first outfit and was almost as wobbly as Blair!

"It's been a while since I've dressed up, too," she laughed.

The day of Claudia's fashion show arrived and Blair and Jill got to the Oak Creek Mall with time to spare. Blair had stopped at Jill's apartment to make sure he was prepared. She had convinced him that coming to the mall in a casual girls outfit would make him feel more comfortable as Ondine and Claudia did their transformation on him. She had done her own make up and together they looked like two cute girls out for an afternoon of shopping.

They strolled the mall and bought lunch in the Food Court before going to the boutique and the afternoon of fashion fun. Jill giggled at all the attention that they got from the college boys cruising the corridors and they even let a couple of them buy them salads at The Green Grocer. "The boys all want our phone numbers," she said as they excused themselves from the table. "It's you they're all after, though...Marilyn!!"

"Marilyn!" whispered Blair. "I'm no Marilyn and you know it you little hussy!" He was dressed in a cute little shorts and halter top that Jill had loaned him and wore a wig that she'd had at her apartment which was a simple shag that came down over his eyes. She had wanted to take him to the jewelry store to get his ears pierced for the show, but Blair flatly refused. Jill loved to taunt Blair in a loving way and he had learned to take it and then some over the years.

The idea of being "out" in public was a feeling of exhilaration and fear. After lunch, though, he was convinced that he was simply accepted as a girl and with Jill as his back up, they just giggled and enjoyed themselves until it was time to meet Claudia and Ondine for the afternoon transformation and fashion show. Approaching Claudia's Boutique, Blair thought that he saw the woman whom he had seen earlier in the shop and wondered if she would be coming to the fashion show.

Claudia came out of her shop, greeted the woman briefly and rushed to take Blair and Jill into Ondine's to prepare for the big show. She then excused herself to see to last minute plans.

Ondine was delighted to see them and set to doing Blair's make over immediately. His platinum blonde wig was waiting for him and as he had done a basic make up before coming, all she had to do was some of the glamorizing and help him into his foundation garments.

Once again, she smoothed his face with a light foundation and patted down with a fragrant powder. She emphasized his eyes with oodles of mascara and added an extra set of eyelashes just for effect. She chose a color called Reddest Red for his lips and added a shiny gloss to emphasize his full lips and lined his eyes with a dark kohl pencil.

Jill had no trouble with her make up as she was the "plain one" for this show and simply modified her street make up, which she did.

"Ready?" Jill asked excitedly.

"As ready as I'll ever be," Blair responded, fluttering his long eyelashes and turning in a close circle making



*“Okay guys! It’s showtime!”*

the beautiful skirt flair up and away from his tight girlish figure. And then, the two models hurried into the boutique where the strains of a string quartet wafted over a small crowd of well attired and apparently well heeled women. They ducked past the crowd and met with Claudia in the back where her assistant was preparing the designs for them to wear in the show.

"Now, don't be nervous, you two. You both are beautiful... beautiful women! We will sell a lot of clothes and as a surprise, I'll be sending you both to Hawaii for a week if we do as well as I expect us to! That in addition to the five hundred dollars each that we agreed upon. The music is about to start. Blair, your gown is perfect. Just do the turns the way we rehearsed and don't bump into Jill and we'll have fun, eh?"

"One question," Blair blurted. "Who is that blonde woman that we saw briefly coming in? I only caught a glimpse of her from behind, but she looked sort of familiar."

The music started, sending Claudia into a whirl, starting toward the curtain that separated the dressing area from the showroom. It filled the place and they could hear applause rising in anticipation.

"Oh, she's an old friend," Claudia said, quickly. "Her name is Monica, Monica Martin. Okay guys! It's show-time!"

Opening the curtain with a flourish, she greeted the applauding patrons.

**THE END**

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bring to him. He would never go back to  
that doctor again. . .Would he?*

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**P. O. BOX 2309, CAPISTRANO BEACH, CA 92624 USA**

VISA or MC \_\_\_\_\_ exp / \_\_\_\_\_

NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
 ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
 CITY \_\_\_\_\_ ST \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP \_\_\_\_\_  
 I AM OVER 21 YEARS OLD \_\_\_\_\_ 9-08



*Dan was confused. They all laughed at him when he was assigned the girl's part in the school play. . .but suddenly everyone wanted to rehearse alone with him.*



**MOST ORDERS ARE SHIPPED WITHIN**

**24 HOURS!**

We appreciate your business!

**Sandy Thomas**

P.O. Box 2309

Capistrano Beach, CA 92624-0309 USA