

by Amanda Hawkins

Caught Take-3: Redhead

I find the bodysuit hidden in the back of Mom's closet. Acme's latest model, the FR-11, which is top of the line. Really expensive. I've seen the ads.

It's female, of course. I've never seen Mom wear it, but she must otherwise why have the thing? Maybe she saves it for date night, when I'm at my aunt's place and she spends the night with 'a friend'. Like she's fooling anybody. I bet you her boyfriend's seen the Acme FR-11 in action lots of times.

So Mom's off on one of her business trips, right? I have pizza with some of my friends, then head for home and my own date with a certain redhead.

It looks like a sheet of skin stripped off some dead guy. Or actually a woman, because there's nothing between the legs except a neat triangle of hair. Oh yeah, and it's got breasts. It feels kind of leathery and kind of plasticity at the same time. I worry about tearing it, but it's reinforced with carbon nanofibres and I wouldn't be able to damage it if I tried.

It opens up the back and has some kind of fancy zipper that closes itself. I lay it out on Mom's bed, face-down. Long red hair sprawls across the covers like an old wig that's gone through the wash. I figure I'll tidy it up once I'm inside.

I dump my clothes in my room and head back.

I pick the suit up by the waist and step into the legs, one at a time, like a pair of pants. But it's more like pantyhose, so I sit on the bed and work the material up over my knees, across my thighs and right into the docking station. The Eagle has landed.

There's a pouch here for one's junk. I've heard that it's best to be a little stiff going in, so you can slide in nice and easy. I slide in nice and easy.

I pull the suit up over my hips, leaving me with a nice female Vee between my legs. The suit's got padded hips and smooth legs, so I'm basically a woman down there. But the best is yet to come.

I reach into the sleeves. Like magic, two slender hands fly into view. I feel the waist constrict, like there's somebody around back hauling on the reins of a steel-boned corset. My breath comes in pants.

The breasts settle into place. Already, the zipper is rising. My arms jerk as the back contracts. I feel a puff of air exit around my neck. The zipper reaches the top of my spine. My whole body shakes. For a moment I feel like a puppet, but it passes. I feel the back of my neck for a seam, but it's gone.

The head dangles down my front like a loose scarf. I clear the opening and take a deep breath. This is it. Time to be a woman. I jam my head inside. It's tight, but the fabric flows like satin. Head bowed, I work the edge down to my neck—and what do you know, the suit auto-seals there too. A moment later, I can no longer find the join.

It's done. Slowly, I straighten up. A thick mat of red hair streams across my face, like cold water. I break the surface and open my eyes.



There she is, staring back at me from the mirror. Gorgeous long hair, perfect skin, tight little body. My dream girl.

I feel a little dizzy, then sick. The instructions said something about not standing up while the suit is adapting itself to my body, so I lie on the bed while my stomach ties itself in knots and from head to foot my skin crawls like it's some kind of wild animal. Which, in a way, it is—thanks to some pretty sophisticated genetic engineering.

When it passes, I sit up. I feel cold. I touch my arms and feel goose bumps. I feel it through the skin of my arms and the tips of my fingers. I wonder just how advanced this bodysuit really is.

I shake my head and feel a rush of heavy hair across my back. I cup my breasts. I feel that too.

I'm a woman. A real woman. There are no words to express how wonderful this feels.

I've worn Mom's clothes before, but never like this. I pull out her best lingerie—a black brassiere with lace trim, beige pantyhose, black high-cut panties, and the silk slip she got from Victoria's Secret. For the first time, I wear them like they're my own.

I take a brush to my hair. It takes a long time to tidy up, but when it's done—aaahh. Thick long tresses bubble from the top of my head, cascading down on either side, breaking over my shoulders and spilling across the beach of my chest like waves on the Mexican Riviera. I fluff up the ends, then spritz the tresses in front to firm up the edges.

I attend to my face. It doesn't need much; the suit already gives me a nice creamy complexion. A little foundation for color, powder and blush, then the fun stuff—a subtle lining of the eyes, a little shadow, just enough mascara to bring out my lashes, and a cranberry lipstick dark enough not to look garish next to all that red hair. I know what I'm doing.

I slip into Mom's favorite little black dress, the one she wears for date night. It's sleeveless, with a flirty

little skirt that doesn't quite reach my knees. And finally, a dash of perfume, a pair of mid-heel black suede pumps and a few simple bits of jewelry: a flat silver ring, a black onyx pendant and a pair of silver earrings for—surprise, surprise—pierced ears.

This is incredible. I'm a woman. Hell, I could be Mom on date night. I shake my head and smile.

I wander into the living room and turn on the stereo. Mom likes New Age music, so that's what I put on. When in Rome... I pour a glass of white wine.

That's when I hear a key in the front door.

Oh shit, she's home early! But there's nothing I can do. I'm wearing her clothes and her bodysuit, and now I have to man up and face the consequences.

"Hello? Anyone home?" It's a male voice. And that's when I realize the horrifying truth.

It's date night.

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He enters the room. I sit on the couch, frozen.

He smiles. "Hello, my sweet," he says in a voice as smooth as oiled leather. *That's me*—I'm the woman he's here to see. I muster a weak smile in return.

He comes over and lifts my hand, trapping my tiny fingers in his steely grip. From on high, his lips descend. They brush the back of my hand, then move toward my face. I'm helpless to stop him. He touches my forehead, the bridge of my nose, then lingers over my own parted lips while I breathe the air leaving his body. I'm terrified... and thrilled.

Finally, we kiss. Not for long, but it's my first as a woman... So it lasts forever.

He sits down. "Starting without me, I see?"

He glances at the wine glass on the coffee table. "I'm sorry," I mutter. "I didn't—"

He stops me. "No no. You let me get that." He goes straight to the bar in the corner.

Ah-ha—so he's been here before. *Well, duh.*

He picks up my glass and hands me a fresh one.

"To us," he says. We touch rims and drink. "I've missed you."

That's nice—now who the hell are you? I drink. It's easier than talking.

He nuzzles my ear. "My dear, sweet Cindy..."

Is that my name? I guess it is now. Damn, that tickles. I shake my head.

A heavy arm crosses my back. "What's wrong?" he whispers. Through a veil of hair: "Tell me."

I shiver. I drink.

"It's all right. It's only me. Lawrence." He caresses my back. "I am Lawrence of Arabia, home from the desolation and savagery of the desert. And you, my dear wife, are the first woman I've seen in nearly nine months."

Wife? What the hell has Mom been doing?

He tucks a long thick tress behind my ear. "I want you," he sighs.

I stare into my empty glass. "Oh... Lawrence," I say quietly, my thoughts racing. "If only I—"

He laughs. "So it's true. There is someone else."

Sure, why not? I turn toward him, eyes wide. "How did you know?" I say breathlessly.

Then it hits me: how much I sound like a woman. A very sexy woman. If this wife thing doesn't work out, I figure, I have a bright future in telephone sex. And how must that voice sound to a guy who hasn't seen a woman in months?

"I knew you would take a lover. However—" He pauses. "I don't blame you. After all, you are but a woman, with a woman's needs." His voice hardens. "But all that is over—now that I have returned."

I stare at him. "It is?"

"Of course. No mere man can take my place. I am Lawrence of Arabia. Your husband. Your lover."

I lift my glass, before noticing it's empty. Eyebrows raised, he hands me his own glass. I empty that too.

He rises, pulling me to my feet. The practical heels I've worn a hundred times before suddenly feel ridiculously clumsy. I'm frightened. What if I say something wrong, something Mom would never say? What if he finds out who I really am?

We dance. Trouble is, I have no idea how to dance, and this Kitaro stuff is more like something you'd hear in a spa. Fortunately, all I have to do is follow his lead, and my 'husband' seems more interested in holding me close than actually dancing.

We stagger about the room. I focus on not tripping over my own feet, but he's the one really keeping me upright. His strength makes me feel small.

He whispers in my ear: "You move like an angel."

I smile. "You are definitely too kind."

"Not at all," he says, and kisses me. We sway there together, our lips locked in mortal combat. I know this could be trouble, considering where it could lead, but I no longer care. To this man, I *am* a woman. No drug is more powerful than that.

The kiss ends, but we remain pressed together. "It's been too long, my love," he says, "far too long."

I don't reply—I can't. My face is stuck to his chest, held there by a hand to the back of my head.

A moment later, he sweeps me off my feet. "And now to the boudoir," he says fiercely.

"Oh, no—" I shake my head, my long hair bouncing against his thigh.

"You can't wait that long? Then we shall make love right here!" He lays me on the couch and removes his jacket, followed by his tie, his shirt, his pants. I sit up, staring at him. How can I get out of this?

"You're falling behind," he says. He lifts my hair away from my neck. I open my mouth to protest—but I can't. He's kissing me again. I feel the zipper of my dress pulled down.

"This—this is wrong." My hands press against his chest. The dress falls from my shoulders.

"So very wrong," he says between kisses. "And yet... so very right."

"Please—" Next to fall are the thin straps of Mom's silk slip. His firm mouth presses into mine and his tongue passes my lips, on its way to the back of my throat. With nowhere else to go, my own tongue slides under his. My chest heaves.

It's too much. I kiss him back.

"Am I not your husband?" he murmurs, caressing my hair. "Are you not my wife?"

"I... am..." I feel hot, flustered, confused. I half-stand as he pulls the dress and slip down over my hips. Mom's black high-cut panties join them in a pile on the floor.

He pulls me close, kissing chest, cheeks, lips. I know I must taste of cranberry lipstick to him, because that's what he tastes like to me.

"You are so beautiful," he says.

I shake my head—not to disagree, but to feel the sweep of heavy hair across my back. I smile, coyly. I reach back to undo the clasp of Mom's black brassiere with the lace trim.

I wonder just how advanced this bodysuit really is. He lies down and pulls me to him, my back to his front. My hair flies into his face. He pretends he can't breathe. I laugh. His arms encircle me. One hand caresses my left breast and I can feel that too, like when I used to touch myself, down there.

Something of his pokes out between my legs and I reach down to touch it, as if it were my own. It feels so big, I wonder if I'll be able to take it all in.

But then—after he turns me over and mounts me, doggy-style—I do. Just like a real woman.



I lie in bed the next morning, luxuriating in just being female. I think about how it made me feel, to please a man sexually and to be pleased in return. But then what am I—gay male or straight woman?

The bathroom door opens. A woman wearing a robe steps out, carrying a male bodysuit. My jaw drops. It's Laura Mason, my old guidance councillor.

"You better pop out of that thing yourself, love," she says. "Sidney could be home any moment."

I'm confused. If a guy in a female bodysuit has sex with a woman in a male bodysuit, only he thinks he's with a man and she thinks she's with a woman, then who's gay and who's straight?

Then I hear a key in the front door. *Oh shit!* ■