

TV FICTION CLASSICS

"A PROPER LADY II"



**BOYS CAN BE CRUDE AND UNKEMPT...
BUT THIS ONE WAS TAUGHT TO BE A LADY!**

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TV FICTION CLASSICS

Volume 91

**A PROPER LADY
II**

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“A PROPER LADY II”

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QUOTE BOARD

**“Femininity is much too serious a matter to be
entrusted to just women.”**

&

“Beauty is only skin-deep but that's deep enough.”

A PROPER LADY

II

Kristi Love

The shopping trip was a real eye opener. Not only did I acquire lots of new feminine clothes, but to my utter surprise and relief, nobody recognized me as a man.

I'll always remember my first time entering a woman's public restroom. I whispered to Mrs. Sinclair, "Are you sure it's okay for me to go in there?" as she nudged me forward. "I won't be arrested, will I?"

"Don't be silly, Annie," she snickered, "Why would a young woman be arrested for using a woman's bathroom?"

"But I'm..." I started.

"You've seen your reflection in half a dozen mirrors today. Were any of them the image of a man wearing women's clothes?"

"Not that I noticed..." I still wasn't confident in my appearance, although I seemed to present the picture of a young woman.

"Neither did anyone else," she said as we entered this forbidden realm.

Woman's bathrooms aren't much different than men's. Of course there aren't any urinals, it is cleaner, and we had to stand in line to get in, but other than that, this mysterious forbidden woman's sanctuary was quite ordinary.

Mrs. Sinclair had instructed me on how to handle myself if other women other than us were there, and there were women doing their business. I found an open bay, closed the door, raised my skirt and lowered my pantyhose and panties before taking my seat. I carefully performed my functions

such that it didn't give me away. After completing my task, I followed Mrs. Sinclair to a huge mirror to refresh my lip color and arrange my hair. I looked rather nice after such a long day under constant stress.

Stress! What if stress really was causing my feminization? It was the only plausible explanation. If so, then this day had driven me further into femininity, what with the stress I've been under since leaving the house this morning. The only way I can return to being a man is to relax, but how can I relax when each day I see myself slip further and further into femininity? It was Catch 22!

We returned home exhausted! My feet were killing me when I finally removed my heels. How do women survive day after day wearing such shoes? On the other hand, I displayed killer legs the entire day. I saw more than one man discretely admiring them.

"We have an appointment at the beauty parlor in two days, Annie," Mrs. Sinclair reminded me over dinner consisting of a small salad. "I arranged for the full works, including a bikini wax."

"What? But the operator will know about me and spread it all over town," I gasped.

"Relax, Annie," Mrs. Sinclair assured. "We aren't going to a salon near here. I learned about this boutique that caters to girls like you transitioning into womanhood and crossdressers, men who want to be feminine for the weekend."

"There are others with dysfunctional hormone levels?" I asked. "Could they know what is causing mine?"

"We already know what is changing your body, dear," Mrs. Sinclair stated. "You are producing female hormones instead of the testosterone you used to produce."

"I mean what is causing my body to shift to producing female hormones," I said. "Maybe the people in the salon know of someone who had the same thing happen to them."

"We can ask, dear," she smiled, "But most girls transitioning do so with self administered hormones."

I let out a sigh of resignation. "Nobody else has ever experienced stress induced gender changes?"

"Not that I've heard of," she said. "You are quite unique."

"Will the people in the salon know who we are?"

"No, dear, I made the appointment using a false name. I'll pay in cash, so they won't know how to find us after we leave."

I felt a little relieved, but still full of stress. Instead of worrying that strangers will find out that I'm a man dressed as a woman, I now had to interact with people who knew exactly what was happening to me. I should be relieved, but all it did was induce new stress. I had to find a way to relax if I was ever going to return to being a man.

I spent the next two days perfecting my feminine behavior. I still retained many male habits and actions, but Mrs. Sinclair was eradicating them one by one, until even I didn't remember how I used to walk, talk, sit, hold my hands, and a myriad of other acts.

My day at the beauty salon is a day that will live in infamy! I was a little nervous to start out with, but as soon as we entered the salon, I was the center of attention by the staff and the patrons too.

I was swarmed by the patrons once they found out that I was a guy like them coping with transitioning into womanhood. At first, none believed that I was a guy. More than one wanted me to lift my skirt and show them. I wasn't about to do that, so I was accused of being a pervert spying on them or a woman reporter trying to get a story by impersonating a man impersonating a woman. I was being accused of impersonating an impersonator!

I was led into the back for my full body waxing, a procedure I was NOT looking forward to. I stripped and put on a smock, and told to lie face up on a table. "This will take

about an hour,” the woman performing the wax treatment said. “Don’t worry about letting me see your private region. I’ve done this on many men. I’ve seen it all.

She seemed like a nice woman, so I warmed to her. She parted my smock and for the first time a stranger saw that I looked like a woman everywhere except between my legs. Even there I was a shadow of my former self.

“Oh, you are transitioning, aren’t you?” her eyes widened. “I was skeptical when you first entered the salon. I’ve seen lots of ‘girls’ and you are the most feminine.”

“I really don’t want to be a woman,” I confessed as she prepared the wax. “I was happy as a guy. My hormones just changed out of the clear blue sky. The doctor can’t explain it.”

“You’re kidding me,” she giggled. “Nobody looks like you without going through lots of hormone therapy and probably cosmetic surgery.”

“Honestly,” I said as the first treatment began. “That’s how it happened. The doctor says stress is the likely cause.”

“**Stress!** I’ve never heard of stress causing a man to change into a woman,” she giggled. “If that were so, then most of our patrons would be pregnant. Talk about high stress levels!”

“That’s got to be it,” I said. There is no other explanation.”

“Tell the truth, dearie,” she finished her first application, “You are taking hormones without telling anyone, right?”

“No! Honestly!” I said. “I don’t want to be a woman! I have no other explanation for what is happening to me.”

“Sure, honey,” she cooed as she started to remove the wax. Obviously she didn’t believe a word I said. She probably thought I was a nut case refusing to take responsibility for what I was doing to myself.

Our conversation quickly stopped when she stripped the first application of wax. I nearly shot through the ceiling as my groin area exploded in pain. I never felt such pain!

“That wasn’t so bad, was it, honey,” the salon woman cooed as I tried to hold back tears. “Now for the other side, and then you will be able to wear your bikini and look absolutely chic.”

I’ll never forget the waxing table. It was pure torture. The woman seemed to take pleasure in inflicting the pain. I left not sure if she was really as understanding as she acted in the beginning.

I found that the other patrons now knew that I was one of them and not some impersonator spy. The waxing woman must have spread the word during a break while the wax hardened. Various patrons complimented me on my appearance. “I’d never ‘read’ you, honey,” one transitioning woman gushed. “You are the tea,” whatever that meant.

Another, not very passable patron introduced himself and tried to hit on me. “Are you interested in a little action?” he cooed in my ear. “I’d love to make *it* with a ‘girl’ that looks as fabulous as you.”

I politely declined his offer, stating that my aunt and I were leaving town as soon as we finished our appointment. He gave me his phone number, and said, “Look me up if you are back in town. I’ll show you the moon and the stars.”

I haven’t been able to ‘get it up’ in ages because of the female hormones flooding my body. If this person is truly on hormones, I have no idea how he can show me the ‘moon and stars’. This was the first time a male, although a feminine one had tried to pick me up. It felt very strange.

A cute teenage girl came up to me while my hair was under a tent. “Hi, my name is Amy. I want to tell you that you look fabulous! I hope that when I finish my transition I look a tenth as gorgeous as you.”

I thanked Amy for her compliment deciding not to burst her bubble by telling her that I wasn’t trying to change into a woman, that somehow nature was forcing it on me. I returned her compliment and meant it. She really was a cute girl and would blossom into a lovely young woman.

Every inch of my body was waxed, tweezed, washed, baked, massaged, curled, or painted during our stay. I never knew what women went through to look beautiful, but I did by the time I left this infamous salon.

We were six hours at the salon. Mrs. Sinclair was never very far away, but she deliberately kept her distance so I had to interact one on one with the beauticians and patrons.

I was finishing up when this obvious weekend sissy simpered up to me on 6" stiletto heels, with his hands fluttering in the air, and taking exaggerated swishy steps. "Hello," he said in a falsetto. "Don't you just love to come here to become all girly girl?"

"I'd rather be shooting hoops with the guys," I said.

"You don't want to be a girl?" his eyes grew as huge. "Are you being forced to become a girl?"

"Forced? Well, in a way..." I started.

"You are being forced," he interrupted in delight. "Are you being punished by your cruel auntie for being a naughty boy?" He gave Mrs. Sinclair a sideways glance in awe.

"Excuse me?" I gasped, "I don't understand."

"Are you being forced to wear girl's clothes by your auntie or your sister because you were mean to girls?" he asked in giddy delight. "Or was your wife tired of your slovenly ways and is training you as her maid?"

"Uh...no..." I uttered.

"Oh, then a Judge sentenced you to dresses because you broke the law, right?" he persisted.

"No...no Judge, no relative...no wife..." I started to regain my composure.

"Then you really aren't being forced to become a girl," he seemed disappointed.

"I'm being forced to dress like this because..." I again started to explain.

“Oh goodie!” he squealed. “Were you sent to a school for wayward boys?”

“Uh...no, nothing like that...”

“How can you be forced without being forced?” he asked.

“Force can take many shapes...” I again tried to explain my hormone problem just as Mrs. Sinclair appeared.

“We must be going, Annie,” she said.

“Yes, Auntie,” I answered referring to her by our assumed relationship.

As we were exiting the salon, the sissy came tripping up to us. “It’s the Witness Protection program, isn’t it? You are on the run from the mob!”

Not wanting to be pestered further, I gasped, “Shhhh! How did you guess? Please don’t tell a soul! My life is on the line!”

“*Oh!* Not a soul,” he placed a lacquered finger over his lips. “My lips are sealed.”

Mrs. Sinclair overheard the conversation and giggled as we walked to her car. “You little minx, have you no shame?”

“I didn’t want to leave him hanging,” I laughed. “Besides, he swore to not tell a soul.”

“Right!” she laughed. “That queen is spreading the rumor all over town by now. It’s fortunate that we don’t live in this city.”

“It’s time you start developing a social life, Annie, now that you are feminine in body and mind,” Mrs. Sinclair declared.

“What do you mean by ‘social life’?” I suspiciously asked.

“I mean start to experience the joys of womanhood. There’s more to being a woman than paint, powder, and panties.”

“Like...” I was becoming very suspicious.

“Like my son is dropping by for a short visit next week. It would be wonderful if he took the two of us out for a lovely dinner,” she declared.

“I’m a married man, Mrs. Sinclair,” I stammered. “I don’t date men! What would Marsha say?”

“Who said anything about a date?” she innocently asked. “I’ll be there too. I know David would enjoy the company of a young woman his age rather than being stuck all night with his mother. As for your wife, why do you care what she thinks? She left months ago. Have you heard from her?”

“No,” I muttered, “I sent her a letter with my address and phone number. It’s strange that I haven’t heard a peep.”

“Well never you mind,” she said. “I doubt if you could handle seeing your wife right now. You have enough to cope with learning to be a woman, and being a woman means learning to socialize with men. My idea gives you an opportunity to socialize with a nice man without all the hassle that goes with a date.”

“I don’t know how to act around a man,” I stammered. “I’d be a third wheel, a complete dud.”

“Probably so,” she laughed, “but one overcomes social shortcomings by facing them head-on. What’s to lose? He’s my son. He will be a gentleman with me around.”

Seeing her logic, I reluctantly agreed to give it a try knowing that I seldom win battles with Mrs. Sinclair. What’s the worst that could happen? Get a great dinner for free?

Apparently David, her son was an up and coming executive and travelled a lot. They met for dinner from time to time, but he never came to the house. I was invited, but was so traumatized with the changes happening to my body that I begged off. Besides, I only had women’s clothes to wear. I wasn’t about to go out in public back then wearing female clothes, let alone have dinner in a fancy restaurant with a stranger, a man no less.

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How times have changed! I'm still wearing women's clothes and the changes to my body have accelerated and still traumatize me, but my fear of appearing in public has dissipated. The past few ventures in the public eye convinced me that I can pass as a woman if I take sufficient care and watch how I carry myself.

I didn't want to look too 'sexy' for this dinner with Mrs. Sinclair and her son, so I took care to downplay my makeup and clothes. After a refreshing bath, I patted myself dry, powdered as was now my habit, leisurely styled my hair, and applied my makeup. My hair has grown to below my shoulders. I comb it each night till it shines. I am quite pleased with the way it looks. Nothing exotic or fancy, but a most fetching style nonetheless.

Mrs. Sinclair told me that night makeup should be more dramatic than makeup for day, using darker colors. I wasn't interested in impressing anyone and I certainly wasn't interested in looking exotic, so I compromised. I applied gray eyeshadow with a hint of red, coated my lashes to give them an innocent look, applied blush to give my cheeks a rosy tint, and dabbed a moderately red color to my lips. I was quite pleased when finished. It was enough to make sure my face didn't wash out in the night, yet soft enough so I didn't look like I was on the prowl.

I'd decided to wear a lovely light blue cocktail dress that I'd picked up on one of my shopping excursions with Mrs. Sinclair. I told her my choice and she fully concurred. "It will look gorgeous on you without being brazen. Remember to wear a pushup demi-bra with that dress, dear. You wouldn't want your bra to show."

She was right, of course. I wasn't about to go dining without wearing a bra, yet the plunging neckline of this dress would expose parts of my normal bra cups. I had the perfect bra, again an acquisition from our forays to the mall. I wrapped the bra about my chest, snapped the hooks, and rotated the bra until the cups were situated beneath my quite womanly breasts. Gently I inserted each breast into its cup

and made adjustments until both were comfortable nestled in their cups.

I'd learned early on that my nipples were very sensitive. They became more sensitive with each passing week and they had grown to the size of a silver dollar. Since my manhood was shrunken, it was difficult to impossible to get any pleasure from it like when I was a man. As compensation, I found much pleasure touching my breasts and fantasizing. I treated these babies with care once I discovered that they provided pleasures previously unknown.

Speaking of my manhood, I found that it was quite easy to hide it under my silky panties. Not only was it small, but it was quite pliable and easy to maneuver without causing pain. I stepped into my panties and raised it over my legs. Before settling it about my hips, I pushed my puny manhood back between my legs. Once my panty was properly positioned about my hips, my manhood was safely out of the way for the evening.

I didn't need to wear a slip since my dress has an inner lining to provide modesty when backlit. I was almost sad that I didn't need to wear one of my favorite pieces of lingerie.

I stepped into my dress, brought it over my hips, and inserted my arms through the delicate sleeves before reaching behind my back and easily zipping it up. I had to practice long and hard to get the knack and dexterity to enable me to close the back zipper on my dresses without dislocating a shoulder. Practice makes perfect, and now I can do it without giving it a second thought.

The lovely dress hugged my body from my waist to my shoulders, emphasizing my obvious feminine bosom. I actually liked the cleavage exposed by the plunging neckline. It would ensure that nobody mistakes me for a man. How many men have a 36-C bosom?

The dress floated 3" above my knees as I inserted my feet into my matching court shoes with 3" heels. My nylons felt nice as my feet slid into each shoe. How could I ever get along without pantyhose or nylons?

I examined my reflection in my full length mirror before going downstairs to present myself for Mrs. Sinclair's inspection. I was becoming comfortable with the way I looked. What choice did I have? The reflected image was that of a young woman ready to go out with friends for dinner. I fluffed my hair, straightened out a few strays, refreshed my lipstick, and twirled to make sure nothing was exposed that I didn't want exposed.

I entered the living room where Mrs. Sinclair was waiting. "Oh, Annie, you look so lovely in that dress," she gushed. "You will be the loveliest woman in the restaurant. I bet you get lots of masculine attention."

"I hope not, Auntie." I referred to her as Auntie all the time since the beauty parlor incident. I didn't want to make a mistake that would have people question.

"What should I call you tonight?" I asked. "Obviously your son knows I'm not your niece."

"Oh, don't worry about that, dear. Continue to refer to me as Auntie. I like the sound of it. David will understand," she continued to inspect my dress and makeup for flaws.

A knock on the front door announced David's arrival. Mrs. Sinclair said, "David always knocks before coming in so I have time to hide my lovers."

We were giggling at her joke when David entered the livingroom. My heart was racing and my knees were quaking. 'What would he think of me?' 'Did Mrs. Sinclair tell him about me?' 'How should I act?' I was a bundle of nerves!

"Hello, mother," he immediately went to Mrs. Sinclair and gave her a huge hug. It was some months since they last met, and they obviously missed each other.

I silently stood off to the side as they hugged each other. "Son, I'd like you to meet a dear friend of mine," she said, putting her arm about my waist. "This is Annie Taylor. She is staying with me for the time being."

I blushed and lowered my eyes as David gave me the expected male inspection. There was silence for a few seconds, and then David said, "Mother, why have you been hiding this vision of beauty from me?"

Mrs. Sinclair giggled and she said, "Annie hasn't been well. Only lately has she felt herself."

David took my hand in his and said, "It's a pleasure to meet you, Annie."

"Thank you, David," I shyly acknowledged his greeting. "The pleasure is mine. Your mother has told me so much about you. She is really proud of you."

"Mother, have you been speaking about me out of class?" David laughed.

"A mother has every right to be proud of her son," Mrs. Sinclair pouted.

"Mother, didn't you tell me the last time we met that you were helping a man going through a divorce? His name was Andy." David had a puzzled expression on his face.

My heart fell through the floor! He knew! Or at least suspected! I wanted to run from the room and hide under my bed. I couldn't make my legs move. I was frozen in place as my smile turned into fear.

"Andy suffered some medical problems after he moved in with me, David," Mrs. Sinclair calmly explained "We had to compensate until his medical problems were resolved."

"And..." David never took his eyes off me.

"And Annie is the result," Mrs. Sinclair finished. "Isn't she lovely?"

"You mean that this gorgeous woman is really a man named Andy?" David was truly astonished.

"Was, dear, she was a man named Andy," Mrs. Sinclair corrected. "Andy left months ago. Only Annie survived the medical crisis."



“Who is this gorgeous woman, Mother?” David asked. I blushed to my roots as this masculine man scanned me from curled hair to the tips of my high heels. I felt so inadequate standing before him in my dress and makeup.

Why did she say that? Andy is still here! I am Andy! Wearing women's clothes didn't change that fact that I am a man just like David. Well, maybe not *just* like David, but male nonetheless.

I finally found my feet and sobbing cried, "Excuse me, I feel ill." I ran out of the room as fast as my high heels could carry me.

"Excuse me, David," Mrs. Sinclair followed after me.

I threw myself on my bed. I'd never been so embarrassed in my life! My life was over! I would become the laughing stock of the town once David tells his buddies about the strange creature living with his mother.

I forgot to lock the door and Mrs. Sinclair followed soon after. "Annie, Annie," Mrs. Sinclair said. "It's not as bad as you think."

"How can you say that, Auntie?" I cried. "David knows I'm a man! If he can tell, others will too. He probably wants to kill me. My life is over!"

"David figured it out by piecing together information I inadvertently provided him. I told him about Andy living with me the last time we had dinner. He was expecting to see Andy this evening. Instead he saw a beautiful young woman named Annie and he put two and two together."

"He must hate me!" I bawled. "I'm so embarrassed. He's probably in the living room right now laughing his head off. I want to crawl in a hole and die!" I was playing the drama queen for all it was worth.

"That is not true!" she said. "I raised my son to respect others and not be judgmental."

"You and David go to dinner without me," I sobbed. "I don't want to ruin your evening."

"It would be ruined without you joining us," David said from the doorway. "I'm sorry that I was so indiscrete."

Mrs. Sinclair and I looked at him standing in the doorway. I have to admit at 6', 190 lbs he looked quite handsome in his tailored sports jacket. I wish I was half the man he is.

"Surely you hate me...or at least find me laughable," I wiped away tears.

"Nothing of the sort," he sincerely stated. "Medical problems are nobody's fault. They must be addressed the best way possible. I wasn't kidding when I said that you were gorgeous. You are one of the loveliest women I've ever met."

"Really?" I sucked up my sobs. "You won't hurt me? You aren't embarrassed to see another man looking like I do?"

"I won't hurt you, and I'm the only man in this room," he said.

"Repair your makeup, Annie," Mrs. Sinclair stated. "We have reservations for three at the nicest restaurant in town and I don't want to miss it, especially since David is paying."

"You don't mind me joining you?" I lowered my eyes, "even though you know that I'm not really a woman?"

"We'd be honored to have you join us," he warmly smiled, "and you are definitely a woman."

"Okay, give me a few minutes to repair the damages," I said. "My face must be a mess."

"We will meet you downstairs," Mrs. Sinclair said as they left me to my devices.

Half an hour later, I returned to the livingroom where Mrs. Sinclair and her son were having a friendly chat. "Ah, Annie, you are back as fresh as ever," she said.

I forced a slight smile. I still wasn't completely comfortable around David knowing that he knew my story. I was afraid he would suddenly point at me and sneer, 'Look at the sissy boy trying to look like a girl!' But he didn't. He came to me, took my hands and said, "Please accept my apology, Annie. I didn't mean to embarrass or belittle you. You are as lovely as I said earlier."

"I cracked a bigger smile. "You didn't do anything wrong," I whispered. "I'm just sensitive about my condition. I am Andy trying to pass as Annie. My body betrayed me, and this is me until my body returns to being a man." I swept my hand across my dress to emphasize the feminine me.

"Let's hope your body never recovers," he smiled. "I'm sure Andy pales next to the lovely lady you have become."

I smiled at his chivalry. It felt nice. "Let's go to dinner, children," Mrs. Sinclair took our arms and led us outside.

I had the loveliest time sharing dinner with Mrs. Sinclair and her son. David was courteous, polite, funny at times, obviously devoted to his mother, and very gallant. He held my chair for me to sit, as he did for his mother. We had a sparkling conversation, and to my utter surprise, I completely relaxed in his presence. Just maybe my fears about men are unfounded.

Finally the evening ended with David declaring, "I've an early flight tomorrow."

Mrs. Sinclair and I followed him to his car and he drove us home. "How about going to a ball game this Saturday?" he asked as we exited his car. "The Yankees are in town."

I thought he was addressing both Mrs. Sinclair and me, so I said, "That would be lovely."

"I'll call on Friday to confirm a time to pick you up," he said as he drove off.

"Why, Annie, what a lovely surprise," Mrs. Sinclair gushed. "You accepted your first date with a man."

"No I didn't," I stammered. "He asked us to go to a ballgame with him. I assumed you wanted to go."

"He didn't ask *us* to go to the game, Annie," she laughed. "He asked *you* to go with him."

"That can't be true!" I stammered. "Why would he want to go out with me...alone?"

"You mentioned tonight that you loved baseball, and he loves it too," she giggled. "I couldn't care less for the game."

"But he knows my story," I stammered. "Why would he ask a man impersonating a woman to go to a game with him?"

"He may know your story, but he doesn't care. You both have a mutual interest, baseball, and he is looking for someone to accompany him. It doesn't hurt that she is pretty too."

"But I can't date another man!" I gasped. "I'm a married man myself."

"Dearie, you are hardly a man, married or not. The mirror doesn't lie and it says that you are a woman, in spite of what is between your legs," she said as she unlocked her front door, "You are more single than married. I bet Marsha doesn't let a little thing like marriage come between her and her men."

"Marsha wouldn't..." I gasped. I hadn't considered her dating men. Yet I haven't heard from her. Maybe she is too busy with her new lovers to be bothered with me.

It was a typical sunny day in L.A., dry with temperatures in the mid 80's. Mrs. Sinclair suggested I dress comfortable. I wanted to wear a pair of Capri's, but she vetoed that, saying that I should enjoy the balmy weather. The flowing skirt of my sundress was draped over my knees as I primly waited for David's arrival.

I wore a canary yellow sundress with a wide white ribbon about my waist, a wide brim straw hat with a large white ribbon floating over the rim, and my feet clad in white open toe slippers with 3" cork heels that exposed my newly manicured toes. I felt like a Stepford wife, but Mrs. Sinclair assured me that I presented the image of a stylish young woman.

"I feel so foolish," I whined.

"Don't be silly, Annie," Mrs. Sinclair gushed. "This is what stylish women wear to the ballgame. You will fit in perfectly."

David arrived and Mrs. Sinclair told me to open the door and greet him. My knees quaked as I tentatively cracked the door open, peeked out, saw his smiling face, and slowly opened the door to reveal myself.

He emitted a long, low whistle. "Wow, Annie, you look great! Are you ready to go?"

"Are you sure this outfit is appropriate for a ballgame?" I tentatively asked.

"It is with me," he answered without answering. "I love it."

"I still feel foolish," I said, draping the strap of my white purse over my shoulder and following him to his car. Luckily, he was dressed quite stylish too, wearing a nice sports coat and slacks.

Well, I'm here to report that my sundress was NOT appropriate, at least not for Los Angeles! I felt so overdressed from the moment we walked up to the turnstile for our tickets. Absolutely no other woman in the entire park was wearing a sundress! They wore shorts, Capri's, skirts, Jeans and other casual clothes, but NO sundresses.

I was like a spotlight from the moment we walked into the park until we left. Attention was mostly from men who ogled and stared. More than one gave me a smile and nod of approval. David was in seventh heaven. "Without a doubt, you are the most gorgeous woman in the park," he whispered as we took our seats.

Once seated, I started to relax, and I soon lost my self-consciousness as the game began. As it turned out, it was a wonderful afternoon. The home team won, David was a gentleman the entire time, treating me like a lady with respect and kindness. Not once did he talk down to me or make a snide remark about my situation. Not once did he ask, 'it must feel weird for a man to be exposed to 50,000 people while wearing a canary yellow sundress' or 'how does it feel to be a man carrying two milk factories on his chest?'

After the game, he helped me negotiate exiting the stadium, holding my hand to guide me out amongst the ogling

men again and the wicked stares directed my way by some of the women. Finally we were safely in his car, and I was able to emit a sigh of relief. "You did wonderfully today, Annie, in spite of some truly obnoxious men."

"Why didn't you tell me that I was not dressed appropriately for the game?" I whined.

"You have to be kidding me, Annie," he laughed. "It's not every day a guy gets to accompany a starlet to the ballpark. You made all the other women in the park look like hobos. It made me feel special."

After giving it a little thought, I finally said, "Okay, but next time warn me when I overdress."

Actually, I had a grand time and enjoyed the lusty stares. Once I realized that nobody knew I was a guy wearing the sundress, I relaxed and let the guys stare and lust after someone they will NEVER get.

Over a light dinner, we talked freely and openly, sharing our love of baseball, and many other activities. When I mentioned that I had never been to the local world famous zoo, he asked if I'd be interested in going with him, since he too loved animals, I instinctively agreed. He felt like a person that I could be friends with.

David dropped me off at Mrs. Sinclair after a full day. He held my hand as we walked to the door, but never made any overt, unwelcome advances. We agreed to a time he'd pick me up next week, and he returned to his car and drove off. He was the perfect gentleman the whole day.

David and I went to lots of activities together over the next two months. We became good friends, almost buddies, even though one of the buddies was usually dressed to the tee in the most feminine of clothes. He never made any unwanted advances, although I started seeing him in an entirely different light. He was a fun guy to go out with, and it didn't hurt that he is extremely handsome too.

One day, Mrs. Sinclair excitedly stopped me in my housework and said, "I received a card from your wife and she is flying in tomorrow to visit with you. She said something about reconciling your differences."

"What!" I screamed. "I can't let her see me like this!" I scanned my hands over my body. To be sure, I wasn't a glamour queen while wearing a plain old house dress, my hair wrapped in a scarf to keep it out of my eyes, and smudges on my face from my labors.

"Don't worry about that," she said, "We have plenty of time to get you cleaned up and in some nice clothes, possibly that scrumptious dress we bought last week."

"I didn't mean that," I sighed. "I meant looking like a woman! I can't let Marsha see me looking like a woman!" I was starting to hyperventilate.

"I don't see any way out of it, Annie," Mrs. Sinclair sincerely stated. "It's impossible for you to put on a masculine front the way you look now. Why you are a C-cup, right? If I remember, that's a cup size larger than your wife."

"What am I going to do?" I stammered. "I know! Call her and ask her to postpone her trip because I'm ill."

"What good will that do?" she asked. "She postpones for a week, and then shows up. What then? You are just going to have to meet with her as the woman you now are."

"I'm not really a woman, Auntie," I cried. "She will think I'm a freak. I'll never be able to reconcile with her."

"I don't know any other option, dear," she shrugged. "She won't be put off forever and your body has shown no sign of returning to being male."

"I know..." I sighed. "I was afraid this would happen. I just hoped that it wouldn't happen until the doctor found a solution to my problem."

"She will understand, Annie, if she loves you," Mrs. Sinclair said. "This will be a test of her commitment to her marriage."

"I'm afraid it may be too great an obstacle for Marsha to get over," I sighed in resignation. "She never was one for what she called 'deviate behavior' and my wearing dresses would certainly fall within that category."

The next day, I woke up with a stomachache. Mrs. Sinclair and I were to meet Marsha at the airport at 11 AM. How was I ever going to survive this day?

I wanted to wear a nondescript pair of pants and loose fitting blouse and my hair slicked back in a low ponytail, but she wouldn't have anything to do with that idea. "You must greet her as the young woman you have become. How else will you know if she will accept you if you two should reconcile?"

We finally settled on a dark dress with a conservative top that effectively hid my bra and my breasts. On the down side, it was figure hugging and too short for my tastes, hanging 3" above my nylon encased knees. I wore conservative 3" heels that shaped my legs at their feminine best.

I wanted to forego wearing makeup, but Mrs. Sinclair nixed that too. "You can't continue to hide from your true nature, Annie," she said. I didn't tell her my true nature was wearing men's clothes with no makeup.

My hair hung to my shoulders, large hoop earrings pierced my ears, and my makeup was complete and obvious. I would never survive this day! "Come, Annie, it's time to leave," she tugged me out the door.

The airport was crowded as we waited by in the visitors lounge for Marsha to arrive. I nervously paced about, knowing that Marsha would not understand that I had to wear these clothes because of a medical condition. She would freak out!

I should be a soothsayer! Marsha walked up to the turnstile, not noticing Mrs. Sinclair or me. Not until Mrs. Sinclair approached her and called her by name did she look around.

"Mrs. Sinclair, what are you doing here?" she seemed surprised.

"I'm here to meet you up, dear," Mrs. Sinclair smiled.

"Where is Andy? I asked him to meet me. I don't have much time before my next flight," Marsha said.

What was going on? I was thoroughly confused! Marsha wasn't staying? She expected to see only me? Nothing made sense.

"Andy couldn't make it today," Mrs. Sinclair knew I heard everything. "He has been dealing with a medical issue."

"What medical issue?" Marsha didn't seem overly concerned. "I need to speak with Andy to resolve issues, and I catch my next flight in less than an hour."

"There is time," Mrs. Sinclair smugly said. "Annie is here."

"You said that Andy couldn't make it because of some medical problem," Marsha groused.

"Andy couldn't make it, but Annie did," Mrs. Sinclair said as she turned to me. "Annie, and say hello to your 'wife'."

My knees almost buckled under me as both women turned to face me. "Where is he? I don't see him," Marsha said.

"Come on, Annie, greet your wife," Mrs. Sinclair gushed.

I must have been as red as a beet as I cleared my voice and said, "H...hello, Marsha." I tried talking in my male voice for the first time in months and failed miserably.

"What! Is that you, Andy?" Marsha gasped. "Why are you wearing women's clothes?"

"I...I..." I couldn't speak. My tongue was frozen to the roof of my mouth.

"That's the medical problem Andy has been addressing," Mrs. Sinclair interrupted. "He changed into a woman. Doesn't she look wonderful?"

Now it was Marsha's turn to be tongue tied. Her eyes widened into saucers and she nearly lost her composure, which is rare for her. "That can't be my husband," she gasped so a few bystanders heard. "Where is Andy?"



"That woman can't be my Andy," Marsha gasped. "Where is my husband?"

"Tell her, Annie," Mrs. Sinclair said.

"Hi, Marsha, yes, I'm your husband," I barely exclaimed.

"I've a medical problem that forces me to dress this way."

I finally gained a measure of composure and coughed, "I am Andy, Marsha. I dress like this because of a hormone problem."

"Hormone problem?" she said, "Your hormones were fine when I left you. Are those real breasts?"

If I could turn any redder, I'm sure I did. "Yes, they are part of the reason I have to wear women's clothes."

"What about you know..." she found a bench to sit on.

"It's still there," I blushed further to discuss such things in a public place. "But it's not up to what it used to be."

"My Gawd!" Marsha gasped as she examined me from top to bottom. "You stand so comfortably in those heels. Do you wear them often?"

I glanced at Mrs. Sinclair standing to the side with a slight smile on her lips. "Uh...yes, I wear them all the time. Mrs. Sinclair says that I must in order to develop confidence whenever I leave the house."

"Leave the house? You mean you go out in public dressed like this?" Marsha was still dumbfounded.

"Of course she does," Mrs. Sinclair finally joined in. "Annie goes out all the time now. Why she has been on lots of dates with my son, David."

"Dates? You are dating a man?"

"They aren't dates," I trilled, "We are only friends, more like buddies."

"You dress like this when you go out with him?" Marsha waved her hand over my dress.

"Yes...mostly," I blushed anew. This was not going well.

"Then I doubt if the two of you are buddies, at least from his point of view!" Marsha lost it, crumbling in the bench. Mrs. Sinclair rushed to her side and helped revive her.

"Get her some water, Annie," she instructed as she gently patted Marsha on her cheek.

I scurried off as fast as I could on my 3" heels to find water. While I was gone, Marsha revived and she and Mrs. Sinclair had a short discussion between them.

"Why is Andy in a dress," Marsha asked. "You had something to do with this, I just know it."

After looking around to make sure they were alone, Mrs. Sinclair quietly said, "I helped a little."

"A little! I bet you're the reason Andy is wearing women's clothes," Marsha finally started to gain her composure.

"Let's not get over wroth," Mrs. Sinclair cooed. "Your leaving him left him in a vulnerable state. He was overcome with grief. I merely helped him deal with the situation by giving him something closer to home to worry about."

"I'm telling him when he returns with my water!" Marsha threatened.

"And I'll sue you for libel, plus I'll tell him where you really are going on this trip. His name is Adam, isn't it? You stopped here to tell Andy that you were divorcing him, right? Well, I suggest that you tell him and get on the plane for the rest of your journey. Andy is gone, and he should be forgotten. I've other plans for Annie."

Marsha gazed at Mrs. Sinclair having never realized how sneaky and conniving she could be. Everything she said was true, but how did she know. Finally Marsha made up her mind. Yes, she was divorcing Andy, so why should she take a chance in telling him the truth about his hormone problem. He was an adult, let him deal with it.

Thus, when I came tripping back with her water, Marsha gratefully sipped it and made her announcement. "Andy...or whatever name you go by now, I want a divorce. I decided we live separate lives, and this visit showed that to be the case even more than I expected. I can't be married to a man that is prettier than me. I'll send you the papers next week. Please sign them quickly. Let's put this nightmare behind us," she said while shadowing her eyelids. Mrs. Sinclair stood to the

side to keep inquiring ears away, but she had a secret smile during Marsha's statement.

"What about little Jimmy?" I asked.

"Of course, I will keep him. I'm his mother, and you can hardly make the claim of being his father."

I again blushed, realizing that she was right. No judge would allow me to keep my son, what with my medical condition not abating forcing me to become more feminine every day. "Okay," I shaded my eyes. "Please speak kindly of me when he asks about me."

Marsha started relaxing for the first time since entering leaving the plane. "Of course," she said. "I must be going. My plane leaves in half an hour."

She and Mrs. Sinclair formally shook hands, but there was stiffness between them, like a shared secret. Marsha gave me a stiff farewell hug lacking warmth too.

I felt uncomfortable as my breasts pressed into hers, realizing that I was wearing lingerie similar to hers. My perfume was as feminine as hers. My voice was as high and lilting as hers. Except for what was between my legs, we are alike...or as alike as female hormones can make us.

Marsha whispered in my ear as we parted, "Mrs. Sinclair isn't as innocent of your 'medical' problem as she lets on." Then she turned and walked out of my life.

What was she saying? Mrs. Sinclair was the only one to help me during my medical tribulations. Marsha's parting warning confused me. I would ask Mrs. Sinclair about it, but I was emotionally drained, so I let it pass until I felt better.

It was over between Marsha and me, and I had nothing else to fall back on. I'd hoped during the past months that she and I could reconcile and I would return to being a husband and father. Now both were gone! I was alone with no means of support and only Mrs. Sinclair and David to provide comfort and companionship. What was going to happen to me?

Mrs. Sinclair helped me to her car. I collapsed in the front passenger seat and started to cry. She let me cry myself out as she drove home. "I know that was a terrible emotional experience for you, Annie, but now you can move forward with your life," she said after I collapsed on my bed.

"How can you say that, Mrs. Sinclair?" I moaned. "My wife is divorcing me and I may never see my son again. How could my life get any worse? I feel so lost..."

"You aren't alone, dear," she brushed my hair. "I'm here for you, and of course, there is David."

"David? He's a good friend and we enjoy each others' company, but he can't fix the loss I feel."

"Time heals everything," Mrs. Sinclair continued to comb my long hair. "Don't despair, you will find a life companion that you are truly compatible with." I hoped she was right, but I wasn't optimistic of it happening. I asked her to leave so I could rest. I felt really tired.

It took a week to recover from the meeting with Marsha. Mrs. Sinclair told David what had happened and he immediately called to offer his condolences. He asked if I wanted to go to dinner. I told him that I appreciated the thought, but I needed time by myself to reconsider my life.

"I understand," he said. "Think of me if you ever need an ear to bend. Let me know when you feel up to going out again. I enjoyed our excursions and wouldn't want them to end."

"I need time by myself," I said, comforted that I had a friend concerned about me. I too enjoyed our excursions and was thankful that he didn't dump our friendship over my marital problems.

Finally, after a week of moping about the house, Mrs. Sinclair announced, "You've had enough time to think about 'woulda's, coulda's and shoulda's'. It's time you got about your life, Annie, and I know just the thing to fix what's ailing you."

I had no idea what she was talking about. I didn't want to go outside ever again. I received the divorce papers three days earlier, and with urging from Mrs. Sinclair, I finally signed them and sent them back. It was over but the shouting.

"Get dressed, Annie," she said. "I'm treating you to a day at the salon, including a soothing mud bath, and then we will have a lovely time shopping for new clothes for the new girl."

"I don't want to go back to that salon," I groaned. "Enough people know of my problem. I just want to get lost."

"Who said anything about returning to that salon," she laughed. "I was thinking of the best salon in town."

"But they will find out that I'm a man," I said.

"No they won't, Annie. You don't have to expose yourself. Besides, you are hardly a man any longer. All they will see is lovely young woman."

"I could use some time outside," I started to waiver, "and a pretty dress sounds delicious."

"Doesn't it though?" she laughed. "Maybe we will buy you some sexy lingerie too."

"I don't need sexy lingerie, Mrs. Sinclair. I don't want to look sexy."

She laughed. "A woman always wants to look desirable, even when in her own bedroom by herself."

This time at the spa/salon was as uneventful as the last one was eventful. True to her word, I didn't have to expose myself. I had a private mud bath and the rest of the day was spent being pampered. I was primped and pampered from my hair on my head to my toes. I felt like a new person when we left the salon. I loved it! "See, being a woman has its advantages," Mrs. Sinclair giggled as we left.

We spent the late afternoon and early evening mostly window shopping, but picking up an item here and there when it caught our eye. I found a particularly lovely slip that I fell in love with. Mrs. Sinclair found a pair of shoes.

We enjoyed a nice meal at a nice chain restaurant. We both had salads. I finally decided that a diet wasn't just a pain, but a necessity if I wanted to fit in the pretty clothes that now lined my closet.

That day at the spa and evening on the town picked up my spirits and I finally was able to shake my funky mood. It was time to get on with my life now that I'd made a clean break from Marsha, and the life that was forced on me by my hormones was that of a woman.

"It's time you developed a little independence, Annie," Mrs. Sinclair decided a week later.

"I'm already independent," I said. "I just divorced my wife. How much more independent can a woman be?"

"I mean having your own car," she smiled and led me outside. In the driveway was the cutest little light lilac colored convertible Volkswagen Beetle. "I saw this car at the dealership, and couldn't help but buy it for you," she gushed.

I audibly gasped, "It's for me?"

"Of course," she laughed. "All you need is a driver's license to drive it."

"I already have a license." I was ready to take it for a spin.

"Not so fast, Missy," she cautioned. "You may have a license for Andy Taylor, but it's not Andy that will be driving this car. How will you explain the obvious different genders between what's on that license and the person driving?"

"Uh...I hadn't thought of that," I stopped. "I wouldn't want to be exposed to the police. Why they may arrest me as a terrorist or criminal."

"Get dressed and I'll take you to the DMV for your written exam," she urged.

"I took the written exam only a year ago," I explained.

“Andy Taylor took the exam. Annie Taylor has never had a driver’s license, so she must start from the beginning,” Mrs. Sinclair pointed out.

“What should I wear?” I asked, not sure if I should do this. “Is this legal? I’m not a woman. Isn’t it fraud?”

“Wear a conservative skirt and blouse and 2” heels will be okay,” she responded. “If you pass the exam, they will take your photo and you want to look nice.”

I went to my room to change clothes, not sure if I should be doing this. I changed into a knee length black skirt, opaque white blouse, and my black 2” pumps. I refreshed my makeup and brushed my hair into shape. I looked like a conservative soccer mom when I returned downstairs.

“That looks fine,” Mrs. Sinclair complimented as we walked to her car. “You can use my car if they give you a driving test.”

“I’m not sure I’m ready to take a driving test,” I nervously rubbed my fingers up my nylon encased legs and pushed my skirt lower. “It’s been a year since I last drove a car.”

“It’s like riding a bike,” she laughed. “Once you learn, you can always drive.”

“But it will feel strange driving while wearing a skirt and heels,” I shivered, starting to chicken out.

“Don’t be silly, Annie,” she said. “You’re just getting a case of the nerves. You will do fine.”

It seemed like only a moment passed before we were walking into the DMV. My knees were visibly shaking as I nervously stood in line for my paperwork. The woman working the window asked for identification, and I handed her the fake birth certificate that Mrs. Sinclair gave me before we left the house. She said that she got it from a computer whiz friend. I was sure it wouldn’t pass muster and I’d be hauled off to jail, but as Mrs. Sinclair predicted, the woman gave it a cursory glance, noted my name as Annie

Taylor a girl born 23 years earlier, and stamped my paperwork, before passing the birth certificate back to me.

I was handed a quiz, instructed to answer the questions, and then take it to another window, all after paying the fee. I passed the quiz, and stood in a 3rd line for my photo. Mrs. Sinclair was right.

My feet were beginning to ache from standing in so many lines for so long. My photo was taken (ugh), and I was instructed to wait for the next driving tester. Wow, I was actually going through the entire process in one day!

I felt so exposed as I slid behind the steering wheel of Mrs. Sinclair's car while the tester took the passenger's seat. I noticed him glance at my legs and the exposed hem of my silky slip before instructing me to back up and drive out of the parking lot. I delicately pulled my skirt to my knees to hide my lacy slip before complying.

The driving test was quite easy, even though I hadn't driven in nearly a year. It felt quite strange when the steering wheel brushed against my breasts while I was turning it. I needed to adjust the seat back a little, but couldn't in the middle of the test.

I passed the test, was given a temporary, and told the real one would be mailed within 10 working days. I was done. I now had legal paperwork confirming that I was a woman.

My body seems determined to keep its feminine curves, I dress as a woman exclusively, and now I have official papers that identify me as a woman named Annie. I am becoming buried in this feminine persona.

I fervently wish the doctor will find a solution soon to my hormone problem so I can return to being a man before it is too late and my masculinity is lost in this female life I am living. I feel myself slipping further and further into my feminine persona.

What really scares me is that I'm feeling more and more comfortable as a woman. I'm starting to identify myself as a woman. I like the feminine image I see when I look at my

reflection. What started out as wearing female clothes as a gap-filler until I could buy male clothes has reversed so wearing male clothes is the gap-filler if I need to appear as a male. With my new identification, the need to appear as a man is small. The scary thing is I don't mind. My manhood is being consumed by femininity.

As my body has become more and more feminine, my mind seems to be changing too. I now look at women for their clothes wondering how they would look on me. I no longer lusted after a pretty woman; I now wondered how I could achieve the same beauty.

I had pushed my concern to the back of my mind by the time we returned home. I loved my new car, and for a second, a smile played on my lips when I realized that I would look good behind the wheel. I could picture me riding down the highway with my hair tied back by a long flowing scarf. I would wear a lilac dress that matched my car. Men would look my way and lust after me because I was hot!

I now volunteered to do the grocery shopping. It gave me a chance to drive my new car. I'd wear a housedress or nice skirt, and push the shopping cart up and down the aisles selecting this item or that. I felt so domestic, just like the perfect Donna Reed housewife.

I learned to recognize the sideways glances from other shoppers, usually men. I'd smile secretly knowing that I used to be in their place, but now I was on the receiving end of those lustful stares.

A few weeks passed and I slowly recovered from the shock and embarrassment that I suffered during my encounter with Marsha. She was history and it was time to move on. But where I was going to move onto was a mystery to me.

Around this time, I received another phone call from David. He had been out of town on business the past few weeks, so I had neither heard nor seen him.

"Hi, Annie," he cheerfully said, "How are you doing now?"

"Better thank," I responded. "Hasn't your mother kept you up to date?"

"Generally, yes, but not how you are feeling. Have you recovered from that unfortunate event at the airport?"

"I guess," I said, "I can't dwell on the past."

"That a girl," he laughed. "Would you like to go to the beach this weekend? I would enjoy seeing you again."

I hesitated before answering, "That would be lovely. When were you thinking of?"

"Let's make it Saturday. I know of this small sandy beach north of Malibu. Pick you up at noon," he said.

"Wonderful," I said, "I'll have to buy a swimsuit."

"Make it a nice one," he laughed.

I immediately told Mrs. Sinclair of the phone call and the problem of no swimsuit. "Annie, dear," she giggled, "Let's go shopping. They have lovely swimwear at this little boutique at the mall."

So off we went on another shopping adventure, this time to buy a swimsuit. I was so looking forward to spending time in the sun on a sandy beach. It also would be nice to see David again. I sort of missed seeing him.

"You are still a young woman, Annie," Mrs. Sinclair said as we fingered various one-piece swimsuits. "You should try a bikini."

"What? Surely you jest," I gasped. "I'd never, ever wear a bikini. I'd die of embarrassment."

"Why, dear," she calmly replied, "Most of the young women on the beach will be wearing bikinis. You would look out of place wearing a one-piece with your lovely figure. In fact, you would stand out, and people may wonder why you would want to hide such a body."

"Well, for one thing, Auntie," I whispered, "I have something most women don't have. I doubt if a teeny bikini can hide it."

"You would be surprised what can be done about that," she giggled. "You select the bikini and I'll take care of that problem so nobody will ever guess."

"Mrs. Sinclair!" I gasped. "That's not possible."

"Try me!" she firmly stood her ground.

"You're on!" I foolishly agreed. Why did I always fall into her traps? So with trembling hands, I selected a light blue bikini in my size. There was barely enough cloth in the bottom of this little creation to cover my hand. How could she ever hope to hide my manhood beneath it?

"Let's pick out another one, so you will have a choice," she suggested. She paid for my selections with a secret smirk on her lips.

When we got home, I slipped out of my shoes, skirt, blouse, bra and panties. The top fit magnificently. I really liked how the dark blue contrasted so nicely with my milk white skin. I was about to step into the teeny bottom when Mrs. Sinclair said, "Wait up, Annie. I need to apply a patch to cover the remains of your thingy."

Patch? What patch? Before I could question her, she appeared with what looked like a patch with lips. "Lay on the bed, dear, so I can apply this gaff."

It didn't look like any gaff I'd ever seen, but I did as she instructed. "I insert your manhood in this sleeve so you can urinate, and then I pull this end between your legs like such," she spoke as she worked.

"I don't see any strings or straps to keep it on," I observed.

"There aren't any, dear," she smiled. "Give me a few seconds. There, all done. Now lay still for a minute for the adhesive to dry, and you will be ready to go."

"Adhesive? How will I get it off?" I gasped.

"You don't, dear," she stated. "It stays on until you need to clean beneath in about every 2 weeks."

"But...how will I bathe, urinate?" I asked.

"Just as you do now," she said. "You have to sit to go to the bathroom, but you have been doing that for months."

"Where is the release agent?" I asked.

"Hidden, dear," she said, "until you need to replace the garment. I hid it so you won't be tempted to remove the gaff early. That thingy is the only remaining reminder of your male past. You must keep it out of sight, so you can forget that part of your life."

"But, Auntie," I gasped, "I don't want to forget it. It is who I really am. How will I be able to return to being a man if I forget how to be one?"

"Nonsense, Annie," Mrs. Sinclair laughed. "You can't return to being a man. Can you imagine in your wildest dreams that the woman in your reflection can ever pass as a man? You must let loose of the past and accept your new reality as a woman."

"But...Auntie," I moaned, realizing that she was right. I had clung to the idea that one day I could return to my masculinity once my medical problems were resolved. As time passed, I came to realize that it was a delusion. Not only couldn't I return to being a presentable male, but I didn't want to. I loved being a woman. "If you say so, Auntie," I quietly gave up.

"The adhesive should be dry now," she smiled at my acceptance of my femininity. "Stand up and let's see how you look in your bikini bottom."

I slipped my legs into the bikini and tied it off about my hips. I traipsed over to the mirror to see how I looked. To my utter amazement, nothing of my manhood was visible. I looked just like another young woman between my legs. A smile crossed my lips. "Maybe, just maybe, I can get away with wearing this bikini at the beach," I thought.

I preened before the mirror looking for any little flaw. I saw none. My reflection was that of a lovely young woman ready to make a 'splash' at the beach, not that I would ever go into the water wearing such a skimpy swimsuit. The first

wave would sweep it away and expose my breasts. My modesty would stop me from taking that chance.

"I love it," I said in my permanent lilting voice. "I look like a natural girl, don't I?"

"Yes you do, Annie," she smiled. "Get dressed. I'm taking my lovely niece out for dinner. Wear that cute denim skirt we bought last week. It displays your legs to such advantage."

"Yes, Auntie," I softly agreed, "and I'll wear that sexy new top I bought at the same time."

David picked me up on time. I was ready, wearing my bikini beneath a pair of very tight fitting white shorts and a deep blue halter top that displayed my feminine curves from my neck to my waist. I felt almost naughty. I wore deep blue deck shoes that perfectly matched my top.

David walked in the front door as is his habit, since he grew up in this house. I was waiting for him in the living room. As he entered the living room, I stood up and preened before him to give him a nice look from every angle.

"Wow!" David growled. "What a babe!"

I smiled at his reaction. It was just what I was fishing for. I wanted to see if I really looked hot or if it was just an illusion I was pursuing. I guess I looked hot!

I slipped my purse over my shoulder, picked up my carry-all, and walked next to him to his car. "Did you bring your swimsuit, Annie?" David asked as he opened the car door for me. Although we were both guys, I still found it nice when he treated me like a woman.

"I'm wearing it," I smiled. "I've a change of clothes in my carry-all."

As he drove to the beach, he said, "There's something different about you, Annie. I can't put my finger on it just yet, but it will come to me."

"I don't know what you mean, David," I smiled, my pearl white teeth framed by my luscious red lipstick. I delicately draped one leg over the other to give him a full view of my long smooth legs.

He parked the car and helped me out. I smiled, took his offered hand, and delicately stepped from the car. "Thank you, David," I cooed giving him another smile for being such a gentleman.

He spread a huge towel on the beach with an umbrella facing the sun. It was a wonderful Southern California day for being near the ocean. I sat on the towel and carefully removed my halter top and slid my shorts down my legs.

David's eyes nearly left his head as I stretched on the blanket clothed only in my new bikini. "Gawd, Annie, if anything, you have become even more gorgeous since I last saw you. Your body is awesome!"

"Why thank you, David," I giggled. I was very flattered that he found me attractive. I glanced at him and noted his toned body. "Your body is very nice. Does your mother know that her son is a hunk?"

Now it was his turn to blush a little. "She hasn't seen me without clothes since high school," he smiled. "I work out regularly."

"Ummm," I cooed. "I can tell."

We lay on the towel listening to the waves for a few minutes, and then David leaned on his elbow and said, "Now I know what is different about you."

"What, pray tell, is that?" I raised my sunshades.

"You are acting completely feminine now. You aren't fighting the changes to your body. You've adapted to them," he said. "You really are Annie now, right?"

"Mmmm, maybe you're right," I softly answered. "I love the feel of my body. I feel comfortable as Annie."

"It's more than accepting your feminine body, isn't it?" he asked. "You have looked like a woman for months, but now

you act like a woman. You've accepted that you are a woman, haven't you? It shows in how you carry yourself and act."

I shaded my eyes at his observation. "Yes, I guess I have," I confessed. "I hardly remember what I looked like as a man. Being a man seems so foreign to me now. I feel like a woman."

"Do you have the feelings of a woman?" he asked.

"I don't know what you mean, David," I said.

"How do you feel about me? How do you feel about lying on the beach next to me, a man?" he looked in my eyes.

"I feel very comfortable being here with you," I was starting to become a little uncomfortable with where this conversation was heading.

"Comfortable as in buddies sharing a towel or comfortable as in a man and woman sharing a towel?" he pressed.

"The latter," I started to tremble a little, and not from the slight ocean breeze.

"Comfortable like you wouldn't mind me giving you a kiss?" he asked.

I again shaded my eyes and desperately tried not to blush. "I wouldn't mind," I whispered, "if you don't mind kissing someone like me." I couldn't hold back my blush.

"Mind kissing a beautiful girl, I don't think so," he laughed.

"I mean kissing a girl with my background," I slightly shivered.

"Your past is in the past," he leaned towards me. "You are a beautiful woman in your present." His lips touched mine. I didn't back away. My eyes grew as large as I felt his warm breath caress my face. His lips softly caressed mine.

"David...I don't," I throatily said. "I don't think this is..."

He pressed his lips tighter to mine to stifle any protest that I might generate, and then his tongue softly touched my lips. To my surprise, I allowed his tongue access and I started

to return his kiss. My eyes closed as I felt desire rush through my body. I circled my arms about his neck and drew him closer. We kissed in earnest, our tongues intermingling in a torrid embrace.

“Oh, David,” I gasped as we parted. “I don’t know what came over me.” I tried to repair my lipstick as a distraction.

“Don’t be ashamed, Annie,” his voice rattled. Obviously he enjoyed the kiss as much as I did. “You were only being the woman you have become.”

“But I’ve never been attracted to other men,” I softly said.

“Of course not, Annie but you weren’t a woman then, were you? It’s only natural for a woman to enjoy the touch and kiss of a man.”

“Have I become that much of a woman?” I asked.

“Did you enjoy the kiss?” he touched my arm, sending a thrill down my spin.

“Oh, yes,” I stammered, unable to lie to him.

“Then you have become that much of a woman,” he said, “You can forget about ever returning to being Andy.”

“Oh, David, I’m so scared,” I whimpered, moving into his arms. “I don’t know what is to become of me now that I’m a woman. What will I do? Where will I go?”

“Take it one day at a time, Annie,” he caressed my hair. “Mom loves having another woman around the house. You can stay with her as long as you want.”

“What about my future? I can’t stay with her forever.”

“The future will take care of itself,” he raised my face to his and lowered his lips to mine once again. I moved into his arms and returned the kiss. I didn’t understand my feelings, but I wanted to be close to him.

David and I went to the beach as buddies, but we left as something else, still friends, but more. From that day on, when David asked me out, it was on a date between a man

and a woman, not as two buddies sharing common interests. I knew it and so did he.

Mrs. Sinclair knew instinctively when David took me home that something had happened. "Why is that smile on your lips, Annie?" she asked. "Did something happen today between you and David?"

"Oh, it's nothing," I lied.

"Now tell the truth," she smiled. "David liked your bikini and how you filled it, and you loved that he liked it?"

"Mmmm, more than that," I sighed. "David kissed me."

"Oh, really..." she smiled, "and someone liked it, didn't she?"

I had a dreamy look on my face. "Yes...I guess I did," I answered. "It was delicious."

"You know what this means, don't you?" she asked. "You can't return to being Andy, not after being admired as a woman."

"I know," I sighed, "I don't care. I wouldn't return to scratchy men's clothes, even if I could. I love my clothes. I love being lusted after as a young woman!"

David and I were constantly going to this place or that over the next three months. It was a whirlwind of activity as he spent his free time with me. I, of course, loved the attention, what woman wouldn't? We grew closer and closer together with each date. It was an exciting time.

Then one day, he called and asked if I'd join him at a formal dinner at the most elegant restaurant in town. He seemed rather somber with his request. I wondered what was on his mind. He was usually jovial and bubbly, but this time he was uncharacteristically serious.

I mentioned this to Mrs. Sinclair, and she said, "David doesn't like to get dressed up, so this must be a very important meeting, Annie. You should dress appropriately."

"What should I wear?" I asked.

"You don't have a gown elegant enough. This calls for another shopping trip," she smiled.

I have learned to love to shop over the past year. When I was a man, you couldn't drag me to a mall. Now as a woman, I willingly go shopping at the drop of a hat. "I'll be ready in half an hour," I smiled and rushed to my room to get ready.

We shopped every store in the mall before we found the perfect gown. Mrs. Sinclair saw it first and urgently suggested I try it on. I loved it on first sight. I ran to the change room with the gown draped over my arm. Fifteen minutes later, I exited to ohhs and ahhs for the salesgirls and Mrs. Sinclair. I agreed completely, and soon the gown was mine. It needed to be hemmed for my height, so we would pick it up in two days.

I nervously walked to my vanity to apply my makeup. I looked at the half-covered table and recalled when it only contained a couple of jars and bottles of makeup. Now it was literally covered with bottles of all shapes and scents.

I looked at my thin high arched brows and drew a brown pencil along them with short strokes. I stopped to examine my face. Even without makeup, my face looked like a girl.

My eyes went to my earlobes with three small indentations in each. I fingered the holes with my long, oval shaped scarlet nails. I couldn't believe that I had let my nails grow to that length. They made my fingers look so slender and girlish.

A smile formed in the corners of my lips. I realized how feminine I now appeared. "Annie, how are you doing? Do you need any help with your makeup?" Mrs. Sinclair called through the bedroom door.

"No, I'm okay, Auntie," I started to apply my makeup.

I applied a whitish color along the top of each eyelid. Black shadow coated the crease of each eyelid and extended

past the outer corner of each eye. A pass of black shadow covered the outer half of my lower eyelids and feathered into the color from the top of each lid.

I applied a thick line of black liner at the base of my lashes. Several coats of glossy black mascara covered my lashes to make them look long and full. It took several tries with the silver eyelash curler, but I finally succeeded in curling my lashes to make them appear full and innocent.

I outlined my lips with the sharp point of a dark red lipstick pencil. I wanted to wear a light pink, but Mrs. Sinclair insisted that I stay with this more colorful shade for a night date. I finished with two coats of creamy scarlet red lipstick coating my lips.

I rose from my stool and finished dressing. I slipped into my silky lingerie. How sensual it felt against my soft skin. I selected my emerald green satin evening gown we had bought earlier in the week. It hugged my every curve from my bare shoulders to my hips, and then opened to fall to my feet. The off-shoulder gown had a slit down the side to expose my legs up to my nylon-covered thighs. I slowly zipped up the back zipper to enclose my body in this sensual garment.

I didn't wear a bra with this gown, so I stood before my full length mirror and adjusted my B+ breasts in the bodice of the gown to display my cleavage to greatest advantage. I wanted David to see just how womanly I have become.

I was amazed at how soft and pretty my skin now appeared. My arms were thin and my shoulders appeared delicate within this gown. I realized that the person reflected in the mirror could never be a man. She was most certainly a woman.

I inserted gold posts of large hoop gold earrings into the lowest holes in each of my ears. The earrings covered the second holes while the third holes small diamond earrings. I slid several matching gold bracelets over my right wrist and a dainty woman's wristwatch over my left wrist.

I got a big knot in my stomach as I stared at my matching emerald green pumps with 4" heels. "I can't wear those," I thought. "I'll surely fall on my face." But I knew better, having practiced walking in them for most of the past week.

"Finish up, young lady," Mrs. Sinclair announced from the doorway. "David will be here soon."

"I wish I could wear my 3" heels," I sighed.

"You can," she agreed, "but not with that lovely gown. The gown length was tailored for 4" heels."

I slid my feet into the sensuous looking pumps. I was soon gracefully standing in the 4" stiletto heels. I practiced walking around my room in the heels and with the restrictions forced on me by my gown. I didn't want to walk like a klutz when out with David.

David had promised me the night of my life, dinner and dancing at the best restaurant in town. The gown I wore was selected because Mrs. Sinclair said that I should look elegant when attending such a fancy establishment. I didn't understand, as this is Southern California, and nobody gets dressed for dinner here. But she insisted, and I complied.

David arrived right on time, and to my amazement, he was wearing a tailored suit that made him look so handsome and masculine. "Gawd, Annie, you are beautiful?" he said. "I'm so lucky to have you accompany me tonight."

I giggled at his flattery, "You have a honey tongue, David. Flattery will get you everything."

"Let me get a photo of you two," Mrs. Sinclair appeared with her digital camera. "Stand next to each other by the fireplace. Don't stand so formal, Annie, lean into him." I blushed and did as she instructed. "Put your arm around her waist, David," she continued. "Look relaxed with each other."

I smiled at David and he did the same with me, and we relaxed and let our bodies merge. Mrs. Sinclair took half a dozen photos before allowing us to leave. "My mother can be rather pushy at times," David said in explanation.

"No kidding," I giggled. "Don't I know it?"

We laughed as we walked to his car, now feeling completely comfortable with each other. David, always the gentleman, opened my car door and allowed me to swing into the passenger's seat and straighten out my dress before closing the door. He walked to the driver's side while I lowered the visor mirror and checked my makeup for blemishes. There were none.

After a most excellent meal, David and I were carrying on a conversation over glasses of wine. Something was on David's mind, but he seemed reluctant to say it. Finally I asked, "Is something bothering you, David?"

Uncharacteristic of him, he shadowed his eyes taking short deep breaths. A shiver went up my body. Was he going to tell me that he found someone else, a genetic girl, and wanted to stop meeting? That would devastate me. I cared deeply for this handsome man.

Finally, he seemed to gather his fortitude and took my hand in his. "Annie, I want to ask you something, but I'm not sure how you will take it."

"You and I are good friends. I will handle anything you have to say," I girded myself up for the anticipated letdown.

"That's just it, Annie," he said, "I want us to be more than good friends. Annie, will you marry me?" He opened a small case to reveal a large diamond ring.

It took a few seconds for me to realize what he was asking. I was anticipating a rejection; instead I received a request for marriage? "What did you say?" I gasped.

"I want you to marry me, Annie!" he found his forceful voice. "I understand if you aren't interested in marrying me, but I love you and want you to be my wife!"

"What...how?" I gasped, "You know my situation. We can't get married."



David looked very handsome as he asked, "Annie, will you marry me?"

I gasped and excitedly answered, "Yes, David, I will be your wife."

"We can marry in Las Vegas," he said. "Your birth certificate plus your driver's license are enough to have a Justice of the Peace marry us." His voice was desperate, yet hopeful. I hadn't rejected him yet.

"B...but why would you want to marry me?" I gasped. "You can have any genetic girl you want."

"I don't want any girl. I want you, Annie," he pleaded.

It was my turn to lose my breath and tremble. He was serious. "But I can't bear you children..." I whispered.

"We can adopt. There are lots of needy children looking for a good home like we can provide. I love you, Annie." His eyes pleaded for a yes answer.

His large masculine hands embraced my small delicate hands. My red fingernails shined amongst his thick fingers. He held me firmly. He was serious.

I took a deep breath. This was a telling moment in my life. I wanted to make the right choice for both of our sakes.

"Yes, David, I will marry you! I will be your wife!" I sighed. "I love you more than you can know."

His eyes instantly lit up. He was like a new man. "Oh, Annie, I promise to always love and cherish you. I love you so much." He slipped the ring on my ring finger. It sparkled in the candle light. It fit perfectly.

He walked around the small table and smothered me with a deep sensual kiss. It was like we were committing ourselves to each other, which is exactly what we were doing.

His kiss caused a stir amongst the other restaurant patrons. With tears flowing down my cheeks, I smiled and flashed my engagement ring for everyone to see, causing the patrons to clap and wish us well.

"Does this mean that I have to have a sex change operation?" I whispered once he took his seat.

"That's your choice, Annie," he said. "It's your body, so only you can make that decision. I'll love you either way."

"Oh, David, I love you!" I sighed as he helped stand to leave. "I'll make you the best wife ever."

I took his arm as he led me from the restaurant, looking like the loving couple we now were. I felt so womanly traipsing by his side in my 4" heels and long gown, my womanly breasts exposing more than a little cleavage.

Mrs. Sinclair was asleep when we arrived home. After a passionate kiss at my front door, David said he would be over in the morning. "We have issues that must be cleaned up," he stated without elaborating. "Please ask my mother to join us."

I wore my engagement ring all night. I had difficulty falling to sleep. I was always turning on the lamp to look it over, and pinching myself to make sure I wasn't dreaming.

The next morning, I told Mrs. Sinclair that David wanted to speak to both of us. We went into the livingroom to wait his arrival, so I showed Mrs. Sinclair my new diamond ring. She was all smiles as I told her of the previous evening and David's proposal of marriage. "Oh, Annie, you two make the loveliest couple. I know you will have a happy marriage."

"He wasn't concerned that I was a man like him," I said.

"Oh, Annie, you may have been male, but you were never a man like David," she cooed. "My David would never make a pretty woman like you do."

I tried to picture David in a dress and high heels. "You are right, Auntie," I giggled, "David would make a lousy woman, but he makes a real hunk of a man!"

David arrived and we stopped our little girlish chatter as he stepped into the livingroom. He sat next to me and gave me a hug and kiss. I could get used to receiving those.

After parting, he whispered, "I love you and whatever is revealed this morning is meant to clear the air, so we don't start our marriage with secrets." His statement puzzled me. He knew all my secrets, so what secrets were still out there?

"Mother, it is time for you tell Annie what you did."

"Why David, what do you mean?" she looked startled.

"You know as well as me that stress can't change a man into a woman. Somebody makes it happen," he said, waiting for her to confess to whatever he was alluding to.

"Really, David, do you think this is the time or place to discuss such things, what with your engagement and all?" Mrs. Sinclair gasped.

"This is the perfect time, mother," he said. "I don't want Annie to enter into a marriage she may regret because she doesn't know the whole story."

"What story...?" I held tightly to David's arm.

"Mother knows my eclectic tastes in women, Annie," he wrapped his arm about my waist and pulled me into him. "Mother knows that I am attracted to the most feminine of women, but I prefer special women, like you."

"Really, David..." Mrs. Sinclair was visibly troubled.

"Tell her, mother," David insisted. "Tell Annie how you transformed her from a man into this lovely woman."

"W...what," I gasped.

Mrs. Sinclair was having trouble speaking. "I only did what I thought best," she finally confessed. "Andy was so miserable after his wife left him."

My eyes opened wide and I gasped, "What did you do, Auntie?" My heart was beating like a drum.

"I gave you female hormones," she whispered. "I transformed you into the woman you are today."

"You...how...I never took female hormones..." I gasped.

"Yes you did. You are still taking them every day," she confessed.

I moved to the front of the couch out of David's embrace. "How did you give me hormones?"

"In the beginning, it was the vitamins," she answered. "I put them in your orange juice when the doctor took you off the pills."

I gasped, "My body didn't become feminine because of my stress? I could still be a man?"

She looked down, now ashamed. "Yes, but my intentions were completely honorable. I didn't want to see you suffer so."

"You can still return to being a man, if that is what you want," David said, "although there are permanent side-effects from being exposed to female hormones for such a long time."

I was floored! I could still become a man! I could regain my birthright. "What side-effects?" I asked.

"You are probably permanently sterile," he said, "and your feminine body cannot be completely reversed, let alone your feelings."

"Sterile?" I gasped. "I can return to being a man, but I'll look like a pansy and can never father children?"

David looked very sad. "Yes. I'll do everything I can to help you return to being a man if that is what you want."

"How long have you known this?" I looked into his eyes. I was getting angrier by the moment, but I didn't know who to direct it against, mother or son or both.

"I guessed it when I first met you, but by then you were completely feminine in body, so the side-effects were already done. I assumed you were taking the hormones because you wanted to become a woman."

"Why didn't you warn me?"

"You were the most gorgeous woman I'd ever seen, plus you were the special type of woman I like. I didn't know that you were undergoing the hormone therapy without knowing what was happening, since you seemed accepting of your feminine side. Sure you protested from time to time about how cruel nature was to do this to you, but I thought you were covering up what you didn't want to confess, that you really wanted to be a woman."

I looked at Mrs. Sinclair. "How could you do this to me?"

"You were so miserable," she said. "In the beginning, I thought that if I could take your mind off your marital troubles, you would move on as a man. But you took to housework like a duck to water, and you seemed so content wearing the feminine clothes I provided. Not once did you refuse to wear them. After a while, I realized that you are so slight and delicate that maybe you would be better off as a woman. One thing snowballed into another, and before I knew it, you were a lovely young woman that I loved having around. We could do so many things together, like shopping, with you as a woman. Don't we have fun together, Annie?" She was almost pleading for forgiveness.

I was furious, yet not unhappy with the outcome. I loved being a woman and I loved David. None of that would have happened if Mrs. Sinclair hadn't taken me under her care. I should be shouting, ranting, and threatening revenge, but I merely took David's arm again. I was miserable after my marriage breakup. I did like maintaining the house. I did enjoy wearing the feminine clothes she provided, even though I protested having to wear them.

"So, Annie, you know it all. There are no more secrets between us," David said, not removing my hands from his arm. "What do you want to do? You could probably win a lawsuit if you took mother to court."

"Oh...I'd never do that!" I gasped. "Auntie means the world to me." Mrs. Sinclair gave me a look of gratitude.

"What about returning to being a man?" he asked. "I can contact some doctors that may help."

I smoothed my silky skirt about my nylon covered knees and tasted my strawberry lipstick. I felt my breasts pushing out my bra and the bodice of my dress. "That won't be necessary," I softly said.

"You don't want to return to being a man?" David asked.

"And give up these lovely clothes? I don't think so," I giggled. "Besides, I'm engaged to be married, and one man cannot marry another." I flashed my engagement ring.

"And us?" David asked. "Do you believe me when I say that I never wanted any deception or for you to become a woman against your will?"

"We are fine, darling," I kissed his cheek. "You asked me to marry you. I'm not giving up my engagement ring!"

"Oh, Annie," he coughed, "I was so worried that I was going to lose you."

"Not a chance, honey," I smiled. "I'm your woman and don't you forget it."

"Never!" he planted another loving kiss.

"And me?" Mrs. Sinclair asked once we came up for air.

"Half a year ago, I would be furious with you and demand my manhood back, but now I only want to remain a woman," I confessed. "Because of you, I'm getting married again, only this time as the bride."

She brightened at my comment. "Thank you, Annie," she said, "I promise to never do anything behind your back again. Is there anything I can help you with now that you've decided to become my daughter-in-law?"

"You can introduce me to your supplier of hormones," I laughed. "I'll be taking them voluntarily from now on."

"Done, dear," she giggled, "and anything else you may need in the future is yours for the asking, like surgeries."

"I haven't decided on that yet," I said, "but I may ask for a little facial work. A girl can never look too feminine."

"When you decide, let me know," she smiled.

"You can help me shop for a wedding gown," I giggled. "Although I was married once, I still want to be married in a pure white, long flowing wedding gown."

Now that that drama was out of the way, I concentrated my efforts on my impending wedding day. I knew who was responsible for my being a woman and why, and I had forgiven her. Without her, I would still be a miserable out of work man trying to find a job. Instead, I am a vibrant woman looking forward to her wedding day. I'll take the wedding!

Mrs. Sinclair went out of her way to make it easy for me to become her daughter-in-law. She bought me anything I desired, and then some. David, on the other hand, left the wedding planning to us women and went about his business, making sure we had an income once we were married. His only task was to find a tuxedo, which he did quite painlessly. Oh, yes, he also was in charge of arranging our honeymoon.

On the other hand, we women had oodles to do from selecting the wedding chapel in Las Vegas to choosing new lingerie, a wedding dress, and clothes for my honeymoon.

We decided not to wait, since David and I had 'dated' for six months. We already knew each other well. So we arranged a wedding in two months, in late spring, so we could take our honeymoon in warm weather.

I was as nervous as a hen as we boarded the plane for Las Vegas. I wore a lovely pink sundress that displayed my smooth, soft legs and showed a hint of cleavage. I walked up the boarding ramp on my open toe shoes with 2" cork heels. David held my hand while his mother followed behind. I glanced back at her, and noticed a most satisfying smile on her lips, like she had accomplished a deep desire. Her son was getting married, and she had arranged it.

I wear only the most feminine clothes now. I had twenty-five years of wearing pants and shirts. That was enough. I left those clothes behind when I became a woman, and I wasn't going to return to them just because most women wear them for casual occasions.

Las Vegas isn't the most romantic place on earth to get married, but it is convenient, quick, and we can use my present identification. I didn't want to invite anyone other than Mrs. Sinclair. David was of the same mind.

We flew in on a Friday, we were married on Saturday, and we flew home on Sunday. In between, we gambled a little, took in a show, and David and I didn't leave our suite Saturday night.

My wedding gown was fabulous and paid for by Mrs. Sinclair. It was floor length, pure white, with lots of Chantilly lace. It was off the shoulder and had a slight plunging neckline to display my feminine cleavage. I didn't want anyone to think that the bride wasn't what she looked like, a young woman!

The Justice said his piece. David said 'I do', which brought tears to my eyes. Then I had my chance, and I too said 'I do', which caused David to pick me up off the floor, twirl me about making my gown float up to reveal my silky, lace covered undies, and then he gave me a deep and most satisfying kiss.

When he finally put me down, the Justice said, "I now pronounce you husband and wife. You may kiss the bride." Both he and Mrs. Sinclair laughed, but David took the opportunity to plant another kiss on my lips.

A wide smile covered my face as David escorted me from the chapel. Mrs. Sinclair helped me control the train of my dress so I wouldn't trip on it with my 3" heels. I had done what I'd promised never to do again, I had remarried. Only this time I became a wife, not a husband.

Unlike many women, I was quite willing to give up my last name. It is a reminder of a past I want to forget. From now on, I am Mrs. Annie Sinclair.

David arranged the honeymoon, not telling Mrs. Sinclair or myself where he and I were going. I told him that I wanted to relax, spend lots of time with him, and be far away from the distractions of a big city. I once told him that I'd always wished to go on a cruise and go to Hawaii.

Just before flying out for our wedding, he told me to pack for a two week cruise to Hawaii starting from Long Beach. I

almost died right there and then. It fit all my criteria and fulfilled two wishes at once. It was perfect.

When we arrived home after the wedding, we slept at his, now my home. The next day, Mrs. Sinclair picked us up to drive us to the cruise ship. It is a good thing she drives a van with lots of trunk space because I had five suitcases packed and ready to go.

“Why do you need all that stuff?” David asked, to which both Mrs. Sinclair and I laughed. Obviously he didn’t have an idea what a woman needs to be presentable for two weeks.

“The ship has four formal nights. Your mother firmly stated that I couldn’t possibly wear the same gown twice, so there are four beautiful evening gowns properly packed. Of course, each gown needs proper accessories, including shoes and jewelry.”

“There are the myriad of things to do while on-board the ship, ranging from gambling to lounging to swimming. So I need clothes for gambling, clothes for lounging, and of course, clothes for swimming, along with their proper accessories.”

“When visiting the islands, I need a different set of clothes for each island. We are stopping at five islands, the big island twice. Each set of clothes needs the proper shoes, and, of course, the proper accessories. Rather than taking too many clothes, I am afraid that I will run out of clothes before I run out of honeymoon.”

When he reminded me that the ship has on-board cleaning services, I stated, “I never know when I need a particular article of clothes. I can’t take the chance.”

He said that we would be on our honeymoon, so I shouldn’t need as many clothes as normal. I gasped, “Oh, thanks for reminding me, honey, I need to pick up night wear at Victoria’s Secret.”

“But you look spectacular already, honey,” he said.



I simply had to sit down as we waited for the porter to take our bags. The hassle involved in going on a honeymoon exhausted me.

"Bye, Auntie," I cooed as Mrs. Sinclair left David and me to our own devices.

"This is our honeymoon, darling," I reminded him. "I can't wear nighties that you've already seen." Men just have no clue!

David spent a half hour figuring out how to pack my five suitcases and his one suitcase in the back of Mrs. Sinclair's van while she and I stood to the side giving sage advice and looking pretty.

We appreciated his strong arms when he unloaded the items once we arrived at the embarkation pier. I would show him how much I appreciated him this evening in our suite.

Once unloaded, Mrs. Sinclair hugged her son and she and I girlishly hugged each other and gave each other air kisses. I was so exhausted from all the hassle involved with getting married and packing for my honeymoon that I had to sit while we waited for the porter to take our luggage. I spread the flowing skirt of my deep blue, off-the-shoulder dress and sat on my largest suitcase. I wrapped one leg sexily over the other, and waved goodbye to Mrs. Sinclair. "We will see you in two weeks," I trilled, as David stood by my side and waved goodbye too.

The porter took our luggage, and after checking in, we boarded this magnificent ship. "Oh, gawd, it's huge," I gushed as David led me hand in hand up the gangplank.

"We have three days of cruising to get to Hawaii, and three days to return to California," David said. "You did bring your bikini, didn't you?"

"I have three, dear," I giggled. "Now that I know you like what you see, I'm making sure I keep you satisfied."

He laughed, and said, "You always satisfy me, Annie."

Our suite was huge by ship standards, although small compared to a hotel suite. Nonetheless, we were travelling first cabin, and all the amenities were available.

There was a note on our door inviting us to dine with the Captain on the second night out. I wondered how David has

arranged that. He was so manly and assertive that I didn't give it much thought. He usually gets what he wants, including me.

We arrived late for boarding, and our luggage wouldn't be at our cabin for a few hours, so we toured the ship. There was a huge shopping plaza on the 5th floor. I knew where I'd spend some of our money. The floor below had a gambling casino, so I knew where David would spend more of our money.

As our ship departed, David and I stood at the back of the ship, his strong arm wrapped about my waist and I leaning into his toned body, and waved at the people on the shore. We watched as California faded into the horizon. It seemed almost symbolic. I was leaving my old life as a man behind and sailing into my new life as a woman, Mrs. Annie Sinclair.

Epilogue

Well, that's not quite all. We spent a wonderful three weeks cruising to and from the islands, and about the islands, but as in all things, it had to end. As our ship sailed into Long Beach to end our honeymoon, David and I stood behind the railing watching as the gangway was lowered and people started to disembark. We didn't want it to end, so we took our time, savoring every last moment.

I was snuggled in David's arms when he decided that we had to disembark too, as his mother was surely waiting for us. I reluctantly disengaged myself from his arms and taking his arm, allowed him to lead me to the gangway. I felt so comfortable walking next to him in my 3" heels, canary yellow sundress, and perfect tan. I reached up and kissed him on his cheek. "Thanks for a wonderful honeymoon, darling," I cooed. "It was perfect in every way." To say that I was a contented woman would be an understatement.

We entered the baggage area to collect our many bags hand in hand. I even helped him gather our luggage together, so he could get a porter to help take them to where Mrs. Sinclair's car would be.

As we followed the porter out the door, I spotted Auntie standing next to her car...and to my horror, I saw my ex-wife, Marsha, standing next to her, both smiling like Cheshire cats.

I swallowed a big gulp and allowed David to continue to lead me to the car. Having never met Marsha, David had no idea who the woman standing next to his mother was. He probably thought she was a friend that came along for company.

He felt me shy away as we got closer, and felt a shiver race up my arm. "What's wrong, darling?" he asked.

"T...the woman standing with your mother is my ex-wife," I stammered.

He instantly came to attention and I felt tension race through his arm. "What does she want and why is she with my mother?" I growled.

"I...I have no idea," I quaked as we drew closer. "I thought she was out of my life."

"Well, it's too late to back off now. We'll face whatever is going on here together," he tightened his grip on my hand.

We were approaching them when suddenly a little girl came running from the side of Mrs. Sinclair's car gripping tightly to a Barbie doll and yelling, "Mommy, mommy, can I get another Barbie doll?"

Marsha leaned over smiling and smoothed the little girl's long curled hair. "Of course, dear. I'm sure your Auntie will get one for you."

"Is she here yet?" the little girl asked.

"Why yes she is, Tammi," Marsha straightened the little girl's flowing dress. "In fact, here she is now." Marsha stood up and looked me in my eyes.

"Hello, Annie," she greeted me. "This must be your new husband, David."

"Marsha! What are you...?" I almost growled.

"Annie, it's so lovely to see you again," Mrs. Sinclair interrupted before I could finish. "How was your honeymoon?"

"What's going on, mother?" David growled.

"A family reunion, dear," she smiled, clearly aware of her son's ire. "Annie needs closure before she can move forward."

"I was moving forward just fine, Auntie," I gave her a gaze that would melt ice. "Why are you here, Marsha? I thought our last parting was the last we'd see of each other."

"I'm so sorry about that awful incident at the airport, Annie," Marsha was obviously nervous, "but we need to clear up a little unfinished business."

I gave Mrs. Sinclair a piercing gaze. "What is she talking about?" I asked.

"Don't you recognize your own daughter?" Mrs. Sinclair nervously asked.

"Daughter? I don't have a daughter?" I answered.

"You do now," Marsha simply stated. "This cute little girl is your daughter now."

"I have a son...which you took with you," I growled.

"And I'm returning him to you, only now he is your daughter," Marsha simply stated. "Isn't she the loveliest little girl?"

It was my turn to be puzzled. I turned to David for answers, but he was as baffled as me. I looked at Mrs. Sinclair and she merely smiled.

"Let me explain," Marsha started. "I recognized soon after our marriage that you weren't suited to be a man and breadwinner. Then I met Helen Sinclair, and over time, we decided that it was for your best that you find your true self, but you couldn't do that as long as you were tied into a marriage and trying to act like the man of the family. So she and I decided that we would give you the opportunity to find your feminine self. I left and she took you under your wing. Annie is the result." She swept her hand over my body.

I was aghast at this revelation. I again looked at David, but his face was empty of any knowledge of what was going on. "David didn't know of any of this, Annie," Mrs. Sinclair spoke up. "He is as much an innocent product of our planning as you. My son is a wonderful man, but he also has exotic tastes in women. His interests are towards women of your flavor, Annie. Well, a good man has a slim chance of finding a good woman like you in this city, so I helped him out."

"Mother!!" David roared.

"Well, it's true, dear," Mrs. Sinclair held her ground. "I always knew you would make a wonderful husband and father if you could find the right woman. I merely provided you with that woman." She explained this without any sense of regret. "A mother will do anything to help her children. You will learn this in time too, Annie."

"But what if I hadn't...turned out like I did?" I questioned. "What if I fought your promptings and decided to remain a man?"

"Then I would have returned to you and we would mend our marriage and move forward from there," Marsha said. "But you did respond like Helen and I thought you would, and now you are the beautiful woman you should have been." She smiled at me with a look asking for forgiveness, and my icy shield melted.

"What did you mean that I would learn about what a mother will do for her children, Mrs. Sinclair? I don't have any children, and you of all people know that I can't conceive one," I asked as I hung onto David's strong arm for support. These revelations made me weak kneed and I needed a pillar to lean on.

"Which brings us to the family mending part," Mrs. Sinclair said. "Marsha is a free spirit, and wants to start a career with her new husband, but her new life makes it difficult to raise a child, especially a little girl."

My eyes dropped to the lovely little girl of maybe 8 years old. "Who is this little girl?" I asked, truly puzzled.

"Don't you recognize your own child?" Marsha asked.

"Timmy!" I gasped. "This little girl is really our son?"

"Well, she used to be," Marsha said, "but now her name is Tammi. Isn't she the cutest little girl?"

"What...what did you do to our son?" I gasped.

"Like father, like son," Marsha sighed. "After we parted, I started noticing similar traits in Timmy that I saw in his father, so I started investigating. Sure enough, Timmy was really a girl caught in a boy's body too, just like his father. So I sort of corrected that situation over the past year."

"You mean that he wears dresses all the time?" I gasped.

"Of course she does," Marsha stated, "and please refer to her as 'she' and 'Tammi'. She gets nervous when people refer to her by her old name and gender." I noticed that this little girl was fidgeting in her shiny Mary Jane shoes.

I knelt down next to this little girl. "Hi, my name is Annie. What is your name, dear?" I asked to check out Marsha's claim.

"My name is Tammi," the little girl nervously squeaked. "Don't you like me, mommy?"

"Of course I do, darling," I cooed. "Do you want to be a girl?"

"I am a girl, mommy," the little girl started crying. "Please don't make me be a boy again."

"Of course not," I soothed. "If you want to be a girl, then a girl you will be. Tammi is a pretty name for a pretty girl."

She wiped her tears away and ran over and hugged me tightly. "Are you going to be my mommy from now on?"

I looked up at Marsha and Mrs. Sinclair standing together. "Yes she is, Tammi," Marsha said. "You have two mommies now. I'll visit from time to time, but this is the mommy you will be living with from now on."

I was truly puzzled, and my face showed it. David wasn't far behind me. I stood up and took Tammi's little hand. "You mean you are giving up custody of our child?" I asked.

"You will make a much better mother than I ever would," Marsha sighed. "I'm much too career driven. She would be raised by babysitters and boarding schools if she stayed with me. She will be much better off being raised by parents who love her and will be there when she needs them."

I looked at David with yearning in my eyes. "Is that all right with you, honey?" I asked him.

He was still trying to catch up with all that was going on, but he came out of his puzzlement with my question. "Is that what you want, Annie? Do you want to be a mother and raise a little girl?"

"Oh, yes, darling, more than anything in the world!" I cried.

"Then it's okay with me, as long as my wife is happy." I let loose of Tammi's hand, encircled my arms around David's neck, and gave him the biggest kiss of his life.

"I love you, David Sinclair!" I whispered in his ear after we finished our kiss.

"I love you too, Annie Sinclair," he nibbled on my ear.

"Is this man going to be my new daddy, mommy?" Tammi asked Marsha.

"It looks that way, honey," Marsha touched Tammi's shoulder. "Be a good girl for your new mommy and daddy."

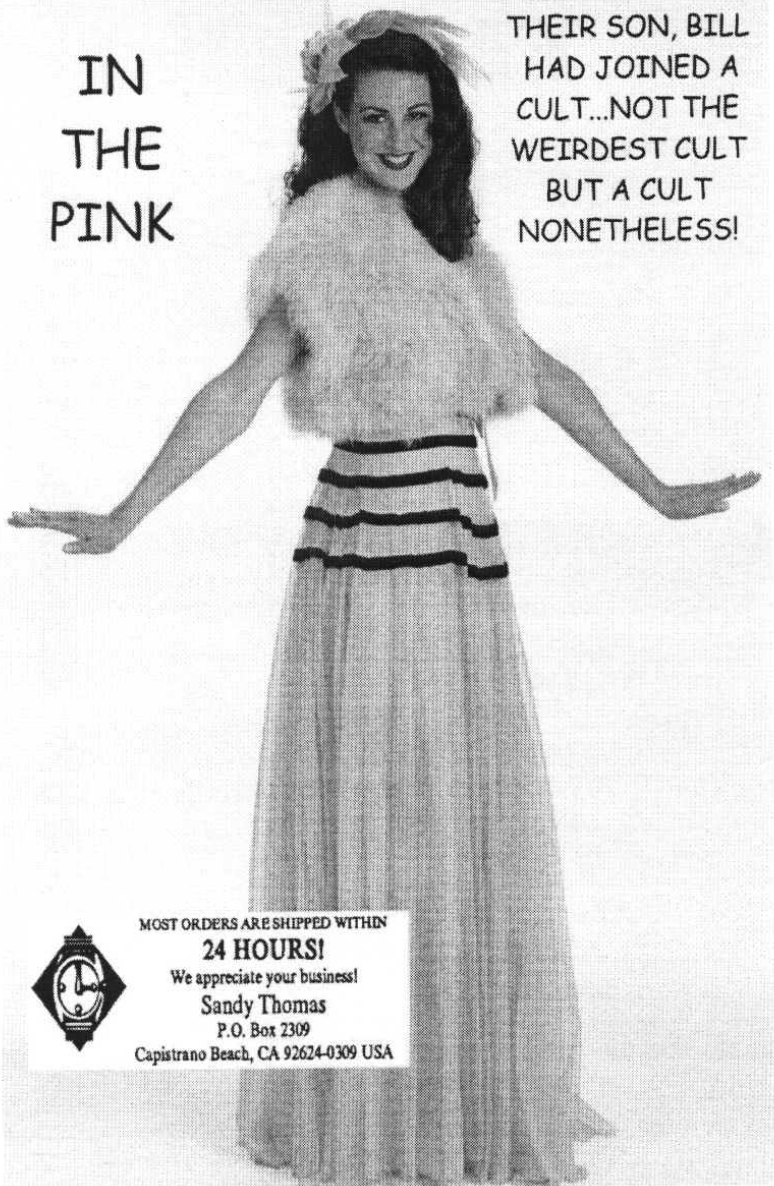
"I will, Mommy," Tammi smiled. "My new mommy is the most beautiful lady in the world, and now I have a daddy too."

I took Tammi's hand in mine, while David took her other hand, and we walked contentedly to Mrs. Sinclair's van for the ride into our new life as David and Annie Sinclair and our lovely daughter, Tammi.

The End

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