



*Reluctant Press* presents:

# Desire Resolved

Philippa Peters



ILLUSTRATIONS BY C PAGANI

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AN 'ADULT TV' E-BOOK

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# Desire Resolved

by Philippa Peters

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This concludes the story of David McCann begun in *Release of Desire* and continued in *Desire Reconciled*.

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## XXII. AUNT HEATHER

So, when Nora called in September and told me that Dad was in the hospital with a heart attack, I wasn't too surprised. Nora said she was going back home to see Mom but I perhaps should stay away. That all changed two days later when she phoned me in tears that Dad had passed away and I would have to go home after all for the funeral.

I had just had a new perm at Antony's, my hair resting on my shoulders and so I said, No, I couldn't cut my hair and wear a man's wig for a while. Nora thought it would be cruel for Mom to see me dressed as a woman as Nora did every couple of weeks and she made me cry at my selfishness in insisting that I was Heather now and that I couldn't be anything else.

I went tearfully to see Henry about time off to go out to my father's funeral and he was full of concern for me and my predicament, as you might expect.

"I'm glad you came in anyway," he said to me as I sat in his office and clutched a tissue in my newly manicured hands. "You have to go to L.A. right away as it is. Geoff Dysart needs you."

"What?" I asked.

He gave me a warm smile. "He's got an offer to buy out the company you had him start for twenty-five million." He shook his head admiringly. "Boy, can you ever pick them! Oops, I meant, *girl*, can you ever pick them!"

I was bewildered but he filled me in fast. Geoff had completed his film and had come back to us for promotion money as I had expected. It had been the plan to exhibit in the fall film festivals wherever possible but National Pictures had suddenly jumped in and made a bid to Dysart which would give them *Run-Off*. But we had the majority of shares which was why Geoff Dysart wanted me in L.A. right away to make the deal for him, to make him a millionaire.

"If you go home, then go on to L.A. next week, everyone will understand," Henry said sincerely, thinking he had solved a problem for me. I dreaded having to tell Nora that I was coming with her as myself, as Heather, and if my Mom wanted me at the funeral, that's who I was going to be.

I had to buy a black dress, more sober than the little black ones I had, for the funeral and a black hat with a veil. At least Kelly said I should and so I followed her advice, though I wore my grey suit with the flared jacket when I met Gerry and Nora at the airport.

Nora was disgusted with me and even more angry with Gerry for complimenting me on my new hair style and saying how pretty I was. I found myself being more girlish than I normally was and realized that I was going to have to watch it with Gerry. He was eager to help me with my carry-on and seemed to be delighted to be escorting two women onto the plane. He was my sister's husband after all and, even though Nora seemed to be oblivious to his attentions to me, I'd stood off enough men over the last few months to realize that I shouldn't be alone or in a compromising position with Gerry any time soon.

Mom greeted me with a hug and an enquiry about my lovely perfume and not a word about how I was dressed. Brian's eyes nearly popped out of his head when he came in and greeted us all. I thought he and Aline would not want me near their family but he ushered me downstairs to the rec room where a bubbly Aline was playing a fun game of table tennis with the children.

"Heather!" she exclaimed and came to hug me right away. I felt almost undressed at the scrutiny she gave me, of my hair, my makeup, my figure, my suit and high heels. "You look so wonderful! Maybe I should go back to work!"

She wanted to hear all about my job and what I was doing and was fascinated by the fact that I had to go on to Los Angeles after the weekend to a meeting at National Pictures. Then, I had to meet the kids as their 'Aunt Heather'. I was quaking at that but Breanne just looked at me.

"Hi, Aunt Heather," she said, giving me the same scrutiny that her mother had.

Aline then took me upstairs to my room. "She knows that you are David," she said. "You know how much she loved you coming here and playing with her. We've explained it to her as best we can. We thought that it was better than having you stay away forever. She would rather have her uncle than another aunt, but we can't do anything about that, can we?"

It struck home then how much my cross-dressing did affect the people around me, particularly the children. I felt tears run down my cheek and Aline put her arm about me and hugged me for a time as we talked about it and how awful I felt. She stayed with me and helped me unpack. We were putting some of my feminine underwear into a drawer when Breanne came to the door looking for her mummy.

Her eyes popped a little seeing the garter belt I was putting into a drawer. "You wear that stuff now?" she asked, putting her arms about Aline for a hug.

I nodded. "I do," I said in my most feminine of voices. I was shaking as I took out my dresses and hung them up in my bedroom.

"Don't you have any pants or shirts?" asked Breanne as I hung up one of my brown suits and a pretty pink blouse.

"No," I said nervously, feeling a lump in my throat. I felt all my female clothing then, my padded black panties, the black pantyhose that made my legs look so slender and pretty, my black bra and short, silky chemise, my tight, grey, pleated skirt and my dark grey blouse.

"Why not?" asked Breanne. "Girls wear pants and jeans as well as guys."

Aline laughed. What could I say but the truth?

"When I go shopping these days," I said, "I just don't have the nerve to buy trousers or pants."

"No," agreed Breanne seriously. "You are so pretty they wouldn't look good on you."

She wanted to try my perfume then which was all right with Aline and she loved the nighties that were still in my open suitcase.

"Mummy won't let me wear anything nice," she sighed as I scrambled my night things away. "You're so lucky."

Breanne then seemed to attach herself to me and it was 'Aunt Heather, do this', put a ribbon in her hair, and 'Aunt Heather, do that', sit beside her and watch her favorite television program. Aline and Brian didn't seem to mind. It was funny that I heard nothing about my father. It was just the same as it always was at home, with him never there. My mom even smiled at me as Breanne claimed Aunt Heather again as her partner in ping-pong against Michael, now six, and Brian.

"Boys against the girls," she said and Brian's eyes twinkled at me but the children seemed to be oblivious to the adults' amusement.

I agreed to go shopping with her the next day for black ribbons for her hair for the funeral. "I'm so glad you're a girl now," she whispered to me. "Isn't it much more fun to go shopping than watch football?"

I had to agree that it was very nice to be a girl.

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### XXIII. GOING HOLLYWOOD

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Geoff Dysart was there with a limousine to meet me at LAX on Monday morning. He was there in the airport, tanned and more good-looking than I remembered. He even dressed better in white pants, shirt and light grey jacket.

"You've gone Hollywood," I teased as he recovered my suitcases and had the chauffeur put them in the back of the limo.

He grimaced at me. "And you?" he asked. "Haven't you been going through some changes, too?"

He wanted a rundown then on what I was doing and so I filled him in on my living with Kelly and Ginny again and how I enjoyed visiting Antony's to have my hair cut and to be made as womanly as Antony and his girls could do me. I didn't mention how the funeral had gone or how Frank had tried to hit on me, even in the cemetery, much to my mother's disgust. I didn't tell him how Breanne had held my hand all through the funeral and called me her favorite aunt and how when the women had left to wait on the men at our family picnic a day later, my mom had made her three daughters do all the 'women's' work, much to Gerry and Brian's amusement.

"Now, how did National Pictures ever get to know about your movie?" I asked him, as we went into the little auditorium where I was to get a private showing of *Run-Off*.

"Tracy Daniel," he named the leading actress in his movie, "turns out to be Kerelak's daughter." Joseph Kerelak was President at National. Jeff shrugged. "How was I to know? She asked if she could bring her daddy to see the final print. I knew she was excited about her work. You could have knocked me down with a feather when he walked in. He left without a word, too, and I had no idea he liked it until they called me from National and we met and they made the offer. They weren't too happy when they found out how you had set me up as a company and how you had sixty percent control."

That included Maguire's money, too, but I didn't let Geoff know that. I saw the film and it was a good one. Not great, in my estimation, but a good, quirky thriller. It was amazing to me that it could seem so polished with so little capital behind it. I had to find out more about why National would make such an offer to Geoff. I had leads to follow up on from earlier research but what I wanted mostly was a copy of the commitments National had to its own consortium.

Henry Chapman had everything I needed waiting for me at the hotel suite Geoff had rented. We had a late lunch and I prepared for the meeting we were to have with National at their downtown head office. My suitcases had been delivered and so I went into one of the bedrooms and changed into my dark blue turtleneck and grey, tailored suit. I did my hair and makeup most carefully, softly, as Antony had insisted that I must do for day wear.

Geoff actually whistled when I came out of the room, my new black and grey high heels in hand. I had let my hair curl around my ears and neck but the sides were long enough now to pin up on top and fall at the back in a curly strand. I smiled at him as I dropped my heels to the floor, opened my purse and put on some Chanel again, very, very lightly.

I was still shorter than him even in my three-inch heels as he came to me with my business valise.

"You look gorgeous," he said huskily, slipping his arm through mine as we headed to the door. Then, his arm went about my waist and I felt kind of funny. I wasn't used to being walked out in that way nor to have someone carry my work for me. I also wasn't used to the stares we got as we went out to the limousine.

"They're all wondering who you are," said Geoff, holding my hand as we sat together in the back seat. "They think you are an actress or a famous model."

"No way, Mr. Hollywood," I said, conscious of my slim, stockinged legs next to his. He laughed and squeezed my hand again.

"Do well for me, won't you, Heather?" he asked me anxiously as we entered the elegantly furnished head offices of National Pictures. "Don't annoy these guys. It's a chance in a lifetime, you know."

I looked at him in surprise. He was really nervous, much more so than when I was interviewing him and setting up his finances.

Geoff noted my look and tightened his grip about my waist. "These are movie people," he said lamely. "I don't need to look greedy to these people."

I nodded and moved his arm off me as we entered the President's office itself, conscious that I was not out of place in this city where everyone was so smartly dressed and so handsome in looks. I felt the feminine sway in my walk as I imitated the other women I saw moving through that place but, when we got to the conference room itself, I was the only one in female attire in the place.

I had to wonder how they would have treated me if I had been David McCann at the table. Not with half as much attention as they gave to my stockinged legs and padded figure, I was certain. It was only when I didn't automatically sign the papers in front of me that things got tense.

Kerelak referred to me as 'little lady' and patronized me infuriatingly and I got a quick lesson in what it was like to be a woman in business dealings with powerful men.

"Now, Heather baby," Joe Kerelak laughed at me after I said that, as far as the majority shareowners in Dysart communications were concerned, there was not any willingness yet to sell out the company. "We've made an incredible offer to Geoff here and to your investors. What makes you think you can come in here and rewrite this deal? It's twenty-five times return on your investment, isn't it? You can take it and be rich, of course, or leave it."

I felt the tension about the table as something palpable. I could almost hear Geoff beside me begging me to take the deal. I smiled and sat back, my arms tight by my sides as I remembered Kelly's long-ago lessons on how to sit like a lady. I crossed my legs, the hem

almost at mid-thigh and was conscious of more than one man's admiring eye on my silky, smooth legs.

"We'll leave it," I said, still smiling as I reached for my valise. They were staring at me as I closed the folder in front of me and began to put papers into the right slots in my organized case.

"You're going to leave twenty-five million dollars on the table?" one of Kerelak's lawyers asked in a shocked voice.

"Heather," hissed Geoff, his face clearly panicked.

Only when I snapped the case shut, my fingernails so startlingly long and pink against the black leather, did Kerelak finally speak. "So, you want to tell us why?" he asked, his face showing only mild interest. He would have been awful to play poker against.

"It's not a great film," I said and felt Geoff go rigid beside me. "It's a good film, with quirky characters and some fun plot twists. With some classy studio promotion behind it, it could take off and gross very well, say seventy-five, in North America. Then, there's Europe, Asia, the video market, not to mention cable. And you get it all, and the residuals forever, for twenty-five? And you without a product to fulfill your Dial contracts. Patrick Kinsey," he was chairman of Interex, a conglomerate with control of several film studios and a theatre chain across the country, "doesn't particularly need the movie but, if he could break Dial away from your interest, as I would pitch it to him, I'd get a better deal than this."

Kerelak shrugged. "You may be right," he said. He could control his own face but not those of his own minions. I could see that several were appalled when I stood up, swaying slightly on my high heels.

I almost had to drag a stricken Geoff Dysart away from the table. He tried to stop me and was muttering something about how could I do this to him. We only got as far as the door, however, before Joe Kerelak called out to us. "OK, Heather," he called. "Come on back and we'll start again. You made the point. I can see you got balls!"

I looked at Geoff as he realized what the rude vulgarism would mean to me. I smiled and shook my head, my long, curly hair so wonderfully full at my neck, my earrings so tight and metallic at my ears. "Bigger than some others around here," I said as I saw first fear, and then dismay, flicker in Geoff's eyes. The laughter that followed was of the very nervous kind.

We sat down again, me beside Kerelak this time.

"Tell me," said Joe Kerelak, leaning confidently back in his chair and taking my soft, feminized hand to stroke it most gently and admiringly. "Where did anyone as pretty as you get to find out about our deal with Dial?"

I recovered my hand and indicated to Geoff with a lift of an almost non-existent eyebrow that he should move beside me. "Research," I said as sweetly as I could. And with a lot of help from Henry Chapman in that department, I thought.

Kerelak winced. "Then you know the grosses on last year's releases," he said. "And the net loss."



I had to laugh at that. Everyone knew how Hollywood accountants could turn net gains into losses whenever there were big payouts to be made on net proceeds of a movie rather than gross. If I had not been in the driver's seat, I knew what kind of deal they would have laid out and how Dysart Communications would have been fleeced.

I replied seriously with facts and figures of the last ten years' grosses and supposed nets. I was patronized some more. My perfume was admired and my suit. Was it designer-made? I would have to go shopping on Rodeo Drive and Tracy Daniel, the actress from Geoff's movie, would be happy to take me. I must take the time to visit Universal while I was in L.A. and National's back lot, too, where I could see that National was really busy shooting on three sets for three different movies for spring or next summer release.

They all tried to show me what nice guys they were and praised Geoff to the skies. The next Scorsese, Coppola, Tarantino, maybe. I almost felt Geoff relaxing and easing off as drinks and food were ordered in and finally a new offer was tentatively pushed out there. I pushed it back, naturally, and smiled, refused any drinks but pop, and let the pressure build under them again naturally.

I was exhausted when we finally left the offices late at night, the deal hammered out at last for the lawyers to put into final form for the next day and a proper signing.

Geoff helped me into the limo and held onto my hand as he followed me in and snuggled in beside me. "Heather, you were simply fantastic," he said, looking at least as dazed as I felt with all the figures running around in my head. I'd already faxed a copy of the proposals to Henry and I wouldn't be doing anything further on the deal until Henry gave me approval and our own lawyers read the contracts and let us know that they said what they were supposed to.

There was nothing else to do but try to relax. I leaned back in the cushiony seat and felt Geoff's arm like a bar go behind me. "Geoff, we don't have to," I began but he was hugging me close to him and his head came down on mine. His lips touched mine and almost began to devour me. Just in self-defence, I had to push back, move a little, and he was grunting as he ran his tongue over my lips. It was as enervating as his kisses had been in the Whittimore apartment, me in my dress, my feminine lingerie and then in my nightie and negligee.

I was quivering as he muttered, "Gee, you taste so good, just like a woman should." I tried to laugh at such stupid doggerel but he only took that for an invitation and kissed me harder. It was very easy to let go and let him have his way with my mouth and neck and face and even to kiss him back, to respond a little. I relived his passionate farewell from our apartment and remembered how he had snuggled up to me in bed, not just our love-making but his arm about my nightie as I slept. I shuddered at his kiss and that seemed to excite him more and his hand dropped onto my knee, caressing my stocking and smooth knee. I put my hand on his but it didn't stop him as he stroked it and my leg even more.

Luckily, we got to the hotel and I had to push him away to touch up my mussed makeup and comb my messy hair before we left the limo. He had his arm about my waist again as we went in through the crowded lobby and over to the elevators. It was really nice to walk with a man's arm about me, seeing the envy in some girls' eyes at me having

such a handsome boyfriend. I felt so girlish that I acted like a little flirt, taking small steps in my pretty high heels, feeling my skirt restrict my stride.

He had the key to the suite and he followed me right into the bedroom I had used to change earlier. "What-what are you doing?" I asked nervously as he took off his jacket.

By way of answer, he opened the closet door and there were all his suits and shirts hanging up in a neat row, next to mine. "I had the girls unpack your stuff in here," he said easily. "I didn't think you would mind."

I was speechless as he took off his pants and then his shirt and got ready for bed. "When I said I just wanted to curl up in bed, I meant it," I started to explain.

He nodded, exposing his hairy chest and hairy legs as he stood there in just boxers. "I know you're tired," he said, yawning himself. He draped a robe about his body. "I'll watch a little TV while you change." And so saying, he left the room.

What was I to do? I was shivering with fright. What was it that he expected of me? He couldn't really think that I would ... my mind reeled at the thought. He couldn't possibly think that I would want to make love with him, could he? I was Kelly's now. I slowly, anxiously, took off my jacket and hung it up, wondering how to explain it to him. I was shaking as I hung up my blouse and undid my skirt. In the mirrored door of the closet, I saw myself in my underwear and saw myself as the young woman Geoff must see every time he looked at me. I was slim and shapely and even undoing the tape and putting my breasts in a drawer did not change that at all. I took off my large earrings and put in the little, flower-shaped diamonds which Breanne had liked so much and had me buy.

In my red, silky chemise, I was still Heather, a pretty woman. I slipped off my lovely shoes and my pantyhose, massaging my smooth legs that Antony's assistants loved and caressed so much and tried to make so feminine. I shuddered as I took off my padded panties. Even being as flat as I was didn't take away from my femaleness. I debated taking off my gaff, but I didn't. It would be my last line of defence, I thought, and then flushed all over as I realized what it would be a last line of defence for. No, I thought wildly, Geoff couldn't want me as a woman. Not to be a woman and make love to him. I felt slightly sick as I thought of what he might expect. No, I couldn't do that again with a man, I protested to myself, no matter how his arm about me had made me feel.

I took off my slip and then my tight, empty bra. My body was so flat, so hairless, but my hair and makeup pronounced me woman, undeveloped maybe, with a tight band about her genital area. With my hands over my breasts, even that image disappeared and I looked all-woman. Kelly had led me to pose like that sometime in my frilly panties. "You're so much a woman," she would say admiringly, and then laugh at me if I protested or blushed.

I opened a drawer in the dressing table and there was all my pretty lingerie and feminine nighties tucked away. I selected a long nightie, dark blue, quivering as it floated over my smooth, bare body. I found panties to match but I didn't put on a bra. I used my makeup remover and did my face, particularly my eyes. I creamed myself lightly and slid into the bed, hoping to be asleep, long before Geoff came in from the other room.

No such luck, though. He came in right away, taking off his robe before turning out the light. He got into bed and I felt so stupid. I should have just got up and gone to sleep elsewhere, like on the couch.

His arm came around my waist and I felt him snuggling right to me. "Mmm," he murmured. "You still smell so nice. I know you're tired, but you don't have to sleep right away, do you?"

He kissed my shoulder and the back of my neck and then my ear, his hand spreading out to stroke my waist and pull me more tightly to him. I could feel his muscular legs against mine. I felt strangely dizzy as he brought his other hand about me and found myself squirming oddly as his not-unpleasant caresses continued.

Geoff just seemed to take it for granted that I was going to sleep with him. He cuddled up to me as if we had done it many times before and I shakily, unresistingly, tried to curl up femininely in his arms. I tried to tell myself not to go too far, to remember Kelly, but then his mouth began to work on me and I forgot all reason and reacted as any girl would to a handsome man in bed with her, wanting her. He kissed my cheek and then found my eager, waiting mouth.

He held my arms into my sides as he kissed me, his lips in constant motion and I loved it. His gentle massaging made me feel so womanly as I swayed with him, his hands arousing my tender, little chest nipples as they passed over them on occasion. I felt his erectness then, too, against the soft folds of my nightie as he pulled me tight to his body.

I surrendered. I knew what he wanted and I couldn't deny him. I wanted to be treated totally like a woman, too. I wanted to please him. To have him love me, and if it hurt me a little or degraded me, that was all right, so long as he still loved me after it was over.

To secure his love, I turned to him and kissed him properly and his body seemed to jerk with delight as I put my arms about his neck and pulled him down onto me, parting my lips for his penetration as I parted my legs and let him caress my thighs through the flimsy fabric and then to slip it up my legs and send every kind of thrill through me as he fondled my inner thighs and I clamped onto his hard member as a girl might do in her foreplay.

"Heather," he gasped as he urgently attacked my panties, pushing my soft thighs up about his waist. "Are you really a girl?"

I wished that I was. I could imagine him penetrating me and how it would feel. I pressed into him even harder, kissing and kissing him as his hands got behind me, lowering my panties, exposing my tight strap and covering. I kissed his hairy chest, pleasuring him as he tried to pleasure me. He eased down me and began to kiss my body, my thin nightie straps down my shoulders and no impediment to him.

I had to kiss him in the same way and so we pleased each other with our mouths and hands until he was satisfied and my groin was aching so badly that his subtle stroking of my panties and what was beneath caused me an excruciating pain unlike any I have ever felt before. But it was so exquisite when it was over. I felt so fantastic to be in Geoff's arms, to be under him, to have him making love to him. It might not have been like every other girl in the world but he seemed satisfied and he wanted to keep on kissing and fondling

me after he got his relief and I was thrilled to do anything he wanted, I felt so deliciously female.

I wondered if my sisters ever had such thrills from their husbands and the thought so provoked me that I ardently kissed Geoff's mouth and he was reawakened. I learned new ways from him that a woman can please her man, especially a woman like me. Geoff seemed particularly gratified at my willingness to do whatever he wanted that he would not let me go to sleep, even though I was exhausted. I guess he was a romantic of some kind because only when I was curled up into him and he could touch and stroke me as he wished — and he wished a lot — was I allowed to drift off.

I awoke in his arms and lay there blissfully content as he breathed against my neck. This is how it is to be in love, I thought, and to be married. It wasn't like with Kelly where our hands matched, our hair and perfume was mingled. This was so different because he was a man and I was not.

I lay there in his arms thinking the most womanly of thoughts, waiting for him to awaken and to begin to love me again. Of course, it didn't happen like that. He was too groggy when he awoke to do more than stagger off to the bathroom. When he showered, I had to follow him, of course, and so the first time we really looked at each other the next day was when I came to the breakfast table in my pretty, floral spring dress, courtesy of Aline.

I thought Geoff's eyes would pop out of his head when he saw me, especially since I had left my hair loose and I wore my largest golden hoop earrings.

"Oh baby," he said, shifting out of his chair by the window, the bright light and haze of the morning making everything seem light grey or blue out there. "You look good enough to eat."

"Thank you, kind sir," I said demurely, smoothing the skirts against my stockings as I sat down. I was feeling particularly girlish, just looking at him and remembering how he had kissed me and loved me in bed, and had added to that feeling by wearing a garter belt and stockings for the first time in a long time.

Geoff was looking at my neckline. "How do you do that?" he asked, indicating my chest. "I know that you don't have anything there. I mean, I was there and it was kind of disappointing, really."

I was a little surprised at that, not at his disappointment but at his mentioning it. No true gentleman would, I thought a little disdainfully. "Smoke and mirrors," I said, trying to be light about it. "A little duct tape, you know."

He nodded earnestly. "I didn't have Tracy in mind for the Katie part in *Run-Off* at first," he said thoughtfully. "I knew her from a workshop in Detroit, you know, back in poverty." He laughed. "Anyway, she was flat as a board when I knew her back then but here she came in for this sort-of courtesy interview, stacked. So, I asked her how she did it. And she said she'd come out here and got a T and A job overnight. Was right back at her ticket job at the theatre the next day. I knew she could act and with her new body... Well, you saw the film."