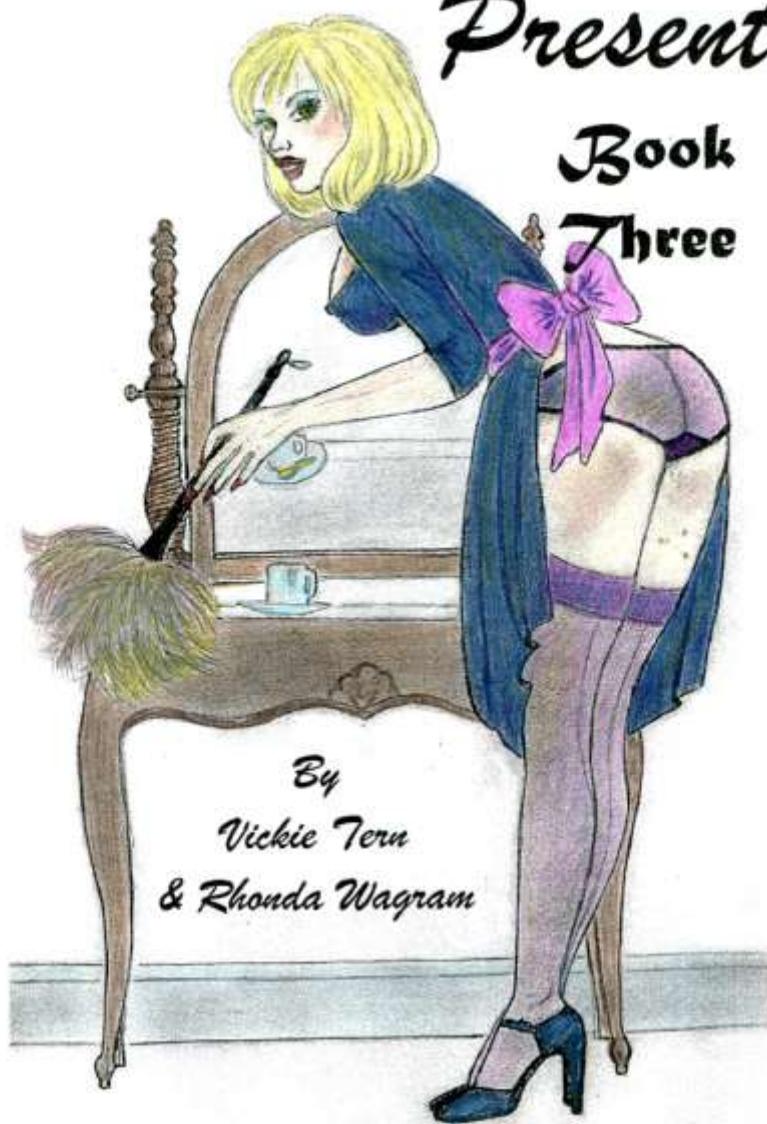


# *The Birthday Present*

**Book  
Three**



*By  
Vickie Tern  
& Rhonda Wagram*

***The Birthday Present***  
***Book 3***

**By Vickie Tern & Rhonda Wagram**

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## Chapter Ten

### More Proposals

After I left Pearl's employment things quieted down a bit. That Saturday morning—well it was not exactly morning anymore, closer to early afternoon when I woke up in Bea's bed and began to make myself presentable. While lying luxuriously in my scented bubble bath, I let my mind drift back over what I had been and what I had become. All in all it was lovely, this experimental living like a woman. Bea had wanted it—and still did—and I had no regrets.

But I had to reverse the process now, and change myself back into a man. I owed it to myself. I knew that with my body and especially my face the way they were, it would be a long process. Making me this way had taken about a year, so I figured reverting to my former status would probably take another year.

I patted myself dry, and dusted some fragrant body powder all over, and slipped on some tight jeans that showed off my tush, and a loose shirt that hid my boobs for once, and I just lightly coated my red lips with Vaseline to make them glisten, and I fixed my hair nicely. I wanted to look attractive to Bea, to show there were no hard feelings about what she had done to me, and that I appreciated it, but enough was enough. I sat down with Bea to discuss how we could undo what had been done.

But Bea didn't want to hear it. She already had the next phase of my life planned out for me. "No," she said firmly, as soon as she realized what I was about to propose, "Are you still on that subject? Forget it! Just look at yourself! I want you just as you are. I want a girlfriend and a lover, someone who'll share things that most matter to me. I don't want that husband again, ignoring me, or trying to take charge of things. Never again! I'm in charge now!"

I was surprised at how upset she was. She got up and paced the room, and she spoke her thoughts almost at random. "I've missed you the past few weeks, Honey. Some mornings I was having so much fun with you I hated it when the time came for you to put on your suits, or mini-dresses, and your heels, to waggle your ass off to the office to whore for Pearl's clients. Then when you came home, you seemed so tired and dispirited I couldn't ask you to play girly games with me. But now I don't want to share you any more, unless I myself decide when, where and with whom."

“I want you to be my companion, but I want to train you to be a much more attentive and respectful companion than you’ve ever been, and that’ll take lots of patience and effort. For years I was your obedient and dutiful wife, so it’s only fair for you to be mine now. Don’t you agree?”

From now on I want you waiting for me when I come home, looking your prettiest. Especially when I come home with some new man who needs to be impressed that I’m no one to trifle with. Think of the effect on any man who’s trying to make out with me, who sees you and hears you were once my husband, and learns that I did this to you because you were unsatisfactory. From that moment he’ll be devoted to pleasing me, much more careful to see that I’m satisfied.”

Bea smiled to herself, and then smiled over at me. “Besides, if you’re here all the time, you’ll be able to keep the house picked up, and save me a lot of bother.”

She stopped pacing and came close to stand over me. I looked up at her, and she looked down. “I see no reason for you to change back, except some misplaced force of habit. You are quite happy with your life, now, aren’t you?” It was obviously a rhetorical question, and she didn’t wait for me to answer her. “Yes, you are happy. I can see that. You love your dresses, and looking pretty, and wearing perfume, and attracting men. You love to flirt, I’ve seen it. I take good care of you. You have no burdens, no responsibilities, not a worry in the world. Of course you’re happy. You can’t want to change back.”

I tried to tell her I’d also enjoyed my former life as a man, and that it had its positive sides too, and that it was only natural for me to return to being a man.

She didn’t let me finish. “Honey,” she said, “Look at you! You’re a woman, not a man. You’re a much nicer woman, much more desirable, than Henry ever was as a man. Of course you weren’t unhappy to be Henry, you didn’t know any better. But look where we were headed, straight toward separation and divorce. And now look. We’re closer than we’ve ever been.”

“Why not think of it this way? Even if you were just as happy being Henry as you are being Honey, even if the two lifestyles were equally enjoyable—which isn’t the case at all, but let’s just suppose it was—wouldn’t it be right for you to choose the lifestyle that was better for both of us? Don’t you feel an obligation to choose a lifestyle that makes me happy too? Of course you do.”

“So, that’s that! I don’t want to hear anything more about this

silly notion of yours, to give up a happy life for both of us just to return to something that already has failed.” She said this with the finality of a judge. I could almost see her bring down the gavel. She then looked silently at me for some time, waiting for what she had just said to sink in.

I couldn’t tell her that I didn’t care how she felt, because that wasn’t true. I cared very much for her, and I supposed that I really should take her feelings into account more than I had in the past, in my former life. But I had better wait before bringing up this subject again, I thought. Better go on as she wanted right now. She’s upset right now. So I nodded agreement to her last question. “I want you to be happy, Bea,” I said simply.

Bea looked at me a moment longer, then sat down again. “All right. Just so I know you understand. Now, here’s where we go from here. You’ve been Pearl’s helper. Now you can be mine. I think you should stay here and take care of the house work, to free me for my other work. You don’t really need money, but I’ll pay you a regular salary, and that’ll give me a tax break. Good idea?”

I nodded my consent.

“I’m glad you see it the same way I do. Actually the house isn’t too much work, and with your usual efficiency you’ll do it in no time. Let’s try it for the rest of the time you need for your make-up to wear off, let’s say six months - okay?”

After working in Pearl’s office, I was glad to stay quietly at home for a while. And Bea’s reference to my make-up wearing off sounded hopeful. “Okay,” I said, “Six months. I agree.”

“Wonderful. Now we have a deal. You’ll have time to help me with my other work too. You can sort of be my girl Friday. For example, I’ll be hosting the next meeting of our Literary Society in two weeks, and there’re lots of things to prepare. The guest speaker will be Nicolai Voloshov.”

She looked at me as if she had announced “Robert Redford.” I had no idea who this Nicolai, what’s his name, was and my face showed it.

“Of course you wouldn’t know him, my pretty little airhead. Cultural matters are beyond you.” I started protesting that literature was her field and I had my own, but she continued. “Voloshov is the most controversial and exciting of the new Russian poets. I did a long critical article on him not long ago, on his brilliance and originality. He’s living in this country with a Boston lady who likes to support

deserving artists. You could handle all the details of his visit, arrange interviews with the local media, and show him around town. Wouldn't you love to do that?"

I liked the idea. It sounded interesting, and would get me out of the house, where I could meet new people.

"But first you need to look more suitable. To work at Pearl's office you needed to be—well, let's say 'thought-provoking' for any man who saw you. A foxy slut with red hair and red lipstick and bedroom eyes and a walk that looked like a stripper with a rotating ass. Now you need a different look. Monday we'll visit Celeste, and see if she can make you a straw blonde again, maybe with a few highlights. Then we'll need to get you some clothes that are more appropriate, too."

Her plans were made, and there was nothing more to discuss. We spent the rest of the day puttering around the house. It was a very pleasant Saturday, actually. At night she took me to her bed again, and our love-making was as gentle and tender as the day we had just spent. For the first time since her birthday, I was feeling at peace and in control of myself again.

Sunday morning I didn't want to get up at all. I wanted to prolong the previous night as long as possible, and I kept Bea occupied by all means available to me. I conscientiously cleaned our body fluids off her with my tongue, all kinds of fluids, and then we made many more. But she finally put an end to it by reminding me I had to fix myself up. The girls would be over at four for our usual Sunday hen-party. She literally threw me out of bed. I went downstairs to prepare a light brunch for us both.

At four o'clock, right on the dot, I heard Pearl's Mercedes in the driveway. I was in my room, primping before the mirror, checking everything for the last time. Bea had insisted on lacing me into the Victorian corset again, so if I had to suffer the svelte figure it gave me, I wanted to make the most of it. So I was wearing a rather tight beige sweater that showed off my bust, and an ankle-length skirt of reddish brown wool. I cinched my waist with a wide brown belt, to accentuate how it had slimmed down. I felt dressy, but not overdone, just right for an afternoon at home with friends.

Most extraordinary were the shoes Bea gave me to mark my new role in her life, a pair of sensible brown oxfords complete with the traditional patterns, laced high on the instep—but with five inch stiletto heels. They were stunning, and I was sure Kay and Pearl

would be jealous. Of course I couldn't walk any distance once they were on my feet, but most of the afternoon I would be sitting, and I was amused that the shoes displayed me to be a woman who was poised, tasteful, cultured, but even so, fuckable.

Bea had already greeted Pearl and Kay when I made my grand entrance, walking slowly down the stairs, swinging my hips and lifting my long skirt just a bit to draw attention to my shoes. They were not unnoticed. Kay and Pearl at once complimented me on them, and on my walk, and I felt proud to be appreciated. "Thank you, ladies," I smiled, and did a little curtsy to both of them. "You are very kind." I was the epitome of a well-bred girl. I went on to the kitchen to bring in coffee, and then I served them, and again smiled nicely while asking, "Do you care for cream or milk, and perhaps sugar?"

I played 'daughter-of-a-good-family' to the hilt, and could feel how all eyes followed my every move until I had served everybody and then sat down myself. With my corset and those heels I couldn't sit in the deep cushions of the sofa, and had to choose to sit very straight in an old-fashioned straight backed chair. But that gave me even further opportunity to cross my ankles, display my legs, and show off my shoes. When I finally seated myself, Pearl broke the long silence by asking, "Is that it? Do we applaud now?" Then normal conversation resumed. I'd made the impression I'd wanted to make.

Bea reported on her plans for the Literary Society meeting, and that she had commissioned me to take care of the guest of honor. She explained how she meant to change my looks.

Pearl disagreed at first. "She looks very attractive right now, and she proved it during the past few weeks. No man who looks at her can keep his hands off her, and no women either, of a certain kind."

"That's exactly what I want to change, Pearl," Bea said firmly, her meaning unmistakable. "Now she needs to look like a proper secretary, someone who works with her mind, not only her butt."

Kay agreed. "Honey has a very attractive backside, if I do say so myself," she said. "The hormones I prescribed were designed to make Honey look sexy coming and going, to give her both tits and an ass. Now she can just sit on it for a while, I suppose. But that doesn't mean we can't improve her looks a little in other ways. Especially if she's going back to her original hair color, we could enhance her other features to compensate. It would take only very minor alterations. For instance, we could raise her eyebrows just a little bit, and arch them, opening her eyes more and removing little creases here and there."

She got up and demonstrated what she meant on my face. “And we could enhance her lips just a wee bit, make them just a little fuller. She’d look ten years younger then. Less like a slut, more like a doll. When does the poet laureate fly in? In two weeks? We have just enough time to do it so all traces of the operation will have vanished. Our new Honey will look better than new.”

I was not at all eager to have these women make further changes in me. I already had boobs, and curves where they weren’t welcome except to men, and that made returning to my former self difficult enough. A beauty-operation on my face would only make me look more feminine. But I knew Bea and her friends. Any show of resistance, and they’d overwhelm me, and who knew what else they’d start recommending? I sat silent, hoping Bea would think enough was enough.

To my dismay Bea found the idea well worth considering, and said so. Pearl was of course all for it; she liked my getting more “kissable lips,” and she commented that a fuller mouth would also enhance my cocksucking if I should ever want to return to that as a career. After discussing the pros and cons, they all agreed that I should see Kay in the morning and have my face rearranged.

I felt so helpless with these domineering women. For months I’d been conditioned to be sweetly compliant, and now I had no strength to oppose them.

I tried. “Now wait a minute,” I said. “I like my face the way it is!”

It was as if I’d said nothing at all. They simply paid no attention. They’d already agreed among themselves what was in my own best interest. As previously, I finally gave in.

“Actually,” Kay continued, not yet done, “While we’re at it, we could do a little more. You see, I’ve already reduced her hormone dosage to the level she needs now to maintain the figure she’s got. And that’s not too bad a figure, for a girl who’s new at it.”

They all glanced at me appreciatively. I sat very still.

“But we could make her body even more nice and round and feminine in all the right places by redistributing some of her adipose tissue. I’ve recently begun using a new minimum incision process, and we don’t need to make any cuts that will be noticeable later on. We merely enter with a probe through the folds of her belly-button, remove the fat at her waist, and redeposit it on her bum and her breasts. Since it’s all the body’s own substance, there are no adverse

reactions, and the whole thing heals very quickly.”

“But,” I broke in, “I mean—can it be removed again? I mean when I go back to being a man, later on? I mean, if I want to?” It sounded doubtful. So did I.

Kay exchanged a quick glance with Bea, and then assured me, “If you really want it removed again, I can do it. Just think about it this way. If I can remove fatty tissue from your waist, I can remove it from other places too. The only permanent change will be that you won’t grow a spare tire around your middle, because there won’t be fat cells there to swell up. And this would most certainly not be a change for the worse. You should be happy with that. However, with the additional fat deposits on your bum and your bosom, I must warn you not to eat too much. You could easily grow to formidable proportions in those areas.”

Her explanation sounded logical, and eased doubts despite my unease. “Okay then,” I said, still a little uncomfortable. “Just do your best.”

“Good girl!” Bea applauded my decision. “And for being such a good girl, I’ll give you a little reward. I’m not telling you now what it’ll be, I don’t want to ruin the surprise, just this much: It’ll be sparkling.”

I ruled out diamonds, of course, but a nice cold bottle of Champagne or even Spumante on a romantic night with Bea was something to look forward to, so I gave her a sweet smile. “All right, love,” I said. “I’ll hold you to that and I’m looking forward to it.”

That much settled, Bea then spoke in glowing terms of the great poet Nicolai Voloshov, who would give a reading in two weeks.

“Well what can we gain from listening to a Russian poet?” asked Pearl. “I don’t speak Russian and neither does anyone else I know.”

“He speaks perfect English. In fact he worked at the Soviet Foreign Ministry in the translation department for a long time before he became known for his poetry. He also speaks German and French, but English best. He has translated all of his own work. And I hear he is quite a lady’s man, so even if you aren’t much interested in modern Russian poetry, you might gain something from his visit.” Bea said this with a meaningful side-look at Pearl.

The party went on for some time longer. But Kay thought that in view of the early morning operation tomorrow, we should all go to

bed early. “Just wait, Honey,” she said to me when they were leaving. “I’ll make you look scrumptious, at least ten years younger! As cute as a Barbie doll. Just trust me!”

We went to bed right after they left, and Bea tucked me in after she checked the lacing on my corset and tied my hands in back as usual. “I’m sure that with your slimmer waist we’ll be able to lace you down even further,” she said. “You’ll have a sensational figure.” I didn’t want to hear that. I had figured that with a smaller natural waist, the corset would not be so uncomfortable. Maybe I could persuade her to relent when the time came.