

# Committed? Oh yeah, I'm totally gonna do it this time for sure! Honest!

All right, Teddy-boy... this is it. Show time. And this time you're goin' right out that door, down to the lobby and straight out into the street. As a woman. It isn't dark and there are people out and about, but to them you're just some random thirty-something hottie heading out for drinks with the girls... or maybe to meet up with some middle-management type for a romantic tête-à-tête in a fancy bistro down by the lake. Heck, I could be a hard-up housewife about to surprise her hubby working late at the office with that quickie he's always wanted in the copy room.

Yeah, as if. Anyway, you got the boobs goin' on, and damn if they don't look totally real. Glad I waited for the color-matched forms, because they're definitely on display in this outfit. With all that adhesive, they won't be coming off anytime soon either, not without the solvent I left in a locker at the airport. And that's how this girl spells commitment...

Let's see... you got the shaved legs and the sheer pantyhose. You got this little black dress clinging to your femmy little figure like hot water. You got the human hair wig, pinned on and blended with your own hair. Heck, it looks so real I could probably hit up a salon for a roller set and they'd never know. You got just enough makeup to make it look like you've been wearing it this way for years. You got the magnetic lashes and two layers of mascara. You got your Mom's watch and just enough jewelry to not look flashy. To wrap it up, Trixie... you are just a regular gal getting herself prepped for a moderately dressy evening out on the town.

So why does my tummy feel like it might give back that chef's salad I had for lunch? Why do I feel so light-headed? Why are my hands shaking? Why is my mouth so dry? I've dressed up as a woman like a million times before, so why do I feel like I'm standing at the edge of a cliff, with nothing but rocks and gators waiting at the bottom? What the hell am I so afraid of?

## Committed!

This time... I have to do it. I have no choice. I have to get to that locker at the airport or I can't change back. My car's in a parking garage downtown... it'll take me an hour to walk there and I might have to talk to the attendant on my way out. It's either that or take the subway, but it's not a good idea to show this much cleavage on the tube. So you are gonna be seen tonight, Trixie. People are gonna look at you and think, "Wonder what her story is." Hopefully it'll be her...

Oh man... I can't believe this. From right now until I get back and lose the dress, I'm a woman. I really am a woman... That's how everybody's gonna see me. I have a female face, a sweet smile and a sexy hairstyle, and that's mostly what they'll look at. I've got a nice rack and a good figure, and a princess coat to show it off. Time to start acting the part.

Oh God... I can't do this. I'm a man wearing a dress, for Christ's sake! People are gonna take one look and kill themselves laughing; or maybe they'll kill me. Crap... Teddy-boy really screwed me this time. He parked too far away and he did the airport thing, and now I'm stuck with it. I'd so like to get him back, but I already shaved his whole body and plucked his eyebrows. What more can I do? Hmm. Guess I could buy that prosthetic vagina we can't afford and glue it over his pecker with an industrial-strength medical adhesive that takes six weeks to wear off. Let him walk around with my coochie hiding under his clothes for a change. It would so serve the fool right, the way he treats me.

Screw it. Let's do this. I am woman, hear me roar, right out through the goddamn door. I might not be invincible, strictly speaking, but I'm definitely up for a stroll this evening. If anyone laughs at me, I'll just smile and walk on. The joke's on them, and on that scaredy-cat brother of mine too. Once I get through with him he'll have to sit his ass down just to take a leak. Ah... like I do right now, dammit.

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