

Going Bust



Tanya Colli

A "Her-TV" Novel



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Going Bust

By Tanya Colli

“Well, if you want me to agree to have this baby, you’ll have to agree to nurse it!” Pat’s ultimatum was pretty clear. Unless I went along with her wishes, she’d abort the pregnancy. She had only recently learned that she was carrying a child.

“Do you mean that I’ll be the one that has to get up for all of the baby’s feedings?” I asked. “Do you mean that I’ll be the one that has to warm its bottle and I’ll be the one that has to feed it?”

“No. That’s *not* what I mean,” Pat shot back. “You know I’m against bottle feeding babies. I always have been. Breast feeding is the only way to feed a baby!” Pat was emphatic. Then, she added in a syrup-covered nasty voice, “And, since the breast cancer resulted in my having two mastectomies, which makes it impossible for ME to breastfeed a child...” Then she hardened her voice. “If you want this baby to be born,

you're going to have to grow a set of breasts so it can be fed!"

I was aghast! Pat was threatening that unless I grew mammary glands—and not just any glands but functioning mammary glands—she would not give birth to our baby.

"Besides," she cajoled, "You've always secretly liked to 'dress up' in lingerie. Now you will have a legitimate reason to do so."

I was caught in a delicious dilemma. For some time I had secretly been dressing in women's clothes. I had a small valise hidden in the attic. It contained some panties, a couple of bras, a pair of "falsies," a garter belt, several pairs of hose, and a pair of very high-heeled pumps. Sometimes when I was cleaning up the house or doing other household chores and Pat was off doing her job as a Congresswoman, *OOPS*, I mean Congress*person*, I would put on my girl clothes under a pair of pants and a shirt. I loved the secret feminine feelings generated by the silky feel of woman's things against my skin. I hadn't thought that anyone knew about "my little secret." Now, obviously, Pat knew. And, if she knew, then who else knew?

In one respect, this was the answer to a transvestite's dream. My wife's ultimatum meant that she would have no choice but for me to dress as a woman all of the time, if I grew a set of breasts. I could, would have to, live full-time in feminine things.

On the other hand, though, with a pair of breasts, I could hardly dress as a man at all. I'd be locked into

having to pass as a female full-time. I wasn't sure I wanted to commit myself.

One thing was for sure, Pat's ultimatum made it clear that if I didn't agree, I would never be a parent. And I wanted for us to have at least one child very, very, much.

Also, her knowledge of my "secret dressing" habits was a problem to me. I now was at a disadvantage. She could well use it against me in a myriad of ways. In other words, there was an implied threat that if I didn't go along with her wishes, she could let my secret become public knowledge. She had sprung a subtle trap to coerce me into going along with this.

There was only one way to salvage anything out of this situation. "If I agree to grow breasts, what will it do to our relationship?"

Well, dear," she cooed. "I'll supply you with a complete new wardrobe, including all the lingerie you'll want. And, I'll let you dress in your new things ALL the time! Which means we'll get to do more things together. Now, won't you enjoy that?"

She had me "pinned down" and she knew it. I reluctantly agreed.

The next morning we rode together in the limousine from Denver down to Pueblo. (It actually was her limousine; her daddy had been quite rich.) We went to see a doctor there who was the uncle of her close friend and financial backer, Gretchen Timmerbum. We went to see Dr. Model Timmerbum.

On the way down, Pat was very sweet and nice to me. She brought out champagne and sweets for us to

eat as we traveled. She kept saying how glad I was going to be of the decision. And she promised me that I would just love my new wardrobe. The champagne and sweets somehow seemed to combine to make me rather lethargic and just the slightest bit drowsy.

When we arrived at the Timmerbum Clinic in Pueblo, we were met by Gretchen Timmerbum. Gretchen was a tall voluptuous-figured woman with dark brown-colored hair. She greeted Pat effusively with a sisterly hug and kiss. She seemed genuinely glad to meet me, too.

I was feeling quite relaxed and just a little bit tipsy. Gretchen and Pat laughed and helped me navigate the steps into the building; Pat on one side of me and Gretchen on the other.

The clinic was large enough to be a small hospital. And it was attached to a hospital. Once inside the building, we went straight to the doctor's examining rooms. Dr. Timmerbum was waiting for us there. He was a gray haired little man with "granny" glasses and a white lab coat. He had a mild and wise look about him.

He had me undress for a complete physical that started with sperm, blood, and urine samples. Then, he commenced a careful, complete physical examination. He discovered that I was rather chubby, average height, and not very muscular. He also noted that I had my rather longish hair tied back into a ponytail.

By the time he had completed the examination, the results of the lab work had been returned to him. He studied the results, then used the telephone inter-

com to give orders to a nurse. In a few moments, a nurse entered with a small tray that was covered with a cloth. The doctor had me roll over on my stomach. Then he gave me two injections; one in each hip.

After administering the hypodermics, the doctor told me I could get up and put on my clothes. I was still a little sore from the shots as I eased myself back into my suit and tie. I was almost finished dressing when Gretchen walked in. She was bubbling over with excitement.

“Uncle Model, I mean Dr. Timmerbum, is sure that everything will work out just fine,” Gretchen shared with Pat quickly. Then she held out a bag with several things in it. There was a prescription vial with little pink pills in it, several boxes of hypodermic syringes, and a small bottle with a rubber top that contained a medicine to be used in the syringes for shots. She explained, “You’re supposed to take one pill and one shot each and every morning. You can do that, can’t you?”

I nodded that I could. The label on the vial of pills said it contained Estinyl (an estrogen analog), and the label on the serum bottle said it was Prolactin.

“You need to keep the Prolactin—that’s the clear liquid in the little bottle—refrigerated, or it’ll go bad. O.K.?” she instructed.

I nodded again.

“Oh, and you’re due back here at the same time in exactly thirty days, which is when your supply of medication runs out. So we’ll see you back here in a month,” she finished. “Any questions?”

I nodded no.

Gretchen escorted us back out to the limousine. She again held onto my left arm as Pat clung to my right arm. When Pat and I were back in the limo, Gretchen told me not to worry about a thing. Then, with cheery good-byes, we departed.

On the way back, Pat brought out more champagne and an array of food delicacies. We snacked and drank our way back to Denver. When we got back to our home, I was rather inebriated. Pat had to steady me up the steps and into the house. I don't remember going to bed.

The next morning, I awoke late. I had slept late enough that I didn't have any trace of a hangover. Actually, I felt fairly good and extremely mellow. It took a few minutes for it to register in my mind that I felt like I was wearing something soft and silken. When I looked down to see what it was that I was actually wearing, I was startled. Pat had put me to bed wearing a pretty little pink, baby doll nightie. Then I noticed that laying across the end of the bed was a pink quilted robe with a pink satin lining. And, on the floor were a pair of high-heeled mules for house shoes.

I glanced over to the big full-length mirror to see what I looked like. I was in for another surprise; Pat had braided my hair into two little girl braids along each side of my head. Then I noticed my hands. My nails weren't any longer than before but Pat had painted them a strong dark pink. I rather looked just a little bit feminine!

In fact, I felt so mellow and nice about waking wearing a woman's nightie and having the nice robe

and high heeled slippers that I decided to make myself look even better. I started with a shave, then I spread a lotion hair remover all over my torso and legs. I even covered my genital area. After showering off all of my body hair, I treated myself to a long soak in a bath with softening oil. When I finally emerged from the tub, it was lunch time.

I toweled off and padded back into the bedroom to see what I could find to wear. When I went to the dresser, there was a note from Pat taped to the mirror. Her note said that she was so pleased with me for agreeing to her request (it really was a nonnegotiable demand) that she'd decided to reward me. Her reward was a complete new wardrobe of women's underthings: hosiery, shoes, and nighties for me to wear all of the time. And she promised that there would be more clothing to come if I was good. Finally, the note said that my old male stuff had been packed away, so I should dress to make myself happy and enjoy myself.

I yanked open my underwear drawer to find all of my undershorts had been replaced with panties. I now had a collection of camisoles, half slips and slips. In addition, I'd also acquired a selection of waist cinchers, garter belts, and other foundation garments. Plus, in the closet I discovered several new footwear items; they all were quite feminine and they all had quite high heels. Pat was actually sanctioning and openly encouraging my dressing in women's underclothes and shoes.

I went back into the bathroom and found a lightly-scented body cream lotion. I covered myself from my face down to my toes. It smelled pretty and soaked into my skin quickly. I then started getting

dressed by finding a combination waist cincher and garter belt. After getting it tight about my middle, I rolled on a pair of plain coffee-colored hose. Next, I donned a pair of panties and a camisole.

It didn't strike my consciousness at the time but later I realized an interesting fact. While normally, by that stage in my dressing in women's clothes, I would have had a strong throbbing erection. Strangely, that time I had none. I was aroused to a state of increased sensitivity, but I wasn't hard.

I put on a regular pair of my pants and a regular shirt. Then, I slipped my feet into a pair of high-heeled pumps. Thus dressed, I went to the kitchen and fixed myself something to eat.

Just walking down the hall to the kitchen was a thrilling new set of sensations. The feel of the woman's underclothes on my body was a constant secret pleasure to me. I found myself getting a strange little thrill from the pull of the garters against the hose sheathing my legs as I walked. I also liked having my waist compressed by the waist cincher I was wearing. And the silky feel of the panties on my genitals and my bottom sent little excitements to my mind. Taken all together, the sensations from my feminine underthings were a constant reminder that my masculine shirt and pants were merely camouflage. I felt secretly excited knowing I was wearing womanly things beneath my normal outer garb.

Also, my high-heeled shoes were a constant reminder of my newly-acquired feminine things. The heels were forcing my ankles into positions that were different from the ones to which they'd previously been accustomed; I had to be careful to always use

my toes to keep the heels of my shoes from rubbing up and down. Plus, the shoes physically squeezed the sides of my foot much differently from the way my men's shoes had done. Every step I took let me know that I was not wearing my old men's things.

On the counter in the kitchen, I found the prescription vial with the little pink pills and the box of syringes that Gretchen had given Pat for me. I found the bottle of serum for the shots in the refrigerator. The instructions on the label of the pill vial stated that I was to take one pill each day. The instructions on the bottle in the refrigerator stated that I was to take one small (2 c.c.) shot each day. I took my pill and took down my pants so I could give myself my shot. After injecting myself and getting my pants back looking nice, I started fixing myself a brunch. I wasn't all that hungry, so I made myself just something light.

I spent the afternoon being lazy. I slept some; cleaned up some; read some; and watched a little television. I really enjoyed wearing my new female underwear. Later, I went up to the attic and retrieved the valise with my "secret stash" of women's clothes. I added the things that I liked into my underwear drawers in the dresser. The rest of the things I tossed into the trash.

Late that afternoon, Pat called to tell me that she was stuck downtown; she had to give an interview to a reporter from Channel 7. Afterwards, she had to go across town to tape an interview for the Colorado Today show. In short, she wouldn't be home until late.

I watched Pat's interview on the TV, then changed channels to catch the other news. There wasn't much

of interest on the tube, so I decided to go to bed and read.

I got out of my clothes and put on the baby doll nightie I'd worn before. I found a paperback with an interesting looking cover and crawled into bed. It wasn't long before I'd drifted off to sleep. Pat was so quiet when she came in that I wasn't awakened. I slept solidly through the entire night until early the next morning.

It was that time of the year when Pat was busy doing her political things. My days were spent mainly around the house doing domestic things. My hair had gotten longer because I had been so busy with other things that I hadn't taken time to get a haircut. Also, I had decided to use hair remover on my beard rather than shave. It worked quite well. Every time I took a shower, I applied hair remover to every part of my body except the hair on my head, my eyelashes, and my eyebrows.

I had noticed that my appetite was reduced but I didn't think it was very important. My ideas about what things were important had been subtly changing but I didn't give it much thought. I did think it was important that I felt rather mellow most of the time, but that didn't upset me at all.

The only other thing that struck me was that I seemed to be becoming acclimated to wearing women's things because I didn't get an erection wearing them. In fact, because of our schedules, there had been no time for Pat and me to be intimate, so I'd not had an erection the whole time. And, since I didn't get an erection wearing feminine silkies, I could now fold my penis up carefully between my legs, put

on tight panties or a panty girdle, and have a smooth-looking crotch just like a woman. I was rather pleased with that.

Of course, the few women's slacks and blouses that Pat had gotten me didn't have pockets in them. So when I wore them, I had to learn to use a purse. Gradually, I got used to doing without pockets and relying solely on my purse. Besides, when there were things in my pockets, it seemed to ruin the lines of the clothes. And, to tell the truth, I was beginning to enjoy looking really nice and pretty.

Time went by so rapidly that a month had gone by without my noticing it. It was time to go back to Pueblo for my second check up. On the morning that Pat and I were to go back down to see Dr. Timmerbum, I noticed that I seemed to have a little more fat on my chest and the hollows in my arm pits had filled in completely. It didn't upset me; it was just something rather new. I also noticed that wearing a waist cincher had started to reduce my waist a little bit. I'd begun to really like the way things felt against my body. I now made a regular practice of using hair remover to keep it smooth and hairless. I preferred my skin not to feel rough and calloused, but soft and silky.

Pat had again arranged for the limousine to carry us down to Pueblo. On the way down, we again dug into the hamper of food and wine that Pat had packed. It seemed somehow rather decadent riding along and drinking a sweet blush wine. By the time we arrived, I was again slightly tipsy.

Waiting for us at the main entrance was Gretchen Timmerbum. This time she got into the limo with us

and directed the driver to the staff's underground parking entrance. Once inside the parking area, she ushered us into the elevator up to the clinic.

We only had to wait a few minutes at the examination room before Dr. Timmerbum arrived. He immediately had Gretchen get from me a blood sample and a urine sample. While the samples were sent off to the lab, I shed my clothes and put on a skimpy examination gown. Then the Doctor commenced another thorough physical examination of me. He was just finishing when Gretchen returned with the lab results. He mused over the information, then explained. "I'm concerned that there be enough structure behind the new breasts that are growing. I feel that breast implants would improve that situation. The implants would give the new breast tissue a base to grow onto."

"Do you mean," I asked, "that you think I need to have a set of silicone bags implanted so I'll have a set of tits for my new breasts to grow onto?"

"That is exactly what I mean," he replied. "I can do the implants right now as an outpatient procedure," he continued. "And, you will be back to normal within a week."

"But, I'll have to start wearing a bra," I said, hoping to delay a decision.

"You'll have to be wearing one sooner or later, anyway," he replied. "Besides, it will be painless and it will help with the growth of your own breast tissue."

"How soon can you start?" Pat asked.

“Right now if you agree,” Dr. Timmerbum responded.

“Will I have to be ‘put out?’” I asked worriedly. I had never liked being unconscious under a general anesthetic. Ether made me nauseous.

“You need not worry; it will be a local anesthetic,” Dr. Timmerbum reassured me.

I looked over at Pat questioningly. She nodded yes back to me. “Well, all right, I guess,” I reluctantly agreed.

As I signed the necessary forms, Dr. Timmerbum took up a hypodermic syringe that had already been prepared and gave me an injection in my hip. I started feeling relaxed and non-caring almost immediately. Then he took a different syringe and made several injections along the bottom edges of what were my nonexistent breasts. In a very short time, my chest felt completely numb. He then took another hypodermic and gave me a shot in my other hip. I was so busy noticing the sensations of my chest becoming numb that I didn’t notice that my torso and genital area were now numb, too.

Once he had washed up and was satisfied with the numbness of my chest, Dr. Timmerbum used a special laser scalpel to make an incision under my left breast. The laser cauterized the blood vessels where the cut had been made. About then, a nurse wheeled in a cart with a basin and various supplies on it. Dr. Timmerbum nodded to the nurse who poured something into the basin. He then took something that looked a little like a small bean bag and put it into the basin.

Next, he inserted what looked a little like a funnel into the opening he'd cut into my chest. Then he picked the bean bag out of the basin and put it into the funnel. When he picked up the bean bag, I could see that it was completely coated with the reddish brown liquid. I guessed that the bean bag was actually the bag containing the silicone gel. I felt a presence in my chest and saw him remove the funnel. He then used a yellow tube of adhesive to hold the gel bag in place and to close the incision.

Next, he turned around and put another silicone gel bag into the basin. Then, he made another incision under my right breast and repeated the steps he'd taken before. While he was doing my right side, I drowsed off to sleep. I dreamed I heard a voice like Gretchen's ask, "Do you want to do something about the waist line?" And I dreamed I heard Dr. Timmerbum answer, "Ya. And the pelvis, too."

I came back to reality with Pat holding my hand and sitting next to the bed I was lying atop. I had an Ace bandage wrapped around my chest and I felt rather numb between my knees and my neck. I looked over at Pat and smiled. She grinned back and asked, "Are you up to getting onto your feet?"

It took Pat's help for me to get dressed back into my lingerie, hose, slacks, shirt, and penny loafers. Then, with Gretchen assisting us, Pat and I made it to the elevator and down to the limousine. Gretchen gave Pat another paper sack containing a prescription vial of tablets, syringes, and a bottle of serum. These were to replace the medications I had used up. I slept most of the way back to Denver. I was strong enough when we got home to make it inside on my own. But Pat wisely kept a careful hold on me.

I don't remember anything about getting undressed and into bed.

I didn't awaken until late in the afternoon. I was still groggy as I stumbled into the bathroom to relieve my bladder. When I finished, I went to the sink to wash my hands and face. Taped onto the mirror was a note from Pat. Among other things, it said to leave the Ace bandage around my chest alone until tomorrow. It also reminded me to take my pill and my shot, and it said for me to go back to bed for the rest of the day.

I thought about what the note said as I took my medications. I decided that I was too tired to disagree, so I went back to bed. I promptly drifted back to sleep.

I woke up the next morning feeling pretty good. After I got out of the bathroom, Pat was waiting for me in the bedroom. She had several boxes arrayed on the bed behind her.

"Well," she announced. "It's time to take off your bandage."

I peeled off the top of my baby doll nightie. Pat carefully started unwrapping the bandage from my chest. When she was finally done and the bandage was off, I stood for a few minutes looking at myself in the mirror. On my chest, in the mirror, I saw a pair of B-cup sized breasts.

"Before you go playing with your new titties," Pat taunted. "You'd better wait until the incisions are completely healed, which will be about a week. In the meantime, you'll need to wear a bra all the time until

they're healed. So, come here so I can teach you how to put on your new bras."

I reluctantly tore myself away from the mirror and went over to where Pat was standing. She had in her hand a brand new, beige-colored, longline bra that hooked together in the back. She had me bend over from the waist. Then she positioned the front of the bra so that each cup surrounded the lower half of each breast and the heavy wire support at the bottom of each cup was over the place where the incision was made under each breast.

With the front positioned, she had me straighten up and smooth the sides around my chest to my back. She then helped me by taking hold of the sides and hooking the bra closed behind my back. She checked the tightness by sticking her fingers up under the sides. The bra wasn't tight enough so she unhooked the hooks and rehooked them so that the bra was much tighter around my body.

With the bra on, my new breasts looked larger and more fully defined. The bra also cinched in my waist just slightly. The slight nipping in of my waist gave the illusion that my hips were fuller and more feminine in shape. There also was the illusion that my pelvis was wider and more womanly.

I now looked like an overweight, long-waisted, not very attractive woman. I guessed that if I kept my mouth shut and didn't make any *faux pas* that I could pass as a woman. It was a tantalizing thought.

After trying on several other bras, Pat showed me how to engage the hooks on the bra behind my back. At first it was hard, but with time and practice I be-

came quite good at it. In fact, after a week or so, it became second nature to me.

Having breasts was a whole new world for me. For one thing, I immediately noticed that they had a considerable amount of weight. I had to learn a whole new way of walking to counter the weight my new breasts added to my front. I had to lean a little further back. I also had to learn to eat differently. I stuck out a little further in the front now.

And my new breasts moved all the time. They bounced and jiggled and jostled whenever I moved at all. It was as though they were alive. I quickly learned that I had to walk a whole new way to minimize their motions. Otherwise, they would be bouncing all over the place.

Plus, just their physical presence made them sensitive to any touch. At first, it seemed that I was always bumping them or bumping into them. Just their movement inside the bra was somewhat disconcerting. The soft, silky lining of the bra cups was a constant reminder to me of my new physical acquisitions.

On the other hand, I found that I liked the sensitivity of these new appendages. I enjoyed the constant reminders that their motions made to me that I now had breasts. I was proud of them and I secretly wanted to show them off.

The days seemed to blur by at a dizzying speed. I began to notice that I didn't quite have the strength in my arms I had taken for granted. And I seemed a lot more emotional. I found myself crying at things that I would have thought beneath my masculine

dignity to let make me show emotion. Plus, the nipples started to be extremely sensitive.

By the time I was supposed to go back for my third check-up, my bras had become too tight. Either they had shrunk or I had grown, because they were about half a size too small.

Pat made the trip with me to the doctor's in the limousine; this time we drove directly to the staff underground parking. After another thorough exam, Dr. Timmerbum announced that he was very pleased with my progress and I was doing quite nicely. Gretchen had another paper sack with medications for me, as I had again run out. I think they put in just enough to last until the next visit.

On the trip back, Pat plied me with wine and delicacies until I was quite full and languidly drowsy. When we arrived back home, I was so tipsy that she had to steady me all the way into the house. Pat helped me to my bed and I wilted. Pat helped me get my shirt and pants off. Then she left me to sleep all night in my undies.

I woke late the next morning. After visiting the bathroom, I found a note from Pat taped on the bedroom mirror. It told me that I had some new apparel and that when she got home, there would be some other things for me as well.

I now had some new women's blouses. All of the blouses fit nicely. They each were a little full in the chest, but other than that, they fit just fine.

There were also some new women's slacks. I needed them too because with my waist cinched, every pair of my old pants were way too loose around



the waist. It was probably just my imagination, but every pair of my old pants also seemed awfully tight across my hips. I had to tuck my penis tightly up between my legs with my panties for the new slacks to fit. Once I did it, the pants fit perfectly, just like a glove. Of course, the pants all had the zipper located in the back but I could live with that.

Another thing I found was that with my woman's clothes, it was much simpler and easier to sit for ALL my toilet functions. It was just too much trouble to stand to urinate; with the clothes I was now wearing, there was too much chance of dribbles or a mess.

I dressed wearing an especially tight, beige-colored waist cinch that had garters. I chose one of my new white satin blouses and selected a white lacy little bra that made my breasts seem larger than they really were to go under it. Then, I selected a pair of new black slacks that were long enough to require toweringly high heels.

Having made my selections, I rolled on a pair of coffee-colored hose. I next slipped into a tight, lacy pair of black panties. I was careful to push my testicles up inside myself, then fold my penis back between my legs to hold the testicles up out of the way and to give myself a smooth feminine crotch line.

Next, I donned my bra. It had removable pads in the bottoms of the cups. The pads made my breasts seem far larger than they actually were. I found myself feeling oddly proud of how large my breasts appeared.

I decided to fix my hair into a pretty fluffed-out feminine style instead of my usual ponytail. I even

spurred and put on some of Pat's lipstick. I chose a fairly bright red shade.

Then I put on the blouse and the slacks. It took some time to get the blouse pulled down and smoothed beneath the waistband of the slacks. After the slacks looked right, I selected a pair of stiletto-heeled pumps with ankle straps.

I spent the day excited with my new outerwear and doing little domestic things. The house was looking rather good when Pat arrived home. She was so pleased to see me that she was effusive with her hugs and kisses. I almost blushed with pleasure.

Pat had several more presents for me. She had some new corsets and "merry widow" styled bras for me and she also had some new jewelry for me to wear. She had gotten me a dainty little watch, a long pearl necklace, a pearl bracelet, a pearl choker necklace, and some pearl earrings. The earrings had droplet-shaped pearl pendants that dangled below the ear. I was thrilled with everything. But the earrings were for pierced ears!

Pat quickly said she'd swap them for the other kind then announced that she'd arranged for me to get my hair fixed at the salon that did her hair. I was going to get the whole works: manicure, pedicure, shampoo, set, permanent, everything!

I was thrilled but also scared. I'd never been out in public dressed in women's clothes. What if I was spotted? How should I act? I was scared.

It took a bit for Pat to realize what my fears were and just how scared I really was. She put her arms around me and told me to relax. "I can postpone the

beauty shop appointment for you,” she soothed. “And I can arrange for you to have a cram-style charm school course. The course will be here at home,” she continued. “Why, when the course is over, no one will believe that you’re not really a woman!”

The promise of a charm school course cheered me up and I spent the rest of the evening trying on the new corsets and “merry widows.” All of them were lacy and feminine. They all could really cinch down my waist to a much smaller size. The waist cinching feature took some doing to do. The new things tended to cinch in my waist at a far higher place on my body than it had been for manly clothes. My body seemed to have its waist much higher now, so that wasn’t a problem at all. In fact, my waist was now just above my pelvis and just below my rib cage. Now I understood why movie stars would have their lowest rib removed. It would allow them to have a waist that curved in to a smaller size.

With my waist higher, I discovered that I had to move my hips with my walk. I don’t know if it was just the new placement of my waist or the waist cinches but I now found myself swinging my hip out with my leg as I walked. I now had a female’s hip sway as I walked.

The next afternoon, Pat called bubbling over with excitement. She wanted to tell me that she had arranged my charm classes. “Your instructor will arrive tomorrow morning at 10:00 a.m.”

“I’m a little afraid...” I started.

“Of course you are, dear!” she interrupted. “I’ll be right there with you for your first lesson.”