



Reluctant Press presents:

A Wish For Life

Norman Way



A 'NEW WOMAN' E-BOOK

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Reluctant Press TG Publishers

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A WISH FOR LIFE

By Norman Way

No one remembers conception. It's impossible. So is any memory of your birth impossible. There is no way to determine at what point you first became aware that you were a person or the first time you looked at your surroundings and asked yourself "what's all this?" By the time we become adults, most of our early memories have faded into oblivion.

Fragments may come to mind from time to time, but for the most part, they remain forgotten.

When we see pictures in our parents' photo album or we are reminded about certain events, that stimulus may enable us to recall some memories. There may be some things, however, that are too vivid because they represent either a very painful or wonderful time of our lives.

Harry knew this only too well as his entire existence had been painful, wretched and miserable. He had to play act his whole life because he knew he was not the person everybody else saw. Looking in the mirror, he knew that the image he saw was not him at all. There was no one to talk to about this. How could he explain that deep down inside he knew that he was not the person looking back at him in the mirror? They would think he was nuts. Maybe they would even have him committed. The humiliation of being "institutionalized" and having his innermost thoughts dissected table was more than he could bear to think about. So he continued to suffer in silence.

Harry remembered the day his parents took him and his older sisters to the portrait studio for a family picture. Harry didn't like being photographed. Pictures only reminded him of who he wasn't. His father sat on one end of a padded bench and his mother sat at the other. He sat in the middle between his two sisters. He had always been envious of them. They got to wear pretty dresses and ribbons in their hair. Their shoes were shiny with little bows near the toe while he wore those ugly brown oxfords. He hated having to wear the clothes his parents dressed him in. They didn't feel right on him. Oh, they fit him

but he felt uncomfortable wearing them, like he didn't really belong in them. It was almost as if he were wearing a foreign object rather than an article of clothing.

Harry closed his eyes and wished he was in one of those pretty dresses. He wished his hair was longer so he could wear a ribbon like they did. The previous day, his mother had taken his sisters to the beauty parlor to have their hair done. When they came back, he noticed they also had their ears pierced and were wearing bright pink nail polish. Later that night as he looked at himself in the mirror, he felt his earlobes, then looked at his hands. He wanted to have all that too, but he knew better than to ask.

The photographer said, "Smile!"

Harry opened his eyes and forced himself to smile. The flash went off once, then twice more. Individual pictures were taken next. Harry was last and when the photographer was finished, he hopped off the bench and they all went home. Harry was glad to get out of his suit and tie as well as those awful oxfords. He didn't like his jeans, T-shirt and sneakers much either.

Harry loved to watch television. His sisters had started school, so he watched the game shows in the mornings and the soap operas in the afternoon. He didn't like the games or the silly contestants. What he liked was watching the girls in their pretty dresses and high heels presenting a new car or refrigerator. He looked at the way their hair was fixed and the way they walked around the stage.

The afternoon soaps were better. The girls wore expensive looking gowns or dresses, long earrings, high heels and sometimes over-the-elbow gloves. When they wore business suits, the skirts and jackets were sharply tailored. Their accessories, from their jewelry to their matching gloves, handbag and high-heeled pumps presented a near perfect image. Their makeup was impeccable, from their elegant nails to their face. Their hairdos were always perfectly styled; not a single hair was out of place.

Sitting on the davenport, Harry would close his eyes and wish he was one of them. He wondered what it was like to wear such glamorous clothes. He imagined himself picking up his flowing skirts and walking effortlessly in those high heels with all eyes on him as he moved gracefully about the room, talking to the assembled guests there.

When he was seated at the dining table, he opened his clutch purse to remove his compact and lipstick. He touched up his makeup. He wondered what makeup felt like and how the creamy lipstick tasted when you put it on. He put the makeup items back and removed the purse-size bottle of perfume. After scenting himself liberally behind each ear, he put it back and set his purse on the table. Picking up the champagne glass in front of him, he glanced momentarily at his long immaculately manicured pink nails. He took a sip of the bubbly gold fluid, then put the glass back down in front of him.

He opened his eyes again and saw a casually dressed woman extolling the virtues of a softer, more absorbent brand of paper towels. She was wearing a plain blouse, slacks and flat shoes. Her nails were short and did not have any color. Harry shook his head. *Not very feminine*, he thought.

The summer before he started school, he went downtown with his family to see the Fourth of July parade. They had to park several blocks from the main street. There was a

little room left at the north end of the street so they set up their chairs and waited for the parade to begin.

Harry didn't pay much attention to what the various organizations were or what music the band was playing. He *did* pay attention to the majorettes. They all wore either long or short-sleeved shiny outfits that had very short skirts flared out with petticoats. The matching boots had low heels and as they pranced up the street twirling their batons, sometimes the skirt flared up to reveal their panties. Most of them wore lipstick and had rouged their cheeks. It was hard to tell whether or not they wore nail polish as they tossed their batons in the air, then caught them again.

Harry closed his eyes and wished he could be one of them. He wondered how the panties felt when you put them on. Those shiny outfits were probably satin. They looked very soft. He wanted to wear one so he could prance around like they did with everyone watching. He wanted to be as energetic and as pretty as they were. That night, he got down on his knees and asked God to please make him a girl.

When school started, Harry was intimidated by the congestion of the nearby grade school. Everybody seemed to be in a hurry. Kids were pushing other kids, some were falling down or getting knocked down.

Once the classroom door was closed, things settled down. He concentrated on learning and did well in his studies. He hated recess. When teams were picked, he was the last to be chosen. He was awkward and uncoordinated. He was relegated to playing in the out-field in softball and kickball because there, he couldn't do the team any harm.

For the first time he heard the word "sissy." At home, his father worked with him until his athletic ability improved. The only thing he enjoyed at recess was watching the girls on the swings. If they swung up high enough, their skirts would fly up and he could see their panties. After he pointed this out to the other boys, he no longer heard the word "sissy." That, along with his improving athleticism, kept him from being ostracized. He was now acceptable to them and was considered "one of the boys" even though he would have preferred to be "one of the girls."

Harry became aware that school and life were divided into two categories: Masculine and Feminine. Men were the ones who did things. They ran corporations, flew airplanes, drove trucks, and invented things. They became doctors, lawyers and other professionals. Women were relegated to subservient roles. They became teachers, nurses, secretaries. Mistakes or ineptness in anything was equated with feminine. "He runs like a girl." Failure and feminine were used synonymously. "Behave or you will have to sit with the girls."

Harry accepted this. He would have been perfectly content to sit with the girls but he knew he couldn't. He knew he could never tell anybody that he *wanted* to sit with the girls. Just like at home when he had tried to play with one of his sisters' dolls and his mother took the doll away from him. He was given a toy road grader that Christmas and had to play with that.

Junior high was even worse than grade school. Kids were slamming lockers, screaming, yelling, and there was all sorts of mayhem between classes. Gym class terrified him. He was not the smallest boy in the class but he was the weakest. He liked basketball because he was taller than most of the boys. Night practice sessions at an outdoor blacktop

court near his house had made him a good shooter. His shortcoming however was on defense. "Not aggressive enough" said the coach.

Harry became an easygoing student. Though he readily participated in class and got along with his fellow classmates, he remained alone most of the time. Finding comfort in solitude, he liked the library. It was always quiet there. It was his sanctuary. It was a calm and peaceful place, a port amid the storm swirling around him. In the library, he could hear himself think; after completing his assignments he could daydream. Sometimes he found himself so lost in thought that the librarian had to remind him it was time to go home.

That summer, his voice began cracking. His mother laughed and said he was turning into a man. Several nights later, he woke up and found his hard penis poking out his pajama fly. He was shocked at first but then he began stroking it. He experienced his first climax and rushed into the bathroom. He wiped himself off with some toilet paper and flushed it down the toilet. Thereafter he found that lying on his stomach and massaging himself while dreaming about being in girls' clothes brought him an extreme amount of pleasure. He would keep sheets of toilet paper handy to ejaculate into when he was through.

Harry liked to page through the mail order catalogs looking at the women's section with one finger inside the men's section ready to flip it back in case someone entered the room. If no one was home, he would lie down on the couch and massage himself while he was looking at the pictures in the catalog. He liked the formal apparel and lingerie sections the best. He closed his eyes and wished he could be one of the pretty girls in those fabulous dresses and high heels. One model wore a floor-length pink formal with matching pink high heels and pink gloves. She had long earrings and her pink lips were parted in a bright smile.

He flipped the page over to the bridal section. Beautiful white satin dresses filled the page. Some of the gowns had very broad skirts flared out with petticoats and a petti-slip while others were narrow sheaths tapered sharply to the floor. All the brides wore white high heel shoes. The bridesmaid dresses were similar. Some had broad skirts that were either tea- or floor-length while the others were narrow sheaths. They had long or short sleeves; some had large bows at the base of the zipper and big puffy shoulders.

He wished there was one picture for each dress in every shade so he could see how they all looked instead of just the small color chart at the bottom of the page. Each dress had a matching head piece, gloves and clutch purse. Harry wanted to be photographed in all of them, in every color with the appropriate accessories.

Harry closed his eyes and watched himself floating down the aisle in one of the bridal gowns. He wanted to feel the softness of the satin against his hair-free girlie skin. As a bride or bridesmaid, he would have to walk more carefully if he wore a tapered sheath. The narrow shape would force him to move in a more mincing and effeminate manner. He relished the thought of walking down the aisle with everyone looking at him, the perfect image of femininity.

When he was finished wishing, he would get up and put the catalog away.

He hated Sundays. After church, he couldn't wait to get out of his suit and tie. Pretending to be interested, he would read the sports pages after his dad had finished with it. His real interest was to wait until everybody was finished with the paper, then sneak the fashion section out and take it up to his room where he would look at all the pretty girls modeling the latest fashions. He wished he would look like they did. They were perfect in every way. He closed his eyes and wished some more.

High school began. For Harry, it was more of the same. He made good grades except for shop class where he earned a meager "C." As much as he wanted to take the cooking and sewing classes, he knew he didn't dare. At home, he wanted to learn to bake cookies like his sisters. Instead, he helped his dad mow the lawn and spade the garden.

The girls in his classes paid no attention to Harry. The athletes got all the attention. The football coach told him to hit the weights for a year before trying out. The basketball coach told him to work on his defense and he might have a slot next year. Harry's dad bought him a small weight set and Harry began eating more. Unfortunately most of what he ate ended up around his belt. He drove himself to prove he was a man but his innermost thoughts told him otherwise.

He and his sisters got a computer for Christmas that year. They all learned together. Harry could now not only enjoy those formal apparel sites but could print out in beautiful color his favorite prom and bridesmaid dresses. He kept them in a folder under his mattress so when his mother changed the linen she would not find it.

Using a search engine to look for additional sites, he came upon a website for "Sissy Dresses." A whole new world opened up and soon the folder he kept his printouts in was over an inch thick. These websites linked to transvestite and transgender websites some of which were blocked by the software his parents had installed on the computer. Harry wanted to disable the software but knew he couldn't; he would have to wait to get his own computer.

Harry's relationship with his fellow students remained distant but his teachers liked his studiousness and chalked his behavior up to shyness. As long as he was bringing home good grades, his parents had no reason for concern. He worked hard in gym class and with the weight set at home but it didn't seem to help much. Somebody was always a little faster or quicker or stronger.

At home, he continued to peruse the catalogs. At night, after everyone was in bed, he was in front of the computer. His parents thought he was doing homework. Harry would always make sure to clear the browser's history and cookies when he was finished lest his parents or sisters found out what he was really looking at.

Whenever his parents and sisters weren't around, Harry would go upstairs and fondle his mother's or sisters' lingerie. He loved the soft coolness of the tricot slips and panties as well as the satin panels on the foundation garments.

Holding up a dress or skirt across his body while he stood in front of the mirror gave him an indication of how the garment would look on him. It was a much different image from the girls in the catalog or Sunday advertisements. He would always put things back carefully when he was finished.

He had tried on his mother's high heels once. He found them to be much too small to try walking around in so he didn't do it again. Once he tried on one of his older sister's dresses. He could barely get it over his shoulders so he took it off. Next, he tried on one of her skirts but it was too narrow for his waist and hips so he put it back as well.

In his bedroom, he took out the folder. He spread several of the sheets across his bed. He lay down and closed his eyes as he massaged himself. He wished he were one of the girls in the picture.

With his freshman year behind him, Harry had nothing planned for his Summer. His parents gave him an allowance and he made a little money mowing lawns. He was still too young to apply for real work. He spent some time at the mall. He would go early in the morning in his jogging suit and walk with the mall walkers.

Sitting on one of the benches across from the women's department store, he would admire the dresses displayed in the window. The mannequins were very smooth; he wished he had skin like that. Their faces were always perfectly made-up. He wished he was that pretty.

Sometimes he would walk in the store; as he passed the cosmetic counter on his way to the men's department, he would glance at the big poster displaying the latest shades of nail polish and matching lipsticks. He always noticed what the sales girls were wearing and how their faces were made-up.

The scent of the sample perfume bottles was always nice. The odors were so sweet, so delicately feminine. He felt himself getting hard as he walked by on his way to the men's clothing department. He never stayed long. Once back home, he would look at the catalogs again or go upstairs and open his folder.

That Fall, he made the junior varsity football team as a defensive lineman after several boys on the roster ahead of him got hurt. He never got to play until the last game of the year. They were ahead 26-20. It had started to rain at half-time; by the time the fourth quarter started, it was a downpour and the field had become a quagmire. Both teams were trying to avoid a winless season.

Their opponents were on the eight-yard line. A defensive lineman came limping off the field after the third down and the coach sent Harry in. It was fourth and goal. At the snap of the ball, Harry managed to hook the opposing lineman and shoot the gap, slamming the quarterback to the ground.

The crowd was on its feet screaming as Harry got to his knees. The pass had been tipped and the safety made an interception. He had a clear path to the end zone and as he crossed the end line, he tossed the ball in the air. Several teammates surrounded him in celebration oblivious of the flag on the play.

Harry was called for roughing the passer. He had arrived just a second too late. The ball was brought back. With no time left on the clock, there would be one more play. This time, Harry got buried in the mud at the line of scrimmage; the pass was completed in the end zone for a touchdown. The extra point was good. Harry's team lost 27-26. The JV squad ended the season 0-6 while their opponent escaped the cellar at 1-5. The coach was sympathetic.

“Good hustle, Harry, tough call,” he said.

Harry’s teammates echoed the coach's sentiment. The newspapers were not so kind; the headline screamed “Penalty Kills Victory and Season for Winless Cardinal JV squad.” Several days later, Harry received an eight and a half by eleven inch sheet of paper in the mail. The drawing was of the head of a goat with its eyes shut and blood dripping from the severed neck. There was no return address. Though it gave him the creeps, Harry didn’t show it to his parents. He tossed it in the wastebasket.

Harry decided not to try out for basketball. He sold his weight set in the spring. He told his parents his heart wasn’t in it anymore. They didn’t question him.

Beginning his Junior year, Harry dove into his studies. He told his counselor he wasn’t sure what he wanted to do yet. Maybe he would attend college, maybe a technical school. He was undecided but he reminded the counselor he still had two years to make up his mind. As he left the counselor's office, Harry knew exactly what he wanted. Right now, though, it was impossible.

The mall became his frequent haunt. His parents thought he was meeting friends there but Harry was alone. Occasionally he would see a movie at the Cinema. Usually though, he was seated on the bench near the big department store.

He would close his eyes and wish he were like those mannequins. Physically perfect in every way, made up and dressed in expensive, chic clothes. *If only*, he thought. *If only I could wake up one day and be like them.* His thoughts trailed off as he opened his eyes to the reality of the world he was living in.

Harry got his driver's license over the holiday break. He applied at several stores at the mall hoping to get some Summer work. There was no money for a car but he could borrow his parents' or his sisters’ car if necessary.

Jane had been asked to the prom in March. When his mother took her shopping for a dress, Harry wanted to go too. He knew exactly what she should get, what dress, shoes and accessories. He also knew which gown and accessories *he* would get. When they got home, he was disappointed in their purchase though his sister was ecstatic and immediately put it on for everyone to see.

At the mall the next day, he sat opposite the store's open door and looked over longingly at the dresses hanging on the racks. He wanted to try them all on. Maybe he could sneak inside at night and spend a few hours trying on all the pretty gowns and high heels. Then just before dawn, he would sneak out again. Harry closed his eyes and wished he could feel the swish of the taffeta around him or hear the rustle of the stiff petticoats against the dress that covered his nylon-clad legs as he walked to the prom in the prettiest pink dress in the store.

He finally got a Summer job in the hardware section of the large department store. It paid only minimum wage but Harry was glad to get the work. Each day he had to walk down the main aisle, past the cosmetic counter and the entrance to the lingerie department to get to the door that let to the back room where he would punch in. He would always take his time, glancing at all the pretty bra and panty sets he wanted to wear.

At lunch, he would not sit in the break room but walk back out to the main entrance and sit on the bench to glance in the windows and wish while he ate. "To watch the people go by," he would explain to his co-workers.

He spent very little money, putting most of his earnings in the bank. When Senior year began, his hours were cut back to accommodate his class schedule. His grades were good and though he hadn't decided what he wanted to do, he thought a business degree might be the best. He wasn't sure what area of business he wanted to be in; he would dream of managing a women's department store. With the store discount, he would soon have a closet, no, a house full of those beautiful clothes.

The folder under his mattress and the catalogs provided Harry with all the fantasies he wanted. He would watch the beauty contests or model search shows on TV with his sisters. Harry would close his eyes and imagine himself in the back room in his lingerie being made up, having his hair styled, putting on a fabulous dress and walking down the runway.

He would be very good at what was called "the models' strut." With his dress swirling around him, he would walk the walk in his four-inch high heeled shoes. At the end of the runway, he would stop, turn, shake his booty a little, then make his way back to the dressing room to change into the next dress and matching high heels.

In the finale, Harry was always the bride of course. With the designer at his side, surrounded by all the other beautiful girls, he would stop at the end of the runway and toss the bouquet to the crowd. Then, with his entourage, he would turn and walk back to the dressing area backstage.

After the shows Harry would go upstairs to the bathroom and draw his bath water. Soaking in the warm water, Harry wished he could use some bubble bath. After a leisurely soak in the sweet-smelling suds, he imagined he would then scrub himself all over with the perfumed soap. When he finished drying himself off, he would dust himself liberally with the scented body powder before putting on a pretty nightgown and slipping between pink satin sheets to fall quickly asleep, dreaming sweet dreams of gorgeous gowns, tight skirts, frilly blouses, high heels and makeup.

At the homecoming parade that year, Harry closed his eyes as the float with the homecoming queen and her court passed him. He imagined himself in his pretty gown, over-the-elbow gloves, high heels and makeup. He would even settle for being one of the four homecoming princesses but nothing could be better than to be the center of attention as the Queen.

What Harry really wanted for Christmas was something he knew he would never get. He had to be content with new jeans, some aftershave lotion even though he only had to shave once or twice a week, and a football jersey in the colors of his favorite team.

Each of his sisters got a pretty nightgown and a bubble bath set with cologne. He wanted to smell that good. He desperately wished he had a life where he could look pretty, dress pretty and smell pretty. *Fat chance*, he thought. *I might as well wish for a tree that sprouts \$100.00 bills.*

With graduation just a semester away, Harry decided on a two-year business program. Computers and accounting came easy to Harry who had always been good with numbers.

Student loan applications were filled out and a transcript was sent in along with his application. He would live at home and commute about twenty miles a day to the school. He began to study the consumer and car guide magazines to decide what would be the best car for the available money come next Fall.

In February, he had a weekend off. The Sunday paper advertised a bridal show at the mall that would begin at 1 PM. Harry knew it would be crowded so he got to the mall early, walked up to the second floor and browsed some of the shops until 1. He walked to the railing and sat down on a bench which overlooked the main floor where the show would be held.

For an hour and a half, Harry sat mesmerized at the procession of beautiful girls modeling the lovely dresses and gowns. He closed his eyes and wished he was out there too. He would be the prettiest of them all with his clear skin, elegant nails, pink lipsticked mouth and perfect hair under a veil or tiara. He was walking up and down the stage effortlessly in his high heels. He would be the perfect showcase for those broad-skirted gowns flared out with numerous petticoats or the slim, body clinging sheath dresses that would conform perfectly to his feminine form.

A burst of applause interrupted his thoughts as the procession ended and the people began leaving the stage area. Harry got up and went home. He removed the folder from under the mattress and spread out several sheets on the bed. He lay down and soon, he was once again lost in images of the show.

The girls in the pictures were all smiling and waving at him as if they were inviting him to join them in their posing. Certainly he would be pretty enough to be one of them, he thought. If only he could.

He finished the semester and went back to work full-time until school started again. He got his second raise and continued to put most of his money away. In August, he found a car he liked and, using his savings and a short term loan, he made his purchase. After the insurance was paid for, he had nothing left but his job helped him keep the payments up.

School was easy and he progressed rapidly through the accelerated program. He had little time for socializing as the course load and working kept most students busy. His solitude continued to be his folder and the catalogs.

Most of the girls dressed quite casually. He was mystified as to why so few of them wore makeup. They were always in pants and flat shoes instead of dresses and heels. You'd think they would want to be feminine, wouldn't you? Even the female instructors at the college wore pantsuits and flat shoes. Their hairstyles were short and only a few of them wore makeup. He wondered why they were so indifferent about their femininity.

After work one summer night as he headed across the parking lot he spotted two guys he had played on the JV team with. They waved him over and invited him to the local park to hoist a few. There were several girls in the back seat that he didn't know but he followed them in his car.

Harry's experience with alcohol was limited and after a few beers, he began to feel a little woozy. They paired off and shortly the girl he was with wrapped her arms around his neck and kissed him.

He liked the way her perfume smelled as well as the taste of her lipstick. He wished he was wearing the makeup, perfume and that cute little skirt she had on. She unbuckled his belt and pulled his pants and shorts down. He pulled up her skirt and slid the panties down, shaking as he did so.

Afterwards, he pulled up his shorts and pants. He walked to the edge of the lake and urinated. Well, he thought, now I am a man. He returned to where she was lying under the tree. She was either sleeping or passed out. He drank the last of the beer from the can and went back to his car. When he got home, he took a hot shower and went to bed. He never saw the girl or the two boys again.

The hot summer brought out a lot of customers, keeping him busy right up until school started again. He was glad to get back to the classroom. When he had time, he continued to surf the net, adding to his list of websites. The folder was now almost two inches thick. He couldn't wait to get his own computer so he could get beyond the parental block to see what other sites he might find that he could enjoy.

At the semester break, he spoke with a placement director about where graduates jobs. They seemed to be scattered in all directions doing a variety of things from banking to retail. Retail and banking had the most openings but also had the lowest starting pay. Against the advice of the counselor, he decided to wait a while before sending out any resumes. He knew he would have to relocate to a major city; that would mean a higher cost of living but there was nothing to stay around his hometown for. Besides, if he was going to get help for the way he felt, the clinics he found on the Internet were all located in larger cities.

Harry graduated and accepted a job with a bank. The starting salary was about half-way between what he thought he should have and his bottom line. He would have to move to a city a hundred and twenty miles away. He purchased a newcomer's guide from the Chamber of Commerce. After looking at the apartment ads, he made several phone calls to set up appointments.

Saturday, he got up early and drove to his first appointment. He spent the day there and went back to one he had seen earlier in the morning. It was still available so he signed the lease and left a deposit. Returning home, he packed his clothes, some towels, bed linen, and kitchen items in a small van his parents had rented. They drove him over to his new place and helped him unpack and bought an initial supply of groceries.

That night, they had a farewell dinner and the next morning he drove off to his new place. He spent his first night alone, going through the folder. He couldn't wait to get his own computer so he could continue to add to the file and gather more of the information he needed to have about himself.

He adapted well to the bank's training program. He visited several malls on his days off and found many department store displays he liked. He continued to shop for a computer but decided to pay off his car first. He didn't want to assume too much debt right away with his student loans still unpaid.

He invested in a new wardrobe for work. Suits and ties were not required but he did buy some new slacks, polo shirts and dress shoes. Of course, he would have much preferred to be in a tailored skirt, jacket and heels. The sound of his high heels clicking on the

polished hard floor of the bank was something he thought about often. The women at the bank wore pantsuits and low-heeled shoes. Only two of them wore makeup. Apparently, femininity wasn't at the top of their list of "to do's" either.

His six-month probation ended and he was given a raise. He went to a computer store and bought a basic system. He didn't need a fast processor, large hard drive, or many other of the features that people were buying. He opted to get a larger LCD screen and a printer upgrade, then he spent Saturday morning getting set up. About a week later, he got the software from the Internet service provider and installed it.

It was after 2 AM before he signed off. He was amazed at the wealth of websites selling dresses and skirts cut for a man as well as large and wide-size high heeled shoes. He liked the French Maid and sissy dresses the best. He couldn't wait to put on nylons, petticoats and panties. It would be some time before he was debt-free so for now, all Harry could do was to make a list of the websites he liked the best and visit them frequently.

Closing his eyes, he would imagine himself in the clothes and shoes he saw. He wanted desperately to be that effeminate French Maid, mincing about in those five-inch stilettos, with a feather duster in one hand. He saw himself curtsy before a leather-clad dominatrix who would smile approvingly as he raised his skirt and petticoats to reveal his dainty pink panties.

Most of Harry's fellow employees came to work from the suburbs and were married with kids. Besides himself, there was only one other new employee, a female teller. There was little socializing except at coffee or lunch break. At the end of the day, everybody went their own way. Harry was glad. He knew his social skills were not good and he had trouble relating to women.

The apartment complex he lived in was large. Harry regretted moving into it after a couple of months.

There seemed to be people moving around at all hours. He seldom saw anybody who lived in the nearby apartments except in the laundry room and then it was only to say hi and goodbye. It was even noisier on the weekends and he hated that. He almost called the police a couple of times but decided not to. When his lease was up, he would be looking for a better place. One duplex he saw would have been better but it was too expensive for his salary.

There was a box in his bedroom closet containing two files of pictures. He didn't want to save anything on his computer for fear of hackers; if something happened to him, his family would see what he was looking at.

His fear was not quite paranoia yet but he felt he could not be too careful. He had assembled quite a list of websites; he also kept one print copy in the box and one copy burned on a CD-R. He planned to update the list once a year.

As the expiration date of his lease approached, he found a duplex he liked and took his five days of vacation pay to move in. He bought some better furniture as well. His one-year salary increase had been smaller than he thought but work was going smoothly and he wanted to stay on good terms for now.

The bank offered a discount on a health club membership and Harry took advantage of that too. He had been going there three times a week. As a result, he had slimmed down some and his stomach muscles had tightened up some. He had never been overweight but his parents both commented on how slim and trim he looked. Harry was pleased as he hoped he would now be able to fit into some of those sheath dresses easier.

By the completion of his second year and another seven pounds lighter, he decided to get started. With care, he measured his skull for the wig size, then his bust, waist and hips. In women's shoes he would be about two sizes and one width larger than his current men's size according to the chart on the website. He kept the measurements in the box in the closet.

Some nights, after a shower, he would stand in front of the full-length mirror on the closet door and with both hands, he would push up underneath his breasts to see what he would look like if they were to become larger.

He had concerns about ordering anything over the Internet. What if his credit card number was compromised? What if someone who processed the order was from his hometown area and recognized his name and called their friends back home? What if the package came with a return address label "Sissy Dresses4u.Com" or "Lingerie for Men.Com" and the UPS guy or lady postal carrier gave him a big smile as it was handed to him. What if it was left in the complex's office and everybody grinned at him when he came in to pick it up?

What would his landlord say if the maintenance guy happened to be in his apartment when Harry wasn't there and found the closet full of dresses, lingerie and high heels with several wigs on their foam heads sitting on the closet shelf? Harry's heart pounded as he contemplated all these possibilities.

He couldn't wait to get those clothes but could he take the risk of being found out? How long would it take for word to get back to his employer and have everybody at work know about him? The guys would get on him and he would be labeled sissy, fag, or worse. The women would be giggling and laughing in the break room, then shut up when he came in and sat down. How much of that could he take before he would be forced to resign. Then what? He would be stuck with trying to find another job with two years of experience and a reference that would be given with a slight pause and a chuckle.

To play it safe, Harry decided to order some books first. There was a survival guide for crossdressers, a guide to using makeup, a CD-ROM that taught deportment. He placed his order and waited nervously for it to arrive. Two packages arrived on a Thursday. The return addresses had company names that were not indicative of their content. After eating supper, he sat down and read the books. Later that evening, he put the disk in his computer. He watched as a woman described as well as demonstrated walking, sitting and other mannerisms in a graceful and feminine way. When it was over, he slipped it back in its cover and placed it along with the books in the box in the closet. *So far, so good*, he thought.

A month went by and his last car payment was made. When the credit card statement came in the mail, he saw charges to a publishing company and a production company.

Neither name betrayed what products the company was selling. He felt relieved. Maybe now he could begin ordering what he really wanted.

He began to narrow down the list of the companies he would order from. He considered price, shipping and, of course, return policy. Many companies required their customers to call for a return authorization or deducted a percentage for a re-stocking fee. Some would not ship to a P.O. Box. Harry debated whether or not he should use his real name and address. He checked out mail drop boxes and decided against them. He re-measured himself again just to be sure. Lingerie was not returnable nor was anything custom made; he wanted to be sure of everything before he put in an order. He made up a list of things from three companies he would buy from and then went to bed. He wanted to sleep on the decision.

He was still a bit unsure about Internet sales so the next night he looked through the mail order catalogs too. He decided he would order some foundation garments and hose from the mail order company as well as some male items so that it would look like a married couple placing an order. Later, he would return the male items for credit and the female items if they didn't fit. This seemed to be the safest way to proceed.

He filled out the order blank and put it in the envelope and mailed it. When he got back from the post office, he found his heart pounding in his chest as doubts about the integrity of the company surfaced. It was a long ten days when the package finally arrived.

That night after a shower, he tried on the panty briefer and pantyhose. He had measured right. The bra fit nicely as well. He would get something later to fill in the cups. The pumps were just a little too small, but he found it to be exhilarating to be standing in lingerie and walking in heels, even if they were only three inches high and a bit too tight. He opened the shirt, tie and belt and replaced them as if they had been tried on. After re-packing all the items in the box, he took it back to the post office and mailed it.

Another week went by and he received a letter notifying him his account had been credited. Harry breathed a sign of relief. He placed the lingerie in the bottom drawer of his dresser and looked over the list of things he planned to order from the Internet companies. He changed the shoe size but kept the rest of the list intact. The question now was, when should he place the order?

A month went by, then two. Each time he thought about it he would be a bit frightened. The "what ifs" kept bouncing around in his mind. Obviously, these companies had remained in business for sometime. They had to have a lot of satisfied customers. If they had made trouble, someone would have complained...or would they? Finally, after a few beers one night, Harry went on line and filled out an order for a wig, breast forms, and a pair of black four-inch heel leather pumps. With his heart pounding in his chest, he clicked "send." After getting confirmation, he signed off. He drank another beer and went to bed. He did not sleep well. He thought about trying to cancel the order.

He spent a nerve wracking week thinking about the package that would come at any time. Finally, to his great relief, the package arrived after ten days. He opened it up after supper and examined the contents.

What he saw made him angry. The wig was stringy. He stood in front of the full-length mirror on his closet door. He looked like a man wearing a dead blond rat on his head. He

tried to smooth some of the synthetic hairs but it was no use. He pulled it off and put it back in the package. The breast forms were two pieces of foam, hardly worth what he had paid for them and they didn't push the cups of his bra out much either.

He undressed and put on his panty briefer and pantyhose. Upon opening the shoe box, he detected a faint musty odor, like a damp smell. The shoes appeared to be OK. He removed the packing in the toes and put one on. It was a tight fit across the width of his foot and they were not long enough either.

He took it off and examined it more closely. It smelled funny; the box and the leather felt like paper, not like the soft leather his male shoes were made of. *A cheap rip-off*, he thought to himself.

There might have been a fire and, when the sprinklers had come on, the salvaged inventory had been dried out, then sold at a cut rate price as damaged goods. He replaced the shoes in the box, then repacked all the items in the larger box. He filled out the return slip and the next day went to the post office and sent it back via insured mail. Another ten days went by before his credit came through.

He began to look at the other websites again. This time, Harry decided to spend more money. He bought a pair of black leather pumps a half size larger and one width wider from a different company. This company only sold women's shoes especially for men. He didn't want to pay so much but he didn't want to get burned again either.

When the order arrived, he put on his lingerie. This time the shoes fit perfectly. He felt giddy as he walked back and forth across the room. He went into the bathroom and re-



moved a towel from the linen closet. He rapped it around his waist for a makeshift skirt. He walked back to the living room and sat down, then got up again.

Standing in front of the full-length mirror, he turned around and looked back. He smiled. *They do make your legs look great*, he thought. They would look even better if he shaved. He walked back and forth from room to room, enjoying hearing the clicking of the heels on the kitchen floor. Then he walked carefully down the basement steps. After walking around the basement, he went back upstairs and took off the towel and the shoes. He put the box in the closet and took off his lingerie. He got dressed and made a note on his list of the correct size.

Sitting at his computer he ordered a pair of silicone breast forms and a brown wig. These items were expensive too but he knew now to get what he wanted, he would have to spend more.

At work, Harry kept busy and was getting along quite well. Sometimes during the day, he would think about all the things he wanted to buy. For now, of course, that was impossible. He looked forward to the day when he could assemble a complete outfit, make himself up and become the woman he knew he was.

The package arrived on Saturday. He opened it up and placed the silicone breast forms in his bra. They were much heavier than the foam ones he had purchased earlier. They fit in the cups perfectly and he liked the way the weighted bra felt after he adjusted the straps. The wig was absolutely gorgeous. It was larger than the one he had previously purchased and fit precisely the way he thought it should. Looking in the mirror, he saw how good the shoulder-length wig looked on him and he was immensely pleased.

He placed the wig back on the foam block and put it back in the box. He left the breast forms in the bra and sat down to read the literature that accompanied his order. When he finished, he removed the return address from the box and cut it up. That morning, he felt like singing on his way to work.

For several months, he surfed the net looking for sale items. He narrowed his searches to companies that advertised how long they had been in business and stayed away from companies that offered deep discounts and "cheapies." He didn't want to experiment with makeup just yet as he felt it was too risky, though the books he had purchased on how to create a feminine image were very helpful.

He wore his lingerie, wig and heels more frequently. He needed to buy some dresses or skirts soon so he could be completely dressed when he was at home. He kept his stash in boxes at the back of the closet. The clothes he knew he would have to keep on hangers, but in garment bags, not in plain view.

As the summer ended, Harry went in with a neighbor's garage sale and got rid of about half of the stuff in his apartment. He kept only the bare essentials for work; a couple of chambray shirts, two pair of jeans and his sneakers rounded out his casual wardrobe. The extra money from the garage sale felt good in his wallet and he was glad to be rid of his accumulation of "stuff."

Labor Day Weekend, he found an excellent sale on panties and bought a dozen pair in a variety of pastels. When he got them, he tried them on right away and loved the way they felt and looked on him. He thought momentarily about wearing a pair to work. They

made him feel so girly and feminine. The “what ifs” took over his mind again. What if he was in an accident on the way to work or if he fell or was somehow injured at work and had to be taken to the hospital to be treated or at least examined? How would he explain his feminine underclothes? He resigned himself to wearing them only at home.

Harry still wanted to have an outfit so he could see himself as a complete woman. There were two websites that would tailor dresses or skirts but they were expensive. His frame was smaller than most men but still larger than most women so he had concerns about whether even the tall sizes would fit him. He decided to buy two shirt dresses and their matching belts from a mail order company. From the lingerie site where he had purchased his panties, he bought a white slip with frothy lace at the top and bottom as well as a pink baby doll nightie.

When they finally came, Harry put on his lingerie. Much to his delight, the slip, with a slight adjustment of the straps, fit perfectly. The two shirt dresses had buttons down the front and they fit, though the shoulders were a bit tight. After stepping into the pumps and donning his wig, Harry stood in front of the mirror. The heavier breast forms pushed out the dress and he actually looked like he had a bust. He twirled around and looked closely at the reflection in the mirror. He put one hand on his hip and smiled. He almost looked like the picture in the catalog. Standing closer to the mirror, he had to admit some facial surgery would be necessary to help him really look like a woman. He wanted a more feminine nose, enhanced cheekbones, lips and chin. His Adam's Apple should probably be reduced, though it was not very prominent.

Harry walked into the living room and sat down on the couch, smoothing the skirt of the dress as he did so. He crossed his legs. The pantyhose felt good and he liked the look of the high heel shoes on his feet.

He got up and walked to the kitchen, then down to the basement, then back to the bedroom. Everything just felt so right.

He wanted to wear these clothes outside. Maybe he could take the bills to the mail drop outside the office. On second thought, maybe not. He looked in the full-length mirror again and decided against it.

He thought he looked pretty good. He wanted to take a stroll in his new dress and heels, feeling the warm fall breeze blowing up his dress, tossing the hair of his shoulder-length wig around. Later, he wondered if the wig would blow off at the very moment a squad car would drive by and the cop would ask him for an ID. Why did he feel so good once he was dressed but so paranoid when he thought about going out?

With the coming of the cooler weather, Harry spent more time indoors. He liked jogging around the complex and walking in the mall. He wished his sweat suit and sneakers were pink like the nightie he had purchased. He still spent time sitting in front of the women's department stores with his eyes closed, wishing he was wearing whatever garments were on display.

He thought again about experimenting with makeup and re-read the guide on buying and using cosmetics. Looking closely at himself in the mirror, Harry knew his skin was not like the women in those makeup ads. Though his skin was fair, he probably would look OK. His nagging fear was not so much putting it on as taking it off. The blushers and powders would come off easily but the eye makeup and the no-smear lipsticks might be more difficult. He didn't want to curl his eyelashes or pluck his eyebrows just yet either.

Some of the women had a very fine line for an eyebrow. He thought it looked very artificial and not really feminine. He wanted fuller brows with a slight arch that trailed off to a fine line like he saw on the women in the magazine ads.

Two weeks of vacation were on the books and Harry thought about how best to take some time off. He really wanted to shave his body and spend time completely dressed up. No one would be the wiser when he came back. He considered buying some makeup and nail polish. Nobody came around to visit him and the next door neighbor was a salesman who was away a lot. He decided if anyone knocked, he just stay in the bathroom and not answer. After they went away, he could come out safely.

His order came sooner than he expected. The box contained an assortment of eye shadows and blushers in four shades, each with its own palette and brush. There were four short lipsticks, two bottles of nail polish and a tiny sample bottle of perfume. He opened the perfume bottle and took a whiff. It was very sweet, almost sickeningly sweet, so he re-capped the bottle and tossed it in the garbage.

There wasn't any nail polish remover so he drove across town; at a drug store where he never shopped, he purchased a bag of cotton balls, a bottle of nail polish remover and an inexpensive jar of cold cream. No customers were in the store that early and the lady behind the counter didn't look twice as she rang up the items and handed him his change.

Back home, he put the items in a box with the cosmetic order and checked his calendar. He settled on the four days after Memorial Day and the four days prior the Fourth of July. He would clear it with his boss Monday morning. He was ecstatic about the prospect of spending an entire day totally en femme.

Friday, the bank closed early for the long weekend. Harry went home and read the paper and the mail. After supper that night, he ran his bath water. He spread some newspaper on the bathroom floor and, with a small electric clipper, removed as much of his body hair as he could. He dampened a paper towel and wiped himself down. He rolled up the paper towels in newspaper and tossed it in the waste basket.

He scrubbed himself clean and soaked a few minutes more in the hot water. Harry smoothed the shaving gel on his right leg and, with a disposable razor, carefully shaved it smooth. He did the other leg, arms, underarms, buttocks, and chest too. As the water drained out of the tub, he stepped on the mat and rubbed himself hard with the towel. He cleaned the tub and rinsed the remaining hairs down the drain.

After smoothing lotion over his body, he put on his pink nightie and sat at the kitchen table. Carefully, he applied the pink nail polish to his fingernails, blowing on each one to

hasten their drying. Despite having short nails, he liked the way it looked; it made him feel better, more feminine.

Pushing the chair back, he placed his foot on the edge of the table in front of him and did his toenails. When he finished, he capped the bottle and put it away. He opened a can of beer and poured some in a glass. He walked into the living room and sat on the davenport, curling his legs under him like he had seen girls do. His skin felt good. He always used a lot of hand lotion and it definitely made his hands look more girlie. Now with the pink nail polish, they looked even better.

The television shows didn't interest him much. He surfed the net for awhile, looking at all the pretty clothes he wanted to buy. He lost count of the number of times he closed his eyes and wished he were wearing that dress or that gown. Finally, he signed off.

As he stood in front of the bathroom sink and brushed his teeth, he looked at himself in the cabinet mirror. When he finished, he brushed some of his hair down over his forehead. He looked good with bangs. He wanted to let his hair grow out so he could put it up in curlers and sit under the dryer like the girls did. In bed, he enjoyed the way the soft pink fabric and the sheets felt against his freshly shaven skin. Closing his eyes, he wished he had satin sheets and pillow cases. How wonderful that would be!

The next morning, he got up and walked into the bathroom. Instead of standing to urinate, he slid the pink panties down around his ankles. He turned around and sat down, keeping his legs together. He held his hands up in front of him and looked at his pink nails as he peed. When he finished, he wiped his penis with a sheet of toilet paper like a girl would wipe herself after peeing. He looked down at his pink toe nails and smiled. He felt very girlie all over. He flushed the toilet, then washed his hands. He shaved his face carefully so he wouldn't nick himself.

Back in the bedroom, he took off the nightie and looked at himself in the full-length mirror. His freshly shaved body did look more girlie without the hair but it was still not as nice as a girl's body. He put on the panty briefer, pantyhose and bra. He liked the way the pantyhose felt against his smooth skin. After putting on the slip, he donned the wig and took the box of cosmetics and a large mirror out of the closet.

He put the box of makeup on the kitchen table and set up the folding mirror. He had found the mirror at a garage sale. He had told the woman "my niece will love this" as he paid her the five dollars. Opening the plastic case, he removed the small brush. After stroking the brush over the pallet, he began to brush the makeup on his cheeks. He started with small circles, gradually enlarging them until his cheeks achieved the blush look he wanted. Afraid the lipstick would be hard to get off, he applied a layer of lip balm first, then with a brush he applied the creamy pick lipstick and pressed his lips together.

He put the makeup items away and made some adjustments to the wig. Satisfied, he got up and walked back to the bedroom. He put the dress on and slipped into his high heels. Standing in front of the mirror, he looked at himself closely. He was disappointed. Despite liking the feel and taste of the lipstick, he saw the image of a man in a dress. He went back to the kitchen and sat down in front of the mirror. After applying a little more of the blusher, he layered on more of the lipstick and pressed his lips together again. He put the makeup items away and stood up.

Feeling very girly and feminine, he walked down the basement and then back up again, trying to imitate the image he had seen on the department CD. His hands dangled effeminately at the wrist as he tried hard to walk in the girly, swishy way he had seen the woman do. He sat in one of the living room chairs, smoothing the skirts of his dress with his hand as he did so. He got up and sat on the couch, keeping his legs together in a lady-like fashion.

He was in Heaven. Never in his whole life had he felt this good. It felt so wonderful, so natural. He wanted to stay this way forever. He went back to the bedroom and took off the dress. He put the other one on and walked around the duplex again. Sitting, walking or standing in front of the full-length mirror, he couldn't get enough. After watching some television, he went into the kitchen and made himself a sandwich for lunch. He ate with small, dainty bites. When he finished, he blotted his mouth and applied some more lipstick.

That afternoon, he did a load of laundry. He tried to fold the dried clothes in his best girly, limp-wristed fashion. Walking from room to room, he kept one arm at his side and one across his body with the hand dangling at the wrist or with both arms across his body, with both hands dangling at the wrist.

He decided to sweep and scrub the kitchen floor but then thought it would be better to wait when he had a frilly apron to wear over the dress. He made a mental note to get some pink latex gloves. When he had to do the dishes, they would protect his hands and help keep them girly soft and feminine.

He put a frozen dinner in the oven for supper; after he finished eating, he washed and dried the dishes. He continued to walk around the duplex, practicing sitting down, getting up, twirling around, trying to be as feminine as possible. The high heels had become comfortable. Initially, he moved slowly since he was not used to being up at an angle, but with practice, he found himself moving easily in four-inch heels as if he had been doing it all his life. He was proud of himself. His heart had stopped banging in his chest like it was trying to escape. With his pulse back to normal, Harry went to the front door and retrieved his newspaper. When he finished reading the paper, he turned on the TV and enjoyed a movie.

After the news, weather and sports, he decided it was time to get ready for bed and walked to the bedroom. Trying his best to be girly, he unbuttoned the dress, pulled it over his head and placed it on the hanger. He took off his pumps and put them back in the box. Removing several tissues from the box, he went back to the kitchen and sat in front of the mirror. He rubbed the cold cream over his face and lips and wiped the makeup off. The blusher came off easily but the lipstick was still evident. He reapplied the cold cream, waited a few minutes for it to sink into the makeup, then wiped his lips off again. This time most of it came off, but there was still a trace that was visible.

He was starting to panic. The "what ifs" came back. What if he couldn't get it all off in time to go back to work? Back in the bedroom, he took off the wig and placed it on the foam head. He took off his lingerie and put it in the dresser. He took a hot shower and with the washcloth, scrubbed his lips raw. When he finished, he dried himself off and rubbed the towel over his lips. Looking in the mirror, he could see no trace of the makeup and he breathed a sigh of relief. He dressed in his pink nightie and retrieved the makeup

items and mirror from the kitchen and put them back in the closet. He drank a can of beer, then another as his panic subsided.

The next morning, he had breakfast in his nightie. He decided to remove the nail polish. He worked carefully, doing his toes first and then his fingers. The smell of the remover was strong in the air when he finished so he wrapped the cotton balls in plastic; after disposing of them, he sprayed the aerosol around the room to try to kill the telltale smell.

He put on his male clothing and told himself he would have to be more careful next time. Several times throughout the day, he checked his hands and looked at his face in the mirror to be sure he had removed all the makeup and polish. He put all the trash in the large wheeled bucket. He couldn't detect any odor from the remover, just the smell of garbage.

He wore his dress the following day but did not apply any makeup or nail polish. After practicing again for several hours, he undressed and put his male clothes back on again. He wrapped the cosmetics, nail polish remover and the bag of cotton balls in newspaper and added them to the garbage. *Too risky at this point*, he thought. He would concentrate on his clothing and movements and wait to use makeup later. That night after browsing through his folders, he went to bed and slept soundly.

In his male apparel, he shopped for groceries the next day. He bought two bottles of wine, one red and one white as well as a brochure about wine. Beer was a manly drink. Wine, though not specifically a ladies' drink, would be more feminine.

He bought six inexpensive wine glasses as well. After putting the groceries away, he put the wine in the freezer to chill it quicker. He washed the wine glasses, then put them on the top shelf of the refrigerator to cool.

That night, after a warm bath, he powdered himself with baby powder before putting on the pink nightie. Looking at his girlie appearance in the mirror, he wished he could use scented body powder so he would smell feminine too. He thought about getting a pair of pink scuffs to wear with the nightie but what he really wanted was a pair of pink open toed high heel slippers with the fuzzy toes. Maybe that would be on his next order.

The wine bottle had a twist-off cap. He hoped to one day know enough to buy more expensive wine so he had bought a corkscrew. He poured the wine glass half full and carried it daintily in one hand into the living room.

Sitting on the couch, he tucked his legs under him in girlish fashion. He held up the wine glass in front of him and liked the way it looked in his small hand. The rosé wine was nearly the same color as the polish he had removed the day before. He sipped the wine slowly, in ladylike fashion as he watched TV. He imagined himself to be a femme fatale waiting for a lover to come out of the other room to join him.

In his mind he became her, waiting for him to join her on the couch. The lover would sit next to her and shortly begin kissing her neck. She would playfully push him away and take another sip of wine as she fussed with her hair. Finishing his drink, he would pick her up in his arms. As she playfully and girlishly kicked her legs, he would carry her into the bedroom, her pink fuzzy high heel slippers falling to the floor.

Harry opened his eyes and took another sip of his wine. He had let his nails grow and always massaged the lotion in his cuticles. He wished they were longer and had polish on them. He knew they were close to being perfect as any girl's. He finished his wine and washed the glass.

That night, he ordered a white long line bra, a long girdle, a package of sheer nylon stockings, and a white camisole with its matching half-slip. From the specialty website, he filled out a measurement chart and ordered a black short-sleeved two-button jacket, a matching skirt and a pair of gloves. He went to bed and fell asleep right way, dreaming of being a female bank executive in his tailor-made jacket and skirt. The sound of his high heel pumps clicking on the highly polished floor of the bank as he walked to his office echoed off the walls of his imagination.

Work at the bank was going smoothly, though on occasion he found himself lost in thought about finding a way to make his wishes come true. Once in a while, he would see a beautiful girl come into the bank and wonder why she didn't wear a dress and heels. There was only one female executive at this bank and she was just a few years from retirement. She wore pantsuits and flat soled shoes.

When his order came, he waited until he finished supper before opening the package. The girdle felt good and the breast forms filled out the cups of the long line bra nicely as he adjusted the straps. He hadn't shaved his legs since his first week of vacation so he left the nylons in the package and put on the camisole and half slip. He liked the frothy lace across the top of the camisole and on the bottom hem of the half-slip.

After stepping carefully into the skirt, he brought it up to his waist. He tucked the camisole inside it and pulled up the side zipper. The jacket fit perfectly and he fastened both of the buttons. The gloves were a bit tight but as he stood in front of the mirror, he liked what he saw. He undressed and put the suit on a hanger. The gloves and lingerie were placed in his dresser drawer.

The Fourth of July fell on a Friday so with his four days of vacation he had the weekend before, the week of, and the weekend after the holiday off. He had promised his parents he would come home on Saturday the fifth for a backyard barbecue. At home, he wrote out checks for some bills. He mailed them and picked up some groceries plus another bottle of rosé wine.

Sitting in the tub that night, he carefully shaved himself again. He dried himself off, then rubbed his entire body with hand lotion. The following morning, he slept late. When he got up, he shaved his face and neck, then applied cold cream to ease the razor burn. He wished he could wear makeup but knew he couldn't for now.

He dressed in his bra and girdle. After hooking up the sheer stockings, he put his wig on and stood in front of the mirror. He slipped the camisole over his head and stepped into the half-slip. He liked the feel of the nylons on his smooth legs as well as the way the tricot half-slip felt against his nylons. Taking the suit off the hanger, he put the skirt on and zipped it up. After buttoning the jacket, he stepped into his four-inch heel pumps and put the gloves on.

The image in the mirror was one of a smartly dressed business woman. He regretted not buying a handbag to match the outfit but then, he wasn't going anywhere. Earrings, a

pearl necklace and perhaps a hat with a dainty veil that would come just below his eyes would have been welcome additions to his ensemble as well. Those, too, would have to wait.

He turned from the mirror and began walking into the living room where he practiced sitting down, getting up again, walking to the other room, then down the basement and back upstairs again. He loved the feel of the lingerie under his suit and liked the way the suit fit as he walked around the duplex like the lady on the department CD-ROM had instructed.

Sitting on the couch, he wished he were in a public place, like the mall bench or the bank lobby, so he could reach into his purse and take out his compact. After running the puff over his nose and cheeks, he would then apply fresh lipstick. It was a very feminine gesture that he would enjoy doing because in his mind he *should* be doing it. He sat a while longer, thinking about all the things he should be doing instead of the things he was doing because he *had* to do them. *Right mind and emotions, wrong body*, he thought.

Later, he walked over to his computer desk and signed on. Viewing a number of websites that showed dominant women feminizing men, he was envious of what the men looked like when the women were through with them. He closed his eyes and imagined himself as the sissy secretary he saw on the screen.

The female office manager, plainly dressed in a brown pantsuit and flat dress shoes, stood by a desk where the sissy secretary was seated and smiling at the camera. The man was wearing a frilly blouse, tight black skirt and, of course, high heel shoes. His cheeks were rouged and his dark red nails matched his lipstick.

Harry wished he was in the picture, answering phones, taking appointments, mincing effeminately in his tight skirt and heels to bring her a cup of coffee or retrieve a file from the cabinet across the room with a slight girlish wiggle for her pleasure and amusement.

The next picture was at the manager's house. The sissy secretary was now wearing a black French Maid minidress, fishnet stockings and five-inch stiletto pumps. He was smiling as he held the vacuum cleaner while the manager stood behind him with her arms crossed and a stern expression on her face to insure he was doing things properly.

In the next photo, his back was turned as he stood near the fireplace with a feather duster in his right hand while she stood smiling to one side of him, holding up the hem of his minidress and petticoats to reveal his black panties with pink ruffles. Harry opened his eyes and signed off the net. He wished *he* could look that good in a maid's dress and heels.

He stood up and walked into the bathroom to pull some toilet paper off the roll. He walked into the bedroom, tossed the paper on the bed and kicked off his pumps. After he took off the suit and put it back on its hanger, he placed his lingerie in his dresser, then he laid down on the bed and closed his eyes.

Massaging himself as he reviewed the images in his mind, Harry wished to be magically transported into that feminine lifestyle he saw. An hour went by and he brought himself to climax. He wiped himself dry and flushed the paper down the toilet. He dressed in his male clothing and made lunch.

For two days, Harry didn't dress up. He spent some time on the Internet and printed out more sheets to add to his collection. Web sites that offered men the chance to meet dominant women were merely fronts for prostitution. Whenever he entered information on adult match maker sights specifying he wanted to meet dominant women to keep him crossdressed, his match results always said "No matches for your criteria were found."

He felt frustrated and angry that no women would want to meet him and engage in role-playing games. Lesbian sites weren't the answer either since he knew none of them would respond to him while he was still a male.

He avoided chat rooms for fear of being found out and besides he didn't want to just talk; he wanted to meet with someone in person to share his erotic fantasies. Maybe they would help him figure out whether he really should be a woman or not.

It was the middle of the week when Harry dressed again. This time, he put on a bra, panties, slip and a shirt dress. With wig in place, he stepped into his high heels and once again practiced his deportment. An hour later, he was back in front of the computer. This time he spent over an hour reading the information on the transgender sites. He looked at some graphic pre- and post-operative photographs of transsexual patients. It was a lot to go through. Reading over the life stories of some of them, he found many parallels to his own life. It seems that there were many men who spent countless hours, wishing, hoping for a cure or solution to this conundrum. Apparently he was not alone, not by a long shot.

The barbecue at his parents' house was great. Despite the heat, he stayed cool, his smooth shaven body hidden under jeans and a summer shirt. He drove home and, after a shower, put on his baby doll and went to bed.

Back at work, he felt refreshed. Nevertheless, he began to hate dressing up because it would only lead to undressing again. Vacillating back and forth made him miserable.

He still spent time at the mall. The fall line was in and the mannequins were attired appropriately. He liked the full-length coat with the fur collar and the fur cuffs at the end of the sleeves. The suits they wore had long-sleeved jackets and were in darker colors than the short-sleeved summer ones that were in pastels. He closed his eyes and saw himself in one of the suits and the fur-trimmed coat.

He walked down the mall, his knee-high spike heel lined boots clicking on the hard floor. He had his purse over one arm and a shoe bag with four-inch heeled pumps in the other. He entered the store and headed for the managers office. On the door, his name and title were prominently displayed in black letters. "Daphne LaMonte, Manager."

He greeted his secretary and she handed him a cup of coffee. He took a sip and set the cup down on his desk as he glanced over the day's schedule. He took off his gloves and stuffed them in his coat pockets. After hanging up his coat, he sat down and took off his spike heel boots and replaced them with the four-inch stiletto heel pumps. He was ready for the day's work.

Harry opened his eyes. He looked at his watch. Had he really been sitting there an hour? He walked through the store and browsed in the men's department. On the way out, as he passed the women's department, he saw two mannequins wearing cocktail dresses at the entrance. He continued out the door and left for home.

That afternoon as he lay on the couch with his eyes shut, he saw the two dresses again. One dress had a black top and filmy white bottom. The other was a strapless navy taffeta dress. Both had hemlines above the knee. Harry liked that because he could show off his smooth shiny hair-free legs. He wished he was walking into a room, wearing that navy taffeta dress. He would have four-inch navy spike heels, long navy gloves and a matching clutch bag. Six-inch earrings dangled prettily as he walked around the room. All eyes were on him as he made his way to each guest.

When he opened his eyes again, Harry looked down at his arms folded across his chest. Even with breast forms in his strapless bra, it wouldn't be the same as having real breasts holding up the dress. Plus, he wanted that telltale bulge just about the bust line to let men know: "Yeah, I got 'em. They're real, and you ain't gonna see 'em." He smiled then and dozed off for an hour.

He had Thanksgiving dinner at his parents' house. It was good to see everybody. Later, his mother took him aside and asked him if everything was OK. "Why wouldn't it be?" he answered. She shrugged and left it at that. Christmas dinner was the same. They exchanged gifts and Harry got a cologne and bath set from his sisters.

"Guaranteed to get you a wife!" they teased. His parents got him a year's subscription to his anti-spy ware/anti-virus software. He was pleased. He had given them gift certificates to their favorite department stores, except his dad who got the new router he wanted.

Harry had kept track of certain items on various websites and jotted down their pre-holiday prices. He had hoped to find some good markdowns after the holidays and he was lucky. The pink formal gown and matching purse arrived on the same day as the pink high heels from another company. He almost gasped as he took it out of the box. The matching clutch bag contained a free purse-size spray bottle of perfume. He removed the cap and sniffed it. It was delightful and he wanted to spray himself liberally with it. He replaced the cap and put it in the dresser drawer with his lingerie. Replacing the items in the box, he set it in the closet.

He slipped off his sneakers and socks to try on the pink heels. They fit, so he replaced them in their box and set them on the top of the dress box in his closet. He would wait for the weekend to dress up.

Saturday morning, he worked four hours, filling in for one of the tellers. At home, he ate a light lunch, then undressed and put on his foundation garments and stockings. He tied an old shoe lace through the eye of a large safety pin, slipped the pin through the eye of the dress' zipper and closed the pin as the manual had indicated. Carefully, he stepped into the dress. It was a close fit around his bra and loose around the hips. Reaching behind him, he brought the shoe lace over his shoulder. With one hand, he held the base of the zipper and, with the other grasping the shoelace, he pulled the zipper up. He walked over to the mirror and was amazed at how well the dress fit him.

After putting on the pink high heels, he walked into the living room, then back to the bedroom again. He put on his wig, wishing he had a party to go to. Picking up the dainty pink purse, he walked back and forth around the room, sitting down and then getting back up again. He wished he were wearing over-the-elbow gloves.

Getting up, he smoothed his dress, then with the purse in one hand, he walked to the basement stairs. He picked up the slack in the dress and walked gingerly down the steps. He loved the way the dress felt on him. He walked back and forth across the basement. Then slowly, with ladylike grace, he ascended the steps. Back in the living room, he sat down, smoothing his dress as he did so.

God, he felt good, so feminine and so natural. He closed his eyes and thought of a formal party at the country club where he would make his entrance and be envied by all the women there as he danced slowly to the soft music in the arms of his date. At their table, he would sip daintily from the champagne glass while engaging in intelligent conversation with the other guests. He would make one trip to the ladies room where an attendant would help him out of his long dress so he could pee. Following the dinner, he would open the pink purse and touch up his blusher and lipstick before his escort took him home.

Harry opened his eyes again. He went into the bedroom and stood before the mirror. He wished he had broader hips to fill the dress out more. The bust was almost perfect and so was the hem length. He held the back of the dress and pulled the shoe lace down to unzip the dress.

It was about halfway down when it stuck. He half-turned to see what was wrong but couldn't see anything. He tugged gently but the zipper wouldn't budge. He tried bringing it back up again but that didn't work either. His pulse raced. It had been an expensive purchase and he didn't want to tear the fabric. Finally, he pulled the slack in the back of the dress up with one hand and yanked a little harder on the shoestring. To his immense relief, the zipper came all the way down.

He stepped out of the dress and laid it on the bed to examine the zipper. Everything seemed to be OK; none of the teeth had been broken. He checked the crossdresser manual again. It suggested using a birthday candle or bar of soap in lieu of a petroleum spray to lubricate the zipper. He hadn't thought of that and went into the bathroom to get the bar of soap. After rubbing the soap up and down over the teeth, he closed and opened the zipper several times. Now it worked much better. He folded the dress up and put it and the pink heels back in their boxes.

He put on a shirt dress and his black heels. He cleaned the duplex and did some laundry. He made some popcorn and with a half glass of wine, sat down to watch a movie. He tried to nibble daintily at the popcorn and sip the wine slowly like a woman would do. The movie was not very interesting so he shut off the TV.

Sitting back on the couch, he closed his eyes again. *This is no way to live*, he thought. He knew he could not keep this up forever. It was already taking its toll on his emotions. He wanted to live one life, not two. Maybe he should call the clinic and make an appointment. Perhaps just talking to somebody about this would help. He opened his eyes again and looked down at the shirt dress "I'm still just a man in a dress," he thought. He finished the popcorn, crumpled the bag, then drank the last of the wine in his glass. In the kitchen, he tossed the bag in the garbage. After washing out the glass, he put it back in the refrigerator.

He waited another week before calling the clinic and getting an evening appointment with a therapist named Dr. John Franklyn. He checked his city map and found the shortest route to the clinic. Thursday night, he didn't eat supper because of anxiety. He drove to the clinic and sat in his car for about fifteen minutes, debating whether or not to cancel the appointment.

Finally, he got out of his car. He walked inside the building and found the directory. His pulse quickened as he walked down the main corridor, then down another corridor to the left of the main one. The glass door had the names of four doctors on it.

Once inside, he gave his name to the nurse at the desk. She handed him a clipboard and told him to take a seat. He filled in the necessary medical information and handed it back to her.

In a few minutes, a tall, thin man with a goatee came out of the office and picked up the clipboard. He walked up and introduced himself to Harry. They shook hands and Harry followed him to the back office. The therapist sat behind his large desk as Harry took the chair opposite him. Harry had expected to be asked to lie on a couch. The therapist glanced over the information on the clipboard, then looked straight at Harry.

"Tell me about yourself, Harry," he began.

Harry's mouth was dry and he was hesitant to start. He wiped his damp hands on his pants and began slowly. As he talked, the words started to come easier. Over the next hour, he poured out his heart and soul. At one point, he was almost on the verge of tears. When he finished, the therapist looked over his notes, then back at Harry.

"You did well today, Harry. I want you to make another appointment two weeks from to-



day. Continue to crossdress if it makes you feel better or if the mood strikes you. That will be all for today."

Harry stood up and walked out of the office, feeling drained. He made another appointment and declined to be billed for the time he was there, paying by check right away. He was surprised at the bill and wondered just how much therapy he could afford. On the way home, he picked up a burger and fries. At home, he ate his meal quickly, then watched some TV before going to bed.

The next two appointments gave Harry some insight to his condition. Nevertheless, the therapist didn't discuss what options Harry might have to resolve his situation. They continued to talk and during the fourth session, the therapist looked at him straight in the eye as they neared the end of the hour.

"Harry, I understand how you feel. Look at yourself honestly. You are a young man with a good job. If you go down the road of transition and SRS, what future do you see for yourself? Will the bank take you back as a female? Being a woman isn't about dresses, makeup and high heels. Essentially, you will have the same body, just different genitals. The hormones will soften your skin and without a beard, you will have a smoother face but you still won't be the girl on the cover of those magazines or that you see on the Internet," he said. "There is also your family to consider. How will they react to all this? Will they be supportive of you or disavow any knowledge of your existence?"

Harry knew he was right. He had to separate fantasy from reality. All the wishing in the world wouldn't give him the face or the figure of those women he saw on the magazine covers. He paid his bill at the desk and decided not to make another appointment.

"I'm going to be real busy the next two weeks," he lied. "We have an audit coming up and I don't know for sure which nights I'll be working late. I will call you when I can come in again,"

Walking out to his car, he felt relieved. Actually there was no real reason to continue this. The therapist was right. Looking in the rear view mirror, he momentarily imagined himself in a wig and make up. He would just be a man in a dress. Nobody he knew would be convinced otherwise.

He drove straight home and opened a can of soup. As he sat at the table, crumbling crackers into the bowl, he kept thinking about all the things the therapist had said over the four sessions. It was almost as if he were trying to discourage him from the start.

Harry washed and dried his dishes. After reading his newspaper, he drank half a bottle of wine. Instead of wearing the pink nightie to bed, he put on a clean pair of men's briefs.

"Wake up, Harry. It's time to go."

The voice was soft, almost melodic. Harry opened his eyes. The bedroom was bathed in an eerie green light. There were two figures, one at the side of his bed, the other at the foot. They were dressed in skin-tight black uniforms with a large black "F" in the center of a pink circle over their abdomen.

The figure at his side pulled the covers back. She reached over, pulled down his briefs and yanked them off. A yellow beam of light entered the window as Harry felt himself rise above the bed and levitate over it. He was too scared to move. Slowly, he was turned until

his feet faced the window. Then he began moving towards the window. There was no sound in the room. Surrounded by the yellow light, Harry passed through the window and began rising feet first toward the source of the light.

Harry could not see anything because of the bright light but the two figures were on either side of him as they rose together towards the heavens. Shortly, they entered a circular opening in the bottom of some type of craft. The door closed behind them and Harry slept again.

When he woke up, he was lying on a padded table. His arms and legs were spread slightly apart and secured to the table at the wrists and ankles.

"Just relax, Harry. This will be over in a few minutes," said the woman at his side.

She wore a black skintight uniform like the others. It looked like spandex. She wore no makeup and had a stern look on her face. She placed a nozzle over his penis, then pushed a button on the control panel near his feet.

The nozzle vibrated a little and Harry felt himself become erect. Shortly, he climaxed and the ejaculated fluid was sucked through the small hose and deposited in a clear tube. Harry closed his eyes and a little while later, the nozzle vibrated again and brought him to a climax. After the third, time the woman removed the nozzle and wiped his penis with a damp cloth.

She held up the clear tube filled with his milky fluid in front of him and placed it in the cabinet to his left. After she closed the door, she pushed a button and the device began making a humming sound.

"This is a marvelous device," she said. "Sixty seconds and all the little 'Y' sperm are killed and the 'X' sperm that we need are left alive. Isn't that something, Harry?" she asked.

"I don't know. Where am I and why am I here?" asked Harry.

"Welcome to the planet Femalia, Harry. You are here to provide sperm to insure that the population of females continues. Now just relax. We have one step left here before you begin your transformation."

Harry closed his eyes again and felt the pick of a needle on both sides of his scrotum. He was afraid to look but he glanced down anyway to see the woman slice open his scrotum and snip the vas deferens.

"There, I'm all done, Harry! See them, Harry?"

She held up his two testes by their vas deferens between two fingers of each hand.

"You won't need these any more!" she laughed as she dropped them into a clear dish. She placed the dish in another, smaller cabinet.

She pushed a button. The machine hummed and within seconds, the testes turned black. After removing the dish from the machine, she held it in front of Harry. With her fingers, she picked up the two blackened testes and they crumbled into powder. She laughed again as she dumped the powder in a nearby waste basket.

Another woman stood over him with a large hypodermic needle.

“Close your eyes and rest, Harry. Tomorrow, your new life begins. This is some girl juice to get you started,” she said.

She swabbed his arm. Next, she inserted the needle and injected the clear fluid into him.

Harry raised his head slightly to see his open scrotum being stitched shut. Then he lay back, closed his eyes and resumed his sleep.

The clicking sound of his wrist and ankle locks woke him up.

“Get up slowly, Harry, and come with me,” said one of the women.

Harry sat up. He rubbed his ankles and wrists. He got off of the table and followed the woman in front of him. Despite his nakedness, he was not warm or cold. She led him into another room where there were several large cylinders. The sides of the cylinders were clear, like Plexiglas.

She stood beside the entrance and motioned for Harry to step inside. He did so and she chained his ankles to the floor and his wrists to the ceiling in spread eagle fashion. She stepped outside and walked over to a control panel.

There was a slight hum as his arms and legs were spread further apart. From a vertical row of nozzles on either side of him, a cool mist was sprayed over his entire body, except near his eyes. When the fluid dried, his skin felt very dry and tight. From the floor, two metal arms with circular ends rose up and clamped around his legs at the ankle. As they rose to his groin, little bolts of static electricity jumped from the ring to his skin. He saw his body hair fall out as the rings straightened out and began moving around his upper torso and then his arms, neck and face.

The whole process was over in less than two minutes. It had stung a little but Harry had not felt any pain. The door opened and the woman released him from his shackles.

“Come with me,” she said and led Harry down another corridor to a small room.

“Get some rest. You’ll need your strength for tomorrow,” she said.

He looked down at himself and found he did not have a single hair below his eyes. Not one. After examining the stitches on either side of his scrotum, he lay down on the bed and went to sleep.

When he awoke, he sat up and found his finger and toe nails had been painted pink. His earlobes had been pierced. When he looked in the mirror over the sink, he saw his eyebrows had been plucked and reshaped like a woman’s. He had to pee but the seat wouldn’t come up so he had to sit down. When he finished, he sat down on the bed and waited. His head was clear and he felt OK. There was no sound in the room.

Suddenly the door slid open. A woman stood in the doorway and motioned for him to come out. He got up and followed her down the hall.

They entered another small room. There was a bathtub-sized container on the floor filled about three-quarters full of a green substance. She placed clear plastic eye goggles over his eyes, inserted a small plug in each ear and pinched his nose shut with a clamp.

“Sit in the tub,” she ordered.

Harry did so. She placed a small tube in his mouth, then pushed him under the fluid. Despite his rapid pulse, he found he could breathe easily. The warm fluid felt good against his skin, almost sensual.

He felt like he was back in the womb. He relaxed as the pumice fluid swirled around him. The swirling stopped and the fluid receded down the drain.

“Stand up,” ordered one of the women.

He stood up and she removed the tube from his mouth, the earplugs and the goggles. She closed a clear door and warm water spurted from several nozzles above him. When all the green fluid had been washed away, warm air from the same nozzles dried him off. She opened the door and led him back to his room.

As he lay on his bed, he was amazed at how clean his hair-free skin was. It was very soft as well, almost girlie-soft.

Harry had no watch so he had no means of telling what time it was. He had no idea how long he had been held captive. There were no clocks anywhere and there were no windows so he couldn't tell if it was day or night. He tried to think of a way to keep track of time. He tried putting a scratch on the wall with his fingernail but it wouldn't mark. Finally, he removed a single sheet of toilet paper and put it under his pillow.

He had no reason to try to escape because he had no idea where he was or where he could escape too. He would have to wait and see what would happen next.

The door opened and several women came into the room.

“Stand up!” ordered one of them.

Harry stood up. One of them measured his skull, arm and leg length, hand width, foot length, chest, waist and hips while the other recorded the measurements in a small black box.

“Follow me!” ordered the second woman.

Harry followed her to another room where a band was placed on his arm. He was put through some exercises as well as ordered to run on a treadmill. When they were finished recording their data, he was led back to the small room again.

He hadn't eaten since supper of the night of his abduction; he thought it was funny that he wasn't hungry. He lay down on the bed and closed his eyes. He opened his eyes at the sound of the door opening again. Two women entered the room.

“Come with us,” one of them said.

He was brought to another room. One of them handed him a plastic container of large pink pills with a label that read “One per day”.

“Follow these instructions,” said one of the women as she handed him a clipboard.

The women walked out and Harry sat down on the bed to read what was on the clipboard. In addition to taking the pills, he was required to perform a variety of exercises each day. He got his first meal consisting of a 16oz cup of a thick pink liquid. As the days wore on, he continued to do what was on the sheet. After he had accumulated 30 sheets of toilet paper, the women showed up again.

He was measured and weighed. He had lost over twenty pounds and his skin was much softer. The tightness in his chest was not just the result of the exercises but there was a noticeable rise in the flesh around his nipples.

When they were finished, he was put on a cart. As soon as he was strapped in, he became more apprehensive. His captivity so far had not been too unpleasant.

They wheeled Harry down one hall, then down an adjoining hall. Two large double doors opened up and he saw several women dressed in white gowns on both sides of a table. The lights overhead were very bright. The two women lifted him off the cart and onto the table.

Now he was frightened. He opened his mouth to ask what they were going to do as one of them stood over him with a scalpel in one hand. His mouth was too dry to talk. He felt the pick of a needle in his arm and the room began to spin. He closed his eyes and saw himself falling down an elevator shaft.

When he awoke, he saw only the white ceiling above him. His face and groin felt numb. He tried to move his arms and legs but he couldn't. He closed his eyes and slept some more.

The second time he awoke, he heard voices. There were two women in white and one in black. The one in black smiled at him and walked away. One of the women in white leaned forward and spoke to him.

'You're fine,' she said. 'Just relax and rest. It'll be another day or two before we can get you up and around.'

Harry closed his eyes and went to sleep.

The next day, one of the women in white helped him to a sitting position. She held a mirror in front of his face. He saw he wasn't Harry anymore. He looked similar but his face had been feminized. His nose had been reshaped, his cheekbones were more prominent, his chin was enhanced and his lips were thicker. His Adam's Apple had been reduced as well. He touched his face to see if it was really him. He put one hand to his groin but she quickly moved it away.

"Not yet," she said softly. She handed him another container of pink fluid.

He drank it right down, then laid back and closed his eyes. He knew what they had done. The question now was, what were they going to do with him? What about his family, his job and everything he had left behind the night of his abduction?

When he opened his eyes again, the room was dark and he heard an alarm going off. It was very loud. He tried to figure out where it was coming from. It seemed to be somewhere off to his right. He sat upright and shut off his alarm clock. He was home in bed. He waited for his pulse to return to normal before getting out of bed. Both he and the sheets were soaked with sweat.

That's the last time I drink half a bottle of wine before going to bed, he thought. He got up and checked the window. Everything seemed to be OK. He showered and got dressed. He skipped breakfast and went to work.

The next month brought Harry a promotion. He called his parents and they were thrilled. He still felt he was underpaid for the job he was doing and decided to send a few feelers out to other lending institutions to see what was available. He got no positive feedback so he had no choice but to stay where he was for the time being.

On a Sunday night, he stood in front of the mirror in his wig, pink gown and heels. Even with facial surgery, beard removal, and softer skin, he was still a man in a dress. He undressed and put on his male clothing. He put all the lingerie, shoes and his wig in one plastic bag. The gown, purse, suit and shirt dresses were placed in a box. He took the garbage from the kitchen, placed it in the plastic bag and took it out to the cart on wheels, then wheeled the cart out front for the morning pickup. The next morning on his way to work, he dropped the box off at the rear of the thrift store.

That night he had mixed emotions, some pain, and some relief. He opened the gift set from his sisters and showered with the masculine-scented soap. He spent more time at the health club pumping iron. He also began running longer distances. He bought diet soda and no longer drank any alcohol. He had resigned himself to the fact that he had to live a manly existence, like it or not

The duties of his new job kept him at the bank longer hours. He found it more challenging and plowed ahead, working out his frustration by immersing himself in his work and pumping iron. He would stop at a night club occasionally and have a drink or two but he never stayed long.

Some evenings, he would take out the folder and page through the sheets one by one. He would close his eyes and massage himself for awhile and ejaculate into the toilet paper. He wondered why he felt so feminine when crossdressed, then so masculine after he had ejaculated.

The Internet also provided him with new images and he enjoyed seeing the pictures of men turned into sissies, maids or secretaries. They looked so feminine in their panties, petticoats, pretty dresses and high heels. He closed his eyes and wished he could look like they did. The prospect of living like that, 24/7, for the rest of his life was on his mind as well.

The demands of his new job began to cut into his break and lunch time. He used to walk several blocks to the library on his lunch hour. Standing next to the magazine rack, he would select a bridal or fashion magazine when no one was looking and page through it, memorizing the glamorous images he saw there. Now he had to wait until later in the evening to do this. There were more people at night so he had to be more careful. At home, he would review those pages in his mind as he lay on the bed massaging himself.

Now and then when the urge to get dressed up was strong, he cursed himself for purging his feminine apparel. Each time he felt that way he would spread out the sheets from his folder and look them over. Dressing up would be better but he didn't want to go back to the cycle of dressing up, then undressing again. Those urges would come and go just like a woman's periods. He laughed to himself as he thought of a man with periods.

Sometimes he wished this would all go away. Other times he just wanted to die. Maybe he *should* die, he thought. That would be the end of it. Death solves all your problems, doesn't it? He wasn't sure how he would do it. Where could he get poison? The car had

airbags so driving off the road or into a bridge abutment wouldn't be certain to work. Could he hang himself or maybe use a gun? God! Was he losing his mind? Maybe he should call and make an appointment to see the therapist again.

During the next several weeks, he stopped by several gun shops and looked at the guns on display. He liked the small revolvers. They fit his hand better and the smaller caliber would have less recoil. Not that one shot to the head was going to be a problem for his hand. He selected a used one that was fairly cheap and after the waiting period, he picked up the gun and bought a small box of shells.

At home, his fingers shook slightly as he loaded the cylinder and hefted the gun in his hand. It was still fairly light. He unloaded it and snapped the cylinder shut. Putting the gun to his temple, he pulled the trigger. The trigger pull wasn't bad. He cocked the hammer and did it again. Satisfied, he put the gun back in the box. He placed the gun and the shells in the back of the closet.

As he watched the news that night the anchorman suddenly blurted out:

"Harry Neville, a local bank employee, was found shot to death in his home. After he failed to show up for work for two days, authorities contacted the landlord and his body was discovered. Police are continuing their investigation."

Harry blinked twice and rubbed his eyes. The weatherman came on and began his forecast. *I am going nuts*, he thought. He shut off the TV and signed on to the Internet. He scanned a number of websites before settling on one of his favorites. This website had a series of photographs showing the step-by-step transformation of a man into a sissy maid.

He closed his eyes and saw himself in the first picture. He was at the beauty shop where, with clippers and wax strips, the beauticians gleefully denuded his body of all hair. His ears were pierced, eyebrows plucked, eyelashes curled, his finger and toe nails painted bright pink. The women were all laughing as they worked on him under the watchful eye of the dominatrix.

In the next picture, Harry was wearing a pink shower cap as he sat in a sea of pink foamy bubble bath. He was smiling as he held up the bar of perfumed soap, his pink nails clearly visible.

The third photo showed him dressed all in pink. Bra, panties, garter belt, stockings and five-inch stiletto high heels. He was being dusted by the Dom with perfumed dusting powder.

The fourth photo showed Harry sitting at the vanity with a large pink sissy bow pinned to the top of his blond wig as he applied pink blusher and lipstick, with a smile on his face.

The fifth photo showed him stepping into his pink petticoats.

The sixth photo showed the Dom zipping up his pink satin puff sleeve minidress.

The last photo was of Harry standing in front of the Dom holding his skirts out and doing a polite curtsy. His transformation complete, Harry opened his eyes and signed off the web.

In the bedroom he undressed and lay down on the bed. He closed his eyes and wished himself into that sequence of photos as he massaged himself. Later, he got up and ejaculated into the toilet. He took a hot shower and went to bed.

In his dreams, the Dom and several of her friends came to his duplex, jimmed the lock and took him prisoner. His arms and legs were bound with duct tape and his mouth was covered. When he woke up, he was in her dungeon. She informed him he belonged to her and would soon be her next sissy maid. Rather than being terrified, Harry smiled and waited to be feminized.

Several times, he had come home from work and taken the gun from the closet. He would put the empty gun to his head and squeeze the trigger. *I wonder if I could do it?* he thought. Frustration was building up inside of him. He was angry too. He should have married by now, bought a house and started a family of his own. He should be happy, not miserable.

Again, he thought about the clothes he had disposed of. He missed how the lingerie felt against his skin, the swirl of the dress or confines of a skirt as he walked about his duplex in high heels. Everything had felt so right. Would he ever feel that way again? Probably not.

Harry's tenth anniversary at the bank brought another promotion but this one came as a result of a buyout. Harry's bank had been one of the last independent banks in the state. A financial group bought it. Immediately there were retirements and a few layoffs in the reorganization.

The promotion brought him more money but that didn't make Harry happy. His family was thrilled for him. He spent his savings on a new car. *That money should have been used for something else,* he thought.

Every time he got into the car, he saw his transition money. He rationalized his expenditure by telling himself he really did need to replace the old car. He'd had it since business school and, with over two hundred thousand miles on the odometer, it was time to get rid of it. The college kid who bought it for five hundred dollars seemed pleased.

The seasons changed. The air got colder. There were more days with gray skies than with sunshine. Harry spent more hours pumping iron and mall walking than he used to. Saturday afternoons he would spend at the library. He wanted to read the bridal guides and fashion magazines, not just look at them.

There were too many people coming in and out of the magazine section on Saturday to take a chance on being caught reading a women's magazine. In January, the bridal guides were double their usual size and the prom magazines also came out. He would purchase them and then update his Internet list of formal apparel sites as well as add to his collection of pictures, which now consisted of three folders.

At work, his new boss began to pressure Harry for more reports and the assistant that had always helped Harry in the past was gone in the budget cuts. Longer hours and more work began to wear on him. The bank was no longer such a nice place to work anymore.

Once more he made some discreet inquiries only to find that other places had also gone through some restructuring and could not offer him a position. Some nights he was too tired to pump iron or run and instead he ate supper, read his newspaper and went to bed.

A late December snowstorm prevented him from getting home for the holidays. He went the next weekend and his mother expressed concern at how he looked. Harry told her about the restructuring and told her not to worry as things would shake themselves out real soon. She nodded and then with a smile said, "You know, you can always come home."

He thought about that as he drove back to his own place. Stopping at a gas 'n' go place late that night, he saw the four prom and two thick bridal guides in the magazine rack when he went in to pay for his gas.

Except for one customer at the counter, the store was empty so he browsed for a little bit until she left and then rapidly picked up the six magazines and carried them to the front counter. The bleary-eyed clerk rang them up quickly with his gas purchase and Harry paid the bill. He put the magazines in the trunk and drove the rest of the way home. He was tired when he arrived home so he put the magazines on the table, took a shower and went to bed.

It was a hellish week with a lot of year-end statements to get ready for. Harry read one magazine each night and added a few websites to his list. He began to get headaches about halfway through the day. Aspirin and massaging his temples helped some but relaxing at home with his magazines was better.

With the bridal guide in his lap, Harry closed his eyes and saw himself in that gorgeous white gown.

"Play with the dress a little more, Linda," said the photographer.

Harry liked being called Linda. He smiled as he grabbed his skirts and swished them around a little. He twirled around and smiled at the camera as the flashes went off, then hiked the dress up to reveal the garter.

"Done!" said the photographer. "Next dress!"

Harry stepped off the small stage and the photographer's assistant helped him out of the dress. He touched up his lipstick and she helped him into the next dress. She zipped him up and he went back to the front where the photographer was waiting.

Opening his eyes again, Harry shut the magazine. He paged through one of the prom guides. The girls all looked so happy. They were smiling at him as if they were inviting him to join them. He closed his eyes and walked toward the three girls.

Wearing a powder blue gown and over-the-elbow gloves, Harry walked confidently in his matching four-inch heel blue pumps. Standing between two of the girls, he smiled as the picture was taken. As they changed dresses, Harry felt like he was in a dream world. He wore a bright yellow sheath and matching pumps for the next shot. The girls were wearing shorter spaghetti strap dresses in pink, orange and mint green. Standing close to them, he felt very comfortable as the sweet smell of their perfume surrounded him.

Harry opened his eyes and closed the magazine. He placed all the magazines in a plastic bag and put the bag in the garbage. Putting his face in his hands, Harry knew he was

getting to a breaking point. He couldn't take much more of this. He had to do something. Talking to somebody wasn't going to help. In a few years, he would be forty. Then it would be too late, if it wasn't too late already.

Money was all it took. He worked in a bank. The vault contents could keep him comfortable for many years, many times over. He knew the armored truck delivery schedule. He wasn't as stupid as those punks from a couple of years ago who discovered on that particular day the truck held 3,200 pounds of quarters, dimes, nickels and pennies. They took off but were caught a short time later. He would take only the bundles of used bills. A duffel bag full should be enough. He thought about getting a passport but decided not to. He had never been overseas and the heat of Mexico didn't appeal to him.

There was plenty of money in the vault. Embezzlement would be too time-consuming and he still had to get the cash out of the bank. It would be better to just walk into the vault and take it at gunpoint. Where would he go? How would he disguise himself? He needed a hiding place, a getaway car and lots of things he hadn't even thought of yet.

It wasn't going to be like in the movies where somehow they had all the right gear, disguises, vehicles, etc. and could get away with it. He got a yellow pad and pen from the desk and sat back down on the couch. A plan is what he needed, a good clear, concise plan. The right day to hit the bank or truck, a waiting vehicle, an escape route, a disguise, a place to hideout, a new identity. God, there were a million things for him to think about.

For the next several months, Harry kept a log of truck deliveries, who worked where and when. Without being chummy, he talked briefly with the guards. Sometimes there were two guards, sometimes only one. He abandoned the idea of taking money from the vault. If he did get caught, at least he wasn't stealing from his employer.

He bought a kit from a theatrical supply store. It contained a variety of beards, mustaches, noses and two pair of glasses with thin glass lenses. In front of the mirror he experimented with different looks. Spreading a map on the kitchen table, he found several routes leading out of town. He figured to go west.

A stolen car was out of the question so he decided to use his own. If he took his vacation all at once, then used a disguise to rob the truck, they wouldn't know it was him. He would park his car a block away, stripping off his disguise as he ran, then toss the bag in the trunk. He would drive home and lay low for awhile. He would have two weeks to see how things would go.

He was certain he could find some unsavory people who would help him get a different driver's license and clear title to his car in his new name for a fistful of quick cash. But how would he find people like that? How could you trust them? How could you trust anybody like that?

It was better to stash the money and come back to work in two weeks as if nothing had happened. That way, no one would be the wiser. In a few months, he would resign and just disappear. Mexico might be a good idea after all. Even if it was hot there, he could live well while under going his transition. No doubt the hormones and the surgical expenses would be cheaper as well.

India or Thailand also offered cheap surgeries and living costs but that would require a passport and he wasn't so sure about that. Leaving the country involved more risk than he thought he should take. Harry decided to apply for the passport anyway, just in case.

As the months dragged by, the work became more arduous. His headaches got worse. He went to a local pistol range and shot up about half the box of shells. He was surprised how much recoil the small gun had. He was a little shaky at first but managed to get most of the shots near the bull's eye. Back at home, Harry cleaned his pistol and put it back in the closet. He wondered if he would actually be able to fire it to defend himself or commit a robbery.

One evening after a particularly rough day, Harry stopped at the library. There were several people sitting there reading magazines so he picked up the local paper and walked over to the stuffed chair he usually sat in. Directly behind his chair was a new painting on the wall. The small light above it illuminated the picture quite well against the dark wall.



Harry stared at the picture for a few minutes before sitting down. There were four women seated at a table in a gazebo. They were all wearing long-sleeved, floor-length dresses and big floppy hats of the early Twenties. Each woman held a tea cup in one hand and a saucer in the other. On the table in front of each woman was a piece of cake on a small plate with a fork next to it. The women were all smiling as they sipped their tea.

Harry turned around and sat down. He read for a few minutes, then closed his eyes. Those were beautiful dresses they were wearing and so were their hats, tied under their chins in a big bow. The chiffon gloves lay on one side of their plates and their dainty purses on the other. Their parasols were collapsed and leaned against the sides of their chairs. He wanted to be one of those beautiful women.

"Exhale now please, madam," said the woman behind him.

Harry opened his eyes and looked at himself. He was wearing a pink corset, pink bloomers, and pink stockings. He blew all the air out of his lungs and the woman behind him placed her knee in the small of his back as she pulled the corset lacings as tight as she could.

"There. That's perfect. Gentlemen love a lady with a small waist, you know,"

She helped him into the petticoats and then the dress. After she fastened all the back buttons, she placed the shoes at his feet and he stepped into them. She buckled the straps, then placed the big hat on the top of his head. After tying the straps under his chin, she handed Harry the parasol. He slipped his purse over his left arm and after putting on his gloves, took the parasol from her.

"Have a wonderful afternoon tea party, madam," she said

"Thank you, Grace, I will," replied Harry.

He picked up his skirts and headed for the door. Despite the confines of the corset, he felt very feminine, very womanly in his long-sleeved, floor-length dress. At the top of the stairs, he gripped the banister with one hand and his skirts in the other. In ladylike fashion, he walked down to the front door. The butler opened the front door.

"Have a good afternoon, madam," he said.

"Thank you, Jarvis, I will," replied Harry

Harry walked to the carriage where the doorman opened the carriage door. He picked up his skirts and sat down inside. A short time later, he exited the carriage.

Opening the parasol, he walked to the front of the mansion where another butler opened the door and led Harry through the house to the gazebo outside. He sat down at the table with the other three women who were smiling up at him.

"It's so good to see you again, Lucille," she said to him

"It's good to be here with you," Harry answered as he collapsed his parasol and set it aside. He took off his gloves and set them next to the plate. Putting his purse on the other side, Harry picked up his cup and saucer and in ladylike fashion sipped some of the tea, keeping the pinkie finger of his right hand, extended as a lady of the times should.

The lady next to him on his left smiled and said:

"Excuse me, sir, but the library closes at eight o'clock."

Harry opened his eyes and put the newspaper down.

"I'm sorry, I guess I lost track of time," said Harry.

Harry put the paper back in the rack. He glanced at the picture one last time as he left the library. He wished he could be in that picture. A warm summer afternoon, sipping tea with his lady friends, decked out in his feminine finery, was better than a chilly day in an air conditioned office with somebody breathing down his neck.

He drove home and that night he dreamed of another time and the pleasant life that those women must have. He ached for the touch of those bloomers and the soft material of

the dress. If he were one of them, life would be oh so perfect. They hadn't a care in their safe and secure little world. A wonderful life, one he knew he might never have.

More work and more work. There seemed to be less time for even the mundane things like laundry and house cleaning. He dug out the yellow sheets before going to bed and reviewed what he had written so far. If his timing was precisely right and everything went according to his plan, he just might be able to get away with it. He was running out of time and he knew he had to come up with something very soon or he really was going to lose it. A life on the run would be difficult but compared to the stress at work and what he was going through with his feelings, it would probably be a breeze.

He looked at road maps of several western states. Nevada would be the best. There were lots of tourists and transients. He could get lost in the crowds of gamblers and vacationers. He would be just another face in the crowd. There were plenty of cosmetic surgeons there, too. He could get a new face, a more feminine face to begin his transition.

He needed a new ID and that part had him stumped. It wasn't like going to a store to find a rack of blank ID cards between the phone cards and the batteries. Harry continued to work and craft a plan, leaving some of the unresolved things like his ID for later.

The search engine brought up some interesting things when he typed in "Getting a False ID." He wondered how he could trust the websites with getting him what he wanted. If they were indeed bogus and just took his money, who would he complain too? If they were a front for the cops, he would be arrested and would lose his job. Then he would have real trouble. No job, no money and worst of all, no way out of his situation.

He typed in the address to a Dom website. The Dom had Harry strung up spread eagle. She was standing in front of him, her red nails pinching his face as she gripped him hard, and explained that he was now her slave.

She proceeded to have his body shaved. His nails were painted bright red. His face was overly made-up with bright red lipstick, overly rouged cheeks, long black eyelashes and dark eyeshadow.

Next she dressed him in a red satin bra, panty and garter belt. Fishnet stockings, a red satin short sleeve top, black leather microskirt and knee-high red patent leather six-inch spike heel boots completed his ensemble.

She held a spray bottle of perfume under his nose and when he shrank back from the horribly cheap smell, she sprayed him liberally behind his ears, on his neck and bare arms until he reeked. Placing a blond wig on his head, she pinned a large red satin sissy bow to the top and smiled at him

"There we are, my sweet little sissy slut! Now let's take you downtown and have you earn your keep!"

She hung a small black purse with a gold chain over Harry's shoulder. He walked ahead of her, wobbling slightly, to the door. The spike heel boots were a little tight and he had never worn six-inch heels before. The red satin panties felt good against his skin. His microskirt made him feel vulnerable and he walked slowly, keeping his legs together, like a woman would.

The Dom held open the limo door and Harry got in and sat down, the microskirt riding up to reveal his garters. A half-hour later, she opened the door and helped him out. The street was very dark and they walked to a nightclub on the corner.

Once inside, the Dom took him straight to the bar. She ordered him a Pink Lady and a brandy for herself. Two women at the end of the bar were laughing as they looked in his direction. One of them came over and gave the Dom some money.

“Come with me, honey,” she cackled.

She grabbed Harry’s hand and began pulling him in the direction of the back room. Harry followed her to the back room. It was darker than the bar. The woman was strong as she pulled up the skirt and felt his crotch.

“Hmmm!” she exclaimed. “No wonder she turned you into a sissy slut. You certainly haven’t got anything down there a real woman would be interested in!”

She took off her jeans and cotton briefs. Spreading her legs, she grabbed his shoulders.

“On your knees, sissy slut. Let’s see if that tongue of yours is all it is cracked up to be!” she sneered.

Locking her fingers around the back of Harry’s neck, she pulled him into her crotch. Harry resisted and looked up at her with pleading eyes as if to say “I am a lady, not a whore.” She slapped him hard across the face with her right hand, then again with her left. She pulled him forward again and he opened his mouth.

Harry opened his eyes. He was hard so he exited the website and signed off the Internet. He went into the bathroom and stood over the toilet. In his mind, he saw the Dom and the sissy whore. Stroking himself slowly, he ejaculated into the toilet. After showering, he went to bed. He dreamed of sitting in the gazebo again but the Dom showed up and told the other women she had work for him to do. They all blushed as the Dom handcuffed Harry and led him away.

When Harry got up the next morning, he looked in the mirror, half expecting to see the sissy slut with smeared lipstick and tousled wig. He showered and shaved but still felt tired, almost as if he hadn’t slept at all.

He stayed off the Internet for awhile. The dreams continued to haunt him. Sometimes he was in formal apparel, other times in business suits, but always with spike heels, of course. He was becoming increasingly despondent over his situation. There was so many things he had to consider; he had to be sure his plan worked because once it was initiated, he could not turn back.

With the warm weather, Harry spent more time outdoors. He liked seeing the women in their bathing suits at the beach, though he didn’t go there often. In his mind, he was wearing a pink strapless suit with a bit of a skirt. His pink hat protected his girlie face from the ravages of the sun. He spread lotion over his silky smooth legs and smiled at his pink toenails. He opened his eyes and got up from the bench overlooking the beach at the city park.

Driving home, he wished he had worn the shirt dress. The warm breeze would blow up the skirt as he walked barefoot on the grass. His pink bra and panties felt so good

against his skin. He wanted to pull up his dress and show everyone how feminine he looked. Back at home, he thought about surfing the net but decided not to.

God! He needed to do something fast. He went over the yellow sheets. He had several plans for the hit and the getaway. He decided the Monday pickup would be the most lucrative. The armored truck would make a stop at the department store two blocks away before coming to the bank. He would hit it then. He would put in for vacation time for that week and the next. He would resign two weeks after he got back.

At a different theatrical supply store, he purchased an Afro wig and mask as well as a pair of latex gloves that matched the color of the mask. From the local thrift store he bought a worn dark blue hooded sweatshirt. In front of the mirror at home, he put the items on. He did look like a black man. He only had to fool the guard for a few minutes. He took off the disguise and put the stuff back in the closet.

With the city map spread out on the kitchen table, Harry looked at the distance between the department store across the street and the rear of the bank. There was an alley next to the store; if he parked at the far end of it, jogged down the alley and surprised the guard at the other end, then hightailed it back to his car, it would only take about two to three minutes. The Monday after the weekend would have a large amount of cash in the truck. He would fill a medium size duffel bag quickly and then be off.

Watson's department store was the last of the downtown department stores when others had vacated to go to one of the malls. In conversation with the guard one day, Harry learned they didn't use dye packs or a GPS device like the banks did. The guard shook his head. "Crazy old coot," he said, speaking of the owner, Joshua Brandanson.

Following the hit, Harry would drive away quickly, ripping off his disguise as he drove. He would put the disguise and gun in a plastic bag and toss it out the window as he drove north over the bridge. He would leave the bag in his storage unit, go home and wait out the rest of his two weeks' vacation.

After several weeks back at work, he would turn in his notice and then head for Nevada. *Perfect*, he thought. He put his plan outline and the folded map away. There might be revisions he would want to make, like an author revising his manuscript. This *had* to work because his life depended on it. Wishing for the life he wanted was never going to work.

Harry found it hard to concentrate at work. The hit occupied his mind too much. On his lunch time, he would make notes to himself. Several nights a week, he would go over what he had written. In his mind, he would visualize the entire sequence of events. Everything down to the last detail had to be absolutely perfect. Prison was not an option. He would not survive there; even death was better than that.

Sitting in front of his computer, he massaged his temples again. The headache subsided somewhat and he looked at the image in front of him.

The Dom had him in white foundation garments, white stockings, and six inch white leather pumps. She was dressed in a black leather pantsuit, white shirt, black leather bow tie, and highly polished black leather flat sole boots. A white carnation adorned her lapel.

Pressing the tube of pink lipstick to his mouth, she filled in his lips with the creamy smooth makeup that matched his pink nails. In the next picture, she helped him into the petticoats and petti-slip, then the magnificent white satin gown. After attaching the veil to the top of his wig, she stepped back with a grin.

“Now, my pretty sissy bride, in just one short hour we will be married. For the rest of your life, I will own you! You will be my sissy maid, sissy model for my Internet site and my sissy whore to earn your keep. Now, doesn’t that make you deliriously happy?” she asked with an intimidating glare as she stood eyeball to eyeball with him.

“Why yes, of course, Mistress Constance. I can hardly wait for the ceremony to begin,” Harry answered.

He blinked once and looked at the screen again. The sissy bride was in his bridal lingerie and on his knees. The bouquet was on the vanity. The naked Dom was standing over him, her fingers around the back of his neck, about to force his face into her crotch.

Harry signed off the net. He rubbed his eyes and massaged his temples again. He took two aspirin and saw the bottle was almost empty. *Not much longer, thought Harry, just a little while and I will be a free man. Money can get you anything, wishing won’t.*

In his mind, he saw himself at one of the casinos. He was wearing a pink peasant blouse, denim miniskirt and four-inch high wedge heel sandals. Playing video poker, he squealed with girlish delight as he won five hundred dollars. Opening his eyes, he focused them on the confines of the two-bedroom duplex.

Nothing could give him greater pleasure right now than to walk out the door and be gone forever. Like a puff of smoke in the wind, he would be invisible for eternity, a swirling nothingness, never to be seen or heard from again.

He went over his yellow sheets again and made out a final plan. He shredded the rest of the papers and dumped the clippings in the garbage. He had to pick a date and soon. The pressure was mounting and he was running out of time. He could no longer put this off any longer or revise his plan any more. It had come to now or never. *Piss or get off the pot, Harry, he thought.*

The newspaper headline that night read “Watson’s Department Store To Close.” After reading the article, Harry found a full page advertisement announcing their Going Out Of Business sale. Sunday, August 14 would be the last day. That meant the last armored truck pick-up would be the next day.

He had to move fast. Hopefully, his vacation request would be approved. His temples throbbed again and he continued to massage them.

The Fourth of July holidays came and went. It would be six more weeks until he would rob the truck. His vacation had been approved and everything else was ready. He began to dispose of most of the things he wouldn’t need anymore. He didn’t buy any more groceries, preferring to eat out. He discontinued his Internet service and sold his computer. The small CD player and his TV set were quite old anyway, so he sold them.

In the evenings, he would read and re-read his plan to be certain he had thought of all the details. There was no margin for error here. It was either all or nothing. He decided to

make a dry run to check on his timing. He would come to work at one PM on Monday so he could make the dry run in the morning with no problem.

He parked a half block from the far end of the alley and put on his Afro disguise, hooded sweatshirt and big sunglasses. After the truck pulled in the alley, he waited a few minutes before getting out of the car. He opened the trunk of the car and removed the duffel bag. He pulled the trunk lid almost all the way down and hooked it with a short length of stretchy cord.

Slinging the bag over his shoulder and flipping the hood of his sweatshirt up over his head, he jogged down the alley. His heart was pounding as he passed the truck. The guard had just left the building and had a large sack in each hand. He was by himself and no store employee was with him.

Harry continued down the alley, then ducked between two buildings. He emerged on the side street and jogged up to his car. He opened the trunk and tossed the bag in. He got in and drove off. As he passed the alley, the armored truck was at the other end waiting for the traffic to clear so it could pull out and make a stop at his bank on the next block.

He made a quick left at the next intersection, then a right onto the main street. In the rear view, he saw the truck was turning right off the main street to go to the rear of the bank. He pulled off his disguise and placed the wig, mask and gloves on the seat as he drove north of town.

At the bridge, he pushed the button to lower the passenger side window and, after looking in the rear view mirror, he made believe he was tossing the bag with the gun and his disguise out the window. Checking his watch, he continued north until the turn off to the storage area.

He entered the storage complex and found his number. He got out and opened the trunk. He picked up the bag, then unlocked the door, tossing the bag inside. Looking at his watch, he saw he was on time. There had been no problems. He put the bag back in the trunk, locked the door and drove home, checking his watch again when he arrived.

Everything had gone off without a hitch. He put an ad in the paper for the gun so when he disposed of it, he could say it had been sold. It would be another three weeks before he would do this for real. The next Monday, he went in early but the following Monday, he didn't go in until one so he went through the dry run again. His pulse wasn't racing quite so fast this time. The guard hadn't even looked in his direction. Once more, he was on time and there had been no glitches. One more week to go and it would be D-Day.

He was still debating how long he should work after the job. He had to make it look good. If he resigned too quickly, he might arouse suspicion. If he waited too long, he was afraid the job would kill him.

He settled on one month after the job, then put his two weeks' notice in. When he left work that Friday, he felt a great sense of relief. He had cashed a check several days earlier that nearly cleaned out his checking account.

"I'm headed for the casino," he said as he laughed nervously.

The weekend dragged on. It seemed like it would never end. On Saturday, he lost three hundred dollars at the casino and went home. He got several calls about his gun. The Sun-

day paper advertised the last day of the Going Out Of Business sale. Harry was sure there would be a sizable take. *There better be*, he thought, a man's life was at stake here. It would be a great tragedy if he wound up with only thirty or forty grand.

Sunday evening, he went to the health club and really pushed himself. In addition, he had jogged several miles further that afternoon. He pushed himself hard so he would be really tired that night and get to sleep in a hurry.

He awoke before the alarm went off, feeling refreshed. D-Day was here. It was time to hit the beach.

Harry placed everything in the plastic bag and then poked a small hole in the bottom to hasten its sinking when he tossed it in the river. He put on his hooded sweatshirt, shoved the revolver in the right pocket and, with bag in hand, he went out to his car.

Harry drove slowly in the midmorning traffic. Last thing he needed right now was a fender bender to screw the whole thing up. After parking his car, he looked around, then checked his watch. He put on his disguise and got out of the car. He got the bag out of the trunk and left the lid open slightly. Slinging the bag over his shoulder, he began to jog towards the alley.

The pistol felt heavy in his pocket. His pulse was racing as he turned down the alley. He was just about even with the truck when the guard emerged from the back of the store carrying two large bags, one in each hand. Harry jogged slightly past him and when the guard's back was turned, Harry veered around and ran right at him. He pulled the pistol out and jammed it in the guard's neck as he tossed the duffel bag in front of him.

"Put the bags in this!" screamed Harry as he pulled the guard's gun from its holster.

The guard worked quickly, then zipped the bag closed.

"Get down on the floor!" screamed Harry again.

The guard followed his orders as Harry grabbed the bag. It was heavier than he expected as he slung it over his shoulder. He slammed the doors shut and tossed the guard's gun on the roof of the truck as he ran back down the alley.

At the street, he never looked back but kept running to his car. The street was deserted as he put the bag in the trunk and got in. He made a left at the stop sign, a right at the next and headed north out of town.

As he neared the bridge, a pickup truck was close behind him. He pulled over to the curb to let it pass, then ripped off the mask and gloves. Along with the gun, the half box of shells and the sunglasses, he put them in the bag and tied it off. He pulled back into the street and headed across the bridge.

Halfway across, there was no traffic behind him or coming at him so lowered the window and swung to the right. He flung the bag as hard as he could and watched with horror as it hit the railing, bounced once, then fell off to the river below.

He heard the sirens as he continued to the storage complex. After ditching the two money bags, he drove home. Looking at his watch, he couldn't believe he had actually pulled it off. At noon, he turned on the TV and the local radio station to listen to the news of the robbery.

The reporter stated that an “undetermined amount of cash” had been taken and that store officials had declined to comment. Harry was sure his take would be larger than he originally thought judging by the weight of the bags. For supper, he ordered a pizza delivered and ate about half of it. He was finding it difficult to relax. He straightened up the duplex and did a load of laundry. Later that night, he thought about what he had done. Trying to think of anything he had overlooked, he came up empty.

It was a long week. Essentially, he had nothing to do, though he did make several trips to the casino and lost half of what he had taken out of his checking account. He kept monitoring the news but the only report was that “authorities were continuing their investigation.” The newspaper had a front page drawing of a black man, in a hooded sweatshirt, with large sunglasses. This should have made him feel better, but it didn’t.

He wanted to wait another week before going out to the storage area to open the bags. At the health club, there was the expected gossip about the robbery, how much was taken, inner city gangs, etc. He continued to work out several nights a week and jog as well.

With the start of his second week of vacation, he placed the hooded sweatshirt, the duffel bag with his sunglasses and the box of disguises in it at the bottom of the garbage bag. He piled the week's regular garbage as well as some other junk on top of it. The next morning, he wheeled the empty cart back to the rear of the duplex. He felt more relieved now that everything he had used in the robbery was gone. Nothing could be traced back to him. The hard part was over. Now the second part of his plan could be put into motion.

Harry went back to work. Everything seemed to be normal. He was nervous, but once he got busy, the butterflies left him. Another week went by and there were no more news reports about the robbery so he decided to go to the storage complex after work Friday night.

The butterflies returned Friday night. He ate a big salad for supper; two hours later, he went to the health club to work out a little. After showering, he dressed and headed to the storage complex. It was just getting dark and there were a lot of pick-up trucks towing boats headed north. He turned off the main highway and parked near his number. He got out of the car and looked around, then unlocked the door.

The bags were sitting exactly where he had dumped them. Cautiously, he pushed the bags apart with his foot and rolled them over. He felt one of them and found it was some type of wire mesh bag, sealed along the top with a numbered green tag. He didn’t want to touch anything just yet. After locking the door, Harry drove home but he couldn’t stop thinking about the contents of those two bags.

Harry waited another week. On Saturday morning, he put several plastic grocery bags in the trunk. He purchased a pair of mid-length rubber gloves and a coverall at a box store. Then he rented a rechargeable saws-all.

At the storage area, he unlocked the door and looked at the two large bags. They were in the same position as when he left. Nothing appeared to have been tampered with. He walked back to the trunk, looking around as he did so. Nobody else was around. He picked up the plastic bags, gloves, coverall and saws-all.

Inside the storage area, he walked to the rear, put on the coverall and the gloves. He tested the saws-all. The blade jumped around quite a bit and he wondered if he could hold

it steady enough to cut the bags open. He put the saw and the plastic bags aside. With both hands, he scooped out a depression in the sand, piling the sand in front of his knees. If he did hit a dye pack, it would splatter on the coveralls and his gloves, not on his clothes. He went back to the front, picked up one of the bags and set it down in the depression. He decided to make a cut across the bottom of the bag, then length-wise to the top.

Harry squeezed the trigger and placed the blade on the bag. It was tough going but he managed to cut a slash along the bottom. He stopped cutting. Carefully, he opened the cut with both hands and removed one of the bundles of cash. After looking at it from arm's length and fanning the bills, he placed it in the plastic bag. He decided not to make the long cut and continued until the bag was empty, filling two of the plastic bags. *So far, so good, he thought, that's enough for today.*

He took off his gloves and coverall, leaving them on the ground. Picking up the plastic bags, he stopped at the entrance. Nobody was around. He put the items in the trunk and locked the storage door. He took a different route home. After supper that night, Harry took the bags downstairs to the basement. He put newspapers on the basement floor and put on a pair of latex gloves.

He dumped the money on the floor and examined each bundle again. There were ten bundles of hundred dollar bills. He cut one bundle open and counted out fifty hundreds. That was fifty thousand dollars. The other ten bundles were fifty dollar bills. He counted out one stack to find it contained fifty fifties per stack. Twenty-five thousand in fifties brought the total to seventy-five thousand dollars. He placed the money back into the plastic bags and put them in the dryer. He pulled off his gloves, wrapped them up in the newspaper and put the newspaper in the garbage. That night, he went out and had a steak dinner.

Sunday afternoon, he returned to the storage area. He brought two more plastic bags with him. After putting on the gloves and the coveralls, he scooped out the depression a little deeper and placed the remaining bag inside. He cut open the bottom again and found the bundles were pretty tightly packed so he made another cut length-wise. After finishing the long cut, he put the saw aside and examined the bundles inside. They appeared to be all bundles of twenties and tens. He removed fifteen bundles of twenties and placed them in one of the plastic bags. He put ten bundles of tens in the other bag.

He placed the empty mesh bags in the hole, filled it up and smoothed it over. After he took off his gloves and coveralls, he put them in the trunk with the saw and the plastic bags of money. He locked the storage door and sat in his car for a few minutes until his pulse returned to normal.

Back at home, he spread newspaper on the basement floor again; after donning a pair of disposable gloves, he dumped the contents of the first bag on the floor. He examined each bundle again, then cut one open and counted out a hundred twenties. Thirty-thousand dollars plus ten thousand dollars in tens added up to a grand total of one hundred and fifteen thousand dollars. He placed the two bags in the dryer with the rest of the

money. Again, he wrapped his gloves in the newspaper and threw the paper in the garbage. This time his supper was the lobster plate and it tasted better than anything he had ever eaten in his life.

That night in bed, he thought to himself, "I won. I did it. I will now have the life I have dreamed of. No more misery. No more wishing. I will have my wish." He closed his eyes and dreamed of the white satin wedding dress again. On each side of him were two bridesmaids in royal blue satin sheaths with matching dyeable four-inch heel pumps. They all smiled as their pictures were taken.

In the morning, he added the coveralls and rubber gloves to the trash. He dropped off the rented saws-all on the way to work. The only thing left from the robbery was the money.

Another two weeks went by and Harry was getting nervous. He was apprehensive about resigning. What if they asked a bunch of questions? He wanted to just get up and leave but he knew he couldn't do that. Friday, he got a call at work. His mom had suffered a stroke, not a severe one but she would be hospitalized for awhile. He left work and drove to his parents' house.

At the hospital, he learned she would be OK, but it would require time. She could go home in about a week. Harry called the bank. His supervisor was on the phone but his secretary took the call. She confirmed the reports he had been working on had been finished, then asked Harry:

"Were you in an accident?"

"No," Harry replied. "Why do you ask?"

"There was a detective here asking about your car and I was just wondering,"

"It's probably a mistake," soothed Harry. "I'll check back with them when I return on Monday,"

Harry hung up the phone and immediately got a drink of water for his dry mouth. His pulse was racing. In his mind, he went over everything again. He was now worried that he had missed something.

He drove back to the duplex. After driving by the house once and not seeing any vehicles, he didn't recognize he parked in his garage. Immediately, he went down to the basement and checked the dryer. All the bags were there. He went upstairs and looked at everything. In the bedroom, he opened all the drawers and saw that nothing had been touched. What in the world had brought them to the bank? He had to go to work in the morning. Maybe he should hide the money somewhere else. If he was caught, he would have it when he got out. After a hot shower, he went to bed but didn't fall asleep until after two AM.

The next day, he reported for work. He had originally planned to resign that day but decided to wait one more week. The detective came around after he got back from lunch. Harry's heart was pounding like a big bass drum as he confirmed the car's year, make and model as well as the fact that he had been home all day. The detective seemed satisfied and left.

Harry wiped his palms on his pants and tried to concentrate on his work. The cops were checking out all the brown cars like his. There had to be a lot of them in a city of this size, he thought. He hoped that would be the last he would see of the detective.

That night he thought again about moving the money to a different place. It had to be somewhere with easy access and climate controlled so the money wouldn't deteriorate. He couldn't rent a safety deposit box if he was leaving the bank. That night he looked through the Yellow Pages to find a private box rental company.

He did not sleep well. In a few days, he would have to resign. Would his boss tell the detective? Would they come search his house? If they had reason to believe it was him, why didn't they talk to him or come to the house sooner? He closed his eyes. Maybe he should have left well enough alone, he thought.

The following Monday, he turned in his notice, saying that he was going to change careers and do something else with his life. Everyone seemed surprised but they wished him well. He continued to work out at the health club and carry on as usual. As he walked out the door on his last day, Harry felt better than he had ever felt in his life.

For the first few days, he didn't do much of anything. He didn't even go near the money. He got his last deposit slip showing his last paycheck and also his 401K check with a warning that this was taxable income. Harry chuckled over that. He cashed a check several days later at the drive-through, leaving just a little money in his account.

The newcomer's guides to several Nevada cities came and he read them over carefully. There were several schools in the area he was interested in. Massage therapist and makeup artist were the two fields he thought might be the best for him. He thought about whether he should transition first and then attend school or vice-versa.

He kept thinking about the money, too. A rented box would be too dangerous and he didn't want to keep it at the house any longer. He certainly wasn't going to travel with it either. Maybe he should box it up and ship it book rate to his motel in Nevada. What if the post office should lose it or what if a cover tore off and someone saw the bills inside. The "what ifs" were working on him again.

He was going to have to get things moving soon. He informed his landlord he was leaving and would be out of the duplex by the end of September. Thankfully, he no longer had a lease to contend with but that left him about thirty days to get ready to move. He decided not to do anything until after Labor Day weekend. Saturday as he sat reading a newspaper at the library, he closed his eyes briefly and sipped tea with the ladies in the picture.

That night on the news a local black leader complained bitterly about the rousting of several black youths in a recent police invasion of their home. Harry watched as the two youths were interviewed in front of their brown Honda, a car much like his. He felt his pulse elevate as he noticed the similarity between their car and his. The hooded sweatshirt and the sunglasses the taller one wore were almost identical to the ones he had used. He went to the refrigerator and poured the last of the red wine in his glass and tossed the empty bottle in the trash. *That was close*, he thought.

What if the police came back to see him again? Would the questioning be a little rougher? Would he crack under the strain and confess? Harry finished his wine. Tomor-

row he would make his reservations and hopefully be out of here before the end of the next week. Things were getting too close for comfort.

He missed his folders, his feminine clothes and his computer. That night in his dreams ,the Dom and her friends smiled gleefully at him as he curtsied in his pink satin sissy maid dress and proceeded to serve them their tea and cake. The pink leather five-inch stiletto heels had become quite comfortable.

He stood placidly by the Dom as she raised his skirts and petticoats to show the girls the bright pink nylon tricot panties with black elastic trim he was wearing. Their laughter was still echoing in his ears when he woke up.

Harry joined a travel club. He put the stickers on his car and the card in his wallet. His maps and trip itinerary would be coming in about three to five days, the agent said.

The duplex was almost empty now. He would sell what furniture he could and donate the rest to the mission thrift store. Everything else had been packed in boxes and all of it would fit in a U-Haul trailer. He would notify the utility companies and pick up the trailer the last Saturday of the month. After packing it, he would gas up the car and leave early Sunday morning.

He still wasn't sure what to do with the money yet. There was no way he was going to take it with him. He thought about leaving most of it in the storage place but he didn't want to leave it behind. Maybe he should mail it to himself. He had rented a motel room for a month so he was sure to get his mail. He closed his eyes again as the headache returned.

The days went by agonizingly slow. His health club membership was good to the end of the month so he spent some time there. He ate all his meals out now that everything was packed and ready to go.

He decided he would take the money with him and put it in a cardboard box. He stacked several boxes on top of it. If the landlord was showing the place and the prospective tenant happened to open the dryer, Harry didn't want his stash to be discovered.

He had less than two weeks left when the doorbell rang at two in the afternoon. Harry saw the detective at the front door. With his heart hammering in his chest, he opened the door.

"Please open your garage door, Harry. I want to take a second look at your car," asked the detective.

"Sure," answered Harry.

They walked to the garage door and Harry opened the door.

"You going on a trip?" asked the detective

"Yes. I am. Working here was getting to be hectic," answered Harry.

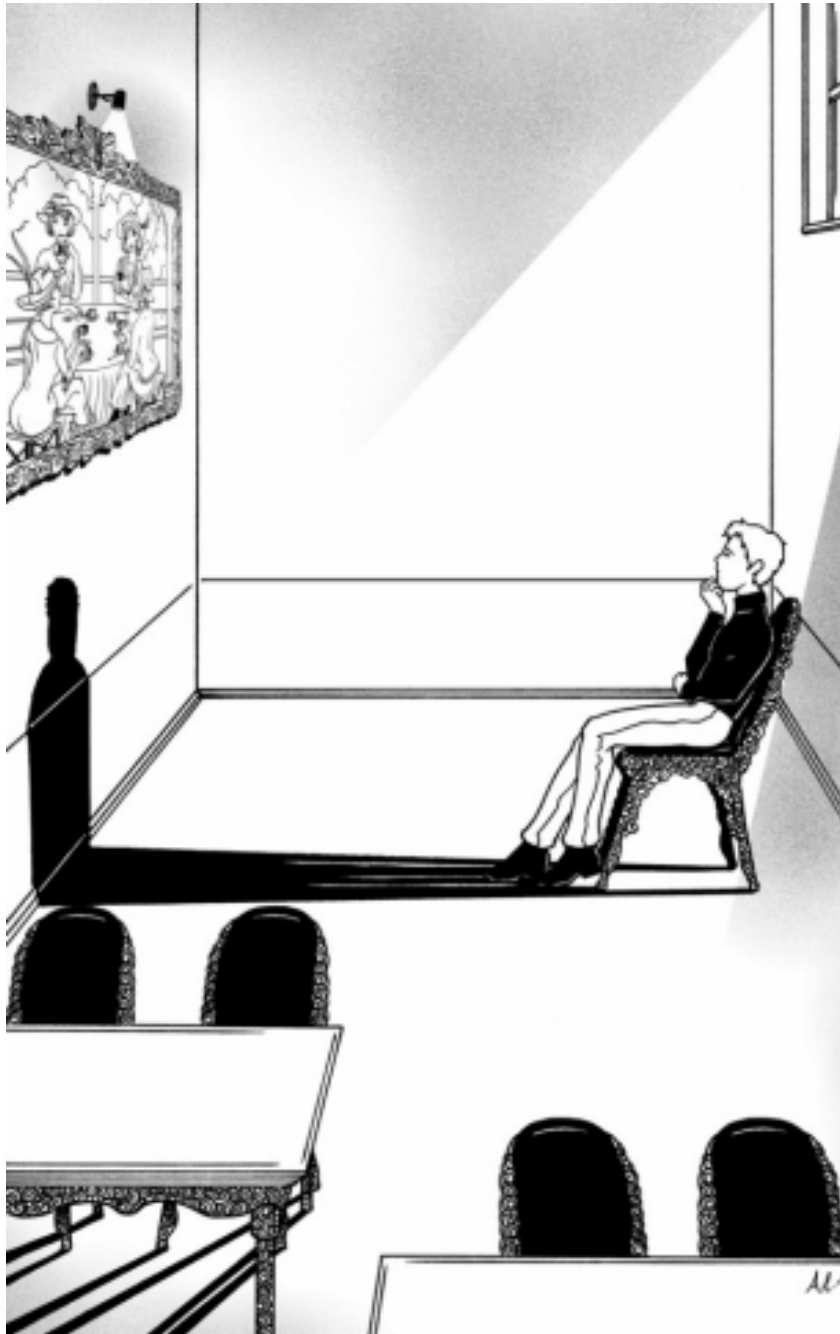
Harry was sweating despite the cool September day. He wiped his sweaty palms on his pants as the detective walked around the car. *He noticed the travel club sticker right away,* thought Harry. He wondered if he should tell him he had also resigned. But it was Wednesday afternoon. If he didn't know Harry had resigned, why had he come here instead of going to the bank? Harry had better be careful.

The detective seemed satisfied and left without asking him any further questions. Harry went back inside and drank a big glass of water. *What was the guy looking for?* he asked himself. He had to leave in eight days. His reservations were all set and he wanted to be on the road without arousing suspicion.

What exactly was this guy looking for? Harry sat down and racked his brain.

He closed his eyes and went over the hit again in his mind. Step-by-step, everything had gone according to plan. He had left nothing out. There had been no mistakes, no glitches, nothing. Why were they suspicious of him?

He got the Sunday morning paper. The fashion section had several nice pictures of women in business suits. He saw himself similarly dressed, standing before a jury giving



his summation. His foundation garments felt good as did the lacy camisole and half slip under his jacket and skirt. Finishing his summation, he walked back to the table, his high heels echoing in the silent courtroom. As he sat down, the feel of his sheer stockings against his legs and half slip made him smile. He was confident the jury would see things his way. Harry opened his eyes and finished reading the paper.

That afternoon, he went to the library. He sat under the picture and closed his eyes. He was having tea with friends on a warm summer afternoon. Nothing in the world could bother him there. He was safe in his feminine dream world. If only he could spend eternity there, happy, content, enjoying the feminine lifestyle every woman dreams of. Harry opened his eyes. It was closing time and he had to go home.

The last week, Harry kicked himself for not leaving earlier. The waiting was killing him. He should have left weeks ago. Only his paranoia

had kept him here this long. He backed his car out of the garage and he walked around it several times trying to find what the detective was looking for, but saw nothing.

He picked up his U-Haul trailer and spent Saturday getting everything packed away. The suitcase that had several changes of clothes and his shave kit, he put in the trunk. He started the car and checked the lights to see if everything was working OK.

The thrift store truck showed up and took the last of his furniture. He locked up and dropped the keys in the landlord's mail slot.

After checking in to his motel for the night, he took in a movie. He wished it was the next morning and he could get started on his way. *I should stop wishing*, he thought, *wishing never gets you anything*.

That night he watched some TV. Between moronic comedies, there was a beautiful young girl applying her company's latest lipstick. He watched her smooth it on and wished he could wear it too. *Maybe soon, like in a year or so*, he thought.

He closed his eyes and saw himself at the cosmetic kiosk, applying a sample of the product. He pressed his lips together and in the large mirror, Harry saw how good he looked. The lipstick matched his nail color, too. After making his purchase, Harry walked past the kiosk and into the store, looking for the lingerie department. There was a special sale on camisoles and half-slips he wanted to take advantage of.

Harry went to bed early but didn't fall asleep until after midnight. He checked out the next morning and got a cup of coffee. He would eat later when he got further down the road. He pulled out into traffic and headed east. The interstate was another ten miles or so. He looked around at the city for the last time.

In the side mirror, he saw a squad car pull out from a side street and come up behind him. Several blocks later the red lights came on and the siren whooped once.

Absolute panic gripped Harry. The money was in the trailer. He couldn't let them stop him now but he had no choice. He couldn't outrun the squad car pulling the trailer. Could there be something wrong with the trailer? He checked everything before he left. He continued for two more blocks.

Another squad car was approaching him from the opposite direction. Its lights came on as it got closer.

Harry ran an orange light at the next intersection and turned right. A minivan shot ahead into the intersection, cutting off the squad car ahead of him. He pulled to the curb, jumped out and ran up the street. His heart was pounding and he had no idea where he could run to.

At the next block, he turned right and headed for the library. He ran past the employee who had just unlocked the doors. Not all the lights were on yet as he slowed to a walk and headed for the magazine section. He sat down in the big chair under his favorite picture, now darkened by the unlit bulb.

Without looking up at the picture on the wall, he closed his eyes. "If there is a God, please put me in the picture," he wished with all his heart and soul. "Either kill me or let me live in the picture forever."

There was a sudden sharp pain in his chest. He felt a hot burning sensation on his feet and up his legs. He could smell smoke and when he opened his eyes, he saw an orange wall of fire in front of him. He opened his mouth to scream but nothing came out.

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EPILOGUE

The patrolman stood at the front of the desk.

“Did you see a middle aged white male, about 5’10” tall and 160 pounds come in here a few minutes ago?” he asked.

“No, I was back in the office. You might check with Audrey, she was working in the magazine section,”

The patrolman walked to the magazine section and saw a woman putting up a painting.

“Did you see a middle aged white male, about 5’10” tall and 160 pounds come in here a few minutes ago?” he asked again.

“No, I haven’t seen anybody come in since I changed the painting. We had a lot of complaints so we had to take this one down and replace it with the painting we had hanging here originally,” she answered.

The patrolman looked at the painting on the wall.

There were five women seated at a table in a gazebo. They were all wearing long-sleeved, floor-length dresses and big floppy hats of the early Twenties. Each woman held a tea cup in one hand and a saucer in the other. On the table in front of each woman was a piece of cake on a small plate with a fork next to it. The women were all smiling as they sipped their tea.

Those were beautiful dresses they were wearing and so were their hats, tied under their chins in a big bow. The chiffon gloves lay on one side of their plates and their dainty purses on the other. Their parasols were collapsed and leaned against the sides of their chairs.

The policeman's eyes were drawn to one of the women in particular. She was looking straight at him and had the biggest smile of all of them on her face. “I wonder what she's supposed to be smiling at,” the officer thought idly as he turned away from the painting. He had a job to do, after all. He needed to find Harry to ask him a few questions. Did Harry even realize he was driving on a flat tire?

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