



Reluctant Press presents:

WOMAN'S WORK

PHILIPPA PETERS



AN 'ADULT TV' E-BOOK

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Reluctant Press TG Publishers

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WOMAN'S WORK

by Philippa Peters

I. EVER AFTER

Patricia Harms threw the book off the bed and snorted angrily as her husband looked at her in amusement. Evan had seen her do it before when one of the novellas she got from Reluctant Press didn't meet her high standard of literature appreciation.

"What is it this time?" he asked, turning down the commercials that divided the familiar segments of The Daily Show. "Far too graphic? Not enough plot? Unbelievable characters?" Evan Harms suggested some of the things that displeased his lovely wife. She turned to him and he kissed her uplifted face as she snuggled up to him; he could guess what was going to be coming very soon. She loved having sex with him, any time and in any place. She had said that he needn't have married her at all but he had so wanted to see her walk down the aisle in a white wedding gown and a veil. He had so wanted also to hear her promise to be a good wife to him, 'to love, honor and obey' just him, as he constantly reminded her when she got the least bit uppity.

It always made his wife smile when he said that, then she would do her submissive, little girl act. Evan always had to give in to her then and give her whatever she wanted. She made his heart, and his loins, ache in his rising desire to kiss and make love to her.

"I think the bloom is off our marriage," the wife he had given her name, Trish, murmured. "The honeymoon is over."

"Oh?" Evan asked suspiciously. Her hair looked the same, highlighted with blonde streaks and loose about her shoulders, as he liked her to have it in bed. What else could he have failed to notice?

"Do you like my nightie?" she asked all innocently, raising herself up on her elbows and easing her soft, scented body on his.

He considered, looking carefully at the pink, thin straps over her shoulders. The square neckline did nothing to conceal the soft, womanly breasts that pressed into him, the nipples hard against him. Evan smiled, knowing that he was going to 'get lucky' that evening. He eagerly kissed his wife's willing lips, her fragrance delighting him. Trish was so perfectly feminine. He loved the way his wife teased him naturally, as if she really was a woman. He stroked her arms and she lay tightly to him, her legs separating as she put herself across his body, her panties on his abdomen.

"I love your nightie," Evan said when he could, helping her to ease it from her soft-skinned body. Her head was buried into his neck as she kissed him and bit at his ear, giggling when he reacted as she knew he would. "I loved it when you modelled it for me last month when we stayed at the Marshalls, didn't I?"

"Oh, tricky, tricky Evan," she murmured and gasped with pleasure as he began to kiss and caress her nipples and breasts with his tongue.

Evan hugged her tightly and Trish wriggled against him, driving him crazy as her breasts caressed his hairy, manly chest and her hair swirled gently against his face and neck. He could stand it no longer. He tugged on her panties and she let him slip them over her wide hips and rounded, firm fanny. Her slender thong was still in place as she hooked his underpants with one long fingernail. Jon Stewart and whoever his guest had been had given way to Stephen Colbert and that was much easier to turn off.

Trish hummed in surprise as his erection came free and pressed between her thighs. Her husband sighed and groaned with pleasure as she clamped on him with her smooth, bare legs and began to slide rhythmically against him. Then he felt it, hard and scraping against his abdomen.

"Oh, you little minx," he said, touching it with his hand while she smiled in the dim light and nodded to him. "You went and had it done, didn't you?"

"It is for your pleasure as well, my lord and master," Patricia Harms muttered. She let her husband roll over and mount her in turn while she kept her legs tight against his sides. He kissed her breasts and then went south.

He stopped and kissed her newly pierced navel and the jewel that occupied the innie his wife possessed. "Whatever made you do it?" Evan asked her as she wiggled beneath his caress; her thighs squeezed his now as his mouth continued to explore below her newly decorated belly button.

"Debra," Trish panted as his kisses reached her thighs and her tight thong. "She insisted she was going to get her nipples pierced. I persuaded her this was better. She said she would and not do the other but only if I had it done with her."

Evan laughed. "Oh, the tribulations of motherhood," he said. Not that the relationship between his daughter and his new wife could be called that, really. Debra and Patricia were more like friends, close girl friends, and he knew that they had secrets from him. Trish had told him so and not to pry. A few kisses to one of Debbie's boyfriends on a dance floor, she had teased him, were nothing for him to get worried about.

At first, Evan had thought she was talking about Debbie kissing her boyfriend and then had gone all stupid and angry when he realized that Trish had meant herself kissing and

canoodling with one of Debra's boyfriends. Then she giggled so much and engaged him in such a lively and energetic session of making love that he totally forgave her for teasing him.

Or was she teasing him? Trish refused to let him know the truth the next morning. Evan had taken her again, roughly, and she had let him have her on the sofa, across the coffee table, even on the balcony, doggy-style, while she pretended she was calling out to the neighbors for help as he penetrated and penetrated her. She came fully, while she arched her back and turned her head into his, so she could kiss him ardently in triumph as he humped her.

She liked to play, did his wife, Evan thought, as he hooked her thong down over her hips. She grinned in pleasure as she raised her legs about his waist now and thus he was able to enter her. He was in fully and riding her, the rings at her navel bouncing against him, before he finally let the thong free from her genitals and let her penis free.

The discomfort she felt as her male organs came free made her pitch and roll and wriggle and fight with him and call him funny names. She couldn't swear, could Trish, not at all, but she called him ding-dong and priddy cat until he covered her mouth with his. His rhythmic mounting took over and she began to moan and groan as she held onto him.

"Don't stop!" Trish breathed as Evan felt himself approaching climax. Her little manhood waggled against him and he sensed how aroused she had become in a very short time. Even after he came, he didn't stop pumping and pumping her. She took his hand frantically and put it on her little penis. He squeezed it hard and suddenly his wife was coming just as he had, writhing and clutching her mouth so that she could contain the shrieks she was likely to emit as she had her orgasm.

They showered after a little while of panting and heavy breathing as both strove to recover their equilibrium. They showered together often which always meant that Evan could have her again although it was often a dry hump. Trish enjoyed it and so did he, her admiration of his masculine, muscular body as genuine as Evan's admiration of her slender, rounded, feminized one.

Trish had said that she would get the sex change operation for him but he had said 'No,' and reminded her that she had promised to love, honor and especially obey him. Meekly, she had agreed.

"I like it when we make love," Evan had explained. "You can see and feel that I am not faking it and with you having little Nancy there," she stuck out her tongue at him when he used such an expression, "I can tell when you are faking it or not faking it with me."

She had shuddered. "But Evan," Trish said, kissing his hand and squirming so that her bathrobe came open and gave him such a wonderful view of her shapely, feminine legs and her pretty little white panties. "Darling," she said uneasily. "The drugs I am taking to give me these," she indicated her soft, feminine breasts, "are really weakening me elsewhere." She indicated her penis then.

Evan smiled. "Keep track," he said. "Get the dosage just right. I want you to have an orgasm. My wife deserves one."

"Oh, Evan darling," she purred. "I can have an orgasm any time you are inside me without my what-you-called-it, my Nancy, being engaged."

"It's not the same," Evan insisted.

"No," Trish agreed, kissing his fingers again. "But when you enter inside me, I feel so womanly," she began to shiver, "I just feel so girlish all over. I can't help it. The shakes start and don't stop until you finally come. It's such a marvellous feeling when you are gushing inside me. It makes me tremble all over."

"I have noticed," Evan said pointedly. "But still, you keep little Nancy until I tell you that you can let her go, all right?"

Trish wrinkled up her nose prettily at him as she did whenever he started being all masterful and manly. Evan had taken her back to bed. He rode her well past his usual time and she came just as she said that she would, her thing hardly moving at all. He held her and held her until the shakes finally subsided. She clung to him and told him over and over how much she loved him, kissing and kissing him until he fell asleep in his exhaustion.

That time, they overslept as well and a smiling Debra came and awakened them, laughing out loud at Trish's frantic attempts to conceal her naked breasts from Evan's daughter's eyes.

"But they're so lovely," Debra protested to Evan as he kicked her out of the room. "I can see now why you married Trish, Dad. She's gorgeous and, if I was a man, I'd want to have sex with her every time I could, even on a school day."

"Your daughter!" Trish said, scarlet-faced.

"Is eighteen," Evan replied, "and thinks she is a woman of the world and knows everything. We must remember to lock our bedroom door in future, especially when..."

"You'll have to do that," Patricia said. "I can't think of things like that when you are seducing me."

"Just do it during the times you are seducing me," Evan said, pulling on his pants and shirt and running out of the bedroom. "Which means you'll do it every day."

He was laughing as he ran down the hall, a pillow sailing after him which Evan, junior, and little Katherine, otherwise known as Katie, found most amusing.

Evan smiled to himself as he remembered what made Trish so special to his family. After cleaning himself in the bathroom, he picked up the Reluctant Press novelette as he went back to his cuddly wife. "What is so wrong with this book," he asked, "that it deserves to get thrown away and I get to miss half of The Daily Show?"

"It always ends with a variation of 'and they lived happily ever after'," said Trish sleepily as she cuddled up to her sweet-smelling husband, so strong and masculine, so much unlike herself. "It doesn't tell what it's really like to be a transvestite and have to live as a woman all day, every day."

"That's so bad?" Evan asked, a little confused by her complaint.

She punched his big arm with her little fist and he felt the rings on her finger that meant that Trish was his and his alone. He kissed her and she cuddled even closer, letting

him run his hands anywhere he wanted. Vicki had never let him do that and had always slapped his hands away. She always wanted her space in bed as well except for the rare moments when she felt like having sex.

What made Patricia, Trish, so wonderful was that she was willing to do anything for him, even to the point of being Evan's wife and being stepmother to his children. As his wife, she never pushed him away. She never said if something hurt. She kept an ample supply of lubricants in her night table and wasn't afraid to use them.

She would even use her mouth on him in the positions he liked but felt so awkward doing to her. "So don't do that," Trish would say, rolling over and wiggling her fanny against his manhood. "I'm sure you can think of something else you'd like to be doing." And with her body wrapped about his, Evan usually could.

"I just wish someone could write a realistic novel about what it is like to be a transvestite mother," Trish murmured, moving her pneumatic, slender body against his in such a way that she was seducing him again innocently without knowing it.

"Well, with us," he whispered, "it has all been 'happy ever after', hasn't it?"

Evan kissed her and felt her smile.

"Oh, Evan," the former Patrick Taylor muttered, her arms about him and caressing his awakening body. She felt his burgeoning manhood and she sighed. "A woman's work is never done, is it?"

II. BEGINNINGS

In the morning, Evan felt tired; his pretty wife was up and blooming like a rose as she bustled about the kitchen in her pretty, pink negligee, getting Junior to eat the grilled cheese sandwich she had made for him while French braiding Katie's hair as his youngest babbled on about how her teacher at school had said she had such pretty hair.

"Did you do your hair like this when you were a little girl, Mommy?" Katie asked. Trish put a band about the end of the braid to hold it in place, then tied a dark ribbon about her light brown hair, making his youngest daughter's hair very stylish.

Trish did not look at Evan. "Of course I didn't, darling," she murmured, but Evan heard the little catch in her voice. "My daddy would never let me grow my hair this long. Your daddy is so much nicer and more understanding than mine."

Evan flipped the sandwich his wife had started for him onto his plate and mock-scowled at his youngest. "I wonder what Trish would look like with hair as short as Evan's," he said. Junior favored buzz cuts at the moment.

Both Evans had noted Katie's slip of the tongue with Trish and both let it go. Trish had said to them all that she was Trish and not 'Mommy'. They knew who 'Mommy' was, Vicki Harms, and they should honor her memory by keeping that name only for their late mother. Junior usually corrected Katie when she slipped which she did often lately. Evan

Senior was beginning to think it was deliberate on her part. Then there were all the questions of Trish about when she was a little girl. Trish fielded them well as she had just done; it was her way to praise him in front of his children.

Vicki had never done that. She had never made sure that the children's lunches were ready and waiting for them on time. Debbie had sneered that she was a big girl and could do her own but she had soon become used to the little cosseting that Trish gave them all at the start of each day.

Debbie came breezing in then, yawning, grabbing the lunch Trish had prepared for her along with the little plastic container which had juice, some kind of turnover and a banana in it, her 'breakfast,' that she would eat in the car on the way to university. Debbie was much happier of late as well, kissing the children, then her father, giving Trish a nod before hurrying out.

Then, Trish disappeared to change and Evan had his son and daughter to himself for just a little while. Trish was back, her hair in a pony tail, looking like a schoolgirl herself, in a wide skirt and very revealing sweater. She was in high heels. She always was, he thought with an admiring smile at her long, slim, legs. Her makeup was in place before she left, scented, ready to walk the children to the school bus.

"Go on, Dad," said Junior with a smarmy grin as he paused by the front door and Trish handed off the lunches and school bags to the kids. "You can kiss Trish in front of us. We don't mind now."

Grinning, Evan Senior pulled his lovely wife to him and swung her over as if about to tango and kissed her laughing mouth; she had to hang on to him or she would have fallen. Katie giggled and Evan Junior gave him an absurd grunting signal with a revving motion with one arm as if he had done something really well.

"Oh, Evan," Trish smiled, not letting go of him even as he righted her. "You can be as silly as, as," she smiled mischievously, "as your son."

"Now you have to tell him that you love him," said Katie with a broad smile. "Go on, Mommy. You always do whenever you or he leaves."

She was right. Trish always did that. She blushed but her eyes sparkled as she looked up at him. She stretched to give him a soft kiss on his mouth, one he would remember all morning. "Have a great day, Evan. I love you, darling," she murmured.

Katie held on to Trish's hand as Vicki had never let her. When they went down the street, they did the hopscotch outside the Davis's while Junior ran ahead to talk to his friends. Trish had seen the other mothers walking their children to the bus, so she had just started doing it automatically, though several of their neighbors still sniffed whenever she walked by.

Evan watched as the school bus swung up the road. Trish knelt beside Katie and gave her a big hug. Evan felt a lump in his throat as she clearly said, "I love you," to his daughter and kissed her cheek and Katie kissed her back. He noted that Junior, too big for that, turned back at the step and looked for Trish, who stood up and gave him a brief wave, just perfect for his status as a sixth-grader.

Trish stood with a couple of the younger women and exchanged pleasantries as they waved the bus out of sight. Then she turned and came back, clicking hurriedly to the house. She suddenly realized that Evan hadn't left and she looked anxiously at him.

"Something wrong?" she asked as he powered the windows down on his new Mercedes. He beckoned her closer, then reached out to pull her closer and claim another kiss, a far more passionate and enduring kiss than the one he had given her earlier.

"What brought that on?" Trish gasped.

"I love you," Evan told her and she gave him a flashing smile. "I'd back up and come back in the house but there are at least six curtains fluttering against the breeze, watching to see if I'm so horny that I can't wait till I see you at lunchtime to have you again."

"I'm seeing you at lunchtime?" Trish asked in surprise. "Oh, I can't, darling. I promised Debbie I would meet her in Newmarket Mall. She wants to go shopping and Evan Junior has a soccer game after school. The three of us are going to cheer him on."

"And this morning, you have to get your hair and nails done," Evan Senior sighed in mock despair. "Follow me in your car and we can spend some time on the couch in my office before your appointment and my first meeting."

They had spent a lot of time, at the beginning of their relationship, on the couch in his office when Evan drove Trish up to the city. He had feared to bring her home while she had been deathly afraid of coming to his house and meeting his family. Her thin, feminine eyebrows arched into a frown. Now, after nearly a year since he had married Trish in the garden of this very house, after Christmas and birthdays that Trish had made into such fun, personal events for them all, they were a family, all thanks to her.

"Are you serious?" she asked.

If he had said 'Yes,' Trish would have gotten into her car and followed him, Evan was certain. And she would have done for him whatever he had in mind, on the couch, as well.

"Just one more kiss," Evan said. "And then I'll go."

He held her for an inordinately long time, his tongue caressing hers until he found himself aroused again.

"You'll be late," Trish scolded him, breaking free.

"The boss is never late," he said with a grin. But this time, Evan did slowly move off. He saw her lips move and say 'I love you' again and she blew him a kiss, her long, painted fingernails not needing any work to feminize them. But she said that they did and he had to believe her.

It would not have been a good day for Evan to stay home, either, as Jorge and Estella arrived almost right away for one of their two visits each week to the suburban two-story mansion in which the Harms family lived. Jorge was a handyman and the estate's gardener. The Marquez' son, Luis, came by on weekends to keep the lawns trim while Estella cleaned the house, a duty over which Trish felt guilty, but Evan insisted on a cleaning lady.

"You want me as a stay-at-home wife," Trish had said. "I ought to make myself useful and keep the house clean at least."

"Estella depends on us," said Evan. "She is able to keep an eye on Jorge's drinking. He only gets a little time at night, this way, though he will try to sneak one in occasionally during the day. Don't be fooled by his trips to the potting shed. If he goes there first thing in his shift, go with him. He won't drink in front of you and Estella will love you for it. Besides, it's an enormous house for one woman. Vicki always told me it was going to be so. I think we should have a live-in nanny as well."

"And what would I do then?" Patricia asked, a serious frown on her lovely face.

"I'll think of something," Evan said with a lascivious grin. She punched him lightly then and he kissed her for hours on the steps, he remembered. The Nicholsons had regaled the other neighbors about it at the sort-of-neighborhood barbecue the next weekend.

Word had gotten to Patricia along the grapevine at the party and she just turned and given him that delightful, impish smile that had so attracted him from the start.

"You mean I married the local sex addict?" she asked innocently of Madeleine Ellis from down the way; that earthy woman spread the word about him all through their little group.

"Quite a reputation your wife is giving you, Evan," said Don Nicholson casually and Evan had to laugh.

"If you only knew," Evan said, flipping the steaks into his 'special sauce' pan, aware that Herm Ellis and Jack Berry were listening avidly. "You've all got kids, so you can guess how much real action any parent can get up to after chasing mischievous little ones and teenaged daughters around all evening."

That defused some of the sex talk but Evan was acutely aware of the admiring glances Trish got from his friends and neighbors. She nearly always had a male admirer at her elbow, even though she often steered herself and such a man into a group of the neighborhood women.

Trish got along, too, with Estella and Jorge Marquez. She said she knew nothing about the garden but she was out there to help Jorge and learn from him most days when he was there. She let Estella know that Estella was the home expert and humbly followed her advice on how the rooms might be arranged. She set up schedules with Estella and kept to them on the days when she was not there so that all the rooms in the house were regularly cleaned and dusted, even Evan's office.

If the meals during the week were often more Mexican than traditional American, Trish was always willing to let him 'treat' his family to meals out. It was amazing, though, how they ended up in proper restaurants, with tablecloths and napkins, and how the children went along with the idea that they could choose one thing they wanted to eat along with whatever else their daddy chose for them. Their manners improved. Trish insisted on that, both at home and out. He had become conscious of his responsibility to teach his children to eat mannerly and also to eat well.

A fairly self-conscious Patricia 'Trish' Harms turned from waving good-bye to her husband to greet her beaming, domestic staff. Estella knew that she wasn't going to be about that day and didn't mind at all. "Jorge is going to help me indoors today," she announced,

directing her husband to start stripping the beds to begin the laundry which she did thrice weekly.

Trish knew better than to disrupt a well-organized machine. She helped where she could, particularly in making the beds again with Estella. Jorge carted the bed sheets to the laundry and was given explicit instructions by Estella on what to put together in one load. Then the clothes baskets followed with Trish's dainties and Evan's clothing, some of which she was able to organize for the dry cleaners.

Estella made sure that her 'mistress' was not going to be late for her appointment and had Trish, in her tight, black skirt and creamy blouse, out the door and into her car before Trish could even think of lending a hand with tidying up the kitchen. She was going to spend the day cooking, Estella said, and had a new chicken casserole recipe, very light on the spices, for the Harms family to try.

Trish smiled to herself as she drove out of the garage in her silver Cadillac convertible, the top down, a wedding gift from Evan. She didn't doubt that Senora Marquez would snoop about her bedroom. All her underwear would be put back in the proper places, her nighties and blouses would even be ironed before being hung in her walk-in wardrobe. Estella said that the 'old' Mrs Harms had told her what to do and how to do it and she insisted on giving the same excellent service to the 'new' Mrs Harms.

Evan spoiled her. They had been lying in bed in his hotel when he asked her about cars; she had confided that she had loved the Cadillac her father had once driven. She laughed as she told him how she imagined herself behind the wheel but not like her father. She had imagined herself as a blonde woman, hair streaming out behind her, as she drove in a white dress, her feet in high heels on the accelerator.

"Some dream," Trish had said to him, nestling into his bare chest and kissing him playfully as they cuddled on the hard bed in the cheap motel he'd taken on a flying visit to see her for a weekend. Then she told him about her family and how they paid her not to come home and humiliate them any more with their friends.

"Humiliate them?" Evan asked, puzzled.

"They were mortally afraid that their drag queen son," Trish told him, "would come bouncing back in a skirt and a wig and everyone would see and know that they had a gay son. They sent me money to enroll in college and for living expenses which they've kept up so long as I don't go home. I spent the money on dresses and makeup and I got my nose bobbed and my breasts and fanny done. They've never asked for receipts, you see. They only care that I stay away and don't molest my younger brothers and sisters, as if I ever would."

She hadn't cried then in front of Evan though he had been so kind and loving but she almost had. But at least he had learned that Trish wasn't whoring to make the money she had as so many of the 'girls' at the club, where he came uncertainly to find her, did. To her, it had become home. Her best friends, Bunny and Bambi, hung out there and taught her everything she needed to know to be a drag queen, which she was sure that she was.

Bunny and Bambi would not have approved of her going to Le Salon d'Angelique to have her hair lightened and her nails manicured, for a thrilling morning of being a woman being beautified by other women. Trish was now more muted and elegant, she was cer-

tain, than she had ever been in the tight, short clothes that her bosom buddies, drag queens themselves, wore as they were on and off 'the game' as prostitutes. Her lipstick had always been Ravishing Red, like her long nails, but they had never been elegantly shaped and rounded as they were now by the young, earnest manicurist at Angelique's.

"I'm tired of looking like a hooker," Trish said to Dominick, whom she had always gone to, to do her hair. There was a frown on his face as he looked at her. She had a grey suit and dark blue blouse in her clothing bag which she showed him. "I want makeup and hair to match my suit," she told him. "It's a very important job interview."

Dominick continued to frown but he had had her remove all her makeup, washed her hair and called in two other girls for advice. And so a new Trish, more properly, Patricia, was born.

She had walked into the bar of the Dennison Grand and Evan hadn't recognized her at first, even when she walked by him twice. True, her perfume had changed but he ought to have noticed her earlier. One of his companions must have made some remark about the woman trying to get his attention because he had glanced at her as she was sitting down. She smiled at him.

Evan did a wonderful double take and stood away from the bar immediately and came over to her, ignoring his friends who called after him. "It's you," he said, smiling broadly as well. "You, you are so, so elegant," he said in a burst of praise for her hair, her makeup, her clothing, her perfume.

"So I don't look like a prostitute any more?" Trish asked, a gleam in her eyes.

"I never said..." he began in alarm, looking about them in case someone had heard her.

"No," she agreed. "But that's what you thought I was when you first picked me up, didn't you?"

Evan nodded in amusement. "But you soon disabused me of that notion, I recall," he said. "Look, when I said I was staying at a classy hotel on this trip and not a motel, I didn't mean that you had to change."

"Oh," Trish said. "You would have liked me to walk in, in my long, black boots, my blue mini-skirt and a halter top?"

"And blonde wig," Evan said, looking at her straight, streaked hair, curving about her chin. "I saw Pretty Woman as well. And no, I wouldn't have wanted to meet you here in that micro-skirt and those torn panties and pantyhose you wore last time I went out with you."

"Unfair, Evan," Trish murmured, pouting gorgeously at him. "You were the one who tore my panties and stockings. And you do realize, that if you like me like this, as a career girl, I am going to have to buy a whole new wardrobe. I think I'll have to tell my family that I'm going to graduate school and it will be twice as expensive as before."

"I love you like this," Evan said, smiling and standing. She stood with him and sa-shayed as best she could past his acquaintances, as he called them. Evan put his arm about her waist and made her feel all girlish and wonderful in her tight skirt and high heels, her hair and earrings bobbing delightfully at her neck.

Trish sat back in Angelique's and let Dominick fuss about her. He had new suggestions about doe eyes, doing her lashes and making her eyes appear enormous and making her skin tone so pale that the new lip gloss he painted on her made her lips appear almost natural.

"Your husband will love the taste of your lips," Dominick assured her. Later, she brought him to her new city to prep her for her wedding day. He had known her for long before that, being the one to attend her when she finally got up the courage to go into his marvellous, ultra-feminine store to have her hair styled. If he knew she was a man, he had never let on, not from the start. He had opened a new Angelique's in Trish's new city and said that he did it so that he could keep on doing her hair and makeup. He loved to see her in new, glamorous clothes, and insisted that she bring in the long dresses she had to wear to Evan's formal dances. Then he would really go to town on her.

Dominick disliked her pony tail. "What are we auditioning for, the lead role in Grease?" he asked. She stuck her tongue out at him and felt as if she was sixteen again and back in high school. Dominick smiled and went on about making her a sophisticated lady while she remembered how it had been for her, for Patrick, at high school. She thrust the memories away and concentrated on what Dominick was doing to her hair, giving her a fringe of thick, shiny, honey blonde hair and thick waves again about her jawline.

"You know," Dominick said, fidgeting with his combs and brushes, looking at Trish's finished face and hair in the mirror, pressing her shoulder back lightly, not letting her get up. "I was talking to Pamela Arcas again last week at Jules' fall show and she is still very interested in you."

"I am married now, Dominick," said Patricia Harms, a lump rising in her throat.

"Married women work," Dominick said reasonably. "She said she would put you on the fast track if you wanted it."

Patricia imagined herself as one of the Arcas fashion models. Pamela had been so famous in her day and taught her models all they had to know exclusively in her own lessons. It was extraordinary that she should still want Patricia after she had said 'No' to her and married Evan instead.

"I have children to get to school each day," said Trish, rising from her chair and feeling her heels pushing her up. Her skirt was delightfully tight about her thighs, her breasts thrusting forward in the thin blouse, jiggling nicely as she took a few dainty steps to recover her purse.

"Pamela said she could use you in front of a camera," persisted Dominick. He gave her a card for Arcas Models with a private number written on it. He then picked up the Nikon that he always had handy in Angelique's and she smiled as he took her picture. She didn't mind as he put her in his book with so many other gorgeous girls. He used the pictures to promote different cuts and stylings to his many customers and trainees.

"Then I would have to charge you for that," Trish said lightly as she turned on her heels and did an exaggerated model's walk to the door. Dominick snapped her again as she waved to the girls who had worked on her and headed out to find her car and hurry off to meet Debbie at the Newmarket Mall.

Debbie was already there as Trish came up the escalator from the parkade, aware as always of the people looking at her. Dominick had done his work very well and she did look like a fashion model. Even Debbie was gazing at her, mouth open, as she strolled across to her in front of Ruben's Café.

"Has Daddy seen you yet?" Debbie asked as Trish smiled at her. Several guys who had been looking at the lunch menu all stared at her together.

"No," said Trish. "This is just a look Dominick was trying out on me. I hope Evan Senior likes it."

"Daddy's going to eat you alive," said his daughter. "Oh, how can I walk with you when you look like that? I feel so dowdy and I really made an effort today."

Trish saw that Debbie truly had. Evan's eldest daughter had even put shadow on her eyes and shaped her eyebrows in the way that made Trish feel strange, as she was the one to show Debbie how to do it. "But you are my mother," Debbie had said with a wicked smile when Trish had said how odd she felt giving the girl makeup lessons. "I bet you had lots of girl friends growing up that you shared makeup secrets with."

Oh yes, thought Trish wryly, thinking of the drag queens and their lessons on how to cover her non-existent 'beard' and how Bunny had plucked Patrick's eyebrows into such tiny lines, his eyebrows all red and swollen that night when he had laid in his nightie in bed. He, Patrick, had been so excited to dress entirely in women's clothes and go out in public as a woman. Of course, that meant creeping down the stairs from Bunny's place and talking in affected drawls as the taxi took them down to the club, where Patrick could join the men who liked to dress as women and be one of them for a night, at last.

Trish slipped her arm through Debbie's and led the girl into Ruben's where the young waiter stared at her just like everyone else; he escorted them to a side table that she insisted upon, away from some of the gawkers at least. Trish was beginning to feel more than a little uneasy because of the way men were looking at her.

Trish remembered her brief career as a female impersonator and the men cheering her on as she tried to emulate women dancers about the pole, stripping off her schoolgirl top and skirt to get to her black, sexy underwear, dancing in what she thought was a feminine manner, showing off her new breasts, her black push-up bra enhancing her newly augmented cleavage.

Ricardo, one of the regulars at the club, had beckoned her down and put money in the garter on her leg, caressing her. She had to stand for it, while her whole body trembled and shook in both joy and anguish. She had to smile at him, and at so many other men who did much the same to her, as if she was enjoying it like the girl dancers she had watched did. Then there was the guy with the bills in his mouth. She had had to get down on all fours to him and he had kissed her with his alcoholic breath while someone else was caressing her trembling fanny and putting more money into her tight panties and thong.

The eyes of the clients had been just like the eyes of the men who saw her now in Ruben's, her lips no longer red, her eye makeup not thick and black, no beauty spot at her glossy mouth, no mass of hair, her blonde wig, down her back.

No, she was supposed to be toned down now, no longer a parody of a sexy stripper. Evan, though, had been aroused by her when she met him after one appearance and she had given him a private performance in his motel room. He had been so aroused by her flaunting her body that he made love to her all night, she recalled.

But Debra clearly had something else on her mind than taboo performances as a female-impersonating stripper by her new stepmother. And soon enough it came. "Lance asked me to go up to his cabin with him next weekend," Debbie finally said in a rush as she sipped on her cola drink. "And I really want to go."

"And the problem is?" asked Trish. The girl opposite her flushed and Trish thought how dumb a question that was. "You are going to sleep together for the weekend," Trish said then as Debbie reddened. "But if you have made up your mind to do it, what are you expecting me to do? Break the news to your father?"

Debbie shook her head and flushed even more. "No, no," she said hurriedly. "If you told him, he'd stop me. No, it's just that, well, I know I talk real cool, as if I have done it before, but actually, I haven't. I've never really done it with a guy before."

Trish stared at her stepdaughter. Oh no, she thought, please no. You don't want my advice on making love to a guy. But that advice was exactly what Debbie wanted.

"I feel such a freak," said Debbie after their soup and salad lunches were delivered. "Every girl in my university class must have been laid except for me. How old were you when you were laid for the first time? Was it wonderful like it is between you and Dad now? He's never been so happy, you know, and he can't keep his hands off you, can he?"

"And that's what you want?" asked Trish, wondering how eating and drinking was going to spoil her makeup. But luckily, Debra's questions were quite taking away her appetite.

Debbie nodded. "How, how can you make it perfect, the very first time?" she finally gasped out her question.

"Do you love him?" Trish asked directly. Debbie nodded, her color still very high.

"If he loves you, he'll be in a rush the first time," Trish said candidly. "It will leave you very unsatisfied. If he's selfish, he'll roll over and go to sleep and you'll be lying awake, half the night, wondering how it could all be so awful."

Debbie stared at her stepmother, her face turning white.

"But if he's a nice guy," Trish said, thinking of Evan and how he had spurted all over her, between her legs at first, "you start him again very slowly, with gentle kisses and touches, and don't be afraid to touch him where he won't think you'll dare. Trust me, the South will rise again." Debbie looked startled at the joke Trish had made and just stared at her as if she was telling her how to pass an exam.

"He'll try to take you again just as quickly as before," said Trish, being as serious as her husband's daughter wanted her to be, "but then you have to train him. You make him put his hands on you where you want to be touched and you guide him in caressing you.

"You make him penetrate you very slowly and don't be afraid to stop him and make him wait for you. You can stop him coming, you know, if you know just where to press on

his penis. But most of all, don't forget to enjoy yourself. Let him thrill you. If he's a nice guy, he will want to but he won't know how to. You will have to guide him."

Debbie was shaking as she put down her spoon and took a sip of cold liquid. "You must be a wonderful lover," she said wistfully. "Was it wonderful like that for you the very first time?"

"No," Trish shook her head. "My very first time was awful. I knew nothing about men and Dirk was very crude."

Dirk. She hadn't thought of him in ages. Patrick had just bought his first bra and panties at a department store and the thrill of putting them on over his hairless body had almost given him an orgasm on the spot. Bunny had lent him shoes and stockings and a blue and white, flowered dress that was light and pleasant, swirling femininely about his legs.

Bunny had helped him put on eye shadow and had loaned him one of her long, blonde wigs. Patrick had thought he 'passed,' particularly after this tall, dark-haired guy came up to him in the bar of the club and asked him to dance. Patrick was in love with Dirk before the night was out. Bunny had tried to warn him.

"Dirk is gay," Bunny said bluntly, as they visited the Ladies' powder room, the exclusive home of the trannies who were the only female-dressed patrons allowed in Lady William's. "He's rough trade, sweetie, and if you're feeling as hot as you look on the dance floor, swirling my dress up to show off your panties, you ought to start with Barry."

Ugh, Barry was old, forty at least, and very affectionate with even the ugliest of girls, giving everyone a kiss equally. Trish always got out on the floor with Bunny or Bambi when she saw him coming, as he invariably wanted to touch her gently and dance with her. She didn't want Barry to kiss her, as he did with all the girls whom he knew, holding them for a long time, his tongue clearly at work in their mouths. She shuddered at the thought of being kissed like that.

Dirk, however, was hot; his was shirt open to show off his tanned muscles and he liked putting his arm about Trish. He was masculine and she thought she looked quite real standing beside him. Thrills passed through her as he reached out and touched her as he would have a girl. He stroked the tops of her thighs as she sat ladylike in her dress, her legs crossed. She almost came at once with him just touching her, thinking to herself that she was a girl.

Of course, Trish paid his bar bill at the end of the night and Dirk pulled her into the shadows at the queens' entrance to Lady William's Club, where transgendered people and gays hung out together. Dirk gave Trish her first real kiss as a girl. He was the man and he kissed the new, thickly made-up queen hard. His tongue pressed hers out of the way as he bent her back. She jumped and wriggled with excitement when she found his hands on her padded fanny.

So, an excited, femininely aroused Trish went back with Dirk to his doss, as he called it. She had stars in her eyes. She could have kissed him all night but he soon put paid to that, spinning her over, face-down, on his couch, holding her struggling form like that while he made Patrick, his wig having fallen off, get on his knees as he rammed his thing into her.

A weeping Patrick struggled but Dirk was far too strong. It hurt and Patrick was terrified as he was held, face in a cushion, gasping for breath, his thin backside in the air. Dirk penetrated him with dispatch without any pretence of romance or affection. All pretence that he was a woman had long since gone and Patrick, or Melinda as he then called himself, didn't even feel like a gay man, so abused was he by the way the sneering Dirk took him.

Trish, used as Patrick, had cried and Dirk was shocked. "You got what you wanted, didn't you?" he growled at 'her.' "Worth more than one bar tab, wasn't it?"

Patrick, that's the way she felt then about herself, tried to get up and get out but he wouldn't let her go. He did 'her' again as she shivered in agony and thought about AIDS and all the things Bunny had been trying to warn her about. Patrick was sick to his stomach and his new pretty panties were all torn. He always remembered that.

Patrick finally left Dirk's place while Dirk was sleeping and staggered back to Bunny's pad. She, naturally, had a client and had no time for a stupid, little cherry like 'her.' But she did let Patrick clean up his makeup in her kitchen and he put on the pants he had left there in the pack he carried to her place. At four in the morning, after walking half the night in high heels, Patrick got back to his own place and swore off dressing as a girl ever again.

III. MOTHERLY ADVICE

Trish looked at Debbie's anxious face now and was glad that her stepdaughter wasn't as naïve at nineteen as she had been.

That's what Trish told her and Debbie frowned. "I don't know," she said. "It's all right to plan ahead," she said, sort of squinching into her cardigan, wrapping her arms about herself as girls do, a gesture Trish had taken great pains to copy. "But, you know, for the first time." Her voice trailed off.

"You would have liked it to have been a little more spontaneous," Trish said. She recalled reading somewhere that someone had once said the perfect initiation into sex for a girl should be in the back seat of a Chevy with a boy the sixteen-year-old girl was in love with. And it should just happen after a heavy round of foreplay, the natural culmination of heavy petting and kissing.

Debbie nodded at the comment about being spontaneous. Neither of them had eaten much nor drunk anything really but she was restless and wanted to leave, disturbed in part by all the men coming by, interrupting their little talk. Trish didn't like that, either. So, they went shopping, ostensibly to find Debra the perfect sweater for the mountains, although the little hills outside town didn't deserve such a name.

"Are you seeing Lance at all before this weekend?"

Debbie nodded gloomily. "We both have exams on Thursday," she said with a shake of her head. She was prepping herself for a place in her father's business and Chemistry wasn't going as well as she would like.