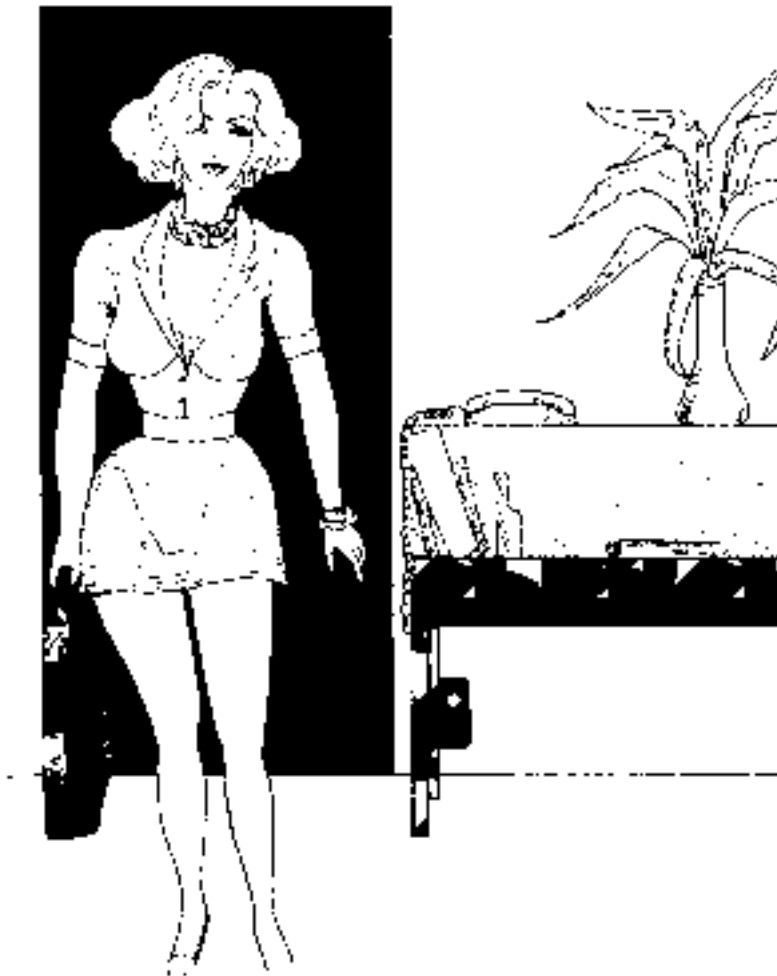


CHARADE

By Elizabeth Anne Nelson



ILLUSTRATED BY BRIAN DUKEHART

A 'NEW WOMAN' NOVEL

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Reluctant Press TG Publishers

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CHARADE

By Elizabeth Anne Nelson

CHAPTER ONE: Transformed

The Spring Term ended with the final exam for my last class on Friday. The rush from this last class of Friday ending at four o'clock through my transformation into Donna had to take less than three hours, or poor Roger would have to frantically await his date while worrying about making it to the night baseball game on time. Girls, who put that kind of pressure upon their boy friends may soon be looking for new ones.

No, don't get me wrong. Roger and I are not lovers, just dear friends from our high school days, when I revealed my *hobby*, and he revealed his natural shyness, combined with family pressures requiring that he find a, "nice girl". So, for mutual security, Roger and I have *gone steady* over the years.

I was out of my *boy* clothes in a flash, dumping the underwear and socks into the laundry hamper; while, the jeans and top went on to a hanger and into a large clothes bag, with the rest of my boy clothes protected from the all too feminine scents of my bedroom and any possibility that boy self might go to class smelling of *Intimate*, or *Jean Nate*.

Slipping into my fluffy pink chenille bath robe, I grabbed my large plastic sewing kit box, converted into a vanity case, and raced down the boarding house hallway to find the bath room empty.

So far so good.

Moments later my ponytail styled, blond hair was shampooed, set with styling lotion, and under-rolled into a basic cap pattern with a hair net holding it together for my portable hair dryer, once my bath was complete.

As the warm water filled the tub, first came the bath oil and then the bubble bath creating a fragrant bubbling foam over the flowing water while I arranged my bath tray and reloaded my razor. Soon, I was in the tub using the bath oil as a shaving lotion while I shaved my face and body to a feminine smoothness followed by a completed my basic sponge scrub down. Then a quick rinse off with a shower...

After the quick shower, I dried myself off and I applied bath splash, under-arm deodorant, cologne to the pulse points, and then the feminine hygiene spray to confuse the subtle pheromones. Once dainty, I donned my robe and grabbed my vanity box to make the dash past Susan on her way to the bathroom.

“Heavy date, darling?” she called with a delighted giggle before she slipped into the bathroom.

“You too?” I responded as the bathroom door closed and I went back into my own colonial styled bedroom to complete my transformation...

During my freshman year at State, I had found this furnished colonial style bedroom complete with canopy covered full bed. Shortly thereafter my landlady, Mrs. Lunt, while changing filters on the heating/cooling unit, had discovered my “awful secret”, because I had carelessly left some of Donna's things about the room. What might have been a total life changing disaster turned into a sort of “mother-daughter” relationship combined with an exchange of handyman/housekeeping duties for room and board in the great 26 bed steamboat Gothic that sat on the edge of the commercial area by the campus overlooking the river. With Mrs. Lunt's protection, the other students and non-students who rented from her simply accepted my life-style and either shared their friendship, or had something else to do.

Popping the portable dryer over my curler covered head, I treated myself to a quick bath splash and body lotion delighting in the fragrance of Jean Nate and my now silky smooth skin.

Within a few minutes my eyebrows were just delicately arched from underneath; for I had long ago discovered that models such as Brooks Shields had fairly thick eye brows, and thin brows were not safe for boy self. One of the problems of being a cross dresser is the tendency to go too far, just for the thrill of being *authentic*.

Still blessed with a fairly light blond beard, that was almost gone from electrolysis, it was easy to work a hint of sun blush into my upper lip line to conceal less than most women had to. Having decided to wear a simple V neck shirt waist styled dress I used a slight rose tinted light cover concealer to blend with my natural skin while bringing it down a shade lighter. I quickly powdered this to set it before I brushed off the excess powder and set about to don my lingerie.

Since I was not going to be wearing jeans, or such a form fitting outfit, I decided to forego any tape gaff, and settled for a simple beige phantom panty brief with hip and seat padding and my unmentionables neatly tucked between my legs held to a smooth feminine groin by the satin spandex.

Sitting upon the edge of my pink satin bedspread covered colonial bed I rolled on a pair of sheer panty hose, making certain of its smooth silky tautness before I stood up and stretched it up to my panty brief waistline.

Now, I knew that the *bumps* of the phantom panty had to be *smoothed* into a more feminine hip line and seat while the waistline was taken in just a bit for the proper body shape once the silicone breast pads were in place. I had found a lovely all-in-one silky smooth beige body briefer with a built in waist cincher which was just the ticket.

Its uplift wired bra cup, once padded with little jiggling *breasts*, provided a neat cleavage; while its waist cincher pulled my waist in by at least three inches as it also held the panty hose from rolling down; and, its brief styled panty was designed to

slightly lift the derriere as its inner stretch panel flattened the front to complete the illusion of femaleness.

My sparkling white nylon slip with its lacy bust line and hems made it almost look as if I were completely nude, with the outline of two little nipples from the bust forms showing under its satiny white finish.

Looking into my closet door mirror I smiled at my pretty curvaceous image and thought about those TV's who forget that a sweet smile is also a very important part of their feminine image.

Satisfied with this illusion I tucked a hand towel about the neckline of the under things and sat down before my pink satin skirted vanity created from a utility table overlaid with mirror tiles, and skirted to match the drapes and bed canopy. Looking into my three fold mirror I began to apply the contouring shades of make-up while I considered what Roger had suggested for the evening.

Roger's father owned a large commercial real estate business. They bought small blocks of tickets to most events in the city and at State. As a result, Roger could often dip into the unused tickets for his *dates* with me.

Tonight it was pro-baseball, which meant that I might find his father there with some customers. After the game Roger had suggested that we go out for a late supper and some dancing, maybe with his folks.

Although, I was a *nice girl*, Roger's parents had two basic problems; we did not seem to be any closer to marriage than when we met, and I was not a, "nice Jewish girl."

In their eyes, I could *convert*, but the bottom line was, "when are you two kids going to get married? We can't wait forever for grandchildren?"

When it was hinted by Roger that I might not be able to have children, they finally shrugged and suggested that, "you can adopt some."

At that point Roger began to tease me by suggesting that in desperation they might even go so far as that classic closing line by Joe E. Brown when Jack Lemon confessed in exasperation that he couldn't marry him, "because I am a man," in Some Like It Hot. To which Joe E. Brown responds, "we can't all be perfect!"

Somehow, I didn't think that Roger's parents were quite that desperate, nor was I! I had no plans to marry a man, I liked women too much...

To help solve the problem, I had arranged a few double dates for Roger to introduce him to a few girls I knew about the boarding house, or the university; but he seemed to feel "safer" with me.

Working in my eye make-up, liner, and mascara I finished my make-up with a soft powder and applied my lipstick with a brush. After wiping any excess make-up from around my neckline to be certain that there was no *mask* in front I removed my hair dryer and placed a little protective nylon scarf over my head and pulled on my yellow shirtwaist to complete buttoning up the front yellow pearl buttons and checking the fit to be certain that there was no slip hem showing and the decollete in the V was discreet.

I decided that I would go with a spring like red pearl bead necklace and earring set to brighten up the yellow silk three inch pumps and matching bag. My white cotton car coat would keep out the evening chill.

Soon my curlers were packed away with the hair net as I took two styling brushes and quickly worked the now dry blonde curls all about my head into a simple *Monroe*-like hairdo, (a basic little girl under-rolled style with a pompadour bang in front to reduce the forehead to "bimbo size," as one of my girlfriends described it). Hair spray to hold it, a dash of perfume for Roger, and I was off to Mrs. Lunt's kitchen for a cup of coffee.

"Oh my, oh my," Sarah greeted as I made my grand entrance causing Mrs. Lunt to glance up from her dinner. "God, doesn't she look like a movie star?"

"I think Roger's grandmother said I was more like a *blonde bimbo*," I laughed remembering Roger's translation, yet knowing that his grandmother had provided us with most of the Daughters of Job prom benefit tickets in hopes for great-grandchildren, which made me feel almost guilty. But, I hoped that at least there he might find.....

"Come kiss me, darling," Mrs. Lunt urged setting aside the evening paper to add in protest, "Don't muss your lipstick up, leave that to Roger."

"Oh, Mrs. Lunt, it's not like that at all," Sarah protested knowingly, since she had shared a few dates with boy self. "They are just friends."

"Of course, dearest," Mrs. Lunt agreed with a little wink towards me to indicate that she *understood*. "Oh, John over at Campus Books called and said that the summer school job is already filled. And, Laura said she might find a job for Donna as a nurse's aide at University Hospital. Something about you taking Gloria's place."

"They like undergraduate Sophomores who plan to register for nursing school. Gloria has registered, but plans to take a job in her home town during the summer, like Sarah," I explained seeing the look of disapproval in Mrs. Lunt's matronly eyes. "Look, so far Don is unemployed, and Donna has managed to only find a part time job at Campus Fashions as an inventory clerk until the fall line is in."

"You could work as a waitress at Hellenic World," Sarah said with an amused grin.

"No, Zorba the geek fired me for knocking him out when he tried to get too cozy. And, now, I hear that Mama wants me back. But, she has too many nephews she wants me to meet." After spending half of my life in skirts, often doing odd jobs to pay my own way, I drew the line at being a micro mini skirted waitress.

"Mama told me last week that she understood that it wasn't your fault. And she really wants you back," Sarah prodded with a teasing giggle causing me to look at her as if she was insane. Yet, summer *did* look bleak...

Just then the front door bell rang and I glanced at Sarah, who gave me a, "too early for my date," look. Draping my coat over the kitchen chair, I set my purse on the seat and went through the empty family dining room (boarding house meals were from Monday breakfast to Friday lunch) and front hall to the door to open it.

“You're in, how perfectly divine!” my cousin exclaimed in self satisfaction to give me a `sisterly hug and peck-of-a-kiss', before she brushed by me and headed for the kitchen as if she visited me regularly, “and just as gorgeous as ever, dearest!”

“I'm about to go out on a date,” I managed in weak protest as I followed in her wake knowing that there was little I could do.

“My God, there are two of them,” Sarah exclaimed in surprise, having never seen Angela, as Mrs. Lunt glanced up with a simple hello in greeting, showing in its slightly frosted edge that she really didn't like my rather snobbish cousin, or her pushy ways towards me.

“Sarah, this is my cousin, Angela...”

“I really don't have a great deal of time,” Angela interrupted placing her coat on a chair after she brushed the seat with her hand and *dusted off* her hands before she sat down awaiting someone to fetch her a cup of coffee, which I provided my *twin*. “Donna, you simply must do me a very big favor. I'll pay you, of course.”

My life, since Angela had *created* her twin, when we were five, had always gone awry when she needed, “*a very big favor.*”

At two years old I landed on my aunt and uncle's doorstep as their poor little orphaned nephew. All things considered, Angela and I were more like brother and sister from then on, than first cousins. For some reason, perhaps because I was their poor little orphaned nephew (and from time to time reminded of this fact), I pretty much accepted Angela's rather bossy *big sister to baby brother* ways despite the fact that we were both really a few months apart in age.

This relationship led to her decision that we should go to a Halloween Party, as a Cinderella *before* and *after* duo, with her as the princess, of course.

As a little boy, I protested this arrangement, but in my heart of hearts it was a dream come true. And, although I would have preferred to be the Princess Cinderella, I settled for second best as Cinderella, the scullery maid.

From then on Angela found all sorts of things for her *capable stooge* to do in her place: from taking hard school tests to substituting on blind dates that she might have arranged just to embarrass me and amuse herself.

Still, as the other girls in our group began to tumble upon our little sisterly charade. They delighted in including Donna into the fun and games of their own lives. I soon found myself included in their pajamas parties and other activities: talking about boys; comparing emotions over music and and romance stories; sharing secrets; learning about clothes and make-up; and those endless hours of practicing how to smile, gesture, and react like little actresses to almost any social situation while giggling in delight over how silly we were. Much of my time in this girlish world was spent under their delighted guidance in learning how to behave just like my sister, Angela.

In fact, by the time I graduated from high school with her, I had her act down fairly pat...

“Now, Angela, Donna has a date for tonight,” Mrs. Lunt began in my defense.

“Oh, I wouldn't dream of interfering with Donna's sex life,” Angela taunted with amused delight, “If anything, I want to expand it, so to speak. Goodness knows, I know that she must be bored stiff with being Don most of the time, as a poor starving student.”

Now, there she was partially correct. My uncle's checks from my late parents' estate barely covered my tuition at State. And, by working for Mrs. Lunt and at various other odd jobs I just got by.

I suppose if I were just supporting Don, I would have quite enough. But, Donna always needed things. In fact, I suspected that the feminists might be right; for with the time spent in putting Donna together and the cost of her *absolute necessities*, compared to my meager income, I could well see why some girls preferred being married to being a borderline wage slave forced to spend almost everything on self adornment in order to be attractive in a male dominated society.

I knew of no man that would spend literally hours in putting himself together to be pretty enough to be called for a date, when he could use the time on the job, or for studies.

In fact, I doubt that any man could understand the quiet desperation of trying to be beautiful on the brink of financial disaster, while waiting for that certain call that might end in a date and eventually marriage to a man who could afford a beautiful woman....

I knew that it seemed to amuse Roger, when he taunted me about going *Dutch* as a *liberated woman*, and I complained about all it cost just to be pretty enough to go out with him! God, how that smug, “better thee, than me,” attitude burns me, but without his money I could never have the delight of being Donna in public and go to concerts, dances, or even baseball games.

“Okay, what is the very big favor?” I asked glancing at the kitchen clock and seeing that I had a half hour left to get rid of Angela; because I had no desire for her to meet Roger...

From past experience, I knew that could only add complications to my life.

“Well, I have this divine trip planned for Mexico, with Gracie and two *hunks*, as a foursome traveling in Eric's car to see and do everything. But, mother and father have this real downer in mind for me. They want me to go here at State, to catch up on my bad grades last year, instead. And, so I have this really rad idea.”

“Is she for real?” Sarah asked looking from Angela to me without need for further explanation of the “rad idea”. It was clear to Sarah that as cousins we were almost look-alikes, except that Angela's hair was platinum blonde, and to go with *that image* she exposed a great deal more of her charms. Sarah's eyes made no secret of the fact that she did not approve of Angela's bimbo look.

“This is between me and Donna,” Angela countered with an edge to her voice before she refocused upon me. “You know what father thinks about you running around in skirts?”

“That's blackmail,” Mrs. Lunt protested only to see from Angela's amused tolerance that she really wasn't being all that helpful if Angela lowered the boom on me through her dad.

“It's just the truth,” Angela observed with a shrug. “But, I don't want to keep Donna out of skirts, like father might. I want Donna to live her wildest dream. She can become a full time co-ed all summer long. All expenses paid, including my basic mad money allowance. Plus, an advance on a bonus of a thousand dollars a month. Let's say for June, July, August, and September a neat two thousand dollars on account.”

“My God!” Sarah exclaimed in disbelief. “Just to attend two summer sessions for you?”

“Well daddy has put me into Norton Hall?” she half complained with a little baby doll whine in her voice, causing me to see the light. When her parents became “daddy and mommy”, she was in deep doo-doo with them, and was being forced to tow the line, or else.

Norton Hall, was sort of a football dorm for women, where they were treated to remedial counseling to make up bad grades. If they didn't make up on their grades over the summer, they were out of college!

“And mommy wants me pledged for Omega Alpha Iota, her old sorority, and they will be looking me over this summer for Sophomore Rush this Fall? So you do understand what this all means to me, dearest Donna?”

“If it's so important, why don't you do it?” I asked, half guessing the truth.

“I have fifteen credits of F in my frosh year, darling. I need a C+ average to be even considered for pledge, or staying in college for that matter. If I'm bounced from college, I'll lose everything and become a wage slave to father's old milling company. Maybe even sent to business college,” she visibly shuddered at the thought of such a plebeian fate. “And, I know that Don gets almost straight A's. It's that simple.”

“And if you are caught?” Mrs. Lunt asked matter-of-factly.

“Well, I'll just say that it was all Donna's idea,” Angela noted, with a self-satisfied little giggle, quite obviously without realizing what that could mean to me, or herself. It was simply the truth, as she saw it, or made it up.

“Norton Hall,” Sarah mused aloud as if miles away from us. “That is nothing but doubles? Who in the world do you have in mind for Donna's room mate?”

“Oh, I have a dear friend, who will be a perfect room mate!” Angela exclaimed, happy to avoid Mrs. Lunt's question.

“And everything is all set. Daddy took me everywhere to register me and paid for everything. And mommy has picked out a scrumptious summer wardrobe. I have even picked up the school supplies and course text books. All Donna has to do, is move in.”

“Said the spider to the fly,” Mrs. Lunt muttered.

Despite Angela's tearful protests that she had already made plans to leave two weeks from Sunday, I managed to postpone the decision until the morning. Frankly, I felt that I needed a little advice.

After a late supper and a little dancing at the Palms with Roger's parents and some out of town clients, I was thankful for being able to be with Roger alone. Roger and I sat in his car, with the top down, looking at the late spring sky and the river below from Lovers Heights, a little turn off into Steamboat River Road Park that was quite popular with young couples. Roger had already taken the liberty of placing his arm about my shoulders to hold me closer as he turned the car radio to a romantic music station.

Although he never really went beyond this point in our little charade; I was well aware, as my feminine head rested against his arm and chest, that he was capable of doing much more, because I sensed the throbbing bulge in his pants as he almost nervously pretended to be quite casual...

"So, you see she has offered to pay for everything," I concluded in my explanation, snuggling a little closer and deferring to his judgment as I caught the nice masculine scent of his after shave lotion.

"What do you think that I should do?"

"It seems to me to be a very good business deal," he observed thoughtfully with masculine certainty, shifting himself a bit self consciously so that his pants would not be so tight about his urges, causing me to smile mischievously over the effect I had upon him, despite my real sex. It was certainly a compliment, so to speak.

"And I must confess that it might not be too bad to have you in skirts all the time. Ready to go out on a date in that new sexy wardrobe your cousin says you will wear this summer."

"Men!" I protested with a knowing giggle, "all you think about..."

"With a girl as pretty as you around, it's too hard to think about much else," he interrupted as he half complained half sighed to my renewed little teasing laugh.

He shrugged and leaned forward to start the car and put up the top.

"No, matter what you may think about men, Donna, the offer is too damned good to turn down. It would pay for most of your needs next year, beyond your allowance, and leave a nice nest egg in the bank to pay for that operation my folks will insist upon, for you to marry me."

"You mean, I'll have to be circumcised too?" I protested innocently causing him to join in my laughter, as he backed his car on to the river road.

"It would be a good start, baby..."

I might not have thought my little joke to have been so funny if I had known that Monday morning I would be sitting, (*sans* the feminine clothes I had worn that morning) dressed only in a pink cotton medical examination smock, on an out-patient surgi-center medical couch in a cosmetic surgeon's office!

“Now, Donna, you can't be running about in a girl's dorm, like you are now. You must look, at least superficially, like a girl when you are naked. Who knows who will see you, maybe even your handsome Roger?” Angela responded to my protests, as if I were a recalcitrant child, when a nurse prepared a hypo, and Dr. Morton, nodded her head in agreement.

“Now, be a big girl and relax. After all, you have signed our contract, with the full knowledge that it might require a little surgery.”

“We can easily restore things before Fall term, if you want us to,” Dr. Morton promised for the fourth time, (moving the shopping bag full of things for me to wear after the surgery that Angela had brought to a nearby chair), with a glance towards her nurse, causing me to sigh in wonder at how much my cousin must be paying for all this.

I was about to change my mind when the nurse pushed the needle into my right hip!

I can't remember what I must have said in protest, since the words seem to slur and the room distorted into random shapes before the roaring haze closed my mind off into total darkness...

When I awoke, I was resting on a guerny in the soft restful semi-darkness of the doctor's out-patient recovery room, being watched over by his nurse.

“Would you like a little dish of ice-cream for your throat,” she offered producing a small ice-cream sundae from a near-by refrigerator. “It is best that you try not to speak for the next few hours. Your vocal cords may need a little rest. And speaking could cause considerable damage. Perhaps by supper time?”

I nodded my head realizing that I had not remembered Dr. Morton saying anything about surgery upon my vocal cords, and tried to sit up on the guerny only to discover that I had been strapped into place.

“Don't fuss, I'll undo you. After all we didn't want you to roll off and hurt yourself,” she suggested with concern for my fears as she released the restraining straps. “Now, sit up slowly. You might be quite dizzy at first...”

In addition to my throat burning, my chest aching, my tummy feeling as if someone had hit me there, my groin tingling strangely, and a pain in each hip I felt as if somebody had just given me one hell of a spanking. As I tried to sit up with the cranking up of the guerny I realized that I was completely taped from beneath my breasts to my crotch.

My breasts!

Yes, despite my dizziness I could see that I now had two lovely full B cups with round pouty tips and pretty swollen tits, that any young woman would be happy to have! No wonder my chest ached... Gently I touched these wonders with trembling fingers.

“You will have to wear a firm figure long line bra for a week. or so, so that they won't jiggle too much,” the nurse commented handing me the dish of vanilla ice cream.

“Then you can go topless, if you want.”

I shook my head to dismiss her *topless* idea as I accepted the ice cream dish.

“The other bandages can come off by Thursday, but like the long line bra, you will have to wear a firm tummy control high waisted panty girdle for another week. And, dearest, if you have the slightest urge to go to the bathroom, make haste. In fact, you might wear a woman's adult diaper pad, until you have full control in a few days. I will give you a low impact sphincter muscle exercise booklet we recommend to women, who need to restore bladder control. By the time you move into the dorm to start summer school, everything should be healed quite nicely.”

For some reason, I was more concerned over the awful thought that they would not be able to change me back and I would have to attend Fall term looking like this!

What *would* R.O.T.C. say?

She handed me various prescriptions, a post surgical exercise book for women with bladder control problems, a diet book, a pamphlet on feminine hygiene, a brochure on PMS, and a pamphlet on ear care after the insertion of pierced ear posts!

Reaching up with my free hand I discovered that my ear lobes were numb from having my ears pierced!

While I wondered about my pierced ears she handed me a small box of tampons, another box containing diaper pads, a medicated douche kit, some pills designed to relieve the discomfort of PMS, some throat lozenges, several syringes and little bottles in a box, and four plastic boxes each containing a wheel of twenty eight pills, one per day. I had seen birth control pills, but these capsules were not the same.

“The PMS tablets will help you with the pain,” the nurse explained, “They really are great for headaches, bloat, cramps, and such. All the girls in the dorm have a supply, so why not you? And we get them from the drug companies by the tons.”

Doctors were always loaded down with goodies!

“The little colored capsules in the birth control type pill boxes are a mix of female hormones and related prescriptions that are to be taken daily. Each capsule is designed to duplicate as best as we can the biological chemical inputs a woman's body receives during a given day during her normal menstruation cycle. Like you, some women have a problem producing the proper mix of hormones, such as estrogen and progesterone, and related chemicals needed to regulate the daily changes in the menstruation, proliferative, and secretory phases of their cycle. The chemical changes in your body may cause some discomfort, such as simulating PMS, but they are needed to maintain your current physical appearance. No cheating. We put them in a woman's pill dispenser so that they will look quite natural in your dorm medicine cabinet.

“We have also provided for a weekly injection of an androgen hormone. If you don't take them, you may well be quite sterile by the end of the summer. You follow the typed instructions that come with the bottles which are not labeled. We could hardly give you a bottle marked, *male hormones*, to put in your dorm refrigerator could we?” she noted with an amused smile, to suggest as she took away the empty ice cream

dish, “when you are rested, I will help you dress and call for your friends to pick you up.”

About a half hour later, I felt rested enough to try to dress and once I sat up on the edge of the guernsey I realized that I would have to endure the humiliation of her dressing me, so I rang for her.

“Ah, you are ready Donna,” she announced as she entered and I arose to make my way to a nearby stool to see that I was wrapped with tape from below my new breasts to about my crotch, leaving a little hose sticking out where something quite special to me was now missing. As I sat there she opened the shopping bag Angela had brought with us, full of things that the surgeon had suggested that I would need to wear after the surgery. The nurse handed me a pair of spandex and cotton sanitary panties and a small boat shaped women's diaper pad designed to be worn with its hollow pressed to the crotch.

Blushing in shame I carefully adjusted the pad and slipped on the panty noting that the two fitted quite snugly against the crotch and over a considerably flatter stomach.

Next came a white high waisted panty girdle. Using the garter snaps I quickly secured the beige support hose that the nurse rolled up my legs.

“For a boy, you certainly have sexy legs,” she half teased half confessed in admiration.

“Why thank you,” I acknowledged cheerfully to accept the long line bra.

“The best way is to secure it in front, then rotate the hooks to the back, and then positioning the cups in front, while partially slipping your arms into the straps. Bend forward to gently lower your breasts into the cups to fill them while standing up and raising the straps to your shoulders,” she suggested as I dutifully followed her instructions feeling the sharp pains in each breast from the slightest jiggle. “Yes, they will do quite nicely. I'm certain that your boyfriend will love them.”

“I hope not,” I sighed causing her to giggle as she produced the white nylon slip that I had worn to the office.

“You have no idea how fortunate you are, not to have to go through two years of growing your own,” she countered as I slipped on my simple low heeled black pumps. “You live in shame, fearing that they will become too big, or too little. And the few days of pain you will have, is nothing compared to what I had to go through.”

She paused, to help me with my green, short sleeved, shirt dress.

“Which does remind me. The tampons and douche were no joke. Doctor Morton has given you a very pretty looking female pudendum with your fake vagina serving as a post surgical drain. The tampons are to be changed daily, despite the discomfort or pain, for about a week to keep the passage open and fresh and absorb any blood drainage. You are to use the douche once a week to keep you neat and clean down there.”

After redoing my make-up and hair I smiled my *thank you* for her help and advice as I dropped the ‘goodies’ from my doctor into the shopping bag along with the lingerie

and stockings that I had worn to the doctor's office. Fetching my black shoulder bag I made my way to the waiting room where Mrs. Lunt waited.

“Please pick up your prescriptions, Angela. Now, no more food, or drink, until supper tonight. And, do remember to rest your vocal cords until then,” the nurse receptionist at the desk announced as Mrs. Lunt escorted me towards the door. “See you at two on Thursday, *Miss Dexter.*”

Her stress on the *Miss* caused me to blush as we left the office.

“I must say that your figure is really quite improved,” Mrs. Lunt exclaimed, pausing at the elevator to push the down button as she eyed my form speculatively.

“A little slim at the seat and hips. But, as a former sorority house mother I must observe that a good foundation is a must for a young lady. You are probably two sizes smaller.”

Now, there is a thought, I mused to myself as I bent over to fuss about in the shopping bag as we waited by the elevator. To my utter dismay I felt a little dampness between my legs from the bending over and I was indeed thankful for the little diaper pad!

I produced the prescription forms from the shopping bag and one hundred dollars in new twenties from the money in my purse, given to me that morning by Angela, and gave them to Mrs. Lunt.

I was not at all certain that I liked the idea of depositing my *fee for services* into a bank account opened in Angela's name. But, I could see that if I were to deposit her *allowance* checks as well, it was a better idea than trying to deposit them into my account...

All I knew was that I had a complete set of credit cards along with the check book from the same bank, made out in Angela's name. Along with this came her driver's permit and most of her personal identification. With Angela's birth certificate I had even collected a student ID card in her name, complete with my photo and signature.

I knew that I was getting very deep into this charade, but I did have a letter from Angela to cover the use of her name and allowance. A protection that Mrs. Lunt had wisely insisted upon, to keep me out of really deep trouble. As if pretending to be my cousin at the university were not enough potential trouble...

After collecting my prescriptions Mrs. Lunt drove me home and I rested until supper in the boarding house kitchen by helping her to peel, clean and prepare the vegetables and salad; while she, taking advantage of my inability to argue with her, reviewed for me all the awful things that could happen because of my silly charade, including being thrown out of school....

If I were caught!

CHAPTER TWO: I Become A Bimbo!

As I had mentioned, Sarah and I had been out on a few dates together. And, as a close friend, she delighted in accompanying me when I went out as Donna on shopping trips and the like. I was smart enough to know, that despite our dates, our relationship was more akin to that of close girl friends rather than boy and girl. I would have liked our relationship to have been more than just platonic, but experience had taught me that having a long term close friendship and a companion during my little adventures in skirts was more important than sex.

During my adventures in skirts in high school I had ruined two such friendships by thinking that I might marry the girl involved, and trying to add sex to my fun and games. As a result, one friendship ended with possessive demands that if we were to marry, my dressing was to go out the door. The other girl revealed that she was a lesbian, and as far as she was concerned, Don should become Donna, full time!

So, with Sarah, I kept things platonic, and she seemed not at all disturbed by Don going out on dates with other girls, so long as Donna was kept in the closet. And my dates with Roger only amused her... In fact, we shared several double dates as girl friends, Roger Fischer and me, and she with a high school chum, Bill. I suspect that she dated Bill to tease Roger and me, for as Bill and Sarah would make out in the back seat of Roger's car, Roger was the frustrated gentleman, and I was the professional virgin!

Sarah had volunteered to watch over me during the week, and accompanied me to Dr. Morton's office on Thursday.

We made our way into the Medical Arts Building to Dr. Morton's office.

"Good afternoon, *Miss Dexter*," the receptionist nurse announced in saccharine sweet tones as we entered the office waiting room, to discover Angela.

"Hi, girls," she greeted happily to give me the once over, with a hint of disappointment in her eyes. "You really do like the plain Jane look, no wonder you don't have any real boyfriends."

"Now, Angela," I protested in my new higher pitched voice causing her to giggle in surprise.

"Now, at least your voice is more like a girl's," she teased as the surgical nurse came to show me the way to the examination room. "Please undress completely, Donna, and I'll be back with Doctor Norton to help remove your bandages and a few sutures. Then you can take a little douche and insert your tampon and be on your way home."

I was down to my sanitary panties and diaper pad when Sarah and Angela entered the examining room!

"The nurse at the reception desk suggested that we might help," Angela exclaimed in delight only to look at my new breasts. "Oh, her breasts are way too small," Angela protested with a little pout of disappointment, as her hands explored these new found charms, ignoring my blushing protests.

"Oh, my God!" I continued to protest in a very unfeminine voice as Dr. Morton entered with her surgical nurse.

“They will grow to C cups like yours within a week,” Dr. Morton announced casually causing me to blush from the look of self satisfaction on Angela's face. “Just like her hips and derriere will plump out. Don't worry...”

“Look can't we be alone?” I continued to protest, trying not to worry, despite the horrors of what she suggested were to happen to me, as the surgical nurse began to remove the tape by soaking it with a solution before stripping it off.

“Why?” Angela complained, “I have practically changed your diapers, *Miss Donna Dexter!* And if anyone deserves to see your unveiling, it's me!”

“Now, now, girls, you can help Donna. After all we are all women,” Dr. Morton noted with a wink towards Angela, as the *women* set about to quickly remove the bandages to strip me to the buff!

“My, my, we are missing something,” Sarah exclaimed as I sat there stark naked on the medical examination table.

“It appears so,” Angela noted with amused interest as the surgical nurse had me rest on my back and adjusted stirrups for my feet so that Dr. Morton could examine my all too female pudendum!

“Perfect,” Dr. Morton sighed taking a surgical scissors to snip three sutures securing the labia majora before patting the perfectly natural looking area with its feminine hair pattern.

Sensing the horror in my eyes at the sight of such total femaleness where I had once been all male she said, “I have been experimenting with a sort of pre-surgical plastic surgery for transsexuals during their pre-surgical period of one to two years of living full time as women. The idea is to create the total illusion of the female pudendum for that period prior to the actual sexual reassignment surgery, so that the transsexual can actually look *born female* while the male organs are dormant. If at the end of the living experience the patient no longer desires to be female, we can easily restore the natural male functions. Otherwise, we complete the process.

“Everything is quite intact. There is a cavity like pocket under your loins, and there is a perfectly normal little cavity area from which your testicles descended prior to birth. To start I quite simply push the testicles back up into that cavity and secured them. The loose scrotum is left intact.

“A little silicone cap-like catheter and sheath is used to encase the upright penis before an incision is made at the top of the penis base and it is slipped up into the body cavity along with an artificial skin like tube that will serve as a vagina.

“Then using the loose folds of the scrotum and the groin skin we create the complete female pudendum. Within the the junction of the Labia majora we form a little clitoris. With micro surgery we can tap into the nerve center that serves the penis; remove a little mucous membrane from the anal passage and wrap it into nerve tissue in a little bud that swells when stimulated and signals for increased blood supply and such; as, occurs when a woman enters her sexual arousal. Labia minora enfolds the urethra orifice and the vaginal opening, and swells in response to the aroused clitoris.”