

# GENTLE PERSUASION

*By Annie Warren*



*ILLUSTRATED BY CHAS*

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A 'HER TV' NOVEL

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## GENTLE PERSUASION

by Annie Warren

*Acquaintances may feel they know some of what you need,  
A reasonably good friend will know more of your needs,  
But your closest of friends will really try to help you.  
(a paraphrased saying from a friend of mine)*

### **Chapter 1: A Smashing First Meeting**

Hey, I wasn't even running! But you do not have to run to be moving fast; fate, in the form of a tall, slender redhead seemed to step into my life (or step in my way, whichever you prefer). I was moving somewhat hurriedly towards a parking meter that was due to expire, when I rounded a corner and Boom! There she lay, somewhat disheveled, with a couple of packages and her purse laying about her. Although I was considerably smaller than she was, I was still standing. Fate had stepped in.

I apologized profusely and helped her up, picking up the packages and her purse in the process. It was then I learned that she was actually about my size, round about, but was indeed considerably taller than me. There was something about her eyes, however, that riveted me on the spot. To begin with, when I looked into her eyes, she did not look away but held my gaze; well, that is, after she had put herself back together, dusting off what little dust may have been on her skirt and doing a quick check-and-adjust to the rest of her.

To try to make amends, I offered to buy her a cup of coffee at a nearby café. Now, this was what I considered a common courtesy, since I had noticed early on that she wore a set of wedding rings. But I was also curious as well, for I found her to be most interesting for some unknown reason, even though she was a perfect stranger. She gave me a once over, before settling back on my eyes with those deep, dark, fascinating peepers of hers. After she'd agreed, I introduced myself, and she answered in kind saying that her name was Bonnie Brandon.

We were half way to the coffee shop when I remembered my original speeding quest. We did get to the coffee shop, but only after we detoured to my car, where I fed that voracious meter. And, since we were out there, we also dropped off her packages at her car, a neat little compact painted an interesting shade of red, reminding me of her hair color.

I was still intrigued by her eyes and wanted to know more about her. She apparently did not find me repulsive, for, having agreed to my offer, we went together back into the mall, to the café.

Well, that cup of coffee turned out to be two cups for her and three for me, punctuated by a donut or two. In the course of our noshing, I told her of my job and the wonderful people I worked with, and, when she queried, I added that I was single. She had an active curiosity as far as I could see, for she asked a lot of questions about my job, who I worked for, where it was, how many people were in my office and such.

Once I had told her everything that she wanted to know, she seemed to smile what appeared to be a secret kind of smile but made no comments to explain it. In return, she told me that she was primarily a housewife, but that she was in the tail end of a somewhat bitter, childless (thank goodness) divorce from a husband that had abused her and had taken his “macho rights” seemingly whenever he wanted. She expected to “get the house,” but was not sure what would follow. With a giggle, she said that maybe she should apply for work in my office. I laughed at that, saying I didn’t think there were any free desks to which she just giggled again and said that she could always take mine. If there hadn’t been so many giggles and smiles, I’d probably have taken her seriously, but as it was put out more as a big joke, that is how I took it.

Several times in the course of the conversation, she cycled back to her upcoming divorce. Each time she apologized, stating it was really too much on her mind, and I realized from the way she was talking about it that perhaps she did not have a confidant to discuss it with. In that light, having “played” that role with other friends, I made myself the ace conversationalist. I listened and only talked minimally until she got it out.

What came out was that she was really down on men yet, strangely, found me interesting, not knowing and I hope not guessing my hobby. Being shorter than her and naturally soft spoken did help alleviate her worries about a power play type of dominance by me. The significance of the wedding rings was thus diminished, though I did not know or ask why she wore them, if her divorce and marriage were so bitter.

Physically, she had incredibly long legs, was slender almost to a fault but probably didn’t outweigh me. I too was slender, but my legs weren’t anywhere near the same. If she wore a size 12, it would be a size 12 tall.

In the end, we both thoroughly enjoyed the coffee and moreover the conversation. We actually swapped phone numbers before I “saw her to the [mall] door”. I had the feeling that I had helped her to get things “off her chest” (and it was a nice, well proportioned chest too, definitely not too large, but not too small either). All in all, I found her to be a beautiful woman, both inside and out!

I couldn’t believe it. By an accidental encounter I found not only a person I could be interested in, but also one who had apparently taken an interest in me. The fact that Bonnie was married played a lesser part, since she was in the process of getting a divorce, which meant she was pseudo-single. Besides, there was something about that pretty face and those exceptionally dark eyes that beckoned me and seemed to draw me into some sort of web. Oh, I wasn’t head over heels in love, but I could definitely see there was a possibility of a very amicable friendship developing. If I could either restrain or cut out my “hobby”. Here was a possibility that I would just *have* to explore.

And, my hobby... Need you ask? You wouldn’t be reading this if you did not share it, perhaps mentally if conditions don’t allow otherwise. I, however, am a somewhat se-

rious crossdresser, had been for years and years. I had done the “layer under” and all that for so long that I don’t know if I even *had* a pair of men’s briefs at home. But, as you already know, no doubt, not all women understand, much less tolerate, such “hobbyists” or their hobby. Well, I had hopes, didn’t I? At least I thought I did. My mind was spinning its own fantasies.

And so what happened next? Did the great Bird of Love unfold its wings to wrap us up in warmth and happiness forever? If you believe that, I think you should switch to predictable romance novels. Besides, I had just met her. So I went on home, indulged myself and got comfortable, and thought of this woman whom I had just met. I must admit that I had enjoyed her company; but, for whatever reason, I just did not call her back.

In the end, it was not necessary. On Thursday next, *she* called *me*. She said it was too quiet at home and asked if I would like to go and do something simple, like see a movie or have dinner. I said I would love to, but had to ask if meeting me for what would constitute a date was wise with the divorce so close. She paused; I almost thought she’d hung up. Had I made a faux pas so early on? Then, just as I was about to say something, she said that it was in the final stages of decision, but I was probably right to be cautious. So we decided to go to the same movie and then meet there, “accidentally”. She deemed it was close enough to ending that it shouldn’t really matter. Caution would be the byword for this “undate”.

As it happened, we had another good time. We hooked up with no problem. There was an isolation in the darkened theater and yet a quiet sort of togetherness which I enjoyed. We then decided to accidentally meet at a restaurant that we knew would be fairly busy, but not too crowded. When the movie was over, we left separately. She got there first to find that, indeed, it was fairly full. By the time I got there, she had found an empty table and had ordered. I had to park my car too far away for quick access.

Well, when I got there, I looked around and found she had been lucky and did get what seemed to be the last free table; I went over and asked if I could join her. She looked me up and down and said yes, as long as I kept my hands to myself. I sort of smiled inside at this, then sat and ordered. We had another good time, and, by consent, she left and I finished. Then I departed. I was enjoying this cloak-and-dagger suspense, though it wasn’t really that dramatic. The result of this “meeting” was that we found more things in common between us, and I also found that I really enjoyed talking with her.

The following week I got a joyous call from her. Her divorce had been granted. “I did get the house and the car, but he got most of our money”.

She joked again about going after my job, to which I chuckled and said, “Sure, give it a try.” Then with a giggle she said that the divorce would be final at the end of October. It was now late September, and I did not recognize why she was giggling, nor what other implications this day would elicit. In the meantime, she wanted to see me again. We set up an “open” date and went out the next Friday.

## Chapter 2: A First “Real” Date

It was a lot nicer without all of the cloaking and daggering, and she turned out be even nicer than I had thought before, now that she did not have to be guarded. If only she weren't six inches taller than me! Oh well, I had established that I was older, but she was definitely taller. And to compound problems, she liked to wear high heels. Even if she were in flats and I was in heels, I'd still not come anywhere near her height. Since I found I was getting to like her and began considering her a friend, I just let this slide. After all, it wasn't like I was marrying her or anything. All in all we were just enjoying ourselves, and this time it was I who asked her out for the next Friday evening. We seemed to be getting a Friday-evening-date schedule going. In another “pattern,” she insisted on picking me up for this one.

I found it interesting but understandable that she shied away from any and all physical contact with me on our “dates”. I looked at it simply as a reaction to her coming out of the divorce, and did not think too much of it other than regretting it a little, well not *too* little.

Later that evening, however, the giggle and the date of the divorce being final came together and I realized this pattern of dating was definitely going to give *me* a problem, since the end of the month of October fell on a Friday.

The problem appeared to be simple, but was it surmountable? Last year at Halloween, I had made myself a firm promise. It had to do with my hobby of crossdressing. I had decided to pierce my ears and get my eyebrows done, “professionally”. Oh, nothing extreme, I just wanted them to trim my brows and give them a bit of a shaping. I had already contacted and made appointments with a salon to do my brows and my doctor to do my ears. Here, however, was a possible problem. I wasn't too sure what I was going to do... I knew I would continue our dates, but I still contemplated her, me, and the coming Halloween when I was in the quiet of my apartment. Actually, it was exceedingly easy to ponder her.

I knew the date on the 24th was going to be particularly difficult; I would have to set up the following Friday as a no-date evening, the day her divorce was final. And, to be truthful, I was getting to look forward almost too much to our weekly dates. I wouldn't know her opinion until I told her. I had picked her up, and we were at a quiet restaurant. I hated to, but I had to say it.

“Bonnie, uh, I don't think I can make it to next week's date.”

“What? But it's Halloween! I thought we could go out together and dress up in some costumes and do some dancing. I haven't done any dancing since way before I sued for divorce. And it is the date that it becomes final and I so wanted to celebrate it... with you. I just hadn't asked. Now you've cut it off?” She went into a sort of protruding lower lip pout, then added, “Why can't you make it?”

“I have a commitment I made last year, and, well, I really can't break it. Once it's over, it's over. But, well, I just can't...” My voice trailed off.

A look of sadness came over her. I saw her hand reach for mine and then, two inches from it, draw back. That was the closest we had come to touching. As I said, I had long since sensed the “no touch” barrier that her bad marriage had laid on her

psyche. I was willing and content to let it weather out, so to say, and soften up. With dancing she may have been willing for such contact. But, with that last action, I was not sure that I hadn't just caused a severe set back. I cursed my drives under my breath, wondering if I could break them or if I could even tell her of them. We had good dates, well, up to now at any rate, and I was getting comfortable enough with her to try and tell her. That comfort also took a giant leap back. What had I done? Whatever it was, I was now committed.

"Oh, Jon." She looked away for a few seconds and then fixed those deep, dark eyes on mine, holding my attention. "I had hoped you would be different. My Ex did an awful lot to me and I was getting, well, used to you. You seemed very kind and compassionate, with a good mind and a marvelous sense of humor. I doubt there's a macho bone in your body, but... well... It's an understatement that I am disappointed. I guess I'll just have to go have a quiet dinner alone somewhere, maybe go somewhere after, alone..."

I was again caught short and just as terribly disappointed. I WANTED to be with her; that was the problem. But I could not yet lay at her feet the secret of my life that I knew would be the greatest barrier to our really being close friends or more...

"Bonnie, there are things about me that I, well, I... " I just could not broach it to her.

"I'm sorry, Jon. I hear more than you expect, but I too can't try to express it. It looks like we are in a bind. How about the Friday after? Are you still going to be busy?"

"No, by then it will have passed." I thought of the slight changes. What would she say about them? Would the night and its "secret" activities, which in reality were actually in the open, really be behind me? "Well, I think so. It will be for then to see. Let's make it a date, okay? We'll see what develops and how we can handle it."

She smiled one of her winning smiles, and those eyes that I feared would be dulled by this disappointment were again shining and even had a bit of a sparkle. "We'll see then, and I *am* looking forward to it and to an explanation, if you can give one."

"That will remain to be seen; however, I don't know if I can explain, just yet." I smiled what I hoped was one of my warmer smiles and hers widened just a bit. I hoped I had all of the necessary conviction to carry through. "I'll be picking you up at your house at the same time?" Once again I had to suppress an impulse to reach out and touch her hand. Maybe someday I would be able to do that, but not now, nor most likely on our next date. I sensed strongly even with her overt friendship that the touch-barrier was still strong and in place. And once again, cursing my compulsion that could be driving an unseen wedge between us rather than drawing us together, I repressed that simplest of desires to touch her and to tell her what the night really would be holding for me. I was wondering in the back of my head just what would happen on that date.

"No, it will be my turn since we won't be together next week. You picked me up this week."

"Okay, I won't argue." I smiled again, and so, to my relief, the next date was set. What was going to happen in between now and then, and would my office mates no-

tice? How would they take it if they did? And, as I was now realizing, how was Bonnie going to take it?

I remember that last week before Halloween in particular.



### Chapter 3: At the Office

As I walked into the office, I pondered what I was going to do. Ever since I joined this office I had found a feeling of belonging, and I did not want to jeopardize it by doing something rash. But, well, I had made up my mind to do it. Strangely, Bonnie never came up in my conversations with them. She was something special, and I sort of kept her that way. Anyway, I knew that with her divorce she could be off and away in a heartbeat, so I had not yet told the crew of my “involvement,” and never did, in a way, until... But I don't want to get ahead of myself.

The door to the office led out to the hallway, but inside, when you entered, you were faced with a wall, at least eight feet wide. It had a coat rack mounted on it. From the doorway you couldn't see anybody in the office. You had to go around the coat-rack-wall to enter the office proper.

When I came in, I immediately took off my suit jacket and hung it on the rack. There were two jackets there, but mine looked like drab, gray monk's cloth compared to theirs. Theirs were apparently made of nylon or some other soft, shiny fabric that gave back almost a feeling of softness just by looking at them, due to their varying degrees of gloss. I took a couple of seconds and “arranged” my jacket, copping a feel, if you like, of the other jackets. For the last week in October it was still warm enough to wear just a jacket, and I took advantage of it.

When I entered the office, I noted that the soft, red jacket must belong to Elaine; she was wearing a matching red skirt that had just enough highlights to emphasize her lovely body. Yes, it was indeed lovely and I think she knew it. I knew the other jacket must have been Mary's. She was almost always the first in. I guess I should have called it a blazer; she was not in a suit today but had on gray slacks. The black jacket must have been hers. She wore a pale green blouse that set off her flaming red hair. My hair was also red, but not as vibrant as hers. Mine was longer, requiring me to wear it in a pony tail at work.

If Mary had had green eyes too, it would have been a “killer” set. Oddly, for she had pale skin, her eyes were quite dark. I know because I may have had darker hair, but my eyes were a blue-green, depending on what I was wearing. Wearing my white shirt and tie, they were more blue, unless I combed my hair down over my ears; then my eyes seemed to turn green, much to Mary's envy. I did that only once and got a comment on how feminine it looked, and so always wore it in a ponytail tied off at the nape of my neck. No need pushing things!

I moved over to my desk and fired up my PC. I looked at my in-box, again filled by the night crew. Oh, how kind of them... As I leafed through the documents, I was glad that my nails were on the long side. They weren't long enough to be noticeable or to give me any problems picking things up, but they were easily “converted”. Of course, I had to be careful with the computer keyboard, as I logged in for the day. I wondered what the others would have thought if they knew my passwords were drawn from my lingerie drawer at home and the lovelies that I had filled it with. For that fact, what would Bonnie have thought?

As I was logging in, Petra came in. Of the women in my office, she was probably the most feminine, if that comparison could be drawn. She said she was my height, but I could not really agree with her; she was always wearing high heels, usually quite high. She had her hair in an afro and, although she was somewhat dark skinned, she was not black. Jo, the last member of the office, was black, but her hair was dark brown with some reddish highlights in it.

“Hey, Jon!” I looked up to see Petra looking at me. “You’re up and I’m thirsty!”

I looked over at the coffee chart and yes, I was up for it. I put my papers back down in my in-box, looking like they hadn’t even been touched, and went to the coffee maker. I noted that it had been left on “low warm,” but that the remnant of Friday’s coffee had not yet got to the sludge state; there must have been a whole heap of it in there when we went home. I grabbed the pot and the pot scrubber and then turned the machine’s heat off so that it would be “neutral” when I made a new pot. No, it was not a favorite activity, but someone had to make coffee and so we rotated.

I went to the men’s room, down the hall and around the corner, scrubbed the pot clean and filled it with cold water. It took a bit of scrubbing but did come clean. I then returned to the office, noting that it was still just before 8, but that Jo had just come in and was taking off her jacket. She was the most statuesque of the crew, standing 5' 11" in stocking feet, or so she said, but more often she too wore heels that raised her up even higher. Every time I saw her in those tall heels, I thought of Bonnie and the similarity of their passions for high heels. I think they just liked being tall. Jo was also the only one to wear a dress. It set off her slender waist, nice hips, and not really smallish breasts very nicely. Again she and Bonnie had similar figures; only Bonnie was even more slim-hipped.

I smiled at her as I passed on the way to the coffee maker. “Mornin’ Jo. Good to see you made it.”

“Good morning, Jon. Hey, that coffee is mighty thin, you know.”

I looked at the pot of water then grinned back, “Yeah, but it has less calories this way.” She grinned and I went to the machine. After setting it on its way to making the coffee, I returned to my desk and began to work. It was now after 8, anyway.

Midmorning I went over to get a cup of coffee, dreading a burned pot. I got there just as Mary was draining it. She looked into the empty pot, noted my presence, and commented, “Well, I guess I’m just a bit early for a fresh cup, huh? I suppose I could chug this one.”

“Yeah, and scald that lovely throat of yours.”

“Oh, Jon, you can be charming when you want to.” She smiled warmly, and I probably blushed just a bit. I could feel the warmth.

“Hey, Kid, I calls them the way I sees them,” I quipped back.

“Using some of your terms, ‘yeah sure’,” She said. She smiled again as I moved past her towards the door, brushing her ever so lightly in passing. I don’t know if she noticed, but she did not move until I had passed.

As I headed out the door, I wondered about her actions and about the other women in my office. They were always nice to me and to each other. It was like an idealistic existence. In the past, I would almost certainly have gotten slapped by some of the women I had known previously, if I had passed that close to them. Here it was not territorial nor sexist nor difficult. I realized how well I had it, but did not know how to express any thanks for it, nor did I have a clue to whom I should express such thoughts. Coffee overrode such thoughts fairly quickly.

At noon we had lunch in the office. Each of us brought our own lunches or made them out of a moderate fridge in the corners of the office. Somehow we sort of gravitated together at that time. Phones could ring, but callers only got a “lunchtime message” that had been okayed so that no one had to “sit the phones” during the break. Like I said, it was a good place to work.

During lunch the usual topics came up: clothing, makeup, the latest movies, places they went on dates, etc. I listened to these but did not mention Bonnie, as I said before. I did pick up a lot of good tips on where to go, however, as well as places to avoid.

Since this was the final week of October, the topic I had almost dreaded came up. Mary turned to me and asked, “Well, Jon, what are you doing for Halloween?”

I did not cough or choke but I did stop, rather abruptly. “I don’t know. Probably the same as last year; go to bed early.”

It was a lie, but, just like with Bonnie, I couldn’t tell them what I *really* did. What would they say if they knew that I dressed up and went out, had a nice dinner, took in a movie or a play or something, and then returned home, usually satisfied with myself. As I sat there in my abbreviated suit, shirt, tie, and pants with my low quarter shoes and black socks, how could I tell them? Nor could I tell them that under my pants was a pair of mint green knickers nicely edged in white lace. No, I just couldn’t quite tell them any of that. Nor had I told Bonnie; she would probably have been shocked that I’d even bring up such a topic, much less by what I was wearing. On the other hand, I wasn’t all *that* sure.

“Not again! You do that every Halloween. Petra and I were going to see the movie at the Bijou and thought maybe you’d like to come along.” She smiled.

I smiled back. The Bijou, eh? Well, even if I wanted to see *that* movie it was now *off limits*. I think I may have blushed a bit. “Thanks, Mary, but Halloween is not all that special to me.” Another white lie.

“Oh, Jon, this is not anything special in that sense. Halloween is on Friday. I saw that you took the afternoon off on the leave schedule. We just thought we’d have dinner, take in a movie, and just enjoy ourselves watching the costumed patrons and such. You are such a part of us now, we thought you’d like something like that.”

“Thanks, but I don’t think so. I have a doctor’s appointment that afternoon.”

“Nothing serious, I hope.”

“No, just some routine stuff.”

Sure, it was routine for many people. But as I had said before while discussing my “bowing out” of the Friday date with Bonnie, having finally decided to get my ears

pierced, I wanted it done “professionally” and so had contacted my family doctor to do it. Well, she was my family doctor, though I was now the only member left of my original family. I had known her for many years, actually since I was a kid and she was “our” family doctor. She knew all about my free time activities, having gotten it out of me years ago. It was natural that I should go to her. I had another appointment at a beauty parlor before I saw her, however, and that one I could not even hint at. Don’t get me wrong, the office crew were some of the greatest people I knew, but I couldn’t discuss such things with them. Maybe after the fact?

“Well, it was a thought, Jon. Let us know if you change your mind.”

It was a terrible temptation. These were beautiful people, but my mind was made up as to what I was going to do... The rest of the week crawled by until Friday, when I took off. Mary asked me once more before I left, but I again politely refused.

## Chapter 4: A Visit to a Professional

Although I had made the appointment seemingly weeks and weeks ago, I had been trying to screw up my courage all week and still managed to walk by the parlor twice before I went in. Once I passed through the door, however, it was all professionalism. I was greeted warmly by the receptionist and was immediately put at ease. I wondered if they had men in suits come in every day, or even on Halloween, to have their “eyebrows done”. At least I thanked them for having a private booth.

“Ah, Mister Fells,” she replied with a smile when I gave her my name. She looked into her book and then looked up. “We have you booked with Tina, Jon. Do you mind if we call you Jon?” To my “fine by me” answer, she again looked at the book. “Let’s see... to have your eyebrows done...” She looked very pointedly at my eyebrows. She then smiled a most pleasant smile, got up and motioned to me, “Please come this way, Jon, a booth is free and Tina should be with you shortly.”

As we walked in, I saw that I had selected properly. There were few people to be seen but many odors to be smelled, many of which I was familiar with but not in such strength. The strongest one I recognized was from the perming stuff which my Mom had used on her own hair when time and tide did not allow her to visit her parlor. Soon, however, my guide pulled back a curtain and ushered me into a booth with the standard beautician’s chair, many mirrors, some sinks and all. With so many booths, I could now see why this place would cost so much, but for me, privacy was paramount.

Gingerly I sat in the chair, or more exactly sat sidesaddle on it. I was perusing the vast array of bottles and tubes when the curtain opened and a pretty blond woman, with a nice figure visible under her smock, walked in and immediately introduced herself. “Jon? Hello, I’m Tina. You have an appointment to have your eyebrows done?”

“Yes, I made an appointment.” I could see her eyes searching my face, my eyebrows in particular. “Uh, I’m going to a party tonight, Tina, and I’m going to go as a woman and, well, my eyebrows are just too masculine, have always been. I wanted to have them done professionally instead of messing them up on my own.”

She smiled at that. “All right, sounds good to me, Jon; let’s get to it. First take of your jacket, sit back in the chair and relax. Looking at you, I think you are so tense that you wouldn’t bend enough to get into the chair.” She smiled again and I did as told, took off my jacket, sat in the chair, and, well, tried to relax.

She came over with a pair of small scissors, tweezers, and a small bottle in her hand. “It must be an important party to want a ‘professional’ job.” She scrutinized my face some more. “I think you’ll make a very good-looking woman, Jon. You have nice facial features.” She glanced up a bit. “But your hair could also do with some work.”

“Don’t have the time or money, Tina, your place here *is* expensive!”

This time it was a grin, “That’s for the privacy and care and exclusive treatments, Jon. How were your planning on wearing your hair?” She opened the bottle and, using a small brush built into the cap, spread some of the liquid around my left eyebrow.

“I bought a set of hot rollers I think will give it a bit of curl and body, or so I was told.” I *knew* they would, but couldn’t let on.

She leaned over a bit, tweezers in hand, and started to work on my eyebrow. I felt the manipulation but missed the usual little stings that I was familiar with whenever plucked my myself. It stings so much that I usually stop before getting anywhere.

She worked and we talked; she plucked and occasionally snipped with the tiny scissors. I had no measure of what she was doing, and from my position I could see her, but there were no mirrors above her and I wasn't about to roll over to look in one on the wall, not yet anyway. After a time, she put the liquid on and around my right eyebrow and continued her ministrations. I had an almost overpowering desire to reach up and feel what she had done on the left but couldn't while she was working.

It was incongruous. On the one hand, the time seemed to fly, while at the same time drag on interminably. She talked to me and we discussed the dress I was going to wear, how I was going to do my hair, and how high the heels of my shoes were going to be. I don't know how, but she got it all out of me. I hadn't really decided myself, but found that, in the line of the conversation, I was more or less deciding. By the time she had the job done, I knew what I was going to wear almost down to the lingerie, though that part did not get discussed.

When she was finished, she gave me a hand mirror and let me see what had been done. I first thought it was not going to be enough, but when I looked in the mirror, I saw how efficient she had been and how MUCH she had removed. They were lovely, setting off my eyes just beautifully (and femininely). From my semi-bushy brows she had taken out the few hairs from between, rounded the inner end and then tapered them out to a fine point, while giving them a really nice arch just outside the line above the outer edge of my pupil. And the problem of length was also taken care of by her occasionally snipping with her scissors, trimming down what she was leaving, way down! They were neater and trimmer than they had ever been. I could have sat there longer just admiring them if the thought had not intruded about Monday.

"Uh, Tina, what will I do on Monday when I have to go back to work?"

"Oh, that. Well, Jon, you could try filling in with some eyebrow pencil or just tell them about the party. I'm sure they'd like to hear of your adventures."

Yeah, that they would for sure. I told them one thing and here I would be showing up with something else. I suppose I should have asked Tina how to "fill in", but I think I knew enough for that, having done eyebrows for such a long time. I'd never thinned them before, not this much. I knew I'd have to give it a try or... Or... Or... whatever. At that time I was in a bit of a shock and was not thinking as clearly as I normally did. I was caught between awe and fear. I'm afraid the awe won out.

"Tina, you sure did make them look nice. I guess Monday will have to wait."

"After our discussion, I thought it was the right thing to do. I felt you would be happy with them."

Discussion? Uh, we had talked... I didn't remember a discussion until I recalled we, well, I, had discussed the dress and all. She must think I am some sort of kook and plucked accordingly. Oh well, there was no going back on this one.

Having no recourse, I got up and paid for my sojourn, giving her a nice tip. She smiled as I left, saying a final, "I'll bet you look smashing. Be sure to have a good time!"

My reply was just a smile as I headed out to my next appointment. I did not think of what Bonnie was going to say. But I had a whole week to play and fuss with them.

## Chapter 5: And Now For Something Else

Once outside, I looked at my watch and realized that I actually had some time before I was to see Helen, my doctor. I went down to the park to sit on a bench and ponder my next question. From my pocket I pulled out two sets of earrings. One was a hoop, about two centimeters in diameter, and the other was a stud with a sizable and very sparkly zircon. I wished I could afford diamonds, but then again, if they were diamonds of this size, I'm afraid I'd walk with my hands on my ears to be sure nothing fell out. My problem was that I could not decide which pair to wear. In a way, I wanted both but had no hoops with zircons. So, for a while, I pondered, still not making up my mind which one to wear, and then finally went off for my second appointment.

I got to the doctor's office in jig time, coming in a few minutes early, and checked in with her receptionist. Then I had the obligatory wait until she came out and saw her last patient off. She bade me to come into her examination room.

Helen, Doctor Evans, was a petite sort of woman. In her office she usually wore slacks or, on rare occasions, a straight skirt; but with either there was almost always a white blouse that shadowed her lingerie only, and over it she wore the ubiquitous white lab coat. She had light brown hair tending towards strawberry blond, if you can picture that. Although she stood 5 feet tall, I knew from past experience that she was quite strong and could probably throw a six-footer with one hand. Okay, not quite, but she was some woman.

I wonder how many patients lust after their doctors. I know I could, but Doctor Evans was my doctor and I knew I'd probably be the loser if I tried to date her. Well, lose her as a doctor; I knew her well enough to know that to date her would mean I would have to get another doctor. So much for "family medicine". But, as I said earlier, she knew of my activities on the side and was also a counselor and advisor. She had said that with my profile I could be a borderline transsexual. I didn't know they had borders there. Anyway, I had made the appointment for my ears.

"Well, well, Jon," she said, scanning my face, "I see that we have done our eyebrows."

"Is that the royal we, or are you going to do yours, too. Though they don't need it." She smiled warmly.

"So, no down-talking, eh? I must say they look nice and will look nice with the ears done. You brought the rings?"

I reached in my pocket and pulled out the two sets. I was about to say something, but she just took them from me and turned away. "Okay, now just hop up on the examination table and we can get started." She put the rings in a petri dish and put alcohol into it. "You know, Jon, I think it's really about time you started doing some of these things. You have been nervous and on edge numerous times when you came to see me; it seems to be getting worse lately. Only after I learned of and we discussed your dressing did you settle down. Remember how I'd take your blood pressure several times during those visits? Well, I didn't tell you then but can now; your blood pressure went down every time after our discussions. This part of your life is more important to you than you perhaps realize. Or do you? By the way, while we talk, please look at the



eye chart over there and hold your head steady; I don't want to misplace any holes by your moving." I did as she requested.

"Jon, I've known of these things for some time, but I don't see how I can ease the tension. It's almost like you're living like a spy but not really entering the world you are looking into." I heard a pfffft and momentarily felt a coolness on my right lobe. Then I heard a rattle of some sort of instrument but kept my eyes forward as requested.

"You are close to entering it, Jon, possibly more than you think. Now, I've sprayed an anesthetic on the lobes so you shouldn't feel any pain." I felt her doing something there but only felt her hands on my neck, not on my ear. It took a while as we talked.

"I can't really enter it, Helen. I could never *really* enter it."

"No, we both know you can't actually *be* a woman, but you could for all appearances become one."

"But I'm not a transsexual. I like women, not men. You know that." She had finished on that side and then moved to the other with another pfffft, followed by a manipulation after a short time.

"I know that, Jon, and have given it due thought. I would like to try something with you that should ease your nervousness. There, all fixed. Looks real good." I reached up and felt my earlobe. "Now don't go playing with them or they'll get irritated and possibly infected." Something was not right.

"Oh no, did you put in both sets?" I was answering that question with my own fingers.



“Isn’t that what you wanted?”

“I only wanted one set; I forgot to select which one or to ask you which one was better. Oh, now what?”

“Well, Jon, I used a cannula for the holes. I guess I should have asked you first. The cannula is a tube used for other things primarily, but it can be used for ear piercing in that it removes a bit of skin producing a tube rather than a simple hole. It can heal better but I’m afraid it is more permanent than just the simple ‘needle’ piercing.”

“This has not been a good day for me. First the beautician overdoes my eyebrows and now I get larger than life permanent holes in my ears, two per lobe. These weren’t supposed to be that way.” I could feel my nervousness rising. I think she saw it too as she put her hand on my shoulder.

“I’m sorry, Jon, but if you want my opinion, I think that it will all be for the best. Now I’m not sure about the medication I was going to offer.”

“Go ahead, Helen, sock it to me. Nothing could be worse than what has happened already. If it will ease my mind, I need it.”

“You’re sure?”

“Go ahead, I could use a good tranquilizer.”

“All right, get off of the table, drop your pants and knickers, and bend over.” She called a spade a spade when it came to the underwear she knew I was wearing.

I did as I was told and lay there. I heard more rattling behind me. There was another pffffff, a cold swab, and then some sort of manipulation above a cheek about level with my hip. I was about to get up when she told me to stay there. There was another pffffff, this time in the same location but on the other side, followed by the same action. After the first admonishment, I stayed there until she told me I could get up. I pulled my pants up only to find as I was tucking in my shirt that there were two band aids in back, one on each hip.

“How long does it take to be effective?”

“What?”

“The tranquilizers”

“Oh, I didn’t give you tranquilizers; however, from the looks of you now, maybe I should have. Just a minute.” She went to a cabinet, took out a bottle, and shook out a tablet. “Here, take this. This one *is* a tranquilizer.”

I gulped it down. She waited a bit, took the cup and tossed it into the garbage, then came back. “Okay, Jon, sit down. No, not on the table, over here in the comfortable chair.” I was beginning to feel less pain as I sat down. Things had slowed down nicely.

“As your doctor, I have given you some implants that will help you in the long run. I had been planning on this for some time. Even had the appropriate blood tests run, positively. Jon, I just started you on some hormones, estrogen, in fact.”

“What are they going to do?”