



Reluctant Press presents:

Pen Name: Linda 2

Philippa Peters



AN 'ADULT TV' E-BOOK

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Reluctant Press TG Publishers

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PEN NAME : LINDA PART TWO

By Philippa Peters

I. LINDA HAS A SECOND DATE

Peter Wallace was late for our second date. "Pressure of business," he explained to me as he took my nervously shaking hand and led me away from a smiling Liz Gregory. "Pressure of business, I'm afraid, darling." He called me, a man, 'darling,' as if I was really a girl, not knowing what effect such an endearment would have on me. It sent chills and thrills through me as I swayed on my high heels and the soft skirt of my dress played about my stockings.

I know that my blonde wig felt heavier and my earrings tighter while my taped chest felt constricted as he put his arm under mine and led me through a crowd of people to his waiting limousine. It wasn't an uncommon sight at the Winchester to see a limousine and to see a pretty girl being shepherded into one. People looked; so many seemed to look at me that at first I thought something was wrong and that I had revealed that I was not 'Linda Thomas' but that I was myself, Thomas Henry.

"I'm afraid, my darling," Peter went on as I tried to slide gracefully into the car, "that it is always going to be like this up in the city. If it isn't investors, it's my assistants with reports and recommendations on locations or it's staff problems or casting and special arrangements we have to make. Then, there's the licensing from past films and the proposed deals we have in the works for the next few years. I could spin your head crazy with the complexities of what I do."

"You are," I murmured. Peter Wallace sat very close to me and took my newly manicured hand in his, admiring my long, shiny nails which were entirely my own. His touch started the shivers in me again.

Peter smiled. "Sorry," he said ruefully. "I'm boring you, aren't I? I should be talking to you about the film we are going to make together, shouldn't I? Not about the difficulties I am having to produce my films as well as direct them."

"But I thought that Eugene Maxson and National Studios were your producers," I said as the car threaded its way through a huge jam. We went with a line of traffic that seemed to be following the signs to Yankee Stadium.

"Just for *Sunshine Coast*," Peter said, smiling. "Ginny Layton, at your publisher's, told me what a great film it would make; if I had read it sooner, I would have bought up the rights myself. But Maxson beat me to it, so I offered to direct it for him and he agreed."

Our limousine was definitely headed toward Yankee Stadium. "I didn't know that you were a Yankees fan," I said nervously, thinking how I was dressed. I was in a skirt and high heels and I'm sure I was wearing far too much makeup.

"I'm not," Peter said with a grin. "But we do have box seats with Charlie Pennick, who is. He wants to influence us," I felt a thrill of delight when he joined me to him like that, "to cast his protégé, as they say, Jennifer Brighton, as Annette."

"I'm not dressed for a baseball game," I protested as we got out and were immediately surrounded by security and almost hustled into the stadium.

Peter put his arm about me as he pulled out a baseball cap and put it on his head. Other people around us were as startled as me as he indicated to me the uniformed girl we had to follow who was also smiling at his headgear.

She opened a door for us and suddenly we had a fantastic view of the baseball field. Through the partly-opened window came the sounds of the crowd and the smack of a baseball hitting a glove as a pitcher was warming up on the mound.

There were six or seven people in the booth, all in Yankees caps and jackets, both men and women. "Oh, for the love of Mike, Peter," said a distinguished looking man, with silver grey hair. "Did you *have* to wear your Red Sox cap in my box? I'm never going to live this down! Look, kids," there were two teenaged boys at the end of the row, "we've been invaded."

"Well, you did invite us, Charlie," said Peter very huffily. "But if we are not welcome here." He made as if to leave with me, pulling on his arm about me.

"Oh, jeez," said the older man, looking as if he was dying while the others behind him grinned, "and us on a nationally televised game. You can stay on one condition, you bean eater."

"Which is?" asked Peter.

Charles Pennick, junior, multi-millionaire owner of a large amount of New York real estate and several major industrial companies, took a Yankees cap from under the shelf that ran below the glass through which we looked onto the field.

"The babe has to wear this," he said with a smile, handing me a Yankees cap.

The babe perched it on her wig gently as Peter struck himself on the head. "Betrayed!" he said. "But wait, I have another cap in the limo."

"Too late," I murmured, forgetting my feminine fears for a moment and joining in the banter. "I just got a better offer."

"Come and sit with us," offered a blonde, smiling young woman. She patted the hand of one of the teenaged boys who looked at her in disgust. "The men will want to talk business, you'll see." Again, a thrill went through me as I realized that I was excluded from being one of the men.

She was Jennifer Brighton and there was an undercurrent of suspicion and hostility directed at her from the two teenaged boys that I would have had to be blind not to have noticed.

One, the younger, Brian Pennick, about fifteen, perked up when Jennifer mentioned how much she liked my books. "You wrote that book, *Emma's Passions*?" he asked.

"*Emma's Passionate Secret*," I corrected him with a smile. "Yes, I did, but it seems years ago. I hope I've improved a lot since then."

"All the girls in my school are reading it," Brian said with a grin. "They go around reading out little bits to each other. Then they chant back lines out of the book. The funny thing is that they chant the parts Emma is thinking but never dares to say."

"Oh, you've read the book?" interrupted Jennifer. "You should read *Sunshine Coast* as well. It's my favorite Linda Thomas book. Peter is making the film of the book."

Brian blushed and I sympathized. I had once been caught reading a 'girl's book' when I was in grammar school and had been ragged unmercifully for weeks about that. "You could wait till the film comes out," I said to Brian. "It should make a really good date movie, if all goes well, in a year or so."

"Is she going to be in it?" asked the older boy, Charles Pennick III, I gathered. Immediately I felt the temperature rise in Jennifer's face while a chill emanated from both of the boys.

"Jennifer would make a great Annette," I said, naming the heroine of *Sunshine Coast*. I couldn't resist a little dig at his unpleasantness. "But she will have to be away a long time while she is on the set making this movie. I don't know if she could stand the separation from you all for so long."

Charles gave me a funny look while his brother grinned at me, suddenly.

"How many books have you written?" he wanted to know.

"As Linda Thomas?" I asked and could have kicked myself. I didn't have to start revealing details about myself, not when the sharp ears of Jennifer Brighton were tuned to everything I had to say.

Brian was easy to talk to. He was curious about books and publishing. "You've written eight books?" he gasped as Peter came over with a drink.

"Isn't it six this Christmas?" he asked with a frown.

“Paulson-Clark has the others on ice,” I told him as Peter affectionately stroked my back above my very tight corset, making me feel so nervous that I had to re-cross my legs. I saw the teenaged Charles give a sly grin as he heard the sound of my nylons slipping over each other.

Charles, the teenager, listened in while Brian blushed and talked about his favorite books. Brian was a sci-fi reader, it turned out. I asked him laughingly if he’d ever read anything by Hank Miller and it turned out he had. He recited the plot of a short story I had written that had been anthologized in one of those annual collections. It was all about an alliance between aliens and humans and was a precursor to the larger novel I hoped to finish some day that just kept growing and growing. I had over a thousand pages of *Alien Empires* stored and it was not even half done.

When I told Brian that the story he had enjoyed was only part of a much larger one, he wanted to know how I knew that. I told him that Hank Miller and I had the same literary agent and we had met in her office and talked. “He gave me a lot of good tips,” I said seriously. “He told me not to worry about labels. There really isn’t such a thing as a girl’s story and a boy’s story. Good writing will overcome any labels. It’s always enlightening to read the best of any one type. It’s usually the best because it transcends stereotyping.”

“Such as the wicked stepmother,” put in Charlie Pennick, the father, his face now a little flushed from all the drinks he had been freely pouring for himself at the well-stocked bar.

I hadn’t realized that he had been listening to us. His boys gave him insolent stares as he fondled Jennifer the way that Peter had fondled my back. Luckily the game intervened as the Yankees made a comeback. The other couple in the box, long-time employees of the elder Pennick, moved in to smooth things between father and sons but it was easy to see that the boys resented Jennifer being in the box.

We left early as the Yankees seemed to have built an insurmountable lead by the eighth inning. Brian seemed disappointed that we had to leave. Like his brother, he shook my hand as we left. “However it turns out for Jennifer,” I said to him impulsively, “would you like to come down to Florida and see us working on the movie on one of your days off from school? I would be pleased to have you as my guest and show you around if you would like that.”

Brian’s eyes showed how delighted he would be. Then he glanced at his brother. “You can bring your brother as well if he’s free,” I added with a smile.

Brian looked at his glowering brother. “Lots of babes,” he said, probably not even realizing that he was repeating what his father had said. I could imagine he would soon have his father’s views about women which the sullen elder Pennick boy already had. I could sense it in the way he looked at me, studying my legs and figure so often.

“That was really nice of you,” said Peter as we were guided back to our limo, hugging me. “You got me out of a difficult situation on a very positive note. I think I am going to have upgrade your status and make you my diplomatic assistant. After all, I want you directly under me.”

Peter knew what he had said and his tightening hug sent me a thrilling message. I was short of breath when we arrived back at the car but my nervousness didn't stop him once we were in the car. He did what I had wanted him to do ever since the previous night.

Again, he put his arms about me. Even though my nerves were so heightened, I made no move to stop him putting his arms about me, pulling me close to him, and kissing me very thoroughly on my eager lips.

Oh, I loved kissing him even though I knew that I shouldn't. I knew, deep in my bones, that I shouldn't get to like kissing him and being kissed by him. He was a man and underneath my beautiful, womanly dress, and female body-shaper and lingerie, so was I. No, I thought shakily as I parted my lips slightly and let him take advantage of me. I was not going to let this kissing a man become something I liked as much as kissing Liz, for example. Oh, but it was *so* wonderful. It was so forbidden and it sent such chills through me. I could have skipped dinner out and the dancing close—well, maybe not the dancing—and gone on kissing him all night.

Peter took me back to my suite with Liz at the Winchester. Again as he held me against the door, kissing me, he let his hands roam and so he discovered that I was wearing a garter belt and stockings with my very tight corset.

"Oh, baby," Peter whispered as I hungrily kissed his face and neck. "Do those things ever turn me on!" He stroked my thighs and hips through the dress, playing with my garter belt while spasms of pleasure, yes, real pleasure, passed through me. I hadn't guessed that an aroused woman could feel so wonderful. Other women must feel just the way I felt as my boyfriend touched me.

"If only I hadn't promised your mother," Peter said and then he kissed me again, his tongue thoroughly taking charge of my mouth as I wrapped my arms about his neck and clung to him. I suddenly felt his manhood boring into me, and he pulled on my softly padded tush so that I felt him between my thighs.

"Oh," I gasped, clinging to him, my arms locked stiffly about him. I was so shocked that he could be so horny and for a girl as phony as me. He touched my thigh; I raised one of my legs without thinking and his soft, gentle hand slipped beneath my dress and he thrust himself at me.

We kissed and kissed as his hands worked all over my stiff, clinging body. I could scarcely breathe again as thrill after thrill followed by fear after fear went through me. Luckily, Peter had more self-control than I had. He had given his word to Liz to take it slowly, I gathered, as he promised me he would.

Peter let me go and opened the door. I felt terribly disappointed, though what would have happened had he pressed on, I shudder to think about. I had hungrily held onto his lips as he kissed me and thrilled to every touch of his. I wished then that I could have been a girl for him. Well, I wasn't and I was depriving some unlucky girl of the thrills I was feeling and enjoying. Regretfully, I let him go as well.

"I have work to do and Liz says you have, too, on a new house you are buying," Peter said, hugging and stroking me, encouraging me to kiss his neck, his handsome face, his wonderful mouth. "But we have a date on Halloween. I am so looking forward to you being my slave girl then."

That woke me up. "I-I'm not being a slave girl," I whispered. He grinned and I realized that he had been teasing me.

"I wish you would," Peter whispered back. "One of these years, I'll persuade you. I want to admire your lovely legs all the way to the top." You can guess what he was doing as he said that. I was reacting with intense pleasure and delight and alarm at his words and actions.

I hated it when he left. I wanted our kissing session to go on and on. I should have let him take me to the couch but it did squeak a little and Liz would have known exactly what I was doing.

Liz came out of her bedroom right away as it was, smiling at me. "And did you tell Peter that you are no longer the scriptwriter for his movie?" she asked.

"Oh," I gasped, my body still feeling so warmly tingly after all his caresses. I had forgotten that when I invited Brian onto the set of *Sunshine Blonde*. "I forgot."

"You forgot," Liz smiled, looking at my face and seeing, I'm sure, that I had no lipstick or rouge left. It must all have been kissed away. "Men!" she chortled as she went back to bed.

II. LINDA STARTS A NEW LIFE

After the intensity of my dates with Peter Wallace, it was almost a relief to meet Jeannie Baker in Radford and go out to what was destined to be my new home. I couldn't do anything else but wear a dress, makeup and wig to meet her. She did, after all, think I was Linda Thomas. Luckily, my 'mother,' Liz, stopped making wisecracks about what I had been getting up to with my 'boyfriend,' knowing it sent shivers through me, shivers of pleasure. She decided that I couldn't go back to the wilds of Pennsylvania by myself.

We met Jeannie in Radford and headed out along Maple Drive where there was no traffic at all. The first thing I noted on our way out was that the signs for the Washington Inn had been taken down.

"What are you going to call the place?" Jeannie asked us. "You have that right now."

"I think Green Gables is taken," murmured Liz as we stopped on the trail and looked at the beautiful inn that now belonged to me as a private house. I loved the look of the place still and it should have been called Green Gables, I thought. Now there was a girl's story that I had enjoyed as a young boy. I had identified with the heroine, Anne, as I read the story. Who wouldn't? My cheeks flamed as I thought how that story might have influenced me in my current feminized state to buy such a huge building and estate.

"I should name it after one of my books," I said, trying to shake the thoughts of me as a red-haired young girl running all over the place on a voyage of discovery.

"*Peaches and Honey?*" asked Liz with a cynical smile.

"*The Angel's Stepdaughter?*" added Jeannie. "I had to read nearly all of that book to find out how ironic that title was. You wouldn't want part of a title, like *Seduction* or *Sunshine*, would you? That would put off the locals."

"You're thinking of your latest, *Hurricane Coast?*" asked Liz, as I frowned and tried to think.

"Is that what they are calling it?" I asked. I had called it *Storm over Caroline*. But Virginia Layton didn't often like my titles. I could guess that this last one was a blatant attempt by my publishers to cash in on *Sunshine Coast*. I wished now I hadn't said, "Name it whatever you like," when I sent it in.

"Actually, I think I want something very plain," I said as we pulled up at the entrance to my new home. "I don't want something immediately notorious, like Shangri-la. I think something like Gable Meadows or Greenfield or something like that."

"How about Number Two, Maple Drive, if you really want to be so anonymous?" suggested Liz with a cynical smirk.

"That's a good idea," I said sincerely and had the pleasure of watching her try to disentangle herself from the suggestion when she thought I was being serious.

Mr. and Mrs. Robbins were in the foyer of the former Washington Inn along with the gardeners who worked around the place. They drove out from Radford twice a week and wanted to know if I wanted to continue their service. I most certainly did. In fact, I asked them if they could extend the service into doing the repairs that hadn't been taken care of yet and I mentioned the broken stones in the waterfall pools that I had seen on my walk up the hill.

The workers were most eager to add to their services. Mrs. Robbins told me later that steady work in the gardens around Radford was hard to come by and that I had probably just doubled their incomes, especially for the winter months ahead. She readily agreed to become housekeeper, with her husband as handyman and chauffeur, whenever he was needed.

It was a relief to me that they preferred to live in Radford and come out to work on weekdays. When Liz was gone, I would then have time for myself. Time for myself to resurrect Tom Henry and let Linda go, or so I thought. Being a woman and being asked questions a man would never be asked was beginning to wear on me. I saw Liz grinning at me as we had tea, four femininely dressed figures. Mrs. Robbins—she was Patty to her husband but never to me—inquired about guests visiting and how many men and how many women she might expect to have to cater for.

I said that there was just Liz, my mother, at which she grinned but then Jeannie intervened. "And Mr. Wallace," she said with a lovely smile. "I expect he will be a regular visitor," she enthused. "You'll have plenty of room for him out here at Halloween. He said he would phone me again if he couldn't catch you nearer to the Community Ball in Grand Forks. You must come even though you live all the way over here now."

I was blushing and looking at my almost bare legs and open-toed high heels as she went on about how nice Peter Wallace was and how charming he was on the telephone. She seemed almost smitten herself.

"How are we going to explain this?" I asked Liz in bed later that night after everyone was gone. We snuggled up together in our nighties in the huge canopy bed in the master bedroom. Liz had the 'second-best room,' the Washington Suite, according to Mrs. Robbins who seemed to think she was still running a hotel.

"We don't," said Liz, who'd moved in with me as soon as the estate's workers had left. "It's perfectly natural for two women to get together when they are alone in such a big place as this. No one is going to question us, you'll see."

But we are not 'two women alone,' I wanted to argue as she took control of our lovemaking and pressed me down into the soft pillows of the bed. Soon she had my nightie up and my panties down. Her breasts were amazingly firm and taut, as smooth as the skin on her face. In the dark she felt like a much younger woman as the effects of her plastic surgery seemed to suit her.

Liz just took it for granted that I was going to stay dressed as Linda despite everything I had said to her and promised her after my first date with Peter. I tried to broach the subject with her when we drove over to my old shack to bring back our clothing to Greenfield.

I knew that I had a lot of shirts when I was Tom Henry and two nice suits but I couldn't find them. "I put them in the bottom of one of the big cases," said Liz, carefully stowing my hair pieces in one of the new suitcases. Then, when we got back to Greenfield, she said she thought that I meant the little grey suit with the short skirt and the red power suit that would look so good on me with my darker wig.

So I was stuck in Greenfield after she and Mrs Robbins took my car and drove up to Radford with no male clothing at all. I was exasperated in putting away so many gowns and dresses that Liz had bought for me initially that the ringing of the door bell came as a relief.

Connie Delaney was an interior decorator whom Liz had said might be coming in the next day or so. She smiled and gave me her card in greeting me and asked if she had come at a bad time. Luckily I was in a skirt and top and in the heels I had hastily put on to hurry to the door.

Connie seemed to understand right away what needed to be done to the house. She peered in at the long dining table and pulled a face. "Do you really want this lovely room to be filled by that?" she asked.

She talked fabrics and colors until my head spun. Then Liz arrived and the two got along like a house on fire. I listened to Liz talking about having the 'ballroom' extended as I, Linda, was going to entertain quite lavishly on occasion and there would be dancing for certain at my parties.

Connie moved through the house and had suggestions and compliments on what we had chosen. "Oh, we *must* renovate the foyer!" she exclaimed. "You *must* have a circular staircase down which you can descend into the dancing room. You wear an off-the-

shoulder gown and sweep down, while your boyfriend's eyes pop out of his head and the musicians play soft waltz music."

Connie had plans for a new chandelier and newer, brighter colors and softer curtains, the historical pictures to be replaced with flowers. She would bring us a detailed plan in a week's time but she must get her team out to look over all of the old inn and co-ordinate the inside and outside of it. She would have a price soon and it was likely, depending on whether I would like a year-round swimming pool built or not, that it might be a million dollars to do everything she envisioned. She was actually very low in her estimate.

"Go right ahead," said Liz. "We'll have Jane send you a downpayment and set up a fund for you to draw on. We shall be away in Florida for most of the spring and early summer so you can count on having the place to yourself to rip apart and put back together."

Just that fast, my life was changing. I just didn't understand what Liz was going on about as she talked about the parties I was going to be giving in the future. Yes, I wanted the house to look like a house and not a hotel, but I wasn't planning on descending the staircase in a long white gown with my hair piled on top of my head. Nor was I planning on dancing the night away on the new dance floor that would stand up to my stiletto heels. And no, I wasn't going to insist that all the male guests be over six feet tall so that they could all look down on me as we danced together, me in my high heels and long, swirling dress, as 'Mommy' said I loved to do. But Connie only laughed at my blushes.

III. LINDA HAS A BALL

Liz ignored my requests to tell me what she had done with my male clothing. She insisted that I had to get ready for the Fancy Dress ball and she enlisted Mrs. Robbins in assisting her in fitting the Cinderella costume to me, for that is what it turned out to be. I couldn't believe how narrow the waist was but Liz said that the corset she had would solve that. The only trouble was that when she put it on me and fitted it to the dimensions of the dress, I couldn't breathe, much to her amusement.

So I began a starvation diet and I had to work out, much to my embarrassment, in tights and a girl's little workout costume. Liz worked with me. That is, she did a few dance or flexibility steps, then sat on the side and encouraged me to do whatever it was she had on tape or television. It was all women's programs and some were hard, particularly the flexibility ones, and I was sore all over after I worked out. Liz insisted that if the programs worked for women, they would certainly work for me. Her tapes incorporated lots of dance moves, some from ballet, and she insisted again that I do the exercises properly.

Liz played the Peter card when I rebelled. She reminded me that my 'boyfriend' was going to come and stay with us at Halloween and he was expecting to take Cinderella to

the ball. That always made me tremble as I thought about dancing with Peter again and, of course, about him kissing me. It made Mrs Robbins' amusement at me dancing like a ballerina a little more bearable.

The dress was gorgeous but it had to let down and the side and rear bustles made just so and positioned just so to make the skirts flare out as they should. Mrs Robbins became quite enthusiastic about making sure it was just right and, in the week before Peter arrived, I must have been fitted to the dress twenty times, which meant being laced into my white corset each time.

It must have been all the lacing because by the end of that week, I could wear the hour-glass corset and was able to breathe. I tried to bury myself in work at other times but I kept finding that my mind was straying to Peter's arrival. I didn't know how that had been arranged. Liz had just told me that it was going to happen, and it did. I didn't have the nerve to begin a hunt for my male clothes or to buy more. I didn't want Peter to find out what I really was. I could imagine the look on his face if he ever realized who he had been kissing and caressing. He would hate me.

I think I spent the whole morning on the day he arrived at my makeup table, much to Liz's amusement. I tried on all kinds of dresses and skirts and tops before I finally settled on a burgundy skirt that came to mid-thigh and showed off my bare legs. Peter said he was a leg man, after all. I put on a sleeveless pink top, pink and glittery and earrings to match.

"Oh yes, very cute," said Liz, when I came down the narrow back stairs into the kitchen. "You do know that you show off everything you are wearing underneath that skirt when you sit and go up and down the stairs."

I was wearing a garter belt and stockings; I panicked as I thought of the pretty, red rose-decorated panties that I was wearing. I went to go and change again but it was too late. Peter was early. I hung back as Liz went to the door and he came crashing in, coming right up to me with a big smile on his face.

Before my nerves had a chance to stop jangling, Peter took me in his arms and kissed me while a very amused Liz and Mrs Robbins looked on. He had come up in his limousine and had brought a chauffeur to stay with him.

I was a bag of nerves after he had kissed me thoroughly and then stood talking to the others with his arm possessively about my thin waist. Mrs Robbins led us up to the room she had readied for him, the Antietam Room, in the old Washington Inn terminology. He loved the inn and said I should keep it just at it was.

"I'll have a room kept here permanently for me," Peter enthused, still not letting me go as his chauffeur came in with his suitcases and dropped them on the bed.

"Lunch will be ready in half an hour," said Mrs Robbins, while the chauffeur went after her to be shown where he would stay.

As soon as they were gone, Peter pushed the door of his bedroom shut and began to kiss me again. I didn't mind at all. The fluttering of all my nerves was such a thrill after days of staring at a computer screen.

"Oh, darling," Peter murmured as he hugged me to him. "This is what I really missed. You have the most gorgeous lips. You kiss me so wonderfully. I could spend all day here with you, just kissing you."

I felt the same way but I was under strict orders from Liz. She had warned me what kissing would lead to. On no account was I to go to bed with Peter. I blushed as I told her that such a thought had never entered my mind. I mean, laying on the bed with Peter after he pushed me there didn't count. I still had a high heel on the floor although it wasn't on my foot. It dropped off as I reacted to his lovely stroking of my legs and as his tongue played with my mouth again. Oh, I was really getting to know how different it was being a girl with a boyfriend. His physical nearness drove all my common sense out of the window. My next heroine should be like me and have no common sense, I thought. Just then, there was a tap on the door and a disgusted Liz came in.

"I know you two haven't seen each other for a week or two," Liz said as I shamefacedly slid off the bed, revealing everything I was wearing beneath my skirt. "I hope you have an appetite for lunch, at least."

She reached over and adjusted the shoulder of my top so that my bra strap was hidden.

"Oh, mother," I said as I blushed; Peter sat up, grinning at me. He took my hand. When I helped him up, he pulled me to him and dropped a gentle kiss on my nose and then, when I tilted my head, on my lips. Ooo, my heart beat faster at that but Liz was there watching me with great disapproval and so I broke it off, though I hated to. I wanted so much more. I *loved* the way he was making me feel.

After lunch, I put on a coat and took Peter on a tour of the grounds. He loved the place and he said that he loved me, which made me weak at the knees. "You have to kiss me when I say that," he told me. And he held back and wouldn't go on until I did kiss him. I felt *so* stupid about initiating such a thing with a man.

"When you say that you love me, I *have* to kiss you," he said as he hugged me and let me show him where the old stables had been. Out of sight of the house, he told me that he loved me and looked at me expectantly. He wouldn't go on again until I kissed him. We walked up the hill and had to stop several times as he insisted on his due.

"You know what?" Peter asked as we came down the hill and stopped by the waterfall.

"What?" I asked, knowing what he was going to say and wanting him to say it.

"I love you," Peter said with a grin, and so I kissed him, his nose all chilly after being out in the cold air.

"Aren't you ever going to tell me that you love me?" he asked, pouting.

I shuddered and shook my head, my earrings swinging about my neck. "I can't say that," I said with a shiver. I could never say such a thing to another man, no matter the situation. After all, I was only pretending to be a girl, wasn't I?

"You can't say what?" Peter asked with a frown.

"I can't say I love you because ..." I didn't get a chance to say more because he kissed me, with much more strength and passion than I had kissed him. I was wobbly, my wits

scattered after such a kiss. He guided me to a little bench where he sat down. He drew me to sit on his knees.

"That's against the rules," I said unsteadily.

"What is?" he asked innocently as he pressed me down, my head on his shoulder as his free hand began to caress my lower, cooler legs.

I wasn't going to fall for that again. So he said he loved me. I kissed him on his cold nose.

"I love you more than that," he said and so I kissed his lips, my hands caressing his face.

"Oh, I love you *a lot* more than that," Peter said and he drew my head down on his and kissed me so much that I was oblivious to where we were and that we were putting on a great show for the workers in the orchard.

I heard feet on the gravel and slipped apart from him, looking most guilty, I'm sure. Al pushed a wheelbarrow full of old windfalls to the garbage. He smiled and nodded as he went past on his cleanup of the yards.

Flustered to have been observed for so long, I jumped up; Peter got up with me. Blushing, with my teeth chattering in cold and nervousness, I had to stop twice more on the way into the house and kiss him, while he hung onto me and turned them into big productions on the way into the house.

"Did you see any of the grounds at all?" asked a sarcastic Liz Gregory when we went in hand-in-hand through the back door where she, Mrs. Robbins and the chauffeur were having coffee..

"Oh yes, I loved them all," Peter said with a grin and embarrassed me even more by kissing me in front of them all.

Mrs. Robbins served him tea and it was time for Liz and me to go and get ready for the ball. Liz locked the door very securely before she let me get undressed and into the bath. "Next week," she said as she put my wig onto its block, "I am going to curl your hair. It's long enough for it. You will look so cute with a short bob and a few curls and waves. With false eyelashes and lots of eyeliner, you're going to be a knockout, but with a totally new look."

Next week? Next week, with Peter in Florida or wherever, I had been looking forward to being in jeans and T-shirt and seeing how much of Tom Henry I could resurrect.

"Will you be all right with Peter Wallace tonight?" Liz asked me, suddenly serious.

I nodded uncertainly as the scented waters made me feel soft and warm and yes, womanly.

"He is going to be terribly disappointed tonight when you don't go to bed with him," Liz said. I shivered since I knew exactly where this conversation was going to go. She had appalled me with her suggestions several times already. "It doesn't mean, however, that you can't pleasure him with your mouth and your fingers. Now, don't look at me like that. I know you are not gay. This is something that nice girls do all the time. I'm surprised that you don't know that it's the number one thing that men like from their girlfriends.

“Now, he might not accept the Time Of The Month excuse and I’m almost certain that you would let him feel your panties tonight. So I bought this for you. It’s an artificial vagina.”

My mind could scarcely grasp the concept but, after I was out of the bath and iced so that my manhood retracted inside me, she attached this thing over me in place of my gaff. She used scented talcum powder liberally and pulled the cords tight about me. There was actually a slit in it that would enable me to pee if I had to.

I looked at myself in the mirror and couldn’t believe it. I looked like a girl. My flat, hairless chest didn’t change the illusion. I put on white silk and lace panties and the hair of the vagina showed through and it was a female vision. I was hyperventilating as I put on my pads and taping and the long, lace-edged corset was fitted to me. Liz pulled it tight and my female dimensions appeared. I had cleavage, just a little, the liquid inserts in the bra bouncing just a little. I grimaced as Liz laced me in tightly.

With my hair damp, I still looked girlish, with my eyebrows arched like a girl’s and all my body hair gone. Liz was getting ready herself as a Twenties gangster’s moll. She stood beside me in black garters and garter belt.

“Mmm,” Liz said. “These *do* make a girl feel sexy, don’t they? Now I understand why you wear them all the time.”

I wanted to protest. I wore what she put out for me. Then I saw that she was smiling. We did our makeup together, putting on our false eyelashes and mascara and eyeliner that changed the looks on our faces. It seemed to take forever to get mine just right so that I didn’t look like a tart, Liz said. “It’s a gentle look,” she said as she finally powdered my face and redid my lipstick. “Makeup that looks like you didn’t wear any at all. Wow, you look like a teenaged girl.”

I quivered as I saw the girl in the mirror whom she had made even more attractive by putting a thin, black, velvet collar about my neck and glittering diamond earrings, huge round things, in my ears. I had repainted my toenails earlier and they all gleamed as I put on my silvery stockings and attached them to my corset. It was a thrill to put them on. I envied girls being able to get ready for parties like I was.

No wonder girls were so happy going out. They had already had so much pleasure just getting ready. I really envied them and wondered if I would ever dare to get dressed up as a woman again after this weekend when I was back to living as a man. It was going to take a lot of getting used-to. At least, I would treat my future girlfriends in far better fashion, I thought. I knew how much pleasure there was in taking time to get ready to go out as a beautiful woman. I wouldn’t begrudge my future girlfriends the time to get ready as they needed to.

I stroked my stockings to get them perfectly straight and it was very enjoyable. I felt a pain behind my panties and I looked in surprise at the girl I had become in the mirror. Nothing showed at all between my legs save for my pretty panties. I could have put on a mini-skirt and gone out as I was but then Liz came over and fitted the wig I was to wear to my head.

It was gorgeous, strawberry blonde hair that she pinned and glued to me so that it did not move on my head. A diamond hair band across the front pinned to my own hair and a

wig cap beneath. Strands of hair were piled up into a high twist above my head . One look at me now showed that I had changed from a teenager to an elegant young woman.

The Cinderella dress I wore over a long slip, delicate and thin; the almost white, almost grey or almost blue material sparkled as I moved and Liz pulled the tiny puff sleeves over my shoulders. She arranged the bodice about my breasts and laughed at the intense way I was breathing. I couldn't help it. I felt *so* wonderful. I put on the long white gloves as she began to spray me with perfume.

I sat and my heart pounded as I looked at myself. I was Cinderella going to the ball. If only everyone knew that I was going to turn back into me and who 'me' was, wouldn't that have been a sensation?

I hadn't known that Liz had plastic shoes made to take the place of glass slippers with the whole costume. She had even decorated the upper part with diamante decoration. I slipped them on and stood up as she exclaimed, laughing, that, "The shoe fits. The shoe fits. Now you must marry your handsome prince!"

I had a tiny purse attached to my wrist and then I had to wait for Liz to finish getting herself ready. She saw me twisting this way and that in the long mirror, admiring how the dress moved about me, how it flared out. She showed me again how to hold my skirts femininely so that I wouldn't trip on the stairs or while I was dancing. I loved it.

"You feel like a woman in that dress?" Liz asked and I made no jokes.

"Oh, yes, I do, Liz, Mommy," I said breathlessly, excitement growing in me as I came down the stairs, then out to the foyer. Connie was right. I should have had a staircase that led right there.

I hadn't known what Peter was going to wear to the ball. He was in a yellow, braided uniform just like Prince Charming. Mr. and Mrs. Robbins were in the foyer to see us off and the looks on their faces told me that I was the woman I thought I was.

"You are the most beautiful woman in the world and I am in love with you," said my Prince Charming. He took me in his arms and, over Liz's objections to his spoiling my makeup, he kissed me. I put my arms about his neck, so thrilled and excited was I by his clear admiration of me. I let him kiss me long and hard while I wished that such a moment could last forever.

IV. LINDA HAS A NIGHT TO REMEMBER

Liz insisted on sitting beside me in the car after I had redone my lipstick. "I hope you will have better control later tonight," she told us both and I couldn't help but flush while Peter smiled at her.

My confidence in myself as a woman only faltered a little when we got to the hall where the dance was held. As Jeannie had said, the community always went to a lot of trouble to put together a fine ball and this year was no exception. I wouldn't have recognized Jeannie as Marie Antoinette; my fears of being overdressed were dissolved.

Peter had come to dance and so we did right away, leaving Liz with Jeannie and her husband, a well-dressed cowboy. I danced with Peter as he whispered that he loved me and I promised him kisses later. It was so marvellous to be whirled by him and to see so many people looking at me, admiring me. I was happy to know how a woman feels as her man dances with her and makes her the envy of other women in the room. I loved feeling my skirts about me and being held in the strong arms of another man. I knew I should thank Liz for all she had done for me, and for all the insights I now had into being a woman.

When we stopped dancing and went for a cool drink, Peter's arm about my waist, I saw that Liz was dancing, wonder of wonders, with a fairly scruffy cowboy, Mick Murray himself. Jeannie Baker came over and clearly wanted to dance with Peter, so I danced with her husband. Then Liz claimed Peter and I saw her talking volubly to him. By the intent look on his face, I guessed that they were talking about me.

I thought Mick would ask me to dance then as we had several times in my house above Grundman's ranch but a new man cut in on me. He was dressed as a footballer, one of several Steelers in the merry crowd of people. "You remember me?" he asked. "Gary Conroy."

I briefly recalled meeting two hunters in the Grand Forks market, buying up huge amounts of liquor. "You're a hunter," I said and he nodded. "I didn't think that you lived in this neck of the woods."

Gary was tall and very imposing with the shoulder pads he was wearing. "No," he said with a shy sort of smile. "We just come up from Baltimore to hunt in this region. So I bought tickets for this shindig after we met you and your mother shopping that day. I hoped you would be here and I would get a chance to dance with you and here you are."

He hugged me really close and had such an intent look on his face as he stared down at me that I felt a little scared. "It is nice to see you again," I said carefully as he pulled my fake boobs tightly into him.

"You're not out at your place any more," Gary said as the music slowed. So many couples came on to the floor for a slow waltz that we were forced closer together. "I don't see a light in your place any more." He eased his arm about my back and leaned forward. "You smell so nice," he murmured. "Just the way a girl as pretty as you should. I sure wish you were my girl."

I flushed and thanked him. Then I was forced to dance another dance with Gary as the emcee insisted that we not change partners now he had everyone on the floor. Gary wanted my arms about his neck and my head on his shoulder. He put his hands about my slender waist. Quaking a little, I obliged and he paid me more compliments on my dress, on my hair and on my thin waist that he could almost circle with his big, beefy hands. His hands massaged me. I felt very uncomfortable but I tried to smile and thank him for his

compliments. His intensity frightened me; when the dance ended, he held on to me and I had almost to wriggle free of his grip to get back to Peter.

"I have a rival," said Peter with a smile as he swept me back onto the floor for a fast quickstep in which I had to move my high heels very quickly. He whirled and twirled me and I loved the feel of my skirts about my hidden, silvery stockings.

"No, you don't," I said anxiously. After Peter twirled me into his arms next, he gave me a kiss, right there in front of everybody, right on the lips. A few of those on the sides whistled and hooted but I felt comforted. Even though I was red-faced in embarrassment, I thoroughly enjoyed dancing with Peter. I kept him out there to dance the slow waltzes with me so that he could hold me as Gary Conroy had. With him, it was much better, though. He whispered that he loved me and claimed kisses when we were lost in the crowd of dancing girls and pioneers, sports figures of all types, and all manner of movie star.

Liz took me to the little girls' room to have me replenish my makeup. "I've talked to Peter," she said as I got out my lipstick and redid my lips. I got chills when I thought about how I had lost most of it, kissing Peter. "He will take you home and look after you. He promised to treat you properly as a young woman and not to haul you into bed. So how far you go with him is largely up to you. Cinderella is a nice girl but she could pleasure her Prince Charming if she wants. I let Peter know how far you can go and he reluctantly accepted that. I made him promise. I told him that you cannot use birth control pills and that you're allergic to most prophylactics. I told him that I don't want my daughter pregnant and becoming a single mother. He promised me that it won't happen tonight. So with your disguise down there, you and your boyfriend should have a lovely time until I get home. Enjoy being a girl, Linda."

I almost freaked out, grateful that the washroom was so full and noisy that no one who wasn't right next to us could hear her. "You-you *can't* leave me with Peter," I said as some girl was shrieking to everyone that the cabaret was about to start.

"Don't trust yourself?" Liz asked with a shake of the brown curls of her wig as a gangster's moll. "Then you shouldn't be kissing him all the time, girl, and letting him know how much you like it. I mean, *I* can see how much you like it by the look on your face. It's as if you've won the lottery, girl. You have to slow it down and let him know that you don't like it at times, like right out in the middle of the dance floor. After all, everyone is watching you. You're picture perfect beautiful, you know, in that dress and that hair."

I felt even worse with every word she had spoken. Yes, she was right. *I was* leading Peter on. I couldn't seem to help it. It wasn't right. I shouldn't be dressing up as I was. I got a definite male attack at her words. I suddenly thought of the other things that she had said.

"Where are you going?" I asked in alarm as she began to usher me back through the throng of rustling skirts to the table that Peter and the Bakers were keeping for us. "You aren't riding back with us?"

Liz shook her head. "No," she said. "Mick has a lot of venison stashed and some cooked and refrigerated. I'm going back with him to pick up a load, as he calls it. I'll see you in about an hour after you get home, if that."