



Reluctant Press

Change Of Life

Jennifer Adams



ILLUSTRATIONS BY BRIAN DUKEHART

A 'NEW WOMAN' NOVEL

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Reluctant Press TG Publishers

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CHANGE OF LIFE

BY JENNIFER ADAMS

CHRISTI

Hello, my name is Christine McMicheals. I'm an author by profession. I write those steamy romance novels. I am, of course, a woman. I am 27 years old. Currently, I am 6 months pregnant. Even though I have lived this way for a year now it is still somewhat distressing to me. You see, I wasn't always this way. No, I'm not talking about being pregnant, although I haven't always been that way either. I am talking about being a woman. I know you probably think I'm just a dumb bimbo, but I really know what I'm talking about. I started my life as a boy named David Jeffrey McMicheals. I would like to tell you my autobiography.

It actually started almost a year ago. I had begun writing romance novelettes in college. I soon discovered that it was nearly impossible to find a publisher to print my work. I couldn't even get them to read my submissions. Finally, one publisher did read my submission and set up a meeting with me. In the meeting she explained why no one else would even look at my work. She said that because I was a man they thought that I wouldn't be a very good romance writer. In fact, the only way she could accept my work was if I would write under a female pen name. She told me that her readers wouldn't trust my ability if they knew that I was a man. Studies and experience both have taught her that. So, reluctantly I chose the name Christine and just used my own last name.

Under the name of Christine McMicheals, my books were published and became quite popular. After a few years I had written six novels and many novelettes. People began to know my name. Well, my pen-name, anyway. That's not to say that it became a household word, but I had at least a small following. This is what caused my dilemma and eventually my current state. The problem was this.

In January my publishing agent, Patty, told me that there was going to be a publisher's convention in July for publishers, readers, and writers. It seems that one of my books was to be featured this year by being used as the theme. It was set during the Civil war, and was about a Northern girl who finds love in a war-torn time in the arms of a Southern gentleman. This meant that Christine would have to attend for the whole week. There was just one slight problem with this. I hardly looked like "Christine" even though I was her.

I live on a small farm, but I don't work the land. I used to let my neighbor share-crop. Unfortunately he passed on a couple of years ago. I helped his wife through this rough time. Thus, Betty and I have become good friends. In fact, besides myself and my publishing agent she's the only one that knows that I am both Jeff and Christine.

She comes over quite often so she can read my latest chapters before they're mailed off. I have told Betty my most private thoughts. So naturally I turned to her with my problem. In hindsight I sometimes wonder if that was such a good idea, all things considered. Anyway, I told her that I was expected to attend the convention for a week as a woman and I didn't know what to do. She suggested that I send a woman as Christine. We discussed this and discovered that I wouldn't be able to teach anyone enough to pull it off. There just wasn't enough time for that. Not even if it were Betty. I was really the only one who could answer all of the questions that would be asked. But how? I asked. Betty said that she would have to check but that she might have an idea.

"Its simple really," she said reluctantly. "You go as Christine."

"I hate to burst your bubble, but I don't look like a woman. I am 6 feet tall and weigh 220 pounds. I could never pass as a woman," I retorted.

"Don't worry. I think I know some one who can help. Let me make a phone call."

"I don't see how anyone can make me look like a woman. Besides, I don't think I could pull it off. Unless maybe, you know a magician."

"Better! I know a white witch," she said while she dialing the phone. "Now shut up and let me talk."

She talked for about fifteen minutes. When she got off the phone she told me that she would get a potion and instructions tomorrow, Thursday. She said that she would bring it over as soon as she got it. I asked her what it was supposed to do. She said that the only thing that she was told, was that it would help me with my problem. She told me she would find out more tomorrow.

We sat and talked about other things for most of the afternoon until she had to meet her kids at their bus stop.

That evening I tried to write but couldn't. I couldn't stop wondering what this potion was supposed to do. What if it gave me large breasts. Imagine that—a man with hooters! If it did, how long would they last. Days? Weeks? Months? Or worse yet, years??? I'd had enough by midnight and went to sleep.

Betty came over around noon the next day. She gave me a small bottle filled with a thick brown liquid that looked for all the world like molasses. She told me that she was assured that it was not.

"So, what exactly, is this stuff supposed to do to me?" I asked.

"Well, I know this is hard to believe, but it is supposed to turn you into a woman. Completely into a woman."

"Yeah, right."

"Okay, skeptic, try it."

“Not so fast. Let me think about it,” I said trying not to sound like a chicken. “I’d better talk to my agent about this first.”

I picked up the phone and called Patty.

“Okay, but make it quick. I have to leave by three,” Betty warned.

“That’s a great idea,” Patty said when I told her Betty’s plan. “If it’ll really turn you into a woman. I’m really busy, so I gotta run. Bye Jeff, or should I say Christi? Talk to you later.”

I hung up the phone shocked. Was it my imagination or was I the only one having a problem with this?

“So? Are you going to?” Betty inquired, holding the bottle out toward me.

“Yeah, I’ll do it. Only, I’m going to wait until July.”

“You can’t wait until July! You have to get used to being a woman I also need time to teach you how to be feminine. There’s more to being a woman than having a female body, you know. Besides, we don’t know how long this potion will take to work. It could take a couple of hours, or a couple days, or a couple of weeks,” she stated, pointing out the obvious. She was right on all counts and I knew it, but I wanted to put it off as long as possible.

“I just don’t want to be a woman. I know that it is the only way out of this, but I don’t want to become one any sooner than I have to,” I observed, reluctantly.

“You have to do it as soon as possible. I have to have time to teach you things you need to know, or you won’t be able to pass.”

“What could I possibly need to know that I don’t already know.”

“There are things like make up, how to wear skirts and dresses, how to move and sit in a dress. There are things you need to be taught about being feminine that you don’t just do automatically. You said that the sales of your books depend upon the fact that everyone thinks that you’re a woman. If you don’t pass as a totally feminine woman, you would lose the respect of your audience. Then you would lose them, along with their money, to other authors”

“Your right. I’m just scared, I guess. What if I get stuck like that? I don’t want to be a woman for the rest of my life.”

“Why not? I’ll be a woman for the rest of my life. You don’t hear me whining, do you?”

“You were born that way. A female I mean.”

“You don’t have anything to worry about. I’ll get the antidote as soon as you get back from the convention. As long as you take it as soon as you get home, you’ll be back to your old grumpy self in no time.”

“I’m not grumpy! Try to put your self in my position. And what do you mean by as soon as I get home?”

“After six months the antidote will be ineffective, then it'll be permanent. And I do mean permanent, understand. I am, however, going to need your total cooperation. It won't be as bad as you think,” she explained with sympathy for me.

I took the bottle and took the cap off. I looked at Betty and announced, “Well, here's mud in your eye,” and tipped the bottle, bottom -up into my open mouth in one fluid motion. I did this so that I had no time to have second thoughts. In a moment or two I had emptied the entire contents into my mouth and swallowed it. It was then, after it was safely in my belly, that she introduced me to the catch.

“Just don't get yourself pregnant and you'll have this whole thing over with before you know it.”

“What is that supposed to mean?”

“I didn't tell you before because I didn't think it was important, and I didn't want you to back out. Actually, she said the reason she won't give you the antidote until you need it is to make sure that you aren't pregnant. She is a white witch, which means that she can't let you switch back if it would kill a fetus. Which means that by the time you would no longer be pregnant, it would be too late to take the antidote.”

“Thanks a lot! I would like to have known this sooner. Not that I plan to put myself at risk, but you should've been honest with me.”

“Your right. I should've told you. I'm sorry. I didn't think it would matter since I'm sure you probably wouldn't kiss a guy much less let one have his way with you,” she noted apologetically.

“Okay, is there anything else I should know about?”

“Yes but I can't think of it off-hand. I'm sure that I'll think of it before you need to know. It is something that you may not have to worry about. I remember that much. Do you feel any different?”

“No, not yet it'll probably take a few days, at least.”

“Your probably right. Its time for me to go. Call me if you notice any changes, 'bye.”

“Bye, see you tomorrow.”

It was around two-thirty when Betty left. This was January 25th. I went into my office and began writing. I only stopped for a few minutes to eat and went right back to work.

I'd finally stopped for the night around eleven o'clock.

I undressed completely before getting ready for bed so that I could inspect my body for any change. Standing in front of the mirror, the only thing I noticed was that my body hair was getting lighter in color and density and the red highlights in the hair on my head seemed to be getting more pronounced. I thought that my nipples looked a little darker and maybe a little puffy. I got dressed for bed, climbed in and went right to sleep.

I woke early and relieved myself. I thought that my member seemed a little smaller, but again I wasn't sure. So, I undressed and went to the mirror, to look to see if there were any other differences. My nipples were definitely darker and puffy, they were also

about twice as big as they were yesterday. My body hair was almost all gone. All I had left was a small patch of pubic hair, it was a reddish color and when I touched it, it felt much softer than it used to. The hair on my legs was still evident, barely. I no longer had hair on my chest. Upon closer examination, however, I discovered that I did still have hair on my chest. Only now it was so fine and transparent that I had to squint to see it. The hair on my head was now a dark auburn.

I thought that if it stayed that way it would be very pretty. I was taken aback by this thought, I guessed that the changes went deeper than physical. I also noticed that my face was now softer and as hairless as my chest. The features were now much finer than I had been used to. I turned to get dressed. That's when I discovered the biggest change.

My pants were too big. Not by much, though. They were about an inch too long and a little loose in the waist. They were also a little snug around my hips. I cuffed the legs. It was then I noticed that my hands were a little smaller and my finger nails were a little longer. When I put my shirt on it was too big, also. Socks and shoes didn't fit either. So, I wore my pants, oversized shirt, and my too big flip-flops.

I had a light breakfast that consisted of two slices of toast and a cup of coffee. I discovered that I was only able to eat one slice of toast, so I put the other out for the birds.

Betty showed up around noon. She inspected the changes in my body and took me to a second hand store for some clothes that I could wear. When we got back to my house, she showed me how to put on woman's clothes since they fastened in different ways. With great difficulty, I was able to talk her into feminine running shoes as opposed to black patent flats. She also explained the differences between men's sizes and woman's sizes. According to what she said, my foot dropped two shoe sizes from my original size eleven which would make them now nines. My new used shoes were ten and a half women's.

No arguments, she reminded as we got out of the car.

So, I put on my first women's outfit. At least they fit. There wasn't any real change for several days. Then about three days later I woke to a real shock I had out shrunk my "new" clothes, and I now had breasts. They were only slight mounds, but quite a bit larger than the day before. My waist was also a lot smaller. My hip seemed to almost double in size.

Back to the flip-flops.

When Betty came over she had, much to my embarrassment, her fourteen year old daughter, Shelly in tow. Shelly thought my little "boobs", as she called them, were cute. Betty told me that she had filled Shelly in. Shelly told me that hers looked like that when she was twelve. With that, we left on another clothes quest. I was now about five-foot, seven inches tall.

I discovered, while on my shopping trip, that my waist which was originally thirty-eight inches, was now only thirty-two inches. As expected, my hips were a little larger at thirty-six inches. Which put me in size 13/14 pants. They saw to it that I received

my first bra which was sized at 36AA. My size 10 1/2 shoes were replaced by size 9 woman's flats.

Shelly was much harder to reason with, as I was soon about to discover. By the time we left, I not only had new pants, blouses, and flats, but also a skirt, pantyhose, and pumps with two and a half inch heels.

I made the mistake of telling Shelly that they were a waste of money, since I wouldn't wear them. I wore them home.

I also received another treat, ha ha. They stopped at a beauty salon and I got a nice feminine hair style. I was told that now that my hair was finally long enough that I needed something a little more ladylike. I not only sported fluffy bangs and a perm, but I also had light pink finger and toe nails. I also got my ears pierced once with pearl studs. Of course, my face was also made up. Shelly taught me a thing or two.

After they left, I walked as fast as my high heels would allow and went to my bedroom to look at the "new me" in the full length mirror. I reached the mirror and stopped abruptly; my reflection made my heart skip a beat. I stared at the girl in the mirror for a long time. She was a knock out! I couldn't believe that this hot honey looking back from the mirror was really me. Actually more than that, I thought, not just me, the new me. My stomach churned.

Oh! What have I gotten myself into?!

I watched her move, as I walked up and down in front of the mirror. She was so sexy and seductive. I still couldn't associate her with me. I just shook my pretty head, the light sparkling off of my large blue eyes. They looked larger than they ever had before.

"What am I going to do now?"

I went ahead and stayed dressed that way until I got ready for bed. I stripped to my panties, washed off the make up and climbed into bed.

As the days passed I became used to all my new feminine finery. Then, one morning, I discovered more changes. Which wasn't really too much of a shock by that point. I would definitely need a new bra, since my breasts had become much larger. My nipples were about the size of pencil erasers and the aureoles were the same size as the bottom of a beer bottle.

They were the only things that enlarged. Everything else shrank. My waist was noticeably smaller and my hips were impossibly wide, they looked to me to be ten feet wide. My shoes once again outgrew my feet.

This time when Betty came over, I was wearing only a baggy pair of my "new" panties and pants and an over sized T-shirt. The lack of support caused my breasts to jiggle and bounce as I walked barefoot to the door.

"You are starting to look pretty. Well, look at the size of those!" Betty said when I opened the door. "We'll have to do something about them."

I swallowed hard knowing what that meant. Once again we were soon on our way to the store. Only this time we didn't go to the second hand shop.

We went instead to a woman's specialty shop.

“Why'd we come here?”

“You need a new bra and you're getting too big to guess at your bra size. Here they'll measure you for the proper fit so you'll get the best support,” she replied in motherly overtones.

“I don't want to get measured. I'll have to bare my breasts and I sure don't want to do that.”

“Stop being silly. Every girl should be measured at least once in her life. That's why so many woman have trouble with their breasts. Besides, you won't be completely top-less. They let you wear your bra.”

“I'm not wearing a bra. It didn't fit.”

“Hmm, I can see your problem. Don't worry, you'll live.”

With that, we went into the shop. I thought I was going to die, but Betty was right. I lived. I was totally embarrassed, but I lived.

Next she took me to buy shoes. She said that the rest of my clothes should fit for now. Then she took me home.

Once Betty left, I put my new bras away and fixed myself something to eat. I had a frozen t.v. dinner, really only half. I was certainly eating less these days. After dinner, as usual, I retired to my study to write. I noticed that my work was becoming better. I seemed to be able to identify not only with the male character, but with the female character as well.

When I awoke, I did my daily ritual of looking myself over. Two weeks after taking that potion I looked decidedly female. My hair, still auburn, seemed to be growing in leaps and bounds. It was, at that point, below my shoulders, but not quite to my shoulder blades.

My humiliating measurement experience lead me to the discovery of my current bra size, 36B. My waist was down to 28" and my hips had become 37". My eyes were a bright blue. My feet now fit comfortably into a woman's size 7 shoe. My hands, with their still pink nails, were a lot smaller. I already knew they were getting smaller, by how much further I had to stretch them to reach the keys of my computer keyboard. No real changes had occurred since the day before, so I got dressed.

When Betty came over she made me put on a skirt for my lesson, I spent the day learning how to walk, sit, stand, and get in and out of a car. It was also a heel lesson. She schooled me in feminine table manners. How much to take, how much to eat and so on. That's the way things went for a few days while my body stayed stable.

Then my breasts expanded again. So I had to go back to get measured again. Betty said that, now that I was used it, it wouldn't be so bad. She was wrong. She said that she was speaking from experience. Yeah, from a woman's stand point. I was a man going to be measured for a bra!!! Once again I thought I was gonna die.

She said I would live.

I did.

It took 28 days for that potion to completely turn me into a woman. I didn't think so, but was now a fully functioning female. When the final change occurred, I was awake. I was having my lesson with Betty. My genitals had been slowly shrinking and all that was left of them by then was just the head of my penis. It was small and pink and looked like an enlarged clitoris. While I was taking my lesson, suddenly I felt like a small pop in my groin. At that point I knew that I was all woman. After my lesson, I excused myself and went to my bedroom. In my room, I took off my size 7/8 skirt and size 9/10 blouse. Next I took off my medium/tall pantyhose. Then I removed my 36D bra, a task that had grown much easier with experience. I had saved my panties for last, afraid of what I knew I would find under them.

Slowly, I slid them down my legs, keeping my smooth feminine legs closed. I looked at my little tuft of auburn pubic hair, with my panties around my ankles. I sat on the bed and kicked off the panties. I leaned back and spread my legs. As I did, my now prominent lips spread open and I could see that the last bit of my shrunken male member had left with the pop that I felt earlier. All I had left was a clitoris that had formed in its place. I took my finger and felt my new clitoris.

I was careful not to scratch it with my long fingernail since I somehow knew that it would be far more painful than scratching my penis. When I looked up, I saw in the mirror something I had seen a dozen times before. Only this time, I was the chick spread on the bed. I could see from there that I was completely female. I also thought, as I looked in the mirror, that if I did have sex I would be the receiver. At least for a while. I started to cry. I was crying for my lost manhood, and from fear of what I had become.

What if I found men attractive?

Worse, what if I actually wanted to suck on some guy's dick? This caused me to stop crying, in shock, only for a moment. Then I began crying again anew.

There was a knock on the door.

"Are you all right in there?" Betty asked as she opened the door.

She saw me lying on the bed crying with my legs still spread, so that she could see my shame. I snapped them closed but not before she saw that my transformation was complete. She came over to the bed and held me to comfort me. This made me cry all the more, at first. I had always wanted to be more than friends with Betty but she wasn't ready for another man after her husband died. Now, we were lying on the bed holding each other while I was naked. I still wanted her and was getting aroused but now I no longer possessed the equipment to do anything.

Since I'm a firm believer in heterosexuality for myself, there was nothing I could do but cry.

Betty told me to be a good girl and cry it all out.

After I had calmed down I confessed to her that I had wanted to be more than friends.

She smiled and said she would like that after I got back to feeling more myself. With that, she kissed me on the cheek, a girl-friendly kiss, and left me to my thoughts.

When I awoke the following morning I did my morning ritual of looking in the mirror. With the development of a vagina, I knew that the transformation was complete. My current stats were as follows; height 5'3", weight 115 lb., hair auburn and to my shoulder blades, eyes light green, chest 36D, waist 27", hips 37".

As I looked in the mirror, I thought that I looked pretty, although I thought that it was more of a curse than a blessing. I knew that men would find me attractive. This would be dangerous. They would line up for three city blocks for dates, I just knew it. That, coupled with the female hormones that were coursing through my body, intent on influencing my thinking, could only spell disaster. Every red-blooded male knows that redheads are hot to trot.

Whether they are or not. I was in a shit load of trouble and I knew it. Well, what's done is done.

As time went by I became acclimated to my new gender.

Betty's girl lessons along with my hormones had made my womanhood become like a comfortable pair of jeans: Comfortable, even though you know that you have to get rid of them you just can't seem to. So, you just keep getting more used to them and try not to notice that you still feel a little silly wearing them.

By June, I was just about ready for the convention. I even completed my next book while I was hiding out.

For the last two months, Betty had taken me out for more public exposure. She had me doing anything and everything: baby-sitting for her so she could date, shopping for myself and her so that I would be in public longer. I think that she just wanted a break. I didn't mind. Of course, if I complained she would remind me of our agreement.

A couple of days before I left, Betty and Shelly came over. They were dressed similar to the way I was dressed, in shorts and halter tops. My excuse was that I hadn't planned on going out, but the truth was that I was too damn hot and I wanted to wear as little as possible.

"Nice outfit! Its good to see that you're getting over your shyness. You're just about ready. There's just one more thing you need."

"What's that?" I asked suspiciously.

She threw something at me and said, "You're too white. You need a tan!"

I held up a bright pink bikini in both hands.

"No way! I don't care what agreement I made. I am not going anywhere in this."

"Why not?" Shelly asked. "We're both wearing one."

"You're both girls."

"So are you. Besides, we're only going out in the backyard."

I shouldn't have listened to her, but I did. I reluctantly put on the bikini. I looked in the mirror. It seemed to be becoming my closest friend. Actually, the opposite was case. It was becoming my worst enemy. I just had to survey the damage as it happened.

The bikini was worse than I thought. It left little to the imagination. Looking closely, I could see the discoloration of my auburn pubic hair and the faint, yet noticeable dark rings in the center of the cups. If I moved the wrong way the material slid slightly between the crease of my lips and anyone who cared to look would see the outline of my vagina. If I were going anywhere but the backyard I would be embarrassed to death.

When I went downstairs in it on, Shelly was waiting for me. "See! It looks cute on you."

I was thinking more along the lines of "scandalous", but I didn't comment. "Where's your mom?"

"She had to go out to the car. Come on, lets go."

I followed her to their car. When I leaned in the window to talk to Betty, Shelly pushed me in and jumped in the back.

Betty waited just long enough for Shelly to get in, then she took off like a bat out of hell with me kicking and screaming trying to turn around and sit right.

Meanwhile, my ass was hanging out the window. I'm sure I gave a good show to any men lucky enough to be within eyesight. When I finally did get turned around, I saw an old farmer looking at me grinning from ear to ear. So I got bushwhacked and was forced to spend the day with them at the beach.

This resulted in my gaining a dark tan, much to the enjoyment of more than a few males. I'm sure I made their red blood a little hotter. On a disturbing note, they were starting to make me wet between my legs. Especially when I could see the hardening bulges in their tight swimming trunks. I also discovered tan lines when I finally got the bikini off.

When Betty and Shelly dropped me off at home I got another surprise.

Patty had driven up to see me before I left for the convention. She got out of her car as I started walking up the drive.

"Hello, I'm Patty Doogan, Jeff's publishing agent. Could you tell me where he is?"

"Hello Patty, I'm Christine McMicheals and I'm who you're looking for."

Her mouth opened but nothing came out. All she could do was stare for several seconds. Then she only made some gestures with her hands referring to my changed dimensions. Finally she said. "Oh my god! You'll make the perfect Christine. Did he teach you all about his books? Are you ready?"

"Patty! I am Jeff, or rather, I was. Now I'm Christine, Betty's been calling me Christi."

"Jeff? I mean... Hey! Is that really you?"

"Yes it is. That potion that Betty got from her friend turned me into this."

“Wow! I didn't know that you're a man until you told me.”

“Patty, I'm not a man. At least not anymore. Well until Betty gets me the antidote after I get home from the convention. I am completely female. As functioning as you are.” She looked at the smoothness in the crotch of my bikini bottom then at my skimpy top barely covering the large mounds of my breasts.

“This is incredible! I didn't think that you would go this far.”

“We weren't sure what it would do. Come on in. Would you like a cup of coffee?”

“Sure, thanks,” she agreed as she followed me into the house.

We spent the rest of the day talking about my new appearance and also the upcoming convention. As we talked she kept looking at my body covered only by my pink bikini. She finally asked me to change. Then she said that she just had to see if it was all real, did I mind?

I told her that it would be embarrassing but I would let her see me nude. When she saw it, she could only keep saying that it was remarkable. I put on a sun dress and that seemed to solve her staring problem. In the early evening she left for home, still shaking her head.

July 10th had finally arrived. I was wearing a white ruffled blouse and a black skirt. I was starting to get into this Christi thing. I actually thought it would be fun to see how the other half lived.

I had Betty drive me and my five suitcases to the airport. After my luggage was taken out of her car. I said my good-byes.

Betty was giving me last minute instructions. “And above all, don't get yourself pregnant...” she concluded.

“Trust me, that won't be a problem,” I cut her off. Frankly, I was getting tired of hearing it. As I made my way down the concourse, I realized that I was now on my own. I was going to spend seven wonderful fun-filled days in sunny Miami Beach, Florida, alone.

My palms began to sweat. *'Oh well,'* I thought, *“I'll manage.”*

Soon I was on the plane and on my way. There was no turning back now.

When the plane landed it was ninety-six degrees and I felt it. I found a limo waiting when I got off the plane, courtesy of the organizer.

The driver retrieved my luggage without me asking. That was a new experience. He then drove me to the hotel where I was already registered under Miss Christine McMichaels. I was taken to my room by a young bellboy who couldn't seem to stop looking at my legs.

Since I didn't have to be anywhere until morning. I decided to relax for the rest of the day. I soon shed my hot travel outfit and donned something more comfortable in that weather, my hot pink bikini. I put on a wrap and got a towel and went to look for the pool.

With my cleavage showing, I walked all over the hotel but couldn't seem to locate the pool. I knew they had one but I didn't want to look like a dumb redhead so I was afraid to ask. Finally, I got back on the elevator to return to my room.

On the second floor, a man got on wearing swim trunks and a T-shirt, holding a towel.

"Ah, going up for some rays?" he asked not looking at my face, but a little lower.

I watched his eyes move up and down for a couple of seconds. Having been a man myself, I knew exactly what he was doing. He was ogling me. It was then that I realized that the bottom of my wrap had come opened and that he could see not only my cleavage, but also the snug fit of my bikini bottom that left little to the imagination. I blushed slightly. I didn't want to embarrass him by immediately fixing my wrap, so I left it. Besides, he wasn't being obvious. I only noticed because I used to look at woman myself. Now, I try not to ogle anyone, although I tend to ogle the guys, much to my dismay. I was returning the favor by ogling him.

"Yes, I am," I replied, automatically sounding coy. That was a little scary. I was getting aroused by him and my body's reflexes were dictating my manor. "I got a little lost."

"Easy to do in a big hotel."

"I was afraid to ask anyone for fear that they would think that I was dumb."

"With that intelligent sparkle in your eyes how could anyone think that?"

With that, I fluttered my eyes. What was I doing? HELP! ANYONE? Only there wasn't anyone to help. I was on my own.

Demurely, I said, "Thank you."

"Hi, my name is Bill Lewis. I'm here for the publishing convention."

"Really? What a small world. So am I." It just tumbled out of my mouth. I couldn't believe that I was saying that. "Hi, I'm Christi McMicheals."

I offered him my hand just like Betty taught me, palm down, fingers pointing toward the ground. He took it and gently shook it.

"Do you mean THE Christine McMicheals?"

"In the flesh."

"Wow! I'm a big fan."

"Really? A man? I didn't think men read romance novels."

"I do. I also write them, but I can't get anyone to read my work."

"I might be interested in reading some."

The elevator doors opened and we stepped on to the foyer going out to the pool.

"You're kidding me, right?"

"No, I have more interest than you'll ever know."

"What do you mean?"

“Lets just say that I had similar trouble getting started.”

“Yeah, but you're a woman.”

“Still, I had trouble.”

We decided to keep each other company for the afternoon. I saw him looking at my bikini-clad body when I took off my wrap. Of course, I did manage to get quite an eye-ful myself. As he took his shirt off, I couldn't help but notice his muscular and hairy chest. I also noticed the bulge in the front of his trunks. I thought about how I had a bulge and a hairy chest not too long ago. I kept telling myself that this was wrong. Unfortunately, I didn't seem to be listening to myself.

Bill made me happy to be around him.

After talking with him all afternoon, my bikini bottoms were wet in the gusset as though I had just gotten out of the pool. The only thing was, I had never gotten in the water.

After spending a delightful afternoon talking with Bill and getting some sun, I decided to go back to my room and relax before having a light supper in the hotel restaurant.

I told Bill that I was going to go back to my room.

“What are you doing after that?”

“I thought that I would just read a little.”

“How would you like to go sightseeing with me instead? Then maybe we'll have some dinner?”

I was going to say no, but this tumbled out instead: “Sure, that would be wonderful.”

So I stood up and put my wrap back on. I gave him one last look, his crotch was still bulging.

“I'll come to your room to collect you in a hour if you'd be so kind as to give me your room number.”

I wanted to tell him that he was being too forceful, but instead I said. “My room is 307. See you then.”

Then, I turned and walked back to the elevator. I could feel his eyes on my ass and legs as I walked out of his sight. In the elevator, I thought about what had just happened. I had just let a man talk me into a date. Instead of being appalled, I was thrilled. The more I thought about it, I actually liked him deciding things for me.

When I returned to my room I discovered why he kept looking at me and getting an erection. I could see in the mirror that I was showing off my vagina again. I quickly took off my bikini and took a shower. Then I put on a pair of lace French-cut bikini panties and a matching bra. Next, I hooked a garter belt around my narrow waist and slid on nylons and attached them to the garters. I put on a camisole and a half slip.

I sat at the vanity and opened my make-up case and applied it so that I looked my sexy best. This was a mechanical action. Then I put on a pale pink, low-cut top and a

short jean skirt that fell just above mid-thigh. Lastly, I put on a pair of high-heeled sandals.

Checking the mirror, I was a knock-out. I hoped he thought so, anyway. Where'd that come from? I threw some make-up in a jean purse and slung it over my shoulder. There was a knock at the door.

I opened the door and Bill was standing there.

“Hi, Christi, you look very nice,” he said as I melted inside.

“Hi, Bill. Thank you.”

He offered me his arm and I took hold of it as he led me into a wonderful evening that ended with a kiss that I could feel to the tips of my toes.

We saw the town. Then, we went to an elegant restaurant for dinner. He took me dancing at a local hot spot.

He finally dropped me at my door at 2 A.M. where we kissed. I thanked him for a wonderful evening and went into my room.

I undressed quickly, I desperately needed a cold shower. I couldn't believe that he got me so aroused. I needed to cool off fast. After the shower I discovered that it didn't help much. I ended up fingering myself to climax, just so I could have some relief from the mounting pressure between my legs. I was starting to get scared. I was afraid of how far he might go, but I was even more afraid of how far I would let him. After all, no matter how I looked I was still a man. Men don't want men to make love to them. I guessed that I would just have to avoid him. That was too bad really. He's a nice man.

Needless to say, I didn't sleep too much.

I got out of bed around 7 a.m. I showered and dressed. Applied make-up. I went to breakfast at 8:30 a.m. After breakfast I went to the Organizer's office.

I walked up to the secretary's desk and introduced myself. “Hello, I'm Christi McMicheals. I need to speak to Paula Page, please.”

She touched a button on the intercom and said, “Miss McMicheals to see you, Mrs. Page.”

“Good, send her in,” it answered.

“Mrs. Page will see you now, please go right in.”

“Thank you.” I opened the door and stepped in.

“Good morning Miss McMicheals. I am Paula Page. Pleased to meet you. You may call me Paula.”

“Good morning. Call me Christi.”

“We have so much to discuss,” she started.

We talked for over an hour. She informed me that since I was the featured author, I would be doing a lot of P.R. stuff. Signing books, guest appearances and such. On Saturday, there was to be a ball just like in my book and that I would be fitted later that week. I was also informed that she had assigned an escort for me to help me manage my busy schedule.

We stepped back through the door and she introduced me to...none other than Bill Lewis.

I decided to start taking the birth control pills that Betty had gotten for me a couple of months ago. A girl can never be too careful, I thought.

I am not going to bore you with a lot of details. I will, however, give you some details. Bill did help me manage my schedule. There were a lot of book signings and lectures. Bill and I had dinner several times. Along with my mixed emotions., my feelings seemed to be changing. I was able to let myself go a little and I began looking forward to being with him.

I did get a chance to read some of his work. I thought it was a bit unpolished but otherwise very good and I told him so. I also offered to show my agent so that she could see what she could do. After all she did owe me. BIG TIME!!

On Wednesday I was fitted for my ball gown. The organizer bought it.

It was heavenly. It had a long flowing skirt, which was typical dress for a northern woman of the time. It also had a tight bodice which required a tighter corset. This was also typical. What wasn't typical, was the plunging V-neck that was covered in lace through which my deep cleavage was very visible, along with an ample portion of each breast. Although it looked like a modest dress of the times, it was scandalous. And I was going to wear it! Along with the corset, garters, and high heeled boots, I was also given appropriate jewelry to wear as well.

All week I managed to avoid Bill's advances. Not that he was being overly persistent, but he did make it clear, in so many words, that he had hoped that the week would find us in each other's arms, naked. He was hoping for even more than that, I'm sure.

Friday afternoon I began getting ready. First, I soaked in a hot bubble bath. Then, I powdered my whole body with perfumed talc. After I set my hair in curlers, I began to dress. I put on my lace covered panties.

Paula stopped by my room to help me into my corset. Trust me. No matter how good you are with your hands, you cannot put a corset on by yourself. At least, not if you intend to wear it properly, as I soon found out. Paula left me in my corset and panties. After I slid on my nylon stockings and attached them to my garters, I looked in the mirror. The effect was well worth the effort. It was hard to believe that these painful garments made me feel so feminine. I discovered what millions of women already knew.—clothes are more than just garments to cover your nakedness. They speak your feelings. And mine were screaming “wanton slut”. My ensemble reflected that without a doubt. Unfortunately, it was all that I had to wear, and I did have to go to the ball.

Finally, with my hair dry and curlers out, I put on the slip and dress. I had just finished zipping up the zipper in the dress, when I heard a knock on the door. I opened the door.

Bill was standing there.

“WOW! You look great.”