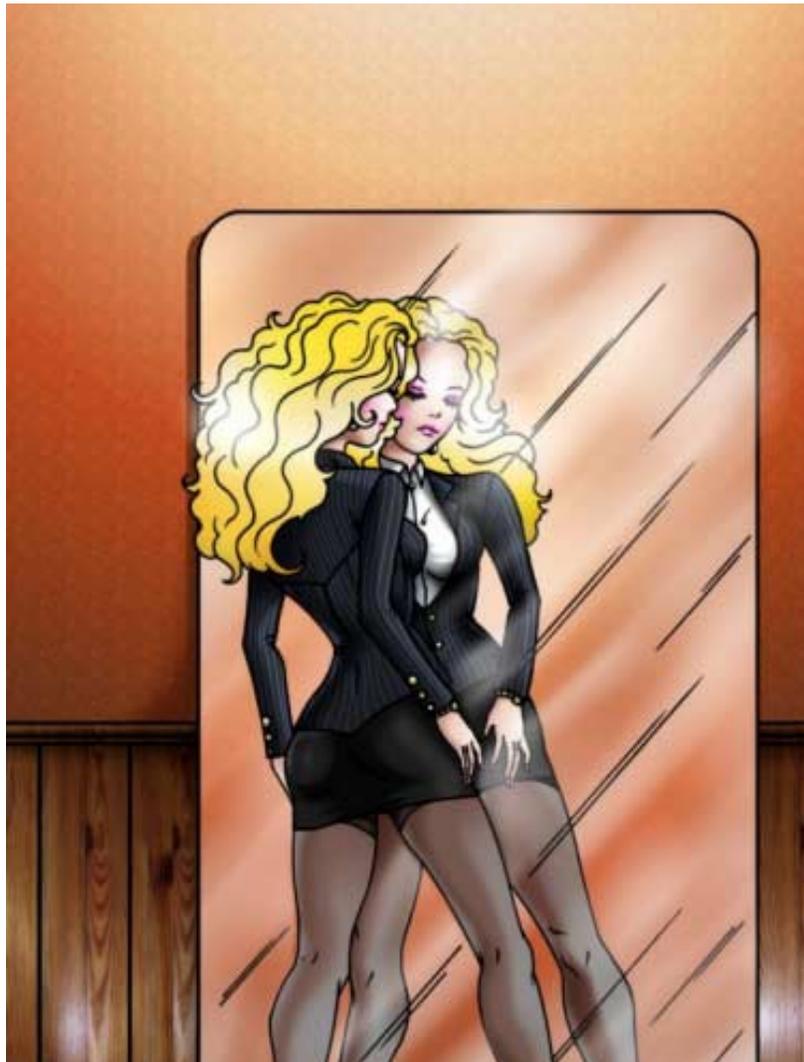




Reluctant Press presents:

HEIRESS

Philippa Peters



A 'NEW WOMAN' E-BOOK

Copyright © 2008, Reluctant Press - All Rights Reserved

Reluctant Press TG Publishers

This story is a work of fiction. Any similarity to persons living or dead is entirely coincidental. All situations and events herein presented are fictional, and intended only for the enjoyment of the reader. Neither the author nor the publisher advocate engaging in or attempting to imitate any of the activities or behaviors portrayed.

Persons seeking gender reassignment surgery, hormone therapy or any other medical and/or body-altering process should seek the counsel of a qualified therapist who follows the Benjamin Standards of Care for Gender Identity Disorder.

Protect Professional Fiction on the Internet!

We need *your* help! We want to keep providing our readers with low cost, professional quality fiction on the Internet. We spend thousands of dollars to edit, illustrate and typeset *each story*. It is important, therefore, that everyone works to help keep professional fiction alive on the Net.

This story is protected by US and International copyright law, and is owned exclusively by Reluctant Press, which retains exclusive rights to publish these materials. The civil penalties for copyright infringement can be severe, including substantial monetary damages, injunctive relief, and liability for attorneys' fees incurred in prosecuting a case. If a court determines that the infringement was committed willfully, statutory damages of up to \$100,000 for each copyright infringed can be awarded. Even if not found to be acting willfully, a defendant can still be held liable for statutory damages of \$500 to \$20,000 for each copyright infringed. **These penalties apply even if money was not charged.** In addition, criminal penalties may be imposed if someone willfully infringes a copyrighted work for commercial advantage or private financial gain. This crime is punishable by up to five years imprisonment, up to \$250,000 in fines, or both. State civil damages and criminal penalties vary from state to state and country to country, but are always severe.

The best way to keep professional illustrated fiction available on the Internet is to do **YOUR** part to protect the author's and publisher's copyright. *You can be part of the solution.* Encourage others to purchase our stories. Never share the access rights you've purchased. **You** make the continued availability of TG fiction on the Internet possible. Thank you for your cooperation!

HEIRESS

by **Philippa Peters**

I. ARRIVAL

I sat in my car as the rain pounded down on the partly cobbled street. It was a one-way street; I could see the closed, grey, heavy garage doors on my right. My heart was pounding. I couldn't go in. It was the right place, I was sure, even though there was no address marker on the doors. Joanne had said that there weren't any markers. Nothing to let anyone know what was going on inside.

My throat was dry as I sat there in my wet car. Nothing came along the narrow, twisting street behind me. The drab sandy, concrete wall of some kind of warehouse building on my left curved about the corner. There were no windows or doors. I sat there for over half an hour daring myself to go in.

Suddenly a car came behind me, pulling to my right and slowly turning into the garage doors. I could see that it was chauffeur-driven. The driver, an older man in a peaked cap, looked at me and frowned as he stopped beside me. The back of his car had black windows and I couldn't see inside. The doors went up and he drove in.

I could see by his brake lights that there was some barrier there to prevent him going on. Then the heavy doors swung down again. I don't know why I was breathing so strangely, holding my breath at one point and gasping at others. Well, no, I knew why I was so nervous. It was a huge step I'd be taking and I just didn't know if I could do it. Better, perhaps, to go back to the half-life I was leading back home.

I had decided that it was foolish what I was doing and I had decided to go back home when a door at the side of the garage opened. A woman came out, putting up an umbrella

as she came across the road to me. She was blonde and smiling, her raincoat held tight by a gloved hand as she shivered in the steady rain.

I rolled down my window a little as she came round to the driver's side and looked in at me.

"You've been here a long time," she said, her lips very red, her makeup expertly and fully done, black stone earrings dangling on her neck as she leaned forward. "Can I invite you to come in?"

I swallowed hard and looked at her. She looked like a very pretty woman and she sounded like one, too. Heck, I was sure she was a woman. Had to be.

"You did come here to come in, didn't you?" she asked. Her voiced lilted as she teased me, her blue eyes glinting, her smile widening over beautiful, even, white teeth. "Only the police stay out here collecting license plate numbers sometimes but we would have warned you if that was happening." She shuddered then. "Hey," she went on. "It's really cold out here and I'm getting wet. I'm going in. Can I get a ride and I'll show you what to do?"

She skipped on her high heels round to the passenger side of the car, knocking on the window and pointing to the car lock. Like an idiot, I opened the door and let her in. She shook out her umbrella and drew it in after her, closing the door. I was very aware of long legs, shapely, in stockings that made it appear she wasn't wearing any. Her black high heels were at least four inches tall.

"Ooh," she said. "It's nice and warm in here. Now, if you drive up to the door," she pointed with a red-tipped finger, revealed as she took off her gloves. "You *do* have a pass, don't you?"

I nodded, swallowing hard again. I checked my mirrors. Still no cars on the side street. I slid across the street to the garage and felt the panic seize me again at the thought of going in. The plastic card I had found in my late uncle's things was in the envelope in the pocket beside me. She seemed to recognize it for she picked it up and took out the plastic card simply labelled 'Pass'. She leaned over me and I smelled a fragrance of roses and femininity as she held it up to the window.

I didn't see an electronic reader but there must have been one there somewhere for the heavy, grey doors rose. I could see a port for me to drive in, up to more heavy doors.

I drew forward and the outer doors closed behind me. Lights came on and I found I was beside what looked like a drive-in speaker.

"Put your window down," the girl said, so I did.

The speaker asked in a gruff voice for my business and my identity. I remembered that there was a password somewhere in the letter, words I was supposed to say in response.

"It's okay, Gary," the blonde called through the speaker. "Mr. Fitzgerald is a newbie. Pass us through and I'll take him on to reception."

"Irregular, Chrissie," said the male voice. "I need password and I.D. for anyone who enters, you know that."

“Spare me,” said Chrissie. “We have a very nervous newbie here who will appreciate the human touch. Just let us in.”

Her words had barely finished when the inner doors opened. I saw a parking structure open before me. Chrissie leaned back and grinned at me. “You’ll get used to security,” she said. “They’re really very good but they do like to intimidate. Not a way to introduce anyone to our facilities.”

She showed me where to park, in a line of cars which all seemed to have out of state license plates. “You give your keys in at reception,” she said. “You might find your car moved later if you’re going to be here a long time, and I’m sure you will be. So, bring everything with you.” She indicated a line of luggage carts. I had just opened the back of the car, wondering what I had gotten myself into, when a door to an elevator shaft opened and a tall, dark-haired, tough-looking man appeared.

“This is Gary,” said Chrissie cheerfully, taking off her raincoat and revealing a most attractive two-piece black suit, a pink top revealed as she also took off her pink-flowered scarf. “Security is paranoid in this place, you will find.”

She clicked on her high heels over to me, just a little taller than I was because of them. I got the tense feeling again as I hauled out my suitcase and put it on the cart.

My hands were trembling as she handed me back the envelope and pass. She had opened the letter. “Wow, full service for two weeks,” she said. “Here it is, Gary. Password is Butterfly and the I.D. code is Sharon Pearson. Welcome to the Amalfi Club, Sharon.”

It took me a moment to register that she was speaking to me.

I was not Sharon Pearson. I was Robert Woodson. It was my uncle, Jim Fitzgerald, who had received the ‘Pass’ in the letter from the Amalfi Club. My uncle had invested, paid in cash that is, over nine thousand dollars for the ‘Pass’ and two weeks of ‘full service’ at the Amalfi Club. I wanted to get it back. Joanne, my late uncle’s ‘friend’ said that I had no chance of ever recovering the money. But if I had been a person like my uncle, I could have taken his reservation and gone and had myself an adorable two weeks of fun, as she put it.

Joanne was my late uncle’s friend, his girl friend I thought at first, only to find out in rather spectacular fashion that Joanne could not be his girl friend. She wasn’t even a girl. She wasn’t a woman, either.

Neither was my uncle but that didn’t stop him dressing as one. I had always liked him ever since my mother stopped by his suburban estate house and introduced me to her brother way back when. We had a longstanding arrangement to just drop in when we were passing by.

I hadn’t realized that my mother always called ahead whenever we went to visit him. “It allows him to stash away his lady friends,” she said more than once.

On my own, with my mother over a year dead, I was in Beaumont after my latest girl friend dumped me, revealing that she was seeing another man, a big guy, sitting in the rocking chair in the sun on the back porch of her condo. She calmly handed me back a box of gifts I had given her over the six months we had been going out.

Helen just preferred a more macho type of guy, she revealed to me, someone like Bernard out there in the back, six feet four and two hundred and fifty pounds, I thought. I was really good-looking, Helen said, she'd often called me her 'pretty boy', and said she wished she had features like mine. She hated her nose, which was long, and loved mine, which was small and turned up. She wished she had thick eyelashes like mine. She made me feel very good about my looks.

I just nodded, took the box and headed out of the front door. I was at the end of the street before I had realized that I hadn't looked back.

I went up to Uncle Jim's on a whim, for solace and for a drink. "If ever you're in the neighborhood, give us a call and drop in," he had said at my mother's funeral. I forgot the 'give us a call' bit.

I sort of recognized the smiling woman who opened the door. The change in her expression when she saw me was something to behold. "Is Jim Fitzgerald in?" I asked, only then remembering what my mother had said about giving Uncle Jim time to clear out his women.

Then another woman came to the door and asked me what I wanted.

"I came to see my Uncle Jim," I said. The red-haired woman who had opened the door to me turned her head. Her cloisonné earrings swung and I recognized them as a gift my mother had bought 'for a special friend' once when I was out with her.

Then I recognized the profile of the red-haired woman. She was my Uncle Jim. He wanted me to leave. His hands were shaking, his very smooth, hairless hands. His nails were now much longer, painted a blushing pink color. They must have been acrylics; they were very feminizing to his hands.

"You might as well let him in, Darlene," she said. "He's got us made and the rest don't get here for another hour."

I found out that I had walked in on a meeting of some sort of transvestite club my uncle belonged to. They were having a meeting at his home that night. The main room was arranged as if for a party. The delicious smells coming from the kitchen reminded me that I hadn't eaten yet that night.

It was very awkward. I didn't know how to talk to a man in a dress, though Joanne was very much at her ease, her speaking voice feminine, her gestures womanly. Of course, she looked so stunning in her long, green dress that I couldn't look at her and think anything but 'woman'.

It was different with my Uncle Jim. I could see 'him' beneath the makeup and the red-dish curls bobbing about 'her' face. Her figure seemed exaggerated, too.

Joanne caught me looking as I mumbled that I had only dropped by for a quick drink. "It's a treasure chest," she said. "I told Darlene that she should be a C, not a D, but she wouldn't listen."

My uncle, flustered, picked up a frilly apron and put it about the pretty blue dress he was wearing. "Oh, Joanne," he said. Even though he had raised the tenor of his voice, I could still hear the male tone in his voice, so incongruous from such a feminine appearance as he presented.

“A treasure chest is like a vest of latex,” Joanne went on. “You put it over your chest, glue down the edges, put a little makeup around the edges and any he can look like a she from the waist up.”

“Joanne,” began my flummoxed uncle as I checked out his female attributes again. I must admit that they looked disturbingly real.

The look on my face caused my uncle pain. I could see that by the way his narrow, painted eyebrows lowered and the way his pink lipsticked mouth compressed. I felt sorry for him.

“It’s all my fault,” I said, trying to apologize for the awkward situation in which we had all been placed. “I should have called first. If I ever come over again, I’ll do that.”

I put down my drink and headed to the front door.

“Wait,” my uncle whispered as he came after me. He stopped as I opened the door and looked back at him. His hands jerked at his side. I think he wanted to hug me as he usually did whenever I left his place. I could smell a feminine fragrance I recognized as gardenia. It had been Helen’s favorite perfume, too.

“Do come back, Robert,” he said. “You are my only living relative, you know. Your mother, well, she understood and I think that, that she.” His voice trailed off as I looked at this man in a blue cocktail dress, his chest cleavage aping that of a woman, with red curls about his neck. I might have called him a drag queen or a faggot or something worse if I had seen him on the street or in a club on a Saturday night. I certainly would have laughed at him.

“I, I don’t know,” I said, my skin tingling as I looked at ‘her’. “I really don’t know.”

A feminized hand reached out to me and I shuddered. It was the last gesture that took place between us as that moment, a mini-van came gliding up the driveway. Within seconds, I was engulfed in drag queens, crossdressers, transvestites, call them what you will.

“Oh, my dear,” said a very fruity voice. “Don’t let him get away.”

I pushed my way through Rhonda’s arms and Angela’s attempt to embrace me and ran for my car. I backed out of the driveway quickly as another mini-van drove in, full of more ‘women’ with huge heads of super-coiffed hair.

I paused a moment as I saw them flounce out, most towering over my uncle. All of them paused to give him exaggerated kisses before they entered his house.

That was the last time I saw him alive.

II. THE INTERVIEW

We went up just one floor in the elevator and I was separated from my bags and my keys. “They’ll be in storage,” said Gary, looking down on me grimly as I protested that I wanted to take them with me. “You *did* read all the directions, didn’t you?”

I gulped. I had looked through the so-called ‘Directions,’ a pamphlet in the envelope. I could barely remember anything of it beyond the opening. The opening began: “Prepare

yourself for the two most wonderful weeks of your life as you will become a woman for two enchanting weeks.”

It went on about things you had to do to prepare yourself for your weeks at the Amalfi Club. I understood that there were different levels of service. My uncle had chosen ‘full service,’ whatever that meant.

Joanne, the trustee of my uncle’s will, had raised her well-plucked eyebrows on reading that in the ‘Directions’. She also made it clear to me that she intended to enforce the codicil that my uncle had attached to his will just a week after my untimely visit to his house.

My uncle had been planning an investigation before he was killed in a car accident. A runaway truck crushed him and his Jaguar, which I didn’t know he owned, just a mile from Beaumont Estates. He’d driven over a thousand miles from California, consulting with a consortium of transvestite organizations, Joanne said bitterly, only to die a mile from his home.

Joanne was a lawyer and showed me my uncle’s will at his house when I went to see her. She was dressed in a black suit with dark stockings and a black hat pinned in her auburn hair. I hardly knew how to address her.

“I wanted to discuss the will with you before the funeral,” she said in her lilting, female-sounding voice. “You know, of course, that you are Darlene’s heir. She was very clear on that, even though the last time we all met, you were shocked and disgusted with her.”

“Each to their own taste,” I said grimly. We sat on the stools in my late uncle’s kitchen and she crossed her legs most elegantly and femininely. How do you talk sensibly to a man who wants you to treat him as a woman? It had been weird with my uncle. It was just as weird, however, with someone who insisted she was Joanne Anderson, my uncle’s executor and lawyer, not John A. Anderson, whom he really was and whom I had looked up in the phone book.

“Darlene would have loved to have heard at least that before she died,” Joanne said grimly. “She was such a lovely person. I wish you hadn’t ducked her phone calls in the weeks after you saw the real Darlene. She wanted you to understand her.”

“I didn’t have much to say,” I began.

Joanne nodded grimly. “How much do you think your uncle was worth?” she asked abruptly.

Startled, I shook my head. “I don’t know,” I said. “I’ve never thought. Is the house paid off? That would be the main thing, wouldn’t it? Or is there insurance? I’ve never thought about it. Don’t tell me I’m to inherit something like that?”

Suddenly, I saw my economic position improving drastically. Instead of clinging to a lowly technician position in a communications company, perhaps I could do something on my own.

“Your uncle was a doctor,” said Joanne. “His net worth should be well over ten million. He still has several patents on medical supply equipment.”

My jaw dropped. "Ten million dollars?" I gasped.

"More," said Joanne grimly. "But there is one little catch."

Which is how I came to be following Gary and Chrissie through security doors that needed passes to open them. We went along a long hallway which opened finally on a carpeted hallway with music playing from speakers above. We came into a wide office area where many pretty, female office assistants were at work.

I sat in front of a glass walled office for a little while as Gary went in to talk to a snowy-haired man in there. Chrissie winked at me and said, "Good luck. I'll be seeing you later. Count on it."

She then went over to talk to a very pretty brunette who wanted to know where she had been as her car had come in fifteen minutes before.

"Sharon Pearson?" asked a voice from the open doorway of the glass office. I got up, my throat dry.

Somehow I staggered into the office where a dark-haired woman was staring at a computer monitor. "This is not Sharon Pearson," she said, frowning at me. She had a distinctly British sound to her lilting voice. "Sharon Pearson is supposed to be over forty years old. She would arrive already dressed since she was living full-time when she made her reservation."

I sensed Gary tense up somewhere behind me; the snowy-haired gentleman came and sat on my right side, staring at me intently.

The attractive, dark-haired woman stared at me. She was fashionably dressed in a two piece, dark grey suit and a white sweater that didn't hide her trim, attractive figure. Her hair was shiny and gorgeous, and it curved along the perfect skin of her lovely jawline.

"My uncle died," I mumbled, my voice scratchy as my throat was so dry. "In a car crash and everything of his came to me, including, including that." I nodded at the envelope on the desk in front of her.

She frowned, her pretty red lips pouting at me. She sat up and all I could think of was that such a figure could not be fake. She had to be a real woman. She sounded so natural.

"So why didn't you just ask for a refund?" she asked. "We would have sent it to you by return mail."

"But Joanne said," I began and suddenly it hit me. Joanne said. Joanne had said a lot. "She said I wouldn't get the money back," I ended lamely. Perhaps Joanne had believed it. But who cared? What was nine thousand compared to the millions Joanne claimed were in my uncle's accounts.

I had a sudden, frightened thought. What if there was no money? What if Joanne had been lying to me about that as well? Was this all part of some sick, perverted scheme of Joanne's? It was a scary thought.

"You are Sharon's heiress?" asked the dark-haired woman, turning back to her computer screen. She began to type quickly, her pretty, painted fingers racing over the keys.

Heiress? "I suppose so," I mumbled nervously. Couldn't she see that I was a man? I was dressed in the best suit Thomas Moore could offer, shining oxfords and a Ralph Lauren shirt and tie that complimented the pattern of the herringbone suit.

"Oh," she said suddenly. "Sharon's executor is Joanne Anderson." She smiled at the white-haired, older man beside me. "We remember Joanne, don't we?" I risked a look at the older man; he seemed to be glowing a pink shade.

"Enough, Rebecca," he said in the same calm, courteous voice he had used before.

"Gary," said Rebecca, relaxing back in her chair, crossing her legs with a definite rasp of nylon on shiny nylon. She caught where my eyes were looking and her eyebrows went up in an expression of amusement. "Get Chrissie to make herself useful and call Joanne for her recommendation. Tell her to tape the call for me. For the moment, though, I'm going to go on with our initial interview as if all our indicators were positive."

It was a relief to hear Gary leave. But the relief was only momentary.

"How long have you known that you were a transvestite?" asked Rebecca.

I spluttered an incoherent answer. Joanne had tried to coach me about what I would have to say in the interview but I could get out little comprehensible with the two alert, very attentive faces studying me as if I was a bug on a microscope slide.

"I take it that means all of your life," said Rebecca with a friendly smile. Suddenly I knew who she reminded me of. Helen, my last girl friend. She had that same intent quality and I liked it. I liked being the sole and intense source of someone else's interest.

I mumbled some more about my mother and being an only child and my father not there.

"I think," said the white-haired, older man, "that she hasn't yet admitted to herself what she is. Have you, my dear?" directing the last words to me.

"I, I'm not, not," I stammered and they both smiled at me. I was going to say that I wasn't gay. Perhaps I should have gotten it out; then my life would have been different. But I didn't finish the sentence and suddenly I was being questioned again.

"Do you know what you're getting into here?" asked Rebecca. "Your predecessor signed up for full service. Do you understand what that means?"

"I, I think so," I said, flushing.

Rebecca stood and came round the desk. She put her soft, feminine hand in mine and helped me to my feet. Because of her high heels, she was taller than me. I smelled her rich, fragrant perfume. It was something I had never smelled before.

"Look out there," said Rebecca. "What do you see?"

"An office," I said, looking out at the girls busy working at several computer terminals or a printer in the corner. Chrissie I could see, laughing on the telephone. She saw us watching and gave a sign of approval as she chattered on the phone.

"How many girls and how many guys do you see?" Rebecca asked me, squeezing my hand lightly. "Out there and in here?"

I could see Gary, now intent at a terminal and another guy at the back wall consulting a chart and adding what looked like names to it. There were six, no, seven girls out there and one in here.

"You're wrong, of course," said Rebecca, smiling and squeezing my hand again as I added her to my count of females.

"You didn't frame your question properly," said the man still sitting back, watching us. I don't know why but his intense scrutiny was making me nervous.

"No," agreed Rebecca. "I should have said, how many girls born as women, do you see?"

The blood pounded at my temples at the thought that some of those girls out there, so beautiful and natural, could be men.

"The answer to that, of course, is none of them," said Rebecca lightly, squeezing my hand again. "Not out there or in here. You will not meet a genetic woman in this place, not in the full-service program anyway.

She had just admitted that she wasn't a true 'she' and neither were those girls out there, not Chrissie or that blonde on in the low cut blouse and short, pleated skirt who was laughing with the leggy brunette in the very short leather skirt.

"That's what Doc here will make you look like," said Rebecca gently. I must have turned white in fright and shock. "You have such excellent, girlish features. Only a little enhancement will be needed to make you a lovely woman. That's our promise, right, doctor? Then you won't want to leave us after two weeks, not with all the good times we plan for you. Do you want to be Sharon while you are here or is there another female name you prefer?"

Joanne had called me 'Roberta' in the 'training sessions' she insisted I have before I set out for the Amalfi Club.

"Jennifer," said the Doc quietly. "Jennifer Pearson, Sharon's niece. A much more up-to-date name than Sharon."

"All right?" asked Rebecca with a smile. I could see no hint of masculinity about her, none at all. "Jennifer Pearson. Yes, I like that. I'll issue you a new code for that. Now, Jennifer, you can go with Doc Rogers here next door to the clinic and I'll see you on the dance floor tonight with your husband. Have fun, you two!"

My mind whirled. What had I gotten myself into? Inheriting my uncle's millions was not worth this, even if Joanne said it was. I numbly followed the doctor, if he was such, out of Rebecca's office along a corridor of doors to a door labelled 'Clinic'.

I hesitated at the door, seeing more women within and Doc spoke to me reassuringly. "Don't worry, Jennifer. We're here to make your dreams come true. Here we shall turn you into the girl of your dreams. You won't be a crossdresser any more. You will be a woman."

Joanne had counselled Darlene against the codicil to her will, she claimed, but she had promised to enforce it in the event of her, my uncle's, death.

If I didn't do the investigation my uncle had intended to do himself, and expose the wrongs he believed existed in the setup, if they were there, then my uncle's millions went to all kinds of transgendered organizations and I got a hundred thousand to help me out. I should have taken it, I thought, panic-stricken as I was drawn into what seemed like a regular doctor's office, and not be so greedy.

Oh, and what was that thing about 'husband'? I was shaking so much at that point that I couldn't get it out even when doc asked me if I had any questions.

III. MODIFICATIONS

One little catch indeed! My uncle must have been prescient. I know I wasn't thinking of my own death and making a will as I entered the Amalfi Club. He had made a rider to his will which I had thought would be easy to get overturned, I said caustically to Joanne.

"It won't be as easy as you think," she said bluntly. I could not think of 'her' as a him. He sounded so much like a woman as well as looking like one. She was a slim, elegant, fashionable, middle-aged woman who seemed very comfortable in 'herself' as she related all the other codicils my uncle had made to earlier wills when my mother had been his heiress. She certainly would not have known that when he went to Florida years ago, she would have had to track down a beloved puppy and recover it before she was allowed to inherit.

"Darlene did do that when she came back from Miami," said Joanne. "So, you see, putting riders onto Darlene's will was something she was in the habit of doing. Just in case, Darlene used to say. That this one involves transvestism would make for a sensational court hearing, something I don't think we want to put into a probate situation, do we?"

Then came the kicker. "I mean, how bad can it be? You try. You spend a couple of weeks in drag. Less if they kick you out. You write me a report and I show a probate court that we did what Darlene wanted and you get your millions. You aren't going to find anything bad, you know," she went on. "Darlene was quite wrong about the Amalfi Club. She was certain I was going to be blackmailed by them, because I had a glorious summer there last year but I haven't heard anything like that from them. In fact, my time there gave me the confidence to continue on as the woman I've always wanted to be. But Darlene was convinced it was being run by the Mafia and that they were only waiting for the right time to get me."

"I don't want to dress up like a woman," I protested. Now I knew why my mother had always stressed to Uncle Jim about the girl friends I had and who I was going out with. She had heard him compliment me on my looks.

"Such a handsome boy," I heard Uncle Jim say wistfully many times. "I wish I had had his looks as a lad." Now I knew why.

"Don't knock it till you try it," Joanne said sarcastically. Then she gave me a series of VCR tapes of a reality show about guys trying to be girls. Of course the macho guy, the most unlikely, the one who looked the least like a woman, won. But the things they put them through!

“They don’t do that at the Amalfi Club,” said Joanne when she called me after the funeral to ask me if I was going to do it. “It’s very closed and the staff is really supportive because they think you want to be a woman. They don’t embarrass you by hauling you out in public as they did on that show. They’ll work really hard for you and when it’s over, you get back in your male clothes, write a report saying how Darlene’s fears were unfounded and it’s all done, I promise you.

“If you want to go the other way, and contest the will in court, I will have to oppose you, of course, as I promised Darlene I would. I did ask her not to do this, you know, but she was very stubborn about it. She made me promise to execute the will as she had it written and she took my word that I would.

“You’d probably win in court, I told her, but it would take a while and put you in a great deal of debt if you lost. You’d probably have to make a deal with a lawyer for forty percent of your uncle’s inheritance. As executor, I’d have to get a lawyer too which I would be able to charge to Darlene’s estate. It would cost you big time as opposed to two weeks of your time. It’s not an unreasonable request, you know.”

Of course it was unreasonable. It was downright insulting and demeaning. But I started thinking greedy thoughts. I couldn’t help but think of my uncle’s funeral. He had been laid out, dressed as a woman. Half of the mourners who had showed up were men in drag. I don’t think there was a woman at the funeral; Joanne told me that the minister was a member of their ‘New Woman’ group. So was the funeral director, the striking blonde-haired woman in the black dress.

Darlene’s friends, male-dressed ones, served as pallbearers and comforters of the darkly dressed ‘women,’ several of whom cried so much their eye makeup ran. At the reception afterwards, they didn’t know what to make of me and I didn’t know what to make of them.

“This was such a wonderful place to meet,” said one ‘lady’ who looked and sounded like a librarian. She picked up a tray from the kitchen where I was hiding out. Before she headed off to serve the strange crowd, she said to me, “Darlene was such a lovely person, you know. You should be proud of her. Every time I pass here, I’ll be thinking of her. She’d be proud of you, too, for the way you’ve borne yourself. It can’t be easy to be a straight like you in such a roomful of new women.”

I found myself later in the doorway, being hugged by each of the ‘women’ and some of the men as they left. My nose was assaulted by every female fragrance known to man, I think. Many kissed my cheek, leaving a variety of lipstick marks on me. The last ‘woman,’ an older lady whom I thought was real, hugged me and thanked me for the send-off I had given to Darlene, “just the way she would have wanted it.”

“You did that well,” said Joanne, her black dress covered by an equally stylish black coat that went well with her wide-brimmed black hat and veil. She had eulogized Darlene as she had called my uncle throughout. She was the first at the gravesite to toss in a rose and put her hand on the coffin to wish Darlene Godspeed. She had behaved with class and showed me how to get through the funeral.

It was her idea then, after explaining all the ramifications of breaking the will that I dress up and see if I could get through two weeks as a woman. I doubted I could even get

through one hour. But she persisted. She must have been a very good lawyer, I thought. I arranged that she could come over and help me through 'training sessions' so I could learn how easy it was to be a woman and how to meet the one condition laid out in the codicil to the will.

Of course, it wasn't easy. The 'training sessions' with Joanne were nothing like what I went through in the Clinic.

I was far too stressed and upset for coherent thought and coherent speech when the 'nurse' began to prep me for 'localized implants', whatever they were. The 'girls' had been working on my hair and face for so long, that I hardly cared what the new thing was as Doc Rogers approached me with a smile on his face.

I had done a body shave for Joanne when she started me out. I did another before I got in Darlene's second car and drove into the East End. The address was in the old part of town where rows of tenement houses were mingled in with old manufacturing plants, most converted into some kind of warehouse or light assembly plants.

The 'Clinic' surprised me as had the offices of the Amalfi Club. It was as neat, as modern, as plush, as any place in an uptown skyscraper, nothing like the dingy, outer walls and streets I had worked my way through to the Clinic.

The bath I took wasn't like the cleansing bath I took after shaving for Joanne. For this one, I was covered from head to toe in creams. I had been told not to shave in the 'Directions.' Joanne had started me waxing which I felt was a stupid way to lose my few whiskers.

Tiffany and Rachel covered my face in cream as well as my eyebrows and laughed when I reacted. "Tell us when you're tingling all over," said Tiffany, a blonde with dark roots. She was very thin, with a pronounced female figure. Her light-blue sweater and plaid skirt made her look a little like a schoolgirl. She showed no hint of embarrassment as she directed me to disrobe in a cubicle and put on white panties. I guess that's what they were. It was like putting on a tight Speedo or the bottom half of a bikini.

Then I went into the bathroom and they covered me with the creams. I felt an itching pretty quickly. Tiffany was timing me as if it was important while Rachel was preparing a bath.

Just when I thought I could stand it no longer and I was sure my face and eyebrows were burning, Tiffany pushed me into a shower and began to blast off the cream residue along with every hair on my body, including those at my genitals which she pulled down my panties to blast away.

I hardly knew how to protest. I couldn't. I was supposed to have paid for this because I liked it. They then had me luxuriate in an oily, fragrant bath, re-waxing my face and around my eyebrows. That was going to be the worst, I knew. Joanne had been exasperated at my refusing to let her remove any more hair from them. In the Clinic, they didn't even ask me my opinion. They just did it.

I was wrapped in a white terry towel robe and dry panties, if you could call them that, and taken to what appeared to be a dentist's chair while they worked on my hair. I hadn't had a haircut in a couple of months and it was pretty long, though they said it was short.

With Joanne, I had tried on women's wigs, formerly owned by Darlene; most made me look ridiculous. I have kind of mousy hair; before I could say anything, Rachel and Tiffany were doing something to make me fairer. I heard a lot of cutting, and felt a lot of rolling and liquids and lotions being applied. Rachel and Tiffany discussed styles as they worked on me, braids and pageboys, this and that. Finally I got up the nerve to ask them what they were doing when they had me sit up and rolled a dryer, over and above my head.

"We don't use wigs here, Jennifer," Rachel said to me in her breathy, little schoolgirl voice. "Here we braid and weave to the hair you have. You're going to have a full head of hair, believe me, with nice bangs and a wave about your face, to emphasize the nice chin the Doc is going to give you in a little while when he rounds you off. I assure you," she giggled as she said it, "that you won't recognize yourself when we're through with you."

"And isn't that the point?" said Tiffany enthusiastically. She looked at me intently, then smiled at me delightfully. Her elfin features lit up as my insides squirmed. "You have the looks. You are going to be very pretty."

I almost screamed. I did *not* want to be pretty. I had been teased enough about my looks growing up. I wanted to be a man. I should have grown a beard.

"Thank goodness you are so thin," said Rachel, also smiling. Joanne had starved me for a month, adding to my natural slightness. Joanne had crowed over that as if it was an advantage but I could only think of Helen and how she had put me down for it. Now, these girls were praising me again.

"You'll be able to wear the nicest dresses," said Rachel.

"She spent a week picking it all out for you," said Tiffany. "But she had to try on everything first. It's been quite a fashion parade around here these last few days."



Rachel pouted. "Jennifer will be beautiful," she said. I felt my insides tensing up. I *didn't want* to be beautiful, or pretty, or a woman. I would have liked, though, to be with a woman like Rachel. She had her hair parted down the center, pulled back and tied in little pigtails. She was growing it, she explained. Her face was clear and flawless; her makeup emphasized her beautiful brown eyes and narrow eyebrows. Her features were slender and feminine.

I had heard what Rebecca had said and I couldn't believe it of the two girls who attended me. Rachel was as slim and shapely as Tiffany, though she wore a starched white uniform, white stockings and low heels similar to what a nurse might wear. Tiffany had said earlier, "She thinks she's the nurse," when I looked at the clothes she wore and Rachel was busy preparing a tray of creams.

"She'll look like you," said Tiffany as Rachel went on about the clothes she had chosen for me, making me shudder. Then they both began to giggle. I couldn't get over how girlish both of them sounded when they laughed.

"You have to laugh like a woman," Joanne scolded me.

"How do you do that?" I demanded.

"Head voice," she said, frustrated by the way I talked. I knew she was; I did it to make her angry. I hated sitting there in a woman's dress while she gushed over me. All I felt was the tight, cutting bonds of everything I had to bind myself in to present a female appearance. I was still an ugly woman, I thought, though she tried to be very positive and flattering in her comments. She couldn't tell that it wasn't working, I thought. I was not going to be a convert to trans-whatever. I wasn't going to be a new Darlene for her to play girl with.

I expected the binding to start soon in the Clinic so I was a little unprepared for the light touch of some kind of freezing material on my face. I had even dozed in the chair a little. I opened my eyes and was shocked to see Doc leaning in on me, a syringe in his hand.

I reached up to stop whatever he was doing only to find that I was restrained in the chair, at my wrists, my ankles and my head.

"You don't want you to jerk while I do this," said the doctor as he injected me in the places where Rachel had frozen me. "You did explain the restraints to Jennifer," he said to the girls.

"I think she dozed through it," said Tiffany, taking the hair dryer away.

Despite the freezing, I could feel the needle. "There," said Doc as I gasped in pain. I felt his plastic-gloved hand on my chin. "That takes care of the irregularities there. I'm going to insert some very light padding, here and here." He touched my cheeks and jaw, "just enough to round you off. You may feel like you are trying to talk through a stuffed mouth, so it's best not to talk at all. Thank goodness your Eve's apple, that's what we call it here, isn't prominent. I don't have to touch that. It takes a longer than two weeks to recover from that."

The girls started combing out my hair and then doing something more I couldn't see. It had been really weird to sit in clothing without body hair. As a man you get used to hav-

ing a layer of hair. It made me uncomfortable to be wearing pantyhose and silky dresses with Joanne.

When I told her so, she smiled and said, "We'll make you into Roberta yet. We all love the touch of women's clothes on our bodies."

I tried to tell her I didn't love it, that it was just weird. I don't think she was listening to me.

Doc wasn't listening to me, either. I distinctly said, "No, No," as he proceeded to give me womanly breasts. He talked all the time, to reassure me that I was getting what I had paid for.

I didn't feel the incisions he made, but I did feel something like wires being dragged across my chest.

"We used to stick fake breasts on chests in the early days," said the doc. "For the longest time we used what were like breastplates, which were made from plastic. This is better though. We insert the bag, inflate to the size you want, then inject in the solution. Voila, for your time here and after, you have breasts that feel like the real thing and which you can get real pleasure from. We're going to do the same thing for your hips and fanny, too. It's much more pleasurable than having pads strapped to you, though it might be like sitting on a cushion until you get used to them. I do it all under a local, just like the first injection I gave you. I need you restrained because if there's any jerking, I might have to make bigger incisions. I might tear something, then we are into real surgery which is no way to spend a holiday."

I felt it all. I felt the insertions and the inflations. "No No," I said again as they tipped me over and worked on my fanny and hips and I felt the mounds move on my chest. I think I fainted or passed out, or perhaps I was sedated.

I came to, unrestrained, lying on a hospital bed. The first thing I saw was Rachel's face leaning over me as she brushed cold water over my lips.

"There," she said brightly. "We don't have many go to sleep on us, not with all our tugging and pulling. We took advantage of you resting to do a few other little things."

Panic set in. I sat up quickly; the mounds on my chest rose with me and didn't fall off. *I had breasts! I had women's breasts!* I looked down. I was in a frilly white, nylon nightie and I had cleavage. Then my hair moved and fell heavily about my neck.

"Tiffany!" called Rachel. "Sleeping Beauty has awakened. She needs her clothes!"

I reached up and snagged my nails on my long hair. I can't snag my nails. I have no nails to speak of. But there were my hands in front of me. They were a woman's hands with beautiful, shaped, long fingernails, painted a blushing pink. I touched them; they were hard and attached to me as securely as the breasts were to my chest.

Fear gripped me and I had to check the panties. Whew, I was still whole, though it was weird to be so clean and hairless. The edge of the nightie slid over my upper legs and I got the weirdest, tingling sensation on my totally bare skin. Then a strap of the nightie slid over my shoulder. I had to reach up and catch it. I touched my breast and it felt as if an electric shock had gone through me. I gasped and Rachel laughed at me.