

THE REWARD

By Lady Claire Stafford



ILLUSTRATED BY BRIAN DUKEHART

A 'SPECTRUM TV' NOVEL

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THE REWARD

By Lady Claire Stafford

It was his habit whenever he visited any city to get out into the open for a while, to take in some fresh air. It was his `perk', if you like. The sunny afternoon beckoned strongly. With a packed lunch, and some natural mineral water, he headed for his favorite bench beside the huge clock. He liked to sit there, admiring the gardens and the elaborate timepiece.

The fluttering hem of the dress caught his eye as the figure passed him, heading for the park bench opposite. Lifting his line of vision he took in the wavy shoulder length hair, the generous full breasted figure, the very feminine attire.

Behind his sunglasses with their mirrored lens, he watched as the attractive person sat, spreading the skirt of the dress out over the bench. A quick glance round and the head lowered to the pages of a book.

Undetected, he continued to admire as the pages were turned slowly by hands with long pink nails matching the color on the full lips. The dress, its very full skirt spread out over the seat, was patterned with white flowers over a blue background. The wrap around bodice, with its revealing neckline, had elbow length sleeves. The white stiletto heeled court shoes, matched by the bag sitting on the bench, gave a sort of '50's look.

Deciding that the only way to make contact was to be direct, he approached the bench and coughed.

The hazel eyes, framed by exquisitely applied make up, raised to see who had disturbed the solitude.

A smile was followed by an introduction and then an invitation was extended for him to sit down. The skirts of the dress gathered to make room as he sat, nervous, a little embarrassed. This had never happened before, approaching a stranger like this. After a while he was able to relax and soon they were talking like old friends.

He loved her clothing. Most women he saw in the park were wearing jeans, track pants or business suits. He almost gasped with delight as a light breeze blew up and wafted a fold of the skirt just enough to reveal the hem of a pretty lace petticoat. Wonderful!

He talked freely about his work, how he came routinely to this city on business and how, on his lunch break he enjoyed the park. As he spoke he was examining the make up, flawlessly applied, in earth tones. He already knew the lipstick matched the nail polish. He could hardly conceal a moments thrill when, as the shoe was slipped off and the sole of the foot was delicately massaged he saw that her toe nails were the

same color. A simple gold chain round a graceful neck and matching bracelet were her only jewelry.

For some reason he opened up. He found himself telling everything about his life; his loneliness, having no one. He had no companion, no lover. The afternoon passed quickly, then suddenly realizing the time he jumped up, made arrangements to meet the next day and left with a distinct spring in his step.

The rest of the day dragged as did the evening and the next morning. But come lunch time he raced out of the door. He got to the seat. No one was there! He looked round. Had he made a mistake? Was this the wrong seat? No, this was the place. Maybe he was early? He closed his eyes in frustration. Why didn't he get a phone number?

A hand gently tapped him on the shoulder. He spun round, startled. He couldn't help himself, taking the hand he kissed a soft cheek. Reddening wildly, he stood back, apologizing. She laughed gently, a husky sound like music to his ears. Gratefully he took in the figure, radiant in her mustard colored shirt. He followed as she led him to the seat, gathering her skirt, ablaze in reds and browns.

The invitation to sit beckoned him out of his confusion.

They chatted about anything that came up. Nothing important, movies, books, work. The park itself was blooming, being tended with loving care by a team of dedicated gardeners. He pointed out the clock, a famous tourist attraction, belatedly realizing that he was telling a resident of the city something already known.

Admiring comments were made about her clothing. As this was expressed so strongly he realized he was showing interest in these things to a far greater den most males. In a moment of unusual candor he confessed his deepest secret.

He was a crossdresser.

His new found friend seemed intrigued by this and asked when he started, what he wore and how he felt about it. He told everything, how as a child he discovered the joys of wearing soft feminine things, preferring them to his coarse boyish clothing. He explained that it was common for crossdressers to rationalize their behavior by creating excuses. Many claimed a domineering sister or aunt would, force their charges into the clothing.

There was no condemnation, and she didn't seem to mind. In fact she seemed to be perfectly happy with it.

He couldn't let this delightful creature escape. He extended a dinner invitation and was thrilled at her acceptance. He was over the moon with joy as they made their plans for the following evening. A late evening was out of the question for her though, because of traveling distance. Tentatively he offered to book a room for her. He hastened to reassure her no expectations, no tricks or ruses he promised. The offer was accepted. They would meet in the foyer.

Plans were made and the room booked. Thrilled at having met the girl of his dreams he prepared carefully. Best suit, new shirt, color coordinated tie. Shoes perfectly shined. He thought he looked a handsome figure.

At the appointed time they met and he received a gentle kiss on the cheek.

He led the way to the waiting taxi was waiting. Sitting in the cab, they chatted aimlessly about the weather, friends, the usual platitudes. They enjoyed being together. John was obviously having a good time. He admired the clothing chosen for the occasion.

The straight olive green skirt ended just above the knees. A long sleeved collarless jacket in an autumn toned floral pattern was open. The visible white lace camisole, which hinted at a swell of breasts, tantalized him. Tan stockings, brown court shoes and matching shoulder bag completed the outfit.

Again the jewelry was simple. Long pearl drop earrings, necklace, bracelet and large ring were all matched perfectly. Her make up was exquisite. Her eye shadow was earth tones, green surmounted by browns and gold. These were blended to a simple shading effect, showing her hazel eyes to perfection. The lip color matched the long pink nails.

John had selected a cafe, in the 'Italian Quarter', an area of streets famous the world over for its fine restaurants.

The waiter led them to a secluded table, its dim lamp giving off an intimate glow. The menu was brought, as they chatted. The meal selected and the wine chosen.

As they waited they continued to talk about things remembered and half forgotten. His eyes gave him away. Every now and then he slid his hand across the table to hold the long slim fingers. His gaze continually drifted downwards to the full breasts.

Her eyes missed none of this. Plans made for later flickered into her consciousness, along with a hope that everything would be satisfactory for him. This was to be special. Not knowing if they would meet again had stimulated the idea of this amusing adventure.

The wine was exquisite, the meal delicious, even the obligatory after—meal mint tasted wonderful. He paid the bill and they stepped out into the brightly lit street.

Arm in arm they walked along the streets looking in the windows, admiring the beautiful clothes displayed.

The light from a bistro flared from a darkened doorway and they entered, again finding a secluded table. This time they sat closer together, holding hands. A pianist was playing something familiar, barely recognized as they both looked deep into each other's eyes. Playing with a stray wisp of hair occupied her long slim fingers. Hands moved expressively as points were made. The growing affection between them was tangible. They listened to the music, sipping their drinks. His hand reached to touch the delicate chin. Holding it he leaned forward and kissed her full pink lips. She responded, smiling. Slowly, she lowered her hand to his lap. He was obviously aroused. It was time.

On the street he spotted a cruising taxi and waved. In the close proximity of the cab she revealed her intentions. The idea sprung to mind as they had talked yesterday. Wanting to do something special, no outrageous, became a priority for the two of them. He was obviously intrigued and they spent some time discussing her idea.

The taxi ride seemed to take forever. Eventually they arrived and soon he was in his room, prepared. It hadn't taken long and she went quickly to her own room to get ready. Her clothing went into the case to be replaced with slinky, sensuous black satin panties and bra. Opaque stockings, high heeled maroon shoes with ankle straps and matching bag were the next items.

John stared as he took in the exotic, no erotic, clothing. The mini—skirt swaying to and fro as she moved about the room. The open black lace top showcased the swell of breasts. He hadn't moved. Hardly surprising as he was secured to the sturdy chair by handcuffs. His ankles were strapped to the chair legs by a pair of leather belts.

They kissed, gently at first, then more passionately as long nails were drawn across his shoulders. Straddling his lap she moved back and forth, her satin panties stimulating his already pulsating member.

John writhed against his manacles, his breathing grew stronger as his arousal became more evident. He stared at the cleavage, his eyes almost popping out of their sockets.

She stood up. Eyes framed with long lashes looked down at his bulge and her lips parted in a smile.

Slowly his shirt was unbuttoned, slipped off his shoulders and left hanging. His trousers were opened and drawn awkwardly down past his knees. His feminine underwear was exposed. His frilly pink satin camisole and panties were revealed. A pair of sheer silk stockings were clasped to a garter belt. His penis swelled, trying to escape the satin prison of the panties.

She drew her long nails along his stockings, caressing his legs and the inside of his thighs before gently stroking his penis. They kissed again, their tongues snaked. He had never been so aroused, his heart pounded. His penis throbbed as she, gently at first, stroked it, not wanting to spoil things by bringing him to a climax too quickly.

A condom was produced, reassured, he felt completely at ease. He would have accepted anything less with a tinge of disappointment. The thin rubber sheath slipped over his quivering member and the tip was slowly massaged. His breathing grew faster and he moaned as she lowered her head. The effect was astounding. He grew larger as it was inserted between her pink lips, as if he was going to explode. But the shaft was firmly held near the base, his ejaculation temporarily stalled.

She slowed and they kissed again.

He became more and more intense, his breathing more labored as he approached his climax. He called out in that wonderful mixture of relief and spasm as he came. The stroking continued and he ejaculated repeatedly. He saw stars, the room spun.

As he relaxed her arms went around him, holding him securely as he gasped in passionate relief. He had never experienced such pleasure before. She loosened his bonds, stripped his clothing off and lay him on the bed where a sheet was drawn over his prostrate body. He received a gentle kiss as she left the room, turning out the light and hanging a 'Do Not Disturb' sign on the door handle.

The corridor was empty. For this the scantily clad figure was relieved. It would raise a few eyebrows to be seen attired like this in such a respectable hotel. The mini skirt felt wonderful, so free and feminine. She loved the feel of the short skirt brushing her nylon clad legs. Looking at her feet she thought “Hooker heels”. A laugh emanated from her pink lips as this phrase came to mind.

The make up was cleaned off and more conventional clothing chosen, jeans, t—top, a pair of runners and a jacket. Taking the elevator down to the basement garage the bag was stowed in the boot of the car, which was then driven round to the front of the hotel. Dropping the keys on the desk produced a look of confusion on the hotel clerk's face. This wasn't the same guest who had checked in earlier.

Not one to let the unflappable reputation of the hotel down, the clerk recovered enough to bid a farewell with that awfully hackneyed phrase.

“Good night sir, have a nice day.”

THE WAGER.

BY LADY CLAIRE STAFFORD.

(PROLOGUE)

First person writing is a style used frequently in the c.d./t.s fiction genre. With this method we listen in as the hero(ine) goes through the, sometimes, dramatic changes in his life. He tells us his fears and his cares as he undergoes the transformations that have been set in motion. By this method we almost share in the experience first hand.

Allow me to present Fran, Bill, Gloria and David as they tell of a period in their lives when perhaps they were ready for changes, but not like the ones that befell them. Their stories relates a series of events which have far reaching effects. It tells how they are indelibly altered by these events. How they feel in relation to those events, and how one person among them is altered in a way he could never have believed possible.

Fran, Bill, Gloria and David have been friend for years. They meet and socialize like most friends. They share their lives ups and downs, possibly just as you do. But, sometimes resentments can flare up. Something said casually can grow into an obsession, a desire to teach them a lesson, to prove something.

Listen as they each take turns in relating their story. Their story tells how a simple game, turned into a desire for revenge and had unforeseen consequences.

The results changed all their lives forever.

Lady Claire Stafford.

PART ONE: BILL

“Come on, you can't duck out!” Gloria leaned forward in the armchair to taunt me, causing a lock of honey blonde hair to fall across her face. Drawing on her cigarette she waited, an expression of expectation on her face.

We both knew the rules.

If I backed down I lost the wager, already deposited in the bank account.

We had invented the game ages ago, when we were kids. Based loosely on forfeits, the children's game of 'Truth, Dare or Promise'. Our version had developed over the years until it became the expensive gambling game it was now.

Part of the fun was in creating both parts of the challenge. The initial challenge was to be presented in such a way that the recipient would think he or she had a chance to

win, then came the `kicker'. This was the hidden challenge. Once accepted it couldn't be refused or the wager was lost. It was as simple as that.

We got together on a Sunday evening every couple of months or so with the proposal sheets and checks. It was a point of honor never to back down from paying up once the wager was accepted. The guidelines were simple. Nothing dangerous or illegal, like smoking a joint outside, (or inside,) a police station. Some were silly or just embarrassing, like jogging through a cinema wearing a fluorescent running suit. I'd landed that one but luckily Jurassic Park was on so I'd gotten away with it. Everyone was either glued to the screen or had their eyes tight shut when the big T—Rex was chewing the guy's head off.

I got my revenge though, and it was a beauty. Gloria, who had contrived the cinema dare, became a meter maid for a day. The catch being that these particular `maids' were employed by the city tourist board to feed parking meters round the tourist attractions, giving patrons extra time to spend their most welcome money.

The added `catch' of this particular dare was the uniform. As it was a holiday publicity stunt publicizing the sunshine and fun aspect of the resort, the uniform was a very skimpy bikini top and a `G' string which left very little to the imagination. I still cringe when I think of the thong and how it fitted so neatly `you—know—where'.

Ever since then Gloria had been seeking some form of revenge, and it looked like she intended this to be it.

Each dare was presented in three sections, the first had the basic proposal while the second gave some minor details, to give an idea of the degree of difficulty. Then, after the dare was accepted you got the final part, which usually had the `kicker'.

To give an example, how about buying ice—cream? Easy? Well wait a minute. The second point stipulated which shop, which turned out to be in a busy shopping mall, and you wore a diving suit. Not too bad? Wrong. The `kicker' was the suit was the old fashioned type, with a large brass helmet. The added, unexpected kicker was it turned out to be one of the hottest days of summer! I lost ten kilos that day. Actually it was that one that stimulated me to create the stunt. As I said, you con the victim a bit, lure him into a false sense of security and make him think it easy. Then watch as their faces drop when the `kicker' is revealed.

This particular night, it was Gloria's turn to present me with her dare. It was a warm evening, summer was on it's way. The sky had been clear for days and we sat out on the patio, sipping drinks and watching the sun go down.

We wore light clothes. Fran wore a dress, Gloria, multicolored shorts and a tunic style top. David wore a T—shirt over jeans and I had on a polo shirt and beach baggies.

David's enthusiasm for me to take her challenge up was a bit of a surprise. David was Gloria's husband. The girls and I had been friends since the fourth grade. Then, when we were in high school, David had enrolled, coming here to live with his mother and sister. Gloria had started going steady with him and romance blossomed. They married, settled down and opened a store. I was more than happy to offer any financial advice to help the two of them. Like the time I had figured that during a recession peo-

ple would be doing a lot of do-it-yourself repair work, not being keen on hiring professionals who would charge an arm and a leg. So I suggested he buy up on hand tools and accessories.

Unfortunately it didn't turn out that way, businesses was slow that year and everybody waited for the economy to pick up before doing anything. Eventually the stock was unloaded, it just took time. He got over it.

I glanced across the pine table at him, sitting there with his drink in his hand. He was looking intently at me over the top of his glasses, his cropped, fair hair shining gold under the sun's dying light.

I was interested in Fran's reaction . I thought that she would have supported her loving husband. I'd always been supportive and helpful to her. Advising her when she needed to get her hair done, suggesting when she needed to start exercising to shift the bit of tummy fat she had acquired.

I had even encouraged Gloria, time and time again, to stop smoking. I gave her health hand-outs, anti-smoking pamphlets, information about lifestyles, but she didn't seem to want to know.

Her knowledge of business was a bit dicey as well, though she had been involved in a few enterprises since she had left high school. To be honest she had made a surprisingly good attempt at getting established. Mind you the idea of going into partnership with a couple of people in various areas, and picking the safe ones that happened to make her money was more luck than good judgment, but some people just don't want to be helped. The first sheet was laid out.

CHALLENGE:

To Attend Business Conference at 'Cliff Towers' (dates as per following sheet).

Contact and establish business relationship with target, (nominated on following sheet)

AIM: To benefit target financially

SPECIFICS

ITEM: #1. Establish false identity, (designated in sheet three).

ITEM: #2. Purchase clothing appropriate to bogus identity. Items to include underwear, outerwear, evening clothes and accessories to suit. (Clothing designated as in separate sheet).

ITEM: #3. Succeed in acquiring client, (target) at conference and, using any means available, render target advice that will financially benefit target within the business area that target operates in.

CLAUSE

If, at anytime the 'player' refuses to carry on with the aim of the proposal, or the aim, (to benefit the client) is compromised, the player will lose the wager and forfeit all money (doubled).

END OF PROPOSAL

“Double!”, I nearly fell out of the chair, “You can't be serious, we couldn't take that risk, it'd be all of our capital.”

Fran gave me a friendly squeeze, “Come on tiger, you've never lost your nerve yet.”

I looked at her in amazement, she must be mad. “You're joking aren't you?” I could hear myself almost pleading with her.

“So, the great player can't take it,” Gloria had a grin on her face, “Give it out, can't take it.” The grin was replaced by a look of triumph. “We've all overcome anything you handed out, but now, when the shoe is on the other foot you can't measure up.”

Fran urged me to reconsider, “You're not going to let her get away with that, are you?” She did seem to be excited by the idea. Her face framed by her brown hair, cut in a bob, seemed to glow with excitement.

I read the sheets again. There didn't seem to be anything I couldn't handle. Of course the sting was obvious. Fancying myself a financial expert working my way up the corporate ladder of one of the largest firms in the country, Gloria's idea was to have me fall flat on my face.

In other words, ‘put up or shut up’.

A thought crossed my mind. Thoughts of criminal charges ‘with intent to defraud’ crept into my mind.

“No problem,” Gloria sat up straight. reminding me, for some reason of an angler catching a fish.

If only that thought had been heeded.

She went on, “If there is no intent to gain or defraud the target there can be no crime, your intent is to benefit the target, and if he gains he will hardly complain, will he?”

“All right, let's go for it?” The thought occurred to me that this was going to be easy, if only!

Picking the second sheet up she proceeded to read it out to us.

“Clothing to be purchased at Reid's.”

She looked at me, “Everything has to be of the finest quality to enter these circles.”

I wondered at that, Reid's was one of the oldest firms in the shopping district. I'd never been in there but Fran had, and the prices left me gasping a bit.

“Clothing as follows, Two business suits, one navy and one black with appropriate accessories and underwear. A suitable ensemble for the formal evening dance, all attendees will be invited. Previous criteria as per accessories, will apply.”

She pulled out the final sheet.

“The weekend of the 5th and 6th of August, three months hence.”

I yawned, this was going to be easy. Famous last words.

“The target is Mr. Robert Quinlaven.”

She put the paper down and David's jaw dropped.

“How did you get an invite to that, and with Quinlaven?”

I was confused, “Who's Quinlaven.”

Totally innocent, the three of them looked at me in amazement.

David enlightened me, “Only the biggest money man in this hemisphere, and quite a big mover in the other one as well.”

Maybe that's why I was still a small fish in this business.

Gloria continued, “Right, that seems to be everything. I suggest we start tomorrow morning. David will go to the registration board and list the new firm. It takes seven working days and I'll be here bright and early, to help Fran get you ready for your visit to Reid's.”

Fran's smile grew wider at that.

I was missing something here, why did she need help?

It wasn't until next morning that I found out.

GLORIA

Bill would love to go for anything in the game and he was stubborn enough to try anything to win. He could work out the obvious sting but the other one, the real ‘kicker’, would elude him. He thought the idea was to show him up as the fake money man he was, he took the bait. There was another sting hidden. He was always crowing about how good he was, that he knew everything about money.

Originally I anticipated that David would take his side and negate the three—quarter rule, that's why we didn't tell the whole story to him.

Bill didn't think I'd let him off easily, did he? I'd had a few late nights working this one out. I especially relished the underwear clause, laugh at me as a meter—maid would he?

BILL

“You want me to what?!” I yelled at the two of them. It was impossible, they couldn't expect me to do it. “You can't be serious.”

It was the following morning. I was in the bedroom with Fran, Gloria, who had called round early. I'd been shown the entire details.

Gloria handed me a copy of the contract, “Small print on the second page, paragraph three.”

There it was, a complete run down on the clothing specifics, Reid's specialized in only one sort of customer.

She handed Fran some bottles and left.

Thinking furiously I looked at them, there must be some way out of this.

DAVID

Actually the dare shocked me, I knew Gloria was crafty, but this level of deviousness was amazing. I admit Bill was a bit of a 'know—it—all' and did tend to push his opinion down other people's throats. I expect he's mentioned the bother with the hardware stock. There were other things as well but this one sticks out, "Stock up on the home handy—man stuff, everyone will be doing their own repairs."

Like an idiot I believed him, and bought saws, drills, anything I could think of. Stayed on the shelves for months didn't it? I had all my money tied up in stock during the worst recession since before the war. Instead of cutting back and ordering in small batches, thereby holding on to my capital and keeping the bank manager happy I nearly went bankrupt.

Gloria was as mad as a cut—snake, it was only her friendship with Fran that kept us all talking.

And the way he talks to Fran like she was some sort of a moron or something. Fran is a very intelligent, attractive woman. The way Bill goes on at her is enough to annoy you, sending her to the gym. And the fuss he made about her hair. She looks great, like a movie star. Any bloke would have been proud to be seen with her, but not Bill.

He can be a funny coot sometimes.

But this bet, Gloria had been upset at the 'meter—maid' thing. Well, we didn't blame her, the costume was a bit revealing. Actually they were a lot revealing, those costumes, with the string thing going underneath the ... well you get the idea. Walking round the streets wearing it and those high heels.

Gloria is more your down to earth kind of girl. She stunning when we go out to dinner or a dance, but doesn't go in for the revealing sort of thing. Anyway, getting round in that sort of thing was a bit undignified.

Her revenge was a bit of a turn up, what could poor Bill tell him? Quinlaven was filthy rich and must have had a string of advisers.

I headed off into town to attend to the legal side of registering the business name of 'Bi—Value Marketing Enterprises'.

This was pretty simple really. All you have to do is pay the deposit and if no one else has the name, it's yours. I also had to give some listings, president, board members etc.

All a formality really.

I did wonder where Bill came in on this.

I didn't have a clue who the president was, but everyone had to go and sign up next week, in person.

BILL

It wasn't easy. Well, I'd never done it before and Fran had to help get the bits I'd missed. I hadn't figured a way out, and Fran had persisted in encouraging me, against my better judgment. I had to admit the money would come in handy.

I stood up after the soak in the tub. The cream had done it's work, well but the smell! It was so sweet and sickly. My body tingled all over, eventually I passed inspection, every piece of hair had been removed from my body!

Throwing a robe round my shoulders I went into the bedroom and sat down while Fran proceeded with stage two.

My eyes still water at the thought of her plucking my eyebrows. Hey don't laugh, it hurt! She tried different things with my hair but wasn't satisfied and went off to find Gloria.

FRAN

Once the twists of the wager became clearer, it took a great deal of persuading to convince Bill.

His problem was that he had a head for figures but no control over money. It just seemed to run through his fingers, especially other peoples. Also, as much as I loved him, he was a self centered idiot. He had no idea of how much he offended people with his carrying on. If he goes to heaven he'll be standing beside Moses telling him where he went wrong.

I was surprised at how easily the whole procedure went. Bill certainly didn't look like he had much potential at first; but eventually, when the whole picture fell into place, it was amazing.

Gloria stayed downstairs, she guessed this was embarrassing enough for him.

I did nip down once to tell her about the problem with the hair problem and she headed off to her shop. This might have been, in part, the inspiration for her scheme. She owned, or part owned, a theatrical suppliers.

Actually, Gloria had quite a few strings to her bow at that time. The theatrical place was only one. There was also a cafe, a beauty salon, (which also came in handy), a florist and of course part ownership in David's hardware store.

Anyway, she headed off to both the beauty shop and the theatrical place.

BILL

I sat there while Fran worked at me. I wasn't happy! Well can you blame me? I had been conned by Gloria, thoroughly. Her revenge for the meter maid thing was, let's be honest, brilliant, I had no choice. I was trapped, to the tune of fifty thousand dollars, I had to get into Quinlaven's good books and become an adviser.

It took Fran almost an hour and a half to complete this part of the transformation. She started off with the base cream, then a foundation, added blusher on my cheeks with some shading below. Then she did my eyes. Various combinations were tried out before she was satisfied. Holding still while she applied the liner and mascara was the hardest part, or so I thought!

Having given up with my own hair she sent Gloria to get a wig.

It was dark brown and wavy. Sorry! 'Auburn with a soft curl'. After brushing it various ways she stood back and grinned, "Not bad, not bad at all."

The mirror in the bedroom had been turned away so I couldn't see anything until she was ready to show me.

Pulling me to the bed I saw various pieces of underwear. She helped me put them on. Actually she had to. I put my foot through the tan colored panty—hose, got tangled up in the bra and shied away from the weird looking version of the 'jock from hell'.

Nothing could be that small and remain comfortable.

The panties were of a silk or satin material, very soft and, if truth be known, actually pleasant to the touch.

A couple of years ago Fran had bought me a pair of satin boxer shorts. I hated wearing pajamas, or 'jim—jams' as Fran insisted on calling them. The legs always crawled up and, well they just felt uncomfortable. Apart from the freedom, the material was well, rather nice, sexy actually.

Fran liked to... well you know, never mind!

Eventually I got a few pair. Anyway, what I was trying on now were very brief and reminded me off that material.

The panty—hose came next, followed by the crowning glory the pantygirdle. Talk about tight! I was surprised that I didn't start talking in a soprano pitch immediately.

She gleefully informed me that the tightness smoothed out all the 'bumpy—bits'. Small pockets in the rear and the sides with added padding made me more 'womanly' looking.

The bra came next. It was a bit of a problem, but eventually we succeeded. It was a bit tight and the cups were padded in a way that pushed the flesh, creating a cleavage, I looked like I had breasts!

The cleavage disappeared after I'd been moving around a while.

Fran solved this by the use of 'Elastoplast'. I can still remember the pain as it was removed. The bra wasn't your ordinary bra, though, it was a long line. This, along with the pantygirdle, gave me the shape she desired. While moving was difficult, bending was ridiculous. To pick something up from the floor I had to bend at the knees.

Fran loved this. She said it reminded me how to move, "feminine like".

Then she showed me the rest of the clothing.

DAVID

My chores were completed, registration was finalized, insurance and deposits all lodged. The 'Fair Practice In Business Tribunal' had been created to cover investors and anyone who had dealings in a business circle, to protect them, hence the insurance and deposits etc.

All we had to do was get the principals to the office to sign the forms.

Easy?

I sat in the kitchen with Gloria. She told me that Fran and Bill were getting ready. I didn't know what was going on. What had all this to do with Bill getting close to Quinlaven? And where was the president of this corporation anyhow?

It was while I was on my third cup of coffee that Fran came into the room. She was beaming like the cat that got the canary.

I had my back to the door and saw Gloria's jaw drop. I stood up and turned round to see what she was looking at and nearly dropped my coffee cup.

To say I was surprised was an understatement, I was stunned.

GLORIA

David had arrived and as I poured him a coffee he told me all about the paperwork he'd completed. We just had to get the office bearers down for some final official signing. He was concerned about all this and what was Bill going to do. I hadn't told him the total extent of the plan. Until this time only Fran and I were in on the secret, I kept quiet. He explained to me about the signing, what the chairperson was going to do etc.

I could hardly wait. Fran and I had gone over in minute detail the whole preparation process. The underwear, the make up, the removal of his body hair and most importantly, the 'foundation garments'.

I still wanted Bill to suffer some humiliation, as I had when I wore those skimpy garments as a meter maid. He thought I looked sexy did he? Well let's see how he felt in that corset and bra.

The door opened and Fran bounced in with Bill following. Words failed me. Don't get me wrong, he wasn't stunning or incredibly beautiful, but he certainly was good looking.

The dress was perfect; a summer one with flowers all over it. It had a scoop neckline and short sleeves coming to half way between his shoulders and elbows. The bodice was slightly fitted with a rear zipper. The very full skirt came to mid—calf and swayed as he moved. The broad belt matched his low heeled court shoes.

The girdle and bra had done their work well, his figure was pretty good. He stood slightly uneasily on the heels but seemed to manage them quite well. I figured he'd learn in time. I walked over to inspect the merchandise.

“Heaven's, you've done a marvelous job Fran.” I turned to Dave, he was still standing there, his jaw hanging wide open.

“Ah, Dave, Dave?” I had to yell to get his attention.

DAVE

I had to look twice, to convince myself. Gloria didn't think he was beautiful or anything. She was right I suppose but he was certainly attractive. Don't ask how or in what way, I don't know, I just stood there in amazement, it certainly wasn't Bill anymore.

Bill

I don't think I've been so self conscious in my life before. I swear my face glowed red under the make up, but of course it wouldn't have shown.