



Reluctant Press presents:

Little Black Dress

Philippa Peters



A 'NEW WOMAN' E-BOOK

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THE LITTLE BLACK DRESS

by **Philippa Peters**

“That’s what I want!” sobbed Cathy as I held her and we looked up the wide marble steps to where David Merchant was bringing his blonde girl friend out to join the party around his pool. “I want to live in a house like this! I want to be married to a man like, like David. I want to be her, in a little, black dress like that, coming down to look over the masses we invited to gawk at us, the rich and successful.”

It couldn’t happen, of course, because Cathy was married to me, Mike Brown, and like it or not, I had no daddy with millions of dollars in his fortune to leave me in his will when he died in a small plane crash just outside Pelham.

“Shush, darling,” I told her, as one or two of our former classmates turned to look at her. “You’re ruining your makeup.”

Cathy snatched the small towel I offered to her and buried her face in it. It wasn’t the first time that her displeasure and envy had gotten the best of her. I wish I had known about it, however, before I had married her. Maybe I wouldn’t have. No, that’s an idiotic idea. I would have married Cathy no matter what she said to me, no matter how she treated me.

We had been brought up in Rowley, literally across the tracks from Pelham proper. She still had folks alive in the ramshackle hamlet where I had grown up in my aunt’s and uncle’s house. We had gone across the tracks daily to grammar school and then I’d got an old beater from Uncle Jim that I’d worked on with Tom and Dean in auto class and got to run. I had no license and no registration. I used one of Uncle Jim’s plates off one of the cars he never ran and so I had wheels. All through high school, I ran Cathy to school. I was the most careful driver on the road.

When I did get my license, it was time for prom and Cathy was fuming that the boys she wanted to ask her to the dance hadn’t. She said it was because she was from the wrong side of the tracks, from Rowley. So, I got to take her to the prom. I got to kiss her and

something strange happened when we kissed. It was like magic. She said I kissed her more nicely than any other boy she'd ever known.

Cathy wanted out after graduation but, like me, she hadn't any money even to go to junior college. She ran away from her home, telling me how her daddy was beating on her and looking at her kind of funny. Of course, she only ran away as far as the beat-up apartment I'd taken on Parton Street, in Lower Pelham. It might have been in Pelham but it was just like the depressed area we'd lived in before, in Rowley.

Her daddy came looking for her and there was a terrible fight between them outside the apartment. Several other men came out of the buildings and we all set on Mr Dreesen and told him he shouldn't be beating on his daughter like that. He went off yelling that she was no daughter of his and she could live in sin with me if she liked.

Cathy did not like the way the people on the street looked at her after that. So, I snuck back to Uncle Jim's, 'liberated' my old car, and Cathy and I went up through Westrock and over the county line to Clinton. We stayed in a rooming house there for two weeks and spent all the money I had saved to go to college. Then we got married even though we were both only eighteen.

Back in Pelham, Cathy got a job waiting tables. When her daddy came after her again, she called the cops and showed them her ring and her marriage certificate. After he was stuck in jail for a night, her father never came round any more. We moved to a rooming house for a while and then a basement suite in Larrabee Street, a step up from Parton, but Cathy was getting very restless.

We had a plan. I would work and Cathy would go to school for a year, then I would work and she would go. I took on two jobs for the longest while to pay for her school bills and the better apartment we were living in. I even got to save a little to make my start this year at JC. I knew that Cathy was getting restless again but I had to work at nights as well as going to school in the days. Pumping gas was good because I could study between cars. The problem was that Cathy couldn't earn as much as me even though she worked full-time; she said she was sure all the other girls at college were getting way ahead of her.

We were struggling and the times we met in bed, which had been every night after we got married, slacked off. Saturday night became our regular time after we'd catch a movie or after going to a Western bar, which Cathy liked. Of course, it always ended up with her asking me if I had seen what her friend, Cindy, or Marsha, or Ashley was wearing. Or did I see the car Cindy's boy friend was driving?

I told her we'd have all those things one day. "When?" Cathy snarled at me once just before the invitation came. "In eight years' time, when we get through college? I'll be twenty-seven then!"

Cathy made it sound as if her life would be half over. "No," I told her. "You know what? This summer, I'm going to work for Don in the auto shop full time and I'm going to keep on going next year full-time. You can go to college in the day and I'm going to take my courses at night. It won't be a full load but you can be through in three years and I'll be able to go full-time then and catch up to you."

Cathy hadn't said that she would miss me as I wouldn't be around very much. But she cried and said that she didn't deserve anyone as sweet as me and we went to bed early even though it wasn't even Saturday.

David Merchant was holding a school reunion at his wonderful house in Upper Pelham and we were invited. Someone had even scrawled, "Please, please come," in red ink right across the inside of the invitation.

"It's a bit crass, isn't it?" I said to Cathy as she sat staring at the invitation. "His daddy only died three months ago and now he's throwing a big party."

"Three months is forever," retorted Cathy. "And what was the last party that we went to, Mike? Our life is *so* boring. And it's Linda Sweatham who wrote this on the invitation. She's David's girl friend, and we used to be locker partners all through school. You didn't know that, did you? I did have friends in the Upper Pelham set. Once."

"You *want* to go to this party?" I asked her in astonishment. I think most of the kids we went to high school with were gone from Pelham. There were a couple of girls we met in a night club, like Cindy or Ashley Miller, but even Ashley was supposed to be going away to State next term.

"We *are* going to this party," said Cathy determinedly while I gaped at her. "And I have to have a new dress. Can you do a few extra shifts for Don at the auto shop? I'm not going to spend more than a couple of hundred."

I gulped. What could I say? "Sure."

I knew it would mean more shifts at the gas bar actually as Donny had told me I had to get into an apprentice program if I wanted to work on his cars any more. He said something about liability and nothing about the fact that his cousin, Arthur, had just graduated high school and needed a job.

We took a taxi up to Knob Hill where the Merchants lived. I wouldn't have wanted Cathy to arrive there in her new red dress. There must have been four hundred people in and around the house when we arrived very late, Cathy being in such a dither about what she had to wear. She changed her makeup three times and, to me, didn't look any different each time.

I think that she needn't have bothered being so fancy because when we got there, half the partygoers were drunk. The swimming pools, the Merchants had two, were filled with people, cocktails in hand, screaming over the loud rock music being blared out over the whole Hill. There was dancing on the patio and in the living room of the huge house. Cathy clutched the invitation in her hands but we didn't see anyone collecting them. There wasn't any security at the gate, either, to turn away anyone who wasn't supposed to be there.

I got drinks by lining up and a harassed bartender poured me two Jack Daniels, then I had to search for nearly ten minutes to find Cathy. She was talking to some girl she knew who moved away when I joined them at the base of the marble steps that led up to the living room. From there, we could see the sweep of the stairs beyond.

That was when we saw David Merchant coming down the stairs, the huge crowd below raising up their glasses to him as he came down, his arms raised in a victory salute as

if he was President Richard Nixon. For some reason, the crowd parted and he walked right through as if he was royalty. He stopped in the doorway and we saw this blonde girl coming down the stairway behind him. She was in a black dress and, right away, Cathy recognized it as being a designer dress. She said what I thought was some Frenchwoman's name, Eve something, had designed it. I guess she said Yves St Laurent, but it actually wasn't one of his. I know because I have the dress now and it has the name Chanel inside it. Yes, just like the perfume.

"There's Linda Sweatham," Cathy screamed in my ear. It was the only way to be heard in the crush and the noise. Linda came right up to David and then did something I'll never forget because she was smiling so nicely. She slapped David right in the face. Not one of your little slaps but a full-bodied blow that knocked David's contact lenses out his eyes apparently as he went down, screaming about them.

Oh, the commotion and the noise and the mess then. People were grabbing her, grabbing him. They, in turn, were being grabbed by other people who were trying to prevent other people from walking over the area where the contact lenses might be.

Linda broke free of whoever was restraining her. The music died and even the conversations died away as she and David had a screaming match. He called her a gold-digger. He said everything she had on he had bought for her. Cathy and I had a front row view as Linda began to take off all her jewellery. Then she threw it all, necklace, earrings, bracelets, at David Merchant. Then she slipped the tiny straps of her dress over her arms, got some bemused guy to unzip her and she took off the dress and threw it at David.

True gentlemen would have put a jacket about her then and escorted Linda back into the house until she got over her rage at her straying boy friend. There weren't any gentleman at this party, including me. She threw her shoes at him, her black under slip, her stockings, her garter belt, her bra, then her panties. She even undid the fall of hair she was wearing and dumped that on him along with her purse, after smashing an expensive bottle of perfume. Cathy gasped and screeched, "Two hundred dollars an ounce!" when it smashed on the marble steps.

Did I mention that half of the yahoos present were yelling, "Off! Off!" in glee at the impromptu strip? I should also mention that Linda had a lovely body, slender where it should be and if she had undersized breasts compared to my Cathy, well, some men like them small, don't they?

Cathy lunged forward up the steps, pulling me after her. That was when I became a gentleman and took off my blazer and put it about a swearing, hysterical Linda Sweatham, collecting a couple of punches for my trouble. That girl should have thrown off her rings as well as Cathy and I, and a couple more people we didn't know, pushed her into the house, through the gawking mob in the living room. We took her up the stairs again, Linda livid and screaming all the way, seizing vases and plant holders and hurling them over the stairs and the balcony at David and the friends gathered about him below.

I lost my blazer then as the men who had come up the stairs were excluded from the bedroom the irate Linda was bundled into. I knew which one because I heard the crash of something against the door as I stood outside it.

“Wa-hoo!” exclaimed one of the guys I was with. I didn’t recognize him at all. “Time to get out of here, guys.” And so they all turned and left. I couldn’t go. I had to get my blazer back.

I was sitting on a chair in the carpeted hallway, my head down, wishing I had been able to bring my drink with me when a voice suddenly cut into my thoughts. “Who are you?” asked the cultured, baritone voice. “And what are you doing in my house?”

I lifted my head and jumped up. A dark-haired man stared down at me. I think of myself as being of medium height, Cathy is a little taller than me when she’s in high heels, but this guy was really tall, six three or four. I wouldn’t have liked to tangle with him. He looked livid, as if he could start tearing phone books in half at any moment.

I started to babble on about Cathy being with Linda and she had my blazer and I was waiting for my jacket. A slow smile came across the big man’s face. “You don’t know who I am, do you?” he asked, and I had to agree.

“I’m John Merchant III, Jack Merchant to my friends,” he said, “David’s elder brother, and the real and true owner of this property.” He took a cell phone from his pocket and called a number. “The naked girl is upstairs with her friends,” he said to someone on the other end of the phone. “Detain my brother. Get rid of everybody else. You,” he motioned to me and led me to another door down the passage. It led to a billiard room. “Enjoy yourself while I get things organized.”

I was on my second game of pool and deciding to leave the whole place when the door opened and Jack Merchant came in with my wife on his arm. I’ve rarely seen Cathy so lively and animated or so crushed and disappointed when she saw me playing solitary billiards.

“Not quite the surprise you had in mind?” asked Jack Merchant while Cathy’s disappointment was turning to anger as I could see.

“I thought,” Cathy began and then she stopped. She thought that Jack Merchant had been interested in her, I could tell. She had been quite willing to go with him as well, to wherever it was he wanted to take her.

There was a tap on the door behind them and a security man handed a transparent bag to Jack Merchant. “I think we got them all, sir,” he said, “including some rings Miss Sweat-ham says belong to young Mr. Merchant.”

“Thanks, Vic,” said Jack Merchant, taking the bag with the dress and all the clothes that Linda had been wearing. Even her purse and its contents seemed to be in the bag as well. I was reminded of a scene I had seen at Heathrow Airport in London on CNN after a terrorist scare. The security man nodded and withdrew after glancing at Cathy and me. “Now what do I do with these?” murmured Jack, almost to himself.

“My blazer?” I asked. “I’ll just get it, then we can leave as well.”

We went over to the bedroom where Linda had been and the blazer wasn’t there. Jack Merchant called for a search for it, so we sat in the bedroom and answered Jack’s searching questions about our wretched, little lives.

“Not at all?” asked Jack Merchant in surprise when someone called him again. “Well, Michael, if I may call you that, it seems that you are out one jacket. Here,” he grinned, “take this little, black dress and all the accessories in recompense.”

With that, he dumped the bag onto me. I stood up to go. I was sick at the thought of losing my blazer jacket. It was going to take me a lot of late-night shifts to get enough money to replace it. I hoped the dress would fit Cathy, but she wasn't quite as tall as Linda, I thought.

Then I noted that Cathy wasn't coming with me. She had turned to Jack Merchant and was whispering something to him. Jack Merchant looked decidedly amused by whatever she had said. “Oops, Michael,” he said, his dark eyes glinting as he looked down at my wife. “It seems that your wife was hoping I was going to give her a roll in the hay, as they say.”

Cathy was rigid. “You are no gentleman,” she said stiffly, turning to me and looking at me in great annoyance. I got the distinct impression that I had ruined some great plan of hers.

“Well, you are a married lady,” said Jack Merchant in amusement. “What say you, Michael, my man?” There was a sneer in his voice as he stood up and looked down at me. “How much do I have to pay you for one night with your wife?”

I gasped at the effrontery of what he had said. Cathy looked at him aghast.

“You must have seen the movie, *Indecent Proposal*,” Jack said, his dark eyes glinting again. “I wouldn't pay a million for your wife, Michael, but I would pay a hundred thousand.”

“A hundred thousand dollars?” gasped Cathy, her eyes going really wide.

“No thank you,” I said unsteadily. “Cathy, let's go.”

“You don't have the money,” said Cathy angrily.

Jack smiled and called on his cell again. “Vic, go into my study. You know where my cash is stashed. Bring a hundred thousand dollars up to the green bedroom.” Only then did I notice that the walls of the room were painted a very pale green. The white canopy bed had taken most of my attention thus far.

Cathy stared open-mouthed as Vic arrived with a small briefcase, opened it and counted out the money in front of her.

“Thanks, Vic,” said Jack Merchant and his puzzled aide left with a searching glance at us. “There you are, Michael.”

“Not me,” I told him. “I'm not taking your money, not for something as indecent as this.”

“I'll take it,” said Cathy suddenly, avariciously.

Jack Merchant looked at her intently. “Oh no, Cathy,” he said slowly. “The money is for Mike here who would be the injured party. No?”

Cathy looked at me wildly. “Mike, take the frigging money!” she screamed at me.

“And have you make love to another man?” I asked, aghast at what she was saying.

"It wouldn't be the first time," she snapped and her hand flew to her mouth.

"So I withdraw the offer," said Jack Merchant softly, looking at me. He must have seen the disillusionment on my face with my wife. "Now, Cathy, to earn two hundred thousand dollars, what must your husband do for you?" His eyes fell on the transparent bag I was holding and that slow smile of his covered his face, his dark grey eyes glinting as he looked down at me.

"Yes, the little black dress," he said. "The cause of all the trouble between my brother and his girl friend. I would like to see it modelled. In fact, I would like to dance with the little, black dress and kiss the scented wearer, if I so choose, of this lovely dress."

"I'll do that," said Cathy eagerly, reaching for the dress.

"Not you," said Jack Merchant. "Your husband. Two hundred grand for him to wear the dress and dance with David and me, and kiss one or both of us, right here, on the lips."

"Are you perverted?" I asked him while Cathy stared, open-mouthed again at Jack Merchant.

Jack laughed. "Not me," he said. "Well, what are you prepared to do for money, Michael my man? Look at your wife. She'll help you. I don't want hairy legs and a beard to kiss, thank you. No, your wife said that you kiss like a girl, and, Michelle, ma belle, now is the time that you prove it, n'est-ce pas? Two hundred grand, a hundred thousand each. It may not be *Indecent Proposal* but it is enough to get you both through a good college and, Michelle, nobody gets screwed.

"Keep that hundred grand but don't try to leave with it, Cathy. I'm going to go and get another hundred grand while you talk it over. I'm sure, Cathy, that you can persuade Michelle to join us for our nightcap now that the house has been put back to rights. Either that or I take the two hundred thousand and put it back in my safe."

There was a swagger in his walk and a glint in his eyes as he looked at me and stalked off.

Cathy looked at me uncertainly. "Mikey," she began, breathing very quickly as if she was under great stress.

"I'm not doing anything as idiotic as putting on that woman's dress," I told her.

Cathy began to cry. I hate it when she cries. "Two hundred thousand dollars, Mike," she said between great, heaving sobs. "When will we ever have the chance at that kind of money again? And for what? A few minutes of embarrassment. That's all. Just for doing what so many men do on Halloween."

"Why should I do it?" I asked her angrily. "After what you said about me to Jack Merchant?"

Tears began to run down my wife's pretty face. "Because you love me, Mikey," she said in a low, tense voice and the tears began to flow. She suddenly came across the bedroom to where I was standing by the door and threw her arms about my neck.

I kissed her wet face but all kinds of conflicting emotions were running through me. She would have gone with Jack Merchant. My wife would have left me and gone off with another man. I kissed and hugged her, the red dress not preventing me from feeling what

a wonderfully soft, little body she had. If we had been at home in our apartment, I would have taken her to bed and made love to her.

But this was Jack Merchant's house and he had made us an indecent proposal.

"You would have gone to bed with him," I said thickly as Cathy kissed my face and caressed me with her body.

She became very still. "Yes," she said very unsteadily. "And now you hate me for even thinking that, don't you? And no, there hasn't been anyone else, Mike, really. I just said that to hurt you."

"Why, Cathy, why?" I asked her but I already knew the answer.

"I am *so* sick and tired of being poor," Cathy raged at me. "Look at me, Michael James Brown, look at me." She stepped back from me and I looked in surprise at my wife. "I am pretty, you know, and Jack Merchant *did* want me. I know it. I could marry a rich man, Mike, if I divorced you. I could have all the things I want now. I wouldn't have to work and scrimp and save.

"And look at all this money, Mike. I could have it and you could have just as much. We could get a better apartment. We could go out at night some of the time. We could dance all the time at weekends and have friends over. We could give parties. We could start to live. You could use your share to get through school and get a good job. We could do it all, Mike, and I would love you for it. I really would. If you loved me so much that you got this money for me."

I didn't have a chance to argue as Jack Merchant came back into the room, carrying what looked like a small bag that you might carry shoes in. It had a drawstring at the top. He grinned at us, opened the top, and poured the money onto the bed. Another hundred thousand dollars.

"Well?" he asked us, frozen together as a pair, Cathy's arm resting lightly on my shoulder. "What's it going to be? Do you accept my indecent proposal?" His lip curled then and his eyes crinkled in amusement that sent chills up and down my spine.

"Yes," said Cathy firmly, taking my hand and squeezing it. "My husband loves me and he will accept your indecent proposal for two hundred thousand dollars."

Jack Merchant made my stomach crawl as he threw back his head and laughed out loud. "This I have to see," he said. He pointed to a door off to the side of the bed. "That's the bathroom and that," he pointed at a door beside the entrance, "is a walk-in closet where Linda has several interesting hair pieces as Cathy and I saw earlier tonight. If you don't like that dress, there are a lot more in there, and shoes galore if those don't fit. I'm sure you'll find something you can stretch if you look."

I felt my temperature rising. "I said I would wear the dress," I began, realizing then that I had in fact said no such thing. "I do that and that's it."

"Oh, Michelle, my girl," said Jack Merchant with that twisted grin on his face. "You can't expect to be earning two hundred thousand dollars for a five minute flip of your clothes and you looking like a man in a dress. I won't kiss anything that looks like a man in a dress and my brother certainly won't. No, Cathy can help you. You make him up to be

the prettiest woman you can, Cathy, then you call me on that phone." He pointed to one beside the bed.

"Lift it and press 'Master'," Jack said with a smile, "when you are ready and I will tell you where to come to." He stopped smiling as he looked intently at me. Perhaps he saw the strain on my face. "And I'm not going to ambush you. I'll clear out my aides and so it will just be David and me and you two girls there for a quiet party. You might even enjoy it, ma belle Michelle."

Jack Merchant left the money. It didn't seem to mean anything to him. He just smiled at me and said he was looking forward to seeing me in my little black dress and he left us to it.

Cathy piled all the money eagerly into the drawstring sack as I regarded her with trepidation. I was beginning to feel that I didn't know my wife at all. She looked up at me after she had stuffed the bag with her purse and pushed it out of sight behind the entrance door.

"What are you waiting for?" Cathy asked me. "There's the bathroom. Jack said that we have to do your legs."

"I'm not shaving my legs," I said fearfully, feeling silly to be discussing such a thing seriously with my wife.

"He'll notice," Cathy said obstinately. "He made a point of mentioning it, so you must if you want two hundred thousand dollars." She said each of the last four words very slowly and she beamed at me in delight as she said them. She took me by the hand then and almost skipped with me into the bathroom where I felt a heavy weight in the pit of my stomach. Reluctantly, I took off my socks and shoes as she ran water into a large golden bath.

Cathy looked at me slowly as I took off my shirt and wondered if I could possibly go through with this at all. She opened a container of salts, or that's what it looked like, and poured them into the steaming bath. "Hurry up," she said. "Get in and soak, then we'll get rid of all the hairs on your legs." She smiled at me. "You wait. Later on tonight, you're going to feel great when all that's between our bare skins is my silky nightie."

"Not for long," I said huskily as I took off my pants and shirt and felt like such an idiot putting my underpants on the top of my pile of clothes before I stepped up over the side of the bath and sat down in the heavily scented water. In the end, Cathy did not shave my legs at all. She found several chemical compounds in the bathroom closet and she had me stand while she coated me in them, all over my back, my front, including my abdomen, under my arms, then all over my arms as well as my legs.

I had shaved earlier that night before we came out but Cathy put something on me that burned like crazy and had me running like a madman for the sink to wash it off.

"That's because you shaved with a blade," said Cathy. "You mustn't do that on your face or that's what will happen. I used a strong depilatory and that should take care of you for a couple of days. Once we cover you up with makeup, Jack and David are not going to see any kind of beard on you at all. Trust me. Now get back in the bath and wash off all that nasty hair that's crinkling up on you."

I couldn't believe it. A coarse flannel took off all the hair on my legs, on my arms, even on my fingers and toes and from under my arms. I didn't even know that I had hair on my back but Cathy made sure that that was gone away as well. Then she emptied the water and refilled the bath, putting in more of the bath salts.

"Soak," she laughed at me. "It's what I do. It lets the fragrances seep into your skin. But these are far too expensive for me to have ever used. So enjoy them, Michelle, while I arrange the clothes you'll have to wear."

"Don't call me that," I said, a shiver running through me as I looked down in consternation to see that my abdomen was completely bare of hair. I looked down there like I had when I was a young kid of thirteen or so.

"What female name would you like then?" asked Cathy, going in and out of the bathroom, finding things in drawers and looking into every cupboard and drawer. "When you put on the dress and the stockings and a wig, you will look something like a girl and it will be a dead giveaway to David if we call you Michael. Oh, there are some girls with that name now, aren't there? You *could* be a girl named Michael, I guess."

Cathy went out again. I heard her say, "Ah, ha," and she came in smiling with what looked to me like Speedo bathing shorts, or the bottom part of a bikini.

"What's that for?" I asked her suspiciously.

"You need it," she said simply. "I've never seen you so big. This is turning you on, isn't it, all this feminizing and the thought of it?"

"No!" I protested, sitting up in the bath and taking the soft towel she tossed at me. The towel had arms and quickly became a long robe that she pressed against me and dried me with. She giggled as she dried me between my legs, the sensations strange on my body as I had no hair that I could see.

"Ooo, I love it when I'm all clean of hair like that," Cathy said.

"I'm shivering," I said. "I feel *so* weird."

"That's what I love about being so clean," said Cathy with a smile. "What you're calling weird is what I would call feeling like a woman, I'll bet. Well, hold on to that feeling, my beautiful Michelle, because you are going to have a whole lot more before this night is over."

I suppose that I had to do it. I had never seen Cathy so happy. Not since we got married, anyway. She was just like she had been back then as she went here and there, getting out all sorts of things she said that a girl needed. I put on the bottom part of a black bikini and, boy, did it hurt, the way it squashed me.

"Oh, oh," I gasped. "I can't do this, Cathy. I really can't." I pulled the bikini down and Cathy looked at me in dismay.

"Lay on the bed," she said, "and let me see."

I did it to humor her. We were used to seeing each other pretty naked most of the time and I liked what I saw when I looked at her. I thought I was a little too weedy myself and now, without hair, I must have looked like a real wiener.

Cathy put her hand on my genitals and started to fool around with them. "Hey," I said, smiling. "Tit for tat."

Cathy smiled. "You leave my breasts out of this," she said which I thought was a pretty smart answer. We were going to get out of this predicament and get back to being nice to each other for a while, I figured. I figured wrongly. Cathy poked something between my legs and suddenly she was manipulating my testicles into my body.

"Hey," I gargled as she pushed my male member down between my legs and then drew the bikini, that's the way I thought of it then, over my legs and over my genitals. "Ah," I gasped as she put her hand in front of me, pressing on the material and I was flat! I had no bulge between my legs. Somehow, she had pressed my genitals back inside my body.

"We girls talk," Cathy said with a smile. "Ashley was telling me about this girl friend she had. She went swimming with her and everything and it turned out she was a guy. We asked her why she couldn't tell and she said that this is what those guys do, the ones who want to be girls like us. And what she said is true. You do have cavities there to push it all back into you. Now you won't be giving it all away to David the first time you meet him."

"David?" I croaked, feeling still some discomfort as I stood up and tried to walk with my privates so constrained. It felt very odd.

"Weren't you listening to Jack?" asked Cathy in exasperation. "We have to go to a little, private party with the brothers and it's David that you have to fool for just a little while."

"I'll never fool anyone," I gasped as she took the panties that Linda had thrown into the crowd and gave them to me. She expected me to put on women's panties.

"Perhaps not," said Cathy. "But we won't know unless you try, will we? And it's going to be two hundred thousand dollars, Mikey, I mean Michelle, if you can do it for just one dance with David."

I had to dance, as a girl, with David. Oh, yes, that was what Jack said and I had to kiss him, or his brother. Oh, this was going to be the most awful, strange night of my life, I knew it, as I put on the panties Cathy had been pressing on me. They were black and lacy and barely came to the top of my hips.

"That's what we sexy girls wear these days," said Cathy with a grin as I complained. She attached the garter belt about me as I stood there. It felt weird again as the suspenders bounced against my legs. I had to sit on a chair in the bedroom next to the mirror to put on the stockings that Linda had worn. They were light-colored, almost the same color as my pasty legs. But with stockings on, my legs became shiny and a little more rounded, it seemed. Oh, the feelings of weirdness I got as Cathy attached them to the garter belt were more intense than anything I had ever felt up to then.

I looked at my legs and the black garter belt and panties on me. "Oh," I said as I stood up, feeling strange to be encased so tightly all up my legs. It was as if I was being stroked as I moved. Cathy looked at me critically. She had the bra in her hands.

"You are so flat-chested," she told me critically as if it was some fault of mine. "You're flat in here as well," she added, slapping my tush. "I'm going to stuff the bra and panties to give you a little shape."