



Reluctant Press

Creating Christine

Diane Woods



ILLUSTRATIONS BY BRIAN DUKEHART

A 'NEW WOMAN' NOVEL

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Reluctant Press TG Publishers

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CREATING CHRISTINE

By Diane Woods

Creating Christine

Some of you may think that what I'm about to tell you is very odd. Some of you may disapprove strongly of what I did, and how I live my life. But some others of you may find, as I did, a certain deep satisfaction in the story of my recent life, and it's for such folk that I offer this recounting of my experiences. Certainly, the path I took is not for everyone. But it does suit me well, and it might suit other women well also.

I mean, let's be honest. Human beings are very, very complicated creatures, and there's no such thing as a one-size-fits-all relationship between women and men. And certainly, the traditional family relationship has been no great bargain for women. So I think it's important that people learn that there are other options, options that can give women much greater freedom and fulfillment, not to mention control over their own lives and destinies. And in the process, we can even pay back those of the male persuasion a bit for centuries of abuse and domination. And best of all, some of them like it that way.

Of course, when I met Chris, some folks might have considered him something of a catch. His family had money, and he was an only child, so he was clearly destined to inherit a fortune when his elderly father died. And to be honest, there was something intriguing about him from the first. He wasn't a great specimen of a man, but then I had never found the macho he-man type appealing. Chris was almost painfully thin, almost delicate really, and only stood about 5'8", weighing perhaps 140 pounds. At nearly six feet, I towered over him, especially when I wore heels, and I think my physical presence was what initially attracted him to me.

His father was another story. Christopher Taylor Van Der Wall Sr. was a flinty old man, a notorious leech and conniver who, it was rumored, had made his fortune in a variety of questionable ways over five decades. He was everything I despise in men, arrogant, abusive, egotistical. But these very qualities that made the father such a hateful creature had produced a son who was tentative, submissive, and meek. I think that young Chris had been searching for something for a long time when I met him, searching for a destiny that, although neither of us knew it immediately, he would find through me. And I would find mine, as well.

I can remember clearly how I came to meet Chris, Jr. I had been working at his father's company for about six months, working in the word-processing pool. But somehow I had caught Old Man Van Der Wall's eye, and he kept trying to arrange private get-togethers in his office. I didn't know what to expect the first time, and so he managed to ruin my blouse and nylons before I fought him off. I thought he would get the message from my spirited refusals, but this was a man accustomed to getting what he wanted.

So the second time he summoned me to his office, I was prepared. I brought along one of those small tape-recorders you can use for dictation, put it in my jacket pocket with the tape going, and got the old goat on tape with his relentless sexual harassment. I even managed to get him on tape threatening to fire me if I didn't have sex with him, the son of a bitch.

Once I had the incriminating material on tape, I stormed out of his office, making a big show to everyone in the outer office how shocked and offended I was. In fact, I went home for the afternoon, making sure everyone in my department could tell how upset I was. And the next day, when the supervisor called me in to take me to task for this un-approved leave, I explained the situation to him, complete with a copy (but not the original) of my tape.

And that was how I got my promotion to Administrative Assistant for Chris Jr. Complete with hefty raise, I might add. I guess they thought I would be safe around him. Or maybe the old man hoped I might bring out some manly instincts in his son that so far had been difficult to discern. Either way, it was a move up for me.

Chris Jr. was the polar opposite of his father. As I've said, he was physically small—thin, frail, with delicate features and brown hair. His voice was high and reedy, and he spoke so softly that at first I had trouble understanding him. But I would learn to understand him, oh yes I would.

Now, I had gotten the clear impression that, in spite of his money, Chris Jr. wasn't exactly a ladies' man. In fact, there was a rumor going around that he was gay. But one afternoon, as we were finishing up work on a long report, he asked me out.

"Miss Jackson," he began, in that diffident voice of his, "I hope you won't take this the wrong way. But you see..." His voice trailed off, and his long thin fingers played with his pen. "I'm attending a charity fund-raiser next weekend, you see...and I was wondering if you...that is, if you don't have plans..ummmm..."

I wondered how long it would take him to get it out.

"Well," he continued, "if you might accompany me. If you don't think that's improper, that is."

Now, the funny thing is, I kind of found Chris to be...well, safe, somehow. And after some of my experiences with men, that meant a lot. He wasn't a hunk, that was for sure, but then again I had been batted around a few times by a hunk or two, and had long ago decided that I didn't care for that routine. And of course there had been my stepfather, a classic good-looking, man's man sonofabitch. I mean, it wasn't enough that he cheated on Mom with every willing woman he could find, he also liked to let

his eyes (and eventually, his hands) check me out on a regular basis. No, I had seen enough of hunks.

So naturally, I accepted his invitation. Heck, going to one of his fancy charity shindigs had to beat a lot of the dates I had been on. And like I said, I found that Chris was one of the few men I had met that I actually didn't pretty much hold in contempt.

In fact, Chris was very nice. He was concerned about the expense of my dressing up for the occasion, so he referred me to a dress shop he said he knew, and he arranged for me to get whatever I wanted there, on his charge account.

I thought that was really nice of him, so I made sure to look my very best that night. And I think it worked. Chris seemed really pleased with the way I looked, and he was so attentive and polite all evening that I really enjoyed myself, even though I didn't exactly feel comfortable with that exclusive crowd.

I was wearing this beautiful beaded silk chemise, black with gold beadwork along the bodice, and sheer sleeves. Chris said several times how good I looked, and he was so nice that I really didn't feel all that out of place. The dinner they served was very nice and then there was dancing to a live band. Chris wasn't a bad dancer, he seemed pretty light and graceful, and I think he enjoyed showing me off.

Afterward, Chris thanked me, in his awkward and stammering way, for coming with him.

"It was my pleasure, Mr. Anders.err, Chris," I corrected myself, as he had insisted that I refer to him that way. "I really had a nice time."

"I'm really...pleased to hear that, Miss Jack...err, Cynthia. I did also."

He kind of fidgeted a bit then, as we sat in his car in front of my apartment building. "Ummm, I know that it isn't always.....considered...considered appropriate....but I was wondering..."

I could see where this was going, of course. So as I sat there waiting for him to ask me out again, I evaluated the situation. I wasn't seeing anyone else at the moment. And no matter what else, Chris was likely to be able to afford to take me to lots of places I couldn't afford to go to on my own.

"I hope you don't feel it will be a problem with our work relationship..." he was still going on, "but would you care to go to the theater next weekend?"

Chris was actually being a pleasant change from the guys I usually dated. He hadn't tried to get fresh, in fact he had been a perfect gentleman the whole evening. So of course I said yes.

The evening at the theater turned out just fine. Chris was once again a very nice, if rather mild-mannered, date, although at the end of the evening I chose to reward him with a kiss. Nothing wild or passionate, mind you, it was just a lingering, closed-mouth kiss. But I could tell it got to him.

And so it came to pass that he and I were seeing each other on a regular and exclusive basis. I got to go out to some wonderful restaurants and social events, and Chris continued to be a polite and restrained date. I found that I could pretty much dictate

the terms of our relationship, which was a great relief. But of course, at some point Chris' father called me in to his office, to discuss matters.

He didn't meet with me alone, either. He had with him, in that huge office of his, the company attorney.

"So, Miss Jackson, I understand you've been dating my son," the old man said, his hands together in the air before him. "I don't know if that's the best company policy."

I was well past being intimidated by the old bastard, and I hope it showed. "There isn't anything in the company handbook against it. I know, I've checked." I crossed my legs, watching the old man's eyes follow the movement. "Besides, even if there were, I suspect this particular situation would be tolerated. So what's the point of this meeting?"

The old man's eyes narrowed and his face seemed to twitch a bit. "I have no objection to your involvement with my son, actually. In fact, I would encourage it."

I probably registered a little surprise at that, but I tried to control it.

"I've long been concerned about his lack of a social life, in fact," he continued. "I think someone like you could be good for the boy. Within reason."

The lawyer leaned forward in his leather chair. "What Mr. Van Der Wall means is that he would like to see your relationship with his son proceed, yet not go too far."

"What I mean," the old man said with a sudden passion, "is that I want you to go out with him, make a man out of him, if you can. I'll make it worth your while to do that, if it's possible. Or if you find out he doesn't like girls, I want to know that, too."

"Mr. Van Der Wall is prepared to set aside a considerable sum for you, if you can assist in these matters," the lawyer said in his smoothest voice.

"I'll pay you \$10,000," the old man spat out. "I want to either jump-start his engine, or find out if I'm wasting my time. But..."

The lawyer jumped in. "Mr. Van Der Wall is concerned about this situation being made public. Any public disclosure of this arrangement, or revealing it to his son, voids the agreement. And further, the agreement is that your relationship with the younger Mr. Van Der Wall is to be strictly social. Sexual, if it comes to that, but not a long-term romantic relationship."

The father could hardly sit still in his chair. "Don't try to string the boy along," he insisted, his bony finger wagging at me. "It all ends in six months. You break up with him, leave the company, and take your money. Agreed?"

I looked at him for a long minute. "You are a cold-hearted sonofabitch, aren't you. You want a hooker, why don't you just go get one?" The lawyer took that one. "Please, we mean no offense, Miss Jackson. It is precisely because such an arrangement could be misinterpreted that we have insisted on your being discrete."

"He seems to like you," the old man snapped. "I can understand why. Hell, I'm even glad to see it. But he likes you, and he hasn't seemed to like many other women."

I licked my lips, noting the reaction of both men. "I'll tell you what. I'll take your offer, for my own reasons. But for \$50,000. And the money gets paid up front, cash."

“That is hardly acceptable, Miss Jackson. What assurance do we then have that you will keep your end of the bargain?”

“You can have my tape,” I said without missing a beat. “So if you're not happy with the way things go, you can fire me and I don't have anything over you any more.”

“By God, I like this girl more and more,” the old man jumped in before the lawyer could answer. “I'll pay you \$20,000.” “\$50,000, with good references, and you get the tape.”

The lawyer wanted to negotiate more, but I got up to leave.

“Done, done,” the old man said as he waved his hand. “Just make sure I get my money's worth.”

Little did the miserable bastard know then just how much he would get for his money.

And so, I got my \$50,000 up front, and my relationship with Chris Jr. continued, with no interference from Daddy.

I must admit, part of the reason I agreed to the whole thing, (besides the money, of course) was my own curiosity to find out what made Chris Jr. tick. So far, he had given me somewhat contradictory signals—he was clearly interested in me, and yet he had not taken any real initiative in the relationship, beyond asking me out. It seemed to me that I was in the driver's seat, and that frankly pleased me.

A piece of the puzzle began to fall into place the next weekend. After a Friday night of dinner and dancing at a club, Chris took me to this nightclub on the north side of town. He said it would be a bit of a surprise, but that I might get a kick out of it.

Well, the place had a female impersonator show. I had never seen one of those, although I had heard about them. Chris tried to act like this was all a lark, but some sixth sense of mine told me there might be more to it than that. He certainly paid rapt attention to the performers, and kept asking me what I thought of them.

“Well, they're beautiful, actually. I never thought about men being pretty, but these certainly are,” I answered truthfully. And indeed they were. It was quite an extraordinary thought, that men could make such exquisite women. There was something profoundly touching in that, actually, and I was surprised at my own reaction to it. But it also made me wonder anew about those rumors regarding Chris' sexual interests.

Later that night, for the first time, Chris asked me if I would like to have a drink at his place. Finally, I thought, he's starting to make a move. But part of me wasn't sure I liked that. So at first, I turned him down.

“Please?” he begged me. And I liked how that felt. “I would really, really love to have a little time alone with you. Please?”

Well, that was better, I thought. And so I consented. “But only for a little while,” I told him sternly. “Understood?”

I had seen Chris' apartment before, of course, but only briefly. This time, I thought to myself, I would probably be there a bit longer.

I was dressed in this black satin two piece dress, with matching jacket. It was classy, yet sexy and a little provocative. Chris seemed to enjoy looking at me in it.

He poured us both some white wine, and I accepted. Chris put some music on, and we sat on his large white leather couch.

“That was quite a show, wasn't it,” he said.

That kind of threw me for a moment. “Yes, it was. I've never seen one of those shows before.”

Chris took a big gulp of wine. “I kind of like them. I've gone to a few of them. Does that shock you?”

“No,” I answered calmly. But inwardly I figured that this probably meant that he was, indeed, gay. I looked him squarely in the eye. “Why are you telling me this?”

He finished his wine and poured himself some more. “I guess I want to know ...I'm interested in your response, because I'm interested in you, and...”

I was trying to follow all this, but I wasn't connecting the dots yet.

“If our relationship were to proceed much further, there are things you ought to know about me, and I hope to God you are understanding about it.”

After a moment's hesitation, I patted the leather couch beside me. “Tell me about it, Chris. I'd like to know about you. I think I would like this relationship to go further, so why don't you tell me what you're getting at.”

He seemed very nervous, and continued to stand, pacing as he talked.

“It's not that I'm gay. Not at all. But...” He took a deep breath. “I like to wear women's clothes.”

“Like those people in the show tonight,” I said.

“Sort of. But not exactly, either. Most of them tend to be either gay, or want to eventually change their sex. I just like dressing, and looking, like...”

“Like a girl,” I finished. How sweet, I thought to myself, in spite of everything. And how interesting.

I took a drink of wine myself now. “Could you...show me?”

His eyes lit up. “Are you sure?”

I nodded. “Yes, I would very much like to see this part of you.”

He set his wineglass down deliberately. “It'll take a little bit of time. Give me fifteen minutes or so, and I'll be ready. OK?”

I nodded. And so he hurried off to a bedroom, showing more excitement than I could remember him showing about anything.

While he was away, I poured myself some more wine and tried to figure out how this new development would figure into things. I wasn't sure at that moment how to play this, but I knew I could parlay this into much more than \$50,000. And Daddy would just have to adjust.

The really odd thing was, I myself was kind of excited at this turn of events. It was kinky, of course, but not in a threatening way. It was so unusual, so different, and it was kind of thrilling that Chris had shared such a deep dark secret with me.

I polished off a glass of wine quickly, and started to work on another, as I inspected the apartment. It was a far cry from my little studio apartment. His home entertainment center probably cost as much as my car.

I heard a door open from somewhere, and a light switch click off.

“Well, ready or not...” said a voice that was familiar yet slightly different.

I took a breath, shut my eyes momentarily, then turned to see him. When I did, I think I gasped out loud, I was so surprised.

He was gorgeous! If anything, he was prettier, more natural, than the performers at the show. I couldn't believe it.

“Chris?” I said in amazement. “Is that really you?”

The figure before me nodded. I was in shock. In front of me stood this really striking woman, dressed in a green crepe chemise, with spaghetti straps and delicate gold buttons. She had shoulder length auburn hair, gold earrings, and makeup that was neither loud nor obvious. Very shapely legs tapered down to trim feet, clad in gold ankle strap sandals.

“My God,” was all I could say. “You're...beautiful.”

Chapter 2

Chris twirled about for me, moving gracefully.

“You really think so?” he asked in a soft, nervous voice.

“I...really do. Wow.”

I walked over and turned up the lights, which had been dimmed.

Even in the brighter light, there was no doubt. Chris made a beautiful girl.

“I don't know what to say,” I finally stammered.

“I hope you don't think I'm a sick pervert or something. I've just always felt much better like this,” he said, in a voice that was decidedly feminine.

“Uhh, no, not at all,” I answered. “Does...does your father know?”

“God no. He'd kill me, I think, or himself.”

We both laughed a bit at that.

“The former, more likely than the latter, I think,” I added with a chuckle.

Chris moved smoothly to the kitchen and returned with the wine bottle, refilling my glass which I had just drained a minute before. God, I thought, he even moves like a girl.

Naturally, my head was whirling with all the possibilities this presented. Old man Van Der Wall's plans were out the window, that was for sure. I was into something that was absolutely stupendous in its potential. And, to tell you the truth, I was kind of turned on by the whole thing.

Now, I had never been into girls. Well, not really. But Chris was just so cute like that, so thin and slender and frail and vulnerable. And yet, the neat thing was that deep down, I knew he wasn't really a girl. Yet he looked so good as one!

I stood up and stretched myself to my full height. Even in his heels, Chris was a good three inches shorter than I was, and thinner and more delicate. I kind of liked that.

I don't know what kind of instinct I was operating on at that moment, but I walked over to Chris, told him to put down the wine, and look at me. He did as I said, and looked up at me with those gorgeous eyes.

I slid my arm around his slender waist and pulled that gorgeous creature close to me. Then, without saying a word, I kissed him long and hard.

It was the most interesting thing, kissing soft lips that also had lipstick on. I liked the way that felt and tasted. I also liked the way this person felt next to me, soft and small and mine to do with as I wanted. Chris' perfume filled my senses, and soon we were lost in a passionate embrace.

Chris responded to my cues quite naturally, and soon I was leading him to the bedroom. The old man had wanted me to make a man of him, I remembered. Well, I love to be contrary.

Some part of me was following a script I hadn't even known was in my head, and I was as enthralled as Chris was, I think. I was getting a pretty good idea of what I wanted to happen.

Chris just followed my lead, which was an excellent sign. I had never known a man to do that before, and it felt damn good. Once on the bed, I took off my dress and lay on the bed in my black slip, panties, nylons and heels. (I had had the foresight to wear thigh-top stockings.)

“That's my sweet girl,” I whispered to Chris, and soon I had guided him/her to removing my panties.

“Gently, girl, gently,” I admonished her. “That's a good girl. Now smell them, see how excited you've made me.”

Chris did as she was told, enthusiastically.

“Now lick them, sweet girl,” I told her, and once more she complied happily.

When she was done, I spread my legs and guided her pretty head towards my waiting wetness.

“Make love to me the way a girl should,” I told her. And she did.

I was in complete control, and it was exquisite. I told her when to slow down, when to speed up, when to thrust her tongue in deep, when to circle it around my outer lips. God, I was so turned on!

I've always been multi-orgasmic, but I've never found a man who wanted to keep going long enough for me to really appreciate this gift. But Chris happily licked me to orgasm after orgasm, without once ever tiring or wanting to stick something nasty inside me.

“You're doing wonderfully, my sweet girl,” I told her. “I may just let you come also, if you're a good girl. Would you like that?”

“Oh God yes,” Chris gasped.

“Do you normally come when you're dressed like that?” I asked her.

“Yes, I want to come in my panties so much,” Chris continued in total passion.

“Ah, that sounds nice. I very much want you to come in your panties, like a good girl, but not yet. Not until I tell you, understand.?”

“Oh God yes.”

“That's my good girl,” I whispered, from within my own excitement. “Soon, I'll let you. But first make me come a few more times, my sweet little girl.”

And so she did. She was very skillful at it, quickly learning to do as I wanted her to without my even having to say anything. She could tell from my gasps of pleasure, from how I moved in response to her attentions, exactly what I wanted.

Finally, after even I had lost count of my orgasms (somewhere beyond number twelve) I decided I had been completely sated.

“Time for my girl to come,” I whispered in her ear.

“Let me feel you soil your pretty panties,” I continued.

In response, Chris made this plaintive whimpering sound, and her body shuddered and twisted.

“That's my girl,” I told her. “That's so sweet. I like to know that you've come in your panties.”

I felt so good at that moment. Not because of the delicious possibilities that these developments opened up for my financial bargaining with the old man, although they were clearly there, but rather because of how wonderful this had all made me feel. Somehow, having this young man transformed into this (really) beautiful girl, and doing my bidding completely, had liberated something deep within me. I didn't understand it, but it felt damn good. And I knew, if I played my cards right, that this could be just the beginning.

I slept in my slip. Chris changed into a pretty black nightgown, and together we cuddled and drifted off to sleep, her perfume comforting me as I dreamt wild and lovely dreams.

The next morning, I had Chris put on a more casual outfit, a purple and white plaid blouse and a long purple denim skirt. With her long hair and makeup, she was quite fetching. I had her make breakfast for us, while I thought things through.

“That smells very good,” I yelled when I emerged from the shower. The apartment was full of the aroma of fresh coffee, eggs, and bacon.

“Thanks,” came the reply in a very convincing feminine voice.

Chris didn't have much that would fit me, but I found a two piece knit outfit that was fairly stretchy, and I wore that without difficulty.

“This is really something,” I told Chris as I sipped hot coffee. “I think I like you like this. Isn't that something? Somehow, you seem much more interesting like this.”

Chris blushed under her makeup. “Really? You mean that? I mean, I've always felt more...real, like this, to be honest. Different, more settled, more in touch with myself. But frankly, I had given up hope of any woman ever understanding it, much less actually appreciating it. It's...wonderful.”

“Good,” I said firmly, as I tore into my bacon and eggs, “because I'd really like you to stay like this for a while. All weekend, in fact. I want to get to know you like this, and I want to see how you relate to me when you're a girl. Would you do that for me?”

Chris readily agreed, as I of course knew she would. It was Saturday, and I intended to keep Chris in a dress for an extended period and see what happened. I already knew that something powerful and important had happened between us the night before, and I wanted to see where this path might lead.

I was still amazed by how natural Chris seemed as a girl, and I commented on it.

“Well,” came the reply in a lilting and sweet voice, “I've been doing it since I was 11 or so. In secret, of course, at least for the most part.”

“And your father doesn't know?”

“He was never home enough when I was growing up to notice what I was doing. My Mom knew, but she didn't mind. When she figured out what was happening to some of her clothes, she talked with me about it. Eventually she even bought some things for me, and let me buy some things mail order. Sometimes, when we were alone in the house, she would let me dress the way I wanted. She was really something.”

I couldn't help but notice the sadness that had crept into Chris' voice. “She died a while back, didn't she.”

“Yeah. Five years ago.”

“She must have been a good person. You must take after her.”

Chris smiled at the compliment.

“Now, what should two girls do with a Saturday?” I said brightly. “I think shopping would be in order, don't you? And we can get to really know one another all over again.”

My mind was just overflowing with all kinds of interesting and wicked thoughts about what we could do together. The entire endeavor had become much more fun than I could have ever anticipated, what with these new developments.

And Chris was obviously coming into my thrall. There was no hesitation, no second guessing, no objections raised to any of my decisions. She followed my lead without qualm.

“We're going to have such fun, you and I,” I promised her with a wicked grin. “And if you do as you're told, like a good girl, you'll find me very, very appreciative.”

So we went out shopping. Chris very wisely already had credit cards made out ambiguously to C.J. Van Der Wall, so she could charge things when she was a girl. And we certainly gave those cards a workout. I picked out several new outfits for her, and one or two for myself as well. Already, plans were taking shape in my head for the rest of the weekend.

I had Chris pick up a delicious stretch lace dress in black, in Spandex stretch lace. That would be for later tonight. For myself, I picked out a black crepe chemise with fancy sequins in back. Simple, yet elegant. Then we had a light lunch at a very nice restaurant.

“I'm curious about this whole thing, Chris,” I said between bites of my Caesar salad. “You have a very nice figure, how do you...you know...”

“Well,” she said in a soft voice, “I have a very good pair of breast forms. And padded undergarments for the hips and rear. Of course,” she said with a bit of pride in her voice, “it makes a big difference to keep trim, too.”

“Have you ever thought about changing your sex? You know, having the operation?”

“I guess everyone who gets involved with this kind of thing thinks about it at some point. But I really don't think I'm interested in surgery. I have thought about getting hormones, though. I think it might be kind of neat to have real breasts. And the hormones really help your skin tone, and your overall body shape. It might be nice to not

use to have all this padding. But it might be a little difficult to explain down at the office.”

Now there was a thought. I kind of liked the idea of Chris with real breasts, and a real woman's figure. And it would probably take any last vestiges of masculinity out of his system. I filed that thought away for future reference.

“Well, you'll have plenty of chances to show off your figure tonight, however you come by it. I know just the place for us.” I could tell she wanted to ask me more about it, but I silenced her with a look.

After lunch, I really decided to get bold. So I took her to this place I knew in the suburbs. It was sort of an adult novelty type place where they sold adult magazines, videos, lingerie and novelty items. Unlike a lot of adult-type places, this one wasn't seedy or creepy. Couples often went there, as well as people planning bachelor and bachelorette parties.

“Now Chris, it's very important that you trust me on this. I want you to get whatever I tell you to get in here, without questioning me. It would really hurt my feelings if you hesitate or question me about this. Alright?”

Chris nodded, her human-hair wig tossing in the breeze. I doubt if she knew what she was getting into, but she did as she was told, without a qualm.

I had Chris buy me a very sexy black vinyl outfit, as well as a black leather outfit. And I had Chris buy herself a very sexy pink and silver nightie, with matching robe, all trimmed with feathers. We bought every magazine for cross-dressers they had, and every she-male video as well. I know the salesgirls there (yes, they're all females at this place) were kind of talking a little about us, but that suited me just fine.

Finally, as the finishing touch, I had Chris buy two dildos. One was very large, very realistic, made of latex, with big bulging veins. The other was a vibrator, very slim. I didn't say what they would be used for, but I figured she had a pretty good idea about that. She looked at me, but didn't say anything as she signed the charge slip. I patted her pretty behind as she stood there at the counter.

“Doesn't he make a gorgeous girl,” I said to the salesgirl. She kind of smiled an intrigued smile. “My goodness. We were wondering about all the she-male stuff. God, she's...he's...gorgeous.”

Chris was blushing at this public revelation, but said nothing.

“Come along, sweetheart. We have a busy day ahead of us,” I said, as Chris gathered up our bags of purchases.

Her high heels made their telltale sound on the tiled floor as we left, and more than one gentleman patron of the place turned to watch her.

To reward her for her good work at the adult shop, I next took her to the beauty salon I always went to, and got her acrylic nails. I didn't mention anything to the girl at the salon, and she had no idea that Chris was anything other than what she appeared to be just another customer.

Having those nails on her fingers seemed to make Chris's gestures even more refined and feminine, which had been my intention, naturally. Now we were ready for the next step in my plan.

“Now Chris, this next step is very, very important. Do you trust me, love? Do you put yourself in my hands, knowing that I have rare delights in store for you if you do as I say?”

Chris gulped a bit, but nodded yes. “That's my wonderful girl. Then let's go.”

I took her up the street a bit, to a jewelry store I knew. There I had her get her ears pierced. I know I was probably rushing things a bit, but I was one some kind of a high with all this. Chris was too, I think. She winced a little when the technician placed those delicate gold balls in her ears, but she said nothing.

“Now, you'll have to leave these in for a week, to make sure the holes don't close up,” the woman said when she was done, and that was when I saw Chris' eyes widen in alarm. Still, to her credit, she said nothing.

“A week?” She said once we got out of the store. “I can't go for a week with these in my ears. I have to go in to the office.”

Now, I imagine that it seems as if I must have all this planned out somehow, but really it was just coming together on the fly. Still, I was inspired, I must admit.

“Now, don't get all upset. You know perfectly well that there's nothing going on at the office in the next few weeks. I think the time is perfect for you to take a little vacation. You can call the office Monday and explain that you're just burned out, and need, say, two weeks off to recuperate. And we'll spend every minute of it like this. How does that sound, my sweet girl?”

“Two weeks. I've never been gone two weeks in my entire life. My father would have a fit!”

“I think you'll find out that he won't mind as much as you think,” I told her. Of course he wouldn't, not when I told him that junior was spending his two weeks away with me. Of course, I would leave out a few minor, personal details. Like how his junior was going to spend the entire two weeks in dresses, skirts, and lingerie.

“Try it and see if I'm right. If he really raises a stink, I'll help you get those earrings out. But If I'm right, we could have the best two weeks of your life.”

I could see the male resolve vanish from her eyes. “That does sound nice. And I do have plenty of vacation time coming. Alright, I'll talk to him.” And I could hear the excitement return to her voice.

You're mine, I thought. Right then and there I knew that I had her, body and soul. Heck, she couldn't wait to give herself to me.

As we drove back to Chris' apartment, I thought about what was now at hand. I would get Chris to spend the next two weeks as a girl, exploring every erotic and emotional potential to be had in the situation. By the end of that, God only knew where the situation might be. But I had a pretty good feeling I would like the result.

I smiled to myself, as I thought about that, and looked over at Chris, who sat demurely in the passenger seat. Damn, I said inwardly, I'm actually enjoying this.

"I think you'll enjoy what I have planned for tonight, my sweet Christine," and that was the first time I called her that. It just felt so right.

"How did you know that was what I call myself?" she asked in surprise. "I didn't. But it's a beautiful name. I like it."

We spent the rest of the afternoon at her apartment, looking at the magazines we had bought, and watching some of the videos. Almost all of the videos involved she-males having sex with men, although some of them also had some action with females.

It was very exciting to see Christine's eyes widen as she watched those videos. She had said she wasn't gay, and I believed her, yet there was some part of her that responded to what she saw. I strongly suspected she was bisexual, even if she didn't fully accept it yet.

We had opened another bottle of wine, so we were both feeling a little mellow as we watched all those various cocks being sucked by all those pretty she-males. I could feel the sexual tension building in both of us, and I wanted to do something to release some of it. I removed my panties and pantyhose and took out the large realistic dildo we had bought. I rubbed it against my wet cunt, letting it get good and soaked with my juices, then told Christine to lick it clean. She readily complied, and we spent an hour or so with her gingerly and lovingly tonguing that latex cock which was garnished with my abundant and fragrant essence.

This really got us both worked up. My original plan was to wait until later to use the vibrator, but that changed as we both got aroused. One of the pretty she-males in the video was being fucked up the ass by some big stud, and I told Christine that I knew she wanted to feel what that was like. I got some lubricant, covered the vibrator, and then told Christine to put it into her cunt while she ate me out. She obeyed with an enthusiasm that was a joy to behold.

I came a number of times, of course. But I wouldn't let Christine do the same. I didn't want to take the edge off her, not yet. There was still so much I planned for her that night. I told her to put the vibrator all the way inside her, and then put on a pantygirdle to hold it in. Then she had to fix us both a light supper while I took a hot bath.

"Yes Ma'am," she said meekly.

When I emerged from my bubble bath some forty minutes later, Christine had soup, salad, and some grilled fish ready for us. After dinner, I told her to get herself ready, we were going out for the evening, but that she should leave the vibrator where it was, although she could turn off the vibrating action.

"I think having that in you makes you walk and move a little more femininely," I told her, and it was true.

Once Christine was dressed, I had her dress me. That was a very nice feeling, having someone fasten my bra for me, and hand me my underthings, and zip my dress up for me. I had grown up working-class, and had always wondered what it would feel like to have a servant. Let me tell you, it feels great!