

Body by Fisher



Beatriz

A "Her TV" Novel



Reluctant Press TV/TS Publishers

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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. This material is intended for persons over the age of 18 only.



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BODY BY FISHER

By Beatriz

Cathy Fisher was a body builder, a muscle bender, a streamlined lady who dealt with the yuppies and groupies of Southern California to make them more beautiful. Her shop resting on the fringe of beach at Playa del Rev was called simply BODY BY FISHER.

Cathy was into health foods; power bars instead of lunch; energy packages in lieu of dinner. She rather looked like a gender bender, for her breasts were smoothed out into lean lots. Her thighs were impressive in contour; her calves rounded down into trim ankles and slim dancing feet. Her hair, blonde, California sun-streaked, was short enough for either sex. Her features were those of a young girl, and she wore no make-up when you saw her in the daytime.

Mary Beckett Long was in real estate in the depressed market of the times. She and her husband, James, a stock broker, were suffering the pangs of the seven year itch in their marriage and the post-Gulf war recession in business.

Nothing was moving in California real estate or in the stock market. The relationship they had built on

new cars, no children, vacations at Club Med, and burnout emotional hangovers from weekends, weeks, and months spent at EST, LIFESPRING, and rotting encounters with strange gurus had left them staring at the walls. Nothing seemed new any longer. The excitement had drained away.

Mary was not one to sit still under any adversity. There must be a cure she thought as she sped along the beach highway in her BMW. At a traffic light she waited, picked up her car phone to call James at his club to meet her for dinner.

The sign for Cathy's body health shop flashed:

GOT THE BLAHS?

BODY BY FISHER

MAKEOVER YOUR LIFE.

"Yes!" she thought, "That's just what James and I need a makeover. We're in two parallel ruts. He is so damnably dominant, so overpoweringly male, so crude and I am a wimp, a positive wimp. We've just got to reverse the situation, change our gears, go toward the other's position. He needs to be more feminine, and I must be more masculine."

The car seemed to turn into a parking space by itself. Mary was noted for her quick decisions. Soon she was seated in Cathy's gym among the glistening white equipment listening to the outline of various courses in body building. Cathy went on at a rapid rate explaining the value of relaxation and internal pressure -muscle group against muscle group- to build the perfect body.

Mary appraised this slight but powerful girl; the slightly masculine movements of her arms, her almost nonexistent breast development, her quick engaging smile that ended with a tilted head, a sparkle in her eyes.

'If Body by Fisher does this for this girl, maybe it will make the difference for James and me,' she thought.

'Maybe it will bring him to my side, the feminine, and me to his, the masculine side.'

Mary put her hand on Cathy's arm, stopping her sales pitch for the perfect body in midair.

"Cathy, you don't mind if I call you Cathy, do you? Please call me Mary. I want you to design a brand new program for us. You're not afraid of a challenge are you?"

Of course, Cathy being a new wave human raised on the leading edge of culture in California could not admit to a fear of anything new.

"Why no, Mary. That's why I'm here for you, to mold you into the body you want."

"Okay, after meeting you and seeing the wonders you have accomplished with your body, I'm sure that you can make me over. I'd like to look just like you—sure of my muscle development, strong, confident. But with James, I, we, need something different. We are striving for a sort of unisex marriage. He needs to come toward the feminine. Towards my position. He is over-masculine. He wants to be more female."

"Boy! That is a challenge!" Cathy exclaimed.

"Maybe I'm asking too much, and you can't do it? I'd better find someone else."

"No. No, really, we can handle anything here. We never turn a customer away...unsatisfied."

"Good. I knew when we met that you would understand," Mary stated, to continue, "when he leaves here, after you are finished with his makeover I want people not to know which one of us is walking down the street. That's how much we want to be alike."

"Mary, I didn't tell you, there is a doctor associated with us here. She will be able to regulate the amount of buildup medicine, for you and for him." Cathy was mentally adding up the income this couple would generate for the business.

Mary was now sure that it was a kind fate that led her to look over at that sign, BODY BY FISHER.

“One thing you must know, Cathy, James said he wants all this to happen sort of automatically. He doesn’t want to be reminded of the way, the direction he has been in or where he is going. He says it would destroy the karma of the whole thing. He just wants it to happen. He wants the transformation to be a gentle glide with no harsh interruptions. He doesn’t want to get his ego involved in fighting for control of his male body .”

“I understand perfectly,” Cathy replied with a sympathetic nod of understanding. Really she hadn’t a clue, but business is business. “I won’t mention a thing to him. I’ll just work on his makeover. I’m certain you will be pleased, both of you.”

Mary smiled. At last she would be sure of James. With his libido curtailed a bit he wouldn’t be so aggressive. He *would not* stray into other beds. He *would* be more attentive; think more about feminine things; maybe become interested in shopping with her.

For herself, Mary envisioned a complete swing. She would still be interested in female things but with muscles her life could take on a new meaning. She would no longer be, MARY, MARY, QUITE CONTRARY worried just about her garden, but would be able to compete in a man’s world for that almighty dollar. No mere man would ever move her out of a possible sale on a hot property.

It was all arranged. Her workout days would be Monday and Friday; his Tuesday and Thursday. The required medical examination would be performed by the resident sports physician there at Body by Fisher, Dr. Mavis. Doctor Marcia Mavis had taken a specialty in sex-dysphoria at a clinic; that’s what led her into the work with BODY BY FISHER.

At dinner that evening Mary told James of her desire to improve her body and that she had signed

them both into a complete physical conditioning program. She carefully left out the aim of the program being designed for him, but stressed the marvelous equipment and the charm of the young Cathy who would be working with him.

Mary described Cathy's body in detail, her hard appearing but supple legs, her athletic movement, the beauty of her face.

James was intrigued, another and different conquest was in sight. He had never experienced the pleasure of a young athletic body under him in bed. He had heard that control of the thigh muscles in a woman could produce unimagined pleasure for her partner. It was a plus that Mary too, in time, would develop this talent.

Mary started the training on Monday with an orientation session and a physical examination by Doctor Mavis. Mary was way too thin, she needed bulk in her diet; her metabolism was on the down side Dr. Mavis said. She prescribed a whole new way of eating, of taking vitamins supplements, with some male hormones to supplement her balance of the male and female, ying and yang.

Mary told Dr. Mavis about James and how he wanted to come more toward the feminine, to be more like her, yet he wanted it to happen sort of magically, almost without his knowing it. He really desired this. Their marriage counselor, a specialist in psychotherapy, families and gender identity problems said it must happen non-confrontationally.

"What does that mean, Dr. Mavis?" Mary asked. "Non- confrontational..."

Of course Mary knew she was asking an expert, for she had looked at all of the framed certificates on the wall of the waiting room - including the certificate from The Gender Clinic in Arizona.

Doctor Marcia Mavis could relate to this approach. It had been covered in her training. She said it had to

be worked out with the cooperation of the family, and required a simple statement from the wife certifying that she approved of this kind of approach to body building. There was a periodic updating of this approval for the treatment and exercise program to insure that the patient was still inclined in this direction.

The workout Mary experienced was designed to slowly bring her along toward muscle development. It involved work with fifteen different machines which reacted to the pull and push Mary exerted with compensating resistance. Mary worked up a good sweat and when she was in her car driving back to the apartment she was conscious of each muscle group as she had never been before.

James began with the physical examination on Tuesday. He was probed and pushed, pressure taken, heart rate measured before and after a treadmill test. Dr. Mavis measured him completely; his neck, his chest, his waist, hips, weight, height. There was one test James had never experienced, the skin density test.

“It is different for men and women,” Dr. Mavis explained. “In a way it measures the softness and durability of the skin, the reaction it will take to expansion and contraction of different body parts.”

Dr. Mavis, making this test, paid particular attention to the chest area, the nipples of the chest.

James couldn't understand why this area was of concern. He was proud of his slim waist, his chest, his ability to expand and to hold his breath for minutes at a time.

Dr. Mavis said that his marvelous chest expansion would stand him in good stead for the next six months of work at the gym. She wouldn't be surprised if his development would exceed his expectations. There was an initial injection he must take which would start him out toward his goal. She

asked him to drop his shorts and bend over, she would give it to him in the right buttock.

The warm amber solution pumped into James. He rubbed the area as he felt the solution start its journey through his body even affecting, eventually, the way he thought about things.

Morning and evening at meal time he was to take one of the small pills Dr. Mavis handed him along with his bill.

James then went into the workout room where Cathy took him over. He found this girl to be a captivating and sexy bundle of energy, and he couldn't wait to plan the seduction. Would it happen there in the gym during a workout? Maybe they would go out to lunch and then to a friend's pad. He let his mind play with the possibilities as she moved in to help him use the equipment correctly. At times she had to adjust his position seated at one of the machines. She would move his legs up or back to get the correct angle of his torso. James soon learned as he approached each different machine just what was the improper position he should take which would cause Cathy to come over and help him move his butt or extend his legs correctly.

James was very athletic, he prided himself on his coordination in any racket and ball game. He was on the tennis team in high school, and on the swimming team. At college he had, it seemed, majored in coed appraisal, appreciation and seduction. His minor was business, although the school thought it was his major and gave him a degree in it.

Each Tuesday and Thursday he looked forward to the workout with Cathy. Mary was progressing rapidly in strength and had even gained a little weight. Her appetite was prodigious.

James noticed that his chest around the nipples was a bit itchy, maybe even a bit sore. He wasn't concerned because the exercises had become more difficult for him. He was exerting as much pressure, but

didn't seem to have the staying power. He noticed that his pants were a bit tight around the hips and that his buttocks were a bit fuller. His waist was smaller; he had to take in his belt two holes. He attributed it to the exercise on the machines which worked on him there.

Mary had been cooking up a storm each night in the kitchen. The workouts seemed to spark a new interest in foods and nutrition. She began teaching James how to cook and he now had several dishes he could prepare very well. They seemed to spend more time together now than they had before BODY BY FISHER.

It was true, Mary told Cathy, James now has much more interest in things around the home. He even went shopping with her for new clothing to fit her expanding body. He spent a considerable time in the lingerie department admiring the different bras, the high cut lace panties, the slips and nightgowns.

James had admired one nightgown so much that Mary had secretly purchased it in his size and that evening had put it by his place in bed as she prepared for the evening.

"Hey Mary! You did buy that nightgown I liked, but it looks like they gave you a large size."

Mary appeared in the bedroom with a matching nightgown. James did a double take to the larger sized one lying on the bed.

"Darling, I bought this for you. You liked it so much. I think it will spice up our sex life, don't you?"

James held up the delicious pink satin thing. It was his secret desire to wear this gown, how did she know this?

"O.K., close your eyes," James urged. He quickly slipped out of his P.J.s and into the nightgown, running his hands over the smooth material. "Now, don't laugh," he begged, as he looked down to his risen in-

stinct which he tucked between his legs so as not to spoil the line of the gown.

Their sex that night couldn't have been better.

Mary was quite pleased that James spent so long in foreplay wearing his nightgown, looking at himself in the full length mirror secretly as he maneuvered Mary in front of it for a bit of caressing, moving their satin covered bodies against each other until he lifted her into the bed.

Mary was satisfied with the way their lives had improved, the way James had become more interested in discussing her interests. She hadn't noticed much difference in his sex drive, maybe he was a bit slower, not so intense. She could get the doctor to back off in the hormones if it changed him too much.

James worked with Cathy on coordination exercises. They involved a dance pattern with Cathy in front of the mirrors of the gym. He liked the feel of Cathy in his arms as they moved in time with the music Cathy had put on. Cathy said it would help his feel of the exercise if he took the feminine part in the dance. She would lead him, and he must conform to her movements.

This was certainly different for James. He found that he liked it. Cathy was very strong for a girl and he liked the way she led him. It was strangely relaxing to just have another body dictate the way yours moved. At a slow part of the dance he found that his thinking was more in the feminine pattern. He wanted to put his head on her shoulder and was hoping that Cathy would end the dance with a deep dip, maybe even a long kiss.

When the exercises ended for the day, Cathy suggested that perhaps he should let his hair grow out more. In the mod L.A. fashion he wore it rather long as it was. Cathy explained that it would give a better line to his body during the dance exercise. James was not adverse to that. It was rather creative for a prospective conquest to take the lead this way. And

too, he found that looking at his face in the mirror he had wondered how he would appear with longer hair.

His beard, what there was of it was blonde. He had noticed lately that he didn't have to shave as often and that his skin was a bit softer. He liked the feel of it when he dressed for bed. The night gown felt absolutely divine on his body. It excited him to watch it flow about his legs.

Mary watched him in the bedroom as he posed in front of the full length mirror. She felt the power of her exercises as she took the initiative and played the part of the seducer with James.

“James, just relax. Play as if you are the one being seduced, the woman, and I am the seducer, the man.”

James was willing to try anything in sexual games. He was encouraged that Mary would suggest it. Maybe there was hope for them in the sexual area after all.

“Why yes! And you may call me Jane if you like and I'll call you Marty.”

Mary (Marty) went to her dressing table and collected an eye liner and lipstick.

“Now, Jane, I think you have forgotten your make-up this evening. You know how I always want you to be your beauty best.”

She applied a bit of liner on each eye above and below the lash line. Then she put lipstick on Jane.

Jane was quick to check the mirror to see how it looked. He preened and fluffed up his hair slinking over toward Marty (Mary).

“You must come up and see me sometime”, Jane said, in Mae West tones.

“Yes, Jane. You are really becoming quite a girl, quite seductive, you know.” Then she had a thought.

She went into her lingerie drawer and held up a brassiere to him. "My dear, you would look more seductive if you wore this. It is a bit padded and will shape your curves better."

This was strangely exciting to James/Jane. He didn't know why, but it caused a thrill to run up and down his spine. It was all in the sexual game, he reasoned. It helps the whole process of seduction. In his own bedroom he wasn't concerned with any loss of maleness.

Mary helped Jane with the brassiere, hooking it in back, reaching in and adjusting his chest a bit into almost presentable mounds.

"There, Jane. Check yourself in the mirror to see if you like it." Under her breath as Jane went to the mirror Mary said to herself, *'There's more where that came from my buxom one to be.'*

Jane was enchanted with the brassiere. There was a turn in either direction as the image was checked. He didn't know why but he was inordinately pleased with the look.

Mary/Marty came up behind James/Jane placing her hands on the two brassiere mounds.

"Oh, Jane, you are so beautiful. I just want to devour you." She turned him to face her. "There, now I can see that you are really Jane, my woman."

They embraced in a long kiss.

Jane was pleased that lipstick on his lips lent spice to the moment. It wasn't long until he was rising in passion, and even though he was *being seduced*, it was difficult not to play the male part - to just relax and enjoy it.

"There, my darling Jane. I want to make sensual love to you, feeling your every loveliness," Mary/Marty said.

Jane/James almost laughed at the sheer pleasure of it, the unexpected release he enjoyed as Mary/Marty caressed his body. He, in turn, was able to give his love as they maneuvered all over the bed.

In the morning James was pleased with the way he felt. So this is how women feel-after, he thought. He checked his face in the mirror, the make-up was still there. He was a bit worried that this didn't bother him. He looked closely.

"Yes, Jane, you aren't a bad looking girl at that," he mused aloud as he looked for the cold cream to remove the traces before he went to the office. The stuff was terribly difficult to get off.

After his shower he noticed that his nipples were indeed a bit tender. He fingered them noticing that they seemed to feel a bit different. He wondered if this was from wearing the bra.

That morning Mary went to her workout session with Cathy. It went well. She was becoming stronger and stronger in all her exercises. The steroids the doctor was giving her to balance her system had given her more strength and assurance. She felt very good about the whole process she and James were going through.

"When James comes in tomorrow, Cathy, I wonder if you can suggest something to him?"

"Certainly, Mary. What is it?"

"It's his hair. I mean the hair on his body. Can't we somehow get it off?"

"Oh, yes. I was going to mention it to him that any body builder I've ever seen has had no hair on his body. It is a definite no. Especially now that his body is taking a very fine feminine line."

Mary was enthused.

“Oh, yes! I really like the way he looks and reacts to this. He is so kind and gentle now. I think he really digs it, although he wouldn’t mention it.”

Cathy was pleased.

“Yes, I knew it could happen, but I’ve never seen it with one couple. You are progressing marvelously, and James doesn’t realize how beautiful his body looks now. I’ll get the hair off of him tomorrow. I’m sure he won’t resist me.”

The next day James wore a new warm-up outfit Mary had bought him. It was a color which complemented his hair and eyes, a light aqua. He was sure that after his workout he could get Cathy to go to lunch with him. With any luck at all he would have her in the sack at the apartment of his friend, Rodney. Rod’s pad was just around the corner from the restaurant.

As he entered Cathy’s gym she greeted him with the usual hug, asking him how he felt. She explained that before the next exercise series, because he was becoming such a serious client and was developing his body nicely, he should undergo what every body builder does in the way of resistance elimination.

“What does that mean? Resistance elimination?” James asked.

Cathy took his arm and led him to the pictures she had on the wall. In the photos there was Cathy standing beside glistening body builders bulging their muscles. She was so small and they looked absolutely marvelous to James. Their bodies were strong and well-built, arms heavy, thighs protruding, pectoral development pronounced. James was taken by this, it looked almost feminine to have a chest like that.

“Do you notice anything?” Cathy said.

“I think they look very sexy .” he said. Then he wondered why he had said that. “I mean.. look at them. They look like they have breasts.”

“Oh, poo, my dear. Have you looked at your chest lately? You are coming along just fine. But that isn’t what I meant. Don’t you notice that there is no body hair on any of them?”

James involuntarily felt his chest. He wondered if he could ever get a development approaching any of the bodies in the photos. It was true, none of these men had any body hair.

“Sure, they are all shined up...no hair..plenty of oil.”

“Well, my dear, we don’t like body hair around here. I personally think it is ugly, don’t you?”

“Never thought of it, I guess. Yes, I agree and if you don’t like it, Cathy...if it turns you off..I don’t like it.”

“Good. Now take off your warm-up suit, my dear, and we’ll remove all that resistance, that body hair,” Cathy explained.

“Resistance elimination, huh?”

“That’s it.” Cathy was preparing a salve to rub on James.

“Okay, Cathy, but if I do this you’ve got to go to lunch with me.” James was sure now of his impending conquest.

Cathy began to rub the lotion on James. It felt cool. James liked the feel of her strong hands on his body. She even removed the hair under his arms. It surprised James, but he didn’t complain. He was in a zone, a secure buzzing zone of deep pleasure. Soon he was asleep, dreaming of having Cathy’s body next to his in bed.

When he awoke, Cathy was washing off the lotion.



She threw a towel to him.

“Take a shower now. I think you will appreciate how good your body feels, James.”

“Wouldn’t you like to scrub my back? I don’t know if I can reach there.”

“No, that wouldn’t do. My other clients might complain that I don’t do it for them.” Cathy laughed.

In the shower James felt the slickness of the lotion, the unusual feel of his body as the hair fell from his body. He noticed that his nipples were sensitive. If he didn’t know better, he thought that somehow there was something growing there, an unusual fullness. The nipples were larger, like small peas.

‘It must be the exercise, the work with weights that is doing this,’ he thought.

As he dried his body he stood in front of a full length mirror. He was shocked at how feminine he looked without hair on his body. The whiteness of his skin was glowing after the hot shower. His chest looked strange to him. The nipple area was almost pink and larger than he had remembered.

He looked at his body profile.

Yes, there was some chest showing. He seemed to be filling out. He placed his hands on his hips turning this way and that. He was happy to see that he was carrying no extra weight around, no love handles on his waist. In fact, he had firmed up there.

The area that distressed him was the way his hips seemed to have enlarged. Yes, he had a butt now. The effect of his naked and slightly full chest, his slimming waist and expanded hips gave his body a slightly feminine look.

‘No problem,’ he thought, as he looked down at his friend hiding down there in the pubic region waiting for action. The lack of hair had made things look dif-

ferent. He was sure that it would be a new sensation making love without body hair in the way.

After the workout, he and Cathy went to a Venice Beach Thai restaurant near his friend, Rodney's, apartment. The food was very good and James wasn't feeling all that sexy as they walked out to the car. James hadn't felt this way before a prospective seduction. He was relaxed and mellow as they walked over to a dress shop. He noticed his reflection in the front window. His hair had become rather long in a slightly feminine bob which looked androgynous. He stood slightly taller than Cathy as they looked in the window.

Cathy saw a suit in the window. It was just the right style for her as a business lady. It was black silk with a full shawl collar, buttoned low at the waist. The suit did appeal to James. He followed Cathy into the store as she asked the saleslady about the suit.

The saleslady explained that the only model they had was far too large for Cathy. They could send away to the factory for her size, but no, she wouldn't be able to check out how the suit looked.

Cathy turned to James appraisingly.

"James, I have an idea. I think that suit would fit you. Would you be a dear and model it for me?"

James was stunned.

"I don't wear dresses! I mean, really!"

She leaned over and whispered to him, "Now James, I know you wear make-up. I saw the outline of lipstick and eye liner on you when I was taking off your hair. Don't be afraid. No one else could see it unless they were very close. Tell your wife not to use that permanent brand. It is terrible to get off."

"It was a joke with Mary."

"Sure. But that's all right, I approve. I think you would look nice and sexy."

“Really?”

She was on the right track with that; sexy did it.

Cathy led him to the dressing room.

“Just for me. Promise.”

The suit was sent in. There was no one else in the store beside the saleslady and she was busy. Cathy had James put on the skirt. Then she realized a slip would be needed and she found one which would fit. She borrowed a pair of black pumps size nine which would fit James. He dutifully put them on.

“Is this okay, now?”

Cathy stood back looking at him.

“It needs something else.” And she was scrounging about the store.

The sales lady found her an uplift bra, size thirty-four.

Cathy ordered James to turn around and she slipped the bra on him, stuffing a bit of paper in each side to round out the cups.

“Really, Cathy. What we men don’t do for love,” James noted with an amused smile as he looked at his new breasts.

Cathy opened her purse, dabbed a bit of lipstick on James before having him put on the suit jacket.

“Is that necessary?” he asked, wondering about her comment concerning the lipstick he had tried to remove before. Had others noticed?

“It is if you don’t want to be discovered. Now come on out into the store and let me take a look-see to determine if I like the suit.”

Cathy led him to the light noticing that his longish bob was just in style.

“Walk with a bit more swish can’t you?”

Instinctively James knew how to walk as a woman. He was a little unsure on the heels, but it didn’t show. The fact that he wore no hose didn’t matter, for his legs were nicely tan and suitably hairless.

Cathy asked him to go by the jewelry counter. Just then a woman and a man came by the store window. They were looking at the very same suit in the window now modeled by James.

James was panic stricken.

“My God! Cathy, I know them. They’re from the office.”

“Don’t worry, dear.”

Cathy hung a rope of pearls about James’ neck, handed him pearl earrings. Then she swept a white straw cartwheel hat from a mannequin and adjusted it on James’ head.

“Clip on these earrings. Never in the world will they recognize you. Just act like a lady .”

The woman and man were now in the store. The woman spotted James and thought that the suit was being modeled which indeed it was.

“Oh look, Charles. The suit I like is being modeled. Oh, doesn’t she look smashing now.”

“Yes, indeed she does.” Charles was eyeing the good look the skirt and the pumps gave James’ legs. He wondered if the store did this every noon. He would have to come down if they were going to have girls like this parading about. He wanted to ask if lingerie was on the schedule too, but he was embarrassed.

“And that hat is just right, dear,” the woman observed to ask James. “How much is it?”

James turned away with the hat between the woman and his face.

Cathy was quick to say, "Oh, our models aren't allowed to speak. It spoils the ambiance. The hat is a hundred dollars."

James was enjoying a sense of excitement he had never known. He turned like a model, quickly posing only to go into another pose with a quick turn, never giving the woman and man a good long look at his face.

"Who is she? I swear I've seen her before. She must be famous," the man noted.

"Yes," Cathy replied. "She is much in demand. She has a new style, don't you think? She is from Bodies by Fisher."

"Oh, yes," the woman exclaimed, "I've heard of the agency. Their models are the very top."

Now James was really enjoying himself. He felt secure behind the hat, the make-up, jewelry, suit and shoes. It was the biggest rush he had ever experienced. To be able to pass yourself off as a woman before people who knew the real you. On one tour about the shop he grabbed a pair of long black gloves and a purse from a rack. The next time around past his friends, he rolled the gloves on past his wrists and up his arms ala' Madonna.

The store salesgirl was now watching the scene. She really didn't know where this lady came from who was modeling the clothes.

Cathy went into her purse, handed the lady her credit card, whispered, "We'll buy everything. Hold this card for me. We'll be back in a half-hour."

Cathy led James toward the door. And to the woman and man said, "Well ta ta. We have another appointment to model this at in Beverly Hills in a half hour."

She guided James out the door and onto the street.

They raced for the car laughing all the way and collapsed in each others arms before they got in.

“That was the most scared I’ve ever been!” James exclaimed.

“Yes, wasn’t that a kick?”

“I’m positively on a high. I don’t want to stop. I’ve never had such a rush in my life. I didn’t know girls had more fun.”

“Blondes, my dear. Always remember you are a blonde and a smashing one at that. You heard the gentleman.. I’ve seen her before. She must be famous.”

They joined in near giggling delight.

“Where should we go? I don’t want to waste this opportunity. There must be a hotel bar we can sit in for a half-hour until they leave the store,” James suggested.

“There is one..The Ritz Carleton in the Marina. Are you game?” Cathy urged laughingly to his delighted nod.

Soon the Ritz Carleton parking attendant was opening the door for two ladies, one dressed in a black suit and the other in a fancy workout suit. It wasn’t too strange for Southern California. There were any number of ways of being in style. The only restriction the hotel gave him was that no one was to enter in a bathing suit and bare feet.

At the hotel James got the feeling of what it was like to have the attention of every male in the vicinity.

Cathy guided him toward the ladies room.

“If we are going to do this right you need more make-up. And milady....What shall I call you?”

“Jane. That’s what Mary called me the other night. Me. .Jane. You...Tarzan.” And James burst into laughter.

“Yes, that’s another thing... your voice. You don’t sound like Jane. You may look like her, but no loud sounds; only whispers like the mystery lady you are.”

Cathy took Jane through the door into that forbidden area, the ladies room.

Jane/James felt a wonder as he looked about.

‘Ah, the inner sanctum, the secret place,’ James/Jane thought. *‘This is where they go when they disappear and gossip away during an evening.’*

Cathy sat him in a chair before a great mirror. She applied a base coat to cover any evidence of beard which was really slight because he was so fair. Next she quickly lined his eyes, did his eyelids with a bit of color and added mascara, fresh lipstick, a bit of rouge and then powdered him.

“There, you are beautiful, Jane. Now for the hair.” She stood back, brought out a spray from her purse and fluffed his bob up a bit. It really looked quite feminine.

“How does that suit you?” Cathy asked.

“I...I’m amazed. I really look feminine. Do you think I can pass?”

“Perfectly, not a hint of James.”

“Good, this is fun.”

The two ladies walked out of the ladies room toward the outdoor pool where they could watch the interesting people cavort and have lunch.

By the time they had returned to the shop the shop girl was beside herself.

“Oh, I am so happy to see you two.”

“Going to send the cops out after us were you?” laughed Cathy.

“Oh, no, no. Far from it. My shop has never had such a busy day. That lady bought over a thousand dollars worth of things. They said they were sending their friends over to us because we hired such fabulous models.”

“Well now, I guess we weren’t wasting our time. Actually this was sort of a test for our shop. Jane and I were looking for the right place to test market our talents...our sales ability.”

James was amazed. He had underestimated Cathy. She was a downright brilliant business woman.

“Are you really from Body By Fisher? My goodness, it’s such a famous agency.”

“That’s right. We’ll do this every noon, but I’m afraid our fee is too high for you.”

“I’ll give you twenty percent of sales, no higher.”

“Thirty percent.”

“All right...thirty percent, but you must promise to have your models here every noon. I’ll run an ad in the fashion section of the paper. By the way, what happened to that man who came in with you? He must have gone off somewhere.”

The salesgirl/owner was truly confused but she knew that somehow her business had never been so good.

Cathy picked up the wallet James left in his pants in the dressing room and fished out his VISA card. She handed the card to the woman.

“Jane wants to charge all this on her husband’s card, so give me back mine and use this one.”

The salesgirl nodded and ran back to the register to get Cathy’s card.

“Jane’s husband liked it on her so much. He wants her to have everything she has on.”

James gave Cathy a dirty look. As the sales lady was writing up the order she whispered, “Okay, would you rather go out of here in your old sweatpants? I’ve got them in this bag.”

James/Jane signed the sales ticket. It wasn’t the last one he would sign for women’s clothes to fit an emerging Jane.

James suggested that they both go to his friend’s apartment so that he could borrow some clothes and get back to being James.

Cathy understood his problem, but pleaded that she had to get back to work. She had many appointments.

Jane would just have to suffer it out as all women do at times in uncomfortable high heels and skirt.

“Look, no one will ever recognize you. Just park around the block from your apartment and then go in. If they see this attractive lady dressed to the nines they’ll think she is just a nooner for James.”

So James had to delay his romantic notions. He didn’t really feel up to assignation as Jane but the motor of his brain kept going even though the juices were quiet.

He wondered about this. He was concerned and wanted to explore this new feeling more, so he skipped work that afternoon. The market was really closed in New York, but he had some paper work he should do in the office.

“Screw it!” he said to himself. “I’ll enjoy just being a girl-for a while.” He wondered how it would feel if a man came-on to him. There was only one way to find out, midday L.A., either a bar, or a porno movie.

“Now where do I go in Santa Monica for my pickups?” he asked himself. “Ah, a hotel bar where it is dark. Maybe the Mirimar will do,” he thought.

Jane parked with the valet service at the hotel and calmly walked into the hotel, nodding to the doorman.

“Afternoon, Miss,” he greeted.

Jane was pleased. To be recognized as a female, that is quite something. Jane sauntered through the lobby, taking time to see who looked and who didn't. There were always a few professionals up and down the beach and the hotel kept out the obvious ones. Dressed as he was, Jane certainly didn't look like a hooker.

Actually, that is what he was doing. He was hooking a reaction out of some unsuspecting male. He just wanted to be approached so that he could judge the reaction of James /Jane. He wasn't certain of either of them right now.

The bartender wasn't one he knew. Good.

Jane sat at a small table watching the fish go round in the big fish bowl. He went in his purse for a cigarette. That was a sure sign that a girl was available; the studied hand in the air with smoke curling from the long cigarette. It pleased him to notice the lipstick trace he left on the end of the white paper.

Then there was a waiter standing by Jane's side.

“Yes, Miss. Have you decided?”

That pleased Jane too; the deferential tone, the approach of his body to this female. It all went into Jane's memory bank.

With as low and sultry voice as she could manage Jane said, “Rum punch, please.”

“Very good, Ma'am.” And the waiter slightly bowed and departed.

Jane surveyed the room for other lunch stragglers. There was only one, a business man in coat and tie with his second scotch and soda before him. Jane peeked out from under the large hat at the man. He was absorbed in staring at his drink.

When Jane's rum punch came, the waiter put down a bill and stepped back. Jane put a five dollar bill down and with a wave of the hand indicated the rest was his tip.

"Thank you, Ma'am."

Again Jane was pleased by that.

'Why? Why do I react to that?' Jane wondered. *'It is the intrigue,'* Jane concluded. *'You just like to get away with something, you bitch.'* Jane laughed to herself.

This was so interesting to Jane and to James.

Then the moment of truth. The man was standing near Jane's table, drink in hand.

"May I join you?"

Jane, through her cigarette smoke, looked him over. She wanted to string this out, to gain the most possible from it. In almost a whisper Jane asked, "Oh, what do you have in mind?"

The man smiled. "Really nothing, if you don't want it. I just thought we might talk."

Jane smiled politely at the man. "**I'm** not a pickup."

The man was a bit flustered. "I'm sorry. Really sorry, Miss. I just thought we might...well, trade thoughts on the world...men and women. You know."

"Yes." Jane was a bit haughty now. "I know. Really, thank you. I'm waiting for someone." Jane turned away, crossed legs and snuffed the cigarette.

The man inclined his head. "Sorry."

He walked back to his seat.

Jane said to herself, *'Delicious.'* She smiled broadly inwardly within the soul. *'That was just delicious. Jane, you are a tease. Yes, I enjoy being a tease. And I enjoy being a girl.'*

She wondered how it had all happened so quickly. The dress shop. Cathy and her make-up. The strange feeling of the other gender. Walking just that way into a forbidden place, as...Jane.

The next week Cathy again got James/Jane to dress up and go to the dress shop to model clothes. It was good for business at Body By Fisher she said. She had recruited customers for body building as well as making a percentage on the clothes they sold for the shop.

Jane looked a more presentable woman each time she came out.

Cathy instructed her on her make-up, now with long false eyelashes, painted fingernails and toenails. It was a blast, she thought.

James was becoming more and more Jane. That's what her agreement with Mary had been, a more androgynous James, a more powerful Mary.

Doctor Mavis had given James/Jane a physical checkup and noted the ongoing effects of the estrogen on him.

The skin was softer. The weight distribution was changing. His breasts had started to bud and she felt beneath the nipples for the signs of breast formation. Yes, they were there.

"Are they tender?" she asked.

"Oh, yes. Sometimes I think I'm going crazy. Is it the exercise? Why do I feel this way, Doctor?"

"Well, do you enjoy it? The feeling? The tenderness?"

"I must say, yes. It's a big plus in our sex life."

"Good. I expected some of that," Doctor Mavis observed.

"You did? I certainly didn't," James responded. "But why do I feel this way?"

"What way, James?"

"Well, I have so many feminine thoughts now. I think of dresses -how this one would look...and on me. That isn't natural is it?"

"Most natural thing in the world. Many men feel this way but they are afraid to let it out. You have just emerged. You are no longer afraid of the feminine. Isn't that so?"

"Yes," James confessed. "You know, it's embarrassing to say but there are times I wish I were a woman. Isn't that strange?"

"No. No, that isn't so strange."

"Their clothes are so becoming. The colors, the fabrics, the lines so revealing, so complementary to the form. They are so comfortable," he admitted.

"Oh, do you dress a lot now?" She was making notes.

"Every night I'm in a gown - with my wife. Then Cathy and I started this modeling thing at noontime. It's fun and we make money. I go as Jane."

"I see."

Dr. Mavis was now measuring his chest in circumference. She had him turn in profile to check the appearance. There was a bit of breast showing. She felt under his armpits in the breast area.

"I want you to feel for lumps like this every couple of weeks." She showed him how.

"What's that for? That's what women do isn't it?"

“Men are no different. We all have to watch.”

After the medical examination James was going to his car in the parking lot. He passed Mary who was on her way in to BODY BY FISHER for a workout.

“How’d it go?” she asked.

“Got a clean bill of health. I got probed, pinched and inspected everywhere.”

“Okay, I ‘m late for my exercise, Honey. I’ll see you at the apartment for dinner.”

Cathy put Mary through her warm-up on-the treadmill. Then she did the stretching for ten minutes. Cathy now had Mary work on the weights.

“With your regime you need heavy weights with few reps.” Cathy explained. “That way, we’ll get you strong and buildup your muscle system.”

Mary liked feeling strong. She worked hard for an hour and went home for a shower before going to work.

That noon James/Jane and Cathy had a modeling date. Cathy got Jane into nylons, a bustier to give a bit of cleavage, and pull in the waist more.

“Really, girl,” Cathy exclaimed, “I wish I had your legs.”

“Oh, do you think they are good?” Jane was fishing for it. They were good legs, and in nylons and evening slippers they were marvelous.

“Shoot, men have all the luck. They always have better legs than us girls.”

Cathy helped Jane into a rather long slip. Then there was marvelous velvet dress with a tulip neck just covering the shoulders and exposing the mounded expanse of chest Jane had pushed up by the bustier.

It thrilled Jane to look down and see these feminine things floating below with a sea of very white flesh.

A small but heavy necklace of turquoise hung in the cleavage. It was accented with hanging turquoise earrings.

One day Cathy had taken Jane over to a small shop to have her ears pierced. The salesman couldn't understand how a modern woman could have gone so long without having this done.

"Even I have had it done." The salesman pulled back his long black hair to show the small gold rings he wore in each ear. "It's the *in* thing," he said, as he raised his neatly plucked eyebrows. "You know, you should let our salon do something with your eyebrows."

Jane was a bit shocked. James hadn't gone that far, had he? It was becoming harder and harder for him as a man. Now this obvious gay guy wanted him to pluck his eyebrows!

Cathy saved Jane. "No, we're going for the more heavy 'I' look- you know, from Vogue and Country Lady. The horsy set."

But Jane was pleased that his ears could support nice hanging earrings because they were pierced. It was no big deal in California for a man to have pierced ears.

Jane was all decked out now in the evening gown of velvet. The skirt was high in the front and low in back completing the tulip design. The silver slippers were an open design with a comparatively low heel.

The manicure and pedicure made his head swim. His toes, before the cute girl had worked on them, had been so masculine. They were now petite and dainty with red color. The nail color accented the black of the gown, the green turquoise necklace and

earrings, the silver slippers. Jane carried a small silver evening bag.

The dress made a big splash at the show. There were other models there from Saks, Bullocks, Goodman. Body By Fisher was the winner of the fashion award "Evening Sex". Their two entries, Jane's black velvet, and Cathy's chiffon creation which flowed, floated with her every movement attracted much attention.

After the show, to celebrate, Jane/James asked Cathy to share a bottle of champagne waiting for them at his friend, Rob's, apartment.

Jane let them in with a key supplied by Rob for an afternoon of love.

"Where's Bob? Your friend?" Cathy asked.

"Oh, he said this was just especially for us. Do you like it?" Jane/James took Cathy in his arms and gave her a big kiss, lipstick to lipstick. "Congratulations, Cathy! It is all your doing."

Cathy could feel that this didn't happen by accident. She looked in the bedroom and saw a bed turned down and a big bouquet of roses on the night stand.

She was able to share several glasses with Jane/James before he made his move.

Unfortunately, he wasn't really up for it. He made several halfhearted passes; gave it up before the encounter.

She was pleased she didn't have to say no; or perhaps throw a half-nelson or an arm lock on him to quell his passion.

"It must be the champagne," Jane/James said. "Funny, really funny. It never happened before."