

**TC** *More*  
**SHORT  
STORIES**



**CAROLLYN  
OLSON  
& FRIENDS**

*Copyright © 2013, Mags Inc./Reluctant Press*

***Mags, Inc/Reluctant Press TG Publishers***

This story is a work of fiction. Any similarity to persons living or dead is entirely coincidental. All situations and events herein presented are fictional, and intended only for the enjoyment of the reader. Neither the author nor the publisher advocate engaging in or attempting to imitate any of the activities or behaviors portrayed.

Persons seeking gender reassignment surgery, hormone therapy or any other medical and/or body-altering process should seek the counsel of a qualified therapist who follows the Benjamin Standards of Care for Gender Identity Disorder.

***Protect Professional Fiction on the Internet***

We need *your* help! We spend several hundred dollars to edit, illustrate and typeset *each story*. It is important, therefore, that everyone works to help keep professional fiction alive on the Net.

The civil penalties for copyright infringement can be severe, including substantial monetary damages, injunctive relief, and liability for attorneys' fees incurred in prosecuting a case. In addition, criminal penalties may be imposed if someone willfully infringes a copyrighted work for commercial advantage or private financial gain.

Mostly, though, we just want to be able to keep offering this service to our authors and our readers.

**Report stolen books by using the contact form at [reluctantpress.com](http://reluctantpress.com) or call us at 800-359-2116**

*Thank you.*

In Memory of:  
Haleigh Labkon



***Forever a Vanity Club Sister***

“To have knowledge and acceptance of who you are is the first step to personal happiness.”

**For a New Beginning**

In out-of-the-way places of the heart,  
Where your thoughts never think to wander,  
This beginning has been quietly forming,  
Waiting until you were ready to emerge.  
For a long time it has watched your desire,  
Feeling the emptiness growing inside you,  
Noticing how you willed yourself on,

Still unable to leave what you had outgrown.  
It watched you play with the seduction of safety  
And the gray promises that sameness whispered,  
Heard the waves of turmoil rise and relent,  
Wondered would you always live like this.  
Then the delight, when your courage kindled,  
And out you stepped onto new ground,  
Your eyes young again with energy and dream,  
A path of plenitude opening before you.  
Though your destination is not yet clear  
You can trust the promise of this opening;  
Unfurl yourself into the grace of beginning  
That is at one with your life's desire.  
Awaken your spirit to adventure;  
Hold nothing back, learn to find ease in risk;  
Soon you will be home in a new rhythm,  
For your soul senses the world that awaits you.

*By John O'Donohue in Rememberance of Haleigh  
Labkon*

## FORWARD:



This is Carolyn Olson's seventh book for MagsInc. Ms. Olson has been an ambi-gendered cross dresser for more than 30 years and is very active in the Northern California community. She is the Post Mistress of the Vanity Club ([www.vanityclub.com](http://www.vanityclub.com)) and the founder of the Mature Woman Group ([www.groups.yahoo.com/group/maturegirls](http://www.groups.yahoo.com/group/maturegirls)). Her latest full-length novel is "Look Through Any Window." You can write Carolyn at: [carolynolson@yahoo.com](mailto:carolynolson@yahoo.com)



Danielle Mitchell has co-authored her first novel with Carollyn Olson and is featured on the cover. Danielle is 47 years old and resides in Connecticut. She has been dressing for most of her life but only recently started to enjoy her feminine side in public. Danielle is a very proud member of the Vanity Club. Her hopes and dreams are to somehow help people find their way in this life as her friends have done for her. Dani can be reached at: [dani.mitch09@gmail.com](mailto:dani.mitch09@gmail.com)



Paula Gaikowski is a transgender woman from New England. She began her struggle with gender identify at an early age and in 2009 at the age of 53 shed a lifetime of guilt and anxiety and began to explore and express her feminine nature. Her career with a major hi-tech company has her traveling to major cities around the U.S. on a regular basis. This allows her the opportunity for shopping, sightseeing and meeting other members of the transgender community. "Welcome Home" is her first published story but she is also a regular contributor to [femulate.org](http://femulate.org). Through her personal and written outreach she hopes to support and guide others in the transgender community with their own evolution. You can contact Paula at: [paula.gaikowski@gmail.com](mailto:paula.gaikowski@gmail.com)



Silke Loretta Martin's "Brigid's Story" is her second published novel. She also authored "The Third Kiss" in TG Short Stories, which was released in 2008. She is German by birth, but her name is not. "Silke" is Frisian, a language of an old European nation, rhymes with "silky" and its "international equivalent" is Sheila, or the more formal Cecilia. In March 2007 she obtained the documents that allowed her the title of Lady of Glencrannog, Scotland, and Tirana (Lady) of Kerry, Ireland. She has been cross dressing since early childhood when her mother put her in a dress and pantyhose. Silke's e-mail address is: [silkelorettamartin@yahoo.de](mailto:silkelorettamartin@yahoo.de)

Cindy Shelton (camera shy) has edited the last four Carolyn Olson books. Cindy is a happily married, ambigender, father of two, living in Northern California. She is blessed to have an understanding and accepting wife who encourages Cindy to always act as and present herself as the lady she feels inside. Cindy is a member of the Vanity Club ([www.vanityclub.com](http://www.vanityclub.com)), and the Sacramento-based River City Gems ([www.rivercitygems.com](http://www.rivercitygems.com)). Cindy first began editing TG stories as a part of the edito-

rial staff for “The Mirror”, a monthly publication from the national organization Tri-Ess. Helping her sisters refine and prepare their unique stories for publication has truly become a “labor of love” for Cindy!. Her e-mail address is: cindyshelton04@yahoo.com  
Copyright 2012 by Maquia Publications

# Secrets In Lace

**By Danielle Mitchell &Carollyn Olson**

My name is Danielle and I WAS a cross dresser...and this WAS my fantasy.

I have always like wearing skirts, dresses and nylons that show off my incredibly sexy legs. Every day, to and from work, I would pass Eve’s Lingerie Shop and would see the lovely-looking owner glancing at the people walking by through the big show room window. I would say to myself, “You are absolutely beautiful and I can’t help but stare at you. I hope I catch your eye someday too.”

I never had the nerve to walk into her shop. I WAS very shy, even though I loved being a bit of a fashion plate and wearing stylish clothes, nylons and stiletto heels.

Before I go any further, let's go back about 5 years...

I had been a cross dressing since I was a child. For years, I dressed as a woman, but kept to myself and remained safe behind the walls of my Danbury, CN home. I would wander through the local department stores and buy woman's clothing for "my wife", but I would never step out of my front door en femme. I had paid for a couple of photo sessions with the famous Jamie Austin in Boston, and despite the fabulous poses captured in her camera, I could never get up the nerve to wander out my front door and in to the public.

I was in my mid-30s and single. I had dated a number of young ladies and had a steady girl friend for three years, but there was always something bothering me. I knew I wasn't gay since having sex with a woman was always enjoyable and there was never a problem satisfying my partner. I didn't know for sure what I was questioning until I ran across the Vanity Club website on the internet.

"Oh my goodness," I thought. "These women were beautiful and they aren't really women. They are men. Maybe this is what I have been looking for."

I got up the nerve to write the group Post Mistress, Carollyn Olson, and explained my plight. I sent her a few pictures, never expecting to hear back. Within minutes of my e-mail my computer rang "You've Got Mail." An internet friendship was born.

Within a month, the genie burst out of the bottle when my now-dear friend Carollyn came to my hometown for a visit. When we first met at the airport, I could not believe she was really a man. She presented herself as the true es-

sence of femininity. She stayed for a week, and oh what a week it was.

The first thing she did was to sit me down and discuss my feminine feelings. She asked me to dress up in my favorite outfit and she helped me a bit with my makeup. I was so excited and nervous as I walked down the stairs of my home and in to Carollyn's presence.

"You look fabulous," she said, running her eyes from my head to my toes. I was wearing a colorful spring dress and bolero jacket and pink heels. I had curled my naturally long blond hair at the ends and my bangs were hanging over my eyes.

Carollyn asked for a pair of scissors and hair spray. With a clip here and a clip there and a little spray, my hair was out of my eyes and Carollyn declared me "ready to roll." She handed me my purse and said "pictures first."

After a few photos, I offered to cook dinner.

"No you aren't," she insisted. "We're going out." I almost wet my panties.

"I can't, I told her." "I have never done anything like this before."

"Well, we're going out. No reason to waste a good thing. Look at you. You're beautiful."

"What if we run in to somebody I know?" I replied, ready to run back up stairs and hide in my room.

"Who cares," she countered. "Nobody will recognize you. Let's go."

I opened the door and looked right, then left, and right again. The butterflies were churning in my stomach. I felt pressure on my spine and wondered if Carollyn had pressed a gun into my back. It was only her French nail adorned index finger. I took my first step out the door

and within seconds, I saw one of my neighbors. Carollyn waved hello and he waived back. I almost melted.

As we walked to my car, I had problems navigating the path in my heels and almost fell. Carollyn took me by the arm and guided me to the passenger seat.

"I'm driving," she insisted. We were off to dinner at the local spaghetti house.

Oh what a night. Nobody recognized me or said one inappropriate word. In fact, the waitress complemented me on my dress. I had been so nervous, but after an hour out with Carollyn and two glasses of wine, I relaxed and enjoyed my first real night as Danielle.

Carollyn was a master in lighting my path that evening and week. She was cool, comfortable in her skin, and looked so pretty in her light blue cami, see-through knit sweater, multi-colored blue skirt and light blue heels.

The Genie definitely escaped from the bottle during those monumental five days. I had taken a week off from my position as an assistant manager for a computer software company and lived the entire time as Danielle. Carollyn took me every where and we did everything any other women would do. I also went way over my budget and maxed out my credit card with new clothes, shoes, hose and undergarments. I was becoming a new woman.

For years, I had let my hair grow almost to my shoulders, for in my line of work, nobody cared. I would just tie it back in a pony tail. Carollyn took me to my first beauty salon appointment and had my hair styled, slightly colored and curled. You can never imagine what that did for my confidence. I also seriously started studying hair styling on the internet so I could work on my hair at home, and continued to visit my new stylist friend, Stephanie Shaw, at the salon. Stephanie knew my secret, but could care less. In fact, we have become good friends.

After Carollyn returned to her California home, with the promise to return in three months, I decided what I wanted to do with the rest of my life. I was going to eventually dump my male attire and lifestyle and start my transition to a woman. It was something I HAD to do. But, first things first...and as fast as I could.

I moved out of my rental home and in to a condo not far from my employer. With new neighbors, I would not have to worry about my past. I could start living as Danielle every night after work. And, I could drive or walk to work.

My second move was to find a counselor who specialized in sex change prospects. I called the Pennsylvania office of Dr. Sherman Leis, the noted sex change and plastic surgeon, and received a referral for a psychologist in my home town. After two comprehensive visits with Dr. Abby Lauren, I started hormone treatments with the hopes of having real breasts and shapely hips some time in the future. I also began laser treatments to remove my facial, arm and chest hair and trashed my glasses after Lasik eye surgery. I was on my way.

Third, I asked my boss, Steve Wilson, if we could meet for dinner at the same Italian restaurant where I made my debut. My boss was an opened minded and wonderfully caring man. I told him to not be surprised with my appearance and handed him a dinner invitation, which included a picture of Danielle, one Carollyn had taken during her visit. He opened the envelope, looked at the picture, and nodded.

"It looks like we have a date," he concluded. I was so surprised and thrilled. Dinner with Steve would be above and beyond my expectations. Steve was tall at 6-foot-2, handsome and single. He was what the ladies in the office called "A Stud-muffin." Could I ask for anything more?

The dinner was wonderful and the company with Steve even better. I wore the same dress I had worn the first night out the Carollyn. He was the ultimate gentleman and presented me with a half dozen red roses and a kiss on the cheek as I entered the restaurant waiting area. I just about melted.

We talked for what seemed to be hours; or until the restaurant closed. He immediately put me at ease. He asked the questions, I gave him the answers. I was so relieved that I didn't have to start the conversation on why I dressed as a woman. He must have done his research, because he knew many of the answers to his questions before I could speak.

Finally, I had to ask him the ultimate question.

"Is it possible I can work as Danielle?" He scratched his head, looked at me with his dazzling blue eyes, and said "Yes. When can you start?"

I almost had a heart attack at the table. My boss said yes. When I gained my composure, I took his hand, leaned across the table and gave him a kiss on the lips. I still can't believe I did that.

"Before you come to work as Danielle, I must talk to the other employees," he insisted. "I will do so at the next staff meeting on Wednesday."

"Do you want me to come?" I asked.

"Absolutely, but not as Danielle. I will do most of the talking, but be ready to answer questions. I'm sure it will be a shock to a number of your co-workers. Do any of them know about Danielle?"

"No, I don't think so. One of the guys accidentally saw the picture I gave you on my desk, but that was just about it. I told him the picture was of my sister."

Steve laughed.

In preparation for the staff meeting, I composed a message to my co-workers explaining my desire to be Danielle at work instead of Dan. I saved the message in my computer, ready to send to those I have worked with since graduating from college. I sent Steve a copy of the e-mail and he said it was perfect, but to send it only if we both felt it was necessary.

The weekend came and I had plans to meet my hair stylist Stephanie Shaw for dinner. I awoke Saturday morning by a persistently ringing phone. It was Steve.

"Danielle?" he said in a clearly upset voice. I only thought the worst. And he called me by my female name.

"Are you free this afternoon?"

"It all depends. What's up?"

"You know Amber Dubois in accounting at the office? She just called me. She was going to accompany me to my friend's wedding, but she's got a migraine headache and is in bad shape.

"Can you go with me? I could pick you up at 3?"

Now this is a dilemma for me and Steve. I thought for a few seconds and said, "Aren't there any other girls in the office you could ask? They are surely more suited for a wedding than me."

"No I haven't," he gruffly replied. "However, I was so impressed with you the other night that I thought I would ask you first."

"You're asking me is a real surprise. Let me think about it for a few minutes. I'll call you back in five minutes?" He agreed.

I was shocked. I quickly raced to my closet to see what I could wear to a wedding. Would it be formal or casual? I forgot to ask.

I grabbed the phone and called Stephanie at the salon. Panicked, I told her of the "date." She was so excited and said she could fit me in her busy schedule whenever I could get there.

Steve was relieved when I accepted his offer. The wedding would be semi-formal; dresses for the women and shirts and tie for the men. I knew just what to wear.

I rushed to get ready and departed for the salon. Stephanie told me to bring my dress and shoes so she could do a little extra with my hair. I wanted to look perfect.

Stephanie did her magic and within two hours my hair was piled on my head with ringlets softly running down the side of my face and the nape of my neck. She guided me to the back room so I could try on my dress. I slipped on my strapless light blue knee length chiffon dress and stepped in to my 4-inch heels. Stephanie added a matching ribbon in my ringlets and a choker around my neck. When I looked in the mirror I was amazed. Not one sign of a man was in the mirror's reflection. Steve would be thrilled.

I changed back into my jeans and sweater and headed home to prepare for the date. I still had two hours before Prince Charming would arrive.

The time went so fast and before I knew it, the doorbell rang. I ran down the stairs and opened the door. Steve almost fell over.

"You look spectacular," he said with the emphasis on spectacular.

"So do you," I replied, as I noted his fine dark blue suit and coordinated tie. He handed me a small wrist corsage and leaned over for a kiss on my cheek and I caught him eyeing the little bit of cleavage I had.

“Let’s go,” he said, again giving me the once over. I wrapped my shawl over my purse and left arm and took Steve’s left hand with my right. I prayed to God everything would go well.

The wedding was at the local country club and was definitely a “high society” presentation. Steve’s friend, Jim, and his bride, the former Melody Phoenix, were two of the nicest people I had ever met. Melody complimented me on my dress and asked us to sit at their table. We declined as Steve was kind enough to not put any more pressure on me than he already had.

The afternoon turned in to evening and after the vows were concluded, dinner was served and the dancing began. We sat at a table with four other couples and exchanged pleasantries. Steve could not keep his eyes off me. I think, in the back of his mind, he was worried somebody might catch on to our little secret.

After 30 minutes, the music stopped and the bride and groom were formally announced. The garter and flowers were thrown and the “first dance” began. You would not believe what happened next.

The bride and groom danced for about a minute. I was talking with Steve when I felt a tap on my shoulder. I turned and there stood Jim with a big smile on his face. He asked me to dance.

I looked at Steve and he nodded his approval with a big smile. I didn’t want to embarrass Jim so I took his hand and walked to the dance floor. There would be only four of us dancing as the crowd of over 250 people watched and applauded.

Remember, I had never danced as a woman before, except to prance around my home as if I was on American Bandstand. However, Jim did all the work and we danced as if we had been long-time partners. After 30-45 seconds,

we separated and went to select another partner. Obviously, I chose Steve. He was just as smooth of a dancer as he was good looking. He held my 5-foot-8, 150-pound frame close and whispered in my ear "You're prettier than the bride." I reacted by giving him a surprise kiss on the lips. I didn't want Cinderella's Pumpkin to arrive.

After the wedding party departed for their honeymoon, Steve reluctantly took me home. He complimented me with every breath he took and praised me on my presentation, style and femininity.

As we walked to my front steps, he spun me around and said "I know this is going to work." I knew what he was saying, but before I could say a word, he gave me a passionate kiss on the lips that caused me to lift my right leg off the ground and made my toes curl.

"We'll talk more tomorrow," he said before kissing me again. "Thanks for a perfect evening."

"And thank you for the Pumpkin ride," I replied. We both laughed as I opened the door and turned for one last kiss.

I stood with my back against the inside of the door, took a deep breath and screamed: "Thank you, God." Oh what a night!!!

Wednesday and the meeting could not have come faster. Steve and I had planned to discuss strategy on Sunday, after I returned home from church, but instead he asked me to meet at the nearby hamburger joint. I quickly accepted. He wore a golf shirt, jeans and tennis shoes. I wore a white cami, an open white long sleeve shirt, jeans and sandals. We did talk a little about the staff meeting and what he expected of me. I could tell that love was in the air, at least from his vantage point.

The staff meeting was surprising to say the least. Steve talked about the usual items, potential clients and current production goals, before he changed the subject.

"The other night, I met an exceptional woman," he began. "She's not a member of our staff, but then again he is."

It was almost as if nobody at the meeting realized the play on words...at least for 30 seconds.

"What are you talking about?" asked one of the women.

"Oh, you finally got what I was saying?" Steve queried. "Yes, she is not a member of our staff, but then again he is."

"Are you saying what I'm thinking?" the same lady asked.

"Maybe," he replied. "You see, I had an emergency the other night. I needed a date for a wedding. You all know Dan don't you? Well, Dan helped me out."

Much to my amazement, on the Power Point screen was a picture of me dancing with Steve.

"She beautiful," another of the ladies said. "Who is she, Dan? Your sister?"

I didn't know what to say.

"No," Steve exclaimed. "That's our colleague Dan, or should I say Danielle."

The women gasped and started whispering. The men were stunned. They could not believe the attractive woman in the light blue dress was their co-worker.

"Do you want me to continue?" Steve asked me.

I nodded. Everything was now on the table anyway.

Steve told the workers of my history and my desire to work as Danielle. I didn't know how they would react. Not one of the men questioned my request and the women appeared to be more than happy to have another woman in the office.

With no outward objections, Steve announced that I would eventually begin working as Danielle. Not one of the men questioned my request and as a group was at least cordial. The women appeared to be more than happy and receptive to have another woman in the office.

That afternoon I released my e-mail to all my co-workers. Immediately I received congratulations from most of the women, but the responses from the men slowly trickled in to my in box. I could tell a few men did not care for the decision, however, none of them objected face-to-face or uttered a nasty word.

Danielle was taking another big step in fulfilling her dream.

I waited a few days before going to work as Danielle. I wanted my co-workers to keep guessing when Danielle would walk through the door. One of the ladies even started an "Office Pool" with the winner not only collecting the \$\$\$ prize, but winning the right to take me to lunch.

Actually, I waited longer than I had planned. I was having so much fun teasing and taunting everyone at work as the "pool" became more and more of a guessing game. Finally, the following Friday, nine days after Steve's announcement, Danielle made her first appearance at work.

I was so nervous the night before my debut, but Steve, always full of surprises, stopped by my condo unannounced with take-out dinner and a bottle of wine. I was a mess. My hair was in cola can size rollers and my

makeup was virtually non-existent. It didn't seem to bother Steve, but it sure did me.

We had sorta been dating since the wedding, but I looked at the relationship as friendship and nothing more.

I insisted I needed a few minutes to take out the curlers and put on a smidgen of makeup, but he gave me a kiss on the cheek and said "you look great." I took the curlers out of my hair as we ate and applied a dash of makeup after dinner.

Steve and I enjoyed the chicken wings, coleslaw and a wonderful tasting Grey Riesling as we looked through my wardrobe for what would be right for my big day. I didn't want to be over bearing, so we settled on a tan knit sweater, just below the knee paisley tan skirt, brown belt, sun beige hose and 3 ½-inch heel sandals.

"You are going to be the prettiest girl in the office," Steve insisted. I blushed and punched him on the shoulder. He responded by grabbing my arms and kissing my forehead before slowly working down to my lips. He slipped his tongue in my mouth and gave me the kiss of a lifetime. I was in seventh heaven.

It didn't stop there. My makeup was a mess and my hair wasn't much better. We fell on to the bed as the kisses got hotter and hotter. He slid his hand under my loose fitting sweater and began to caress my bra-less breasts; the little bit of breasts that had been formed by exercise and two months on hormones. He didn't seem to care and neither did I.

"We have to stop," I was forced to tell Steve. "I think the wine is getting to us more than anything else."

Steve backed off like the gentleman he was.

"I'm sorry," he responded. "I didn't mean..."

Before he could finish the sentence, I placed my index finger on his bottom lip and slid my hand down to his crotch on the outside of his jeans. He was as hard as a rock. I moved my hand up, down and around and unzipped his fly. I was tempted to go for the gold as he moaned for me to continue. I barely had enough restraints to stop.

"Now we are even," I passionately said with a cunning smile. He smiled back and said "Yes, we're even."

Friday at the office could not have been any better. Yes, I was scared to death.

I got up extra early, shaved, showered and dressed. I was so nervous I ran one pair of panty hose, then another, and I hadn't even applied my nails. I decided to cut off the legs that had the runners and wear two sets of one-legged nylons.

I also decided to wear my breast enhancers instead of my larger breast forms so I didn't appear to be flaunting myself in front of the other women in the office. I didn't eat breakfast because I didn't have the stomach to do so. Thus, within an hour, I was fully dress, fluffed and ready to go. Once last look in the mirror built my confidence even more, but little to settle my nerves.

"Let's do it, Danielle," I told myself, and out the door I went.

I decided to walk to work, as it was a beautiful morning in every way. It was still early, about an hour before I had to be to work. I took time walking in to town, my hair and breasts bouncing with every step, definitely nervous, but feeling as if I was walking on a cloud.

"Carolyn would be so proud of me," I thought. "I wish she could see me now."

I walked around the corner from my condo and on to the main downtown street. I could see my office building in the distance. As I walked, I looked in the store front windows and passed Eve's for the first time.



"I've never noticed this store before," I said to myself, remembering most guys had little use for lingerie. "I'll have to stop by some time." Little did I know what lay inside.

I stopped at the local Starbucks for a cup of latte in an effort to settle my nerves. Carrying my coffee and my purse, I took the final steps to my office and rode the elevator to the second floor. The elevator door opened and the office was empty. I was 45 minutes early. Whew!!!

I went to my cubicle and found a dozen roses with the sweetest card taped to the vase. It was from Steve, who I could see in his office, 30-feet away. I opened the card, read the lovely message, walked to his office and knocked on the door.

Steve looked up from his desk and his eyes brightened like head lights.

"Good morning, sweetheart," he enthusiastically remarked as he arose from his chair. "You look perfect." He gave me a hug and a kiss.

"Be careful," I responded. "Affection is not allowed in the office." He laughed and reminded me he was the boss.

We chatted for a few minutes before he took one of the many phone calls he received during the day. I returned to my desk to prepare for the day.

My co-workers slowly entered the office and greeted me as if nothing was out of the ordinary. I had prepared for the worst, but the worst never happened. Everyone was cordial and complementary.

Minutes before our 8 a.m. starting time, Amber raced in to my area.

"I won! I won!" she shouted. "I won the office pool." Amber, usually a mild mannered lady, was ecstatic.

"I get to take you to lunch. Can we do it today?"

"Sure," I timidly assured her. "Can you afford it?"

She laughed.

"I need to find Maryanne. She has the money from the pool. Where is she?"

"I haven't seen her this morning."

"She probably ran off with the money. Oh, by the way, you look so beautiful."

"Thanks. See you for lunch?"

Amber didn't hear my response as she looked for Maryanne. The pool was over \$250 and she could use the money.

Fortunately I was not overwhelmed with co-workers wanting to gawk at the new girl in the office. Amber was another thing at lunch. We had a real nice meal, but she could not stop talking. She wanted to know everything about me and my desires to be a woman. I told her what I could, but after 90 minutes with her I was exhausted. I returned to the office and Steve told me to take off the rest of the afternoon. My work was done, so why not?

So, out the door and down the elevator I went, retracing my steps home, still in Seventh Heaven. As I walked past Eve's, I tried not to stare, but out of the corner of my eye I noticed the beautiful owner working with a customer. Yes, Eve was stunning, perfectly coiffed in every way.

"I bet her husband is happy to have such a beautiful wife," I said to myself. "Someday I will get the nerve to go in the store."

I walked up the front steps of my condo and opened the door. I kicked off my heels and walked in to the dining room.

"Aren't you going to say hello," a voice came from the other room. I turned around and found Carollyn sitting on my couch. I had walked right past her.

"That's a fine how-do-you-do."

In shock, I rushed over and gave Carollyn a big hug.

"What are you doing here? How did you get in? I hope you can stay for a while. I have so much to tell you."

"Steve called me and told me about your lifestyle change. He picked me up at the airport this morning. I plan to stay for a few days, if you want me to. I want to hear everything."

"Steve, that rascal! Of course you can stay, of course, of course."

The weekend was full of girl talk. Carollyn was her typical, beautiful self inside and out. We talked about everything I could think of. I wanted her to know what I had planned. My goal was to be a complete woman within the next 12 months.

"Are you really sure?" she warned me while we were enjoying breakfast the next morning on the patio. "Remember, you can never turn back. I should know."

"What do you mean by that?" I inquired. "You didn't, did you?"

"No, I didn't," she responded. "Follow me. I want to show you something."

Carollyn was wearing a lovely soft yellow nighty covered by a matching bathrobe. We walked in to the guest bedroom and she asked me to pull the string on her robe. It fell to the ground. Through her nighty I could see a pair of perfectly shaped breasts.

"You did it, you really did it," I exclaimed.

"I had implants right after I returned home," she replied.

"They're beautiful, so natural, so perfect," I replied as I started to cry. I was so excited for her.

"At my age, I don't plan to have SRS, but I decided to give myself a little gift. I was getting tired of breast forms and wanted to have something more permanent."

"Yes, they are permanent? They're so..."

"You're blushing," she interrupted. "Haven't you seen breasts before?"

"Not like yours. Where can I get a pair like yours?"

"Maybe, when you come to visit me in California."

Carollyn handed me a packet and said to open the envelope. Inside was a round-trip ticket to San Francisco the following month.

"I already cleared the time with Steve, but I didn't tell him why," she said. I also have an appointment for you to see my doctor in San Mateo. You can have the procedure done when you come to visit.

I gave Carollyn a big hug and lifted her off the ground.

"Thank-you. I can never repay you."

"Ah, don't worry about it. It was a 4-for-2 sale and I could not resist the bargain. I could only use two, so I left the other two for you," she said with a smile and a laugh. "Nothing like free boobies."

I started to cry.

"You have already paid for everything with your honesty, friendship and love. It's my privilege to do this."

"I've never been to California. I can't wait."

When Carolyn and I weren't talking, we were walking. We hit the town from North to South and East to West, stopping in just about every dress store and restaurant in town. I could not have asked for a better friend. Once I took her to the airport five days after her arrival, time could not go fast enough for my first trip to California .

California was fantastic. I had to change the ticket reservations and flew in to Oakland instead of San Francisco . I arrived at mid-day and Carolyn didn't waste any time as whisked me across the Bay Bridge , through San Francisco , and to meet her breast surgeon.

"Aren't we going to see San Francisco ?" I asked as we passed the San Francisco turnoffs.

"We will," she insisted. "We have so many things to do and so little time.

Dr. Samantha Johns was fantastic. She took pictures and measured me from every imaginable angle. She showed me computer images of what I would look like with different sized breasts. With my body structure, we agreed on 36C.

"I will see you early tomorrow," she informed me.

"Tomorrow? I asked in awe.

"Yes, tomorrow. Carolyn told me you were ready. Am I wrong?"

"No, I'm just surprised. I just didn't expect this to happen so fast."

By noon the next day, I had breasts. My hormone prescription would continue in an effort to feminize my body, but the dosage would be lowered. It would take about eight weeks for the breasts to fully settle in to place, but I had breasts.