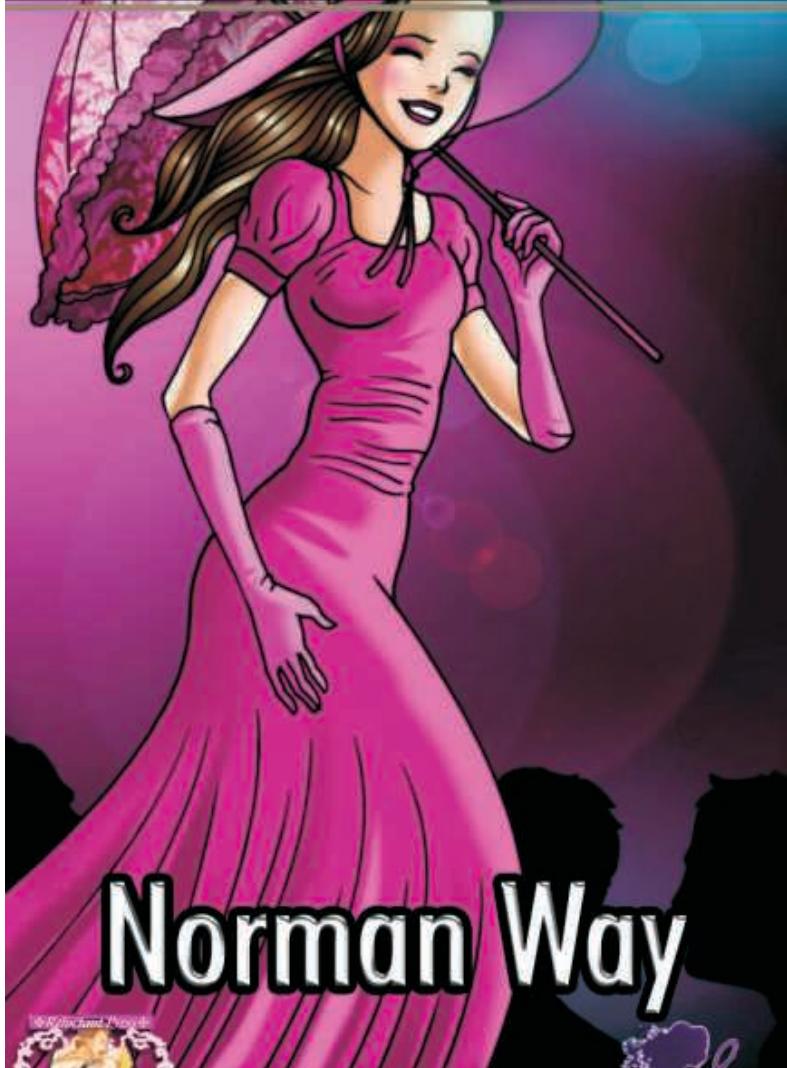


Transformed For Life



Norman Way



A "New Woman" Novel

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TRANSFORMED FOR LIFE

By Norman Way

My parents owned a country bar. It was a small place at the junction of two county highways about a dozen miles from the north-south state highway. They catered to a mostly beer-brandy crowd. Their inventory was kept to a bare minimum. The menu was pretty sparse too consisting of snacks, microwaveable pizza and sandwiches.

They were never going to get rich here but it provided them with a decent living. We lived above the bar in a two bedroom, two-bath apartment. It was a bit cramped but it was a roof over our heads. With the ups and downs of the economy it was more than some had.

I started working when I was five years old. After the school bus dropped me off I took my books upstairs and then went down to the bar to do some stock work. Weekends and summers I helped my mom clean the place up in the morning before we opened at 11 am. Dad worked the afternoon shift until closing time at 2 am. We also had two full time bartenders who worked alternating shifts. All in all it was a good life.

Despite balanced meals I found the bar food more enjoyable and by the time I finished grade school I had more pounds than I needed. At school I was known behind my back as “fat boy” or just “the fat kid”. I had many friends so I guess it didn’t really bother me.

I had no special plans for my life but one thing I knew for sure was that I was NEVER going to own a bar. Years of cleaning up other peoples crap and unplugging toilets that some people were too dumb to flush was enough.

When the north-south state highway was re-constructed we were another twenty miles off the beaten path and despite our sign at the county road exit business dropped considerably. Soon it became apparent that things were not going to get much better coupled with the down turn of the economy in 2008 it seemed pointless to continue.

My father seemed to be drinking more and selling less. Mom never said anything to him of course. She had always been a woman with a sunny disposition and an optimistic outlook. It hurt me to see what his drinking was doing to her.

One night dad’s car went off the road and flipped upside down in a creek several miles from the tav-

ern. It was classified as an accident but I often wondered if he hadn't killed himself for us. The insurance took care of all the funeral expenses and then some. I was left with ten thousand dollars which was put in trust until I turned 18.

Mom didn't want to continue with the bar so it was put up for sale. We sold off most of the inventory and then closed the place up. Mom found a job as a cashier in a box store about thirty miles away. I continued with my schooling.

My freshman year I began to be called "Blimp". I resented this as I never thought my weight was an issue when it came to making friends. I wasn't able to do as much in gym class as the other kids and more often than not I finished last in just about everything. I never said anything to my mother as she had enough to worry about. I knew we had enough money for awhile but unless the tavern was sold it wasn't going to last forever.

I began to enjoy solitude more. In good weather I began jogging up and down the county highways. It was easy to loose yourself in your thoughts. Occasionally I would run a few sprints just to break up my routine. Dad had an old set of weights in the basement so I started working out with them on a limited basis.

In March of my freshman year the realtor called and said he had a prospective buyer. We kept our fingers crossed as the realtor showed the place. The buyer made a low ball offer and at the suggestion of the realtor we made a counter offer which was accepted.

The next thirty days was spent getting rid of "stuff" and boxing up what we were going to take

with us. On her day off mom had found a small two bedroom duplex only ten miles from the box store. We spent our evening hours moving things a couple of boxes at a time.

Finally we had everything in place. We locked the tavern up and turned the keys over to the realtor. After the close mom deposited the check, paid off the loan we had on the bar and we went out for a steak dinner with all the trimmings. I never had a bad meal in my life but this one ranked as one of the best. I could see the relief on my mom's face.

I continued my exercise routine only now I was running around the neighborhood. At school I made notes about a better diet from my health class. I was no longer munching on bar food and unhealthy snacks. The pounds began to drop off.

It was the day before Easter when the store called me on my cell phone. They had found mom lying on the rest room floor. Someone started CPR but she couldn't be revived.

The next month was a blur of school, lawyers, and probating the estate. I was so relieved when it was all over. I took out my frustrations on the weights. I began running longer and longer distances. More weight fell off as I continued my healthy diet too.

Because I was a minor the court appointed me a guardian. I would check in once a week with him but for the most part I was now left pretty much on my own. I had no real worries since between my inheritance from my mom and the trust from my dad's death that I would get at age 18 money would not be a problem for a while yet.

I sold or gave away the last of mom's stuff. Her six-year-old Camry would be good enough to get me around. To be honest except for school and grocery shopping I had no real place to go and no reason to go there.

My guardian had advised me to look for a part time job. It would be good for me to keep busy with something other than school and working out. The economy was still pretty much in the tank so the few jobs I did apply for had many applicants. Like in gym class I was not "chosen" for any of them.

After finishing my sophomore year I applied for and got an interview with AJACK inventory services LLC. Angie and Jack Fillmore, a husband and wife team had formed the company. Their clients were mostly small independent businesses that contracted with them to conduct inventory twice a year.

I started training right away and upon finishing I was put right to work. My first assignment was at a hardware store whose owner had retired and he was giving up the franchise. It took us a week to count and box up everything for shipment to the regional warehouse. The next job was an independent drug store. The owner had died and his wife had us count everything, box it up, then label the boxes for shipment to another independent store that had bought the stock.

It was easy work and though it was only a minimum wage job I was happy to be keeping busy. Time went by quickly and the couple was pleased with both the accuracy and the promptness with which I completed my assignments. The only glitch in the work was that some of the products had bar codes that didn't register and they had to be entered

manually but other than that things moved along smoothly.

The summer passed and I started my junior year. I had continued eating right and working out on a regular basis. I was short, about 5'6" so I stayed away from heavy weights since I saw no need to attempt to bulk up. I had lost quite a bit of weight and in addition enjoyed the solitude of running during my free hours. All in all I had managed to transform myself into a much different person than the one who was once known as "fat boy" or "blimp."

A week before the start of the holiday break I got a call from Angie Fillmore about a job that would take up much of the two weeks or so that I would be out of school. The job involved inventorying a department store before the Christmas sale and then again following the New Years after holiday sale.

The difference was that I would be working nights from about 9pm to around 6am. I agreed to it right away. The hours didn't matter to me as I was glad to get the work even though money was not an issue for me at the time. I would begin this job immediately following semester exams.

The name of the store was Glenda's. It was adjacent to a suburban mall just west of the twin cities. Glenda's catered to women with lots of money. Mom had spoken wistfully about it once. Most of their clientele were professional women or women who were married to professional men.

Their stock selection was limited because most of their business came from custom work. The stores' primary focus was on lingerie and formal apparel. In addition the shoe, millinery and business apparel departments were smaller than most stores. Cosme-

tics were sold in the rear of the store next to the beauty and wig salon. This store had been in existence for almost a hundred years and had earned a stellar reputation for the quality of their product line as well as for excellent customer service.

I reported for work at 8:30 pm the night after my last day of school. We had been told to park at the rear entrance and to use the back employee door for entry. Angie was talking with a stern looking woman in a black pantsuit when I walked in. They both turned to look at me as I approached.

“Frank I want you to meet Wilma Madigan. She is the manger of Glenda’s. Wilma this is Frank Donaldson one of my employees.”

I smiled and extended my hand to her. She gripped it firmly but didn’t smile.

“Pleased to meet you Frank,” she said in an authoritative voice.

She appeared to be looking me over as if she were sizing me up for something other than taking her store’s inventory.

“Please wait in the employee cafeteria until the others arrive. The soft drink machine is open so help your self.”

I nodded and made my way to the cafeteria. I got the feeling that there might be something else afoot here but couldn’t quite put my finger on it.

The cafeteria was empty. I got a can of pop from the open machine and took a seat at one of the tables. There were a number of fashion magazines on the table. I picked one and began paging thru it. The women in these magazines were far and away beyond beautiful they were absolutely awesome.

It wasn't long before the rest of the crew arrived. There would be two other women and myself. At Ms. Madigan's request Angie would stay and supervise the work. I wasn't sure what was behind her request since once the work was laid out Angie seldom stayed around.

When the last of the employees had left we got started. Wilma turned half the store lights back on and then went upstairs to her office. Angie gave each one of us a manila folder of sheets listing the department and items to be checked along with the bar code reader. I worked with Angie while the other two girls set off for the front of the store.

Angie and I started with the beauty & wig salon. We made good headway as did the other two women. We took a couple of breaks and by six we were about half done. The other two girls had completed the millinery department and part of the shoe department. The next night Angie and I finished the beauty and wig salon while the other two girls finished the shoe department and started in the business wear section.

The last night the two girls did the lingerie department while Angie and I did the formal apparel section. They finished their work before we did and joined us to help finish the job. At six Wilma came in early to get Angie's report. Once again I saw her looking at me in a funny way.

Angie giggled momentarily. She handed Wilma the folders and bar code readers. We left the store just before seven. I was puzzled about their conversation. What had prompted Angie to giggle? Had they been talking about me? In the parking lot I caught a brief snatch of conversation between the other two women we had been working with: "...he

would look better in one of those dresses than most women.”

After breakfast I showered and went to bed. In my mind I kept seeing those extraordinary beautiful women in gorgeous gowns and high heel shoes. Their hair and makeup was perfect and each one was properly accessorized. Did those two women actually think I could look that good?

I couldn’t help but wonder what it was like to be one of them though I know that sounds strange. When I feel asleep I dreamed I was one of them parading down the runway in front of an assemblage of fashion writers, reporters and photographers. My alarm clock woke me up and the dream disappeared.

As I shaved the sparse peach fuzz from my face I momentarily saw my reflection in the mirror with blusher, lipstick, eyeliner, eye shadow, and mascara. I shook my head and finished shaving. I wasn’t sure I could look as good as the women in those magazines even with the help of a make up artist.

At the end of Glenda’s holiday sale the four of us were back inventorying everything again. The sales had been good and we were finished in two nights instead of three. Angie told us that Wilma had been pleased with our work. As she left I saw Wilma gazing at me again in a funny way. At the back door Angie took me aside.

“I’m glad you could make this job. I hope that you didn’t feel uncomfortable working in such a feminine environment,” she said with a smile.

“No problem at all Angie,” I replied.

Out in the parking lot I saw the other two girls looking back at me and then begin giggling as they

walked to their cars. What's up with them I thought to myself as I got in my car and fastened my seat belt. I guess it must be a girl thing. I started my car and drove home.

Once again that night I dreamed I was a model. I saw myself strutting down the runway in stiletto heels, wearing a fabulous gown, with one hand on my hip, twirling around and walking back again.

At breakfast the next morning I thought more about the dreams I had been having. Had something in my subconscious been unlocked? Should have I been born a girl? I knew I was a nice looking boy but I never thought that I had a pretty face, at least not one that you might call "girly".

School began again and I concentrated on my studies. There was less inventory work because of the time of the year. Things wouldn't pick up again until March which was a month before tax time. With time on my hands I continued my workouts and dropped several more pounds. I bought some new jeans and pants because of my slimmer waist. I donated the old ones to the thrift store.

The first week in February I had another meeting with my guardian. We talked a little about my job and then he asked me about the future. I told him I wasn't real sure what I wanted to do in life. I had seen so many people in debt for student loans and no job in sight even a year after graduation that I wanted to hold off getting an education for a while yet. He just nodded and rather than try to get me to commit to something let the subject drop.

I had dated very little since my mom's death. It was usually dinner and a movie type of thing. Sometimes I would meet a date for pizza after a football or

basketball game. These relationships were what you might describe as “casual.” I hadn’t found a girl to get serious with yet figuring there would be a time and someone in my future eventually.

Out of the blue I got a voice mail message from Wilma Madigan, the manager of Glenda’s. It was a Friday night and I had been out grocery shopping. I couldn’t imagine what she might want with me but she wanted me to call her back ASAP. When I called she was in a meeting so I left a message to have her call me back. When she did she sounded out of breath.

“I am sorry to bother you at home but I have a special job for you. Please come down to the store tonight just before close. Use the rear entrance and come upstairs to my office. Thank you.”

With that she hung up. I didn’t have time to ask any questions. It was a little after eight. I left the apartment and drove to the store. I arrived a few minutes before nine, parked my car, and then walked in the rear employee entrance. There was no one around so I walked to the rear stairs adjacent to the beauty and wig salon that led to her second floor office.

When I got to the top of the stairs half the store lights went out. No one was at the top of the stairs either. I continued to walk down the hall. At the end was a door with her name on it. It was partially open and I could hear her on the phone.

I knocked on the door, pushing it in slightly. She was seated behind a massive desk. Looking up at me she waved me inside and pointed at the chair in front of her desk. She hung up the phone and sat back looking straight at me.

“Thank you for coming in right away. As you know tomorrow is Valentines Day. I am having a private showing for a special client and her niece. The girl who was supposed to be here was injured in a car accident and I can’t get someone on such short notice.”

“Now please don’t take this the wrong way but you have a small build and pretty face. I would like to know if you would be willing to wear some dresses for my client. We close at nine Saturday night so I need you to be here about eight thirty to get ready. My client and her niece will arrive just about closing and you will be finished by eleven. I will pay you two hundred dollars for two hours work. Would you be willing to do this for me so I can accommodate my client?”

I was very surprised at here request since I thought it might have something to do with inventory. I found it hard to believe they couldn’t find a girl on short notice but decided to do it anyway. There was nothing wrong with getting paid two hundred dollars for an hours work even if it meant wearing a dress.

“Thank you so much. Go down to the beauty salon. Jenny is going to prep you for tomorrow night.”

I turned and left her office. The store was dark as I walked down stairs but the beauty salon’s lights were on. A middle aged woman was sitting in one of the chairs. She put down her magazine and looked up at me as I walked in. The name tag on her pink smock said “Beatrice.”

“Come with me please,” she said.

I followed her to the rear of the salon. She handed me a small pink box and pointed to the rest room.

“Go in there, take off your clothes and put this on. Come back out when you are ready.”

I took the box from her. Inside the small restroom I undressed and put my clothes on the toilet seat. I opened the box to find a G-string. The small pink satin patch barely covered my genitals. I took a deep breath and walked back out.

“Stand spread eagle in the middle of the floor,” she instructed.

I did as she asked. She began by using an electric device that removed what little body hair I had. It was a bit painful and the air smelled more like burnt hair. Next she applied hot wax and strips to my legs and arms. When she pulled the strips off my skin was very smooth. Both my arms and legs had a shiny, feminine look to them.

“Take seat,” she ordered when she was finished.

I sat in one of the chairs wondering what was next. She picked up a scissor like device in her right hand and then placed her left hand on my forehead.

“Just sit still,” she admonished.

After curling my eyelashes she picked up a pair of tweezers and began plucking my eyebrows. It stung a little but I said nothing. I guess I kept seeing that two hundred dollars in my mind. When she finished she stepped back and looked me over.

“Okay we’re done. Remember to be back here no later than eight thirty tomorrow night,”

“I will,” I answered.

I went back into the restroom, got dressed and drove home. That night in the shower I was amazed at how good my hair free skin felt as I scrubbed my body. After drying off I looked at my face in the mirror on the medicine cabinet over the bathroom sink.

I didn't look that much different except that my eyebrows were a little thinner and had a slight arch before tapering off to the end. It was hardly noticeable but I wondered if anyone should see me now if they would see the difference in the way my face looked. In addition when I went back to school on Monday would my classmates or my teachers notice anything different about me and either ask me about it or perhaps say something behind my back?

I lay awake for awhile that night wondering if I had done the right thing. I knew Glenda's was an important client for Angie and Jack. I wasn't sure if I had refused to do this whether or not it would have affected their business relationship. Finally I went to sleep.

Saturday went by ever so slowly. I did a load of laundry and picked up a few groceries. Finally I left the house at eight fifteen and drove to Glenda's. I parked in the rear of the store and went in the employee entrance.

There were a few shoppers still in the store. I walked quickly to the beauty salon. There was a rack of dresses and piles of shoe boxes stacked to one side of the door. Beatrice was ringing up a sale for a woman at the counter. After the customer left

Beatrice motioned me in the back. She handed me a large pink box.

“Place your clothes and shoes in the box on the floor. Put on the briefer and panty hose. Come out when you are ready.”

I took the pink box from her, went inside and closed the door. I undressed and placed my things in the box on the floor. Inside the pink box was a white foundation garment without straps. I stepped into it, pulled it up, but couldn’t close all the hooks in the back. Next I opened the package of pantyhose. The sheer nylon felt extraordinarily good as I brought it up to my waist and smoothed the legs.

I had never experienced this kind of feeling before and was quite surprised by how “girly” I actually felt. I wondered idly if this is how women felt when they got dressed. I walked out to where Beatrice was waiting.

She placed two weighted inserts in the briefer cups and then closed the back hooks that I couldn’t reach. It was a snug fit but it gave me a nice bust line and had reduced my waist by several inches.

“Sit down and I will do your make up,” she ordered.

I took my seat. She worked quickly applying the eye shadow, eye liner and mascara. With a black pencil she made my light eyebrows darker. A single drop of liquid red rouge was spread in circles on each cheek followed by a thick layer of cherry red creamy lipstick.

Next she matched up red press on nails to my fingernails and then placed a shoulder length black wig on top of my head. A large red velvet sissy bow was then pinned to the top of the wig. After clipping

a pair of long earrings to my ear lobes she left and came back with three pair of high heel shoes. I tried them all on and kept the pair that fit the best.

“Stand up and walk a little,” she said

I walked slowly and carefully to the front of the beauty shop and then back again. She watched me intently and then made some suggestions. I changed my gait a little and when I turned around to walk back to her she was nodding her head.

“That’s much better. You want to walk like a girl not like a boy in a dress and heels.”

From the rack she brought in two garments. The first she called a petti slip. After I slipped it over my head Beatrice adjusted the straps over my briefer cups. The red taffeta prom dress was next. It cascaded over me and my pulse increased as I felt the slippery material. Beatrice adjusted the hem over the petti slip and closed the long back zipper with a huge red bow at the base.

She stood back and looked me over. With her right hand she made a spinning motion so I turned around. She was grinning when I stopped. I guess I had passed inspection. She held up a large hand mirror to my face. It was hard to believe the reflection of the very pretty and very feminine image in the mirror was actually me.

“You are a stunner,” she said as she handed me the matching clutch purse. “Now walk back and forth a little more for me just for practice. Keep your left arm with the purse dangling at your side and place your right hand on your hip. You won’t be walking that much tonight but I want you to walk in a proper feminine manner.”

I did exactly as she had instructed me. I found walking in those bright red four inch stiletto heels to be quite easy once you have mastered the correct way to balance yourself and walk heel-toe like a lady. After a few minutes Beatrice grinned at me.

“That’s enough. Now wait here until Wilma’s guests are ready for you.”

In about fifteen minutes Wilma came up to me and looked me over. She still hadn’t smiled.

“Perfect,” she said. “My guest and her niece are waiting. Come with me.”

I followed her out to the rear of the store where there was a mannish looking woman wearing a black pantsuit and a young girl seated in chairs.

“This is Francine. She will be modeling some of our latest fashions.”

I was surprised that she had addressed me as “Francine” but then I didn’t expect her to address me as Frank either. I walked around in front of them with one hand on my hip in the prescribed feminine manner. I stopped briefly, turned around, and then walked back to where Beatrice was waiting for me.

She helped me out of the dress and into a pink chiffon number with matching pink heels and clutch purse. I returned to where the guests were seated and paraded around in front of them again. I continued until I had modeled all the dresses on the rack with their matching shoes and purses.

After I modeled the last dress for them I saw them get up and leave. Wilma escorted them out the back door while Beatrice helped me out of my dress and petti-slip. I sat down in one of the beauty shop

chairs and took off my heels. Beatrice removed my makeup, wig and press on nails.

I went into the rest room, took off my foundation garment and panty hose. As I put my male clothes back on they didn't seem to feel right. It was as if I should keep the lingerie, dress and heels on almost as if they were something I should be wearing instead of my usual male apparel.

When I came out Wilma was standing there with Beatrice. Judging by the looks on their faces I guess they were happy with my performance. Of course I was pleased that Wilma was pleased. Regardless of the circumstances I wanted to earn my two hundred dollars and felt I had.

"Thank you so much for helping us out Frank. You did a terrific job tonight. My client and her niece are very pleased. This is for you."

She handed me two small white envelopes. I took them from her.

"Your welcome, I am glad I could assist you," I said as I left.

Outside in the car I checked myself in the rear view mirror for any traces of make up before opening the two envelopes. In one I found two one hundred dollar bills. In the other there was a business card along with another one hundred dollar bill.

The card was light pink in color and edged in black. Across the front were the words "Drag-On Inn." Below that was a street address in San Francisco and below that was the name "Mickey Braden-Mgr."

There was a fax and phone number too. On the back was a handwritten note:

“If you want to make some real money call me”, followed by a phone number and an e-mail address. It made me feel a little queasy. If Wilma knew this person than it was probably legitimate. But just what the offer was I hadn’t a clue.

When I got home that night I showered and splashed on some after shave lotion to kill whatever feminine scent the cosmetics might have left. I checked my appearance in the mirror again. Except for the slight difference in my eyebrows I couldn’t detect any change. There was that somewhat erotic feeling I got when I soaped my hair free body up in the shower but I didn’t give it a second thought.

At my computer I googled “Drag-On Inn.” It was a nightclub. The singers, dancers and other performers were all men who dressed like women. Mickey was actually a woman but living and dressing as a man. They were apparently called “Drag Kings.”

That night as I lay awake I thought about my cross dressing experience. It had been a thoroughly enjoyable one despite the fact that I was still a male. It seemed a contradiction to have the body of one sex but to suddenly find erotic enjoyment in dressing and behaving like the opposite sex.

I wrestled with this mixture of feelings and emotions until I finally fell asleep. In my dreams I found myself wearing a number of fabulous gowns and high heel shoes before a nightclub audience. Their applause was thunderous but it was suddenly interrupted by the sound of my alarm clock.

I went back to school. No one said anything to me about my eyebrows or curled eyelashes. I felt relieved. If anyone had noticed they weren’t saying

anything at least not to my face. I guess you could say I had pulled it off.

In March I got busier with inventory work. It was a real hectic month with tax time just around the corner. I put in some long hours and with my school demands there was not lot of time for anything else. Never the less I guess it was better to be busy than it was to be idle.

Winter's chill left us and April's warmth was more than welcome. I began running outside again. I had shed some more pounds and bought new jeans and pants with a smaller waist line. I was proud of what I had accomplished and even my guardian mentioned it at my next meeting.

After graduation I had more time to myself. It felt good to be able to spend more time outdoors. My high school counselor was disappointed that I hadn't thought about a career path yet. I couldn't see why I should be in such a rush to sign up for a degree program that might just lead to unemployment and a lot of student loan debt.

Then there was that business card of course. I had taped it to my PC tower. I went on the website again and looked at the pictures of the men who performed there. It was easy to ask oneself why they had ever been born men to begin with as most of them were positively gorgeous. Then too there was the handwritten note "...make some real money."

That was something that seemed to stick in my mind more than anything. Looking at the pictures of those men in drag I wondered just how much I could make cross dressed. Several of them were singers and though I had never sung anything in my life I would certainly be willing to give that a try.

As I scrubbed myself in the shower that night I noticed my slight body hair had not entirely grown back. It had been several months since I had modeled the prom dresses for Wilma's client and her niece. My arms and legs still had a bit of that feminine sheen to them.

The peach fuzz I had for a beard required me to shave about every three days and now I was shaving about once every five or six days. I wondered why the re growth of body hair and my beard was so slow.

Did it have anything to do with that electric device Beatrice had first used on me?

AJACK Inventory had landed some new clients. I was kept busy for much of the rest of the summer. In addition to more work I kept my exercise routine and extended the length of my runs. I don't recall ever feeling better in my life.

By August first I had to replace my pants again. I was now down to just below one hundred forty pounds on my 5'6" frame which gave me a BMI a bit less than a healthy weight. That and my 28" waist made me feel quite proud of my transformation. I vowed to keep things that way. I would never again be known as "blimp" or "the fat kid".

Two weeks before Labor Day Weekend I got a phone call from Wilma again. She wanted to know if I would be working the pre holiday inventory she had contracted for. I told her I would be and she hung up before I could say any more.

I couldn't help but wonder if she needed me for something else. If I was going to do some modeling again it wouldn't be because the model who was supposed to be there was sick or injured in another

car accident. With a week before the inventory job and two weeks before the Labor Day Weekend it seemed that certainly would enough time to find a replacement.

In bed that night I began thinking maybe Wilma and her client or clients weren't interested in seeing a female model. Maybe for some reason they enjoyed seeing a man in a wig, makeup, high heels and a dress parading around in front of them. Was it possible I would be asked to model again just so they could get their kicks?

Once again I saw that pink business card in my mind. Those men at the Drag-On-Inn must be making good money catering to a special clientele that enjoyed watching men in drag. Was I in a sense being trained so that I would see my way clear to moving west and join the other impersonators at the club?

When I finally drifted off to sleep I dreamt that I was performing at the club. I was dressed all in pink and the audience was applauding me wildly as I sa-shayed around the stage in front of them. When I finished they tossed roses on stage. After picking up the flowers I curtseyed politely, blew them all kisses and walked off stage.

The ringing of my alarm clock brought me back to Earth. I sat up and for several minutes thought about the dream I had just had. Could I be an entertainer like those men? I asked myself. I wondered just what it would take to go out there several nights a week and please an audience.

I went into the bathroom. After urinating I washed my hands and splashed cold water on my face. I looked at my reflection in the mirror over the

bathroom sink and saw the young man I was, a young man with a fairly pretty face. Possibly pretty enough to be the kind of man who could be transformed into not only a beautiful girl but a well paid entertainer as well.

Driving to Glenda's for the inventory job on Saturday night I was still uncertain as to what Wilma had in mind. On the positive side I had made good money for a couple of hours work and there was certainly nothing wrong with that. Despite my male-ness I had to admit that it was an enjoyable experience parading around in front of Wilma's clients while dressed in the latest prom finery.

Arriving at Glenda's I went straight inside. Angie was in the break room and Wilma was not around. Shortly two other women joined us and Angie laid out the workload for this particular job. At eight forty five half the store lights went out and the customers began leaving. At nine the doors were locked and the employees went home. The lights came back on again and we began our work. By seven am we were a little more than half done. As I drove home I thought once again about what she wanted me for.

Sunday the store closed at five. We got started about five thirty and were just finishing up by ten. I saw Wilma standing on the balcony at the rear of the store. She waved me up. Angie and the other girls left the store as I walked up the stairs. My pulse accelerated as I walked down the dimly lit corridor to her office. The door was open but I knocked on the jam anyway. She looked up from her paperwork.

"Come right in Frank and sit down," she said.

I took the chair in front of her as she shuffled the papers she had been working on and put them in a manila envelope. After setting it aside she took off her half glasses, put them on top of the envelope and looked straight at me. Her face was serious as always and my heart was practically in my throat wondering what she was going to say.

“I am very appreciative of the time you took to help me out with the showing for Mickey and her niece. I am in need of your services once again. Mickey has referred two women for some custom work. They will be here on Labor Day after our five o’clock close to see the store and more importantly the custom shop.”

“You need to be here at four thirty so Beatrice can help you get ready. I will pay you five hundred dollars for about four hours work. Is that agreeable to you?”

I began thinking about the five hundred dollars more than anything else. It would be another four hours being cross dressed but for that kind of money I could probably work all day that way. Her facial expression didn’t change one bit when I answered her.

“Yes, that’s fine with me.”

“Good. Go down to the salon. Beatrice is waiting for you,”

I got up as she put on her half glasses and opened the folder in front of her.

At the salon Beatrice was behind the counter when I walked in. She reached under the counter and handed me a small pink box.

“Same as last time, you know where the john is,” she said with a grin.

I walked back to the restroom and went inside. As I undressed I began to have second thoughts about this. I wondered what she might have done if I had said no. It was a little late for second guessing so I put on the pink g-string and walked back out to where Beatrice was waiting for me.

She used the hair removal tool and hot wax again followed by some more plucking and eyelash curling. When she finished she also measured my bust, waist, hips and palm width.

“Have you lost some weight?” she asked.

“Yes,” I answered.

“You look good. Now remember to be here at four thirty next Monday. Come right to the custom shop behind the business apparel department. I will be there to assist you.”

I nodded and walked back to the restroom. I took off the g-string and placed it back in the box. I got dressed and walked back out to the counter. Beatrice was on the phone so I put the box on the counter and left the store. Driving home I no longer felt concerned. Five hundred dollars is still five hundred dollars no matter how you slice it or no matter what you would be doing for that short a time period.

The week went by quickly. No one at school said anything to me so apparently my eyebrows and eyelashes were not that noticeable. When I had checked myself in the mirror after getting home a week ago it was hard to tell what Beatrice had done unless you looked real close.

Arriving at Glenda's promptly at four fifteen I walked directly to the custom shop behind the business apparel section. There had been only one customer there and she had not given me a second look. Once inside I found Beatrice was there waiting for me. She handed me a white box.

"You can change in the small office. Leave your clothes on the chair."

I took the box from her and went into the office. I undressed and placed my clothes on the chair. Opening the box I found a long line bra, a pair of weighed inserts, a long open bottom girdle and a pair of sheer stockings. I stepped into the girdle and pulled it up to my waist. I rolled each stocking down, slipped it over my foot and brought it up to the garter. After attaching it I used both hands to smooth out the stocking. I put on the long line bra, inserted the forms in the cups, and closed the ten front hooks.

Standing there in foundation garments and sheer hose I couldn't get over how good I felt. The fabric of the sheer nylons against my hair free legs was especially exciting. I walked out to where Beatrice was waiting for me. She adjusted the bra straps and stepped back.

"Sit here please," she said as she pointed at an office chair.

I sat down. Once again she darkened my light eyebrows with a black eyebrow pencil. Then she applied lipstick, blusher, eye shadow, eye liner and mascara. After attaching a pair of pearl earrings to my ear lobes and a single strand pearl necklace around my neck she stepped back and looked at me.

Satisfied she opened a package of pink press on nails and carefully matched them up with my finger-nails. When she was finished she placed a shoulder length blonde wig on my head and then set a pair of four inch stiletto heel black leather pumps at my feet. I slipped them on and stood up. They were a perfect fit.

