

Sabrina – a weekend made-over

When I saw the advert I got weak knees. There were some people looking for contestants for a make-over, men and women. Would I be able to carry this off?

I had been a closet cross dresser until my 27th birthday, then I decided to come out of the closet and chose a concert of my favourite band, the Steve Gibbons band, that apparently none of my colleagues liked, to venture out as myself for the first time. Nothing too obvious but no pony tail, a golden hoop in both ears, a pair of 4 inch heel cream coloured ankle boots, almost covered by tight golden satin trousers, and a long soft cashmere sweater that was showing my little breasts, my pride and joy but so far hidden away outside of my flat.

You see, I was a roadie to start with, but had learned a lot about electrics and electronics as a boy and had already supplied equipment for a gig at a school fete, where some classmates of mine also did the lighting. Why I had developed little breasts I did not really know, but I had read somewhere that excessive use of Hashish could have a feminising effect on certain individuals. What I did know was that as a small boy already I had dreamt of being a girl. I started to use cannabis at the age of 13 on a trip to the UK. I am German, you see and from Hamburg, so the UK was just a night trip on the boat to Harwich away and my school, a Gymnasium (the German equivalent of high school and college rolled into one), had a student exchange with a school in a posh suburb of London. I was onto joining the exchange program and wanted to get acquainted, so I got to visit the possible host family, and there in London I smoked my first joint. I never stopped until the age of 36. But back to my story:

I got into the concert venue and walked around about an hour or so before the concert as the hall was still reasonably quiet, not able to suppress my professional interest. As I tried to look at the two desks, mixing and lighting, an amused masculine voice behind me said:

"Hi girly, want to have a closer look? You got any idea about such equipment?"

A shock of unbelievable proportions went through my whole body. I knew this voice. It was a guy called Pond (Tümpel in German) for reasons nobody rightly understood and he was a roadie for a hire company I supplied with equipment I built. We knew each other well, having worked at several festivals together in the past. He saw me shiver and said:

"Sorry, I did not plan to frighten you, darling."

I caught myself and wondered what to do and then a dam broke and I turned around close to tears and said:

"Neither did I."

He looked at me and grinned from ear to ear.

"Well, well, we were wondering for quite a while now when you'd come out. You're quite obvious, you know? Two small hoop earrings, one in each ear, the soft bumps on your chest one feels when bumping into you and the soft manicured hands even though you are working in the joinery when you are not mixing ... and you never joined in our macho games, even though you drank some of us under the table sometimes." He made a pause. "Even now with your typical Hanseatic understatement and just a little make-up you radiate femininity. You're quite pretty as I expected."

"Oh my god Tümpel, you're not making fun of me, are you?"

"No way, ..." he let his sentence hang in the air, politely asking that way for a name to call me by.

"Sabrina." I whispered or rather almost sobbed.

"Sabrina." he repeated "Fits you! And don't worry about us, we all respect you for your knowledge and ability and you are ever so nice to work with. I wish there were more clever girls in the business. Come, meet the others and I suppose the band, too. You like them, don't you? They're the exact opposite to your posh Pommy English." He just could not stop grinning.

We had become the centre of attention for the rest of the crew and some of the musicians, who were late for the sound check. Tümpel took my hand and led me to the stage where everybody was gathered. I later heard that he looked at everyone present from behind me promising all hell breaking loose with blazing eyes if anyone misbehaved. Not that they wanted to.

"Everyone meet Sabrina," he said "she was looking at our set-up."

"A girl?" one of the musicians asked "what does she know about stuff?"

Tümpel chuckled and said:

"She designed and built most of our "stuff", you prat."

There were grins on the faces of those who knew me and a stunned silence from the musicians. I did not know what to say or do, I was high on adrenaline and a feeling I had not deemed possible before. I was free and accepted!

"You did?" the guy, the guitarist, asked.

"Yes, I did." I replied shyly.

"Well I never ... You're blond and pretty and clever. One lives and learns."

So now you know where I am coming from. For years from then on I held my own in that kind of environment. I became a proud and strong woman. I left Germany later and moved to England, then the States. I never thought of myself as pretty or very feminine, more like a female roadie. Guys respected (and sometimes feared) me, as I have a pretty quick wit and can sometimes be cynical in my comments. Now I am grey but even at the age of sixty still amazingly firm and strong. Not very feminine but into women sexually. Not very successful in the relationship department either. I could really do with a make-over. Perhaps they would see me as a challenge.

Chapter 2:

I could not wait for the day to show up at the selection process. I had been successful in my own way in the music industry, but now, having survived more than 25 years in that scene, I was desperate to become someone new: a sexy cougar. Hopefully I'd be chosen to be worked over by what I thought might be real professionals with TASTE! Perhaps, if I looked more sexy and feminine I might not scare off male and females alike any more. Perhaps I might even find a nice girl to love for a change, I was tired of those girlies who were looking for a mother replacement. After all, as my last lover had commented, I was fitter than most women in their twenties, gym or no gym.

Why was I so anxious about falling in love? Well, there were two reasons: firstly the last girl I almost fell in love with made me sad not to have had a daughter like her. Difficult, though, as a post-op with no magical help to become complete as a woman. Even more difficult as a lez. Secondly I started being afraid of getting old alone. So what was I hoping for in this?

I did not really have an answer to that. On one hand I really wanted to look more feminine now. I never felt like a beauty even though from the beginning I had been called pretty. But my nose is too big, my waist too manly, my hands too big and strong and my voice is the worst. Whatever I do people still call me sir on the phone. Though that might be more the energy that comes over the line than the voice. Yes, 25+ years as a Rock & Roll technician are not easily overcome. I was mostly stage managing in the end and that was a demanding job and wanted an undeniably dominant presence. Now I did not really want to be dominated, but I was struggling to get out of the habit to dominate. Nobody can possibly imagine the demands that have to be met as a woman in that business. Today some women dominate the business with their sheer sexual presence, but they are mostly singers or actresses. In my case it had to be knowledge and stamina, sometimes brute force.

Oh come on, Sabrina, stop moaning.

Well, I try to make the best of what I have, my small but still firm breasts I was so proud of since the oestrogen kicked in, but mostly my legs, my long shapely legs. Short skirts and long tops to hide the narrow hips and almost non-existent waist. Yes, I can look reasonably nice in a professional woman kind of way, but sexy? That had never been an option, really. But that was what I was hoping for now. To be honest I was almost desperate for it.

The days up to September were long, not only in the way summer evenings are light. And I did not live in Chicago. I was becoming a California type with a penchant for redneck women. Yes, Gretchen Wilson is one of my favourite singers. How I wish I had a lover like her! What I liked about California was the North. Napa Valley and Mendocino county. I love hiking Yosemite. But not alone any more.

I had enough money to be able to afford to be idle for a while and spend my time experimenting with renewable energy. Wind turbines, water wheels, solar panels, you name it I was interested in it. My future property would be a little haven, independent of any electrical grid or fossil fuel. I am quite passionate about that, actually. But my secret love is Astrology. It is the most

fascinating and mind boggling subject, once you have encountered the Munich Rhythm Theory. So I had plenty to engage my energy in, but what I really wanted was love. I was dreaming of being loved as a woman by a woman. On equal terms. Might this be a chance to get that?

I had already checked out accommodation in Chicago and good restaurants, my flight was already booked, Wednesday 20th September San Francisco to Chicago. I was going to stay at the Waldorf Astoria. A nice luxurious double room, I need space in my bed. For meals I would definitely try the North Pond, Café Spiaggia and the Frontera Grill. As well as the restaurant in the Astoria itself and local cafés just around the corner. I would stay as long as I liked it, no matter what the outcome on that ominous Thursday meeting.

Finally I was boarding the plane. Virgin (another one from the music industry's fugitives?) America would get me to Chicago in just under 4 hours. I spent the time reading my latest discovery, Juliette Benzoni, in French. Yes, I can speak German, English and French. French actually is my favourite language. And "La jeune mariée" was about as close to the mood I was in as a book could get. So the time just flew by, in the truest sense of the word. An uneventful arrival and taxi ride later I was standing at the reception in the Hotel being treated as a real lady. OK, Sabrina, keep your wits about you and behave like one, too. I smiled a friendly smile at the reception clerk whose smile seemed to be genuine, too, for a change. Only some five minutes later I was in my comfy room and unpacking my case. I had far too many clothes with me, since I still had no idea what to wear tomorrow.

For this evening in the Hotel's restaurant I chose a casual dress, not too figure hugging (after all I had none to speak of), but short enough to make a feature of my legs. And wedges. I love heels, but wedges were safer with the same effect. Tomorrow though it would be either my fuck me pumps and a mini or the black 4 inch heel over knee boots with skinny jeans, both to be combined with a nice, long, soft sweater. And old fashioned Chloë, still my favourite perfume. I did not wear perfume often, but tomorrow it'd be definitely a must. As well as some make-up I did not normally wear apart from mascara.

It was nice that the weather was playing along even if it was not as mild as California. I was still not used to Fahrenheit as a measure for climate and struggling with the difference between English gallons and American ones as well as other measures for liquids and such like. I was reasonably comfortable with feet and inches and luckily the units in my (old and new) interest were international. Volt, Ampere, Watt and such like were universal. So while local people evidently were comfortable with temperature in the 50s and 60s even as a northern woman I felt 10 to 17Celsius as not really nice and warm for September. But there you go I had not chosen the locale and had to do with what was available. At least raincoats might not be necessary in the next couple of days.

Chapter 3:

The meal in the restaurant of the Waldorf Astoria was a nice experience. For a change I was not stared at as a single woman contentedly eating on her own. On top of that the food was excellent, as was the wine. In the early days of my managership of the loudspeaker cabinet and flight case production my workshop was just a couple of houses down from a small specialist wine merchants and I had gotten friendly with the couple who ran it, so I – with their help – had developed quite an extensive knowledge of French wines and a taste for them. The choice of whites they had here was very enjoyable. As was the service, knowledgeable, friendly and unobtrusive. I rewarded them with a generous tip, before I went upstairs to prepare for tomorrows adventure. At least that was what I hoped it would turn out like.

I checked my emails on the notebook that rarely ever left my side. When you are trying to be on the cutting edge of technology in such a fast moving subject as RE and sustainability, it pays to stay on the ball. Then I checked out the site of the make-over contest and found confirmation for the venue and the time. I'd have time to check out Chicago a bit before it would be necessary to dress up for the competition. I made a mental note to have a solid breakfast, as I might not get a lunch if I got carried away shopping. Then I unpacked my nightie and got ready for bed, setting my phone to wake me up at 7h30. As soon as I hit the pillow I was asleep.

Having got up and had a shower I selected what to wear. The day was promising to be nice, so I went for a black lace body stocking, the Italian layered dress in beige, grey opaque hose and my favourite grey wedges. I styled my reasonably short grey hair in my by now almost trademark fashion: side swept bangs, the top brushed up and back, the sides a little forward into the face and the ears free to show off the big silver hoops. All in all I managed to still look quite reasonably feminine, even with minimalist make-up. No beauty, but a solidly built healthy woman of sixty three. I decided to wear my black cape with it later and packed my filo, purse, make-up bag and hormones into the grey bag matching my boots. Then I went down for a full English breakfast. Some habits simply die hard even though nowadays I had coffee with it. Just like the dinner last evening it was nice and uneventful. Then I went out exploring.



The times I spent in Chicago before never had given me a chance to see anything but the venue whoever I was working for was playing in, mostly one stadium or another, then a flight onwards, another night in a mediocre hotel or – in a worst case scenario – a tour bus. I was determined to get a good look around this time. I had always wanted to see the Navy Pier, a venue that promised a special experience, so I decided to go and have a look at it before everybody else.

It was an impressive venue and preparations were already in full swing. Having been a professional in the music industry I had no problem getting someone to show me around the place anyway. Sometimes it helps to check out a place if you do not know what to expect. I was shown the venue being prepared for tonight and watched for a moment. The lady who seemed to be in charge of the preparations was a surprise. She was very good looking although her behaviour made me think she must be close to my age. Actually I wished I could be as good looking. She hardly looked a day over forty and was exactly the type I'd be going for, given half a chance. For a moment our eyes met, each recognizing the other for what we were: experienced professional women well in charge of our lives. Before I had a chance to try and approach her my "tour guide" caught my attention and led me away to another part of the complex.

Slightly disappointed about the missed chance but on the other hand even more looking forward to the evening I tried to find some distraction to keep me from thinking about her. Was this love on first sight? I had butterflies in my stomach. But then my reason kicked in and told me to forget it. She'd never go for a plain woman like me. In any case the chances for her to be lesbian were remote if any. All reasoning had no effect, though. She had left a lasting impression and that caused a deep, deep longing. That's all you need now, Sabrina, I told myself, being infatuated like a teenager! But was it really just infatuation? I had not felt like this for ages, if ever. The feeling reminded me of the first time I went out as a woman and met Tümpel, the Steve Gibbons band and the Rockservice crew.

The girl that was showing me around realised I was completely distracted and simply left me at one of the bars, wishing me a nice day. I decided to have a drink and asked what Vodkas they were carrying. I settled for a neat double Zubrowka and sat at the bar pondering what was going on.

"Hello, pretty lady!"

The guy next to me trying to chat me up was revolting.

"My name is Alvin."

Alvin the sleaze ball I thought but tried to be civil.

"I am the mystery woman from outa space." I said grinning, hoping to scare him off. Fat chance of that.

"So, what mysterious things are you doing here?" He asked.

"Checking out the venue for a Rock show. I am a roadie." I said knocking down my double Vodka. That should do the trick.

He was slightly taken aback and I used the chance to get up and take my leave wishing him a nice day. Walking away I had to suppress a shudder. The guy really was repulsive. Nevertheless I distinctly felt his eyes on my back. Not good. I decided to really scare him off should I ever meet him again.

Chapter 4:

Having spent the afternoon window shopping and café hopping I got back to the Waldorf and had another shower. Then I pondered what to wear. Having seen the lady organising the venue I suddenly found my wardrobe lacking. In the end I went for the dark blue skinny jeans, a moderate pair of ankle boots with a block heel and my Sundance sweatshirt, clothes I felt really comfortable in. Underneath I wore a nice lacy bra and panties in white. It was more casual than dressed up, but I wanted to feel at home in my outfit and comfortable with myself. In the end I was still a technician more than a girlie. And I hoped against all hope that I might attract the attention of someone, who'd deem me fit to be transformed into someone really feminine and hopefully sexy.

There were already quite a lot of people milling around when I arrived, I guessed about two to three hundred, but then I had never been any good at guessing the size of any crowds. Unfortunately most of them were rather a lot younger so I saw my chances dwindling and worst of all the lady from this morning was nowhere to be seen. Well, that was most certainly the end for me here. I walked around being determined to at least enjoy myself. There were quite a few couples and some groups that evidently belonged together but hardly any singles, possibly only me. Would it be more fun if I had had a girl friend accompanying me? But who? Christine, who was safely settled in Brittany? That would have been an expensive exercise and she had to work anyway. My sweet young protégée, who was studying in Holland, she who had caused me to regret never to have had a daughter? She might enjoy this. But her studies were certainly much more important than accompanying her godmother to a make-over contest. For her I would spend any amount, though.

Lost in thought I had missed the stage filling with some people setting up a kind of Loto machine and guess what, who seemed to be in charge? Alvin the sleaze ball! Well, I thought, there go my chances once and for all. Alvin slimed the audience like a monster from Ghostbusters with an opening speech I did not pay any attention to. Then he announced starting the draw. He grabbed into the machine and pulled out a registration, read it and announced my name! What kind of conjuring trick was this? I got deeply suspicious but if I wanted my make-over I now had to walk up to the stage and join him. It made me quite self conscious but then I reminded myself of all the difficult situations I had been in as a stage manager, once even fighting off over zealous fans climbing the stage in person with the security guys, who were seriously impressed. Come on, Sabrina, perk up and be your magnificent self, my inner voice said with an undercurrent of sarcasm.

I mounted the stair to the stage and saw the look of deep satisfaction on Alvin's face. He had surely been fiddling this! Wait for my response you bastard, I thought. If you're not toeing the line I'll have your balls for breakfast. So being the first of the winners he created quite a fuss around me and I had to answer some questions through a microphone. One of them was my profession and he was again taken aback when he got the same answer:

"I am a roadie."

"And what, may I ask, is that?"

You've seen me knocking back a double Vodka, I thought, I bet you

know exactly what that is, but you have no idea what that means, sleaze ball.

"I set up and run sound systems I have built for hire companies here and in Europe and sometimes design the lighting for shows and plays."

That seriously got him thinking. Evidently he had not expected me to be serious. The audience, on the other hand was delighted. This was unexpected, to say the least, and when he followed through asking my age and I countered that with:

"That is a question you should know not to ask a lady, but then I am a roadie and proud to still be fit and working at sixty three."

There was actually applause in the audience. He realised that I was stealing his show and left me alone to quickly get on with the draw. I watched carefully and once I think I saw him slip the next registration from his sleeve. What the fuck was going on here? I decided to be extra alert and find out, if it was only him or the whole outfit that was crooked.

When all ten contestants were assembled on the stage I realised, that all of them except me were young men, who were anything but exceedingly masculine. Now I was deeply suspicious. Could they have known, that I was transgender? And what were they planning?

I snapped out of my thoughts as Alvin started to introduce the stylists, that were going to make over the contestants. Mine was a guy who was as camp as anyone could get, but I quite like gay guys, as they certainly have no interest at getting into my pants and more often than not are quite fun to be with. Having been the first chosen him and me were the first to have a short exchange over the mike. Alvin – of course – was wearing a wireless one, but the two of us had to share a mike. No question I was holding it.

"So, darling, what is your name?"

He got right in the game.

"Alfred, honey, but my friends call me Ally."

"Nice, Ally, are you going to make me enjoy this? My name's Sabrina."

"Was your mom a Humphrey Bogart fan?"

He was into old movies, we were going to have a whale of a time!

"Possibly, but I do not think that was the reason for my name. I am looking forward very much to spending tomorrow under your care, darling."

"And you will never regret it, honey. Promise. Big promise actually!"

"You're a star!"

With that we had set the mood for what came after, although few of the other contestants were happy to be cared for by either gay or female stylists, one or two apart, whom I instantly suspected to be looking forward to an experience normally more reserved for women. What would be coming from this? I asked myself now being curious more than anything apart from being very wary about Mr. sleaze ball. To my dismay the lady from this morning did not turn up at all. But then who apart from dedicated doctors and crazy roadies works ungodly hours most of the days? So after the presentation I quickly took my leave and returned back to my cosy room at the Waldorf, ordered a late supper and a bottle of Sancerre and settled down to stop my mind from spinning improbable tales about what was going on here. I would certainly find out one way or another tomorrow.

Chapter 5:

The next morning I got up early again, even though I had no need to get dressed in any special fashion or make myself up. I spent about an hour first looking things up on the net then making a couple of calls, calling in favours. I'd get to the bottom of this. Nevertheless I took a long hot shower relishing the hard current of water on my skin. Then I ran up a chart for today on my notebook with astro.com, based on the time of the arrival and the Navy Pier. It was a strange chart, even though it did not seem ominous to me or threatening. But there was definitely something alien involved, not threatening me, though. I could never have guessed how alien.

I turned up exactly on time, well nourished, and greeted Ally with a friendly smile and a hug. There was nothing at all alien about him. He told me to take off the top layer of my clothing and put on a robe sort of thing that would not mind to get a little stained. Then he told me to relax and trust him. To my surprise I did.

He started with telling me that one of his assistants was now going to laser my facial and afterwards all body hair. That was a treat, as I so far had not found the time or courage to do so. It wasn't exactly pleasant, but afterwards I was smooth like a new-born babies bottom. Then Ally told me what else he planned to do:

- a bit of liposuction
- reshaping my eyebrows
- apply some permanent make-up
- do my hair and more make-up.

In the end he would kit me out with new clothes and have me taken to the apartment, where I was supposed to stay for the remainder of the weekend. That was the only part I did not like. Nobody was going to decide where or how long I was staying. But that I kept to myself, not wanting to upset or distract Ally. I relaxed into the chair and prepared for the laser and the accompanying heat and pain. After the girl was done Ally himself applied a soothing lotion and gave my face a soft massage, that almost put me to sleep. Then he got another assistant to get rid of some obsolete fat on my waist.

It was then that a young woman appeared, who was carrying not one, but a whole set of various cameras. She introduced herself as Blanche, the photographer, and took some "pre job" pictures. Hearing her name I asked her in French where she was from and she surprised me by replying in the same language, that she had just flown in from Switzerland.

"Will your pictures be expensive?" I asked.

She grinned and replied:

"Only if you want them the size of a small wall or yesterday. Both of which are possibilities." I less and less knew what to think of her. She came closer and examined my face thoroughly. "You are going to be a real beauty." She commented.

"How do you know? My name is Sabrina, by the way."

"Because, Sabrina." she said smiling "I am an expert in beauty."

I did not know if I really wanted to be a beauty, just pretty and a little sexy would do me fine. But then what did I really know about the possibilities

of modern cosmetics? I relaxed again into what was going on and while one girl worked on my waist, another started on my nails. I made up my mind not to interfere with anything Ally had planned for me, I really trusted him somehow. It felt good to be the centre of attention, being pampered and treated like a lady. I felt the experience opening me up a bit, a rather feminine side of me emerged, that hopefully had not suffered too much of the need to be strong, decisive and more often than not defensive in the past.

Wasn't it nice to be treated like a lady? Yes, it was. If only some woman, no scrap that, that woman I met only so shortly yesterday morning would treat me like that. I'd give a lot if I could meet her again and show my more feminine side instead of the competent professional. Oh my, I had fallen in love! Ally had come back to check on my progress and with him Blanche, who seemed intent on documenting every step of the way. Both noticed me being sort of mentally absent and ally teased:

"A penny for your thoughts?"

Blanche on the other hand looked intently in my eyes. Was I getting crazy or was she really reading my mind?

"Ally," I replied "can you make me pretty enough to attract another woman?"

He laughed out loud.

"Honey, when I am finished with you you'll be able to get any man or woman or thing in between you like."

That really shook me. He could not possibly be serious, could he?

"Ally, please, I can handle you telling me that I am just a rather plain woman in her sixties. Don't make fun of me."

Blanche giggled, something I had never been able to do. Ally had become totally serious again.

"Sabrina, it can be nice if a woman is modest, but you are putting yourself down, honey. Not only are you incredibly strong and evidently very competent, but you are also intelligent, kind, and fun to be with. All of that I will make visible as well as the tender side you so desperately hide. Whom do you have in mind, when you talk about attracting another woman?"

Should I trust him with my innermost secrets and in the presence of Blanche, who was watching me like a scientist an experiment. I felt tears welling up in my eyes. Let go, I told myself, trust them.

"I saw a lady organising the venue yesterday morning, when I checked it out. I but briefly met her eyes and now can't stop thinking about her any more."

"That must have been Lorna." Ally told me "You do not do anything by half measures, do you? In any case I know her to be free and single at the moment, but I warn you, she's never been heard of being into other women. I can understand the attraction, though. You two are made of the same stuff."

In one way my heart sank but in another it jubilated. If he was right and we were made of the same stuff, might she not just have repressed her bi side? Or even turn out as a full blown lesbian? Don't get your hopes up too much, girl, if not her, there will be another, who will truly appreciate the soft and kind lesbian you, that Ally seems to be able to see. In any case I have her name now. It is time I set my sights at who and what I really want. No more hiding, Sabrina!

"Lorna? Is she about my age and ..."

"Beautiful? Yes, she is a beauty in an elegant and very professional way. She

sometimes reminds me of an iceberg though." He grinned "Most of the substance under the surface." He paused "You, on the other hand, will be all visible and present as the woman you are inside and more than just a match for her looks, honey."

Oh how I longed for that to become true.

"OK. Darling, do your best, please."

"I promised, remember?"

"You did, Ally. What did I do to earn your services?"

"Be here, sweetie. That was all that was necessary. And perhaps a bit of luck, but then I think that Alvin character fiddled the whole thing for one reason or another."

"Ah, I'll have to be very careful then."

"Why?"

"That sleaze ball tried to chat me up in the bar I sat, when I had finished checking this place out and was already dreaming about Lorna. He's ultra yucky!"

Ally chuckled.

"There you go, Sabrina honey, you already talk more girly."

I sighed. Yes, I wanted that. I wanted to feel more girly, dress more girly, well, be more girly. But for the moment I knew I could not yet let my guard down with anyone other than Ally. And possibly Blanche I now realised, as she was still standing close by watching without me feeling in the slightest bit compromised or intimidated. She was nice, I decided.

As the transformation continued she kept taking photos and I did not mind in the least. In actual fact it would be nice to remember the process. I wanted to learn as much about it as I could, after all I would not always be able to resort to Ally's services, would I? But by now it was time for the master himself to take action. He permanently removed hair from my brows to shape them and then dyed my brows and lashes. To which he added some more by glueing little clusters in, then came the permanent eye liner. After that it was time for my hair. I flinched as he started shaving part of it very short and I had to tell myself over and over again to keep trusting him. Would I not look hideous with even shorter hair? And what about my trade mark style? Blanche took my hand.

"Trust him, Sabrina, he's brilliant. I can already see where this is going."



Her touch was incredibly soothing, her skin felt like silk possibly only softer and smoother still. WOW! I was glad she was there. I had been close to panicking, something I was not used to. But may be that was all part of the change towards the pretty and sexy Sabrina. The strong and defensive one could take the back seat for a while. I felt I was in good hands.

After cutting and shaving Ally dyed my hair! By now I was completely relaxed and accepting whatever he was doing. He let the colour set, then washed my hair again and put a treatment in, let that work, washed again and finally styled it. Then he applied more make-up. Finally he let me look

into a mirror. The woman looking back at me was anything short of stunning. She was ME!

I was looking at least twenty years younger and was pretty. I could see that if I wanted to I'd be sexy as hell without being obvious or sluttish. Hanseatic understatement, Tümpel's first comment came to mind. Was that really me? And it was not even lunchtime yet. Ally was a master of his art!

"Like it?" Blanche asked sheepishly.

"Oh Blanche, it's a miracle! It's marvellous, fantastic, unbelievable. I love it."

She snapped some pics of me while I was gushing my praise. Ally was grinning from ear to ear.

"Did I promise too much?"

"No, Ally, you are a miracle worker. Thank you so so much!"

Chapter 6:

Last but not least there were the clothes. Ally ordered me to strip. Completely! I looked at Blanche and she said grinning:

"Don't worry, Sabrina, just us girls here."

Evidently she was including Ally in the statement, much to my surprise. In any case I had lost most of my inhibitions towards showing my real self, including my 63 year old body. So a moment later I stood there naked. Ally looked me over and commented:

"If I have such a firm and smooth body when I am your age, honey, I'll be one of the happiest people on the planet."

I could not help blushing and that felt great! I was becoming more feminine by the minute.

"In any case, Sabrina, we are now going to slightly enhance your body. Put this on. I had it made for you last night."

He handed me a white silk and lace corset with slightly padded cups and ties in the back. I had to exhale for it to close around my waist, but not too much, because of the liposuction. I adjusted my breasts in the cups and then Ally tied me in saying:

"You'll have to wear this for a while, at least until your skin has contracted where we took the little fat you had away. The rest the corset will have to do. I suggest you wear something like that whenever you wear a dress."

I looked down at my body and saw only cleavage, so I felt the curves the corset had given me in the waist. WOW! Then Ally suggested that I wear the corset as a top with the skinny jeans and boots I had come in. Finally he handed me a short white jeans jacket with thick, soft, white fur trimmings to put on over the corset. The result was unbelievable. I was pretty and super sexy. Blanche took more pictures again and I found myself posing for her.

"Yes, Sabrina, yes, darling go for it!" Blanche was encouraging me and Ally looked the happiest I had seen him so far. I felt incredibly happy, too. Yes! I thought, when I saw myself in the mirror while posing for Blanche, I am more than a match for Lorna's looks. I hope she doesn't become jealous.

Finally I packed my old clothes in a bag Ally supplied and then we took our leave from Blanche, as Ally was supposed to take me to a flat, where I was supposed to stay and more clothes were waiting for me. He confided in me that Alvin had ordered him to keep my old clothes and handbag, but that he had no intention of doing so. On one hand because he could not see why and what for and on the other hand because he thought, that nobody he knew would be able to do so without actually knocking me unconscious first. I could not help laughing out loud as the old Sabrina raised her head again, preparing me for an encounter with Alvin, that I now knew would not be long to wait for.

"Thank you, Ally, you are a true friend, I hope we'll be able to keep in contact. That idiot is in for a painful surprise, I promise!"

"God, how I wish to be able to watch, but I have to come back here for more work."

With that we ordered a taxi and I was taken to a rather posh apartment complex not too far away, where the concierge/security agent handed us a key once I had told him my name. It was a nice apartment, well furnished but without any taste, so the overall impression was that this was kitted out by a

man. The only clothes in the wardrobe were extremely feminine, bordering on sluttish. Aha, I thought. This is Alvin's work. I am sure he'll turn up the moment Ally is gone. Ally seemed to have the same idea, because he asked if I wanted him to stay, but I declined. I'd handle that bastard myself and roughly.

We had been right, of course, Ally was gone for hardly ten minutes when I heard another key in the door and I spontaneously set my trap. He would feel my knee in his groin before he even knew what was happening. I waited for him in the lounge but he was not alone, he had a kind of bodyguard with him, who apparently was armed. Well, that would not deter me. Alvin had a bag with clothes with him and another with a bottle of champagne.

"Hello, pretty lady, how do you like my flat? Would you mind getting some glasses for the champagne from the kitchen? Be a good girl, will you?"

I wordlessly turned and when I got to reach up to the cupboard with the glasses I felt his hands on my waist. That was definitely a step too far. Quick as a snake I turned around and my knee connected with all my force with his family jewels as my mind screamed with joy. He, on the other hand, did not even scream, rather gasp almost without being able to breathe and as I saw the other guy come running towards the kitchen, a taser in his hand, I threw Alvin towards him and in the resulting confusion the idiot released the taser into Alvin. Sabrina one, idiots nil so far. As the guy tried to make up his mind what to do next I ran past him before he could react and out into the stairwell, grabbing a pretentious cane I saw near the door in the process.

I had no intention whatsoever to flee, though. These two were going to suffer for this. I closed the door to the flat and stood hidden next to it. As expected the bodyguard came rushing out after me. He had put away the taser, evidently thinking I was scared and in flight. Oh, you're so wrong, silly. He realised, as the cane connected with his right hand and he reacted with a laborious intake of breath as the cane again connected, this time just a fraction under his kneecap, taking his leg from under him and then I used it on a nerve near his right collarbone and his arm hung limp. Slowly he sagged to the floor as I grabbed the taser from his belt and scrambled his nervous system.

Then I grabbed him under the arms and dragged him back into the flat, where I found Alvin equally out of circulation. I put the larger one, the bodyguard on the floor next to the sofa and Alvin on it, then I went to look for something to tie them up safely. In the end I had to use their neck ties and a lot of stockings, that I found in the closet. I used some bras to gag them after I had securely and for them rather uncomfortably tied them up. Then I sat and waited for the effect of the taser to wear off. I was tempted to have some champagne, but then I remembered Alvin's intentions and thought better of it. It was most certainly laced with something like a date rape drug.

It turned out to be rather a long wait and as I got bored with it I chose of the clothes what I thought worthy of keeping, which was not a lot, then put everything I had come with into the bag Alvin had brought as well as the taser and left. At the reception I stopped by the security guy. He looked up questioningly at me and I said with a smile:

"Those two guys tried to feed me a date rape drug. Instead I fed it to them. They are out for the count, so please don't disturb them before the morning. Here's the key."

He looked at me with something like admiration in his eyes and asked:
"And how, may I ask, did you achieve that?"

"Besides having been made over by a very good stylist I am a seasoned roadie and quite well versed in fighting off unwanted attention. In any case one of them was carrying this and I used it, too."

With that I put the taser on his desk. He could not help but shake his head in confusion before he finally asked:

"Do you want me to call the cops, miss?"

"No, thank you. But please tell them when you free them tomorrow morning, that I am extremely pissed off and next time they are not going to be as lucky as today! And don't you go up before tomorrow morning, please."

He nodded, still sort of stunned by what was going on. I gave him a sweet smile and asked him to call me a taxi which he did. Shortly I was seated safely in the back of the taxi on my way to my cosy room at the Waldorf, where I then took a shower before I put that wonderful outfit on again, struggling with the ties for a while, lacking Ally to help me. But I was determined to be seen enjoying myself tonight in my new finery. Nothing was going to prevent me from going out. For starters I finished last night's bottle of Sancerre.

Chapter 7:

Unfortunately I had forgotten to ask Ally if he knew anything about the arrangements for tonight, so I was on my own. Oh what the heck, I thought, just go to one of the places you chose by yourself in the first place. I looked again at what I had short listed and decided on the Frontera Grill. Mexican food had become one of my favourites, but first I would go back to the Navy Pier to see what was happening there still. I was absolutely certain that my date for tonight had been Alvin (yuk) and so I was free and single now. Lorna here I come! By five in the afternoon I was ready to go, having had a coffee and some wonderful cake at the Waldorf. I might have to watch my diet soon, if I continued to work less physically, but for now I wanted to thoroughly indulge myself.

Another taxi took me back to the Navy Pier, where things were still happening. Evidently the other candidates were more difficult than I had been? Why? I met Blanche between the closed area where the make-overs were taking place and the open area for gatherings. She gave me the impression of a cat, who just had had a pint of cream. She must have been enjoying herself all the time, I thought. Blanche was on her way to another contestant, though, so I went and sat at the bar for a while. Still no trace of Lorna, sadly.

Sitting at the bar again with another Vodka I watched a girl coming out of one of the improvised studios, who confusedly looked back and forth between the male and the female toilets. Jeez she was cute! But what was this? There had only been males apart from myself, had there not? I was confused myself now. The girl had now made up her (or was it his) mind which one to use and I felt pity for her and decided to go and see if she needed help. Whom are you kidding? My inner voice asked. You think she is more than cute and the fact that SHE is probably male doesn't even disturb you does it? Are you desperate for some sex? In the end I did not move, but made up my mind to follow this up.

Bit by bit other "girls" appeared, one more stunning than the other, but with quite irreversible changes, or at least changes, that would eventually take weeks if not months to reverse. Poor guys! Apart from those two I suspected to be cross dressers or even trans-gender there might be some serious psychological problems in the making here. Who had thought up a perverted plan like this? Alvin? And what on earth did Lorna have to do with it? What kind of a mess was this?

As I watched I found out that some of the girls were picked up either by girlfriends or small groups of people, but none by male friends it seemed. It was very confusing to say the least. In my case I knew what had gone on, or at least I thought I did, but with the others? Did I really want to get involved in this?

No.

Yes.

What?

I was keen to see where and how that cutie was going to end up, that was for sure. So I'd stay and watch. There had been two women picking her up when she came out of the toilet and I had overheard that she was supposed to meet someone later at a restaurant. I had noted the name and was now busy

looking for it on my phone. Well, at least I was sort of inconspicuous as a woman in her forties, although I attracted quite a lot of attention. Men were looking mostly at my lovely cleavage, all too visible with the jacket open as I wore it, and women my age mostly looked at me with envy. Ally had not exaggerated with his promise.

Busy as I was I missed Blanche, who must have left without me noticing. Not much of a detective, are you? My inner voice chided me. Things were going quiet now, evidently all of the contestants had been treated. It was then that I saw Ally again. He came towards me and seemed to be more than just relieved to see me.

"Ally!" I greeted him, kissing him on both cheeks like a French girl.

"Oh," he said smiling "I like that. How have you been faring?"

That elicited the first giggle of my life. We were both of us delighted at that. I, because that proved I was becoming more girly, and he because I was obviously safe and sound and in good spirits.

"Come, darling," I said "sit and have a drink with me. Do you have any plans for tonight?"

"No, Sabrina, I do not have any other than to relax from a hard day's work."

"Let me invite you for a meal then."

"You have escaped Alvin's plans, I take it?"

"Oh YES! He's possibly still out for the count."

"Come on, honey, spill the beans!"

So I told him all in its gory details and he was surprised, shocked and finally delighted at the outcome. His eyes were full of laughter as he commented me on my "performance" as a rape victim. We were both laughing hard at the thought of them being discovered in the morning, possibly having wetted and shit themselves while being helpless.

"Good job I'm in your good books, Sabrina."

"The very best, Ally darling! I will never ever forget what you did for me."

"Just as well I knew what I was doing. I'd dread to know what might have happened if I had incurred your wrath."

"You would not have in any case, Ally. You are sweet and funny and a good sport. Guys like you always get along well with me."

"But seriously now, Ally, have you got any idea why all the men chosen were turned into women?"

"Were they? I only helped with one other contestant and she was more than happy with the result, even though she did not expect anything like it. I was told it was "her" girlfriend who had demanded it. But quite honestly the draw must have been fixed."

"Yes, that is what I think, too. But let us forget about that for tonight. I'll treat you to a meal you won't forget. I hope you do not mind being dined by a woman?" I giggled.

"Not at all if the woman is such a jewel as yourself, Sabrina."

"O.K. do you want to change beforehand?"

"Well, no, I am quite presentable, am I not?"

And I had to agree he was. We were a nice couple. Ally had actually turned off the camp mannerisms and now appeared more like my boyfriend. I think he was revelling in the envious stares he attracted from other men. I on

the other hand enjoyed being the female part of what appeared to be a normal couple. This was such fun! There was a new me I relished who was still lesbian, but very feminine in spite of being self assured. I had an incredibly good time. I even forgot about Lorna for some moments. Arm in arm we left the bar after I had paid our drinks and strolled a bit through the complex and along the water front, before I hailed a cab and we went to the restaurant I had overheard the name of. It seemed quite a fashionable place, I hoped they had a good chef and sommelier.

It was still early and there was a table left between all the reservations. Ally made a show of pulling out my chair as everybody was staring as I took my jacket off. With the corset and the tight jeans there was nothing left to the imagination about my body. I was sexy. Really really sexy. Ally was grinning from ear to ear.

"You are very much enjoying your new looks, aren't you?" He asked.

"As well I should." I replied "I am a masterpiece!"

He chuckled and I giggled. Our waiter appeared and handed us the menu, but I asked for the wine list first. He was obviously a bit taken aback, so I explained that I would like to chose the wine first and then the meal according to my choice. This he seemed to find unusual, but he did his best to hide his surprise. Ally was not surprised at all though.

"You have a lot of class for a ROADIE." he said.

"Well, we cannot all just break the neck of a bottle of vintage champagne and soak our friends with it, you know?"

"No," he said trying hard not to laugh "that would be terrible."

"Indeed."

The waiter came back with the wine list and actually handed it straight to me, asking if I wanted some advice. He could call the wine waiter if I had any questions. I looked at the list and it wasn't anything special, so I instantly chose a white Macon Village, they usually are a much better choice than a mediocre Chablis. As it was a white a steak was not the meal of choice, but they offered some grilled trout that really tempted me. Ally joined my choice and soon we were sipping a nice wine munching some king prawns and French bread for starters. We were talking old movies by now and laughed about the dialogues from "My favourite Wife" together.

Then I saw the cutie appear with an older man. They both seemed to be a little uncomfortable but she looked stunning. At least they appeared to be having a good time together. I discretely pointed them out to Ally, who confirmed that he knew the handiwork. That was the result of the work of a stylist, who specialised in trans-gender. Like me she was almost a work of art. Every male head had turned at her entrance and I was sure the couple would be the centre of attention for a while to come. For my taste they had overdone the lips a bit on the blonde with the beautiful hair, that appeared to be her real hair the way she wore it. But that did not really matter, she was just cute and evidently quite fun to be with, as the two of them were laughing more often than not.

Ally watched me watching them and said smiling:

"So, miss Marple, what do we deduct?"

"I do not rightly know yet, Mr. Stringer." I replied and we both almost cracked

up laughing. Then I returned my attention to our meal as the trout had arrived and was nice enough not to divert my attention elsewhere. I ordered a second bottle of wine. Life was good!

When I returned my attention to the couple with the cute girl I realised, that they had somewhat relaxed and were more and more enjoying each others company. Then I saw my chance as the cute one stood up and went for the ladies room.

"Sorry, Ally, I think I need to powder my nose."

This time he did crack up laughing.

"Oh Sabrina, you are sooooo obvious. Whom do you think you're kidding?"

"Well, pity I cannot really tag you along, can I? I laughed.

"Oh, go on, do your spying, miss Bond."

Why did they never come up with that idea? I wondered while I went for the ladies room. As I entered the cutie was staring at her reflection in the large mirror. I stepped beside her and refreshed my lipstick, also examining myself. Then I plucked up all my courage and said:

"You're incredibly cute."

She turned towards me and the fact that the first glance was at my girls confirmed the suspicion that she was still somewhat male. But she quickly caught herself and smiled at me asking:

"Do I know you from somewhere?"

"The Navy Pier?" I replied. "I was one of the contestants, too."

She blushed and that made her even more cute, but it also made her aware of the fact that I possibly knew she was not female.

"I am Sabrina." I introduced myself.

"Billie." she replied almost automatically.

"Nice to meet you. Billie."

What should I do now? I asked myself. I was quite lost, I realised. My only option seemed to be the honest truth. She, on the other hand, now remembered me.

"Oh, you are that woman who is a roadie? Wow. You look fabulous!"

"So do you, Billie."

And then my courage left me. How could I possible try to seduce this sweet young thing? She had enough on her plate to cope with. I knew where she stood, more or less. So I went for being helpful instead.

"If you ever would like to talk, woman to woman, here is my card."

I took one out of my purse and gave it to her. She looked into my eyes and asked:

"You are a lesbian, aren't you?"

"Yes, Billie, I am."

"And you find me cute?"

"Yes, very."

"Thank you very much. But I think I do not swing that way."

"No, I think you do not. Good luck. And I was honest with my offer. I was a boy until my twenty seventh birthday. Now we both know each others secrets. Again, good luck."

With that I put my lipstick back in my purse and left her to her thoughts. Ally of course was very curious upon my return.

"Well? Is she? Did you try to chat her up?"

"I wanted to, but she is so cute and somehow innocent, I couldn't."

"You really are someone special, Sabrina honey. What did she say?"

"She asked if I was lesbian and I confirmed. She replied that she did not think she swings that way. She could not help looking at my cleavage, though."

That made both of us laugh.

"Proof that she is one of the boys that 'won' the make-over."

"Yes, but I think it ends there."

We dropped the subject and enjoyed the rest of the meal that I finished with a Mississippi Mud Pie. Then we enjoyed a coffee together and finally a Calvados, that was better than I expected. Both of us returned "home" well satisfied and happy.

Chapter 8:

On Saturday morning indulged myself again and stayed in bed longer than I normally use to, so I was woken by the phone ringing. It was the reception, saying that there was a lady here to see me and did I want her to come up? No, I did not, who was she anyway? The lady, the receptionist said would like to have a word with me?

"Oh, all right, put her on."

"Hello, I am one of the organisers of the contest, my name is Lorna. Am I talking to Sabrina?"

Shit, shit, shit. I swore silently.

"Sorry, Lorna, what time is it?"

"Seven thirty. I just have come from the flat you were to stay in."

"Oh. I hope you did not get in?"

"I did, accompanied by the security of the block of flats. They told me about the entry from last night."

Was I missing something?

"Entry? What entry?"

"In the diary, the log, or whatever they call that book."

"Oh," I sighed "the guy actually noted everything down?"

"Yes, he did. I am here to apologize."

"O.K. give me five minutes, please?"

"As long as you like, Sabrina."

I was out of bed and in the shower like a flash. Fuck, fuck, fuck. The woman of my dreams and I am straight out of bed. Could things go more wrong than this? But then I saw myself in the mirror and realised, that with the permanent make-up and short hair all I really needed were some decent clothes. Quickly I was in the jeans and had thrown the sweatshirt on as well. I put the boots back on and checked myself in the mirror. Not too bad, not too bad at all. I phoned the reception and asked them to give us a quiet table out of the way and headed down to the lobby.

There she was. Evidently she was still dressed for a night out. Oh my, what could I say? Her smile as I appeared was genuine and somewhat apologetic. She was so beautiful! Close up she was absolutely stunning.

"I am sorry, Lorna, I said for having caused you any trouble. You look like you are coming from a party. I hope I did not ruin a date for you."

"Good morning Sabrina." she said "here I am to apologize for the absolutely unforgivable behaviour of some of our staff, and you apologize to me?"

Then she looked at me more closely and asked:

"Was that you, whom I so briefly saw on the morning of Thursday? You look absolutely wonderful. How did you get into the Navy Pier, though? I thought I



had blocked it for all outsiders. How did you get in?"

"That is a long story. Would you mind to share breakfast? I definitely at least need a coffee."

I still felt quite shy around her and she noticed. Oh god, I thought, now she'll take me for an imbecile. But she evidently was on a different plane all together.

"I am so sorry, dear Sabrina, first that horrible event at the apartment and now I get you out of bed and ask you all sorts of stupid questions. I am so sorry. Of course I'll have a coffee with you."

"Breakfast," I replied "I bet you need some sustenance, too."

A short look at the receptionist was enough to have a waiter appear and lead us to the table I had demanded. As we reached the table I pulled out her chair automatically, as I had done more often than not as technician dealing with female staff from the concert agencies. The fact that I was wearing jeans and a sweatshirt triggered the old habits. Lorna studied me with a look of fascination on her face but sat down gracefully, thanking me. The coffee was already on the table and the waiter poured two cups, then withdrew discretely.

"OK" I said "here are the answers, but not necessarily in the right order. Yes, I apologize to you, because I did in no way reflect on what my behaviour would have in consequences. Yes, it was me whom you saw Thursday morning and I got in, because I was more than 25 years a technician in the music industry and asked to see some of the place as I might want it for a concert."

"Thank you, Sabrina, but what I really want to know is what happened at the flat."

"No, Lorna, you don't."

To my surprise she accepted that without batting an eyelid.

"You were a sort of roadie for more than 25 years?"

To my surprise I actually blushed.

"There is nothing to be ashamed of, is there?" She enquired.

"Oh yes, there is. My behaviour at the apartment was as unwomanly as it could be. I should have avoided the situation all together, but I was selfish and wanted the fun of teaching that Alvin a lesson."

"And did you have the fun you were looking for?"

I blushed even more deeply and whispered:

"Yes, I really enjoyed myself."

"You are totally cute, when you blush, you know?"

I would have liked to vanish in a hole. She called ME cute? This woman was making me speechless. And shy. I felt like an inexperienced teenager. I gathered all my courage about me and asked:

"You have seen what I did to those two guys and you know what I have been doing for work for the last 25 plus years and you call me cute?"

She laughed an incredibly sexy laugh.

"Sabrina, do I intimidate you?"

"Yes, in some way you do, not intentionally, I know, but yes."

"Why?"

"Because you are very feminine, beautiful, intelligent and elegant, all the things I have never achieved."

"And I have spent my life wishing for the courage it must have taken to live

the life you lead, such freedom! And now you are equally beautiful, sexy even just out of bed and in jeans and a sweatshirt and apologetic where you have no reason to be. Which of us is the more feminine?"

I was speechless. She was right. I was behaving like an insecure girl. But I love you and am afraid you might not want me, I wanted to say but lacked the courage.

"You fascinate me, Sabrina. What is it like to be strong enough to subdue two grown men, one of whom was even armed with a taser? What did it feel like?"

"It was exhilarating." I admitted "They were just thinking with their dicks. They stood no chance against me."

"No," she said smiling "evidently not. Well done."

"You approve?" I asked incredulously.

"Can you imagine how many times in my life I have stood there and wished to be able to do what you did yesterday? To be able to stand my ground on their terms and win?"

"No, I cannot, Lorna, because for me it was a necessity of survival."

"But you can imagine how much effort it is to look as I do now 24 hours a day?"

And suddenly I understood. We were the same and we were opposites at the same time. She took my hand over the table and asked:

"Can we be friends, please?"

And with that she finally melted my heart completely. She realised the change in me and was about to withdraw her hand not sure what was going on but I held hers now.

"There is nothing in this world, Lorna, that I'd rather be than your friend." I lied.

Of course there was something I'd rather be: her lover.

I still think, even today, that that was the moment she understood that I was in love with her, but for some reason she could not quite acknowledge it then. I let go of her hand, but then she put it on my arm, looking into my eyes. There was not even a snowball's chance in hell that I could now hide my feelings. But for the moment we both kept quiet about them. She broke the magical moment by saying:

"I have to sort this mess out now, Sabrina. Will you meet me for lunch? Where would you like to go?"

"The Frontera Grill?"

"Lovely, oneish?"

"Give me a ring," I said, handing her my card with my mobile number on it "when you are ready."

"Please, Sabrina, don't get up. Enjoy your breakfast. I know you are a very cultured person, but I think we can do away with some conventions, when it's just the two of us."

She stood up, smoothed the skirt of her dress and gave me a smile that would have made my knees weak had I been standing.

"See you later, Sabrina. I am looking forward to it."

With that she was gone and I sat there totally stunned. She thinks I am cute! And she wants to be my friend. Has she got any idea what effect she has

on me? Probably, but she does not want to acknowledge it yet. What does she feel? Is she surprised about finding me cute? Is she aware of the attraction I feel? My mind was about to spin out of control. It was my good luck that the waiter appeared at that moment asking if I'd like my habitual breakfast now.

"Yes, yes, that is a very good idea. I really can do with something solid now."

Smiling he left me to my thoughts. Was it so obvious what was going on with me? In any case I had my usual full English breakfast and quite a lot of coffee with it. Then I returned to my room only to get into a complete panic about what to wear for the lunch. I needed a really nice dress! Ally, where are you now I need you? I picked up the hotel phone and had them call his number. Fortunately I had asked him for it, before we split last night.

There was a very sleepy Ally on the phone about fifteen minutes later.

"Ally, honey, I need your help!"

"Sabrina? What the hell is going on?" He suddenly seemed very much awake.

"Ally, Lorna has asked me out for lunch! What am I going to wear?"

"What? She did? How come?"

There was laughter in his voice now.

"You sound like my niece before the prom, darling. Spill!"

So I told him about the encounter this morning.

"My, baby, aren't you the lucky one? How much time have we got?"

"Until about twelve thirty."

"Where are you?"

"At the Waldorf Astoria, ask for ..."

"I know whom to ask for, Sabrina, and if I didn't they'd surely know about the fabulous woman with the short pink hair. I will be there in about an hour. I have go to pick up some stuff."

Chapter 9:



This is what Ally turned up with about an hour later. He got me into another corset, light grey this time with matching lace panties, and then I wiggled into the blouse and skirt. I was not used to tight skirts like this, neither to 6 inch heels but I looked incredibly feminine and elegant. Then he made me up, tousled my hair a bit and made me practice walking in the heels. We packed the clutch bag with the essentials like purse, make-up and perfume (Chloë of course).

"Ok, honey, what have you got that might work as a coat or jacket with this?"

That was something I could come up with. I had this short grey cape with fur trimmings. We tried it and it was perfect! I looked very sophisticated now. And pretty. And seductive. Ally had outdone himself again. My pink hair, lipstick and nails completed everything wonderfully. I was never as beautiful as this and if Lorna was still wearing the same dress as this morning or something similar we'd be a perfect

match. God, but it was difficult to get used to the tight skirt! On the other hand it forced me to walk and sit delicately and ladylike. That I loved about it. I was looking forward to seeing Lorna's face, when she'd spot me.

I threw my arms around Ally's neck and kissed him on both cheeks. He grinned sheepishly and said:

"Remember what I said about being able to have whomever you liked? If you go on like this you'll even seduce me."

"What," I teased him "you are supposed to be gay!"

"Always have been." he laughed "But you are something else all together. I am glad I am able to help you. Looking like you are you should have no problem whatsoever seducing her. She already thought you cute. Now she'll find you irresistible."

I thanked him profusely and he laughed it off saying:

"The satisfaction I have got out of our encounter is all the reward I'll ever need for this, Sabrina. That and the fact that I may call you my friend."

I kissed him again, lost for words. We had a glass of champagne at the bar, before he offered to take me to the Frontera Grill for the date with Lorna when Lorna had called and said, that she'd be there in half an hour.

Ally dropped me off at the restaurant just as Lorna was getting out of her taxi. She still wore the same dress, still looking immaculate. As she spotted me her eyes widened and as I delicately walked towards her she hinted at a curtsy and said:

"Lady Sabrina, what a pleasure!"

Made bold by the look of admiration in her eyes I stepped up close to her and greeted her with two kisses like the French do.

"Hello Lorna, I was almost feverishly waiting for this moment."

She looked deeply into my eyes and whispered:

"I know. I could not stop thinking about you either."

Then we linked arms like we had been friends forever and walked into the restaurant, where every single male head turned in our direction. I could not help giggling and Lorna asked:

"You've never been out looking like this, have you?"

"No, Lorna, never. And without Ally I would not be able to now."

"I take that as a compliment, then, assuming I am the reason for the transformation?"

"Yes," I admitted freely "you are. I admire your style and was wondering what it felt like to be so elegant, just like you are wondering what it feels like to be as strong and unconventional as myself."

Just then the guy in charge of greeting the guests approached and, evidently knowing Lorna, led us straight to a reasonably secluded table for two. Before I could do anything Lorna took my cape from me and pulled out my chair saying:

"My lady!"

I could not help a grin and tried to sit down as gracefully as she had this morning. This game was fun.

"So, my gentle friend, what did that feel like?"

"Wonderful, Sabrina. And for you?"

"Incredible, I could really get used to this."

"Yes, it is fun, isn't it?"

For me it was more than that and I knew she knew it, too. I felt so nicely feminine and soft and was ready to submit myself to whatever she had in mind for me. Yet it was perfectly clear, that we were equal in every respect. I was looking forward to be taking the leading role again on our next encounter. She gestured for the waiter and said something under her breath that I did not catch. He smiled and came back pretty quickly with a bottle of vintage Veuve Cliquot in a cooler. He filled our glasses and left as discretely as the waiter at the Waldorf had.

"To the most fascinating woman I have ever met: you, Sabrina."

I blushed again! But before she could say anything about being cute I replied:

"To the most beautiful woman I have ever laid eyes on: you, Lorna."

She blushed too, but it did not make her cute, it made her absolutely adorable. We drank some and put the glasses on the table, then as if automatically, we both reached out for one another over the table and were holding hands, looking into each other's eyes. I think we were both surprised at how quickly things were evolving.

"You are beautiful, too, Sabrina, and today you are just as elegant as myself. I wish I could be as self assured as you are."

"At this moment" I admitted "I am anything but. On one hand I am getting my deepest wish fulfilled, being treated like a lady by a lady, but I now feel shy and unsure of what to do or say."

"Yes, I understand that. And it makes you so very attractive ... How do you combine this sweet girl inside with the ruthless amazone, whose work I saw this morning?"

"She protects me, Lorna. Like a guardian angel built in."

"And she was once male, was she not?"

"Yes, Lorna, I was male until my twenty seventh birthday."

"I guess that is why ..." she hesitated, evidently gathering courage "I feel so attracted to you?"

I had to smile and hoped it did not come out like a grin.

"No, Lorna," I said "that is because we are cut from the same wood. I am lesbian."

"Yes, of course, there was always this girl inside, was it not?"

"And she just loved girls from the start."

She gripped my hands more firmly.

"Be gentle and patient with me. I have always tried to repress that longing for the touch of another woman. And now there you are, so soft and so strong, intelligent, gentle, funny, and cultured and so, so beautiful. And worst of all you are so cute when you blush! You turn my whole world upside down."

"Or right side up?"

"I so hope so, sweetie."

The arrival of the waiter with the menus broke the spell of the moment, but not the contact we had established. I was happier I had ever been. She liked me and felt attracted to me. Studying the menu we found each other sneaking looks at one another and had to laugh simultaneously.

"I cannot get over the transformation you've gone through, Sabrina!"

"Oh Lorna, I have wished for this since the day I came out."

"How long is that, dearest?"

"Thirty six years, almost to the day."

"So, how long in actual fact have you been working as technicienne?"

"Almost all my life. I started at the age of fourteen. What made you chose the French term? Est ce que tu parles le Français?"

Lorna's eyes lit up like a christmas tree.

"Sabrina, tu parles le Français avec seulement un tout petit peu d'accent. You are not only cute when you blush, you are even more cute when you speak French."

So now I blushed and could not help to go on in French:

"Je parle l'Allemand aussi, ma mie, et toi? Tu as appris le Français comment?"

"You are intent on seducing me, are you not? You are doing very well, Sabrina. I am fighting a lost battle with myself here, I think." She giggled

"Now it is me, who feels completely out of her depth."

This was getting better and better, what a shame we would soon have to let each other go to be able to eat. I looked up and saw the waiter watching, unsure how to approach us.

"Lorna, we are completely confusing the guys here." I said with a smile.

We reluctantly let go of one another, but did not stop looking into each other's eyes. I was happier than I had ever been in my life. I was sure we were made for each other. And she seemed to get more and more close to the same conclusion.

"God," she laughed "I am ruining my reputation as an iceberg now, am I not?"

I almost cracked up laughing.

"You? An Iceberg? You're joking, right?"

"No, sweetie, like you kept the you I see now under wraps I kept the me you are waking up now strictly hidden."

"Alors, ma mie, then lets make a good job of this. But I am getting hungry. What would you recommend, since you seem to know the place?"

So we earthed to again and concentrated on being "normal" customers, but the fun never went out of the encounter. We were joking and laughing during the meal and I learned that a couple of decades ago during a holiday she had bought a small manoir in Brittany. It was called a manoir, but really, she said, it was more like a big farmhouse made of granite with about 5 acres of land around it. I was intrigued. I told her about Christine, my friend in Brittany and about the young Indian woman whom I had helped to get into renewable energy studies in the Netherlands, who said I was her fairy godmother. Lorna's eyes went wide at that.

"You are into that kind of thing? Sabrina, you cannot imagine how more and more fascinating I find you."

"I am quite knowledgeable on the subject, as I plan to make my future home independent of any electrical grid or fossil fuel."

"How wonderful."

Secretly I was already thinking of the house in Brittany becoming our house. Brittany had a lot of wind and water but also sunshine. Oh, Sabrina, your dreams might be coming true! All of them. I said to myself. Don't blow this up! Be patient, gentle and loving, but do not overdo it, for heavens sake. Keep out of her panties until she invites you.

Lunchtime had already drawn to a close and there were hardly any other customers in the place. As I noticed the stares of the guys around I could not help thinking that they were probably fantasising about Lorna and me having lesbian sex. I know that to be a turn on for a lot of guys.

"Lorna, what are your plans for the rest of the day?"

"I have to show up at a party tonight, do you want to be my date, Sabrina?"

"You mean and shock everybody with tales from the roadie life?" I giggled.

This time it was her, who cracked up laughing.

"Oh yes, Sabrina, what a wonderful idea! Come, we'll go to my place and find some outrageous dresses to wear tonight."

I liked going to the party with her, but I was not sure about the dressing up together. That was slippery ground to say the least. Dangerous territory. How would I be able to handle seeing her more or less naked? She seemed to read my face like a book.

"Don't worry, Sabrina. I am a grown girl. I can say no to things I do not like."

Yes, I thought, but what if you are not turned on by my body?

Chapter 10:

In any case I took the risk. We left the Frontera Grill and got another taxi to Lorna's home. It took a while to get to the nice suburb, where her small mansion stood.

"I have a maid, a cook and a gardener/handyman." She warned me, as we got out of the taxi."

Then she took my hand and almost danced up the steps to her front door. Lorna was changed, I realised. A lot of constraint seemed to have left her and her mood was contagious. Nevertheless I had difficulties following her quick steps in the tight skirt and high heels. She stopped and turned around, taking my face in her hands and said:

"Sorry, Sabrina, I forgot that you are new to these clothes."

Then she very softly kissed me on the lips. I was surprised and delighted, as her soft lips felt lovely on mine.

"Mmmh." She was actually almost purring.

I tried to keep my wits about me, but she was teasing, caressing, stroking and feeling me with abandon.

"Come," she whispered "I want to feel your skin on mine."

"Lorna," I sighed "you are making me go wet."

"I know Sabrina. That was the plan."

She almost dragged me into the house and upstairs into a large bedroom that had French doors to a large balcony and was overlooking the park, the word garden would not really do it justice. The room was lavishly furnished with impeccable (and very feminine) taste. It was spacious yet cosy, light and yet not bright and I felt immediately at home.

"Please," she said sitting down on the bed and patting the place next to her. I sat down. She started exploring my arms with the fingers, then my neck and shoulders.

"You feel amazing" she sighed "your skin is so soft, but underneath is all muscle. You are so firm. Are you sure you are the age you must be according to what you already told me about yourself?"

"Yes," I whispered "please don't stop touching me."

Softly she opened the blouse and the zip of the skirt and started lovingly undressing me, exploring every bit of freshly exposed skin. I was close to fainting with pleasure. Nevertheless I stayed passive and that seemed to turn her on even more. Now she had reached my hands, as she was slowly sliding down the sleeves of the blouse. She let out a soft moan.

"I am looking forward to feel them on my body. Can you do massages?"

"Yes," I almost whimpered "relaxing and medicinal."

"Another fascinating facet of you, my Sabrina."

And that was it. Yes, she had taken possession of me and my body. It felt wonderful. More and more I let myself go, giving myself to her with everything I had. The blouse was off and the skirt followed.

"Wow." She moaned "that corset is sexy!"

Her fingers reached for the cups and gently exposed my breasts.

"They are still firm, too!" she commented surprised while I was slowly sinking into a world of pleasure hitherto unknown. And then her fingers and the her lips found my nipples and I gave my first little scream of pleasure. Lorna was

playing my body like a musical instrument.

"I thought you repressed your lesbian tendencies" I squealed.

"Yes, my love, but I know what I like, don't I?"

Had she just said my love?

"I love you since the first moment our eyes met, Lorna."

"And I you since I saw you blush for the first time."

By now she had undone the corset and pulled down the lacy nothing that was posing as my panties. I was putty in her hands, softer than I had ever thought possible and full of unbelievable pleasure.

"God, your body is amazing." Lorna sighed as she took up the exploring again. "you are so beautiful, Sabrina."

With that she got up and artfully slipped out of all her clothes in one go. Now it was my time to admire. She was firm, too, but in a different fashion. She had the typically female deposits of fat where they belonged and they were firm, too, as I could feel as she now slowly lay down on me. Our breasts touched and I was shivering with pleasure. Slowly her lips wandered all over my now naked body.

"This is so nice." She sighed "even better than in my wet dreams."

"And you are fulfilling dreams I never even knew I had." I whispered. "I love you so much!"

Now she started caressing me in earnest. My whole body began to shiver and fill with pleasure. She slowly rubbed her breasts against mine, then sank deeper and let her lips trail over my body toward the breasts, as her own hard nipples left traces of fire on the skin of my abdomen. Never ever had any woman given me such feelings of well being, security and being loved. She had not even gotten close to my sex yet but I already felt an orgasm building. Then her tongue reached my clit and I erupted with a scream, my whole body shaking with the intensity of the experience.

"Ah," she sighed "how much of a woman you are."

"And what an incredible lover YOU are, my love." I replied.

She spread her legs, climbed on top of me and began to rub her soaking sex against mine. It did not take her long to have me screaming again. Her hand then found my breasts and this time I could no longer stay passive. My finger searched and found her breasts and nipples as hers found mine and started teasing them. It was unusual to have such long finger nails, but I got on with it and this time we both came simultaneously.

But I did not want this to end yet. I gently turned over and with it her on her back and now it was my tongue exploring, starting with a kiss that was causing a kind of small orgasm for us two. Then, just like she had done before, I explored her body with my fingers and at the same time my mouth. I let my fingers dance down her sides while my lips travelled toward the space between her beautiful breasts, that were just as firm as mine, but bigger. Her aureolae were dark, her skin tending towards the olive that mediterranean and dark haired beauties seem to have in common. Her smell was intoxicating.

I kisses her breasts and she moaned with pleasure.

"I love you." I whispered.

And she responded by pressing my head between her breasts, stroking my hair. My hands went for her bottom cheeks and pulled her closer against me. This was exquisite! I could have never imagined how much real love

added to physical contact. My senses heightened and my desire boiling I continued my exploration of her, slowly, delicately, making sure the strength in my hands was turned into just the lightest of touches, imagining butterflies fluttering hither and thither on her skin. She squirmed and shivered unable to lay still any more. Her hips bucked and the smell of her sex got to me, adding to my desire to give her unforgettable pleasure.

Then I could not contain it any more. I had to taste her! My lips sought and found her other lips, my tongue looking for the little erection that was her clit. Now it was her time to scream. I had not realised, that just like me before she was already on the verge of her climax. I kept her going, though, for some minutes, driving myself wild with her pleasure. Finally I came too and let her slowly return to earth. Then I lay besides her, propped up on one elbow, watching the expressions crossing her face. Her eyes still closed her features settled into a happy smile.

"Baby, that was heaven." She whispered.

Chapter 11:

We lay there for quite a while, both simply enjoying being near to one another. Then Lorna realised that I was watching her and opened her eyes turned to me and snuggled into my arms. Then she looked into my eyes and said:

"You are mine now, just as much as I am yours."

I held her even more tight and she wriggled closer again.

"I will never let you go again, my love, nor will I ever leave you." I whispered as my tears of joy ruined what was left of my make-up after our lovemaking.

"I think," she replied "that neither of us was ever complete before today. Why did it have to take that long?"

I had to think about a reply to that for a moment.

"Because, you sweetest of all women, without our experiences we would not be able to appreciate what we have now found."

"May be you are right, oh you wisest of all lovers" She giggled and started stroking my face softly. "God, how much I love you!"

To my dismay there was a discrete knock on the bedroom door.

"Don't move." Lorna commanded as she slid out of bed and towards the door. I heard a short low conversation between Lorna and another woman and then she came back to me saying:

"Sorry, sweetie, but I think we need to get prepared now."

"Oh my god, how much time have we got?" I asked.

"Enough to be fashionably late." Lorna laughed.

Good, I relaxed a little while Lorna went into the bathroom but then I heard her call:

"Honey, where are you? I thought you'd scrub my back?"

In the shower with her? So that was why we would be fashionably late? That woman turned out to be completely wild or was I just imagining things? In any case I was game. To soap her lovely body – OH YES – I was definitely into that. I got off the bed myself and walked over to join her. She had just finished removing her make-up, but if anything I found her even more beautiful without it.

"There is some remover by the basins, my love. You look like an amazone on the war path." she said evidently suppressing a giggle.

Her mood seemed to be excellent. Unfortunately I had to agree when I looked into the mirror. So I removed all my make-up and turned around to find her watching me from the shower. I just stood and stared at the vision of loveliness. Lorna was not patient though, she opened the shower door and sprayed me with water giggling. I was in there in a flash, grabbing her and kissing her softly. She pressed herself against me and whispered in my ear:

"No more than fifteen minutes."

Well, she had underestimated her own desire there and certainly mine, but half an hour later we were towelling each other dry. She was grinning at me and said:

"Sabrina, I have just the dress for you for tonight."

"Whatever you think fit, your loveliness."

"You will not believe your eyes." She giggled "But you are obliged to play along, promise?"

Oh my, what was she up to?

"Promise." I said nevertheless. She dressed first, A wonderful low cut evening dress in black, slim and figure hugging with almost a completely bare back and a long slit up the side of the skirt. She was as stunningly beautiful as always and immaculately styled.

Then it was my turn. I almost fainted when I saw the dress she had chosen for me.

"I cannot possibly wear that, my love." I sighed.

"Coward." She giggled.

"Yes."

"If necessary I will hold your hand all night, sweetie, but I have to see you in this dress, Sabrina."

"It is open almost to my navel!"

"So? There are ways of making your lovely breasts stay in place and cinching your waist invisibly. Trust me!"

How could I refuse her? And then could I really pass up a chance to wear that dress? It will be enough if I just try it for her, I persuaded myself, in spite of knowing that once I wore it she would never let me take it off again before we went to bed together.

"What kind of an event is it anyway?"

"The contest was the idea of some guys in my advertising agency and I thought it a good idea. But that Alvin kind of hijacked it and so, after what happened at his flat (so I was right about that) I fired him. Tonight, though there will only be my staff plus their partners and the clients, who contributed either clothes, jewellery or their staff to the event.

"Are you aware, my love, that apart from me there were just very feminine young men selected, who were all turned into beautiful girls?" I asked.

"What? Oh NOOO, that is a nightmare!"

"I do not think it is all that bad, because I did not really notice any serious problems (the yet I kept to myself for now)"

"Oh Sabrina, please do not leave my side tonight. I have no idea how to handle this. And there will be a photographer from Vogue to take photographs tonight and tomorrow at the lunch."

"And you plan to let me lose in this?" I giggled "I might rather need a combat suit."

"If you get angry, darling, I think you will be even more frightening in the dress."

Very possibly she was right, I thought, smiling to myself.

"What's so funny, Sabrina?"

"May be I should hijack some of your clients breast forms to make myself a proper walkyrie?"

That finally got her laughing again and she playfully punched my arm. Then she hugged me and whispered:

"Oh, you! You are wonderful, my love."



Chapter 12:

While we kept on getting ready for the party I had a marvellous idea. Today I was wearing her style, tomorrow, for the final lunch, she would wear mine. Just a soft and cuddly cashmere, skinny jeans and four inch heel overknee boots. I would show her how to be strong, daring and confident. Not that she wasn't strong or confident in her own way, but just like I had to learn to be confident in these elegantly sexy clothes, she had to learn to be at home and confident in jeans and boots. Oh yes. I could not wait to see her thus.

The party was already quite loud when we arrived. To my surprise all the "winners" were there too and Alvin! Lorna had not yet noticed him so I went discretely up to him from behind and said:

"If I still see you here in three minutes I am going to first out you as the rapist you try to be and then personally throw you out after I have permanently destroyed your balls. Lorna fired you. PISS OFF."

He shot around and looked at me as if bitten by a snake. Lorna now had noticed him, too and came to stand by my side.

"I fired you. If you do not vanish from my life this second, I'm not only going to let Sabrina lose on you, but I am going to contribute to whatever she has in store for you."

He shrank away from us and left as quickly as he could. I turned to Lorna and said smiling:

"You are a quick learner, my love."

She giggled.

"It is easy to be bold, when you stand next to the goddess of revenge."

"Lorna, I love you." I could not help saying out rather loud and she put a finger on my lips: "Shh."

Then she told me that people told her that Alvin had behaved as if he still ran the show and had invited all the winners to the party, too. We'd have to do something to permanently get rid of him.

In any case, this was to be a party and Lorna had obligations towards her clients. A fact that became even more obvious, as there was a bit of commotion at the entrance, as the photographer from Vogue made his entrance. I saw Blanche, too, and decided to thank her again, if the chance arose, while Lorna was humouring her clients.

I did my best to move as elegantly as Lorna was habitually in her incredibly sexy dress. How could she possibly have established a reputation as an iceberg? Was she serious about it? As I watched her and her interactions I noticed sometimes surprise in the faces of those she met. She had evidently changed. She was radiating joy, warmth and friendliness, gone was the seriously straight business woman. My love for her grew by the minute as well as the need to protect her from people like Alvin. Next time I would turn into Nemesis herself if he showed up.

I now was determined to have a good time and to support my love as well I could. The guy from Vogue was not quite to my taste, but I suffered him for the sake of Lorna when he clung to her like shit to a blanket as we do say in England. He never stopped snapping away at the two of us until I finally took him aside and asked what he was up to as there were so many more

interesting girls around. He replied that this was about mature women who were still gorgeous and I started wondering, as the event evidently had nothing to do with that. After all, the way it appeared to have been planned the theme rather was boys who could be or were meant to be girls. I decided to find the woman who had styled that cute Billie (was her former name Bill I wondered). Lost in thought I accidentally ran into Blanche.

"Hi Sabrina," she said "What planet are you on right now?"

I could not help laughing.

"Sorry, Blanche, just wondering about some things. In any case, I wanted to thank you again, darling for your support in the treatment room. You were absolutely wonderful. And your skin ... it feels even softer and smoother than silk!"

"Why, thank you, Sabrina. Did you get your woman? Who is she? And you are looking absolutely gorgeous in that dress."

"Lorna is the beauty in the outrageous black dress over there."

"Says the beauty in the even more outrageous pink dress." she giggled. "What happened?"

I decided to tell her the whole story, abbreviated version.

"You took out two grown men one of whom was even armed? Who are you, really, Sabrina?"

"You read my mind, Blanche. Who are you really and what disturbs you so much?"

"My friend Colin, or should I rather say Liliana? I don't know, Sabrina. I love him/her so much, but she is difficult to get near to."

I had let my feelings examine her while she was talking and could not help to feel incredibly vulnerable and hurt. So that was going on behind that bold and sexy exterior? No there was more, but that I seemed unable to touch. While my defence was to be stronger and more ruthless hers was to be ironic bordering on sarcastic. Yet she had been so nice to me, could I help her?

"You read my mind." I repeated "You know I was a boy, too at some point. Is there anything I can do for you in return for your kindness on Friday morning?"

"You are sweet, Sabrina, thank you. I'll think about it."

OK, I thought. Give her time.

I left her and started looking for that Liliana. Who might she be? I was intrigued to say the least. I went to find Lorna only to notice Blanche watching. I smiled to myself and gently touched Lorna's arm.

"Lorna, do you know which of the contestants might be Liliana?"

Lorna signed to a woman I did not know to come over and asked:

"Karen, which one is Liliana?"

"Why, Lorna?"

"Sabrina here is wondering who she is."

Karen looked me over and seemed to be unsure what to think.

"I was Ally's subject." I said smiling sweetly at her.

"Oh, she said "the female roadie?"

"Yes," I replied grinning "the female roadie."

Lorna was already distracted again by another one of her clients so I took Karen aside and asked:

"Karen, I know that all the other "winners" were cute feminine boys. You

evidently are specialised in turning them into stunningly gorgeous females, but who's plan was this? I know for a fact that it was not Lorna's."

"Partially mine." she admitted.

"And?"

"Alvin's."

"I guessed as much. Please, Karen, you seem to be a nice person. Keep away from him. He's poisonous."

At that moment Ally appeared and came over to hug me and say:

"Sabrina, honey, who got you into wearing that incredible dress? You look ravishing! Doesn't she?" he asked turning to Karen "Hi Karen."

"Hi Ally. So Sabrina is your masterpiece yet is she?"

"The exterior perhaps," Ally admitted "but what is inside is all her own achievement. That kind of beauty nobody can fake."

I blushed deeply at his compliment to the amazement of Karen.

"Ally, darling," I said "just a second and I'll be all yours." and turning to Karen

"So, who is Liliana?"

She pointed a cute dark girl who seemed rather uncomfortable out to me and left us. Ally studied me with a grin.

"On the war path again, supergirl?"

"No, Ally, just checking things."

"Right, let's have a drink."

Chapter 13:

As ally and I sat at the bar I noticed Blanche and Billie talking and guessed that Blanche was trying to convince her of something without effect. Then Blanche grabbed the cute dark girl and caressed her in front of Billie but the poor Liliana did not seem very much thrilled by what was happening. Well, I thought, not much I can do about that. I turned back to Ally and sighed.

"You can't make all the world happy, you know?" he said "You got to just appreciate what you got and be thankful for it."

"I know, darling, but I am so happy myself, sometimes I just feel guilty that I am happy while others suffer."

"And that is exactly what makes you so likeable, Sabrina. But you got to watch out for yourself, too. You have every right to be happy just like everyone else. If they decide to stay unhappy ... nothing you can do about it."

I had to smile, he was cute at this moment.

"When you're philosophical, Ally, you're really cute."

Just then Lorna turned up beside me and took Ally's hand and kissed it saying:

"Let me kiss the hand that gave me the love of my life."

"Hello Lorna. I am so happy for you two. Sabrina is such a rare jewel."

"Yes, isn't she just? Your vision for her made her beautiful and sexy on the outside and showed off her inner beauty so wonderfully! And thank you for the support you gave her by telling her about Alvin's sinister plans. You will always be a friend."

"Yes," I confirmed "Ally we will never forget what you gave us."

"The photographer for Vogue said something about doing something on mature women using Sabrina and myself as models. May be you'll get a lot of women our age as customers soon."

"You mean in their late thirties?" Ally flattered shamelessly and both Lorna and I had to laugh.

"So he wants us for models?" I asked "that seems odd, given the theme of the event, doesn't it?"

"It certainly does." Ally agreed.

"You think something's fishy?" Lorna asked.

"Pretty old fish." I agreed.

"Stinks!" said Ally.

"Let's drink to that." I said grinning and ordered a round of Champaign.

As we were toasting I noticed the vogue guy snapping some pictures. I did not say anything and hoped, that this time my instincts were wrong, in spite of all my experience that said they never were.

"How much longer do we have to stay here?" I asked Lorna "I can't wait to take you home."

"Home?" She asked incredulously "Where is that?"

"Today? The Waldorf."

"What is wrong with my place, my love?"

"Nothing, sweetie, but as I had to wear your style today, I'll make you wear mine tomorrow. But I won't reveal anything else yet."

"Well, I think we can safely play hookey in about half an hour, if I leave you for another short round of my clients." She replied walking off.

"Hookey?" I asked looking at Ally "What is that?"

"Not part of your posh British vocabulary, I take it." He replied smiling "To play hookey means skipping school, work or commitments, Sabrina."

"Ah, I see."

"So what are you going to do about the photographer thing, Sabrina?"

I grinned at him and said:

"Oh, if he does anything to hurt Lorna I am going to break his fucking neck. See? There's me posh English for ya!"

"Language, madam!"

We both cracked up laughing.

"I hope you are not serious? That would not go down well with the local authorities."

"I know, Ally, I was speaking metaphorically. But he'd never again get employed afterwards, ever, so in a manner of speaking ..."

"Nothing could surprise me any more, where you are concerned." he replied.

"May be someone should warn him?"

"Yes, Blanche might be just the person. Let's try find her again."

We drank up started looking for her. Ally found her first and together they came over to me.

"Blanche, I said, sorry to bother you, but do you know the guy from Vogue?"

"No, not personally, but I know of him."

"Ah, what?"

"Models are not happy with him, most of the time. He seems to have an unpleasant character."

"See, Ally? Fish."

"Am I missing a private joke here?" Blanche enquired.

"Stinks!" said Ally.

"Oh, I get it. And what exactly is fishy here?"

"He told Lorna that he is here to do something on mature women who are still gorgeous." I explained.

"Isn't that missing the whole point?" Blanche asked incredulously.

"Exactly." Ally said "That is what is fishy here."

"In any case, Blanche, I was hoping you knew him and could pass a warning."

"What warning?"

"That am going to break his neck if I find out he's done something to hurt Lorna."

She looked at me curiously for a moment, then into my eyes and said:

"I see you are NOT joking. How are you planning to get away with it? If you need help, ask me. I might know a way. But first I will try to deter him."

With that Blanche turned on her heel and went off to find the man in question. I did not bother to follow it up. I was quite confident, that he would be warned. Blanche was capable of a lot, I was sure.

Chapter 14:

I was getting a bit restless. I could not wait to take Lorna to the Waldorf, order a couple of bottles of Veuve Cliquot vintage and seduce my lovely Lorna in that fabulous bed in my cosy room. She was still in conversations with people here and there, the photographer always on her heels. As I scanned the room I saw a young redhead with an amazing lot of hair and a girl by her side, who was pretty, but no match for her friend. Nevertheless they seemed to be happy together and enjoying themselves. The redhead had to have been a boy, due to the nature of the contest and I asked myself, if it had been him, who had been transformed on the request of his girl friend.

Then I noticed a really attractive blonde with a lot of curls, who was in conversation with the Billie who paled a little next to her in my opinion. This one was so natural! She moved and held herself with the confidence of a woman who knew how beautiful she was without seeming arrogant. As she looked around and our eyes met I was amazed, how nice she seemed to be. A friendly smile rewarded me for my friendly thoughts and I made a mental note to try and talk to her tomorrow at the lunch. But now it was definitely time to leave.

I went over to where I last had seen Lorna only to find her unable to shake off the Vogue guy. I took Lorna's arm and said:

"Sorry Lorna, there is some urgent business you need to take care of."

She turned to look thankfully into my eyes and we started to make our way slowly towards the periphery of the party. The photographer tried to follow. I blocked his path and put on my best low level English slang:

"Sorry, luv," I said "tisn't anyfink to do with ya. Find yerself sommere to piss off to."

I could feel that Lorna was hard put not to crack up laughing. The guy nevertheless did not seem to be put off.

"There's been coupl'a fuckers who tried messing with good ol' Sabrina here," I continued "woun't want to find ya with one o' me pumps stuck in yer balls now, would we?"

That seemed to do the trick. He looked at me, turned around and vanished in the crowd. Lorna broke into hilarious laughter and I could not help joining in. When we had calmed down a little she said:

"I think the world has lost a fantastic actress, when you joined the music industry."

"Why, thank you kind lady." I said with the most posh voice I could achieve and again we laughed joyfully. Lorna was so beautifully alive when she laughed and that made me want her even more, now that we were on the way out. We linked arms and wandered towards the exit, stopped a moment to see if anyone was watching then sneaked out and almost ran to the taxis waiting near the Navy Pier. We stopped at the first one in the line and I opened the rear door for Lorna, who elegantly slid in and over to allow me to join her. I was not quite as elegant as her in getting in but not bad either. The driver looked at us in amazement and asked:

"Is the way you look what this event is about?"

"Sort of" I giggled "will you please take us to the Waldorf?"

"Certainly, miss."

"Oooh, you're cute." I replied "It's more like madam, really."

"No way!" he said smiling and started driving.

He actually took us the shortest route and it took not even quarter an hour, so I rewarded him with a generous tip.

"I though you gals were intent on getting home." he said with a smile and

"Thanks, my lady."

I blew him a kiss as I helped Lorna out of the taxi and then took her in my arms and kissed her passionately. She wriggled a bit at first, but then surrendered and got passionate herself. When I let her go to offer my arm to go in she again playfully punched my arm and said:

"Why do you have to be so blatantly obvious about our love?"

"Do you have anything to hide, my love?" I retorted and she blushed.

"Not really, but I am not used to be so openly in love for anyone to see."

"Would it hurt, if people started to know you for a woman of flesh and blood, my little Ice-Queen?" I said and caressed her cheek as I did.

"Oh Sabrina, what will become of me?"

"The woman you were always meant to be."

The doorman could not help a grin as he opened the door for us. As I said before, two gorgeous women like us having lesbian sex would certainly be most guys wet dream. I led Lorna to the reception and said sweetly:

"Can we please have two bottles of Veuve Cliquot vintage brought to my room? That would be marvellous."

"Of course, madam. Which room would that be?"

"Well, mine, of course, Sabrina ..."

"Oh, sure, sorry miss Sabrina, I did not recognize you at first." he cut in.

"Fabulous make-over, don't you think?" I said fishing for compliments.

"Incredible," he said smiling "why did you not show your beauty before?"

"To be honest," I giggled "I did not know I had it in me."

With that I took the key and led Lorna to the lift. As soon as the doors had closed behind us I kissed her again, just a short one but very passionate nevertheless. The door opened and we snuck out to my room, but as I opened the door to lead Lorna in there was a flash of a camera. I turned around quickly with an expression like a Greek fury only to see someone race towards the stairs. The kick in the balls would have to wait, not the phone call though. I had my phone out in a flash and punched a short dial. It only rang twice before I heard the reply I was waiting for.

"Sabrina," I said "there is a photographer for Vogue with a bad reputation among models, hang on I'll get you a name."

I looked questioningly at Lorna.

"Walter Penman." she informed me.

"Walter Penman. He is persona non grata for the rest of his life, OK? I do not want him to get another job, ever."

I listened to the reply.

"Yes, honey, we're quits. You owe me nothing any more."

I ended the call. Lorna looked at me wide eyed. And then I heard it for the second time in short sequence:

"You don't do things by half measures, Sabrina, do you?"

"When someone plans to compromise you, my love? I become Nemesis

herself."

Lorna threw her arms around my neck and whispered:

"How safe I feel with you and how I love you, you incredibly beautiful woman."

"Right," I said then giggled "lets put the fury to bed."

As an answer her hands slid down from my neck to the zip of my dress and before I knew it it was down at my feet and the stuck on support from my breasts removed. The waist cincher was gone just as quickly and she stood admiring me in my pink lace panties and stiletto heels. There was a shiver of anticipation running down my spine. Tonight I had thought I was going to take the lead, but this looked different. Slowly, seductively I took a step out of the dress and close to her, putting my arms around her neck again. Then I softly kissed her lips, just the lightest of touches before I whispered:

"I may be the one to protect you, but in bed I am yours to command."

Just then there was a knock on the door. I had forgotten about the room service!

"Just a second." I answered and whispered to Lorna:

"Your turn." and vanished in the bathroom.

Lorna opened the door and the girl from the room service set out a little table with a bottle in a cooler and put the other one in the fridge.

"Would you like me to open it?" she asked Lorna.

"Sure." I called from the bathroom "Lorna, my purse is on the bed."

Lorna rewarded the girl, who had, she told me later, blushed almost crimson, with a tip and I heard the door close softly. By now completely naked and my make up removed I came out of the bathroom. Lorna's face showed a quick succession of emotions: surprise, amusement, love and then desire.

"What a tease you can be, my sweet minx."

Now it was me who took the moment when we were kissing to slip her dress off her shoulders and bare her. I let the dress sink to the floor and kissed her beautiful breasts. Slowly I sank to my knees and whispered:

"Are you ready for me, Aphrodite?"

"Aphrodite?" she repeated in surprise.

"Since no earthly woman could be more beautiful you must be her, n'est ce pas?"

She lovingly ruffled my short pink hair.

"You sure know how to woo a lady." she giggled "You're soooo sweet."

Then she pulled me up again to kiss me possessively this time. Obediently I put my arms around her neck and kissed her back. Our breasts touched and we both shivered in anticipation. My whole body was incredibly alive again, wherever I felt her skin against mine little fires started until I was so full of desire for her that I could hardly bear it. Slowly oh so slowly her hands wandered down my sides, caressing the curves of my body as if they were the most delicate thing she'd ever touched. Yet those light touches were driving me wild. I recalled the way I had let my fingers dance like butterflies over her skin and shivered at the memory. We were still kissing, of course, and that kiss had got more than just passionate.

As her hand reached my hips and she lightly grabbed my bottom I pressed myself into her begging:

"Oh my goddess, take me, have me, make love to me, please, I need you so much!"

"Sabrina," she sighed "I want you just as much."

Again she slid out of whatever garments she still wore in one fluid movement and pulled me over and onto the bed. As it was we were on top of one another, me on the top and I turned so that I was facing her beautiful and invitingly moist sex. She gently made me open my legs and give her access to mine. As if following a secret choreography our lips touched each other's sexes simultaneously. I was so full of desire for her. My mouth's lips kissed those of her secret garden, as my sometimes poetic inner voice now called it and I was in heaven. Then her tongue touched mine and I gave a little cry of joy. That in return triggered a moan and I let the tip of my tongue wander slowly towards her clitoris. Now, as I reached it, it was her time to cry out.

Our love making was very slow and deliberate. We were enjoying each moment, every little touch or movement, slowly building the intense feelings into even more intense ones until we came almost simultaneously. But we did not completely let off, we continued caressing and kissing each other and soon there was another climax in the making and another and yet another. I was not sure about our cries at first, but then I thought: what the hell, I do not mind the whole floor to know how much we enjoy each other.

Once the turmoil in our bodies had calmed down a little I lay side by side with my love, again my head propped up on one arm and traced the lines of her face with a finger, while she slowly came back to the room from the cloud she'd been transported to. I enjoyed that immensely to see her so happy. Then I remembered the champagne and softly let go of her to get our glasses. As she felt me slip of the bed she opened her eyes and pleaded:

"No, Sabrina, don't go yet."

"Don't worry, beautiful, I am only getting the champagne."

And with that I poured just a little bit into her navel and slurped it from there, carefully balancing the two glasses. She giggled and took one off me then commanded:

"You lie down again now, too."

I did as asked and she let some drops of champagne fall onto the now soft again tips of my breasts. They became instantly erect, of course. Quickly she was there to lick off the champagne and in an instant had me moaning with pleasure again. She took a sip of her glass and put it on the bedside table, then took mine and fed me a little sip, too, and got rid of my glass as well. Then she straddled me and started caressing my breasts and nipples, making me sigh and moan and finally cry out as she pushed her sex against mine. Then she sank onto my chest and held me tightly whispering:

"I am never, ever going to let you go again."

As my eyes filled with tears of joy she slowly got off me and reached for the glasses.

"To our love" she said "may it never fade."

"To our love." I repeated and we both downed the champagne.

Chapter 15:

We did not last long after that. The day had been long and we had not really rested nor eaten properly after the lunch, so we were fast asleep in each other's arms soon.

Never in my whole life before had I slept that well. I woke before Lorna, who had snuggled well into my armpit and was curled up like a contented cat. How beautiful she was! And what a happy smile she had in her sleep. I hoped I had had the same while I was sleeping. I did not dare to stir yet, as I did not want to break the wonderful moment, I was so happy watching her. Then I noticed the envelope that had been pushed under our door. Of course! There was what I had expected, but I had already formed a plan to counter what I knew was going to be an attempt at blackmail. Well, I thought, Mr. Penman is already taken care of, even though he will not yet know it. So what am I going to do about Alvin? Oh yes! I'd simply tell the story of Friday night out loud at the lunch. That should be punishment enough apart from being fired.

Lorna began to stir in my arm. I gently stroked her hair and that made her purr almost like a cat. I loved her so much! Everything about her was beautiful or sweet. Well, today I would show her herself and her to the world as the sensitive, cute and sexy woman she was, the woman of flesh and blood. Slowly she opened her eyes and whispered:

"It is not a dream. Sweetie, it is still a miracle to me that you exist."

"No, love of my life, it is not a dream, even if I was tempted to think the same. We're both here and in love."

"Kiss me, beautiful."

I did. Then I said smiling:

"I need to apologise for lying to you. Remember when you asked me to be your friend and I said there was nothing in the world I'd rather be? That was a lie. I already knew that I'd rather be your lover."

"Oh YOU! I was afraid for a moment there. You can be such a tease!"

With that she began tickling me. There! She had found my worst weakness. I am terribly ticklish in certain places. Within a couple of minutes she had me begging for mercy and she relented. What a way to wake up! Never ever would I have imagined to be so much in love and even less with such an amazingly beautiful woman and on equal terms. I felt younger than I had in ages and looking at her I realised the same in her.

Unfortunately the bad news had already been pushed under the door, but I knew how to counter it. It would ask a lot of her, but it would also set her free completely. In any case, I was there to help her through it. I just had changed my plan a little. Instead of putting her in tight jeans I was now planning on what some idiot in the fashion industry had called lampshading, could one get more stupid than that? I had this incredibly soft long cashmere pullover in a soft shade the French call vieux rose. That, sheer black tights and black leather thigh high boots with a solid four inch heel, not chunky but not stilettos either. She would be something else completely in that. Beautiful, soft, vulnerable. I would be there to support and protect her, dressed in similar clothes as I had worn, when I took out Alvin and his mate.

My plan was to out ourselves at the opening for the lunch. I would take

the microphone first and tell everybody my secret, then I'd recount Friday night and talk about how Lorna had come to apologise for his behaviour. After that would be Lorna's time to confess and out herself as lesbian. There would not be any more room for blackmail and Alvin would be out of a job, have a bad reputation and be laughing stock for months to come.

Lorna did not notice the envelope when she got out of bed and into the bathroom, so I picked it up and decided not to talk about it before she was dressed. A short glance inside confirmed what I had expected. The photos were showing us kissing in front of the Waldorf and sneaking into my room. Nothing particularly incriminating, but enough not to leave with these two bastards. I would figure that one out later.

I joined my love in the bathroom sneaking into the shower with her, but I restrained myself and only lovingly washed her hair and body, rather than making love to her in the shower. We had all the rest of our lives to do that, but today we had to earn the right to it. While we were showering I told her what I wanted her to wear. Her reaction was exactly like mine had been seeing the pink dress.

"No way!"

"Lorna, you are the woman you are. All you change are clothes. And believe me, you'll look fabulous."

"I'll be half naked, you mean."

I could not help laughing.

"I was half naked in that pink dress and you weren't much better in yours. You'll be almost completely covered!"

"Yes, but I'll look sexy."

"Possibly, yes. What's wrong with that? It is casual chic and you will look so nice!"

"Sabrina, I am not a girl of 20 any more."

"Neither am I, but I wear such things more often than not."

"Yes," she gave in "you look fabulous in them."

"And so will you."

"But what will people think?"

"People who?"

"My clients."

"They'll just have to get used to you being yourself, my love. The worst thing that can happen is that some of them might leave you, but what you will gain is being free and yourself."

Sighing she sank into my embrace:

"Sabrina I am afraid."

"Ah, that I understand. I was nearly going to shit myself going out in that dress last night."

"I don't believe you."

"It is true, though. I am just a lot better at hiding fear. That is half of my secret for success."

"OK. I'll trust you and try."

Gently I turned her around to face me and caressed her face.

"In any case, I'll be there with you."

While she towelled herself dry I grabbed a quick shower myself and then presented her with the clothes. I had taken the precaution to take a bra and panties for her when we left her house, hiding them in the purse I had been using at lunch but not in the evening, so she had underwear, all else I was going to supply. Her pink pumps had been rather small for me so I would give her a pair of the socks I wore in my work boots to fill my thigh high ones around her feet. As she dressed I secretly watched from the bathroom and hugely enjoyed myself to see her preening and turning in front of the mirror.



She looked so young and sweet! Exactly what we needed. The attempt to blackmail her was going to look like an absolutely hideous act.

"Don't put on much make-up," I commented from the bathroom "you look fabulous even without. Go as natural as you dare, my love."

"I am not even sure I know that woman in the mirror." she said.

"She sure as hell is pretty, though." I giggled.

I dried myself and got into my own clothes, not quite as sexy as the other night, as I put on a tank top instead of the corset, but the jeans, boots and jacket were the same and I hardly put on any make-up. We both looked very natural and pretty. I sat on the bed and patted the place besides me. She sat down. Then I showed her the envelope.

"This was pushed under our door while we were sleeping."

She looked at the content and read the note, something I did not even think about as I was sure what it said. It said I want my job back or I am going to ruin you. She went white. I took her hand and said:

"This is what we are going to do." and explained my plan.

She sat there for a while, speechless. Then she replied:

"You are the only person, who could think of such a plan, because you are the only person who could carry it off."

"No, my sweet love, WE are going to carry it off."

"But I'll make myself so vulnerable and open to attack."

"Yes, that is the secret to this, that is your secret weapon of a vulnerable beautiful woman. Everyone is going to want to defend you."

She looked at me with sudden understanding in her eyes.

"Sabrina, you are a genius."

"Ok, lets have breakfast."

I had to convince her again. Fighting on an empty stomach is not a good idea, even if it is a mental fight. I, in any case, had a good appetite and had my usual, once we had got down to the restaurant. There was not a man in the place whose head did not turn to look at Lorna. She was a vision of sexy innocence.

Chapter 16:

The breakfast taken and there being still time before the lunch I asked Lorna if there was anywhere nice for a short walk, a park or something? She was not sure, herself only walking about her own little park to relax, but that was too far for the time left. So we decided to walk along the water front for a moment. I wanted to give her time to get used to her clothes and become more comfortable with them.

She looked so different in my oversized sweater and the boots! Younger, more alive, happy. Gone was the serious business woman and I was over the moon with the effect. If she now gathered the courage to just be her sweet feminine self and openly confess to being in love with me, another woman, she'd be free from her self inflicted restrictions and happy with herself and her love. I could hardly wait for the opening speech for the lunch. People would be surprised to see me take the microphone first but that would soon be turning into shock and then – so I hoped – approval.

But even if there would be no approval she would at least be free from any possible blackmail and if it came to the worst, she could sell her company and with my savings and hers we could make a comfortable living and convert her manoir into an energy self sufficient home for the two of us. That would be heaven. We would have to earn it today, though.

Walking along the waterfront was nice, there was hardly any wind and so it was very pleasant, the sun warming us and the air seemed fresh and clear for a change, almost like after a storm. Was this an omen? Was the storm going to be over for us, too? No more worries and a fresh start? I held her hand more closely, then stopped and stood in front of her.

"Ready to show your love to the world yet?" I asked.

She looked into my eyes and replied:

"Not really ... Kiss me!"

I took her face in my hands and slowly, softly kissed her lips. Not a really passionate kiss, but a kiss of love for all to see. It did not seem to bother anyone and Lorna looked around sheepishly before stating:

"That did not cause much of a stir, did it?"

"Not for the people watching." I giggled "but for me..."

Now she giggled too.

"The things you make me do, Sabrina, I would have never dared on my own."

"It's difficult anyway to kiss on your own." I said smiling "That's why you were sent me."

"Well, she said, nobody can accuse you of being too modest, can they?"

"Having found you, my love, I feel ready to conquer the world for you."

"And I sure think you could." she said smiling.

"Right," I said looking at my watch "It's close to show time."

We had not far to go and arrived at the Navy Pier about quarter an hour before anybody else. I quickly checked the mic and sound system to make sure there would not be any feedbacks, much to the surprise of the young technician who had set it up.

"Good job, mate." I said and he wasn't at all sure what to think of me. But before we were able to talk a little the first people arrived and guess what?

Alvin was among them. I had told Lorna to just ignore him, but I made sure he realised, that he had no chance whatsoever to get at the mic. And I told the young techie he was not to get a wireless either. He wasn't exactly sure what my position was here, but my attitude, honed to perfection in the music industry, made sure he toed the line. Lorna was watching me full of wonder.

"Sweetie," she asked "how do you do this? He did not even question you, yet I bet he was hired by Alvin."

"He's working for a hire company. He naturally recognizes authority."

People were milling around us now, examining the seating. There was a table for each winner with at least three or four chairs, so that any guests could be comfortably seated. For the make-up artists and other staff there was a long table to one side and names were placed with pretty cards near each cover. Slowly everyone found their place. Alvin was not sure what to think or do, his eyes darting from me to Lorna and back.

I took the mic and began:

"Hi, everyone, you will surely wonder why I, one of the winners, am now here opening this final event. Let me welcome all of you in the name of Lorna, who's agency has made this possible."

I looked around and made a point of looking at each of my fellow contestants.

"To most of us the outcome of the make-over was a surprise, to say the least. That is due to the fact, that someone in the organising team, was hijacking the event for his own purposes. I am sure you are wondering, why I was the only woman among you, but that is easily explained: I, too, was once a boy."

There were a lot of surprised faces in my audience.

"Other than you, though, I was really looking forward to this, as I have been working for more than twenty five years in a rather un-feminine environment, as a technician in touring rock and roll. I am sure you remember me saying so on stage after the "draw". I really wanted to come out looking feminine and sexy."

Now I looked directly at Alvin, who was evidently getting uncomfortable.

"One of the organisers, a guy called Alvin, had chosen to make me his date on Friday and when I got to the apartment I was assigned, he showed up with a mate and tried to feed me a date rape drug in the champagne, but I was already wary and when he touched me without asking permission before I even had had a drink, I kneed him where it really hurts. Then his "mate" pulled a taser and I threw Alvin in his path, which resulted in a discharge for Alvin. While his mate was confused I ran out of the apartment, grabbing Alvin's pretentious cane in passing near the door.

But instead of running away I closed the door and hid next to it, so that when the other guy came out not even looking left or right, as he expected me to be on the run, I could paralyse his arm with a couple of well aimed hits with the cane and then take the taser from his belt and scramble his nervous system."

Everyone's eyes now were on Alvin, who evidently could not believe what was happening. Some faces showed clear disgust, others amusement. There even were a few giggles.

"Now comes the good part. I told the security about it, after I had pulled the rather heavy guy from the stairwell back into the apartment and bound and gagged him and Alvin securely and rather uncomfortably and made sure that they would leave them thus until morning. I actually had to dissuade them from calling the police, when I gave them the taser I had confiscated."

Now there was outright laughter here and there and Alvin got up and wanted to leave, but I stopped him saying:

"Oh no, Alvin, you are not going to piss off, now that I am going to talk about the letter you slipped under the door of my hotel room, are you?"

Now he went completely white.

"You see," I went on what happened next gave him the idea to try and blackmail ... but I'll let Lorna complete that part of the story, because it concerns her more than myself."

I waited for Lorna to come and get the microphone and now the staff and Make-up artists that were there were surprised. She looked fabulous, but rather different than people knew her. She blushed as all eyes focused on her. I took her hand and squeezed it encouragingly. She got right into it:

"The security called me very early in the morning and I had to accompany them when they freed Alvin and whoever that other man was. They had embarrassed themselves a little" here she could not help but smile "and I was disgusted at what I heard from the security. So I told Alvin he was fired.

Then I started wondering about the woman who had had it in her to put two grown men, one of them armed, out of action and tie them up. What woman has not wondered at one point or another, what it would be like to be strong enough to hit an obnoxious male and get away with it? Well, here was my chance to meet such a woman. I looked up the address she had registered for the contest and after I had sorted the situation at the apartment out, went straight to her hotel."

She took a deep breath, now came the difficult bit. To my surprise a happy smile settled on her face.

"Well, I had expected a sort of Greek fury. Instead Sabrina came down the stairs and the first thing she did was to apologize to me for the fact, that she had not thought about what her actions might cause me in inconvenience. Can you believe it? I was amazed and fascinated and we had coffee during which we both had a chance to apologize. But I was more than just fascinated by her, so I took all my courage and overcame my fears and asked her to be my friend. You see, at that moment I was not quite ready ready to admit to myself, how attractive she was."

She took another deep breath. I was so proud of her!

"At lunch I found the courage to take her hands and look deeply into her eyes and saw, that my feelings for her were reciprocated. In the end I invited her to Saturday night's party, not knowing that Alvin had already invited all the winners, too. To cut a long story short, we ended up going to the Waldorf together, where I spent the night in her arms."

"WOW" said someone in the audience and I saw Ally grinning.

"Well, Alvin had sent someone who took some pictures of Sabrina and myself kissing in front of the hotel and then entering her room. This morning we found

an envelope with some photos and a threat, that we'd be exposed if I did not revoke my decision. Sabrina persuaded me to rather out ourselves ourselves and so defuse the threat."

Again she took a deep breath.

"Yes, I am deeply in love with Sabrina and she feels the same for me. We are ever so happy to be able to share this with you, here and today, and I also wish to apologize to those of you, who were made into pretty girls without warning, I hope you have nevertheless enjoyed the experience."

With that she turned to me and we embraced and kissed for all to see. I think it was Ally, who started clapping and one after the other people joined in.

"I am soooo proud of you!" I whispered in Lorna's ear, having switched off the mic "I love you more than anything in this world."

Chapter 17:

With the situation being taken care off we were now able to relax. Alvin had vanished, as nobody wanted anything to do with him, he was still out of a job and his reputation ruined. Thanks to his own actions. That was the best part of it. Lorna and I were surrounded by people who wanted to know more or just wish us well. I was walking on clouds with Lorna so happy and, now that my plan had worked, self assured. God, she was so beautiful. And she was as much in love with me as I with her, could life get any better?

Most of her staff were congratulating her as much for having found me as for the change, that still made her so much more lovable and fun to be with. Still watching her I felt someone take my hand, soft silky skin it could only be Blanche. I turned around and hugged her to her surprise.

"Blanche! I am so happy, look at her!"

"Seems like you have melted the iceberg, huh?" Typically Blanche.

"I did not believe Ally." I said "And look at us now!"

Then I looked at Blanche more closely and realised that as much as she was putting up a happy front. I felt her being troubled underneath, even though her Liliana was not far away. Fortunately Lorna spotted Liliana at that point and decided to ask her about how she felt about the week-end and the make-over. I gently took Blanche's arm and said:

"Come, darling, lets find a slightly quieter place for a moment."

Blanche all too willingly followed me to a quiet corner.

"OK, Honey, spill." I told her.

"Sabrina, how do you manage to be so sensitive to others without going crazy?"

"I limit my feelers to people I really like. And to warning me. What is troubling you, sweetie?"

Her face registered surprise.

"Before I tell you that," she replied "How do you limit what you sense? I mean how do you filter the input ... how can I phrase it ..."

"Blanche, sweetie, I am almost three times your age. I got burned, I got hurt and I learned about human behaviour. The method I learned is this. There is a first instance, when you meet someone new. That is the moment, when you most objectively assess people. That is what I try to base my reactions and decisions on. Alvin, for example, disgusted me from the first second onwards."

She seemed to be pondering that.

"OK. So what if you see someone's true personality and they turn out to behave differently?"

"We are all subject to life's experiences. They form us more or less, depending on how strong we are. Liliana ... has she been telling you why she is afraid of being close to someone?"

Blanche looked at me as if I was an alien.

"How ... Sabrina ... you ... it's frightening!"

"When I was three, darling, my parents took me for a walk along the Alster. There was a couple coming towards us pushing a pram. I could clearly see the man was very very ill. I told my mum and she hushed me up telling me not to say such crazy things. I kept my mouth shut from then on, but that does not mean I lost the ability to "see" things. You won't tell anybody, I hope?"

She obviously was still sort of shell shocked. I could understand her. It

had been difficult enough to come to terms with it myself and I had rarely ever talked to anyone about it.

"Can you see why?" she asked quietly.

"I could, if I wanted to. But I avoid looking at things people do not want others to see. After all, I want people to respect mine, how could I then disrespect their privacy?"

"Can you at least give me a hint?"

"No, but I can give you some advice. You need patience. I can see you love him/her a lot. I do not think it matters what decision she takes, you'll love her anyway. Whatever you do, Blanche, don't push. But make sure you see to it, that you get what you need, too. Give her time. And tell her where your limits are."

"You are speaking of him as a she?"

"Don't you?" I said grinning.

Then I gave her a big hug saying:

"I like you a lot, Blanche."

I could see she was on the verge of tears, but unless she'd start to unburden herself I was not going to push the issue any further. Evidently she already had a lot to digest, so I gave her a card with my international mobile number and said:

"Call me whenever you need me, darling."

"You are really sweet, Sabrina, thank you."

"Drink? I certainly want one."

"Not for me right now, thank you."

We walked together towards Liliana and Lorna, who apparently were in a deep conversation. Lorna looked at me as if she was a bit out of her depth, so I stood behind her, gently holding her with my arms around her waist. She happily leaned back into me and I put my head on her shoulder looking at Liliana. She sure was cute. She was somehow a little boyish, but certainly very cute and would be, once she was in tune with her exterior, a beautiful woman, if that was the way she'd decide to go.

Lili looked from me to Blanche and back, evidently wondering what we had been talking about. I looked at her and smiled:

"We have not been talking about you, Liliana, at least not directly, more like about how Blanche feels."

Herr big eyes got even bigger.

"Are you reading my mind?"

"No, Lili, I am just as nosy as I think you are and your eyes tell a lot. And since I like Blanche very much and have a lot to thank her for, I try being her friend and listen. Sometimes I even give a little advice."

I sighed.

"I cannot imagine what you experience being made to look so much like a girl, since for me it would have been heaven, had I had an opportunity like that at your age. As it was I was afraid of coming out until I was 27. And then did I never have anything as naturally beautiful a face and body as you."

"So what do you see me as?"

"A beautiful human being, a bit confused, but certainly beautiful."

Lorna was tenderly stoking the leg she was supporting herself against

and I got distracted. I looked around and saw the blond girl, Billie, taking her leave from that older man I had repeatedly seen her with. She seemed happy and content. There is one who has found herself, I thought. Blanche had taken Lili's hand and I think we all felt like ending things soon. But finally Lorna (and therefore I) still had obligations, and so we took our leave from Blanche and Lili and I wondered, If I'd ever see or speak to them again. If not it would certainly be a shame.

We went from group to group and persuaded people to sit down for the lunch. I changed the seating order slightly, so that Ally was next to me as well as Lorna. The three of us were certainly going to make the best of this. Karen came and sat next to Ally and we got into quite a good conversation during lunch. Then, desert and coffees gone, people started leaving, single or in groups and in the end there were just Lorna and myself thanking the staff from the Navy Pier before we left them to closing up.

Standing outside in the warm afternoon glow I took her into my arms again and she all too willingly had herself kissed passionately.

"Where to?" I asked her.

"Brittany." She replied.

Epilogue

We did not leave right away, though, first I and then Lorna packed just a cabin case and flew to Paris, where we got into a TGV to Rennes and from there to Morlaix. There we hired a car and set out for Lorna's manoir near Loquirec, where we spent our honeymoon.

After two weeks we came back with the decision to pack everything we truly wanted for our new life, sold the rest including Lorna's agency, left an unlimited invitation to France with Ally and went back to Brittany for good. Lorna kept the house in the states as a home for the people who had been something like her family for a long time. It gave us a base in the US for visits.

Blanche rang me at some point from Geneva, which was not too difficult to get to from Morlaix, the only difficulty being to have to change stations in Paris, but one could – of course – have a couple of nights there anyway and enjoy oneself.