



*Reluctant Press* presents:

# Made In Her Image

Maureen Glasgow



*ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. PAGANI*

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A 'HER TV' E-BOOK

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# Made In Her Image

**By Maureen Glasgow**

“God! I’d love to bang her!” George, my roomie, said loudly over his drink.

I saw the beautiful girl sitting at the bar glare in our direction. “Dammit! George!” I whispered. “Must you yell all the time? She heard you!”

“So what?” he shrugged. “At least she can figure out that I’m not gay. If she can’t take a compliment, fuck her!” Then he giggled. “Which is what I was just saying, is it not? I’m repeating myself! Maybe I’ve had too much to drink? But, as it’s your call, Paul?” He giggled again. “Hey! Nice rhyme! Yell for the barmaid buddy. I’ll have the same again!” He put down his empty glass with a bang, which drew another contemptuous glance from the girl. He saw it and instead of being abashed, let out an open mouthed, loud, burp. She turned away in disgust and said something to her girlfriend who took her turn to sneer at us visibly.

The pub wasn’t that busy. The two women were sitting on stools at the bar, then there were some couples scattered in various booths around the outside of the fairly dark room. George and I were the only two unattached males in the room and frankly, I’d had my eye on the girl that George had been referring to, a glorious brunette, beautiful and elegant. I don’t seem to be able to attract women myself – George says I’m too deferential – so I was sort of hoping that the other one, the blonde, nowhere near as beautiful though just as nicely dressed, might let me make a move on her.

I looked around for the barmaid. She must have gone for a cigarette or something. Suddenly, I thought of something. “Okay!” I said. “Okay if I don’t get you a double? I’m kinda strapped this week.”

He shrugged. “No prob, buddy. But Johnny Walker Red, okay? Not some goddamn well drink Scotch, okay?”

“Okay,” I said. “Don’t see the barmaid. I’ll get them,” and I slid out of the booth and made my way to the bar. As luck would have it, here was plenty of room there beside the

brunette, who was even more gorgeous up close. I rapped a knuckle quietly on the bar top for the barkeep's attention. He raised a finger to acknowledge he'd heard me and that he'd be with me in a moment; he was making change for an old guy down the bar who had a hold of the barkeep's hand and was talking animatedly.

I plucked my courage up and spoke to the girl. "Miss? I'd like to apologize for my friend. He's probably had one more than his limit."

She turned around on her stool and gave me a straightforward appraisal. I felt myself getting lost in her lovely blue eyes; I've always been a sucker for dark hair and blue eyes. Save me a brilliant smile. "Well at least ONE of you has some manners! I just hope that he's not the driver.

I felt my mouth twisting. "Nah. We live pretty close – and neither one of us has got a car anyway – but if we did? I'd make very sure that *I* was the driver." Then I shook myself by holding out my hand towards her. "Hi. Sorry. That sounded boastful. I'm Paul." I said. "My drunk friend back there is George."

She took my hand with a beautifully manicured hand of her own and we shook. Her grip wasn't overly strong but firm enough that I noticed, and there was a lot of confidence in her.

"I'm Eve," she said, "And this is Sylvia," sliding backwards on her stool so that Sylvia and I could shake hands in front of her.

Sylvia turned cold eyes on me. "I've always found that a person is known by the company he keeps – and your friend is an obnoxious loudmouth. What does that make you?"

I blushed and Eve laughed softly. "Stop bullying Paul, Syl. Look at the way that I put up with you at times!"

Sylvia let go of my hand and grinned a little apologetically. I impulsively took the opportunity to ask if I could buy them both a drink, then I started sweating buckets. I had enough to pay for a few drinks but this whole barhopping trip had just about eaten up most of my reserve cash – and I'd no idea where more would be coming from. But I breathed a big sigh of relief when they shook their heads and thanked me. Then, to my dismay, they picked their handbags up off the bar and started making signs of departure saying that it was time to go.

Not having time to think about it I amazed myself again by impulsively asking Eve if I could see her sometime. She gave me a soft smile. "I work in the cosmetics counter at Saks," she said. "You can see me any day there, nine until five." Then she sighed. "Gotta go. Nice meeting you, Paul."

"Same here," I mumbled, feeling exalted. Okay, she hadn't made a big deal out of turning my offer of a date down, but at the same time she had definitely indicated that the door wasn't exactly closed either. Now I had a chance of getting to know her without springing for a fancy dinner or suchlike. I grinned at her. "It's a date!" I said with a confidence that surprised me. She grinned, waggled her fingers in a tiny farewell gesture, and then she and Sylvia were gone.

George shrugged when I took our drinks back to the booth and gloated about what had happened with Eve. "Don't know what you're so happy about." He snorted. "She was a

stuck up looking bitch to me. Probably freeze your dick off if you ever get to stick it in her.”

“Jesus George! Do you *have* to be so crude?” I asked, disgusted.

He grinned. “No. It’s just a lot of fun hitting your hot buttons. You have to lighten UP, Paul! She’s just a broad is all! Nothing to get worked up about! Stay cool!”

I had to laugh. George is ugly as sin but takes life as it comes. He’s crude and rude, but it’s amazing how women chase after him. I had to constantly leave our apartment when he’d have a heavy date and sometimes when I had to come home if I wanted any sleep at all, there’d be a great looking woman making noises in his bed or puttering around the kitchen in the morning! Not *always* great looking, mind you, but the thing that amazed me was the fact that very few of them were sluts – though George would be the first to admit he doesn’t turn *any* woman away, regardless of looks or mental capacity.

On the other hand? I’m as heterosexual as he but I was brought up to *respect* women. I’m slim, no love handles like George. Keep myself clean at all times and, though there’s really not much need for me to shave, I do so most every three days or so, whether I need it or not. I’m not handsome, but have regular features and a full head of silky blonde hair. With all of these attributes, you’d think I’d have to fight to keep women away from me, but that is NOT the case. George got laid more often last week than I have in the last six MONTHS! I keep telling myself that my lack of sexual partners is due to my small stature but to tell the truth, George isn’t that much taller than I am – maybe an inch or two at the max. Probably outweighs me by fifteen pounds or so, but that doesn’t make him any kind of buff stud, believe me.

We share an apartment and actually get along very well even though I’m a bit of a neat freak – and he’s a champion slob. We often call ourselves the ‘Odd Couple’ but please believe that I’m not the prissy pain in the ass that Felix Unger is in the screenplay. I learned very early on that nagging George about anything is non-productive so I just shut up and clean up after him. I still can’t quite fathom why, when he has a girl coming up for dinner – or to get laid – that I feel that’s it’s MY responsibility to have the place neat and tidy for her arrival, but I do. Hell, I’ve even made dinner for he and his girl of the moment a few times!

I work from the apartment doing web page design. I don’t have many clients at any one time but I make enough to get by on. When I first met Eve, however, things had dried up a bit and I was starting to suffer financially. I still had some money in my savings account, but having a tendency to worry even at the best of times, I was getting concerned. George worked out of an office, selling newspaper advertising. He seemed to make decent money but was living from week to week. I must admit though that when I was feeling low, he’d cheer me up – often paying for utilities and stuff like that on his own – which was one of the reasons that I put up with him. He also ate out a lot, even though he always paid his half of the grocery bills without a murmur so, all in all, we had a good relationship. As it happens, I did get a small contract following that weekend. It wasn’t much, but it eased my mind considerably and made me feel a lot more comfortable about asking Eve out on a date.

On the way home that night, George asked me which Saks store Eve worked at – and it struck me like a blow that I didn't know – and there were more than quite a few in town. On top of that, I didn't even know her last name! Not being very confident, I was almost in tears at the thought of my own stupidity. George just looked at me and shook his head. "Jesus, Paul!" was all he said at the time.

The following day he called me from his work and said. "Your Eve is either at the Fashion Glow Center or the Westside mall."

"How'd you find that out?" I asked doubtfully. "You sure?"

"Hey dummy? It was easy! I called every Saks store in town. Asked for Eve in the cosmetics department. There was only two that said Okay – and that was these two stores. I'd bet that she's at one of them – unless of course she was bullshitting you and simply lied to get rid of you."

"Oh, she wouldn't be doing something like that! She's too nice." I said confidently

George laughed. "Paul? You're too damn trusting." And with that, he hung up.

My confidence in Eve's honesty wasn't misplaced. She was at the Westside mall. Like most department stores, the cosmetic counter was placed right at the main entrance. I saw her immediately. Like the other women in that particular department, she was fastidious in her appearance, with perfect makeup and hairstyle over a black silky tunic and a white silk blouse – though that was all that I could see. She was engaged in doing some minor shelving activity behind a counter. As she didn't have any customers at the time, I plucked up my courage and went directly to her station. She looked up and recognized me as I approached. Gave me a brilliant smile. "Hello Paul. My! That was quick." She said this in a quiet voice then added, "May I help you sir?" in a more normal tone.

Blushing, I answered. "I hope so."

"Something for your wife? Your girlfriend?" she asked, smiling coolly.

"Don't have either one," I answered truthfully.

"Not for yourself, surely?" she asked archly, then seeing my face redden even more, said. "Sorry sir. I'm an awful tease. Why don't you sit on that stool there? Perhaps I can show you a few things?"

Her nearness and composure baffled me. There's only one word that describes my reaction to her: *stricken*. Could not take my eyes away from her. Could not hear anything but her voice. Wanted nothing else but to sit in front of her and live on the sights and sounds of her - and breathing in the essence of her perfume. I think she sensed my helplessness. She spoke gently to me as she arranged various vials of this – and tubes of that - on the counter at which I sat.

"Paul?" she said. "Try and look a little more animated, would you? The floor supervisor has gone for a while, but she may be back at any moment. If she sees you sitting, staring at me? She may wonder what's going on."

I shook my head, trying to get some sense back into it. "I'm sorry Eve." I managed. "I just came here to. To..."

"Ask me out on a date?" she said, smiling.

"Yes" I said, simply.

She put a well-manicured hand over mine. "Oh. You poor thing! Have you any idea of what you're getting into?" Her voice was kind, as was her smile.

"No. But I think you're the most beautiful girl I've ever seen!" I whispered.

She patted my hand. "It's mostly cosmetics, dear. Haven't you figured out that out? Look at where I'm working!"

"Then how come all the other girls aren't as beautiful as you?" I whispered.

She smiled, obviously complimented. "Mmm!" she hummed, "I'm going to have to keep an eye on you. A wolf in sheep's clothing. That what you are?" Then she turned the hand of mine she'd been holding and stroked the palm and sides. Turned it over again and stroked the back. Pinched the skin there gently, and then released it. Watched it intently as it smoothly evened out again. "Mmm." She said again, pulling a large magnifying glass that was mounted on a swivel and adjusted it so that she could examine my hand.

"What are you doing, Eve?" I asked.

"Well Paul? If you want to sit and chat with me, I'll have to look as if I'm doing something, won't I? Especially as I love my job and want to keep it."

"Makes sense," I agreed.

"You may as well understand up front that I'm a fanatic about personal hygiene and making oneself as attractive as possible. You have nice hands. Lots of elasticity in the skin, but they need taking care of. Now let me ask you a very important question." She looked away from the magnifying glass and stared me directly in the eyes. Then slowly and deliberately she stroked my cheek with her fingers. "Does my hand feel nice?" she asked.

I swallowed. "Lovely."

"Soft?"

"Lovely," I repeated.

"So, if I wanted you to stroke MY face? I wouldn't be asking too much if I wanted your hands to be nice and soft too?"

"No Eve. But I'm a guy."

She shrugged. "You need *hard* hands to be a guy? Wouldn't you even try to get them nice and soft if that's what I wanted?"

"Wouldn't mind *trying*. But don't know how successful I'd be," I admitted.

"Do you have a dishwasher in your apartment?" she asked.

"I'm *it*." I laughed. "I do my own. George doesn't eat in much – but when he does, he'll procrastinate until I do them."

She nodded. "Thought it'd be something like that." Then she pulled a small bottle out from under the counter. "This is Almond Oil. A half-teaspoon in your dishwashing suds every time. This is a free sample but after it's finished, you'll have to buy your own. It's not expensive – and I can get you a deal on it when you have to buy it. Okay?"

"Thanks Eve. Is that all?"

"Not quite." She pulled a pair of white cotton gloves out from under the counter. "You've got small hands. These should fit okay. Now? For the next three nights, slather your hands with plain old Vaseline then put the gloves on. The gloves are washable."

"Then what?" I asked.

She smiled. "Naturally you'll wash your hands every one of the three mornings. Then? You come back here and let me feel your hands. I'll know if you've done what I asked. If you've been a good little boy. *Then* I'll let you take me out for lunch that day. Okay?"

Delighted, all I could do was grin like an idiot.

"Okay!" she said again. "Don't cheat! And if you do? Don't come back here. Trust me, I'll be very disappointed if you do. So, shoo for now and let a girl get on with her work!" Her smile eliminated any threat in what she said. I paid her for the cheap gloves, thanked her for her advice and left, walking on air.

Lets face it. Working on a PC keyboard isn't any way to build up calluses on one's hands and, frankly, I'd thought my hands were pretty soft as they were. But I wasn't taking any chances and so I followed her instructions religiously. To tell the truth, I'm not sure what the Almond oil did to improve my hands, if anything, but there was an almost immediate softening the first morning. I took the gloves off and washed my hands free of the Vaseline crud and after the third night, I knew there was a discernible difference. No way was I going to stop.

Not sure of what time Eve's lunch was scheduled, I arrived at her counter at fifteen minutes before noon. She was standing, talking to another salesgirl but saw me as I approached. Tilted her head as a signal for me to sit at the stool again, smiling as she did so. The other woman was red haired and heavily made-up. She was nowhere near as attractive as Eve, but had an autocratic air about her that I found strangely attractive. She turned to face me.

"Aha! So you must be Eve's young man? I'm Yvette." And she held out her hand to me.

"Pleased to meet you," I said, taking it. As we shook hands, I saw a glance shoot from her to Eve and I wondered if she'd been informed about my hand-softening program, but then I thought that, even if she did know, what difference could it possibly make?

Now Eve came over and was taking my hands into hers. She gave me an approving smile and a friendly wink.

"Hello again, Paul. I see you've kept your word." Then she turned to Yvette again. "Okay. He checks out okay. You don't have any problems filling in for me?"

Yvette smiled. "No dear. You just go and have a nice time. But you owe me," she said. Then she turned to me. "Don't do anything I wouldn't do!" But there was no sense of humor involved. It was almost as if she was talking to another woman. Then she smiled, and I felt relieved; she'd just been teasing me.

"Please hold on for just a second, Paul," Eve said. "Let me get this smock off and I'll be right back. Why don't you keep Yvette company in the meantime."



Yvette and I were just getting into a conversation when a lady customer appeared. Yvette excused herself and went to attend to her. This pleased me actually as she had been asking what I did for a living, where I lived. That sort of thing. It wasn't that so much, but I had the distinct impression that she took me for some kind of loser. The fact that I lived in an apartment on the fringe of a bad neighborhood was one thing and the fact that I worked from there, rather than at a 'real' job, she obviously took to be a cover for being unemployed. I did breathe a sigh of relief when Eve appeared though. It had started to feel strange, sitting at a woman's makeup counter all by myself.

She was SO elegant when she appeared. A tweed skirt suit in a dark blue, with a light blue silk blouse edging out from the jacket lapels. Dark shoes matching her handbag and, as always of course, she was immaculately made-up. She gave me a nice smile and as I stood up, linked her arm in mine. "Well? Don't stand there gawking!" she chided me playfully. "Lots to do!"

There was something comforting and motherly about the way she spoke to me. Kinda bossy perhaps, but nice. I had the strongest impulse to nuzzle into her and kiss her neck softly, but held back knowing that we were in her place of employment and that she might not care for it. I felt SO full of worship of her. Know what I mean?

All the same, I felt a warm glow pervade me as I was led out of the store, then, to my surprise, to a nearby Salad Bar type place in the open food court of the mall. Then up to the ordering counter. A pretty girl smiled at Eve. "Hi Eve! The usual?"

"Yeah, Jennie. The usual – make it two though." Eve replied, opening her handbag, extracting her purse and pulling money out.

"Hey! I thought I was taking *you* out to lunch!" I protested and tried to get my wallet out from my hip pocket. But I'm right-handed and it was my right arm that was locked in place by hers, so I couldn't. I also got quite a surprise by the sudden feeling of strength I got from her arm – she was a lot stronger than I'd thought, considering her build and femininity.

"Stop that, Paul," she said, a tone of firm command in her voice. "Just behave!"

"But I wanted to take you to a nice place! And I was in the mood for a steak and a martini!" I protested, but weakly.

"Well, I'll take you to a nice place instead – but after we've eaten. Okay? And your days of red meat and alcohol are over for a while, darling. You need some vitamin C in your system, and the fruit salad here is very good. Now come along. Jennie will have our meals ready for us in a minute"

Stunned by the her use of the word 'darling,' I followed my earlier impulse and found myself tilting my head and kissing her softly on her neck, just under her jaw, not realizing at the time how submissive a gesture it was.

She smelled lovely! I luxuriated in the scent and softness of her. "Thank you," I whispered.

"For what?" she replied pulling away from my lips, but with an amused look of ownership in her eyes.

"For calling me darling," I said softly.

She kissed me back! Just on the cheek – but she kissed me! “Come along now, Paul! Holding up the line!”

I blushed, suddenly aware of the four young girls now standing behind us, all smiling. Then, docile as a little lamb, I was led to one of the tables where Eve actually pulled out one of the chairs for me! Not knowing what else I could do, I thanked her and sat down. She sat opposite me and then opened up her handbag. “You don’t mind, do you?” she asked.

I’d no idea what she was talking about, but shook my head. I wasn’t about to object to *anything* this goddess had in her mind! All the same, I was surprised when I saw her take a small compact out and open it up, then peer into the mirror.

“You don’t need to do anything Eve,” I breathed, “You’re *perfect!*”

She gave me that motherly smile again. “Paul darling? I just kissed you, did I not? Now just let me make sure that I didn’t smudge my lipstick. Okay?”

I nodded happily, remembering the kiss.

As I did, she quickly and deftly used a tiny brush to gently smooth some cosmetic on to her lip. Pursed her lips together and then her compact was back in her purse again. Just then, our salads were delivered, with milk on the side.

Actually, I’m not a great fan of fruit for a meal, but I consoled myself with the idea that I’d treat myself to a nice big hamburger and fries after she went back to work. I started to follow her lead and got stuck into the meal anyway. Then I realized that I was gorging myself and, seeing her slightly mocking smile, slowed down considerably. I was rewarded with an approving smile as I daintily picked at the fruit segments.

She dabbed her lips with a paper napkin, then spoke. “You’ve done very well, Paul. I realize that I can be quite demanding and, considering I haven’t really explained anything to you, you’ve done very well – up until now. But I want to describe something that has to be accepted by you before I accept you as a boyfriend. Do you agree?”

“Of course!” I said. “Anything you say!”

She patted my hand. “Well, let’s see how agreeable you are after I’ve finished.” She smiled and held a hand up to stop me from speaking. “Please Paul? Let me explain first, okay?”

“Okay,” I said meekly.

“Fine! You see I’m a *firm* believer in fairness in a relationship. I’m also a bit of a nut about making myself attractive to any male friends I have.”

“You can say that again!” I said, laughing. “Trust me, you *are!*”

“You’re such a sweet boy!” she said, patting my hand. “But just listen. Okay?”

I nodded.

She started talking again. “I’ve always been interested in making the most of my looks – and I’m only attracted to males who will be fair enough to do the same thing for me.”

“Sounds fair to me,” I said.

“*PAUL!* What did I just ask of you?”

"I'm sorry," I replied meekly. "I won't talk any more."

"Okay then. Just remember that."

She was pleasant, but firm. I resolved to be quiet and let her speak. She continued. "Women have been making themselves attractive for men since the beginning of time. In the days when males were indubitably stronger, this made sense if the quality of a female's life depended on his physical strength. Well, the males had to be given their due. Nowadays though, women are no more dependent on the males' strength than males are upon them and it is my opinion that in matters of attraction, the males of the species should learn how to appeal to women. And Paul? That is all I ask of you. That you learn to appeal to ME in the same way that I appeal to you. With my background, my education, and my interest in the body beautiful, I feel that I am qualified in teaching you how to overcome the natural laziness of men in this regard. Are you willing to learn? Truly?"

The fanaticism in her voice frightened me a little but I managed to respond. "Yes Eve. But may I ask a question?"

"Yes."

"What will be involved?"

She thought for a moment. "Well, you seem *clean* enough but I'll teach you skin care, which involves a great deal of technique. I'll teach you about hair and nail care. Cosmetics will be involved of course but..."

"Cosmetics? Like in *makeup*?" I interrupted.

"Exactly! Have you a problem in learning how to hide things that detract from your appearance or enhancing things that make you look good?" She shook her head in a negative way as she spoke, indicating what my answer *should* be.

"I guess not," I said after a moments' thought. "And they're actually making cosmetics for men now, aren't they?"

"Yes, but why don't we discuss these later? Are you finished?" she said.

"Yes."

"Good! Let's go!" she said brightly.

"I'm at your command, my lady!" I said, and bowed.

"Of *course* you are!" she said, beaming, then took my arm and had me link mine through hers.

I'd never paid too much attention to how couples linked arms before, but the way we were attached felt strange to me. Then I saw another couple linked in the same way and I felt more comfortable until I saw that the girl's arm was linked into the guy's, identically to the way that I was linked with Eve! But it was starting to feel so natural that I didn't want to make any waves; I let myself be led to her car.

I was impressed – it was a reasonably late model Beemer- and when we got to her apartment building a few minutes later, I was even more impressed. She sensed this and laughed. "No Paul, girls who work at cosmetic counters normally can't afford this kind of

place, but my older sister has done very well and pays for all of this stuff. I use my own wages to buy my clothes and makeup, and that's about all I can do with it."

She gave me a quick tour of her apartment. Open and bright. Nicely decorated with scenic views from the windows. Three bedrooms, two bathrooms, large airy kitchen and a living room-den combination. I was surprised. The place was clean enough, but her bed hadn't been properly made and all through the place were articles of clothing, even some lingerie scattered here and there. Eve laughed, picking up some as she showed me the place. "I'm a *personal appearance* freak, not a *neat* freak!" she said in an apologetic tone of voice. Then she stuffed what she'd picked up into an already overloaded laundry basket. "Okay!" she said briskly. "Coat jacket off!" Then she laughed loudly as I wiggled out of it, humming that tune that strippers love. Dah Dah Dah de Dah Dah Dah! Took it off me and threw it over a chair. "Okay! Sit over there on that bench in front of the dressing table mirror," she said.

I was going to ask what for, but I saw an admonishing look form on her face, so I decided to do as I was told. I was glad I did because that look of displeasure changed to a lovely smile of approval. "Skin care is an essential part of looking good," she started. "Even a lot of women have no idea that one must cleanse, tone, and moisturize it daily. I want to teach you the basics. Any problems so far?"

"No Eve," I said meekly and she nodded. She opened a jar of creamy looking stuff with a distinct feminine scent. She handed it to me.

"Put some of this in the palm of your hand. Good! Now use two fingers and dab it generously on your nose, cheeks, under your chin and forehead. Now, start under the chin and gently massage it into the skin, finishing with the forehead. Gently now!"

"It's kinda perfumy, Eve. Will it go away?" I asked carefully.

"Yes, most of it anyway. Think about it this way, Paul. I follow this routine every night, and then wash my face in the morning. I then use cologne and maybe some perfume to smell nice. You're not objecting to a little cream that you're going to wash off, are you?"

I shook my head and continued, feeling more than a little ridiculous.

"Now take a tissue in each hand and gently start removing the cream, starting under the chin and working upwards," she said.

When I was finished, she patted my shoulder. "Very good! That's the cleansing part done. Now we want to tone it."

"What's toner?" I asked, taking another jar from her, pleased that this stuff wasn't as scented.

"It's basically a better cleanser. Put some over any crevices or areas where there may be some dirt or makeup that the cleanser didn't get. Just put some on a cotton wool pad and dab it on these areas."

When I finished, she said, "There! That wasn't so bad, was it?"

"I guess not," I admitted.

“Good! Now lets get your skin nice and moist, huh? Use your fingertips and then dab this all over your face and throat. After that, start at the throat and gently work the cream into the skin, working upwards.”

When I was finished, she said. “Think you could manage to do this every night – as well as keep your hands the way you’ve been doing?”

“I’m kinda scared of what George might think,” I said.

“Why do you care what that cretin thinks? You don’t sleep in the same room as him, do you?”

She had a sharp tone to her voice.

“No. I guess I’m just not used to this stuff.” I said.

“So? You going to do as I tell you?”

“Yes Eve,” I said, suddenly conscious of my subservient relationship towards her.

She looked at a small clock on the dressing table then smiled tenderly. “You’ve been SO good! Want Eve to reward you?”

I nodded dumbly and she took my hand. “Come along then, darling!” and she led me over to her bed! Pushed me down so that I was sitting there. “Take off my jacket, my blouse and my skirt.” she said and with trembling fingers I obeyed, leaving her standing over me, a real vision in full lingerie. Then, she undressed me slowly, smiling down as my erect penis was revealed. Once I was completely nude, she pulled her panties down and off, and pushed me onto my back: She hiked her slip up out of the way, then straddled me on her knees and leaned forward onto her hands, which were spread out in either side of me. “You smell SO pretty!” she smiled. “You really turn me on, you know that?”

“Aw Eve!” I complained – but her words struck home. I knew that some residue from what I’d used was still on me.

“Just teasing, darling. Just teasing,” she said, then kissed me.

She made tender love to me; she wouldn’t let me touch her though. “It’s *me* that’s making love to *you*, darling,” she explained. “Now just lie there like a good little boy – and behave!”

She had been surprised to discover that I didn’t have a condom with me and, explaining that she didn’t have one either, paused, then picked up her discarded panties and slowly masturbated me into them, asking me over and over again if I liked the feel of them, to which I feverishly agreed. When I was finished ejaculating, she suggested that I rinse them out in her bathroom while she put on fresh ones.

I rinsed them in the sink, then hung them up over the shower rail and, by the time I came back, she was fully dressed again, sitting at the mirror. “I mussed my lipstick, darling,” she said. “Now come over here please and watch how I re-apply it,” she laughed as I approached. “You better watch closely! I may give you a quiz on it shortly!” We both laughed, but I did watch her intently, amazed at her fluid dexterity.

She supplied me with jars of the cleanser, toner, and moisturizer, warning me to replace them with the same stuff. Then she drove me home, bussed me with an air kiss on each cheek and drove off.

Assiduously, I followed the program she'd laid out for me, although I made sure to really scrub my face every morning, scared that the perfumed smell of the stuff would cling to me. It was about then that I learned how much stronger the female sense of smell is than that of the male. I found that some women would pick up that faint perfume and identify it as coming from me, then give me a faintly suspicious look. Guys on the other hand? No problem. George did comment one night when he came to borrow a razor blade "What's that smell? Smells like a whorehouse in here."

I could tell that he didn't *really* identify the scent as being feminine, so I answered carelessly. "Oh that? I've been trying a new shaving lotion."

He leered at me. "Who you kidding? I know you only shave about once a year! Trying to impress Eve with your masculine image, huh? I know you won't listen to me – but all of that scented shit is a waste of time. Just use soap and water like me!"

"Stink like you? Then I wouldn't stand a chance!" I retorted.

We both laughed.

The following weekend, he was called home on urgent family business. I took the chance to invite Eve over for dinner on Saturday night. She brought my newest skin treatment with her.

"Here Paul," she said handing me a small, prettily wrapped present. "Your freckles are attractive, but it's time we started to get rid of them. There's a small bottle of Kojic acid – a natural product made in Japan. You dab it on your freckles occasionally. The other tube is a very effective sunscreen that I'd like you to start using every day. Okay?"

I thanked her effusively and promised I'd use them as directed.

After dinner and clearing away the dishes, she told me that she had something very special to tell me. I asked her if it was serious, and she replied that it was. Sitting beside me on the sofa, she turned to face me and took both of my hands in hers. "Paul? I wanted to make love to you *so* badly, the last time we met."

I blushed. "Me too. But I'm prepared *this* time!"

"Oh you *men!*" she laughed lightly and, letting go of my right hand, gave it a playful smack, then took hold of it again. "Though I shouldn't blame you for thinking I was shameless that day."

"Shameless? Nothing of the sort!" I protested. "You're the most beautiful, loveliest girl I've ever..."

"Paul? I'm a virgin!" she interrupted. "And now that I've had time to think it over? I want to stay that way until I get married. I was just so filled with love for you and how nice you are that giving myself to you was all my heart could think of!"

"Oh Eve! Why didn't you *tell* me?" I cried. "I would *never* take advantage of you!"

"Do you really mean that, darling?" she asked quietly.

"Positively!"

"Then will you help to protect me from myself?"

"I don't know what you mean," I said sincerely.

She took a deep breath. "All of my adult life, I've dreamed of a man like you. Tender and loving. One who wasn't frightened to break that macho mold that encases so many of them! One who was willing enough to accept that maybe, just maybe, he could benefit from being taught something from a woman." Her gaze was soft and loving. Her eyes brimmed with unshed tears. Her voice was hypnotic in its intensity. I felt as if I was drowning in her! Then she spoke again. "I want your hands to be soft and gentle! I long for your sweet-smelling face to rub against mine! But I must ask you to keep our physical contact to a *minimum*! I cannot trust my own passions! You must *only* touch me where and when, I desire! If you don't? I shall lose all respect for myself!"

"I wouldn't force myself on you, my darling!" I cried.

"Sweetness! Come to me!" she sighed and I was in her arms once again, being fondled and kissed, her hands opening my pants and taking my erection into her soft, sweet smelling hands. This time, she did allow me to caress her forearms, telling me how soft and lovely my hands felt, as somehow, her panties had been removed and again been wrapped around my erection, effectively used to bring me to ejaculation.

It had been a long day and with all the cleaning and making of the meal, and then the hand job, I was exhausted and lay happy and content in Eve's arms. She kissed and caressed me after I'd rinsed out her panties and cleaned myself off. She didn't do it to excite me, she explained; she just wanted to show her appreciation for how well I'd followed her directions. Laughing softly, she apologized for always wanting to change me.

"I guess I just want to test your love for me – see how far I can go! You're my ideal type of man. My real dreamboat!" She stroked my face with her fingertips. "So soft! And your complexion is improving! You won't forget to take care of yourself, will you? You know I'm only doing all of this for your own good, don't you?"

Sleepily, I gazed adoringly up into her eyes, nodded, and fell asleep.

I woke up in bed the following morning with her beside me. I was stripped down to my skivvies – and she looked so marvelously cute in my pajamas! I showered and dressed quickly and made her breakfast, which she devoured. After she dressed, she suggested that we spend the day together at her place. Happily, I agreed. It wasn't too long before we were there. She looked around with an air of dissatisfaction. "This place is such a mess! Would you be a doll and tidy up for me, darling? I want to shower and change and it'll give you something to do."

Happily, I nodded and set to work while she disappeared into her bedroom. I picked up quite a lot of discarded clothing from all over the place. I knew where her laundry hamper was and took them there. It was stuffed!

Then I thought for a moment and went and stood outside her bedroom door. I called through it. "Eve? Do you want the stuff you just wore in the dirty wash?"

"Hold on a sec!" she called out, then the door opened to show her wrapped in a long towel, her eyes delighted; the undies she'd just taken off were in her hand. "Oh *would* you, darling? I'd be SO grateful! *Hate* doing that!" she said, giving me an impulsive kiss.

"Do what?" I asked, taking her lingerie from her.

Disappointment filled her face. "Didn't you just offer to do my wash?"

I shook my head. "No. I just wanted to put this stuff in the laundry hamper but I can if you want?"

"Oh, my little darling!" she cried and gave me another kiss. Then she stepped back. And looked at me appraisingly. "A very special reward for you after you finish!"

I blushed and went off to do the laundry happily.

While I had the washer and dryer going, I dusted and vacuumed – she asked me so *nicely* – then did some ironing – she was very concerned that I might damage some of her nice blouses, but was happy when I didn't. After that, I made lunch and then, finally, she took me into her bedroom for my special reward. I was surprised when she sat me down at her dressing table bench again, but facing away from the mirror this time. "What are you doing?" I asked as she put a pencil vertically alongside my nose and made a little mark on my eyebrow.

"Don't be an impatient little boy!" she mock scolded. "Just let mummy work. Okay?"

"Okay" I said obediently.

Then she laid the pencil against my eye and made another mark on my eyebrow. She repeated the whole process on the other side of my face. Then she told me to sit very still and as I did so, she started drawing what felt like lines around my eyebrows. She was finished with this very quickly. She rubbed some sort of gel in between my eyebrows above my nose and then along the ridge of the brows out past my eyes.

"What's that?" I asked, trying hard not to sound nervous.

"It's basically a treatment for sore teeth but it works here too, she told me. "Now, while I let it take effect, let me show you what tweezers I'm going to use."

"Tweezers?" This time even I heard the nervousness in my voice.

"Don't worry! This won't hurt much – hardly at all," she said trying to reassure me. "That's why I used the pain killer stuff on you. Here? See this set of tweezers? The thin tip is for fine hair removal; the slant tip gives the best control; and the square tip is for the larger, coarser hair – though as your eyebrows are so fine and silky, we probably won't need to use that one."

I thought as furiously as I could. Was *this* the reward she'd been talking about? Would she get mad if I refused it? I didn't fancy the idea of getting my eyebrows plucked at all! "You really think I need this, Eve?" I asked.

"The eyebrows provide strength and personality to the face. Trust me, I know what I'm doing! Okay, here we go! Now sit still!"

She started by removing the hairs above the bridge of my nose. It was slightly unpleasant, stinging slightly, but after she laughed at me for being such a baby when I let out one little ouch, I clenched my teeth and made it through the ordeal, though I found that there was a little more pain associated with the plucking of eyebrow hairs on the outer sides. When she finished, I let out a sigh of relief.

That relief was short lived though. "Okay! Just a little more to do. Might be a little sorier, but you'll be a big boy, won't cry, will you?" she laughed.