



Reluctant Press presents:

En Femme 4 Life

Norman Way



A 'HER TV' E-BOOK

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Reluctant Press TG Publishers

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EN FEMME FOR LIFE

By Norman Way

....The skies over Germany, April 1945

The bombers had dropped their loads and began turning back to their base in England. The pilot brought his fighter around to take up position behind the last bomber. He looked up at the clear blue sky above him and thought of home.

That same blue sky was over Iowa too. They would be getting things ready for the spring planting. He wished he were there to help his parents. He knew he would be home soon. The German resistance had been light. A few scattered puffs of ack-ack dotted the sky and only a couple of fighters had risen to meet them. They were quickly dispatched by his squadron mates.

Germany didn't have much left to fight with anymore. It would all be over in a couple of months. There would be celebrations and then the task of winding everything down so they could all go home. Factories would re-tool for civilian production and everything would return back to normal. The world would be at peace once again. Another "war to end all wars" would be over.

There was a loud bang from the left engine of his P-38. The rattle of bullets hitting his airplane jolted him back to the present. He had been caught daydreaming, the cardinal sin of any pilot in wartime. He banked left. The controls were sluggish. The left engine began belching smoke and fire.

With one engine gone and sluggish controls he knew he wasn't going to make it back to England. His radio sputtered static and then went dead. The fighter began to bank further left so he unbuckled his harness and opened the canopy. The cold air rushed at him as the fighter rolled over and he tumbled into space.

One thousand and one, one thousand and two, one thousand and three, he counted to himself and then pulled the ripcord. The chute opened and jerked him upright. He looked around to see another P-38 on the tail of the German ME-109 fighter. He watched the trac-

ers bouncing off the German plane. Soon pieces of the tail came off and its' engine started smoking. Glancing to his right he saw his P-38 slam into the ground near a small village. There was an immediate orange flash and soon a column of black smoke rolled its way skyward.

Below him he saw the ground coming up fast. He adjusted his chute hoping land in an open area just to the left of a patch of woods adjacent to a farm. His chute snagged on the limb of a tree and he found himself dangling about eight feet above the ground. He waited a few minutes to stop swinging and collect his thoughts.

He knew he was about a dozen miles from the small village. It wouldn't belong before the Nazis would be out looking for him. With his survival knife he cut himself down. His left leg landed between two large roots but his right leg hit one of the roots and slid off. He felt a twinge of pain in his right ankle but managed to run into the woods. After about fifty yards or so he stopped and sat on a stump.

He took off his right boot and rubbed his ankle. It was still a little painful but not swollen. He sat for a few minutes to catch his breath. After he put the boot back on he stood up and began walking in the direction of the farm he had seen from the air. It was late afternoon and it would be getting dark soon. He wanted a good view of the layout of the farm before it got dark so he hurried to get to the edge of the woods.

The trees thinned out a little as he got closer to the farm. He stopped just short of the tree line. He sat down and took off his right boot again. His ankle was still sore though there was still no sign of any swelling. He massaged the ankle as he rested and then on his boot.. He stood up and walked the last few yards to the edge of the trees.

He watched a young girl herding several cows back to the barn. Except for several bomb craters in the open area between him and the farmyard it appeared that everything had remained unscathed since the war had begun.

The girl smacked the rear end of the last cow and it ambled towards the barn a little faster. She stepped behind a small shed, out of view of the house. After setting her switch against the shed she pulled up the skirts of her dress. Holding the skirts up with her left hand she slid her panties half way down with her right hand. Then she held a penis in the right hand and began urinating.

The pilot was startled at this sight. He watched as the boy in girls clothes finished and pulled his panties back up, then smoothed the skirts of the dress out. Picking up the switch he ran after the cows and followed them into the barn.

The pilot stood still for a few minutes trying to comprehend what he had just seen. The coming darkness reminded him he needed a place to hide for the night. He decided to head for the shed. Going into the barn to the hayloft might disturb the cows or other animals and that would only draw attention to him.

He made a dash for the back of the shed and stood there for several minutes. Peeking around the corner he could see no one in the house so he ran quickly to the front and went inside. He was just inside the door when the cold muzzle of a shotgun pressed against his neck.

"Turn around please," said a voice in perfect English.

The pilot did so. The pressure of the gun muzzle lessened as an unseen hand removed the pistol from his holster and his knife from the sheath. The pilot said nothing as the pressure of the gun muzzle tightened once again.

"Please walk slowly to the house,"

The pilot began walking. At the back door a stout woman in a white apron opened it and stepped aside. He entered with the farmer right behind him.

"Sit at the table please," said the voice behind him.

The pilot did so and then turned around to see the man that had captured him. A short man with a large beard was holding the shotgun in his arms instead of having it pointed at him. At the stove the woman had filled a bowl with some soup. She placed it in front of him with a spoon.

"Eat. The soldiers will be here soon," said the man.

The boy in the dress peeked around the living room wall as the pilot took his first mouthful.

"The war was lost a long time ago," the man began. "We tried to get to America when Hitler first came to power but it wasn't long before it was too late. Bombs in one of your raids killed my daughter. The German army is recruiting everyone on two legs, eighty-year-old men and children too. I put my son in his dead sisters' clothes so when they came here they would not take him."

"I understand," replied the pilot. "I am sorry for your family's loss."

The pilot was about to say something else when he heard the sound of a motorcycle coming down the highway. A look of fear came over the farmers' face. He lowered the shotgun at the pilot.

"I have to turn you over to them. If they find you here we could all be killed," said the farmer.

"I know, here take this," said the pilot as he gulped the last spoonful of soup and stood up.

From his wallet he withdrew his money. Then from his flight suit pocket he folded a wad of German marks over it and handed it to the woman. He walked out the front door with his hands up and the farmer close behind him.

They were halfway down the entrance road when a motorcycle with a side car pulled off the road and parked near the front gate. Right behind it a small truck with several soldiers in the back came to a stop, blocking the front gate.

A German officer got out and began walking towards them. Two soldiers jumped out of the back of the truck with their Schermeiser machine pistols at the ready and followed him.

The farmer and the pilot stopped as the German officer raised his hand in a Nazi salute.

"Heil Hitler!" said the officer in a loud voice.

The farmer shifted the shotgun to his left hand and repeated the salutation but in a much softer voice. The pilot stood still as the two conversed in German. Shortly the German officer stood in front of him with the pilot's pistol and knife stuck in his waistband. He jerked his head towards the truck. The pilot began walking with the officer behind him and the two soldiers bringing up the rear.

At the truck the pilot climbed in the back and sat down with one soldier on each side of him. The officer got in the cab. The motorcycle with the side car spun around and headed back the way it had come with the truck following a moment later.

The farmer walked back to the house. His wife stood at the front door with the boy in a dress next to her. As the farmer reached the top step the sound of a single pistol shot split the air. The woman pulled her hands out of her apron pockets and covered her mouth to stifle a scream. The farmer looked down at his feet then back up at her.

"Not soldiers," he said softly. "SS"

The woman and the boy in the dress turned around and slowly walked back into the house with the farmer close behind.

In the kitchen she washed the bowl and spoon. From her apron pocket she removed the wad of bills and counted it out on the kitchen table. In the middle of the American money was a 3"X3" snapshot. She gave the bills to her husband and then walked to the living room.

She sat down in a large stuffed chair next to a small table. She opened her bible, placed the snapshot inside, and then closed it again. The boy in the dress watched as she covered her face with her hands and began to cry.

The earliest memories I have of my childhood in Iowa can be summed up with two words starting with the letter "c". That's "cold" and "corn". I remembered being bundled up in so many clothes that I could hardly walk. The summers could be beastly hot. Sometimes almost suffocating with high humidity

Farm work is 24/7. Work begins before sun up and continues after sun down. There is no age barrier or affirmative action here. There are no job descriptions either. As soon as you can walk and talk you have work to do. Everybody works, everybody eats.

There is an old saying, "Everybody likes to eat but not everybody likes to hunt." On a farm everybody hunts. No matter how young you are it starts with chores. I was too small to help with the outside work so I was assigned to do household chores. I did the cleaning, helped with food preparation, doing the dishes, changing of bed linen and towels as well as the laundry.

When school started I was up early doing a few chores and after school I did a few more before tackling my homework. It seemed like an endless cycle that left little time for the things that I wanted to do, but that was the way things were and you just had to suck it up and do the best you could.

The summer I turned thirteen my mom's cousin's daughter was getting married and we were all invited. With farm work there was no such thing as a day off or a vacation. Mom would take me to the wedding and we would come back the next day. It was a 250

mile drive so she decided we would stay overnight in a motel, check out the next day, go to the wedding but leave the reception early and drive back home.

A week before we were due to leave mom got a phone call. She kept glancing in my direction as she talked. I remember her exact words were: "Oh he will be glad to do it. Nobody has to know and it will just be for one day."

I wondered what she meant by that. Before going to bed that night she came into my bedroom with a measuring tape and asked me to undress. I didn't ask any questions as she measured my chest, waist and hips. She wrote down the measurements and then looked inside one of my shoes and wrote down the size.

I lay awake for awhile that night wondering why she telephoned my measurements to her cousin. I had never been to a wedding before so I thought perhaps there was some special outfit that I needed to wear.

The drive took us five and a half hours. Our old car's air conditioner quit working about halfway there. By the time we arrived at our motel we were as limp as wet dishrags. Mom called her cousin to let her know we had arrived safely and then we went next door to a burger joint and had our supper.

It was a little after seven when the desk buzzed our room. Mom answered and a few minutes later her cousin was at our door with a large box. I was watching TV as they chatted and then mom introduced me to her cousin Nora. Nora grinned at me as she shook hands with me seeing something about me that apparently I was not aware of.

"Ok James, now listen carefully. I know you may not like this but sometimes we have to do certain things to benefit everyone, just like everyone has to pitch in on a farm. The girl who was going to be the flower girl in the wedding party was injured in gym class and won't be able to be here. You will be taking her place. Please get undressed so we can see how the dress fits you,"

I was very surprised at this but stripped down to my underpants. Nora opened the box and took out a garment she called a petti slip and held it up by the hem. I put my arms thru the straps and she slipped it over me. After she adjusted the straps she looked me over. Both her and my mom seemed satisfied with the way it fit me.

Next she held up a purple chiffon dress. She unzipped it and slipped it over my head. Mom zipped me up and they both looked me over. Nora used pins to tighten the fit. When they were satisfied they helped me out of the dress and petti slip. The shoes were a little loose but with some tissues stuffed in the toes the black patent leather Mary Jane style fit me well enough to walk in. The gloves were a little big but they would suffice.

Nora repacked the things in the box and I got dressed. Mom walked her to the door. Nora wanted us at the house about eleven thirty as we had to be at the church at twelve thirty for the one pm ceremony. Before going to bed that night mom explained the ceremony and what I was supposed to do.

I lay awake for a while. The top of the petti slip was a soft slippery material and felt good against my bare skin. The stiff netting of the skirt had a picky feeling but it flared out the chiffon dress nicely. The chiffon material of the dress and the gloves also felt very good. I hoped I would do everything right tomorrow afternoon.

The alarm clock went off sooner than I expected. We got dressed and went out for breakfast. We watched TV for a while and then it was time to go. We checked out and drove to Nora's house.

Nora invited us inside and took me directly to one of the bedrooms. It was a beautiful house and superbly furnished. Inside the bedroom I saw the garments on the bed.

"Undress, put on the lingerie first and I will help you with the dress," ordered Nora.

I put my clothes on the chair and walked over to the bed. The panties were purple as well with black elastic. They felt good as I pulled them up to my waist. The purple ankle socks were next, then the petti slip. It seemed to have fit better than yesterday when I had first tried it on. I walked to the door and let Nora back in.

"Go over and sit at the vanity please," she asked.

I sat down on the small stool smoothing the skirt underneath me with both hands like I had seen girls do.

"Look at me and tilt your head back," she instructed.

When I did she brushed some pink powder over my cheeks and then with a small brush applied pink lipstick to my lips.

"Press your lips together please," she asked.

I did so and she began combing my hair over my forehead to form bangs. Next she pinned something she called a fall to the back of my head and gave me the appearance of having long hair. The last thing she did was pin a purple satin bow just above my bangs. She put the shoes at my feet. I put them on and buckled the instep strap.

"Okay, now the dress," she said.

I got up as Nora unzipped the dress. She slipped it over my head. After zipping me up she adjusted the hem over the petti slip. I put on the chiffon gloves and we walked to the door. When mom saw me her mouth dropped open.

"Oh my God!" she exclaimed. "You are absolutely adorable! No one will think you are anybody but Sandy our flower girl!" she said.

"I agree," said Nora. "Now you have a seat and watch some TV while your mom and I get dressed,"

I said nothing as I made my way to the living room. I had some apprehensions about this for sure but it was too late for me to do anything about it. When the women returned we went out to our cars and drove to the church. Nora took me into a small room where the bride and bridesmaids were.

"Oh Sandy don't you look gorgeous," cooed one of the bridesmaids.

"Thank you," I replied.

"Now Sandy," smiled Nora. "Do you have any questions about what you have to do?"

"No, but lets go over it one more time," I answered trying to sound like Sandy.

Nora explained the ceremony and reassured me that I would be fine. The organ music started and we got in line for the procession. I took a deep breath. Everyone would be looking at me. I had to do this right. Taking my place in line I walked out the door.

The ceremony went off without a hitch. After the pictures we went to the reception hall and had dinner. At the table mom had whispered to take smaller portions in my mouth, chew slowly, and sip my beverage.

“You know,” she smiled. “Just like a girl would.”

The bridal party had been served first so after we finished mom took me back to Nora’s house. After removing my makeup with some face cream she helped me undress. I put on my male clothes and she put everything back in the box and left it on the bed.

The drive back home was long and it was after eleven before I finally got into bed. I thought about the way I had looked. For a short time I had been a pretty girl. I had gotten some looks from the boys my age at the dinner. I also thought about the way the panties and the chiffon dress had felt on my skin. It had been an enjoyable experience. It was a hard thing for a boy to have to admit but I enjoyed being a girl, even if only for a day. I closed my eyes and saw the reflection that young girl in the vanity mirror. Maybe I should have been a girl. I fell asleep and dreamed of panties, petticoats, and filmy dresses.

The next day life on the farm continued. My mother never said anything to my dad. We got some of the wedding pictures in the mail a few weeks later. After looking at them mom glanced at me kind of wistfully and then put the pictures away. She had wanted a daughter but after several miscarriages and giving birth to me the doctor suggested no more kids.

When I turned sixteen I enrolled in drivers’ education. My dad felt it was time for me to learn to operate the tractor and other farm machinery as well. I never liked being around machinery. I liked the quiet of the household chores.

I listened to my father explain each piece of machinery and soon became as skillful as he was though I dreaded it each time I had to drive or operate any of the machines we had. I would have much preferred being in the kitchen helping my mom or doing the other household chores.

When I was six I had been given pedal operated John Deere tractor for Christmas. I was still short for my age so my dad had to fasten two wood blocks to the pedals so I could reach them. I knew that was an expensive toy so I pretended to be thrilled driving it around the house most of Christmas day.

After chores in the summer I would occasionally drive it around the farm yard but it spent more time in the basement than anywhere else. I was very grateful for the hard earned money they had spent though it wasn’t something I had wanted or even liked.

In our family there was no such thing as “women’s work and men’s work” Everybody pitched in to do what had to be done. There was no discussion you just went and did it. Apparently in some families kids could do anything they want, maybe they had a union or something. I only knew my dad held up his pants with a two and a half inch leather belt and I didn’t want that thing to come off unless he was changing his clothes.

I was a junior now and went to a large high school. I stayed out of any extra curricular activities like most farm kids since I had responsibilities at home and didn't have the time for these activities or the means to get to and from them like some of the other kids from more affluent families did. I had no real interest in sports or the various clubs any way.

It was in January just after school started again that a new girl transferred in. We had English and math together. When she first saw me she did a double take. Later she was talking with some of the other girls and they all glanced at me briefly, then they looked away.

Her name was Sandy Huxley. She was a tall, broad shouldered girl and the starting center on the girls' basketball team. It suddenly dawned on me that she was the girl I had replaced at the wedding four years ago. I wondered if she was telling everybody what I had done. I felt a pang of apprehension. Would everybody in school now start calling me a "sissy"? Was I going to be teased unmercifully? I decided not to worry about it, after all that was four years ago.

That Friday as I sat in the back of the bus I was thinking about her. I hadn't thought about dresses in a long while. I got up to get off at my stop when I noticed a magazine on the seat in front of me. It was a prom guide. For some reason I grabbed it and stuffed it in my notebook. At home I took my books upstairs and put the magazine under my mattress.

Later that night I finished my homework and dug out the magazine. I paged thru it and couldn't help but admire all those beautiful dresses. The girls had perfect hair, make up and wore high heel shoes. Some of the dresses looked like they were made of the same material as the dress I had worn at the wedding. Others were made of shinier materials like satin or taffeta. I read and re-read the descriptions of the gowns. There were also articles on hair styles and make up.

I became fascinated and wondered if I could look as good as they did if I were made up and dressed like that. I had been drawn to taking that magazine and now wishing that I could dress myself up like that. But why would I? I was a male. What would draw me to want to dress and act female? I put the magazine back. Later that week when no one was around I ran it thru the shredder a few pages at a time.

Late in February we were at the mall on a Saturday afternoon. There was a bridal show in progress. Mom stopped to watch for a few minutes. I stood behind her and closed my eyes, imagining myself in one of those satin gowns. A voice behind me spoke in a soft voice:

"Guess they had all the flower girls they needed, right?"

I turned to see Sandy Huxley with a grin on her face.

"Uh, well I ..."

"Oh relax, I am just teasing you but I must say you do look fabulous in a dress. I work part time at Penney's. You should come over some time and I could get you outfitted for a party! Let me know if I can help," she said as she smiled broadly, then turned and walked away.

Mom had that wistful look on her face again as she and I left the show. She was very quiet on the drive home. I had a hunch she was thinking about having a daughter to someday be dressed in all that elegant, feminine finery.

School continued and I was looking forward to finishing the year. Occasionally though I found myself thinking about those dresses. I became more aware of the way the girls at school fixed their hair and did their make up. I wondered what it was like to be dressed and made up like a girl all the time.

It was in mid April that the cold weather finally broke. Farmers were happy that they were going to be able to get into the fields a little earlier this year. Ethanol production had raised the price of corn so everyone was hoping for a bumper crop this year.

In math class Sandy whispered to me as we sat down.

"See me right after class."

I nodded and the lesson began. Math was the last class of the day. I wondered what this was about and I found it a little difficult to keep my mind on my studies. She had been cool towards me except for that remark she had made at the mall when mom and I were watching the bridal show.

The bell finally rang and we got our homework assignments. As the class vacated the room Sandy blocked my exit. She had a smile on her face.

"I know you are busy with the farm work and all," she began. "I need your help with some things around the house. Mom's gone for the weekend. I'll make some pizza and we can watch a movie together when you are finished. Here is my address. It's not far from where you live. Come by tomorrow afternoon around two."

"Sure, no problem," I said as I took the slip of paper from her. I wondered what she had meant by "things around the house." I knew her mom and dad had divorced. Presumably something needed fixing.

On the bus ride home I recalled how she had stood in front of me when she had asked me for help. She had talked in a more authoritative manner than she usually did when talking to me. It wasn't like she was asking me to be there, more like she was telling me to be there. Not really intimidating exactly but I found I had liked her take charge attitude.

I told my parents where I would be and left the house in mom's car arriving at Sandy's at ten minutes to two. I was about to reach for the bell when she opened the door and invited me in. I followed her inside to the kitchen.

"The faucets here and in the bathroom drip quite a bit. I brought up a tool box from the basement and there is bunch of washers in the small box on the table. If you need anything else just let me know."

I nodded as she went back to the living room. It was a simple job really. I had seen my dad do it twice. I shut off the water, drained the faucets, removed them, replaced the washers, squirted some lube on the shafts, replaced the faucets, turned the water back on and turned them on and off repeatedly .

I took the tools and washers into the bathroom where I repeated the same procedure. In no time at all I had them working properly too. I came back to the living room and told Sandy I was done.

"That's great. Now I need you to replace some lights. I'm not very good on a ladder either I'm afraid. There is a package on the dining room table with four fluorescent bulbs in it. Please replace the two over the kitchen table and then we'll go down the basement and replace two down there."

I opened the package and took out two bulbs. I stepped on the kitchen table and removed the plastic housing. After removing the two old bulbs I installed the new ones. Sandy turned on the light switch and they both worked so I replaced the cover. I left the two old bulbs on the table. I picked up the tool box and washers as she grabbed the two remaining lights. I followed her to the basement and using a small wooden stepladder I replaced the two bulbs in the laundry room's fixture. She turned them on once and then shut them off.

"I'm so glad that's done," she exclaimed. "Mom bought this in a kind of a hurry. We have been lucky so far as nothing major has gone wrong. Now let's go back upstairs, you can leave the tool box and washers on the shop table."

She picked up the two old bulbs and went upstairs while I put the tool box and washers back. I went upstairs to the living room. She had deposited the four bulbs in the recycling bucket on the front steps.

"Now I just need your help with one other thing," she smiled again. "Have a seat at the kitchen table and I will be right back."

I took a seat at the table. She returned shortly with a white shoe box. She picked up a bottle of pink nail polish as she took her seat across from me.

"Open this please," she said as she handed me the bottle. "This sprain has hampered me from doing a number of things and it is a real bother."

I had noticed the small bandage on her right hand at school but hadn't said anything. I twisted the cap loose and set the bottle down on the paper napkin she had unfolded and put on the table. She placed her hands in front of me, palm down on the napkin.

"Will you do them for me please?" she asked. "Start at the back of the nail and brush forward."

I could hardly refuse so I unscrewed the top and brushed off the excess liquid. I was very careful as I applied the pink polish to each nail. When I finished her right hand she held it up and blew gently across the nails to dry them. I was surprised that I accomplished it without a single smudge or smear. I finished the left one and she blew across them too as I replaced the cap on the bottle.

"Oh don't close the bottle just yet, we're not done," she said.

I looked up a little surprised as she stood up and then carefully grabbed her chair and placed it on the table in front of me. Using another chair she stepped on it and got on the table, then sat down in front of me keeping her fingers spread and waving them around to air dry them.

"In the white box there are some spacers. Please put them between my toes and then apply the polish the same way you did before."

I did as she asked and shortly I was looking at ten very pink toenails.

"You are very good," she said quietly. "You took your time and did it right. No mess, no clean up afterwards. You should be a make up artist and or a nail technician. Your small hands make you ideally suited for it."

"Well I don't know. I haven't made any career plans yet but I heard that most of the men who do that are gay," I answered.

"True but your skills come first, not your sexual preference. Please go into my bedroom and bring me the blow dryer on my vanity."

I capped the bottle of polish and put it back in the white box. I returned shortly with the dryer.

"Plug it in behind you. Use the low heat and low fan setting please."

I did so and began drying her toenails. After about fifteen minutes she said:

"Enough."

I shut it off and unplugged the cord, then wrapped the cord around the handle. I removed the spacers from between her toes and put them and the bottle of nail polish back in the box. I took the box back to her bedroom. When I returned she was putting the pizza in the oven.

"Let's go in the living room and have a drink," she suggested.

I followed her and sat on the couch while she went to the mini bar.

"What would you like?" she asked.

"A soft drink please. Whatever you have," I answered.

"Oh come on, how about a beer?"

"Okay."

I wasn't sure about drinking alcohol as I would have to drive home. My experience with alcohol had been limited to a beer at home and then only during the summer cookouts.

She came around and handed me the glass as she sat down next to me. I was sitting close to the arm of the couch and she had sat very close, almost as if she wanted to pin me there. She held her glass of beer in her left hand and had snaked her right arm behind me as she sat down. I took a quick gulp of my beer as she looked more intently at me.

I hadn't been alone with a girl before. I am sure she sensed my apprehension as she smiled and took a sip of her beer. She had that look on her face. Like she knew she was in charge and no matter what she had in mind she was going to have her way. We chatted about school for a while and then the oven timer went off. She handed me her glass.

"Fill this up and I will cut the pizza," she said on her way to the kitchen.

I went to the bar. After I topped off both glasses I made my way to the kitchen. The pizza was on the cooling rack and she began cutting it into slices. I put her glass down in front of the chair nearest to her and then took a seat at the table opposite her.

She placed a piece of pizza on a paper plate and slid it across from me. She sat down with hers and we began eating. She licked some tomato paste from her fingers and stopped briefly to inspect her nails.

"You should reconsider, my nails look very nice."

I didn't say anything as I chewed my pizza, just nodded my head. We ate a few more slices and then finished our beer.

"Now for the movie," she smiled as she got up.

I followed her back into the living room and sat on the couch next to her. I had no idea what movie she had selected but I wasn't quite prepared for what I saw.

"Undercover Sorority Girls" was a low budget rather stupid movie about two police cadets who dress like college co-eds and live in a sorority house while looking for drug dealing. It was the usual farce without much plot or story line. The first part dealing with their female sergeants' task of getting them feminized and outfitted with a feminine wardrobe. The second part dealt with their misadventures in the sorority house as well as fighting off the advances of male students. I was glad when it ended.

Sandy had been silent throughout the entire movie. She turned to me and said with a smile:

"Would you like some more beer?"

"No thanks," I replied. "I'm good."

She grinned as she said "Me too." And then she leaned over and kissed me. She pushed herself hard against me and then we broke. She took my hand and led me to the bedroom.

"Hurry up and get undressed," she ordered in a firm voice. "I have something special for you."

I began taking my clothes off as she walked to her dresser. She opened the drawer as I kicked off my shoes and removed my socks. I slid my pants down as she turned around with a grin and held up a pair of pink panties.

"Put these on NOW," she said in a more authoritative tone.

I slipped off my shorts and put on the panties. I found myself liking her take charge attitude as I put on the pink filmy top she tossed at me. She looked me over and then led me to her vanity. The blonde wig was next. Finally she picked up lipstick and pushed it hard over my lips. I pressed my lips together without being told to do so.

"Alright, now you look so good!" she squealed.

She was out of her clothes in no time and soon we were locked in an embrace. She forced her tongue inside my mouth and I found myself getting hard as she pushed me back towards the bed. We stopped momentarily as she got a condom from the vanity drawer and then she slid my panties down to put it on.