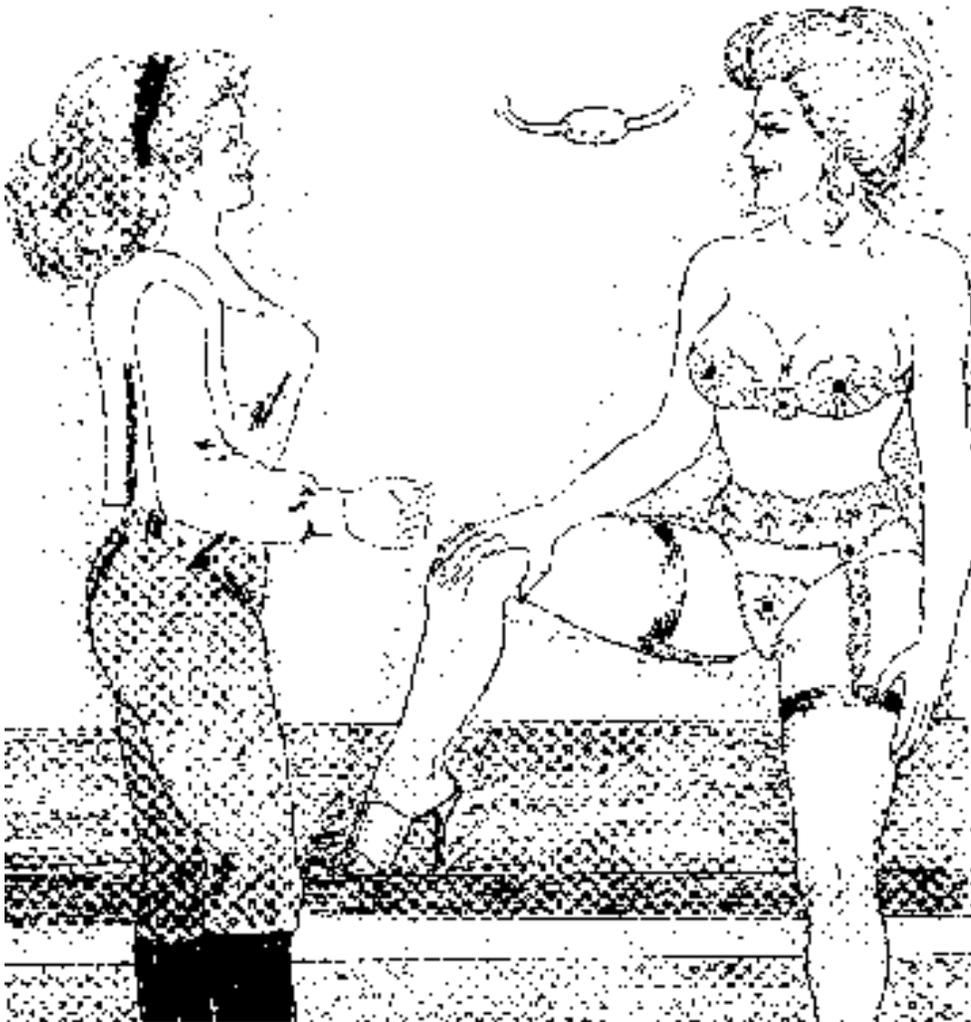


MISTRESS OF CHANGE

By R. Patricia Smith



ILLUSTRATED BY BRIAN DUKEHART

A 'NEW WOMAN' NOVEL

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MISTRESS OF CHANGE

By R. Patricia Smith

CHAPTER 1 THE BEGINNING

As the beginning of my story, it is also the end of my career in the building industry. I had wanted for the longest time to become a carpenter, so I had been hired for the summer as a laborer to help on a construction site. I was twenty years old and trying to earn a little summer cash while learning more about my chosen profession, or so I thought.

I wasn't just some dumb kid who thought he knew it all with a smart mouth to match. I read books, I knew the building codes, I knew the safety codes, I read the blueprints and the building specifications for this job.

I argued with the foreman and I argued with the contractor, all to no avail. You put in a crooked foundation, you get a crooked building. In this case, a house. It was a small job, sure, but it was a house that could fall down due to shoddy workmanship and below standard materials. It could contain people when it fell and I wanted no part of that.

After I quit my job I went to the owner of the property and told him what I saw and felt. He brushed me off as some kid with nothing better to do than cause trouble.

Then I went to the Department of Public Safety and made another report to them. I went on record as having quit my job after noting and reporting safety and building code violations to the foreman and contractor and later to the owner.

I was finished in the building industry before I even got started and was very lucky because of it. Every contractor does a bit of cheating here and there. They have to make a buck. I didn't like dishonesty in this form in particular. No one wants to hire someone who has already turned in a previous employer for cheating. But the one I worked for cheated a lot more than just a bit.

The footings for the basement were not square or level but would take too many man—hours to straighten out. It was not profitable to do it. This made the walls for the basement out of square and off level too. And the whole main floor too.

On the second floor they ran out of studs for the outside walls so they used short pieces of 2 by 4's and butted them together without nails or scabs to hold them in place. One whole outside wall was put together this way. All of the walls were supposed to have bridging between the studs, not one wall did. It looked to me as though they were building it so that it would fall down with the first storm.

An insurance scam? Maybe. But what if someone died? Isn't that murder? They could call it an accident or an act of God, but I knew different. It was on purpose.

The Building Codes investigator who came to my apartment was a surprise to me. First of all it was a woman. A very young and beautiful woman. I have nothing against women in any trade, I was just surprised by her apparent youth and obvious beauty. I am a firm believer in women's lib. Women who can do the job should be equal to men who can do the job.

I am 5' 6" tall and answered the door in my bare feet, she wore shoes with 4 inch heels and towered over me at 5'—10".

She was slender without being skinny with a fabulous figure and long golden tresses halfway down her back. Her skin was lightly tanned so she couldn't have spent much time in the sun.

Her angelic face was framed by her golden curls and she used a minimal amount of makeup. She didn't need much because of her natural beauty. I could smell faint traces of her lilac cologne. She wore a short, mustard yellow shift dress and carried a briefcase instead of a purse. Her voice was so sweet when she spoke to introduce herself I felt sure it dripped honey on the floor.

When Annette spoke to me, there was no doubt in my mind that she was capable of the task assigned her. I invited her in and offered her coffee before we got down to the business that had brought her to me. She went over my report with me and asked questions every now and then.

My eyes were riveted to hers as I responded factually and candidly. It was almost hypnotic the way she held my attention with her big green eyes.

I like girls, always have. I have never ignored them and could appreciate them, even from a distance. But I had always been too shy and tongue—tied to ever ask a girl out on a date. I was told I would get over it as I got older.

With Annette here, and concluding her interview, I was afraid I would never see her again. I somehow found the nerve to ask if I could see her again some time for coffee, or lunch, or dinner, or anything. I almost fainted when she said yes. She wrote down her name, address and phone number and gave it to me telling me to call her that evening at seven and we could set up a date. As easy as she made it on me I was surprised I never had the nerve before to ask girls out.

I could still smell her lilac cologne hours after she left my apartment, and it wasn't that strong to begin with.

Annette was all I could think of. Her face, her hair, her presence in the room. No woman, or girl, had done this to me before. I was counting the minutes till I would talk to her again.

At seven o'clock sharp I picked up my phone and dialed the number she had given to me. She picked it up on the second ring and I almost lost my voice when I heard her say hello.

“Hello, is that you Gilbert?” she asked.

“Yes,” I replied slowly, my voice almost failing me. “It's seven and I was hoping to talk to you again.”

“I am very glad you did Gilbert. I need a favor from you.”

“What can I do for you, Annette?” I asked.

“I've been going over the blueprints and specs for the house you worked on and they are as you said. A team of building experts and I will be examining the house this evening. We could use a guide and I believe you are aptly qualified for this job.”

“You want me to show you around? No problem.”

“It shouldn't take more than a couple of hours. Then we can go out for a snack or something. Okay?”

“That's fine with me. Where should I meet you?”

“How about it if I pick you up, in ten minutes?”

“Fine, I'll be waiting by the front doors so you don't have to park. Just honk so I'll know it's you.”

“Okay Gilbert, see you in ten.”

It was the longest ten minutes I had ever spent. I was all ready to go out when I called her so all I had to do was put on my shoes and go down to the front doors. It was exactly ten minutes after I hung up the phone when Annette pulled up in front and honked her horn. I went out and climbed into the passenger seat of a bright red Corvette convertible.

The top was down as it was a beautiful evening for a drive with the fresh air blowing through our senses. Annette had changed into a red mini dress with matching low heeled shoes. I wouldn't feel so short standing next to her now. She smiled at me and told me to buckle up as she drove us out to the construction site in record time.

Her team of experts were already there and I showed them the infractions I had noted. They matched my written words to their eyewitness accounts and found much more than I had seen. They proceeded to take pictures and videotape the entire site. Most of their notes were made into tape recorders. The sheriff was called, warrants obtained and all future work on that site was halted.

There would be an inquest held immediately due to the number and seriousness of the infractions that had been observed.

They told me that my testimony would not be needed. They had enough in pictures and videotape. They would also be sure to find more when they began looking into the backgrounds of those involved and the previous sites they worked on.

CHAPTER 2 THE NEW BEGINNING

Annette and I left the construction site and she pointed her car north, away from the city. She was happy with the way things had gone and hummed some unknown tune as she drove.

“Where are we going?” I asked her after several miles.

“I know this wonderful little cafe that is open late, a few more miles up the road. Do you mind?”

I didn't and told her so and she continued to hum and drive while I watched her. She knew I was watching her and drove with her left hand only on the wheel giving me an unobstructed view of her perfect body wrapped within her tight fitting dress.

All too soon we were there, a run down little cafe out in the middle of nowhere. There wasn't even a town nearby that I could see. Annette walked in like she owned the place and I was right behind her.

She took a back booth and I slid into the seat across from her. The waitress brought us menus but Annette didn't need one. She ordered a tossed salad and a coffee.

I asked for the same. “Come here often?”

“Not so much lately.” she replied. “I grew up around here on a farm about two miles away. My family is gone now but I still own the place. I come out here when I'm feeling good.”

“I take it you're feeling good then?”

“You know it. I've inspected and investigated dozens of complaints against builders but they almost always slip through our fingers. Tonight we found links and proof that have always been missing.”

“Like what?” I asked as the coffee was served.

“Like Martin and Mary Connors.”

“Never heard of them. Sorry.”

“Don't be. They are a husband and wife team who work for us, supposedly anyway. We found proof that they are taking bribes from the crooked contractors. That's how they always got away. Thanks to you, we got them cold.”

“That's great Annette!”

“You bet it is. Only thing is you can't work in any of the construction trades now, at least until you change your name and move to another part of the country.”

“I'll find something else to do. I didn't do anything wrong, so I don't feel the need to run and hide.”

“Good for you.” she said as the salads arrived.

We stopped talking while we slowly ate the fresh vegetables and finished our coffee, all the while observing each other.

I paid the bill and we went back out to her car, got in and she took me out to her farm.

Dusk was upon us as she tooled the Sting Ray into a waiting garage and led me into the plushly decorated farm— house.

“I like to be comfortable wherever I am so I got rid of the country bumpkin decor and made it livable for me. How do you like it?” she asked.

I took my shoes off at the door and replied, "This place is great. All the conveniences of home I see."

There was thick carpet on the floors, paintings of beautiful young women on the walls, every appliance possible for making life easier including televisions, stereos, a VCR and movies, everything a modern home should have.

Annette kicked her shoes off and sank into a couch as she picked up a remote control to soften the lighting and put on some slow and easy music.

I browsed around the room before ending up beside her on the couch drinking in her beauty once more. I just couldn't get enough of looking at her.

But with my heavy rejection complex, looking was about all I could do.

She leaned over to kiss me which dissolved all of my fears and inhibitions, allowing me to return her affections. I took her into my arms and kissed her long and hard. She clung to me as I undid her dress and put my hands on her bare back.

My touch must have brought her back as she released her grip long enough to slip out of the dress and show me her almost naked form.

Her breasts were full and ripe with just a touch of sag to them, with large aureole and nipples which were hard and erect. Her stomach was flat and smooth with the lightly rippling muscles of a woman who worked out. Her hips were still encased in the smooth silk of her expensive panties and stay up stockings adorned her legs to mid thigh, but the fantastic figure was readily available to my admiring eyes.

Annette unbuttoned the front of my shirt while I undid my pants. Shirt and jacket came off together as she pulled me to my feet and dropped my pants with my shorts. I lifted my feet to remove my socks at the same time I stepped out of my pants. She rolled down her stockings and removed them before sidling down her panties and tossing them aside.

Completely naked she moved back to me for another hot kiss on the mouth as our hands explored each other's bodies.

My first date, my first kiss and the first time I was with any woman, and it had to be with the most beautiful woman in the world. I wasn't complaining.

"Had many women?" she asked me between kisses on my neck.

I could have lied as my masculinity wanted me to, but to such a gorgeous woman I could only tell the truth.

"None at all." I told her. "I hope you're the first."

"Hope? What do you think we're doing?"

"We're not there yet," I pointed out to her.

We got there quickly though.

First Annette taught me to enjoy sex, then she taught me how to make love to a woman. Making love can include male sexual fulfillment too, but not always. A man doesn't have to get his rocks off to successfully make love to a woman.

Later we lay on the carpeted floor in each other's arms and she talked to me.

“So Gilbert, how did you like this experience? Did it meet with your expectations?”

“No, it exceeded anything I had ever dreamed of. I have never seen a more beautiful woman than you are, nor dreamt that such pleasures could actually happen to me. Why did you chose to have sex with me?”

“You question it?” she asked me.

“I have to wonder, since I was a virgin. Why me?”

“I knew you were special and I wanted you the first minute I saw you. If you hadn't asked to see me again I would've asked you. If you hadn't called me I would have called you. I have the gift of sensing great things in some people and I sensed in you the potential for more than just a wonderful life.”

“More than wonderful?”

“Yes. I belong to an organization called Club New Dawn. We are people who look for and help those with the ability to become as rich, powerful and beautiful as we are. The pictures on the walls here are of some of our female members. All of them are absolutely gorgeous women.”

“You can say that again. But you surpass their beauty.”

“Flatterer. Something else we do is enjoy ourselves just as often as we can. Clothes, jewelry, cars, homes, sex and making love, fine foods and wines and anything else our hearts desire.”

“Does one have to be rich to join?” I asked her.

“No. Every member helps the others. We have rules like other clubs probably do but ours include things like honesty and public service ahead of members gains. Absolutely no one gets hurt because of us. We aren't pacifists, we will defend ourselves and our property, we just won't do anything purposely to hurt someone else. Want to join?”

“What do I have to do?”

“First of all you have to learn to enjoy yourself. We won't ask you to do anything we wouldn't do ourselves. Some of what we ask may sound a bit odd, but you have to learn to trust us. Your best interest is what we are thinking of. Also, secrecy. No one can know you are in our club or what the club is about. We have people who scout about to find new recruits, then people like me to find out if they would fit in with what we are about. I will be working with you to teach you to enjoy yourself as much as possible.”

“Count me in Annette, what do I do?”

“Once you're in you can't get out. Once you've taken the oaths you're in for life.”

“If it's as you describe I can't imagine wanting out.”

“Its not all heaven though. There will be work too. But you will never go hungry nor be alone as long as you want our company.”

“Once again Annette, you can count me in.”

“Okay. This is the dawn of a new era and a new people. We don't need to rule the world, just make sure it continues to exist and help its occupants as much as we can. Swear secrecy of our existence to anyone, any time, anywhere.”

I did as Annette directed me and took it as seriously as she did. This was for real, though we were both still naked and seated on her carpeted floor. She took my face in her hands, kissed me on the mouth and proceeded to give me pleasure as I am certain only a hot—blooded, well sexed woman can.

My energy drained by her sexual appetite I was dozing off to sleep when she pulled me to my feet and into the bathroom for a shower with her. Revitalized, I pulled her to me to kiss and fondle her incredible body. She directed me as to how to give her the most pleasure possible in a shower. I did things with her I had never thought possible. Lifting, posing, touching and probing. I kissed every inch of her body and tongued every crack and crevice I found. She urged me on till I had her literally climbing the walls with sexual pleasure.

Done again I recall lifting Annette's lithe body in my arms and carrying her to her bed. Then I fell asleep. I awoke several times during the night to find her next to me and willing for more sex each time.

CHAPTER 3

SENSUAL DELIGHTS

I awoke in the morning alone between floral scented, rose colored satin sheets. As I sat up in the bed Annette came into the room wearing a white floor length, sheer silk gown.

“Good morning Gil. Did you have a good sleep?” she asked.

“Good morning yourself.” I replied wiping the sleep from my eyes. “Yes, I had a very good sleep. Did you sleep at all?”

“Some. I don't need much sleep. I have your clothes in the washing machine right now and breakfast is on the stove. Can you come to the table naked or would you prefer to wear something?”

“I think I'd prefer to have something on Annette, since you are almost wearing something yourself.” I grinned at her.

“Okay.”

She got out for me a sheer pink nylon negligee and a sheer nylon dressing gown to match.

“I have a lot of fun planned for you today Gil so we aren't dressing yet. You can wear these for now. How do you like your steak and eggs?”

“Steak, medium—well. Just a tinge of pink through the middle. Eggs, over easy. I can't wear this Annette!” I protested.

“Why not?” she asked innocently.

“I'm a guy, not a girl in case you didn't notice. Haven't you got something a little more unisex I can wear?”

“Yes, but every person has some of both sexes in them. We wouldn't be complete without them. I am a woman and enjoy it while still enjoying my masculine side as well. You are a man and are just learning to enjoy it. The best way I can think of to enjoy your masculinity is to learn about your femininity at the same time. Put on the negligee and gown and come down to the kitchen. Your steak is under the broiler and we don't want to burn it.”

I thought about it and decided to do as she said. I really wasn't much of a catch for any woman as far as I was concerned, yet here I was, with the most beautiful woman in the world catering to me. I slipped the negligee over my head and onto my body, then pulled on the gown and tied the belt. There was a pair of furry mules the same color as the gown by the closet, so I slid my feet into them as well. It was quite a chore walking down the stairs in those 3" heels, but I managed it. The mules gave me more to think about than just the sheer materials almost covering my body.

“Very nice.” she told me. “I am so glad you put the mules on too Gil. Now eat.” She placed a plate of steak and eggs on the table before me. She poured me a cup of coffee and added the cream and sugar for me as she had watched me do it the night before.

“I can understand you having a well stocked freezer,” I said, “but where did you get the fresh cream and eggs from?”

“Stopping at the cafe last night was like a signal between me and the milkman. He owns that place too and they know me there so he delivered at five this morning. Eggs, cream, milk, butter and cheeses. I'll call in an order to the grocery later and have them deliver fresh fruits and vegetables.”

“Were you ever a Boy Scout? You are really prepared for just about anything, aren't you?”

“I try. Remember, we are here to work on your pleasures. Not just what you think you want, but what I think you might like and what I think you might need too. I think you need to get really naked right after breakfast so finish eating please.”

“Is this more naked than I was last night and this morning?”

“Yes, as a matter of fact it is.”

“How is that possible? How can a person wear less than nothing at all?” I asked her.

“I'll show you later. Just eat. You need your strength.”

“Aren't you eating too?”

“I ate earlier, while you were still asleep. I have to ask you some personal questions, okay?”

“Ask anything you want Annette.”

“Do you have any family and where are they?”

“I never knew my father, my mother died when I was sixteen. I've been on my own since. No siblings.”

“I'm sorry to have to ask but I have to know.”

“It's okay Annette, it doesn't bother me.”

“All right. Do you have any religious convictions?”

“Not really. I studied a lot of different religions just so I had a basic understanding of what others believed in. I believed it might help me in dealing with people.”

“Very good Gilbert! It's important to learn. We believe that most of societies laws are just and right. However, there are a few we don't agree with and don't obey. Are there any laws you can think of you might want to disobey?”

“If I thought about it, maybe. Off hand I can't come up with any.”

“Club New Dawn members generally believe in the rights of the individual to total sexual freedoms. We believe that men and women should have the right to choose their own sexual partners. We do try to match people for procreation though, genetic engineering through selective breeding of people. We want to produce the best children possible. We are pro—life advocates, but only for ourselves. If a choice we made produces an unhealthy child we will still give birth and try to raise it with the highest quality of life we can provide. We owe this to both parents and the child.”

“You plan to be a mother then?” I asked her. I pushed my plate forward in a sign of completion.

“I am a mother already.” She got up and put my plate and utensils into the dishwasher. “Lets go up to the bedroom.”

Annette took my hand and helped support me as I struggled to walk in the mules. She didn't want me to take them off until I was back in the bedroom.

Then she removed her gown and asked me to do the same. Naked again we walked hand in hand into the bathroom. I could use a morning shower.

She had other plans.

“Aside from the sexual differences between us Gil, what differences do you see?” she asked me.

“Muscles, coloring and hair.” I replied.

“Again, very good! Hair is the one I was looking for. I have a small thatch at the juncture of my legs, eyebrows, eyelashes and a healthy head of cranial hair too. You have hair all over your body, face and head.”

“You don't like it?”

“It's not that I don't like it, its that I can enjoy more sensations all over because I don't have that hair. You need to experience these sensations as well so I need to remove most of your body hair. You can grow it back later if you want to.”

“Do you have a razor I can borrow?”

“No. I use a depilatory cream. Step into the shower please but leave the water off. I will apply it for you and wash it off when it has done its work.”

Annette ran a sink full of hot water, then reached into the cabinet under the sink and brought out her depilatory cream in bottles.

I had one days growth of beard on my face so she started putting it on there first.

“This stuff was developed by one of our chemists, Gil.” she explained to me. “It is made of secret ingredients that we don't want to share with the world just yet. It is gentle enough to be used on any skin type without any harsh side effects, yet strong enough to work on any hair type too. One problem with it that they can't seem to fix yet is that it hardens quite quickly and will force you to be immobile while it's on. That's why I am needed here and why I already have a sink full of water. I can wash my hands should they begin to tighten up on me.”

Annette applied the cream to all of my beard hair, then down my neck and my full torso. With my arms outspread and my legs parted, she covered my arms and legs completely and stopped twice to wash off her hands. She spread the cream over my posterior and completely covered my penis and scrotum too. Then she took a cotton swab and told me to breathe through my mouth as she wanted to get the hair on my upper lip all the way up to my nose. I could feel the cream just inside my nose too but couldn't tell her with my jaw locked up with hardened cream. She applied some of the cream to stray hair on my forehead, just for appearances, and told me to keep my eyes closed.

I did.

I heard her wash her hands again, then she told me she was applying some of her shampoo to my dry hair. Again, it was a special and secret mixture of all natural ingredients and would work really well.

She explained that when she washed me off the shampoo would work better if it was already on the hair. My hair was fairly longish for a short style, I was due for a haircut soon. She got her conditioner out before turning on the water, setting the temperature before putting on the shower.

She started washing me from my head down with the hand held shower nozzle. She did my face first to allow me to breathe properly and open my eyes. She did my hair next so as to allow the shampoo to begin its work while she rinsed the hardened cream from the rest of my body.

I could move again and watched as the cream washed down the drain. There was no sign of hair on my body, in the water or in the shower stall. In the shower mirror I saw my body which now looked to me like a pre—teen's, without all the hair I was so used to. Even my pubic hair was gone leaving me feeling more naked than Annette looked to me.

“You're looking really good Gil.” she said to me. “I can't wait to get started with your pleasure sessions. They'll be fun for me as well as you, and I'm getting horny.” She put the conditioner into my hair, then soaped up both of our bodies. The soap didn't lather well on me as there wasn't any hair to hold it. She rinsed my hair, both our bodies, then shut off the water before stepping out to towel us off. All I had to do was stand there. She wanted to do all the work so I let her.

“How do you feel Gil?” she asked as she toweled off her body.

“Naked.” I replied.

“I thought you might. More naked than before?”

“You know it. It's a strange sensation to me. It's not bad, just new and different. I feel somewhat self-conscious about my new found nudity. I wasn't before though, I guess because you were naked too. Now I feel different and feel the need to cover up.”

“Don't worry about it. That feeling will pass. We are going to explore some of your femininity so your current nudity is a must. The sensations can be indescribably wonderful.”

Annette led me back into the bedroom where she had me lay down on the satin sheets. The difference between before and now was so exciting my cock sprang to attention almost immediately. My excitement made her smile and she got down on her knees beside the bed to give me one of her fabulous blow jobs. I was so excited I came within mere minutes. She sucked and licked me clean, then stood up.

She got several stockings from her dresser drawer and trailed them along my hairless body. Nylon first, then cotton, silk and satin ones. The different materials running along my skin caused sensations I never knew existed.

Annette put a pair of sheer nylon stockings onto my legs, then pulled the other materials over top of them.

The incredible sensations I felt seemed to magnify while I was wearing the sexy nylon stockings. In order to proceed I had to stand where gravity took hold of the stockings sliding them down my legs to my feet.

To hold the stockings up Annette helped me into one of her pink satin and lace garter belts. It was too small for me so I had to suck in my stomach while she did it up behind my back. She showed me how to attach the garters to the stockings.

Then she had me put on a pair of pink nylon and lace bikini panties. I was erect again and couldn't hide it within the confines of the tiny garment. She ignored my maleness for now and helped me into the matching half cup bra. She filled the cups with a pair of bra forms she took from the same drawer. Then she helped me into a very short, pink nylon full slip.

Annette put her arms around my neck and kissed me on the cheek. “Hey little girl,” she whispered huskily into my ear, “want a little action?”

She laughed as I pulled her naked body close to my femininely semi-clad body.

Her hands went under the hem of the slip I wore, into the waistband of the panties and pulled out the length of my erect penis. When she directed the head to her waiting vagina I lifted her body and eased her down onto my hard pole. She wrapped her legs around my waist and helped me raise and lower her onto my shaft. Within minutes she had her first orgasm, and later she came again with me.

She tucked my drained and limp cock into the crotch of the panties, replaced them and smoothed out the slip I wore. Then she dressed herself in similar clothes to the ones I had on.

I sat down at the vanity beside her and followed her lead.

She applied lipstick to her lips and so did I. She put on mascara and I did the same. She used a bit of blusher and I tried it too. She had to help me with some of it.

She helped me brush out my hair, which was dry by then, and I watched as she ran her brush through her own long tresses.

Annette chose two dresses from her closet and handed me the pink one, while she stepped into the blue one. Again I followed her lead and stepped willingly into the dress. She zipped up the back for me and I did the same for her. She found me a pair of 4" heeled shoes while choosing to wear 2" heels for herself. I tried to put on the pair of pumps but they were too small for me. She got out a pair of open—toed sling backs which I was able to get my feet into. They also had 4" heels. She put on some jewelry and offered me the use of some as well.

I was amazed how well everything else of hers fit me.

I stood in front of her full length mirror and was astonished to see just how feminine I did look. She came up beside me and put her hand on my bottom. "I could really go for a girl like you." she suggested. "Wanna try lesbianism?"

"I'll try anything you want." I told her smiling.

She smiled, kissed me and said, "Later babe. I have to make us some lunch now. C'mon down to the kitchen and we can talk and prepare something at the same time. Besides, I want to watch you practice walking in those shoes."

"Do I really have to practice much? I thought we were just trying this out." The shoes hurt my feet.

"We are. But how do you know if you like it or not if you can't do it properly or don't give it a decent chance? Learn to act feminine and you'll be able to feel it more. There is a great deal of pleasure to be gained from all this, as a man or as a woman. At the very least you will have gained some insights into what women are about."

I went down the stairs with Annette and listened to every thing she had to tell me. Take small steps, lean forward slightly, point the toes straight ahead, add a little hip with each step, keep the knees together to sit, cross the legs at the knees, right over left. Sit up straight, don't slouch. Use the hands expressively when talking and avoid using contractions if at all possible. There were lots of little differences between men and women and she was teaching me as many of them as she could think of.

After a light lunch Annette took me outside to her garden patio for more walking practice. She led me around her empty pool, through the trellis gate and down the garden path. She coached me every step of the way and scolded me lightly if I strayed too far from her teachings.

"It's a lot to remember all at once." I told her.

"True." she agreed. "Is there anything of value you want from your apartment Gil?" she asked me.

"Not really, why?" I inquired from her.

"As our newest member you can have just about anything you want in life. As a way of shedding your past though we would like to remove all traces of your previous existence. Someone in our group will go and remove your belongings from your apartment and you will live here with me for now, okay?"

“Being with you Annette I have no reason to go back to where or what I was. I didn't have a future and though I don't know exactly what is in store for me with you, it has to be better than what I had.”

“I have to call the city. Want to listen in?”

“Okay.”

Annette called a woman named Hillary and I heard both sides of the conversation.

“Hello?” Hillary answered the phone.

“Hi Hilly.” Annette replied.

“Annette! What a pleasure to hear from you. Where are you?”

“I'm at the farm Hilly. What's new?”

“We're having a general meeting early next month. No one has gotten in touch with you so far have they?”

“No, I have been out of touch since last week. Why the rush meeting?”

“New members are apparently piling up. They want initiation as soon as possible. You are the only one in this area who can do the evaluations.”

“I know. I have a new member myself. That is why I called you. I need his place cleaned out A.S.A.P.”

“Name and address?”

Annette gave it to her.

“Your friend will need a membership code name, Annette.”

“What is available to me?” she asked.

“Just a second and I'll call it up. Uhh, he may not like this Ann.”

“Why? What's up?”

“You're slated to use a feminine first name with the real last name. All he can have for a code name is either Beverly or Brenda.”

“That's all the choice there is Hilly?” Annette looked at me and I held up two fingers. The choices were confirmed by her friend. “I guess we'll take Brenda then. Brenda Strauss.”

“Brenda Strauss it is then. I'm making the entry now so if you want to change it do it now.” I shook my head no.

“Leave it at that Hilly. How are the kids doing?”

“Fine. Susan misses not seeing you every day, but she is still doing quite well. I'll tell her you called and said Hi. I'll tell all of them you called.”

“Thanks Hilly. You know where I am if you need me. You can set up interviews beginning on Monday if you like. Then I can get some of those evaluations out of the way before the meeting.”

The women said their good—byes, then disconnected the call.

“Why did you choose Brenda?” Annette asked me.

“Beverly was my mother's first name.” I replied. “I don't need a constant reminder of her.”

“I guess not. I like the name Brenda too though.”

“Do all the guys in this club have feminine code names? And what is your code name?” I asked.

“I don't have a code name because I am in the executive branch of the club. I am just Annette Hamilton. Only the luckiest guys have feminine code names. One has to have a feminine name to make it into the executive branch or progress beyond the stature of a breeding stud. But all people in our club end up with more than they would if they lived outside of our society.”

CHAPTER 4 LEARNING THE ROPES

Annette started me on a totally feminine lifestyle there at her farmhouse. My clothes were put away and she shared all of her things with me. She laced me into a corset and taught me how to dress, act and speak like a lady at all times.

I learned how to put on makeup, how to select the proper clothes for each occasion and what jewelry went with what outfit. After four days of non stop practice I walked in 6" heels with absolute ease.

I bathed and changed clothes at least four times per day, some times as many as eight times per day. I washed my hair and put in the conditioner every time I bathed as Annette said it could not hurt me. I tried on every piece of clothing Annette had out there at the farm and I wore many of them several times each.

I preferred her dresses, though I tried on all of her jeans, slacks, pant—suits, shorts and tights too. My male genitals were more obvious when wearing pants. Laced into the corset I had an acceptably small enough waist to allow me to get into her sleekest and sexiest gowns and dresses. Naturally her hips and bust were larger than mine so I had to pad those places. Since I had to wear a bra with forms there were some gowns I just couldn't wear properly.

I think it was my second full day in her clothes that I asked her what it was like to have breasts as large as hers were.

“I think it's great!” she told me. “I wear a size 34D bra and love it.” I saw her bending over to drop her breasts into her bra cups before reaching behind her back to do up the clasps which is what prompted me to ask. “Why do you ask?” she wanted to know.

“I fit into your clothes quite well I think, even though I need the corset and some padding to make the fit right. I was wondering what it's like to be a real woman, that's all.”

“You'll never know what it's like to be a real woman Brenda, because you're not a real woman. But you look just as great in my clothes as I do.”

“Thanks Annette. Can you tell me why I don't have a shadow of my beard back yet? It has been over twenty four hours since you took it off with that cream of yours.”

"I forgot to tell you Brenda, you won't have to shave again for some time. In about six months your body will look as though you are just entering puberty. In about two months you will have some light facial hair again. Peach fuzz if you like."

"That depilatory cream works that well?"

"Yes, and my shampoo plus conditioner works just as well. I expect your hair to grow out full, thick and fast. It should be down to your shoulders within a week or so."

"Are you trying to make me really feminine?"

"Absolutely! I want you to experience as many of the joys of womanhood as you can before you return to being a man. But, no matter how feminine I make you, you'll still be able to perform your duties as a stud."

"That's good." I said. "It's too bad I won't grow tits huh?"

She didn't answer me, but continued to teach me all she could in the short time we had left. I had to be ready for the general meeting that was coming up in a few short weeks. Annette added massages to my daily routine and took care to rub the hot oil in expertly. She took particular care on my stomach with the lighter oil while on my buttocks, hips and chest she used a slightly heavier oil. She wore gloves to protect her hands from the oils, not that they were bad, but they were oils for the body and not the hands. More secret ingredient stuff.

Annette had exercises for the mind for me to do too. This was because Club New Dawn believed that all members should be as superior as possible to all outsiders on this planet. Annette believed I had the potential to expand my mind beyond what the others were capable of. She honestly believed I could become the leader of Club New Dawn at some point in time in the future.

She was right about me learning to enjoy my femininity, so perhaps she could be right about other things too. The exercises for the mind weren't really all that hard, they just took a lot of concentration plus a drink every now and again of a creamy blue mixture Annette had provided. It had the texture of a thick milkshake and the color of added blueberries, but tasted more like straight scotch whiskey. She called it a thought enhancer. Once again, secret, all natural ingredients.

"Doesn't it bother you that I look so good in your clothes?" I asked her one day.

"Not at all. I am proud of the fact that you do look so good Brenda," she replied.

"I like wearing your clothes Annette." I told her. "I just wish your shoes fit me better."

"Good. Then I can burn your old clothes, right?"

"You really don't mind that I like to wear your things?"

"Not in the least dear. I don't come from your 'normal' society Brenda. I have lived most of my life with Club New Dawn. For us, it's an honor to have a man dress, look and act like one of the girls. I am thrilled if you really do like it. If you have to go back to life as a man I may not be as happy."

"So burn my male things then Annette. I want to spend my life with you too. I do like all of your clothes, the dresses in particular though."

"I thought so." she said with a smile. "I think you'll like them even more in a few more months."

"What's in a few more months?" I asked her.

"You'll be a full member, we'll live in the city and out here once in a while, and we'll have a larger wardrobe to share."

"I know I have to appear in public dressed as a woman from now on Annette, but I am scared to death just thinking about it."

"So don't think about it, do it. We need some things from the grocery again so instead of calling in for it, let's get into the car and go get them. This town is so small we might see all of thirty people today. In a crowd who would notice if you made a mistake or two? No one." she answered her own question.

"I have to do it sooner or later Annette, lets go."

Maybe I was a bit hasty with my decision to try passing in public so soon after starting to cross dress, but I had an expert to help and guide me through all of the rocky roads ahead. Better to find my faults now and fix them than to find them in heavy traffic and end up lost.

Annette helped me choose a light summer dress that was comfortable while still being sexy and hiding my masculinity properly. Her choice of clothing wasn't as important as mine was, after all, she was a female and all knew it already.

I was the impostor who had a job to do fooling everyone. I hoped I was good enough.

The town was small and driving through it Annette pointed out the town hall, post office, sheriff's office and grocery store all in the same breath. Everyone in town was polite and friendly and came right up to be introduced to the new girl in town.

Annette made introductions as well as she could since there were a few of their names she forgot.

The women smiled politely and shook my hand, the men grinned broadly and when offered my hand they invariably kissed it.

The grocery backed up to the general store and when we had our purchases of food and fruits we went over and tried on dresses before going back to the car.

I over heard some of the elderly gents on the porch talking about that gorgeous girl, Brenda, who came in with Annette Hamilton. They called me a 'real looker' and added that I might bring some class to this backwoods town if I stayed long enough.

As we drove back to the farm I told Annette what I had over heard. She conceded that if the old men were on my side, then I had passed the local test. She felt that no big city could stop or intimidate me now.

Monday came and Annette had to go to the city for the interviews Hillary had set up for her. She had four that day and wouldn't be back till really late. It would be my first day at the farm alone.

Together we had filled the pool and cleaned the entire house and yard area.

With Annette gone I changed into a two piece string bikini to swim in, but stripped naked to sun bathe by the pool. When I got too hot I eased into the pool and went for another swim. I got a good amount of sun front and back, but not enough to burn.

When I felt it was time to get out of the sun I couldn't lace myself back into the corset so I put on panties, a halter bra with the breast forms, shorts and a halter top. I was still amazed at my hairless body and face. I kind of wished I had real breasts though, instead of the forms I had to wear. When Annette had me laced into the corset I could do without the forms as my skin pushed up high enough to make it look like I had small girlish breasts.

I took time in the afternoon though to do my mind exercises and drink the foul liquid that went with it. There was a higher purpose to the things I did and though I didn't know it at that time I was willing to take a chance on the future.

I had a dinner of barbecued spare ribs, steamed rice and a tossed salad ready when Annette got home at seven that evening. As I suspected she had driven straight home after the last of her meetings and hadn't eaten.

We ate together.

"I didn't know you could cook Brenda." she told me.

"I was a bachelor, remember Annette? I lived alone since I was sixteen, and with a working mother before that. Of course I can cook, and I like to do it too. I also like to eat."

I loaded the dishwasher while she took it easy for a change. Then I gave her neck a massage and asked how her day went.

"Oh fine." she answered. "Of the four guys I interviewed today only one is a suitable candidate for our membership, though he isn't anywhere as good as you are. I have to tell the other three women that their choices aren't of the quality we expect."

"Can't Hillary or someone else tell them?"

"No, I made the cut. I have to tell them. But not tonight. Tonight I want to get laid royally. How about it lady. Wanna strap on your dildo and fuck all night long?"

"You got it baby." I replied. "Let's go."

Arm in arm we went up to the bedroom.

I couldn't carry her while wearing my high heeled shoes.

She refused to let me act like anything but a lady. A lesbian, okay, but still a lady.

Even in our bedroom we were still ladylike in every respect. I had to copy her moans of pleasure as we undressed each other kissing the skin as we exposed it. Some of my moans were for real when she started removing my panties with her lips while kneading my buttocks with her fingers.

I did the same for her and made love to her like it was her first time, slow and gentle.

This is what she wanted and this is what she got.