

Little Man/Girl



Ellen Lee

An "Adult TV" Novel

Reluctant Press TV/TS Publishers

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Little Man/Girl

By Ellen Lee

As the horses came thundering down the backstretch Magic Clown was leading by a length and a half. Eddie Sciatica knew he had this one in his pocket, and gently urged the horse on with his crop. It was good to be winning again, after what he had been through. Just another furlong and he would add this one to his streak of winners. How many had it been. Eleven, with some place and shows thrown in. Not bad for a guy who couldn't get a ride for the last year and a half. He whispered to the filly,

“Keep it up honey, we are almost home.”

He patted her neck and she responded with a little surge that took them past the finish line almost two full lengths ahead of the second-place horse.

He lifted his butt in the air holding himself up by the legs and knees as the filly was still running hard until she realized the race was over. She began to slow down, and Eddie let her do it at her own pace. The catcher groom came up behind them and gently

took the bridle in his hand and as he slowed his horse, the filly slowed down too.

They were led back to the winners circle where the owner and track officials waited for them. The usual flower blanket and photographers were there, and of course the owner and his wife posing with big smiles. Eddie was impatient and was glad when it was over. He weighed out with his saddle and went to the locker room to shower and change clothes.

This was his last ride until the Florida tracks started running in two months. He had worked steadily and hard for the season and wanted to rest until he went down there. He had many offers for rides and wanted to think them over for a while.

Eddie was very choosy now, concerning his rides and the owners he would ride for. He wished he had been smarter two years ago. He might not have ended up in the hospital for five months. It was two more months before he could move about without pain and view the world from behind his new face. He still wasn't used to it. He looked a little like he did before, but now his nose and jaw were smaller (there wasn't that much left for the plastic surgeon to work with), and his cheekbones had been reset so that they were more prominent. In fact he looked like a little boy, rather than a man of 24 years.

He had accepted the ride from Big Joe Forensic, a local mobster who owned some horses. As he was mounting the horse that day, Big Joe came into the paddock and told him in a quiet voice, "Just let her run for the exercise. Don't push her, and don't worry about winning.

Eddie sometimes had last-minute instructions from owners and trainers on how to run the horses, but usually it was left to his discretion. That's why

they pick certain jockeys. Eddie liked to win and really wasn't listening to Big Joe's words, which to anyone else would have been interpreted as meaning, 'lose this one. I'm betting on another horse'.

Unfortunately for Eddie he won and that night as he got home from celebrating the victory, he was waylaid in front of his apartment and severely beaten. The only way the neighbors who found him knew it was Eddie, was his diminutive size. His face was swollen mass of blood and broken bones and cartilage. Add a couple of broken ribs, contusions etc. and you get the picture. As Eddie was losing consciousness the last words he heard from his attackers were that he owed Big Joe the \$50,000.00 that Big Joe lost on the race.

Spending all those months in the hospital Eddie figured he'd never be able to ride again and wondered about what the future held for him. He got lucky though, and as his condition improved he joined a health club and worked out until his body was as good as it had been. He still found it difficult to get used to his new face. With his small frame weighing in at one hundred and two pounds, his five-foot height, and his new face he looked so much like a young boy that when he went out to restaurants and bars, no one wanted to serve him anything but soft drinks. He always had his drivers license ready to be shown when asked.

He was a little apprehensive about seeing Alexis again. Not only did he look different but they both probably had changed in many respects over the last two years.

He was beautiful and she was much taller than him. Little men always seemed to pick tall girls, espe-

cially statuesque show girls. Though Alexis was only five foot seven, she always wore three- or four-inch heels which made her about a foot taller than Eddie.

Tall dates made short men feel taller, and of course they were always the center of attraction. People commented to each other about how Eddie and Alexis probably had an interesting sex life together, and speculated on how this was accomplished. Many ribald suggestions were put forth, discussed and laughed over. Imaginations ran wild picturing his little body and her excessive one and large boobs in the throes of sexual ecstasy.

What they didn't know was that Eddie was hung like a stallion, his organ looking outlandish on his tiny body. Alexis knew though and that was the main attraction Eddie had for her. Their sex together was more satisfactory to her than any of her many other liaisons. And she loved the attention and glances they always got when out in public. Her life was dedicated to good sex and getting her picture in the papers no matter what the reason.

She had money...a great deal of money being the only one mentioned in her fathers will, as her mother had died years before and she was an only child. The old man was the sole owner of McFarland Construction Co., a worldwide concern. When he died a year ago very unexpectedly, Alexis inherited the whole kit and kaboodle. In three months, she sold off everything, except the mansion north of Santa Barbara on its thousand acres overlooking the ocean, bought herself a penthouse in town, and invested the rest of the two hundred and seventy million she received in long term, tax free, government bonds. She couldn't begin to spend the income, but tried, and she was news whenever she appeared in public. When she was dating Eddie a few years ago it made every scandal sheet and newspaper in the world. He was the

star jockey then and she was a tall, beautiful woman of some renown in the jet set. Of course, this was before she inherited all that money. Now, she was sure, the two of them would certainly be more newsworthy than before. That's why she contacted Eddie after seeing his name in the paper after all this time and set up their date. She had invited him to join her for some celebrity party in Malibu.

Eddie remembered those happy times with her and wondered if he could still satisfy her sexually as before. Since his release from the hospital he had some difficulty performing. He decided not to tell her of the injury to his groin during the beating he received, but wondered what she would say about his new face.

When he got to her place she looked at him hard and while fixing him a drink said, "There's something different about you Eddie. You look younger, and I like it. What did you have done to your face."

Eddie gave her the entire story and she did recall something in the news a few years ago, but she didn't realize how serious the beating was.

"I hope nothing else was injured," she said with lurid smile, grasping his crotch.

Eddie's heart skipped a beat, and he thought well, we'll find out tonight.

The party at Malibu was a fun affair and when they got back to the penthouse, Alexis didn't complain when Eddie steered her into the bedroom. A lot of kissing and groping, and then they helped undress each other and jumped into bed.

Eddie knew he wasn't up to her expectations. He couldn't perform as he had numerous times in the past. Alexis was puzzled and disappointed.

"You must be tired Eddie. A good nights sleep should straighten you out. Stay here with me tonight and we'll go for the prize in the morning."

She went to the bathroom and got ready for bed, taking off her make up etc. When she came back she took a nightgown out of the closet for herself, and one from her dresser drawer, tossing it to Eddie.

"I sleep with the windows open, remember. It gets cold up here at night, so wear this and keep warm. I want you to get a really good nights sleep and I expect a stellar performance from you in the morning."

He protested that he could keep warm without the night gown but when she said,

"Cut the crap Eddie and put it on so I won't feel your cold shivering body all night. Now get out of bed and do it." With all her money she had become a very forceful person.

"One snide remark from you and I'm going home to sleep", he told her, while donning the gown.

She raised her right hand and promised. The night gown was one of her shorties which came down to his knees. It was the softest flannel for warmth but was very feminine with lace on the bodice, cuffs on the sleeves, as well as along the bottom. She looked at him and exclaimed, "You look cute. Take a look in the mirror."

She pushed him over in front of the full-length mirror.

He felt foolish when he saw his reflection, he looked almost like a girl with his sexless face and wearing a gown.

She came up behind him and put her arms over his shoulders and rubbed what would have been his boobs.

He was embarrassed as hell to see the bulge appearing in the front of the night gown.

She saw it too and grabbed his hand pulling him back to bed, where he was able to perform as in the old days. After a prolonged session as they were falling asleep, she leaned over, kissed him, and took him in her arms.

“If wearing one of my night gowns makes a mad bull out of you, I’ll get you a dozen of your own. This was great sex.”

He didn’t know why the night gown got him so aroused, but he admitted to himself that this had been the best and most successful sex he had had since his hospital stay.

When he awoke, for a second he was confused, and then feeling the nightgown it all came back to him. He heard the water running in the bathroom and got out of bed. He caught his reflection in the mirror and stopped to look at himself in the gown just as Alexis came out of the bathroom. As she came up behind him they were both aware that the familiar bulge in the front had appeared again with the nightgown draped over it. She stared and gasped,

“You really get turned on wearing it don’t you?”

She grabbed his erection and pulled him back to bed, where they spent another hour until they were both sated.

“I’d better get cleaned up and dressed”, Eddie told her. I can’t lie around in your night gown all day”, and headed for the bathroom. She called through the door

“You aren’t getting away that easily. Just get cleaned up and I’ll start breakfast. DO NOT GET DRESSED. I’ve got plans for you.”

When Eddie came out, showered and clean, he had a towel draped around him. Alexis came in from the kitchen.

“Where’s the night gown?”

“In there. It needs washing.”

She went to the dresser pulling out a clean night gown much more feminine than the first one, and threw it to him. “Use this one.”

Going to the closet she got a robe and slippers, both of which were too large for him, and they laughed at his silly appearance.

“Looks like I’ll have to get you your own night-gowns, robes and slippers so they’ll fit properly.”

“Hey,” Eddie said. “Save your money. Your stuff served it’s purpose and this will be the end of it.”

Alexis looked at him and smiled. She had plans and like it or not, Eddie was the centerpiece of those plans.

Alexis told Eddie she was going up the coast to her big house, OCEAN HILL.

“Why don’t you ride along with me. You’ve never seen my place up there, and I could use the company.”

He had nothing of any consequence pending, so he told her he would go home and change into fresh clothes and come back to the penthouse in an hour. When he got home he called his agent, Marty Angina and told him he would be gone for a few days. Marty, who acted for Eddie when contracting for rides, told him to call in a few days so they could get the winter racing schedule of rides solidified, which Eddie promised to do.

Eddie dressed in chinos, cotton golf shirt, and deck shoes. He took a cotton jacket along for the colder evenings of fall, and drove back to meet Alexis.

It was a beautiful trip up the coast. Alexis insisted on taking her Mercedes 500SL, so they could drive with the top down. Eddie left his car in one of her parking spaces in the garage. About fifty miles north of Santa Barbara she turned off the highway between two stone pillars over which on an arched metal framework of letters spelled out OCEAN HILL. The road stretched to the horizon and when they went over a hill about three miles east of the highway he saw in the distance the house and gardens. As they approached they climbed a long hill and Alexis turned onto a road to the left which soon gave way to a driveway that stopped at the front door. Eddie looked in awe at the house which resembled a hotel. Alexis laughed,

“Welcome to my humble abode. Father was a showoff. The place has thirty-seven rooms in the main house here, and later I’ll show you the rest. Do you play golf? We have a tricky nine-hole course out in back, and there are several sets of clubs in the

caddy shack for the guests to use. Wait till I show you the rest of the layout.”

The front door opened and the gray-haired houseman in his white coat came out to greet Alexis. Standing behind him was an older woman dressed in a white uniform who was his wife, May. She was the cook and housekeeper. Next to her was the maid dressed in a black uniform and who was about thirty, about five feet two in height and attractive. Her name was Annie.

Alexis introduced them to her guest and Eddie just gasped. He had never seen a place like this and the luxury it displayed. Alexis showed him around the house and she told him that the older couple and the maid all lived there, in their own quarters, on the top floor. They closed off most of the rooms when Alexis was not in residence, and once a week a cleaning crew arrived to scour the entire house. The gardens were attended by a commercial gardening company, and thus the permanent staff was composed of the couple, the maid and the outside help. When she entertained, caterers would come bringing waiters, bar men and servers, who saw to everything.

Eddie just shook his head. “Man, what I wouldn’t give to live in a place like this. But hell, I couldn’t even afford to pay the help.”

“If you keep up the action you showed me yesterday and this morning, you can live here as my guest, if you wish to.”

The houseman, whom Alexis called Richard, announced that luncheon was served on the patio. They went to the rear through the French doors of the library onto the patio overlooking the swimming pool. There was a table set for them, complete with linen and sterling silver, and they had a delightful lunch

served with wine. While they ate, Alexis explained to Eddie that Richard and his wife were hired by her father twenty or so years before, and were both honest and loyal, would give their lives for her and had lifetime jobs. Annie joined them about eight years ago

“Would you like to play nine holes?” Alexis asked him.

They did and Eddie was in seventh heaven.

When Alexis suggested they stay the night he readily accepted. Thus after a candlelit dinner in the dining room, they took a short stroll on the grounds and then went to Alexis’s bedroom, which had two complete bathrooms. She showered in hers while Eddie did so in the other. When he came out with a towel wrapped around his middle Alexis was waiting. She handed him a lovely, shorty night gown which he quietly donned, and the usual result was evident. Thus they retired for another wild night of sex. In the morning Eddie refused to wear her robe and slippers in front of servants and got dressed.

After breakfast Eddie called his agent Marty as he had promised he would.

“Where are you Eddie,” Marty asked?

“ Up the coast a way. Why?”

“Big Joe is looking for you, that’s why. He called me because he couldn’t find you anywhere. Are you in some kind of trouble with him Eddie?”

“I owe him a little money but tell him not to get excited. I’ll pay him as soon as I can save the money.”

“That may not be good enough, He thinks you ran out on him.”

“Just tell him I’ll be in touch soon. I’m still paying off my hospital bills, thanks to him.” When he hung up he was worried,

Alexis came into the room and Eddie told her he had to get back to town as he had a problem. At her insistence he told her that Big Joe was looking for him, and that he owed him \$50,000.00. If Eddie thought Alexis would come to his rescue, he was wrong. She looked sympathetic but said, “You better plan on paying him soon, or you might be back in the hospital.”

Eddie was about to ask her for a loan but held off hoping she would offer. They just looked at each other and neither said a word. Alexis was thinking she could give him the money in a second and never miss it, but she wanted Eddie to ask, and be indebted to her. She knew how to play the power game now that she had all that money at her disposal, and though she liked Eddie, it was sex not love and she wanted to make him beg to confirm her power. Ah, these women libbers...all the same when flexing their new found muscles.

When Eddie said he had to get back, she showed a little concern and asked him,

“Is it safe. Maybe you better stay here till this blows over. Not even Big Joe would think of looking for you here.”

“I know, but I have to pick up some papers, my check book and some clothes. Then I’ll drive back here. Drive me to Santa Barbara so I can rent a car. If anyone’s looking for me they will be looking for my car, not the rental, and if they are watching the front I can get in the back way. And even if they do get me I can promise them I’ll start paying off as soon as the

winter card starts in Florida. So, if I have to I'll hold off paying the hospital and doctors for a while."

She shook her head. "I hope you know what you're doing. Get back here as soon as you can. Don't take any chances."

She felt a little pang of conscience and really didn't want him hurt, but she did want him to sweat a little and then maybe beg just a wee bit. They drove to Santa Barbara where Eddie rented the car, and put the plan into action, while she returned to OCEAN HILL. Eddie bought a hat, and dark glasses, which would make it a little more difficult to recognize him, and drove off.

When he got to his apartment, he circled the block and spotted two of big Joe's men sitting in a car down the street watching the entrance. He drove around the back through the alley and it seemed to be clear. Parking his car a block away he entered the building through the rear and walked up the seven flights to his unit.

Quietly letting himself in he got his checkbook and papers from his desk, and wondered what that little round thing was. He looked through the curtains to the street below to check Big Joe's men and saw the hoodlums' car was empty. He realized that little round thing was a bug that no doubt alerted the hoods to his presence. He got out the door in a second and ran down the hall to the stairway just as he heard the elevator door open. He wasted no time getting down to the alley and back to his car and roared away heading back to the coast road.

Unfortunately, turning down the side street on his way he passed the hoods' car going in the other direc-

tion. When he saw their stop lights go on, through his rear-view mirror, he knew he was in trouble, and floored the accelerator. His wild dash down the side streets appeared to be in vain, as in the distance behind him he thought he saw their car getting closer. Eddie drove frantically, and luck was with him. He caught up with a funeral procession and dove into line ahead of a slow car, and despite the honking of the outraged driver he stayed in line driving at the 25 mile an hour speed of the procession.

In a few seconds the bad guys came barreling past him frantically looking for his car up ahead, and disappeared from sight. Eddie breathed a sigh of relief and thought he was in the clear. The procession turned into the cemetery just as the hoods came roaring back looking for him in vain. He followed the cars through the gate and again saw in his rear view that the hoods had backed up and joined the last car in the procession and came through the gates. People were getting out of their cars and walking to the grave side, and Eddie joined them. When he saw the hoods getting out of their car to join the crowd he hid behind a tombstone and moved quietly away from the crowd, and when he was out of sight of the mourners, he took off at a gallop. After ten minutes of running he stopped and heard no pounding feet pursuing him, so waited to catch his breath. He remembered the cemetery was surrounded by major streets and decided to make his way to one of them to make good his escape.

As he walked toward the other side of the cemetery he heard a plaintive voice crying, "Oh why did you die. Why did you have to go and die."

The voice was heart breaking, and Eddie feeling compassion decided he could take a few seconds to do a good deed. As he approached the kneeling figure. He heard the sorrowful voice once again cry out,

“Oh why did you die...why did you have to go...why did you die”, and the sobs went on unabated. Eddie tapped the kneeling figure and tried to console him.

“Time is a great healer my friend,” he said. “Was the deceased someone close to a you..a father..a brother?”

The man stood up, tears streaming down his face. “No, I never met the man.”

“Then why are you so upset?” Eddie asked.

The man cried out, “He was my wife’s first husband. Oh why did he have to go and die”

Eddie said something that sounded like, “Oh shit,” and took off running for the other side of the cemetery, where he found a cab that took him to another car rental agency, a branch of the one where he rented the first car. He handed them the keys to the car and told them it broke down and where to find it. They gave him another car and he got back to OCEAN HILL as soon as he could, watching in his rear view mirror for signs of pursuit.

His heart slowed down after a while and when Alexis came to greet him he told her the story. They agreed he had better stay away from town and keep low for a while. They drove the rental car back to Santa Barbara and turned it in, getting back to OCEAN HILL after dark.

May had prepared a wonderful dinner for them, and later as they sat in the library having coffee Alexis said,

“Eddie, you can’t leave this place until you’ve made a deal with Big Joe. You owe him a great deal of

money and you'll have to work out something, or you'll be running the rest of your life."

"You're right. But where the heck can I get \$50,000.00. It would take him a lifetime to do it."

Alexis thought for a minute and said, "Maybe I can help. Call your agent Marty and tell him I am coming in tomorrow to talk to him. I don't want big Joe to know who I am, or he'll figure out where you are. I'll see if Marty can handle the situation. You stay here tomorrow until I get back."

Eddie gratefully agreed. On entering her bedroom to prepare for bed, Alexis handed him some boxes that he opened and when he saw what was in them, he didn't dare protest. There were several nightgowns in his size, as well as some peignoirs, a robe, slippers and mules.

"Now I'll be able to get you hot to trot whenever I want you. Go take a bath and put on the lavender outfit now, with the matching mules".

You don't argue with someone who might be saving your life so he complied. He expected trouble with the mules, and was surprised when he had none. Alexis told him not to get too confident as the heels were only an inch and a half high.

Eddie didn't like the way she had taken charge and ordered him about, but was in no position to protest.

When she saw how well everything fit and saw the usual reaction in his crotch, she pulled him into bed while he wore the pretties including the mules, and a happy time was had by both of them. While resting from the initial onslaught, Alexis looked at him critically.

“You know Eddie, a little make up would do wonders for you. Your new face is boyish but some makeup would make it girlish, and would be right in keeping with the outfit.”

“Aw come on,” he said. “Don’t even think about it. Enough is enough.”

She looked at him and shrugged. “Okay big shot maybe you want to handle your problems by yourself. I’ll drive you back to your place in the morning and you work it out with Big Joe.”

She turned to leave the room when Eddie grabbed her arm.

“I was only kidding honey. Go ahead put the make up on me if it makes you happy.”

“No Eddie, I want you to be happy too. I won’t do it unless you really mean you want to be made up, and look like a girl. Now if you really ask me sincerely, and I mean sincerely, I’ll do it. I mean you tell me exactly what you want done and why.”

She looked at him expectantly, with a challenging smile on her face.

Eddie turned a shade of pink and gulped.

“Will you please put make up on me to make me look like a girl? I want to be pretty and will appreciate it if you will help me. Please!”

Alexis smiled in triumph. She was really enjoying the power she had over a male, even a small one like Eddie. And so she took him into her bathroom and did a complete make up job on him. When she finished his face, she worked on his hair, which fortunately was full and longish. When she finished it looked like a boyish hairdo some girls wore. Leading

him back to the mirror in the bedroom, Eddie saw himself completely made up, and not only was amazed at his feminine appearance, but immediately got aroused and hard as a rock.

Alexis saw his awakening sex rise and pushed him to the bed and onto his back, where she rode him like an expert horsewoman making her horse jump the hurdles. Eddie had never been on the bottom before and tried to match her rhythm thrusting back at her as she lowered herself on him. Without meaning to he brought his knees up in the passive position and they climaxed together in one mighty explosion. When they began to breathe regularly again she eased herself off him.

“Well tiger, your being a girl does wonders for our sex life. Maybe we should keep you that way for a while”.

Eddie knew better than to say anything because it could be interpreted as either he wanted to be a girl, or that he didn't want Alexis to help him over his troubles. He was between the proverbial rock and hard place.

“Aren't you going to thank me for making you pretty?” she asked him. “It's obvious that you love wearing these things and make up too, and whether you admit it or not, your dressing in feminine things helps you to perform better sexually.. Sounds crazy, but it works. We'll have to experiment further. With all these bedroom outfits I bought you, you have enough variety to hold you for a while and I'll teach you to put on your own make up so you can make yourself presentable for me when I want you to. Agreed?”

Poor Eddie. He figured he had no choice but to agree, but the minute he got Big Joe off his back he'd blow Alexis off and go to Florida.

Alexis was waiting for his answer.

“Well Eddie! If you agree lets hear it. Do you want me to teach you how to put on make up, and do you want to be an attractive girl. Don't just nod you head...tell me you do in so many words and make it enthusiastic”.

“Yes I do. I want you to please teach me to use make up properly, and I do want to be an attractive girl when I wear these outfits you bought for me.”

“Not as enthusiastic as I had hoped, but better than nothing. Remember, as long as you do your part in learning to be a girl, I'll do mine in holding Big Joe off. Agreed?”

Eddie nodded his head, sighed, and said, “Agreed.”

Thus the pact was made and the next morning when they arose from the love bed, Eddie went to his bathroom to clean up, taking quite a while in getting his make up off. Alexis bathed in her bathroom, and finished long before Eddie.

When he came out she was dressed and ready for breakfast. Laid out on the bed was another of the new outfits she had bought for him, a white peignoir and gown, with a pair of silver mules.

“Where are my clothes?” he asked. They were no where in sight.

“I sent them out to be washed. Wear the outfit on the bed and come into the bathroom so I can put on your makeup. When I get back later I'll show you how to do it yourself.”

She made him up, and combed his hair in the same feminine style, and looked over her handiwork with satisfaction. The results were predictable, and though he was displaying that beautiful bulge, she steeled herself and turned her back on it.

“Okay lets go down for breakfast. We’re late now.”

“Dressed like this?” he shouted. “No way. What are you trying to do to me. It’s bad enough to look like this in the privacy of the bedroom if this is what you want, but in front of the servants.. no way. I’d die of shame.”

“You’ll die of something else if Big Joe gets his hands on you. I have a reason for your being seen by the servants this morning. If we can’t make a deal with Big Joe, you’re going to have to stay out of sight till he forgets about you. What better way then to be a girl out here where he’ll never find you, Robert? May and Annie already know how you are dressed, as I warned them earlier this morning. Here, put these panty’s on so your arousal wont be too obvious”.

With great misgivings Eddie followed her downstairs and into the breakfast room. He sat down immediately to hide some of himself under the table, which did no good as the table was glass topped. He could see his knees and legs through the glass, and his silver mules.

The door from the kitchen opened and Annie came in with orange juice, coffee, toasted muffins, jam, eggs and bacon. She didn’t look directly at Eddie, but our hero knew he was being closely scrutinized. As they were eating, Robert came in from the kitchen supposedly to clear away some of the dishes, but actually to get a peek at poor Eddie. He sat there red faced with his eyes on his plate and hardly breathing.

May had her turn too, as she came in to ask Alexis if they were staying for dinner or going back to town.

Finally the ordeal was over and they went to their bedroom wing. Alexis repaired her make up and showed Eddie how to do the same with his lipstick. His first try was okay, but he needed practice. Alexis put on a coat, took her bag and gave Eddie a hug.

“I’ll be back as soon as I can. Lets hope we can get you off the hook. You stay up here if you want to but, go downstairs for lunch. See you later.”

With that admonition she left.

Eddie watched through the window as her car headed for the highway. He went over to the mirror and studied himself. How did this happen, he wondered. Until two days ago he never in his life had worn anything feminine, yet now in just two days he was wearing a very feminine peignoir and nightgown, silver mules with heels and full make up. He studied his face in the mirror and had to admit that he wasn’t bad looking. With longer hair he would be a damned good looking girl. All that plastic surgery on his face killed ninety per cent of the hair follicles and what still grew he had been pulling out with tweezers once a week. He studied his face and realized that something besides longer hair was missing.

Earrings..that’s it!

He went to Alexis’ dressing table and found her costume jewelry box. Most of her earrings were post type for pierced ears but he found a suitable pair with clips. After a struggle he got them on facing forward, not backward as his first attempt did. There was a lot to learn about a simple thing like putting on earrings. In fact he decided there was a hell of a lot to learn just being a part time girl.