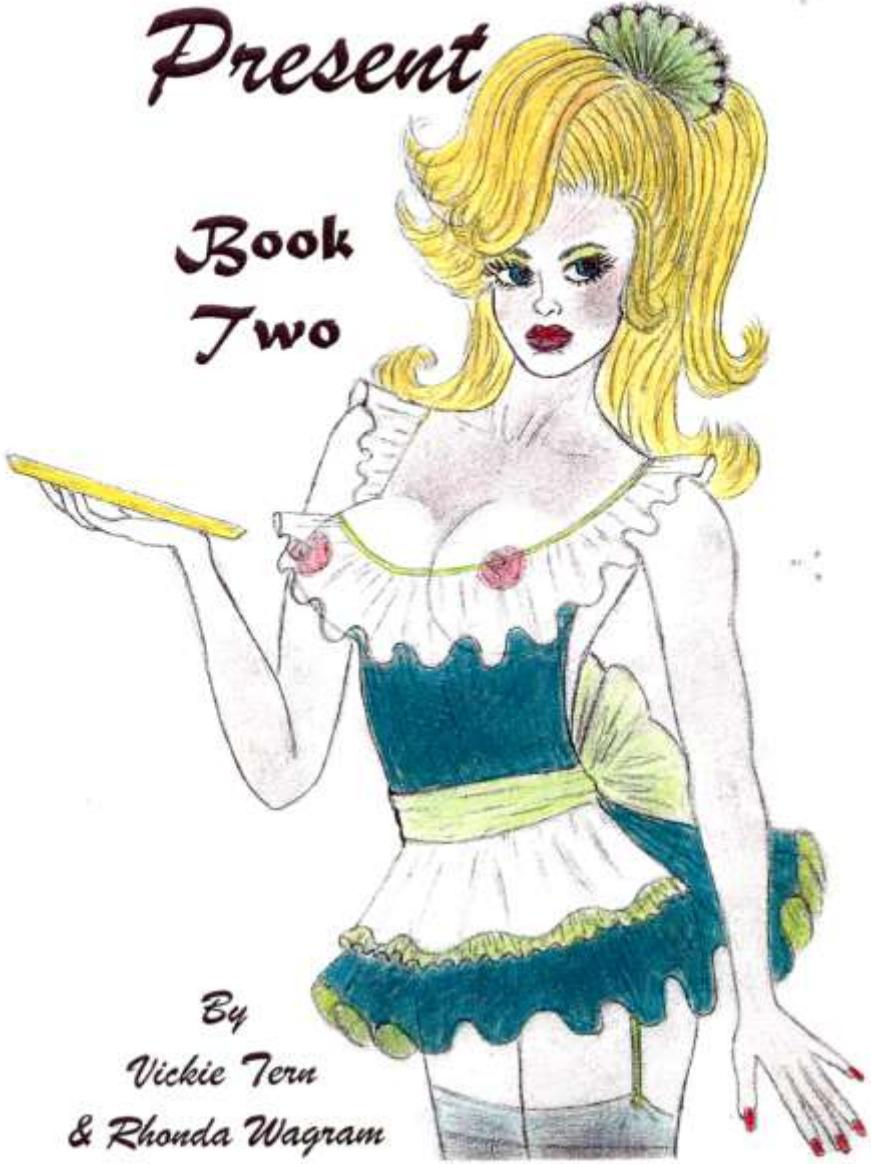


# The Birthday Present

Book  
Two



By  
Vickie Tern  
& Rhonda Wagram

***The Birthday Present***  
***Book 2***

**By Vickie Tern & Rhonda Wagram**

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**By “Z i z z l e”**

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### BOOK THREE

When Honey's experience with clerical work doesn't work out, Bea decides its time for a new name and a new profession.

Enter..., Prissy, the sexy French Maid.

Bea "lends Prissy out for the night" to perform her *services*.

After serving up some sexy main courses, Honey winds up on the desert menu.



## Chapter Six

### Make-Over

Two days later, a week before I was scheduled to begin my career as a receptionist, Bea commented that I had to do something with my voice. It was passable for an evening out, when I could speak in a soft near-whisper, but it wasn't really suited to answering phones and talking to customers. She talked it over with Kay, who suggested that I have a small operation on my throat. Apparently there was a method she called 'cricothyroid fusion,' by which the cricoid and thyroid cartilages are joined. Kay had a friend not far away who had done many such operations. According to her, the procedure was entirely reversible and its risks were negligible. It could be done without an overnight stay in a hospital.

Bea insisted that I at least see this doctor and get the full picture. Kay phoned him, and as luck would have it, an operation scheduled for that very afternoon had been canceled, and her friend was able to see us right away. Well, what can I say? Kay was as determined as Bea, and before I had time to think over the implications, I was in the OR. I can't say it was a pleasant experience, and I wouldn't want to do it again. But the results were fabulous. I was told not to try to speak for two days, until my voice came back, first croaking as if with a nasty laryngitis, but near the week-end I had a perfectly girlish soprano.

Bea was overjoyed. She finally agreed that accompanying the girls to the sex resort would put too much strain on my throat, and stopped trying to persuade me. I would stay at home. I was glad for that. I had plans of my own for the weekend. I wanted to be alone, to think over my situation and somehow devise a way to return to my old life without hurting Bea too much.

Friday morning Bea declared that she had booked us both for complete make-overs at the beauty salon - for herself to get ready for the week-end, and for me to get a new personal style suitable for my work.

We drove there together and were greeted effusively by Celeste, the owner. She remembered my first make-over two weeks earlier, and she looked at me with curious interest. "My but you've changed so much since I last saw you," she said. "I must say for the better. That figure is fabulous." She felt my waist. "I thought so, you're wearing a corset. Very nice, very nice indeed. Men must be swarming all over you, dear. Now what can I do for you ladies this

time?” She wasn’t in the least surprised I was still in skirts. Bea explained to her what she wanted for herself and then what in her opinion I needed for my new job.

“So you’ll be a working-girl from now on! I’m glad to hear that. A woman should have a job, not just be a home-maker. It gives her a much broader view of the world. We’ll make sure that you’ll be the prettiest girl in your office, dear.”

When she turned away to assign the girls to attend us, Bea turned to me and said, “Honey, I think you should inquire about permanent make-up. Find out how permanent it really is. You know, you aren’t yet very experienced doing makeup yourself. It’s going to take you a long time each morning to put your face on, and repairing it during the day may also be a problem. But what they call permanent makeup holds up for a few weeks, I think, and that would be perfect for you. Go, ask them, and think about having it done.”

Celeste returned with two of her girls. “Linda, dear, take care of Bea here,” she said. “You know her, and I’ll be with you in a second.” She then turned to me, while Bea and Linda disappeared into the depths of the salon. “Now Honey, let’s take care of you. I think I know exactly what you need. Bea told me you’re starting work as a receptionist? Okay, you should be a real ‘looker’, a knockout to anyone who glances at you even casually.”

“I think blonde is fine, but not enough. You’ll want a hair color that’s altogether unlike you, in case anyone who knows you wanders into your office. So I think we’ll make you a red-head. Giselle here will handle it all, she’s my best girl. First we strip all the color from your hair, and then build up the new color. I think a very light orange, almost metallic—yes that would look stunning on you. You’ll be the envy of all the other women there, and men will crawl at your feet just to have you smile at them. I’ll leave you in Giselle’s hands now. I’ll be back later to discuss your make-up style and colors.” And she was gone.

Giselle busied herself with my hair. Obviously nobody thought of asking my opinion. Well, whatever they do can be reversed and redone, I thought, so why not wait to see what they do. I took the opportunity to do what Bea had asked, “Giselle, I’m told you do permanent make-up here. Is that true?”

“Oh yes, we do,” Giselle replied, lifting swatches of my hair up, and examining each critically. “Or rather, Celeste does it herself, because it’s a little tricky’, and you have to have a very sure hand and

lots of experience. But it's getting increasingly popular with professional women who've made up their minds what they want to look like, who want to save time recreating it every morning. You know, it's not for young girls who change their look twice a day at least, or for models who have to change styles constantly. But if you've decided on your look, it saves tremendously on time and effort."

"How permanent is it really?" I continued. I realized it really might make things easier for me, so I became seriously interested.

"Oh don't believe what they say," Giselle advised me. "It's not that permanent. Not like a tattoo or anything. From what I've seen, the ladies come here for a touch up every few weeks. I think it completely disappears in about six weeks. You see, what it really does, it dyes the uppermost layer of skin. Just like wood stain, if you've ever worked with that. Well, this is similar. Skin renews itself at a certain rate all the time, and top layers are replaced all the time, and any color on them goes too. Now, it's different with different regions of skin. On the hands, it can wear away at once, but not on the skin around your eyes. You see what I mean?"

"So it'll hold up for two or three weeks on the face, right?"  
"Yeah, don't let them tell you otherwise. It's not really permanent. It has to be redone all the time."

I mulled over this information and decided that this so-called 'permanent' makeup was perfect for me. I'd maintain it while I was working with Pearl, and stop retouching it before quitting my job. I'd save a lot of time and effort. Yes, I decided, I'll tell Celeste to do it on me.

After a while, I was almost finished with the drier, and Celeste poked her head into our cubicle to ask if everything was to my satisfaction. "I'll be right with you to discuss your make-up. You know, I have to do it and at the same time show you how, so you'll learn to do it alone." Giselle finished her job and put a light scarf over my locks, still with rollers in them to let them cool down slowly. Celeste came back and started in. "Now what I think you need is a very careful day-makeup. It should almost look natural. So we'll go easy on the colors and focus on the eyes."

"Listen," I said. "Giselle told me all about your permanent make-up. Could you do that for me? I mean, I'm not very experienced, and I'm not sure I could recreate my look every day. So if it's possible, please make it permanent right now."

Celeste was impressed. “Well, Honey, what an interesting decision! I was afraid to suggest it, because permanent make-up is a major step towards permanent femininity, you know, and I wasn’t sure you’ve progressed that far yet in the way you think of yourself. But if that’s what you want, I’ll be delighted to do it.”

I didn’t want to tease her about the loose definition of ‘permanent’, and I really had all the information I needed. So she went to work and talked while she worked.

“Now with the eyeliner, we can be a little dramatic ... lighter on the bottom lid than the top, and a dark stripe above the lash line of your eyelid. So. I’ll use just a light brownish gray for eye-shadow, just enough to darken the area a bit. If you want a more dramatic effect for a night out, you can use any color you desire then...easy on the blusher too, just a hint of healthy rosy cheeks, here we go...now for the lipstick. I’ll use a rather bright pinkish red. It goes perfectly with the color of your hair and isn’t too dark to be covered with another, darker color if you so desire. You could even brighten it and give it a special mother-of-pearl effect if you covered it with a special white lipstick, you know, like girls did in the sixties all the time...Now for that special, sexy wet look, just rub a little Vaseline on like this, you see? Done! Do you want permanent eyelashes too? You know there’s a new process— we glue them to your own one on one. They won’t come off under any circumstances, unless the real ones fall out. They’re much thicker than natural lashes, so you don’t need mascara at all, and yet they look absolutely natural. You’d need a microscope to see they’re not real.”

I nodded for her to go ahead.

When she was done, she took the scarf off and started combing out my hair. “You see, a head full of curls does suit you best. The color is what makes it special, so we don’t want a very intricate hairdo too. Also, this style is easy for you to maintain— just brush it out, shake your head, and there it is. Almost as easy as when you were a man.”

That made me edgy. Why did she have to say ‘when I was a man’? Why in the past tense? I still was a man! I might not look like one now, exactly, but that was only temporary in spite of my ‘permanent’ make-up, so-called. ‘Permanent,’ what a fraud. What women settle for! But I didn’t want to discuss whether I was still a man with Celeste; it was strictly between Bea and me. She can believe what she wants, I decided. I couldn’t care less. She was just providing Bea and me with her paid services, so why should I care what she

thinks.

Giselle had turned my seat around with my back towards the sink and the mirror when washing my hair, and it had remained that way because the light from the window was better for Celeste's work too. Now finally she turned me around to face the mirror.

I went into shock! I was looking at an archetypal bimbo! A red-headed, empty-headed bimbo! She had a beautiful face, really beautiful, with a mass of reddish curls framing it. But nobody would trust a girl with that look to sharpen a pencil! When I opened my eyes wide I looked like a child, and when I drooped my eyelids my eyes smoldered, as if I were dreaming about bedrooms. My lips stood out full and red and wet. The lips and the eyes together sent out one clear message, 'Please, sir, I want to suck your cock'.

I was flabbergasted. I didn't know what to say. I must have sat in silence for a whole minute. This was the new ME? I couldn't believe it. Only a few weeks ago, if I had seen a girl in an office looking that wide-eyed and yet that gorgeous, I would have gotten some very slippery ideas, and an instant hard-on. Now the mirror told me / was that girl.

Just then Bea appeared, and she immediately fell all over herself exclaiming how great I looked, and how wonderful my hair was, and those dreamy eyes, and my lush mouth. She complimented Celeste on having created a masterpiece.

Well, if Bea liked it I would have to deal with my doubts later on. I couldn't do anything now anyhow. I did look sensational, but it wasn't the look I'd wanted. I'd hoped to look sort of pretty but a little shy, like the kind of nice girl who's always asked to dance last at the Christmas-party. I certainly didn't want to make waves at Pearl's place. But the way I looked now, when I walked in there'd be no question what I was there for.

Something had to be done. But here and now was not the right time and place to discuss it, because Bea was so enraptured with me. I tried to collect my composure, and finally I smiled at Celeste and thanked her. "I'll be seeing you for the touch-ups in two weeks probably," I said to her on our way out.

"What touch-ups?" She looked puzzled.

"Well Giselle told me, the so called permanent make-up is not all that permanent, and has to be touched up every two weeks or so."

"My, oh, my, that was in the past! Progress never stops! A

week ago I got an entirely new line of products for permanent make-up. They now guarantee it'll hold for at least a year, longer in sensitive places like around the eyes. You see, this is a new process, in which the colors we apply on the surface slowly sink deeper, by osmosis I think. So by the time the upper layers of skin flake off, the dyes have gone quite a few layers deeper. Let me assure you, dear, you won't need touch-ups for a very long time."

"Of course the more women there are who get this new permanent makeup, the fewer women I'll see for regular makeovers. But since the process itself is very expensive, I won't really lose anything. I won't be able to keep up with everyone's gossip quite so often, is all. But of course you're an unusual woman, so I'll always be delighted to see you. If you're in the neighborhood, please do drop by to say hello. Maybe after a few months you'll want me to change your hair style. You'll always be very special to me."

I felt as if somebody had kicked me in the knees. I fumbled backward and sat down. To look like this for a whole year? A mindless blow-up doll! The worst of it was, I had nobody to blame for it but me. I had walked into my own trap. I was so clever, getting the wrong information. I should have listened when Celeste called this kind of makeup a 'major step towards permanent femininity' but I was feeling so smug I didn't hear her. I felt like fainting.

"Are you all right, dear?" Celeste was very concerned. She waved to one of her girls, "Quick, a cup of coffee and pour a good shot of brandy into it!" Within seconds she was holding the cup against my lips, and I drank. Anything now, but no fainting! I looked at her thankfully, still unable to speak.

When I handed back the cup, it had no lipstick marks even though I had seen that my lips were bright red. Another ominous sign. My make-up really was permanent.

"She'll be all right," Bea said. "Maybe it was all a little too much for her." And moving closer to Celeste's ear, she said, "You know, with the tight corset and everything, what women have to endure to be pretty is too much for a man sometimes. So much for the way they call themselves the 'stronger sex'."

Celeste nodded conspiratorially and turned to me. "Just rest for a minute or so, dear, and you'll soon be all right. Take your time. Nobody will disturb you." I closed my eyes and sat there for about five minutes before I felt strong enough to walk out with Bea. I was unable to utter a word the whole way home. My whole world was

shattered. Permanent makeup! A whole year! I had a lot of thinking to do this weekend! As yet, I had no idea how to handle this situation. But there must be a way out! It was just a matter of finding it! Bea saw that I was brooding, and had the good sense to leave me alone until we reached home.

When we reached the house, she came around to my side of the car and helped me out. She was very consoling. Standing right there in the driveway, she hugged me. “Cheer up darling,” she told me. “Everything’ll work out fine, you’ll see. And you really look gorgeous. What’s lost if you look the way I want you to look a little longer than you’d expected? You’re still the same person, but much, much prettier now. Think about how other people will see you. They’ll enjoy you so much more! Now let’s go in and not give it another thought.”

Well, no use crying over spilled milk, I thought to myself. I have to live with the facts, and I may as well be cheerful about it. I didn’t want Bea to feel guilty because she had suggested I ask about permanent make-up. I could only blame myself. So I gave her a big smile and thanked her. “I really need you!” I said. And then I began to cry—I’m not sure why. The years’ worth of female hormones Kay had shot into my butt, I suppose. A feeling I’d gotten into something I couldn’t get out of, maybe.

“That’s my girl,” Bea beamed, patting my backside lovingly. “Come on, I have to get ready for my trip to the mountains. Help me pack!”

It was very strange, advising Bea which of her dresses were the most tastefully provocative, the most genteel even while announcing her sexual availability. I kept thinking I was being her pimp, every time I told her that this blouse, or those shoes, would set any man thinking about that or another part of her body. She kept asking me whether this dress or that one was a slow tease or a fast proposal, which might make a horny man’s prick even stiffer.

Then when she had packed everything she meant to take along, there was still another half-hour before Pearl was scheduled to show up and carry her away. The bags were at the door, and there was nothing more to do.

“Listen, Honey,” she said. “You can do me a great favor. I’ll miss you. I want to have your picture to take along with me. Dress up really sexy for me, will you? Please? Now that you look the way you do?”

I thought about Bea wanting to bring my picture with her to this weekend retreat, where she expected to bed down with several other men. It was reassuring, in a way. In fact, it was a very sweet notion, very loving. After all, I could have gone along with her, and it was my decision to stay at home, so wanting to take my picture along was really thoughtful. The sexiest thing I had was that dress Pearl had brought me last Sunday. I decided to put it on, although I hated the corset that went with it. But it would only be for 30 minutes, I thought. So what the heck, I'll survive it.

I carried everything I needed to her room, and asked her to help me. She loved my selection, and was only too eager to lace me into the tight corset. She made me sit down, and she pulled the stockings up my legs as if she were my personal maid. I loved it, because she lingered near my crotch while fastening the garters, caressing my inner thighs with her finger tips, sending shivers of delight up and down my spine. Then she put my highest heels on my feet and stood me up to put the dress on me.

She wanted a really sexy picture? She would have one. I pulled the lace on the corset's bodice down from my bosom and folded it back into the dress. My tits stood out naked and proud from the décolleté. I started to tease them, and they responded immediately, my nipples getting hard. Bea then finished pulling down the zipper to the skirt's very end, hobbling me completely. Finally, she got out her Polaroid camera and shot picture after picture of me, from every angle, suggesting different poses each sexier than the previous.

She laid the pictures out on the vanity to develop. When she was done, I minced over to look at them, in the teeny four inch steps the dress allowed me. My nylon-clad legs rubbing against each other were very erotic. But the pictures were even more so. They showed an extravagantly clad, gorgeous woman with bare tits, offering herself to the viewer. Even though I knew I was looking at myself, I felt a familiar stirring in my nether parts.

Just then Pearl sounded her horn and Bea scooped up all of the pictures, gave me a hug and a kiss, and headed for the door. "Bye love," she called over her shoulder. "Don't do anything I wouldn't do! Gotta hurry now." She was downstairs before I could make it to the bedroom door, and out the front door before I reached the top of the stairs.

"Hey, wait, you've got to help me get out of this! Come back a second!" I called to the empty downstairs hallway. But she was already gone. I heard the car door slam, and the car drive off after

sounding its horn three times. In farewell? Mockingly? But I was in a fine mess! I couldn't bend down far enough to reach the goddam zipper. I didn't want to cut myself out of the dress. So I lay down on Bea's bed to think of some tool to hook the slide and undo the thing.