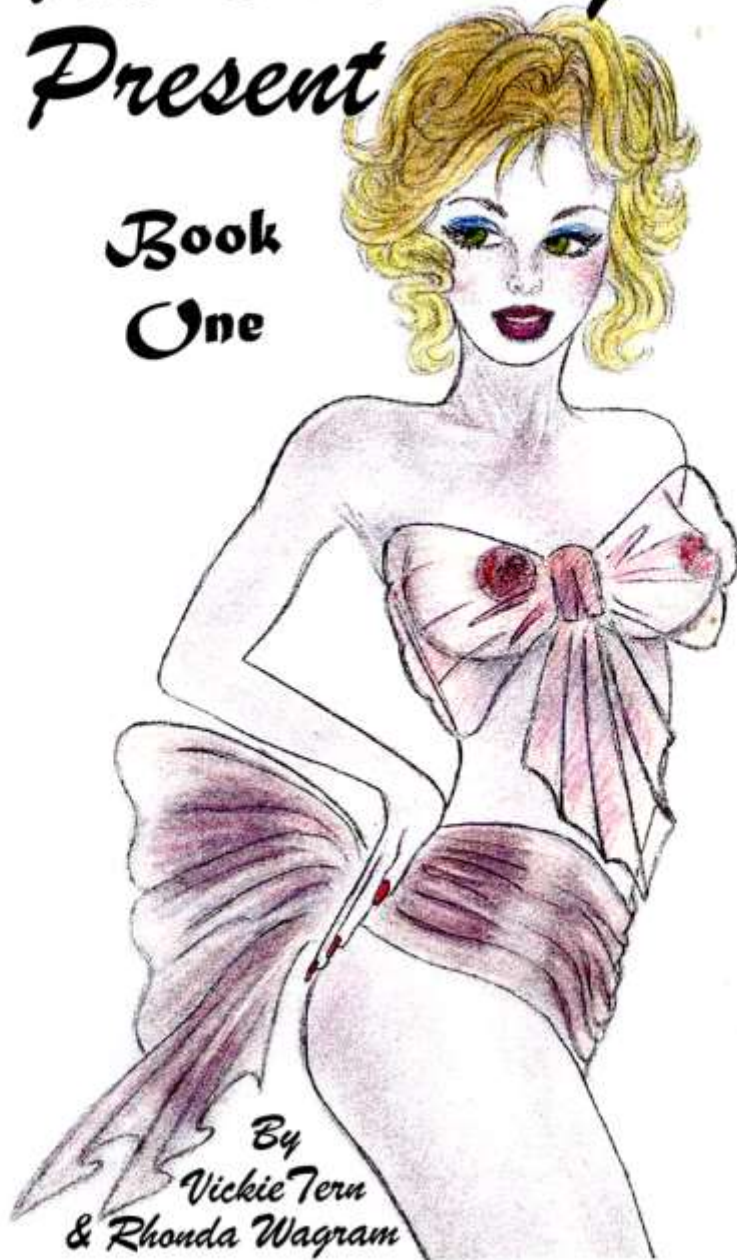


The Birthday Present

**Book
One**



*By
Vickie Tern
& Rhonda Wagram*

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“The Feminization of Honey”

Chapter One

Birthday Present

It all began as something else altogether, a year earlier, and I didn't find out what was really happening until a year later, though now it scarcely matters. It was Bea's birthday, and the doorbell rang. I went to answer it while Bea finished dressing upstairs.

“So, I see she did talk you into it! My God, look at you! You're gorgeous!”

There at the door was Pearl, my wife's best friend, looking at me as I figured she would when she saw me, amused but also contemptuous. She stepped back and gave me that same relentless look of appraisal women use on themselves when they look into mirrors. Then she said, “Not bad! Not too bad! But how in the world did she get you to do it?”

I was embarrassed, but tried to hide it. So I looked Pearl over equally as deliberate. What I saw was the usual bright and brassy middle aged woman, dressed up for a big night out on the town. Packed into a green silk dress much too short for her, I thought. Matching strappy high heels and a clutch purse. Lacy black stockings. Pinned somewhere in back of her blonde curls was some kind of small felt hat with a wisp of black veil. So she was green and black and lacy and sassy, and busy making me feel uncomfortable.

“C'mon in, Pearl,” I said. “Bea's almost ready. You look good too, you really do!”

I was sincere—for Pearl, she looked terrific. But especially, I wanted to steer our conversation into compliments right away. I couldn't take her usual mockery, her sardonic put-downs. Not dressed the way I was when I came to the door. I was trying not to be too self-conscious about it. I wanted to be a good sport for this one night, to play it straight. To be a proper lady, one of the girls, the way I'd promised Bea.

But with Pearl nothing ever comes easy. She overreacted like a Disney cartoon character. Her eyes flicked over my coiffure and then down my dress, Bea's choice for me for the evening, a little basic black with satin trim, and a cute peplum to hide my lack of hips, and a wide satin-trimmed collar to cover my now-noticeable breasts. Then she eyeballed my legs—in plain sheer black stockings, nothing fancy—and my high heeled black pumps.

“Wow!” she said, wiping an imaginary haze from in front of her eyes. Her skirt flipped and she wriggled her hips, then planted her hands on them. “Hoo boy!” she said.



“Aren’t you something!” She squared her body and then gave me her ultimate once-over. I’d seen it before. Insolent and amused. Absolutely intimidating. In that posture she looked like a tart naming her price, take it or leave it, but managed to imply that I was the tart. “Henry, I don’t know what to say. You’re such a stunner! You’ll knock ‘em dead! How can you stand yourself?”

Her irony was too heavy, and I began to wilt. But Pearl sensed it and immediately reversed field. She said, “No, really, I mean it! I’m

impressed! That makeover is fabulous! You're really convincing! They must have spent the whole day working on you!"

"Thanks," I said, "if that was a compliment. Come in and sit down."

She stepped into the hallway like a dainty horse imprinting the ground, glanced at me again, and then let her high heels throw her hips into a seductive swish as she proceeded ahead of me into the living room. I got her message. I had to admit it, I couldn't have looked more swishy,

"Yes," she said, "It was a compliment. A pretty girl should learn to accept compliments graciously. Just dimple, and curtsy, and say 'Thank you.' You know, when a girl spends hours or days getting ready for a big date, she should appreciate it when her efforts are noticed."

"Bea told me you'd agreed to be one of the girls tonight, but I just didn't believe her." Pearl went on. She sat down, and carefully arranged her legs on our living room couch, skirt smooth, arms draped possessively across the back cushions, at her ease. "Frankly, Henry, I didn't think you had the guts. No offense. But how many men do you know who would do this for their wives?"

I followed Pearl into the living room, rocking a bit on my own high heels, and stood looking down at her. She arched her neck up and said, "Get me a drink, would you, Honey? I'd better start calling you 'Honey' I think, not 'Henry.' A 'Henry' who looks the way you do will start people talking, and I'm not sure you'd want to hear what they were saying."

"Or am I looking at 'Henrietta,' Henry's longtime girly other self? Have I at last found out your guilty secret? Have you always liked dressing up in frilly things? Do you really want to be a girl? Have a stiff drink yourself, hon. You're going to need it before tonight's through!"

I took her advice, belted down a quick one, poured Pearl her usual whiskey on the rocks and myself another, handed it to her, then sat down across from her. I clasped my drink in my lap with both hands, and crossed my ankles primly, just as Bea had shown me. Shoulders back, bust out, chin high, shake my curls to get her attention, then speak in a high but sweet voice, if I could manage it.

"Don't, Pearl," I said. There was just a touch of pleading in my voice, for Pearl usually a signal to lunge in for the kill. I had better be more aggressive. "You know perfectly well that Bea has been getting me ready for tonight for months. In fact, what with her planning and shopping and rehearsing me, she's had very little else on her mind for some time. I've never seen her like this, not in all our twenty years of marriage. She's been so happy and busy. So don't mock me, because when you do, you're

mocking Bea. And that's not friendly." My voice quavered just a little. Maybe it was pitched too high.

"All right, Honey," Pearl said, her voice softened but not subdued. "I'll be gentle. You're one of the girls tonight, and that's that. Don't cry, you'll ruin your beautiful eyes." This time she looked at my face seriously. "They really are beautiful, in a way. Who would have thought it?"

I felt a little mollified. "Well, Bea always did. Even before I was involved in this."

Pearl's look was unwavering. "All right, Bea thinks you're beautiful. But tell me, my Honey, my lamb led to the slaughter. Whatever possessed you? Why are you involved? I know one version, but I'm curious what you know. Tell me what *you* think is going on."

Pearl didn't seem to be taking this night seriously enough, so I opened up. It was a chance for me to practice my voice some more, anyhow.

"You know full well how come I'm involved. Bea's had her heart set on tonight since last year. You know that. In fact, it was .your idea originally. You remember, Bea's thirty- ninth birthday? How it hit her? Like a house collapsing on her? All that weeping, she was getting old and ugly, life was passing her by. Every day more depressed, popping more pills, then feeling even more miserable. Some days she didn't even bother to get dressed, and I was really worried. Then when I'd try to talk to her, to cheer her up, she'd just look at me and withdraw even further, run into the bedroom or the bathroom and then cry her heart out."

"I remember that time," Pearl said, looking me levelly in the eyes. "It was exactly a year ago."

"So I offered to organize a big party for her to help her celebrate her fortieth when it came around. Invite everyone we knew. Well, that was certainly a mistake! She absolutely forbade it! She ran into the bedroom and slammed the door, and then she really started wailing! I mean loud, agonized, just terrible! I felt awful! I still don't understand it." "I know about that time too," Pearl said, still looking at me steadily, and taking little sips from her glass. I remembered to do the same—sips, not swallows, it's much more ladylike, Bea had told me, It felt more delicate. I wondered if my lipstick was smeared. "You missed the point, Honey dear!" Pearl went on. "A forty year old woman doesn't feel like celebrating. It isn't like a man turning forty." She set her glass down. "Look! A forty year old man is just coming into his prime, even if he isn't quite the stud he was at twenty. He still believes that 'You aren't getting older, just better' crap. Well, if he's any good at business he's starting to

get into heavy money just about then. All those years of hard work begin to pay off. His kids are gone, or they don't need him, so he's free of his family. But his wife is no longer a bombshell, if she ever was one. So when a man turns forty he often decides he deserves better from life. And for once he can afford it. So he begins screwing around. Or, he dumps his wife of twenty years in order to award himself a trophy wife. Isn't that right?"

In fact, that's just what Pearl's husband had done. He'd left her well-fixed enough, payment for their years of struggle together, and had gone off to do the Palm Beach and Palm Springs circuits with a new slim long-haired Princess of a wife, calling his broker now and then to ask how fast the money was coming in.

I was forty last year, and I have to admit it now, I was thinking about doing the same thing. Life with Bea had gotten really dull. The sex was as predictable and boring as her cooking, and she seemed to approach both the same way. We shared lots of interests, but there was nothing new to explore. Evenings, she read her romantic novels and I watched television. But I still cared for her, in a way, and I didn't want to hurt her, so I never said anything about it. I wondered if Bea had sensed something anyhow, and had mentioned it to Pearl.

"Well," Pearl went on, "With a woman turning forty it's different. She's nearly past it. Her kids are gone or don't need her either. Raising kids has been her life, and now it's over. She finds it's harder to stay in shape, and she lets herself go a little. Her dresses don't fit her anymore, so she spends more of her husband's money to buy more of them, and they still don't fit just right. She logs more time at the beauty parlor. Her husband logs more time at the office, and less with her. There're still things she hasn't yet done with her life, and she knows time is running out, and she knows she's beginning to forget what those things were. That's why Bea didn't want your party. I'm sure she told you that right off when you proposed it to her. There's nothing to celebrate when a woman turns forty."

"She did say that," I said. "I thought she was just depressed."

Pearl looked steadily at me again, and then took another sip.

I went on. "But I really am grateful to you and Kay. When the two of you cooked up these plans for tonight, her mood changed. Almost immediately! It was miraculous! I still don't understand it. My idea for a birthday bash depressed her, but yours gave her a new lease on life! I'd never have guessed it, that what she really wanted was an intimate night out on the town with just her two dearest friends. A fabulous girls' night out. Something she'd never done before. But that was what she wanted!"

“Immediately she started humming around the house, telephoning and planning and talking and preparing. Weeks spent shopping for the very outfit she’s putting on right now. All of today spent in the beauty parlor, sitting next to me the whole time, getting her hair and face and hands and nails and body worked over by any number of the women there.”

“Anyhow, for months she’s been so excited! I’m not sure why. What does she expect? Dinner, a show, some drinks afterward, and talk, lots of hot gossip she’s never heard, she says. Do things she hasn’t done for years, she says, maybe never done. Bea said that you planned to stay up till morning, the three of you, making girl talk, telling each other racy stories, doing girl things, away from husbands or other such depressing people.”

“If she liked the way it worked out, she said, then she’d do the same things with you girls more often. They’d become her things too. And that’s what cheered her up! I suppose, for Bea it’s a change. We don’t go out much together any more, hardly at all. Not for years. I’m pretty much satisfied to watch television.”

“So I’ve heard,” Pearl said. “Well, you’ve got the drift of it. Turning forty is a serious thing for a woman. Bea wanted to know how we’ve handled it, me and Kay. What we’ve really been doing since the big four oh. You’re right. A year ago she was way down, and you weren’t the only person worried about her. So we told her that on her fortieth birthday, tonight, we’d show her that life begins at forty. We’d tell her all our secrets.”

“I’m forty-two now, you know. That rat of a husband of mine left me four years ago. Well, for a year I mourned like a schoolgirl, which is what I still was despite everything,

I suppose. Then for another year I thought about the rest of my life, how to take charge of it. Well, since then I’ve been doing okay. Got me a job to keep busy, started to meet new people—you don’t know the half of it. So I’ve got lots of good advice to give Bea. I’ve given her lots already.”

“Kay too. Kay told her some things right off that surprised even me, about that husband she still lives with. That Tomcat stud, what’s his name, Steve. I’ve known for years that he’s been sticking his prick into anything in skirts the way other people shake hands. But I didn’t know he went for anything in pants too. He swings both ways. Did you know that? The man is an animal.”

I didn’t know that. I’d never met him, but he was a legend around town. I’d heard about his women. We were all maybe a little jealous. That may be why wives and ex-wives always seemed to be so protective of

Kay, always inviting her to parties and dinners and sleep-overs when her husband was out of town. But he was bisexual? That I hadn't known! "Why does Kay stay with him?" I asked. "She's a doctor. She's got her own practice. She's been our family doctor for years, and she's a good one. Bea trusts her. Kay doesn't need Steve."

"You really are an innocent!" Pearl said. "Because Kay's got her own men too. And her own women. They swing together. They're swingers. That's how they first met, at some swingers' convention, from what I hear." Pearl leaned forward. "But Honeybuns, you haven't told me yet how Bea talked you into joining us for this fabulous night. To do whatever we do. Especially looking the way you do, like one of the...uh...girls. What happened? Does Bea have something on you? Did she catch you slipping into her little silky nothings, and then shame you into wearing more of them? Do you have your own panty collection? Are you also a secret swinger?" Pearl lifted her face toward me, waiting for some dishy confessions.

"Well..." I began. But Pearl was on a roll!

"And how'd she get you into that beauty salon? Celeste did a fabulous job, really, Honey! Those are long fingernails, longer than mine! And that is a perm they gave you, isn't it? I suppose it really took guts! Or was it blackmail, or a bribe? Though I must say, you do look terrific. You look...well, feminine. I don't think there's any doubt you'll pass."

"You know, don't you, that this night has cost you your manhood, as far as I'm concerned, and probably Kay. Maybe even Bea. I don't know how feminized you are inside, but you are certainly emasculated up front. In my eyes certainly. That's quite a sacrifice! You must have known that would happen. So why did you do it? We are never again going to be able to think of you as Bea's dullard husband! You're just too cute-looking! Now we'll spend all our time thinking about fixing you up with cute guys! Maybe even other cute guys in skirts! How in the world did Bea ever get you to agree to this?"

Finally, Pearl leaned back, looking at me coolly. She'd spoken her piece. She handed me her empty glass, and gestured toward mine, and pointed to the bar. I stood up.

"Pearl, the way Bea did it was, she asked me, and that's all there was to it," I said, a little too grandly. Pearl had finally gotten to me.

And then Bea's voice came from the doorway. "That's right, I asked him!" Suddenly, there was Bea. "I decided early on that I wanted Henry with me tonight, but not as Henry. And that's why he's here. I have my own reasons, Pearl."

We both turned to look at her. Bea had really gotten herself ready

for this special girls' night out, there was no doubt about it! She looked awesome! My God, what a costume! Short tight black leather miniskirt, and thigh-high boots with incredibly long, thin spike heels. A short stretch of exposed thigh, between her boot tops and her skirt, encased in black nylon. Those thighs looked like dark tubes, inviolable, strong enough to crush any man who dared put his head between them. A black silk blouse thrust forward by bare, jutting nipples, apparently she wore no bra, and then it flowed down and over her arms to be gathered at her wrists, and to billow down to her waist. A collar of red necklaces surrounding her neck like chain mail, and large red drop earrings dangling under her black hair, which was teased way up around her head as big as I could ever imagine it. Eyes outlined in black, and a slash of red across her mouth. Absolutely sensational!

I swallowed hard, and almost sat down again. Next to Bea I was a sweet, shy wallflower, in my pretty black cocktail dress. If there were any feelings of manhood left in me, that I was a guy wearing a skirt because his wife had asked him to, they were gone. There could be no men in the vicinity of Bea's outfit. Only varying kinds of submissives, until she gave one of them permission to try to service her like a man, if he could. I suddenly felt utterly helpless. I tried to compliment Bea, but my hands only waved in the air, and nothing came out of my throat but some high-pitched squeals. She saw at once what she had done to me, and smiled delighted. Her eyes sparkled.

"My God, Bea," said Pearl. "Talk about taking charge of your own life starting tonight!"

"That's what I'm doing, Pearl."

Then she turned to me, still standing and staring anxiously at her. "Don't worry, dear, this isn't for you. It's partly for me, and partly to help me keep some other people in line tonight, maybe. You'll do only what you want to do, no matter what I may ask you to do. I wouldn't want it any other way. Did I tell you upstairs that you look just lovely? Really, that dress is adorable! I knew that satin collar would be flattering once your breasts were large enough to hold it away from your body a teeny bit."

And Bea came over to me, and we held each other's arms gently for a moment, and we pressed our cheeks together, so as not to smudge our makeup or wrinkle our dresses, and then we looked at each other silently for another moment. It was a kiss, woman to woman. I don't know why, but it felt heavenly. I felt a sudden surge of love for her! And at the same time, I felt serene, so wonderfully at peace with myself. "Whatever you do tonight," she said to me in a low voice, "Is for me. I want you to know that. I want you to know I want it that way. And I love

you for it.” I looked at her gratefully, if a little confused.

“Dear, would you get me a drink,” she asked me. “And take care of yours and Pearl’s too.” I flounced over to the liquor cabinet—those first drinks were beginning to have their effect—and I poured us each a double. Pearl looked at hers and set it aside for the moment. I handed Bea hers, and she sipped it, carefully, than set it aside and straddled the back of a chair like a pirate, legs spread on either side. For some weird reason I felt a surge of pride that I was part of her life.

“Here’s how it happened, Pearl. A month after you told me your plans, Kay called to tell me she couldn’t join us tonight, that she had to be out of town, some medical convention or other. Well, I was crushed. Henry couldn’t cheer me up at all. I told him how terribly disappointed I was. But I didn’t need to. He already knew how much this night out with the girls meant to me. He could see the gleam going out of my eye. He felt terribly sorry for me, and he thought about it some. Didn’t you, dear?”

I looked at her gratefully again, but I still couldn’t talk. There was this enormous lump in my throat.

“When Kay had to beg off, that left just the two of us, you and me. It didn’t seem...well...festive enough. Then the more I thought it through, the more it seemed right that Henry should help us make up our original threesome. In fact, the more I thought about it, the better I liked the idea. Henry must certainly know what some of the men in town do with some of the women in town, so he could tell us some real hot stories too, I was sure, things he’s been too proper to tell me, once we got into the right gossipy mood. It might be fun.”

“So the next night I asked him if he’d take Kay’s place, so I could still be with my dearest friends, the way we’d planned it. Then I wouldn’t have to think about him sitting at home while we were all out together having fun. I told him this would be his gift of love to me, my fortieth birthday gift, a gift I wanted from him more than anything else in the whole world. Well, he told me he’d do it. He didn’t think he knew any gossip, but it was enough that I wanted him by my side. So he agreed.”

Pearl leaned back into the sofa. “Let me get this straight, if that’s the word for it,” she said. “And maybe you’d better keep working on your drink, Honey. I think maybe you’ll want to begin this evening a little tizzled. Let’s see, Bea told you that Kay would be out of town tonight, and that she wanted you to fill in? And you agreed?” She looked me up and down again, and picked up her own drink. She took a swallow. “Dressed and made up the way you are? A real foxy lady, just like Kay?”

I was a little bewildered that Pearl had a problem with this. “Well,

not right away,” I began. “I didn’t realize at first that she wanted me to go all out as one of you girls, to become one of the girls myself, so to speak. To fill in for Kay in every respect. I thought she just wanted me to come along as her husband. But a few days later I realized she meant more than that, when she took me shopping and bought me some brassieres and things. By then I couldn’t disappoint her. Pearl, I just couldn’t! So I decided I had to go along with it. And that’s what I’ve done.”

“Wait a minute,” Pearl said, glancing at Bea, who got some kind of message and remained silent. They’d known each other a long time. “You say ‘brassieres’. Plural. How many brassieres did you buy that day?”

“Well, actually, seven or eight” I replied, wondering why she should ask. “A training bra and some A, and B cups, and then a few more B cups, different kinds of lacy patterns and colors. Underwire,” I added, thinking maybe that information would solve whatever was Pearl’s problem. Bea smiled reassuringly at me.

“I see,” Pearl said, glancing again at Bea. “And you’re wearing one of your B cups tonight?”

“Yes,” I said. “After a month or so wearing each of the smaller sizes, they no longer fit me. I kept spilling over.”

“I see,” Pearl said again. One of her odd grins was forming on her face again, and I didn’t understand why. “Bea, by any chance have you been taking Honey here—I’m calling him Honey now, because I’m getting the message that Henry is not long for this world—have you been taking Honey here to see Kay, for vitamin supplements or something?”

“Why of course, Pearl,” my wife answered quietly. She glanced at me. “Honey had to ask Kay lots of questions about filling in for her. And while they were chatting she wrote him some prescriptions for his various problems. Not that he has any. But just to be on the safe side. He’s been very diligent, taking his pills and showing up regularly for his shots. You can see how healthy they’ve made him. He’s in wonderful shape.”

“Yes, that’s certainly true,” Pearl said once more. “Ummm, Honey, how many new dresses do you have upstairs, besides the one you’re wearing?”

“Only a few,” I replied. “But one of them is pretty much worn out, because we’ve used it as a practice dress for months, smoothing it when I sat down, and straightening it whenever I got up from sitting on the toilet to pee, and so on. I wore it all the time, put it on as soon as I came home, and most weekends. My other things, my skirts and blouses and heels and flats and so on, are all still pretty much new. I have a whole closet full, so I don’t have to wear any one of them very often.

Bea thought it might be useful for me to have them, just to fill out my wardrobe. To get used to wearing what women wear. So I wouldn't feel self-conscious when I was learning how to move the way women move, and how to hold myself, and everything. Why do you ask?"

"No reason," said Pearl. "Another question. A long shot. My idle curiosity, no more than that. This one's going to sound very odd, but I don't think Bea will mind my asking. Did Bea ask you to clean out your bottom today? Just before you started to dress? Or to do anything else down there, anything exceptional?"

I got annoyed. "Pearl, that's rather personal! But since you ask, no, nothing exceptional at all. Months ago Bea asked me to take an enema daily before I put in the suppositories Kay gave me, and that's what I've done. For cleanliness. And today she asked me to put in a tampon when I'd finished flushing myself out, so I'd stay clean all evening no matter what, and not leak accidentally onto my new dress. So that's what I've done. Any more questions?"

By now Pearl was grinning broadly at Bea, and Bea was looking back at her mildly. Somehow they both looked very satisfied with themselves. Women, I thought. Who will ever understand them?

"Well, just one last question. Isn't it time for us to go to dinner?"

Chapter Two

Night Out

Dinner turned out to be the least of it. It was Bea's big night, but it was mine too, the first time I ever left the house looking like a woman. Despite my months of practice I was rather nervous. But we linked arms walking to Pearl's car, and we giggled about something, and some kids walked by without even glancing at us. So I felt better about it. Walking on my heels was no problem after all those months of practice. When we reached the car, Bea reminded me to fluff my hair with my fingertips now and then. "It's a very attractive gesture, dear."

Pearl drove us. When we got to the restaurant's Valet Parking a boy opened the door for me and stood watching, and I was grateful for Bea's lessons how to get out of a car in a skirt—twist, swing my legs out, straighten my skirt, stand up. The Maître d' led us to a corner table, and we settled our purses on the floor by our chairs, and read the menus. Bea ordered for me—clear soup, and a small warm salad. She cautioned me against nibbling on the bread and butter. "Your figure, dear," she said. "Later you're going to feel stuffed, I'm sure, so you don't want to eat too

much now.”

Pearl let out a guffaw, but didn't look up from her menu. She ordered a bottle of Chardonnay, and we finished it, feeling even more tiddly than at the house. Things went very well. I ate teeny bites, and patted my lips now and then. It was just like all those practice dinners at home. Even Pearl began looking at me with admiration.

“You're very good, Honey,” she said. “It's as if you were bom to it. Do you think you were? Are you a woman in a man's body?”

“Pearl, cut it out!” I said.

Bea interrupted. “No, Honey. Say, ‘Pearl, please stop teasing me, or I'll start to cry.’”

I tried again. “Pearl, please, don't!” I said. I really felt hurt. Bea looked satisfied, and Pearl eased off.

“No, tell me. I'd like to know. This is the night for confessions, remember! I asked you earlier if you'd ever done this before, dressed up like a girl, maybe secretly, and you never answered.”

“You never gave me a chance, Pearl. Did I try on my mommy's panties when I was little? Yes, I suppose every boy does. Out of curiosity. Did I feel some special charge or satisfaction while doing it? No, nothing, so I did it only that one time.”

Pearl leaned back. If she hadn't recently quit smoking, she would have lit a cigarette. I could tell she was about to say something she actually meant! “Honey, it's no secret that I didn't think you'd do this. You're not a gung ho macho man, like that asshole I married, but you are a straight arrow, and not a very sharp one. If you'll pardon my words, you have always seemed to me to be an unimaginative lunkhead, someone who was repressing Bea's natural high spirits without even knowing it.

“I have often thought that a divorce from you would be a good thing for Bea. But she wouldn't hear of it. Not ever. And now look at you. Never would I have conceived it, that you'd be sitting here tonight in a dress nibbling on a small salad. Looking very much like a lady. I feel like comparing menstrual symptoms with you, you look so believable. And you even sit down every time you go to the bathroom, is that what you said ear her?”

“Yes, that's right. It was Bea's idea, for the practice. It seemed to please her, so I do it all the time now. It did solve all those problems married people have, about leaving toilet seats up or down. So now that's my gift to her too. I sit down for everything.”

“Yes,” said Pearl thoughtfully. “You may soon have no choice.

But tell me, dear, if you weren't born with...er... transvestite tendencies, how do you feel about wearing women's clothes now? How long is it since Bea bought you those first brassieres? When you wear them, do you feel...ah ...different? Is it...nice? And you've been retraining your whole body to be more ladylike. Does that feel...nice? Confession time, now."

"I guess it's like you to ask those questions, Pearl," I said. "Because the answers are a little embarrassing." I glanced at Bea, and saw her nod, almost imperceptibly. "Okay. At first I just felt silly, a man putting on his training bra every morning. Bea's fortieth was nine or ten months away, and it made no sense. But Bea said that learning to act like a woman is like learning to play the piano, an art that expresses feelings, and that I needed the feelings as well as the techniques, and that it takes a while to develop them."

"I spent a lot of time imagining how women feel, about themselves, about each other, and about men, which at first was a total mystery to me. Then as my nipples got hard lumps behind them and my breasts started to grow, she helped me with my feelings. Every night Bea would caress my nipples, or tweak them gently, until they got hard. Like Bea's now."

I looked at those finger-thick nipples poking Bea's blouse, a mature woman's nubs outlined in black satin, and again felt proud to be married to Bea. Also, inexplicably, a little jealous. "Every night when Bea caressed me it felt more and more marvelous. So soft, and feminine, and delicious, and attractive...,well...never mind. I got so I couldn't wait for my skin to get smoother, and my breasts to swell up more, grow into bigger globes that needed bigger bra cups.

"When I went to the office, wearing my bra, maybe covered by a slip or a Teddy, I was so happy with them I'd often push out my chest, and they'd swell through my shirt on either side of my tie, and my suit jackets would fall back and frame them, so anyone could see who'd bother to look. Just the way women's suit jackets do when they're unbuttoned. I began to feel delighted with my figure, almost as much as Bea. I guess I didn't care who noticed. No one did, that I know of. That disappointed me, sometimes."

"I told Bea, and she said that was my feminine side beginning to express itself, and that I should give it more freedom. So I began turning most of my office work over to my partner, and doing more business by phone. Bea suggested I wear panties, or pantyhose, all the time, and women's blouses and shirts, and women's jeans and slacks whenever I went out, and of course when I was home, skirts, and my practice dress."

"And I took to moving the way women walk, naturally but with a

grace I've always loved in women. You know. Bea has it. Even you have it, when you want to. You sort of float. I like pretending I'm graceful and pretty in my own way, and Bea says I really am now. And more and more, I've been feeling the way I imagine women feel all the time about things, little enthusiasms and sorrows rising up all the time in my heart. Bea was so pleased, the first time I cried for joy at some silly television drama. We cried together, and it was such good fun."

"One by one Bea put away my men's things, and bought me more women's things, and taught me how to wear them, and how to combine them with each other. Now I love them. Even my men's clothes now are really women's clothes, man-tailored. They feel just...well...right. I feel... complete in them. And waking up every day and choosing my wardrobe is a whole new adventure for me. I love waking up each day!"

Pearl seemed to be overwhelmed by what I had said. "So for months now," she said, almost disbelieving, "you've been wearing women's clothes at home full time, practicing walking in high heels, and fixing your lipstick, and letting your wrists hang free, and things like that, because Bea wants you too, and you like it, and it feels good?"

"Yes. At first mainly because I didn't want to disgrace Bea. For fear that when the big moment came tonight, I would give myself away as a man, and be ridiculed by whoever saw me. But you're right. It does feel good. Nowadays, all I have to do is put on a bra with my breasts gathered up in each cup, and my nipples protruding way forward, and I get the same delicious feminine feelings Bea brought out by caressing me. Then I want to do more things that girls do. Bea and I cuddle a lot together. And today in the beauty salon was such a treat! I love the way my hair came out! You shouldn't mock me about these things, Pearl. That's the way I am, for tonight. And it's how Bea wants me."

"You're right, Honey," Pearl said. She set her fork down and looked at me, and said softly. "I'm sorry. I had no idea things had proceeded this far. I guess I thought Bea had duped you, not that she'd converted you, or discovered you. Maybe you always were a transvestite, or a transsexual, but never knew it." Then Pearl suddenly straightened up, and said in a sprightly way, "but now you're one of the girls, just in time for tonight. That's just fine! Tell me, dear, these feminine feelings, do they include feminine feelings about men?"

Bea interrupted, her voice a trifle sharp. "Let me set the pace here, Pearl. Henry is married to me, and while Honey lives inside Henry she will be as true to me as Henry has been. Henry has never cheated on me, he says, and I believe him. And I'm married to him. That's why it's important that whatever we do tonight, we do it together. Especially tonight. If Henry decides tonight to let Honey be herself, I don't say that

Honey shouldn't feel free to find her own way in the world, and to make her own commitments. My obligations are to Henry, the way Henry's are to me. Do you follow me? That's why I'm so delighted that tonight, it's Honey we're out with, that she's one of the girls, not Henry. She'll do whatever she feels like doing, tonight. The way we all will."

I was lost. I didn't understand a word of what Bea had just said, but Pearl nodded slowly. She was obviously impressed.

Bea and I then went together to the Ladies' Room together, my very first visit to any Ladies' room anywhere, and my dear companion my very own wife, while Pearl stayed behind to pay the check. We primped and fussed and chatted, and I combed my hair out a bit, and only when we were leaving did I realize that I had gone into a booth to pee, and sat down to pee, and wiped myself, and risen to adjust my dress, all without thinking about it at all. It was now second nature to me. Maybe even first.

Next we went to a concert, a string quartet playing Mozart and Schubert, Bea's favorites. The pieces they played were all gentle, and beautiful, and some of them terribly sad. At one moment when the music was especially unhappy, Bea leaned over and kissed me on the cheek, very sweetly. I looked over and saw she had tears in her eyes. I took her hand and held it tightly. "What's that for?" I asked in a small voice. "Nothing," she replied. "You'll see." Then she said, "Oh, I do hope everything works out the way I've planned it. I do hope so!"

I couldn't ask her what she meant by that, but I noticed that she held my hand tightly in both her hands through the rest of the concert. I remember how satisfying it was, each time I looked down into my lap, to see our newly manicured red fingernails all tangled and coiled together, looking so elegant.

Afterward we went to a night club, one with hot but also dreamy dancing alternating very loudly in one section, near the bar. Stretching for what must have been a city block were rooms and cubicles one after another for drinking and for noisy or quiet conversation. As we settled down in a booth, and our drinks came, and we started sipping them, I glimpsed someone familiar coming toward us. I got the shock of my life!

It was Kay! I half rose in surprise, but then I remembered I was a lady, and settled back down. She came straight over to our table, and Pearl and Bea moved to make room for her. They both were delighted to see her. Neither looked especially amazed. "Kay!" I said. "I thought you had to be somewhere else tonight! Why are you here? I mean, it's wonderful that you're here, because now you can help us with Bea's birthday. But weren't you supposed to be somewhere else? Isn't that why I'm here?"

"Yes, I was supposed to be elsewhere," she said. "But I changed

my mind. I figured I'd be more useful here tonight. Hello, Henry. You are Henry, aren't you?" She peered more closely at me. "My heavens, look at you! It's amazing! Those treatments really did their work, didn't they? You look absolutely ravishing, Henry! I love it! You look good enough to eat!"

"Tonight, Henry is Honey, Kay," Bea said. "The way we discussed it. That's the way it should be, and that's the way Honey wants it to be."

"Of course. Honey! You are a real stunner, Honey! I'd invite you home with me, if I didn't know you have other plans. Sorry, girls, I've been drinking, waiting for you to show up. Well, anyhow, I'm here, and now we're all here, all of the girls, including our newest girl." She smiled at me charmingly. I smiled back. She leaned forward. "Well, since there are no men here, let's tell each other dirty stories. Let's say...about having sex with men we aren't married to? Honey, you go first. Tell us your favorite infidelity."

"Honey hasn't had any infidelities yet, Kay," Pearl said. "She's too new. She's still a virgin. And Bea just told me that Henry hasn't had any infidelities either. I don't think he's a virgin, though there's some question whether he's ever done anything memorable. Anyhow, Henry's not here tonight. He isn't one of the girls."

So they just ignored me, and started talking, Kay had an open marriage with Steve, her husband, and had slept with lots of men after then marriage. So in fact had Steve - he was bisexual, and really couldn't decide which sex he preferred, so he slept with whoever seemed most immediately available. When Pearl asked her, she couldn't remember for a moment when the two of them had last slept together, with each other, that is. In fact their marriage was a convenience for organizing swinging sessions - other couples felt better about trading partners with other partners. She talked about tall and short men, round and thin, big and little.

"It's a good thing you've decided to be a woman, Henry," she said. "That little thing of yours is not especially impressive. That's my official opinion as your physician. Speaking as a swinger, I've got to tell you that it's downright pathetic. You'd never get invited again to any of my sessions. But it'll make a terrific clit, when you get around to it. No offense, mind you."

I glanced at Bea. For some reason she wasn't offended by Kay's remark. In fact, she was amused, and merely took another pull at her drink. So I figured what the hell, that was just Kay trying to get my goat. So all I said was, "I'm Honey, Kay, not Henry. For tonight, anyhow."

That's what I promised Bea. And I haven't decided to be a woman except for tonight. No way! And as far as my equipment goes, it's good enough for me and for Bea, so it's good enough."

"That's right, Kay," Bea broke in. "You weren't here earlier, so you may not know what Henry knows and doesn't know, and how he understands what he knows. So let's leave it for now, shall we?"

A puzzling remark, but I was getting a little tipsy, so I let it pass. The three women exchanged glances.

More drinks came. I was beginning to feel a bottomless place under me, and that I was teetering on the edge of falling into it. So I didn't notice, until Pearl pointed it out, that the next round of drinks came from three interesting looking men sitting together not far away. They were a bit gray in the temples, two of them, and one had a well-shorn black beard. All were nicely dressed, and rather handsome in fact, probably professional men. It seems Pearl knew one of them, and she went over to thank them and to chat. She came back.

"They were wondering if we cared to dance, any of us. I told them certainly, but that we wanted a little more time to talk together. Just us girls, I've told them our plans for tonight, Bea, and they've offered to help out in any way they can. I told them we'd see."

"Sounds good to me, Pearl," said Kay.

Then Pearl started talking about the men she'd fucked after she found out that her husband was cheating on her regularly. There were quite a few. All of them, to hear her tell it, men she could dominate and really put through their paces. Talk about the five 'F's'—find 'em, fool 'em, feel 'em, fuck 'em, forget 'em—Pearl was the champion in the women's division. No feeling for any of them. Wear them out and throw them away.

Then things got a little blurry, then a lot more blurry. The three guys came over, and we had a few more rounds of drinks. Kay told them what we'd been talking about, and they each of them told their own stories of one night stands on business trips, hot sex with willing partners, with every anatomical detail described. They each referred to their own pricks as heavy, or huge, or frightening to their ladies at first.

Pearl questioned this, and they said they were willing to bet her they were all three exceptionally well-endowed, put up or shut up, her choice. Pearl just smiled to herself, and took one of the men by the hand and led him off to the dance floor. I didn't see her again that night.

Then my wife Bea spoke to the nicest of them, I thought, the quiet, confident, gray-haired man called Bob. I was a little looped, but I noticed

that her voice with him was different from her voice with me. She commanded him, almost. She said, “Well Bob, if you know how to dance, ask me to dance.” Bob looked at her, surprised, but he didn’t say anything.

Then Bea stood up on her spike-heeled boots with her legs spread apart, and she twisted her pelvis slightly, and she put her hands on her hips, and she leaned forward. Her breasts pushed out into her black silk blouse, inches from his face, and the tips of her nipples were practically in his mouth, which fell wide open.

“Didn’t you hear me, Bob?” she asked him.

Bob leaped to his feet, “Yes Ma’am!”

“Then what do you say?”

“Uh, would you like to dance, please, mmm...ah...mmm...?” He couldn’t finish.

Bea smiled. She seemed to know why he couldn’t finish. “Ma’am will do quite well for now,” she said. “Later I’ll expect you to follow your instincts when you address me!” And off they went to the dance floor.

I lost sight of them for a few minutes, but when I next looked they seemed awfully close. Bea had thrust herself up against him, and was looking up into his face with an imperious smile. He seemed to be in a daze, and I noticed that one of his hands was pressed between their bodies. She said something, and he actually took hold of one of her breasts! Her pelvis seemed to be stroking his. She said something else, and he leaned forward and buried his face in her neck.

I turned to tell Kay what I thought I had seen, a little disturbed. But Kay had something to say to me first. “Here’s someone who wants to meet you, Honey,” she said. “Treat him well and he’ll treat you well. Here, let me freshen your drink.” A rather tall, thin man with blonde hair across his forehead sat down next to me. He looked at me for a moment, then gazed into my face and said, “I’ve been wanting to meet you ah evening, Honey,” he said. “You are absolutely lovely.”

He was very personable, the kind of man that women find attractive at first sight, I’m sure. He had an odd appeal even I could sense. He took my hand, and I looked down at my hand in his, and I was happy that Marge had made my nails so beautiful. I hoped he wouldn’t realize what I really was. I wondered what would happen if he did.

“Thank you,” I said. If I had been standing, I’m sure I would have tried to curtsy. Instead, I bobbed my head at him and smiled, and hoped I looked appreciative. This was the first pass anyone had ever made toward

me, and the first compliment I had ever received from a stranger. My heart welled up. I knew that given who I was, what I was, really, I should keep him at bay. My purpose tonight was to keep my wife company. That was my purpose. But she was off dancing with another man right now. It would be fun to flirt with this man, I thought.



“Here you are, Honey. Bottoms up!” Kay handed me a glass filled with a straw colored beverage and a few ice cubes. I drank it down in four swallows, before I realized that her advice was not good advice. “I should sip, Kay,” I said, feeling further distanced from myself than I knew myself to be. “That’s what Bea told me.”

“You should always do what Bea tells you, Honey,” Kay said. Then she and her own gentleman, the dark bearded one, disappeared.

My new blonde friend hadn’t moved from my side, nor had he let go of my hand. “I’ll get you another drink, Honey, one you can sip,” he said. He snapped his fingers in the air. There was another drink in front of me. I sipped it. He said something I couldn’t quite hear, and when he repeated it, he came very close to me, and I felt his breath and his lips on my ear. I blushed, and tried to push him away, but teasingly, because he was really such a lovely man. But I almost fell off my chair. Then he was sitting on the other side of me, and I was resting my head on his shoulder, and he was telling me something, and I was listening, and smiling, and nodding. I felt very content. No idea why. I closed my eyes.

Then...I don’t know. He was dancing me backward, and I was in his arms, following his steps, looking into his eyes and smiling. I thought we passed Bea and her gray haired friend, but I couldn’t be sure. There were billowing black sleeves around some man’s neck, and a glimpse of her big hair maybe. But their faces were absorbed in each other. Were they kissing? I couldn’t see, with my eyes closed.

My blonde man kissed my closed eyes, tenderly, and I responded! I kissed his face. I could feel a man’s bristles on my lips. He was such a lovely man! I put my arms around his neck and I kissed his mouth. Just like Bea. I felt a lot like Bea. If it was Bea I had seen, her black sleeves. But my arms were bare, and smooth. Bea had insisted I use lotions all over my body. I felt bare, and smooth.

I pulled him closer. His tongue kissed my mouth. We danced with his tongue hi my mouth, or mine in his, and I put my lips softly on his lips. He tasted so sweet! Had I said aloud what I thought I had seen? Bea kissing? He kissed me again.

To the table, another whiskey. A slow romantic dance, and I was plastered against him, I was part of him, so we could dance together. His hands felt my breasts, fondling my little nipples, cupping me and lifting me.

They are real breasts I thought. Bea made them for me. They feel very nice. His hands feel very nice. My eyes were closed now. We danced around the table, and his penis pressed into mine and I was feeling strangely excited, as if I were melting into him. My heart melted into him.

More music from somewhere, but my eyes were closed. I felt very good. I held him tightly around his neck. Such a very lovely man!

“They’re gone,” my man said. Who? “I’d better take you home,” he said. “I know where you live, don’t worry, dear.” All right. We’ll go home. I picked up my purse. There were no other purses near the table any more. As he steered me out the door, I heard a voice, was it Kay’s? A woman’s voice. Bea’s? Not my woman’s voice. I heard “Don’t forget to take out your tampon, Honey. Have fun!” My first fun.

Where am I? A parking lot. No, I am home in my bed, and it’s my bridal night, and I am kissing someone passionately, and I am wrapping my legs around him, and I am moaning in delight, and he is wrapped around me. He is sucking on my tits. I am suckling him. I fold his head in my arms. My love! Oh, my love! He is entering me, and I open my whole body wide to welcome him in.

Chapter Three

Awakening

I came to consciousness of early morning light in the windows. Dawn. I was lying on our big king sized bed, in our bedroom, Bea’s and mine, but my head was turned to the foot of the bed, and tucked in snug. My arms were wrapped around bony buttocks, not Bea’s round, soft pillows. Someone’s boneless finger was deep in my mouth, and I was nursing on it. Deep inside my crotch I felt a yearning for something hot and wet and snug and soft, and I pushed into more wet velvety softness. The finger in my mouth began to rub on the slick insides of my lips, and I could feel it was growing bigger. I sucked on it and opened my eyes.

I saw my nose was buried in a leathery sack, soft and hairy—someone’s balls. That my mouth was wrapped around someone’s prick, half-engorged. That I was pulling my face into someone’s crotch by hugging his hips with all my strength, and not letting go. That my own prick was growing into more wet, warm, comfy velvet. I moaned and hugged the pillows even tighter—his buttocks. They rolled a little. I was a comma inside a comma, and a luscious feeling grew deeper between my legs. My mouth slipped up and down on some man’s dimpled prick, with its royal purple head, like a gladiator’s helmet, his lovely, lovely cock. I licked and sucked it while it grew larger, and mine craved to be buried deep in his mouth.

“Oooohoooooh!” I heard a woman’s throat vibrate richly, luxuriantly, purring, and I realized that the throat was mine. I thrust my nose deep down, and I pulled his cock deeper into my face. He did too,

sucking on my meat, holding my rump firm, lovingly. Rumpled sheets.

I woke up completely. I was in bed with some man, and we were in a sixty-nine embrace with each other, probably because we had slept that way much of the night. Yes. I could smell cum in his pubic hair, someone's, mine or his, and still taste it salty in my mouth, though his sweet cock was still growing in my mouth, and mine in his, and I was sucking vigorously on his. Finally I got up on my elbows and devoted full attention to lapping and kissing his beautiful smooth tower while a sweet tension grew deep behind mine, and I pumped his face. I focked him, down his throat, which clung to my cock, until I cried out "Ahhh, ahhh, ahhh, nng" and I came into him pulsing. The most delectable feelings flooded me inside his face. I could feel him swallowing me.

I am on my bed, I thought, and a man has just given me a great blow job, and I am giving him the best I know how. Why am I here? I noticed that my bra and my slip were rumpled around my shoulders, the bra unfastened but the straps wrapped on me. He was licking me off, sucking on me still, until I was small, and clean, and wet. A boneless finger.

"Wait, Honey!"

His voice was soft, musical, gentle. I took his tower into my hand, to assure that it would be there when I turned my mouth back toward it, and I saw my lovely slender red fingernails wrapping around it. Then I lifted my head and looked back along his legs up to his chest and face. My body was smooth and soft, hairless, I could see. I remembered how Bea had showered me with a pungent cream before I went off to the beauty parlor, and had rinsed it away to reveal my soft, woman's body. It occurred to me that my hair must be a mess, and my face. But I didn't dare touch them. His body as I looked along his legs was hairy, my white skin lying against his.

Between my legs, there I saw my friend from last night, with his short, blond, tousled hair, resting on one of my thighs, still caressing my balls and my own softening prick with his tongue, still licking up my own cum. We weren't dancing together any more. He smiled at me.

"It's daylight. One more for the road," he said. I didn't know what he meant. He wriggled out from under me, and turned, and gently straddled my legs. I felt deprived of him. Where was that beautiful velvet penis now? I felt a prodding between my buttocks, and without thinking I humped my hips high into the air to receive it. The soft tip of his rigid cock pressed on my anus, my cunt. He'd been there before, I realized.

My body was welcoming him into me again without giving it a second thought, and I was already slick and wet, slippery between my

cheeks. Cum from an earlier fucking? No doubt of it, though I couldn't remember. How many times fucked? No knowing. A few, at least. I realized that my cunthole was well stretched out, that my ass would have no problem taking him in. And in fact his prick, now fully extended, slid into me like an old friend settling into bed.

“Ooooooh!” I said in deep satisfaction, and I wiggled my ass into him to sink his prick even deeper, I wanted him to plunge all the way into me. “Ooooh, lovely! Fuck me, you sweet man. Oh, darling, please, fuck me!” Was that me, saying such things? It was! I must have been saying such things for half of last night, they came so easily out of my mouth. I felt so feminine, so ripe, so complete, so fulfilled inside me, so...just...well...just...lovely. Just lovely, once his meat was deep inside me.

His hands came around and grasped my breasts, my beautiful soft mounds, and he cupped them with the palms of his hands, and his fingers touched my dainty tips. My beautiful nipples. My whole body felt such divine longing! I felt so happy that his hands were full. That I could fill his hands.

Bea had been so loving when she had trained my breasts out until they hung down from my chest, into the cups of my bigger bras, into his hands where hers had been, where hers were playing with my engorged nipples so deliciously. As always, I felt so feminine, so loved. It felt just...so...wonderful! I loved the feeling. I loved that he was holding me in both his hands, my pussy wrapped around his cock.

I embraced his tower with my buttocks, and we began to move. Faster and faster we probed and thrust into each other, over and over. His hands and his body possessed me! All of me! I was near fainting with the pleasure of it. Then I felt him swell up into me, and deep inside I could feel his hot jism pumping into my bowels. It was so incredible! I squealed again, even louder! As I came down to earth, I realized I had cum again too, that my prick was now sticky wet, pressed into the mattress, having spurted without even getting hard!

He pulled out of me, and kissed the back of my neck, and got off the bed, and started to get dressed. I just lay there dreamily, and looked at him. He was thin as well as blond, with a rangy build, well-proportioned, no sagging anywhere, and he smiled at me as he stepped into his pants. What was his name?

“Will I see you again?” I asked him, still euphoric. What a question! I felt like a one night stand picked up in a singles bar—but that's what I was! It felt so good! I was a deeply satisfied woman, and that is what a satisfied woman asks when her man leaves her bed! I loved

that the words had come out of me so naturally. Like his cum now oozing out of my ass, I could tell by the slippery feel when I squeezed my buns together, as if his prick were still somewhere safe there inside me.

“That depends on your wife, Honey,” he said gently, with a wry little smile. “Tell her ‘Hi!’ for me when you see her. And tell her thanks for the use of her husband.” He slipped on his undershirt and his loafers, and picked up his shirt and tie and jacket, and headed for the door. “Time to leave,” he said. He paused at the door. “You’re just great, Honeybuns! You have lots of passion down under there, waiting for someone to bring it out. And you have lots of talent for making love, when you’re aroused. But be careful! Fucking and sucking the way you do it can be habit-forming.” He reflected a moment. “It was a real privilege to take your cherry last night,” he said. “I wasn’t sure you even knew, though you were certainly responsive enough, and grateful enough afterward. Each time! Anyhow, you sure knew what we were doing just now! Welcome to the club! Honey, you are something very special!” He kissed the tips of his fingers at me, and went out the door.

I got off the bed, and my rumpled slip fell down over my rump where it belonged. I felt like such a slut, and now my ass began to ooze cum down my legs. Who knew what my face and hair looked like now? But I didn’t even know his name! I followed him out the door.

When I got to the top of the landing, I saw Bea just coming in. She still looked sensational, though I noticed she was walking carefully down the front hall toward the stairway as if limping on both legs. She’d been out all night! Where had she been? Doing what? My own wife! With another man? My blond lover nodded to her as they passed, and she nodded back, not even bothering to turn around.

“G’morning, Steve.”

“Morning Bea. Is Kay home yet?”

“I wouldn’t know, Steve. I don’t think so, though. When I left our motel there was still moaning and shrieking coming from her room. I don’t know how she can keep that up all night!”

“Oh, there are ways.” Steve grinned at her, and cast a glance back at me. “G’Night, Honey. It was really beautiful. You’re really beautiful. Any time at all!” He let himself out the front door.

Bea paused on her painful voyage up the stairs, and leaned on the banister below me. “Well, Henry, are you Henry again, or are you Honey now, now that you know the joys of being Honey? Is there anything you want to say to me, or shall we get to bed?”

I was utterly addled. “No, Bea, for God’s sake, I... we...it was...”

“Yes, it certainly looks that way. Well, Henry, let me relieve your mind, right now, before you have a stroke. You’ve just had a lovely time with Steve, I’m sure. Pearl and Kay and I have just had delightful times with our guys. Mine was just scrumptious. When we left you with Steve we went back to their motel rooms, just the way Pearl and Kay arranged for us. And we’ve been with them ever since. All night. Fucking their brains out. And vice versa. My special birthday treat! Bob was my special birthday treat! A surprise for me. The girls brought him in from out of town, can you imagine? A marvelous stallion, plunging into me, and I rode him bareback.”

“By God, huge, and such powerful thighs. And yet so sweetly submissive when I ordered him around. I could make him do anything! Anything at all! Even when I tied him up! Well, later we’ll compare notes. I’m too tired now. And too sore. I need a night’s sleep, and that’s where I’m headed.”

I just stood there in my rumpled slip, my unhooked bra still hanging from me, speechless. She kissed me as she stepped past me, then paused again and looked back with a wicked smile, but it was affectionate too. “Henry, or Honey, my very own husband, my sweet dearest girlfriend, you look as well-fucked as I feel! I’m glad. And you look as if you could do with some sleep too, dear. Are you also a little sore? Does your little pussy hurt? I’ll bet it does.”

“Now we both have some wonderful tales to tell each other, and to tell the other girls. Later today, tea time, I’ve arranged for all of us to gather here together for a lovely hen fest. But first, sleep.”

She paused again. I think she realized that there was more to be said, because I was still standing there with my mouth open. I had tried several times to say something, anything. But nothing came out. I guess she decided that now was as good a time as any to relieve my mind of its confusion. She leaned on the railing, and then turned toward me, while I was still staring at her.

“I think you can be let in on it now, dear. This much of it anyway. This is what I wanted for my big fortieth year celebration. This is exactly what I wanted. This is what the girls have been arranging for me.”

“But it’s what I arranged for you, too. You needed to be initiated sooner or later, and this was when. The more we girls talked about it, the more certain I was that this is what we both needed. I want you. I need you, never mind why. I didn’t want you to go wandering off, like Pearl’s husband. So there was always risk in what Pearl and Kay were planning for me. If I really went out on the town the way they wanted, and you found out what I’d done, you might get uppity and divorce me!”

“Even if you never found out, then what we’re going to do from now on would need to be hidden. There’d be too much sneaking around. Too much dishonesty. I wanted some real adventures, to meet some new guys, to get intimate with them in new ways. One guy in particular I already have in mind, but never mind that now. And if I liked it I wanted to keep doing it, the way Pearl and Kay do. But I wanted to keep you too. I have uses for you.”

She straightened a Little, and smiled at me sweetly. “So my problem was, how could I renew my life and enjoy other men without you getting all macho and pompous about it, and declaring that our marriage was at an end. Or without you worrying yourself to a frazzle that you had somehow driven me away by your own inadequacies. Men all think that any one of them should be enough for any one woman! They’re so silly! So they blame themselves when their wives go astray, the decent ones do. Or their wives blame them. I didn’t want you to feel guilty. This isn’t your fault.”

“Originally I just wanted to know before I got too old what it would be like to be with another man. With other men. Maybe with lots of other men. To get well laid, in lots of different ways. That’s all. But I didn’t want you to suffer while I was doing it. I wanted you to know that we are still the same couple we’ve always been, if you know what I mean. Still together, whatever we may do with other people. Or whatever other special relationships I might have with someone.”

“So the girls and I arranged this lovely, lovely night, exactly the way it worked out. You had to become one of us, truly one of the girls, and do everything we were doing, and enjoy it just as much. I’ve been preparing you for nearly a year. Haven’t I? You know I have.”

“Pearl never thought you’d do it, become Honey, an attractive girl out to enjoy herself, ready to take pleasure in men, and to pleasure men. And even if you did become Honey, Pearl didn’t think you’d go through with the rest of it. ‘A woman isn’t a real woman until some man has screwed her, one way or another, maybe both ways,’ she’d say. ‘And he’ll never agree to that. He’ll wimp out!’ So she wasn’t much help. But Kay helped out, giving you female hormones all year so you’d look more like a woman, and feel more like one, and maybe enjoy sex more like one. And that’s what happened! I’m so glad!”

“When Steve showed up last night, that was Kay’s signal to give you a really heavy dose of tranquilizers, so you wouldn’t get anxious about me, or about yourself, some sophisticated aphrodisiacs to make you horny, and then also one more dose of female hormones, so you’d feel especially sensitive in your intimate places! You’d never have tolerated my taking up with Bob the way I did, I’m sure, unless you were already

stoned out of your mind, and already pretty homy yourself. And I'm sure you'd never have gone to bed with Steve on your own, even as Honey, even as drunk as you were. It took a little more. Kay's magic potion."

"In fact, when we left you, I wasn't sure you were still conscious! But you were, in a way. Enough, anyhow. You did seem to be enjoying yourself, dancing with your head thrown back, and your eyes closed, a huge smile on your face, Steve's hands roaming all over you, and you rubbing your tits ah over him. Kay said we could trust you with him. So we left with our guys."

"Bob and I had already started, even while we were still sitting next to you at the table. I mean, not a foot away from you, there I was sitting in his lap French kissing him, and there he was with his fingers somewhere inside my pussy, doing such marvelous things! Not a foot away! But you were so wrapped up in your own man you never even noticed!"

Bea paused, and then spoke very slowly. "You have given me the most precious birthday present I have ever had, love. Thank you. It was very thoughtful of you. As far as you thought about it, that is. And it couldn't have been more generous. I'm so very happy! It's a gift that will keep on giving."

I still couldn't think of anything to say. "Bea," I began. Then I was silent again.

She came over to me on impulse, and kissed me again. On the hps. I just looked at her. Maybe those tranquilizers still had me a Little zonked.

"In a way this has been my present to you too. We'll talk about it when I wake up. When I went off with Bob, did you get nice and hard thinking about what we might be doing? And all last night here with Steve, did you feel nice and soft and yielding when he was pumping into you? The way I felt with Bob? Were you the teensiest bit turned on? More than just a tensy bit? Did you have any really grand orgasms, huge rolling ones, the kind Bob gave me? Oh, I do hope so. But don't worry about it if you didn't, lover. You will. I've got plans for you, love. Now that you're not afraid to be Honey, you won't need tranquilizers any more. We'll see to it. It'll just take the right man. I have such plans for you!"

"I must say, Honey lamb, thinking about Steve plowing your ass while Bob was plowing mine was the most wonderful turn-on for me! Bob was everything I'd hoped for! He barely fit into me! The first times we fucked, I just came and came, over and over. But then afterward, whatever we did, I came again every time I imagined you and Steve doing the same things. Bob couldn't understand it when I told him. 'That lady was your husband?' he kept saying. 'Do you go out together often? Why

don't you make it with each other? Are you both lesbians?' The poor man was baffled."

"And Honey, there's more. I wasn't going to tell you until tea time later today, when we all tell each other what we did with our fellas. But you might want to sleep on it now. In two weeks we're all going away for the whole weekend to a resort hotel in the mountains. A fabulous place, Pearl says, for singles of all ages to meet and have fun. Tennis, swimming, golf, new friends and companions, all four of us enjoying ourselves. We'll see what action we can arrange. Doesn't that sound wonderful?"

"Or all three of us, Henry dear, if you'd rather stay home and watch television. But I think you'd have more fun with us. You are one of us, now, you know. And if you come, we can share everything. A whole weekend! Here I am, forty years old, and I'm looking forward to a whole weekend, the start of a whole new life!"

"But I don't want to force you, Honey. You think about it, and let me know. Even as late as next week. That's when we'll need to phone in all of our room reservations. Don't worry about a thing! I'll help you shop for everything. You'll need lots more pretty lingerie, certainly, and tennis outfits, and some swim suits. You do know you can't go swimming topless any more, ever, don't you? And you'll need to wear a really good brassiere all the time from now on, or those titties of yours will start to sag down to your stomach. Oh, and certainly you'll need to buy a sheer dress or two for your little romantic candlelight dinners. To wear when we're back here in town, too. It's going to be such fun!"

Bea came closer, and now she put both her hands on my shoulders, and looked me straight in the eyes. I glanced down at her boots, and at her thighs, and at her nipples poking through her silk blouse so close to mine, but so much bigger than mine, and then I looked up into those dark- streaked eyes of hers, and I couldn't look away. They held me. Her voice enchanted me.

"Honey," she said, "Please come with us. Please, sweetheart. You'll love it! Do it for me! I won't enjoy myself at all as much, if I don't know that you're also enjoying yourself. I'm sure Pearl can fix you up with another guy you'd love to be with. Maybe even Steve again, if he's not busy. Didn't you enjoy Steve? Wasn't he just right for you?"

"We have such wonderful years ahead of us, sharing our new lives, you as my sweetest, dearest girlfriend, maybe sometimes my loving, adorable husband. Now there's no need for us ever to separate, or get divorced, or for you to feel you need to hunt up some trophy wife, the way Pearl's husband did, to renew your hfe."

“Last year, I knew you were headed that way, toward taking on some younger woman who would help you feel younger. I could tell. And I was so depressed that I might lose you, and I felt so helpless to do anything about it. You remember! It seemed only a matter of time. Only last year! But I found out some things about myself. And I figured out some things about you. And now, no trophy wife would want you. Not after what I’ve done to you. And I don’t know that you’d want one of them either, now that you know how good it is to be a woman in bed with a man. Now you’re really and truly one of us. Now that you’re really and truly mine.”

“Oh, Honey, there are so many new places we’ll visit, and so many new men to get to know. It’s a whole new beginning. Say you’ll come with us. Do, please, say Yes. Do sleep on it, and then say, Yes”

“But I’m terribly sleepy now. Come, love, take off that slip, and slip into a nightie, and let’s just go to bed and hug each other. Just the two of us. I do so want you to lick me to sleep. I’m still wet with Bob, and I know you’ll love the way he tastes. Oh, everything’s going to be so beautiful from now on. You’ll see.”

Chapter Four

Past And Future

I woke up quite refreshed. The tranquilizers Kay had given me last night must have worn off finally. I remembered going to bed with Bea. First we cuddled a little, and kissed each other’s nipples, and munched a little on them until they were hard and hurting just a teeny bit. Then Bea pushed me down to her sweet love-nest and pressed my mouth into it. She was still dripping wet and smelled musky. I liked the smell, it even excited me. It was the smell of a woman after a hot love-bout, mixed with the smell that also covered me— male cum.

I started sucking and licking and immediately Bea began moaning deep within her throat, purring like a kitten who enjoys being stroked. I was her birthday present to herself, I realized, and she had gift-wrapped me to look like a well-fucked girl in order to enjoy me ah the more. I knew she was enjoying me now just as she’d hoped. Her girl-husband!

After a few minutes she made me turn around, and she started to nibble on my soft prick. It responded ever so slowly, growing into her mouth. She started massaging my inner thighs, then tickling and stroking me ever so softly. My prick grew larger. I redoubled my efforts at her clit, which caused her to gyrate her crotch, pressing it deeper into my face. I sucked and licked as fast as I could.

I realized I was now swallowing cum spurted deep into my beloved wife by a man who had just fucked her. It was as if I were myself servicing his prick with my own mouth, in a way, cleaning Bea out. It was as if he were also fucking me, as if Bea wanted me to be used by him the way she'd been used.

Strangely enough, that didn't throw me off. I somehow relished the thought of Bea fucking this guy, sitting on him and riding him like a kicking bronco at a rodeo. I got bigger and bigger, though not really hard. I could feel that Bea was at the brink of her orgasm, when suddenly I felt first one, then two of her fingers enter my anus, pull nearly out, then plunge in again. What gave her that idea?

I realized her man must have been in her ass, too, something she had never allowed me. He had taken that part of my own Bea's virginity! I crawled further down between her legs, and sure enough, my tongue found a stream of his cum leaking from her rear. Helpless to do anything else, I slurped it, then licked her sweet rosebud clean. Only a few seconds later we both came, simply exploding into each other. Then neither of us could do anything more, no bedtime rituals, no removing our makeup. We were totally exhausted, and fell asleep within seconds. I thought I heard Bea say almost to herself, "I'm so very happy. We'll always do this, afterward!"

When I awoke I found myself alone in the bed, and heard noises from the kitchen down-stairs. I got up and went to the bathroom, and the face I saw in the mirror gave me the shock of my life. My make-up was smeared everywhere, my mascara in dark blotches all around my eyes. Dried filmy cum covered much of my face and was clumped in my hair, and my bangs were stuck together. I shuddered and went straight into the shower. I showered and shampooed and scrubbed for at least ten minutes. Then I went to work on my face with cold-cream, to remove all traces of yesterday's make-up. Finally I felt like a human being again.

I suddenly realized what Bea might have had in mind months ago when she started me on electrolysis, to remove my beard permanently. "I don't want your face to feel at all scratchy," she had said. I had thought she meant, scratchy to her. But could she have meant, scratchy to some man taking me to bed?

Even then was she maneuvering me into some man's bed, to keep me busy while she was in her own man's bed? It was hard to believe. But it had been weeks since I last shaved. When my electrolysis ended just a few weeks ago my face was smooth as any woman's. Of course my beard had always been rather sparse. I had tried to grow a mustache in college once, but gave it up with everybody grinning at me. So when Bea suggested electrolysis, I was easily persuaded. It meant I wouldn't have to

bother shaving at all when it was no longer necessary to humor her, and I could be a man again.

I turned to the door to slip on my old bathrobe. It was gone. In its place hung a soft, feminine, terry-cloth robe with large pink roses all over it, and a big hood. A little surprise gift from Bea? What was it she had said, that yesterday was also my birthday, as Honey? I put it on, and draped the hood over my wet hair. When I turned to look into the mirror, I saw a rather pleasing girl there, clean scrubbed, with fresh rosy cheeks. Unthinkingly I smiled at her, and she smiled back at me.

My terry-cloth slippers were usually by the lingerie-hamper, but instead I saw a pair of satin mules with three inch heels. I slipped into them, and again didn't think about it. They were there—I put them on. Especially during the past few months Bea had been encouraging me to wear women's clothes in the house all the time, and it was no big deal.

When I entered the bedroom, Bea was just coming out.

"Hi sleepy-head," she said cheerily. "All fresh and clean to begin a new day?" I took her in my arms and kissed her. "Here, we have to do something with your hair. Sit down and I'll blow-dry and style it for you," she said.

She moved me to her vanity, 'our' vanity during the past six months, and started to work on my hair.

"Hey, you don't have to do that," I said. "Just comb it out straight down. I'll have to go to a barber anyhow later to get it cut."

She touched a little mousse to it. "Not on your life you won't. I love it long and I want you to grow it even longer."

"But I can't really go to the office with it puffed out like this. This is a feminine hairdo."

"That we can discuss later. Doesn't it look nice this way?"

I had to concede it looked very nice, but it was a woman's hairdo nevertheless. I didn't want to quarrel with her over such a simple matter, so I said nothing. When the time came, I would just go to the barber and have it cut. Maybe after wearing it this long all this time, I should get a really sharp crew cut, I thought. Probably that would make me look years younger.

Such were my thoughts while she reshaped my curls, teasing, brushing, teasing again, and combing them out until she was satisfied. "Now don't you look great?" She set down her brush and beamed at me.

I looked into the mirror and found I had to agree with her, I looked great, for a woman. But I wasn't a woman. Well, I was feeling good, so I

thought, let her enjoy herself, and it'll all end Monday morning. "It looks nice" I said rather noncommittally, not to spoil her fun.

"Yes it does. Now just a little lipstick and some blush here and there, and we're done. Come down, breakfast is waiting."

I suddenly discovered I was really hungry, so I postponed further discussion of my appearance to a later time.

Passing the living-room on the way to the kitchen, I noticed the couch table was set for coffee and cakes, and that Bea had set out the bone china she used when her friends came over. I had no idea what time it was, and looked at the wall clock in the kitchen. Almost 4:00! I couldn't believe it. Had I really slept that long? I must have. I sat down at the kitchen table and drank half a pint of orange juice. "Now," I asked, "where is breakfast?"

"You just have had it," was her reply. "Look here, Honey. In a few minutes the girls will come over the way we arranged, and we'll sit and drink coffee and nibble on cakes, and gossip. A girl must watch her figure, you know. So you get nothing more right now."

Bea brought more cups into the living room, and I looked into the fridge. Nothing, a head of lettuce, some tomatoes, diet sodas, nothing that could fill my empty, aching stomach. Just then I heard the door chimes, and heard Bea yell "Come in, it's open."

In walked Pearl and Kay in the very best of spirits. I didn't even have time to jump up the stairs and put on a shirt and slacks. They were perfectly dressed, as if for some Sunday afternoon club meeting where ladies go to outshine each other. Their dresses were elegant, their faces made up beautifully, and their hairdos were impeccable. They greeted us both affectionately. Bea invited them to sit down, and instructed me to serve the coffee while she went upstairs. "Sorry, just have to rush up, won't be a minute," she said, "Honey will keep you company."

So there I was in my bathrobe, my hair curled and set but still damp, while they looked me over like a dog examining a juicy steak before lunging at it. I felt naked. But the awkwardness lasted only for a few seconds. Then both of them started to talk at the same time, obviously to overcome my embarrassment that they were dressed to the nines while I was wearing a girl's bathrobe, satin mules, and nothing else.

Pearl grinned at me, "I noticed that when you and Steve left the club, you were glued to his crotch. The two of you could hardly walk. Did you enjoy last night?"

Kay jumped in, "Yes, how was Steve? I mean, did you like him? I mean...ummm.. he's a very good lover, isn't he? He was still asleep when

I left, so I haven't had a chance to talk to him, but you must have pretty well worn him out. Did he kiss you goodnight, after he took you home?" She smiled a sweet, wicked smile, and let the question hang in the air.

"Never mind," said Pearl, saving me from Kay's innuendoes. "We'll get to that later. We promised each other a hen-party today, and we'll each tell each other everything about last night, every sweet little detail. But we should wait till Bea gets back, so we don't have to start all over again."

They fell silent for a minute or two, sipping coffee and nibbling on the cakes, then looking at each other and starting to say something again both at the same time, then quieting down again. Then they started to giggle like teenagers for a second, but they caught themselves and turned smiling toward me, just looking at me. I felt very uneasy being stared at like this, wearing my strange get-up, but I felt thankful that Bea had at least arranged my hair to look presentable, and had suggested I put on a little lipstick.

Luckily Bea came down just then. She was dressed as well as the two other women. Her make-up was perfect. She must have been wearing it the whole time, without my noticing. It was beautifully matched to her outfit.

Now I was facing three ladies who were dressed to the nines, still in my bathrobe. I felt very uneasy. Bea noticed, and said "Honey slept so long, and I didn't want to wake her after her heavy date last night, so there was no time for her to dress. And actually, we haven't bought her anything special yet for an occasion like this one. So let me just go look for something I can lend her."

"Don't bother," I cut in, getting up. "I'll just jump upstairs and get a pair of jeans and a shirt."

"No you won't" all three of them said almost in unison. "This is a hen-party, and we don't share our secrets with men."

"You stay a girl today, Honey," Bea pushed me back into my seat. "I'm certainly not going to tell Henry what Bob did with me, and how I loved it. Why, Henry might begin to feel inadequate." She smiled. "And I don't think Henry wants to hear how Honey misbehaved last night, either. Oh no, not the way she looked when I came in this morning!"

"But I..."

"No, no, you just stay here," Pearl seconded her. "I think I might have something for you to wear though." She explained, "You know, just before the divorce action started, I found something in my asshole husband's car trunk, hidden under some plastic garbage bags. It was a

dress box from a very expensive boutique, its name embossed all over in pink and gold letters. I wondered what it was doing there. Now you know I'm not curious"—the others let out little shrieks at this—"but still, I had to know what was in it."



She then went to the door, to a large bag she had left there when she first came in. "This!" She pulled a beautiful dress from the bag, long and narrow, all in deep burgundy velvet. "And this!" She produced some

kind of stiff, black, frilly undergarment. “Look at this, a corset, a real lace-up Victorian corset!” “And finally this!” She held high a pair of suede pumps in the same color as the dress, with slim heels at least five inches high.

“The rat! I could see at a glance that these things weren’t mine. And I knew my husband wasn’t into wearing women’s things, like our dear girlfriend here. So they must have been for that slut of his! I decided then and there not to let her have them, and I hid the box from him.”

“That bastard couldn’t ask me where for obvious reasons, but for days he rummaged around in the garage and the house at the most impossible times. He never found it. He was furious, and all the time I kept asking him in the sweetest tones if anything was wrong and if I could help him in any way. Honey, I think these things will just fit you. Why don’t you let us try them on you?”

“Yes that would be marvelous,” Kay chimed in. “You’d fit in perfectly with us, then.” All three got up and came over to me. I got up too, looking for a way out.

“Wait, I’ll get matching black panties and stockings!” Bea said, and was already on her way. A minute later she came down carrying ultra-sheer nylons and a pair of lace encrusted panties. “Just pull them on,” she said giving me the panties. What could I do? They obviously had their minds set on dressing me in these things. There was no escape without a real fight. So I gave in. They could have their little joke. It was harmless.

I pulled the panties up under my bathrobe, and then let them carry it away. Now I was naked from my panties on up, and Pearl stared at my tits with an unbelieving expression. “Well, just look at that! At those! Are they really real?”

“Of course they are, not perfect, but the genuine article,” Kay said with a certain amount of pride. “They can be improved, of course, and in fact what happens next is—” “Marvelous, just marvelous!” Pearl broke in. She couldn’t take her eyes off my chest. “Miss Henry’s boobs, looking completely at home!”

“Come on, you can admire Honey’s figure when we’re finished,” said Bea. She took up the corset and brought it around my waist from behind, urging Pearl to hook up the stiff front busk. It took her a lot of tugging and squeezing, but she did it. Then Pearl draped the lace cups over my tits, using the opportunity to caress my nipples for a moment. “No playing around, Pearl,” said Bea. “My husband is a lady!”

“Now comes the hard part. Honey, give Pearl your hands. Pearl, you hold her steady while I pull on the laces.”

I felt cut in half even before the lacing started, but they were relentless until finally the gap in the back closed up tight. Then Bea wound the long laces several times around my nipped-in waist, and knotted them in front. She produced a tape measure. “Six inches off,” she declared proudly after measuring. “Now the stockings.” I was having trouble breathing, and had to sit still with my back held stiff, straight and erect, breathing by heaving my bosoms up and down, as if I were some passionately aroused Victorian maiden. I understood why Victorian ladies frequently fainted.

To bend over and roll the stockings up my legs, as Bea had taught me, was quite impossible, so she pulled them up for me, and fastened them to the garters dangling from the corset. Then she put the shoes on me—miraculously, they fit—and helped me get up again.

I was used to walking in high heels. I had worn three and four inch heels in training, and all last night I had danced in them. But these were something else. I was literally perched on my toes. The balls of my feet barely touched the ground at all. I tried to walk, and found that I could, somehow, but only with the tiniest steps.

“Now for the gown!” Pearl brought it over and unzipped the back zipper. “I’ve never seen a zipper like this,” she said. “It’s upside down, it zips closed from the top down to the bottom. Way down, it looks like.”

She unhooked it at the neck, and the whole gown split wide open in back. She pulled it around me, and I slid my hands all the way down the long sleeves, which ended at my wrists with a little velvet flounce. They were a very tight fit, but they did fit, just barely. Pearl fastened the zipper at my neck, then starting to pull it closed. It had a very high neck, reaching almost to my chin and to just under my ears. It must have been boned, because it stood up even when I tried to push the top down a little. In this dress I would have to hold my head up, high and proud.

When I looked down at my bosom as best I could, I discovered that the dress had a generous décolleté, like an inverted heart, narrow at my throat and spreading wider around the outer edges of my breasts, then swooping closed under them. If it weren’t for the corset’s lace cups, my tits would have been entirely naked. It was a very odd dress.

Pearl had to tug and pull quite a bit on the zipper, because the dress allowed not the least leeway. It stuck to my body like wallpaper to a wall, form-fitting my curves exactly where the corset had shaped them. Obviously the dress and the corset were made to be worn together. It hugged my hips, but not as tightly as elsewhere, probably because my hips were narrower than most other women’s. I mean, most real women’s.

At the thighs the dress again fitted snugly, and all the way down to

the ankles. When Pearl pulled down the zipper to the very end, I almost couldn't move at all, my legs were so tightly held together by the velvet skirt. I could take short, mincing steps, maybe four or five inches long, no more than that.

"Now I understand the reason for upside-down zipper," Pearl said. "You can pull it all the way down and you have her pretty well hobbled, or pull it up as far as you want to get clear access to her beautiful ass. How wonderful for Honey, and Honey's lovers! How very ingenious!"

I tried to reach for the zipper, there far below at my ankles, but that proved impossible. I couldn't bend at the waist at all. When I bent at the knees and hips, the skirt pulled even tighter. "Will someone please help me?" I pleaded. "I can't stay like this. I can't walk or even sit down. Would one of you please pull the zipper up, so I can move a little?"

They ignored my pleas for a while, circling me, never taking their eyes off me. "Marvelous, just marvelous, you look scrumptious!" they gushed.

"Just perfect," Bea commented.

"Men will stand in line to get at you," Kay said admiringly.

"And you know what you can do?" said Pearl, fussing with my décolletage. "Look, if we fold back the lace just a little she gets even sexier, yes, sexier by the inch. We can even fold the lace back completely and...voila...here are her bare tits, nicely framed."

"You know, Honey," Kay added, being frankly descriptive again, "If ever a man sees you like this, he'll come right then in his pants."

Finally, when they had seen enough. Bea bent down and pulled the zipper up to just under my knees, so I could walk in tiny steps over to a chair, and then sit down.

When we were all seated, the party really got under way. Each one of them described her previous night with her respective lover, in great detail, Pearl and Kay rating their men's 'equipment' and performances, while Bea listened attentively, I assumed because she was wondering how Bob's scores would hold up after she'd spent more nights with other well-hung studs. I could not believe that women talked like that. Men brag about their successes with women by praising themselves, saying things like "and then I gave it to her like nobody ever did before." But these women went into the tiniest details, how abruptly or smoothly their men moved when entering them in front, behind, or below, from above, underneath, or alongside. They detailed their individual virtues and deficiencies, their attitudes, staying power, speed of recovery, everything! I could not believe my ears!

There were three proper ladies, sitting around a coffee table nibbling cakes and drinking from cups with their little pinkies held out, as if they were discussing the seating order for next Sunday's fund-raising dinner for the new church organ. And all the while they were comparing notes on how filled up they felt when yesterday's lovers' cocks were stuffed into them up to the hilt.

I felt very uneasy, listening to Bea describe how Bob did one thing after another to her, things I'd never dared propose to Bea, and how she'd loved them all. She was sure that at one point he had given her an orgasm that lasted perhaps a half-hour—she wasn't sure, because her ecstasy had blotted out all sense of time.

I tried to remember that she later told me she loved me more than ever. I tried to remember that our lovemaking after she got home was glorious, even though we were both exhausted. I tried to remember that I was not Henry, a husband getting more uneasily jealous by the minute, but her dearest girlfriend Honey, with tales of her own to tell.

When finally all was told and they had no more questions of each other, they turned to me. "Now it's your turn," Pearl said, pointedly, while Kay and Bea sat back waiting.

I squirmed and felt embarrassed, but they were so insistent that finally I had to give in. I told them everything I could remember from the night before. Then they questioned me for details, how I had felt when I first realized I was kissing a man, or that I was sucking on his cock, and just when I came to realize I was not repelled, but loved it. "You're one of the girls now, so no holding back," they said.

They urged me on and on until I had spilled everything, even how I felt the next day, when I saw my face plastered with dried semen. "I'm always a little proud when I see that," said Kay. "Were you?"

I think my face got as red as my dress. I wished I had never agreed to attend this party. In fact, I recalled, I had never agreed—Bea had assumed I would join them, and had never asked me. But it was too late now. I was past caring what these women thought of me.

But the odd thing was, they didn't ridicule me or give me strange looks. They seemed to regard me as one of themselves, a shy one who had to be coaxed a little, but definitely *one of the girls*.

"He came over, and he said some sweet things to me, and I don't know, he seemed kind of sweet," I said in a small voice. "A very nice man, you know? He saw to it I had a drink, and I felt grateful, and, sort of, a little like I could depend on him to take care of whatever I wanted. And then I got pretty far gone, and I really was feeling real affection for him, you know? He kissed me. He said such beautiful things, my heart

melted. My whole body yearned toward him, he was so lovely. I couldn't help myself. And he took me home, I guess. And we slept together ah night. Because in the morning when I woke up, I was sucking on his dick and feeling so completely satisfied, and then when he shpped it into me again it felt so natural, as if it belonged there always."

"'Again'? He had fucked you earlier?" Pearl asked. "You've skipped something?"

I felt really embarrassed. "I don't remember. I was so far out of it. Bea tells me I was drugged on tranquilizers. I only remember I wanted him to do everything he did to me. Everything! But I don't know what that was. And I remember that in the morning, when he did them to me again, some of them, it felt like old times, so comfortable, so marvelous. That part I remember. Do you reahy want to know?"

"No," said Pearl. "I only want to know one more thing, er...Honey. Think carefully, because I have something else in mind you don't know about yet. I gather Steve, your man, achieved...penetration with you, and that in the morning you welcomed his...er...penetration a second time, or maybe a third, or a fifth." Pearl then gave up. "Henry, listen" she said. "Just answer two questions for me, please. When he fucked you again, did you want him to do it?"

"Yes," I said.

"Then, when he had just finished fucking you that you know of, did you want him to fuck you yet again?"

"Yes."

"Yes to what? Just to getting fucked? Or Yes also to giving and getting head, and everything else? Yes to the whole night? Yes to wanting to do it all over again if you could, when the night finally ended?"

"Yes to all of it, Pearl. Not now, of course, but.... Now doesn't count, Henry. What you've told me is that when you're in the right mood, when you're feeling like Honey, when you're feeling all delicious and feminine and pretty, and you're all warmed up, you're a cock-hungry slut who can't ever get enough. Maybe also a cunt-hungry slut. We'll see. Not that we're not these things ourselves, some of them, each of us in our own way," she added with a grin and then a giggle, looking around. "But it's useful for us all to know that much about you. So Henry can't get enough cock! Well, well!"

When I couldn't tell them anymore, they were satisfied. They had wheedled out of me that I had loved it. They concluded that the night had surpassed Bea's fondest hopes.

Then they started making plans for the future. It began with what I

would wear next week, their plans to do some heavy shopping for me now that I was a woman who liked men. When I told them I was just going back to being a man, they all laughed. “Baby doll,” Bea said. “With those tits and that pretty face you can’t be a man again next week. Just look in the mirror.” Bea pulled me over to the large wall mirror she had installed during our training period, so I could check on my movements and posture. I looked at me, and had to concede that what I saw there was feminine, “And you’re wearing practically no make-up now. So how can you believe you’ll pass as a man?”

There was a lot of truth in her words. Maybe I should stay in skirts a while longer, until I could change my body back to normal. I could work out more, get my muscle tone back, and I could eat more to put on some weight. Probably the breasts would shrink once I stopped wearing brassieres. I could do all this while still wearing skirts, and not raise too many eyebrows.

So finally I agreed to go shopping with them, as Bea suggested. But I drew the line at going with them to that sex- resort hotel the following weekend. They may have wanted to get laid over and over by different men. Even my wife, now that she’d sampled that stud her friends had bought for her. But not me! And given what I had just done, and what I had just confessed about how I felt, I could hardly object to my wife going off with another man. Or other men. Not on moral grounds, anyhow. Not right away, anyhow.

The discussion turned to where to go shopping and what clothes I would need. “She should definitely always wear a corset,” Pearl suggested, and the others agreed enthusiastically. “Just look at how this one improves her figure.”

“Oh no, that’s impossible,” I objected, “I can’t breathe, and just walking up steps would exhaust me”.

“Don’t you worry your pretty little head, dear,” Kay put in. “This one is a very severe one worn only for special occasions, or for figure training sessions. For everyday wear there are others, still tight, but a little more comfortable. And there’d be no problem at all, if we did something to your waist. In fact, it’s only a very minor procedure. It could be done in a day, and then you’d have the nicest, slimmest waist you can imagine.”

“Well, that we’ll see about later,” and Bea threw her a disapproving glance. “First there are other problems to deal with. She doesn’t need to go to her own office now, but she needs some kind of work to keep her busy. After having gone this far, I think Honey should experience at firsthand what it means to be a woman in a man dominated

work force. That's what she should do next."

With these words Bea turned and looked directly at me, her eyes never wavering. She was mild and loving, as before, but now she was also firm. I knew there was no arguing when Bea was firm. "So I think she should go to work as a woman somewhere. She hasn't been to her office during the last weeks, and her partners have managed without her. I think she should stay a silent partner a while longer, and try to be a real working girl."

Everybody agreed. My opinion was never requested. "I have just the place for her," Pearl piped up. I was not too eager to hear what Pearl's scheming mind would come up with, but I couldn't stop her. "You know, my receptionist/typist, Sandy, you know her, she always dressed so outrageously, until finally she caught one of those men she slept with, and they got married. She'll be on maternity leave after next week, for six weeks maybe, maybe more. I want her to come back, so I want to keep her position open. I was thinking of hiring a temp, but Honey here would do for me perfectly."

She looked me up and down intently, her eyes returning to my décolleté neckline, and she smiled openly. "Yes, perfectly. What do you think, Honey? Wouldn't this be an interesting experience for you? Not only one of the girls, but a working girl, what Bea wants?"

I had to answer as if Pearl were serious. "Well, I don't know, Pearl. It might be interesting. But a receptionist has to deal with lots of people, and it would be terribly embarrassing for both of us if I were 'read,' maybe worse for you. I'd rather stay home for a while, until things return to normal. I... "

Still looking straight at me, Bea broke in, biting off her words. "But I don't want you here waiting for things to return to normal, Honey," she said. "I do my work here, and if you were hanging around doing nothing you'd be much too distracting. As a silent partner, you're drawing much less income from your partnership. We should try to make up the difference. Now, Pearl doesn't pay her receptionist very much. I'm sure, but with all the new expenses coming up we can use every penny. No, Pearl's proposed the perfect solution. Just listen."

She ticked off the reasons on her fingers. "First, you'll work for somebody who knows about you, so there'll be no secret to keep from your employer. Second, you'll learn more about being a girl, and that's what you've been doing more and more for the past year now, isn't it? I know you've enjoyed it -you told us that last night, at dinner. And you just told us that even this morning you wanted more, more of being treated like a girl." Pearl smiled conspiratorially at me as Bea went on.

“Third, you’d be out of my way here, out from underfoot. Fourth, you could earn some money to help us carry our overhead. So there’s no argument, is there?”

Bea as ever sounded very logical. Maybe it was for the best. I couldn’t see myself sitting at home waiting for reversible changes to make me a man again, and meanwhile do nothing. Going to my own office was impossible. We were a consulting firm, and our business was built on our clients’ trust in us—if I turned up there wearing skirts, the roof would cave in.

The girls got more and more enthusiastic, and began talking all at once. They could see only advantages. It would only be for a short period of time, actually no longer than I was willing. If I decided to quit before Sandy came back, Pearl could still get a temp to replace me. On the other hand I could certainly help Pearl in lots of ways. They really didn’t want to lose their new girlfriend so quickly, I’m so dear looking the way I do. The more they thought about it, the more it sounded like a reasonable plan, all things considered. So finally, I agreed.

The girls all congratulated me for making a good decision—really the only right one. Then they began planning my wardrobe as a working girl.

Pearl laid down the guidelines: she wanted me dressed conservative, but at the same time sexy. “You know, a receptionist provides the first impression that clients get of a business. She needs to be a real ‘looker’, with lots of ‘Come hither!’ being telegraphed. Attractive, charming, willing, even a little juicy, you know. But somehow not look too much like a hooker.”

“So I want to see you in nice business suits. Not in drab colors, but lots of pastels, even in cherry red—that’s still in. Get jackets you can wear without a blouse. Then you can show that gorgeous cleavage quite naturally. A blouse would need to be unbuttoned way down to get the same effect, and then you’d look too slutty.”

“And you’ll need to wear tight skirts. I think long skirts are sexier than minis. A long skirt shows off your ankles, and yours are very pretty, Honey, ‘well-turned’ as they used to say. Just make sure your skirt is slit in the back to at least five inches over the knee. Seen from the back, especially when you’re walking, a high slit makes any part of your leg look like a glimpse of forbidden territory.”

“Now, a mini puts all the merchandise on display. There aren’t many secrets left when you wear a mini. If you want to sell, first make the customer curious about what secrets come with the purchase. Of course on a date a mini’s just right, the shorter the better. And there’s nothing

like a mini for closing a deal, once the customer's really interested." I protested. I had no intention to sell myself or to close deals with customers on dates, but everybody agreed that Pearl spoke the truth, and assured me she was speaking only figuratively. I let it go at that. Bea said she knew exactly what Pearl meant, and would see to it I was dressed properly when I started work.

The conversation then shifted to theft planned excursion to the resort hotel the weekend after next. They all urged me to join them, that there would be lots of interesting men, and that I'd really enjoy getting laid by a few of them. Why else go to the trouble of becoming a woman? But I held steadfast to my decision not to go with them, to stay at home instead. I'd have a lot to do to prepare myself for my new job, I told them.

"You know, dear," Bea said, "I do intend to get myself really royally fucked that weekend, as often as I can. I'd feel much better if I knew that my Honey in the very next room was getting her little butt stuffed too, and wasn't just sitting home worrying about me. Are you sure you'll be all right?"

I thought so.

"Well, I'll arrange something so you won't be too lonely. You still have a lot to learn."

It was getting late already, and everyone agreed that the afternoon had gone off better than they'd hoped. But also that after the previous night it was time to go home and get some sleep.

Chapter Five

Brave New Worlds

Bea cleared away the dishes and things after they left, and I helped where I could, though the dress and the corset and the high heels scarcely allowed me to move. Once in our bedroom, I asked her to help me out of the dress and she did, but when I started to undo the knot in the corset-lace, she protested. "No, keep it on. You can sleep in it. It will do wonders for your waist if it stays on. When you're asleep you won't notice the discomfort. Just clean up as best you can, and let's get to bed. You're turning me on."

I was too tired to argue, so I let it go. I could always take it off while she slept if it became too uncomfortable.

We went to bed and cuddled a little. Bea lay behind me in a spoon position and twiddled my sensitive nipples, and I got quite aroused. Then

she turned me on my back and straddled my half erect penis, rolling her pussy around on it once she got it inside her. I couldn't help her at all—my corset didn't allow for thrusting or rotating movements. Soon I was unable to breathe at all, and Bea relented, slid off, and went to the bathroom. Neither of us had cum, but it had been very pleasant nonetheless. I obviously wasn't the man I'd been, but Bea seemed not to mind.



When Bea came back to bed she started to stroke my ass lovingly, and I gave in to the exciting sensation, pressing my rear against her hand. After a moment I was surprised to feel her push a finger into my ass, then move it gently in and out, finger-fucking me the way I'd finger-fucked young girls as a teenager. I suppose to her, in a way, I was now a young girl. I realized she was using lubrication, because her finger slid back and forth quite easily. I relaxed my sphincter as much as I could and pushed myself closer to her, and wriggled my rear end onto her hand as best I could.

That wonderful feeling was returning, spreading from my asshole into my penis.

She pulled out her finger, and suddenly I felt something big and stiff enter into me. I reached back to feel it, and found she was wearing a strap-on dildo, and that she had just shoved all of it into me, and that she was really fucking me with it, seriously, faster and faster.

“Just relax my dear,” she said, breathing heavily. “Just give in to your feelings, just feel...” I got more and more excited. Then she reached over and began to stroke my shaft in synchrony with her movements into my ass. My excitement rose, and I began to pant. It was unbelievably erotic. Here I was, a woman in a tightly laced corset being fucked by her lover! The pace picked up, and I was in total bliss! It didn't take long before we both came. Her orgasm and its wild movements triggered mine, and mine was so exquisite I passed out.

I came to after a short while, to find Bea holding a cold washcloth against my temples. I felt just wonderful.

“Are you okay?”

I nodded, and smiled at her ecstatically. She bent down and gave me a deep kiss. “Rest a little, dear, then clean up.” I lay there for about five minutes, glowing in the aftermath of a great fuck.

When I returned from the bath-room, Bea stood waiting for me, holding a silk stocking in her hands. “Turn around, Dear, and give me your wrists. I want to tie them behind you. I know you won't want to take your corset off during the night, because you know I want you to wear it. But when you're drowsy you might loosen the laces. And all night, even when you're sleeping, I want you to know that I control you, that you're mine, and I can do whatever I want to you. It's important to me for you to feel that.” I was still too blissful to object, so I let her tie my hands. “I think we should make this a habit,” she said, cinching the knot.

I was all for lovemaking like this becoming habitual, so I nodded and said, “Yeah, I'd love it, any time!” and I turned to try to kiss her. She tilted her face out of reach.

“I mean you should always sleep in this corset, with your hands tied in back, for figure training and to get used to feeling helpless. I’m so glad you’ve agreed.” She reached up and caressed my nipples lightly for a moment. I was powerless to do anything about it, so I closed my eyes to concentrate on her fingers. But she stopped. “It’s a matter of trust,” she said. “You’ll just have to trust me.”

You can’t be too careful when you say ‘Yes’ to Bea, I thought. But tomorrow will be another day, and we shall see what we shall see.

I not only slept the next night in that accursed corset, but every night for some time afterward. I began wondering idly what kind of operation Kay had referred to, that would nip in my waist more naturally. It is really impossible to get Bea to let go of anything once she’s taken hold of it. She didn’t relent even after we bought several more comfortable corsets for daytime use. Each night that heavy corset would get tied onto me again, and she tied my hands behind me.

Then in the daytime she never left me alone. Most of the next week she spent shopping with me. I must have tried on a hundred dresses and suits, and innumerable blouses and skirts. We always came back with the car brimming with bags and cartons filled with the finest fashions. Dresses, suits, skirts, blouses, sweaters, everything, not to mention lingerie of every kind, matched in color or cut to certain dresses, especially to their necklines.

It seemed to me Bea was buying me clothes enough to last years, not just for the few weeks or months I’d be Pearl’s receptionist. Each day I put off for another day my return to male clothing, and just went along with whatever she wanted.

There were soon so many things that the closet adjacent to the master bedroom was overflowing, and Bea suggested we move my clothing into the guest-room closet. “This will become Honey’s special room now,” Bea declared. “You’ll have your own vanity and everything within reach, and we won’t get in each other’s way when we dress and make up.” I had to agree it was a practical decision. The room had been freshly decorated only a half a year earlier, I had wondered why in a frivolously feminine style, in delicate pinks and satins and small patterned flowers. But my new women’s clothes fit right in. The vanity was equipped with all the cosmetics I would need, and all the necessary combs and brushes and curlers, even my own blow-drier. If I was dressing to go to work, and Bea had to go somewhere else at the same time, there would be no confused sharing of each others’ things.

A big surprise came that night, when I came into the room to get into bed as usual, and Bea said, “What do you want here? You have your

own room now.” When I protested, she simply said, “You’re a woman now, Honey, so you’ll have to live the way women live. Completely. I am not in the habit of sleeping with a woman on a regular basis.

“I’m not a woman, Bea, I’m *Henry*, your husband. *Honey* was last week. Remember?”

“Oh? You mean that was my husband Henry who slept with Steve, and loves to wear that closet full of women’s clothes? My husband Henry is a faggot cocksucker who can’t get enough dick into his rear end? No, I think you’re Honey, dear, a woman who knows how to enjoy herself. From now on, if I want sex with you, as Henry or Honey, I’ll let you know, and either I’ll come to you or you’ll come to me. But now we’re two single girls sharing this house. We’re girlfriends now. Understand? Now, fix your hair for the night and get to bed.”

I didn’t understand, but what could I do? I would never force myself on Bea. I loved her, and for a year now I had made myself want whatever she wanted, no matter how strange it seemed. Because she’d wanted me to be one of the girls, I had grown breasts, and now I’d sucked cock. I’d even agreed to delay becoming Henry again, for a little while longer. I was wearing a filmy pink nightgown. So I could hardly insist now on a husband’s prerogatives.

Luckily Bea loved sex as much as I did, and since she had turned me into a woman, she seemed to enjoy it even more. So actually nothing changed much. Either she called me into her room, or she visited me in mine, most nights or mornings. Whether we had sex or not, she insisted on lacing me into the Victorian corset for figure training, as she put it, each night.

Then after knotting the laces, I would put my hands together palm to palm behind my back, and she would tie my wrists together, usually with a stocking or something similar, secure, soft, and not too uncomfortable. I thought of it as dependency training. She wanted me to need her, and I thought that was kind of sweet in a way. I had no problems sleeping while tied up.

But in the morning, when I asked her to untie me, she would produce any number of reasons why not yet. She delighted to see me hampered this way, to feel her total control over me. It developed into a kind of game each morning. She invented all kinds of things I would have to do for her before she released me. To be honest, I came to love those moments of dominant/submissive role-play, and most of the time, if we hadn’t dawdled too long, we would finish with some pretty steamy lovemaking.

“You know,” Bea said to me at breakfast, after a night followed

by a morning of absolutely rapturous sex, “basically you are a pretty straight guy. Before last year, you were boring, sexually. I suppose that was half my fault. I didn’t realize you don’t like to take initiative, that you’re too cautious to propose new things, to live out your daydreams. But now that you’re in no man’s land and I’m in control, it looks as if you’ll take whatever sexual experiences you can get, any way you can get them. You’ve never said ‘No’ to anything I’ve wanted. You’re wonderful, my darling girl- husband! You adapt to all of my fantasies, and play any role I ask of you.”

On this particular morning Bea had left my hands tied, all through some especially exhausting lovemaking. They were still tied when she had accompanied me to the bathroom, where I attempted to urinate standing up at her insistence, while she held my penis and aimed it. Twice I had gotten too hard to pee, and she had playfully slapped my prick until it softened and I could proceed.

Now, still feeling playful, she poured my coffee into a soup bowl on the floor so I could lap it up, and put a sweet roll alongside. So while she was praising me I was bowed down at her feet, lapping and nibbling breakfast on my knees. Thereafter, that was how I ate breakfast with her more often than not.

But she continued. “I’m so glad I made you break your borders and forced you into this new world of ours. If I hadn’t, we’d probably have separated soon. I’m sure you wanted to try another wife before you settled into old age with whoever would have you. But I wanted to keep you. You’re sweet, and gentle, and generous, and we enjoy each other so much, and—well, in my way I love you. I always have, and I still do, dear, make no mistake about that! And I have uses for you, as you’ll find when you’ve gone further down the path I’m laying out for you.”

“You were so boring! I didn’t want you the way you were, watching TV every evening, going to work every day, making love a few times each month if you weren’t away on business, and nothing new to say to each other ever. Even if we’d stayed together from habit, each of us would have been living apart in our own cocoons, light-years apart. I was going to try out other men soon anyhow, just for the novelty, whatever you would have thought about it. And I know what you’d have thought.

Even though you were already bedding down other women in your mind, you were a prig. You’d have gotten uppity and left me the first time I took some stud to bed. Now—no way. Now we have whole worlds of new experiences to share. I have so many ideas we can try. This is just fabulous.”

I couldn't but agree with her. I really liked this new world Bea had tricked me into entering. I liked it, but I had to stay alert, or I could completely lose myself in it. These new feelings were terribly seductive. But I knew I also wanted my other life as well. I was also a successful business man. I had to find a way to make Bea understand and accept this. I had no idea yet how my two selves could coexist, but there had to be a way. For the time being though, I was drunk with desire, and loved everything Bea did. We giggled a lot together, and she found there were certain things she could do to me to make me feel utterly her slave, utterly happy.

Which is why I was surprised, when Saturday night rolled around, and I came out of dozing and watching afternoon football on the TV in my study, still wearing one of those damned corsets, that Bea had fixed an early night supper for the two of us, and had already set it out. Upstairs I could hear her splashing and soaking herself, no doubt in a perfumed oil bubble bath like the one she had taken a week earlier, the night we celebrated her birthday. She was going out?

I went upstairs and glanced through the door into our bedroom—her bedroom now. No doubt about it—there were those five inch high heeled short boots she had bought earlier this week, when she tried to persuade me to get a pair just like them, and that short leather skirt, waiting on her bed, and -Good Heavens! I just recalled she'd bought it only a few days ago—a conical leather brassiere that converted her soft breasts into hard missiles poking out of her chest.

“You get a skirt and bra like this one too, dear,” she had urged me. “Men go catatonic when they see a girl wearing an outfit like this. You'd love ordering them around, getting them to lick you and suck on you, and kiss your feet.” But I'd refused, telling her it was enough I was wearing all the women's things she wanted me to wear, and putting on makeup and fixing my hair, day after day, and loading my drawers with lingerie I'd never have a chance to wear when I quit pretending I was a woman in another month or so. I didn't want to order anyone else around, anyhow.

“Just checking, dear,” she had said, and she kissed me on the cheek. “You're a born submissive, I know. Well, I'm discovering that I love being dominant. So from now on don't worry your pretty little head about giving orders to anyone. I'll tell you whatever you need to do, and then you'll do it, and you'll never have to think about it at all. Right?”

“If you say so,” I had said. Then I realized what I had said, and we both laughed. Afterward, I noticed, she no longer picked up leather panties or garter belts while looking at me speculatively. Instead, she hummed to herself while collecting the finest feminine things in my sizes, barely glancing at me on her way to pay for them, sometimes

handing them up to me with the instruction to just try them on to make sure they fit, never consulting me.

Now there were her power clothes laid out on her bed, and there she was in the tub, oiling and perfuming herself like some Pasha's harem girl.

"I'll be right out, Honey," she called to me. "Then I want you to get in and soak, and then put on those fussy lacy things I've laid out on your bed. Honestly, I don't see why you men like us to wear them. But I know they help make you look pretty. We're going out tonight."

"What for?" I asked. "We went out last week. You're going away next week. We've been having a fabulous time in bed. Why go out at all?"

"Because, lover," she said, emerging from the bathroom naked under her towel, patting herself dry. She reached around my neck with both arms, and pressed her naked breasts against me, and seemed to be pushing a knee between my two thighs. "Because it's been a week since we last went out together. I had such a fabulous time last week, and so did you. I've been having a fabulous time all week with you ever since then. But now, I told you. I want to try out some other cocks besides yours."

"I need more practice getting men to do wicked things with me, and I don't want to rain you by trying them out on you too soon. And Honey, it's been a week since you've been laid by a real meat prick, not a dildo, right? Don't you feel a little yearning down there under your skirt, the way I do? When we were all girls sharing secrets, didn't you tell us how you loved feeling a man squirm into your ass? By the way, don't put on pantyhose like the ones I feel you're wearing now. No man wants to fight his way past them to reach your pussy. Just use the stockings and garter belt you'll find on your bed."

I got frightened. The woman was serious! To repeat that sequence of accidents and plots and catastrophes yet again? Already, Bea hadn't allowed me to wear a stitch of my own clothes for a whole week, not even slacks.

"You know you need to wear women's clothes all the time to remind you to sit up straight, shoulders back, bust out, and not slouch like a man. The second you put on even a T shirt you hold yourself like a couch potato. No, you'll wear your corsets, bras, skirts, everything during the day, and your training corset at night."

She never told me what was wrong with slouching like a man.

I decided to be firm. "Bea, I'm not going! And neither are you!"

Her laughter was like a chime of bells up and down the scale. God she was beautiful! "Why ever not?" she asked. The towel now hung off

her shoulders behind her like a cape, and she stood with her feet apart, hands on hips, breasts and bush confronting me, a naked Maenad. Her relaxed, confident femininity overwhelmed me. I gulped and went on.

“Well, for one thing, you seem to forget I’m not a woman. If a man gets close to me and discovers I’m really a man with breasts in drag, he’ll become very angry. If he’s much bigger than me, he could leave me a broken and bloody mess, wherever it was he found out.”

Bea looked at me a moment, and then seemed to make up her mind how to reply. “Then don’t go,” she said. “I’m going. Of course if you’re too afraid of some man getting too rough, then I’ll have to take my chances alone, and hope no one gets too rough with me.”

“No,” I said. I looked at her. Was her posture a little mocking, as she stood naked in front of me with both barrels of her gorgeous body aimed straight at me, hands on her hips? She was asking me to protect her? I was about to say, “I forbid you to go!” but somehow what came out was, “No, then I’ll go with you.” I tried to recover. “But dressed like a man!” That didn’t sound right. I am a man! “Dressed in men’s clothing!” I corrected myself. Not much better.

“Dressed to look like a man?” Bea did sound mocking. There was a slight smile on her face. “No, Honey, with that hairdo and with the softening of your face from Kay’s hormone treatments, you wouldn’t look very persuasive. You’ve never been a really persuasive man under the best of circumstances. I’m afraid you wouldn’t discourage anyone mean from getting mean with me. But you might discourage some nice man from getting nice with me, if you were loitering in my vicinity like some weird husband or brother.”

“No, I’m delighted you’ve said you’ll go with me. Now I’ll hold you to that. But you see, you’ll have to go dressed like my girlfriend, not like some guardian angel. I have to hold you to that too.”

“That’s no big deal, is it dear? You’ve already gone out dressed for a date, and I know you had a lovely time, even if it wasn’t exactly what you expected. Your clothes are laid out on your bed. If you don’t want a man to get too close, why it’s your prerogative as a woman not to let him. I’m glad it’s decided. Remember to douche, love, even if you don’t intend to seduce some handsome stud tonight. Just as part of your personal hygiene. You never know.”

And she turned, walked into her room, turned to look back at me and shook her head to herself with a slight smile, then closed the door. Maybe she was right that I should always let her tell me what to do, then do it. I wasn’t getting anywhere with her on my own. I continued on into the bathroom, and started my own perfume and oil soak.

Two hours later we were entering the fastest action singles bar in town, a large elaborated night club on the top floor of our largest hotel, the city's night lights turning and sparkling far below us. A band was thumping something New Age far from the bar, and as we came out of the elevator we saw three couples waiting to get in, holding hands or plastered to each other, looking both determined and nervous, as if they had just met and meant to get to one of the rooms below in order to fuck before one of them changed their minds.

I wasn't happy that Bea paused to pick up a room key on our way through the hotel lobby—it turned out she had pre-registered, and even brought a bag up to her room earlier that afternoon. “Just love toys I mean to use tonight, she said. “Nothing you're ready for yet, Honey. No clothes, of course. I don't mean to wear any after a while. Are you sure you don't want a room to share with a boyfriend or two?” she asked. I could only shake my head No and turn away.

We looked for all the world like a lesbian couple out for the evening, Bea the butch in her short spiked boots, leather mini, conical leather bra, dark eyes, and slash of scarlet across her mouth, and me the femme in the dress and undergarments Bea had selected for me, layer after layer of frills and flounces and laces curving away and down from my narrow hips as if they were generous hips, emphasizing my corset-constricted waist, and revealing the curve of my breasts inside my low Princess neckline.

Bea had glued false eyelashes to my eyelids and stroked on layer after layer of mascara. “That's so you don't ever have to talk,” she said. “Just bat your baby blues as if you understood. But if you must say something, remember Honey's voice, not Henry's.”

She also insisted my hair be piled up in curls all on one side, and was delighted with the effect. “You look like such a pretty ditz now, darling,” she said. “Now no one would ever ask you to do anything you didn't already want to do. They'd figure you'd never understand them anyhow. Just play dumb. That won't be too difficult, will it?”

Again, was she mocking me or protecting me from my own fears?

We settled in at the bar and had scarcely gotten our drinks when two men approached us, one on either side. “Ladies,” said the taller and more self-assured, an ingratiating grin on his face, “We're a delegation from that table over there, where as you can see there are six gentlemen and only two ladies already enjoying each other's' company, We've been sent to ask if you would be willing to make the odds eight to four.”

The man leaning over me said nothing, but as I looked up at him, he smiled back. Shy, registered in my mind. No problem. I smiled and

batted my eyes once, then listened to hear what Bea would say.

“That’s six, two, and even,” she said. “Aren’t those handicappers’ odds? Well, if you figure each of the ladies at your table are entitled to their own gentleman, and if you figure my friend here needs two gentlemen to distract her, so she won’t worry excessively about me, that’s four for me. That’s about right. Are there four of you ready to meet me downstairs in a half-hour for a strenuous all-night workout?”

The two men glanced over us at each other, and I saw the one near me tense up and shake his head. The man near Bea stiffened for a moment too, but then eased into a delighted smile. “I’m sure we can manage it,” he said, as if Bea had asked him to contribute to a Red Cross fund drive. “Let’s go over and put your interesting proposition to the others.”

“You,” said Bea. “I never repeat myself. Tell them you’re a delegation from me, and if it’s worth my coming over, I will. What my friend here does with her friend next to her is up to her. They seem to have hit it off all by themselves.”

Bea’s delegate went over to the table and seems to have said something, because the two ladies stood abruptly, gathered their purses, and stormed off, two of the gentlemen pursuing them, each glancing over at Bea before disappearing into another area of the night club, not to be seen again, nor their ladies.

“I think that’s a ‘Yes,’ to your proposal,” said the shy man at my elbow. “But if you don’t mind, I’d like to be one of this lovely lady’s admirers for the evening. Even from a distance, if she’ll allow me. I’m not up to anything too strenuous at this time of night. It’s been a difficult week.”

“That’s understood,” said Bea. “Honey?”

“Yes,” I said in a small, high-pitched voice. “Yes, I’d like that.” I looked at the man leaning over me, and batted my eyes at him twice more. He melted visibly. Without lifting a finger, Bea had gotten herself at least four studs ready to fuck her silly, someone nice to keep me too distracted to get jealous, and someone else to keep the nice man too distracted to make serious moves on me. What else could I say but “Yes”?

Bea signaled a time-out and we both went to the Ladies’. She then gave me further instructions. “When you’re dressed like a southern belle the way you are, all you need to do is say ‘Yes’ in different questioning tones of voice, and act coquettish. That means smile, tease, and neither agree nor disagree, whatever they ask. This admirer of yours here is easy. If I were in your panties I’d have him sucking my cock inside of an hour, and proposing marriage before the end of the evening. Maybe I’d even

marry him, just to see what it's like being married to a nice guy without much else to recommend him.”

“But I'm not you. I'm already married to a nice guy without much else going. He's so nice he even lets me turn him into a woman. And because he's a woman tonight and doesn't want anyone to know, he has to let me fuck anyone I want any way I want, even under his nose. Doesn't he? Smile and say 'Yes,' Henry, so I know Henry knows. Then you can be Honey the coquette while I'm off balling our friends here.”

“Why, yes, Bea,” I said in my squeaky girl voice. “But why are you calling me Henry again? You act as if you want me to be jealous as well as helpless. Why is that?”

“Very good, Henry!” Bea said with unfeigned admiration. “You're not altogether a fool, are you? It's simple. I want my husband Henry to find it intolerable that he's Henry, whose wife does whatever she wants, including fuck other men and feminize him, and him powerless to stop me. I want Henry to run and hide and want to become Honey, a girl who does whatever she wants, if I want her to. I want to make life miserable for Henry and delightful for Honey. I want Henry's soul to change into Honey's. Why, is my business.”

“Then I'll change Honey's soul into someone else's, and let that someone else know why, maybe. That's why I want you to feel jealous and helpless, Henry. But I also want you to flirt with men and enjoy yourself as Honey, and there you're still a little reluctant it seems. Still, I think I'm doing pretty well, wouldn't you say?”

What could I say? I scarcely understood her. “Yes, Bea,” I squeaked

Then my gentleman admirer escorted us over to where the four remaining men sat, and the delegate stood waiting to greet us. “Ah, ladies,” said the delegate. “We need to get better acquainted. I'm Bert, and these are Larry, Rod, Stu, and Jeffrey. The gentleman accompanying you is Fred— I'm sure he's been too shy to say. And you are?”

“Bea,” Bea said. “And my girlfriend here is Honey. Don't bother rising, gentlemen, I'll have you on your knees soon enough. It's Stu who means to keep Honey company along with Fred?”

“Why, yes, how did you know that?”

“Well, four of you are leaning forward and drooling, but Stu here looks miserable. Cheer up, Stu. Maybe there's something in the evening for you after all, if you can sweet-talk Honey the right way. You too, Fred. But meanwhile I want to dance with each of you guys, to feel out your moves and plan some of my own. You first, Rod, you sound the

most promising. Meanwhile, order us all some drinks.”

Bea danced differently with each man. With Larry, she lay her head on his shoulder and melted into his arms. With Bert she stood aloof at arm’s length, almost stiff, but with her pelvis rotating obscenely until Bert was almost on his knees trying to bury his face in it. With Rod she did dirty dancing, crawling all over him while he crawled on her, each with thighs inside the other’s thighs and rubbing on each other.

Jeffrey was the most peculiar—he stood still, tense as a flamenco dancer, while she rotated around him making figures with her arms, but now and then slapping him on the face or clubbing him with her forearm, almost knocking him down. A huge boner developed in his pants, and seemed to get larger each time she struck him.

When she came back with her second partner, Bert, she reached into her purse and handed him her room key, and said, “You’re the one. Get down there, strip naked, and wait on your knees for each of the others to knock. Then let them in, and as they come in, undress them and suck their cocks to get them nice and hard. You’ll find some cock rings in my bag by the bed Slip them over each cock once you’ve gotten them full size. But no one comes without my permission. Ever.

Your reward for preparing those cocks will be, you can choose whichever one you want to have fuck your ass all the way until you come. Then if you can get hard again, great! I’ll use you. If not you’ll be my official mouth, and if you’re very good at it, my official toilet. We’ll see.”

I was shocked. What kinds of fantasies was Bea living out? Or had she done this before, and I never knew? She had an instinct for each man’s most secret obscene desire within a few minutes of dancing with him—when she sent Jeffrey down to her room, she told him to phone someone that he wouldn’t be fit for work until the middle of next week at the earliest, he’d be too bruised. With Rod, all she did was pat his penis and say “We’ll soon find out if this thing swivels off,” and she told Larry to be thinking about how it would feel to have her arm inside him as well as wrapped around him.

“And, of course,” she told Stu and Fred while looking straight at me, “They’re all four of them going to be in me, around me, on top of me, and under me, a few together at a time, all night long. I mean to get reamed out utterly at every end. I won’t be home until tomorrow, Honey.”

“Take a taxi when you’re ready to leave, or cadge a ride. And you’d better use this, if you don’t plan on being raped yourself. Stu here has some ideas about getting into your pants, I can tell. You’d better get into his first. I’m glad you came with me to protect me, Honey, but now you’re on your own.” She handed me a bottle of hand lotion and

disappeared toward the elevators and the room where her four hard cocks were waiting for her.

While I was watching Bea dance and arrange her orgy, or gang bang, or whatever it was, Fred had his arm around me, and I had snuggled into him, and it had felt nice. It was a little confusing. I'd feel like Honey, but then I'd realize that I was a man with my head on another man's shoulder and this was unthinkable. Then while Fred had both arms wrapped around my waist and I was leaning back against him so he could breathe into my perfumed hair, I felt like Henry, an absolute pansy, a real faggot. Stu would then reach over and caress my nipples even so lightly, and then I was Honey, smiling at him demurely, and trying not to surrender to the delicious sensations.

"Let's take her down and get a room for ourselves, Fred," Stu said. "She's plenty ready. Honey, you look ripe enough to eat. I'll bet you're juicy, too."

"I don't think you'll want to eat me tonight," I said, trying to remember how girls usually turn off unwanted attention—lots of girls had told me lots of ways when I was dating them. "I'm having my period." Should I have just said "No"? Bea had told me to be a coquette. "Besides, I wouldn't know how to choose between two big strong men like you two," I said. I batted my heavy eyelashes several times.

Stu had an answer ready. "No need to choose, Honey. I think if your friend downstairs can handle four men at once, you can handle two. In fact, I think you can handle two of us right now. Use that hand lotion. Under the table will be fine."

I tried to maintain the charade, and said "You're so impetuous!", and I tried to flick a limp wrist at him, teasing, as Bea had advised.

But Stu was having none of it. He began to look hard and narrow-eyed. "Sit between us, Honey, and let's both see what you're good for." I glanced up at Fred's face, still with my head on his shoulder, and saw he was looking down a little apologetically and regretfully, but eagerly too. I decided I would do it for Fred, settled between them, smiled nicely at each on turn, and picked up the hand lotion.

I'd never noticed it before, but while I was rubbing the lotion onto my hands and my skin was softening and lubricating, my hands looked provocative, even obscenely sexy as they stroked and turned inside each other. Stu watched fascinated. "Hey, Honey," he said. "You have a real talent for hand jobs! Look at that!"

It was true. Maybe because I had never held a man's cock in my hands before in my life, except my own, and maybe Steve's, my hands had taken on a reluctant, slow, amorous, lingering motion, as if they were

looking forward to every stroke but delaying the moment as long as possible.

“I can’t stand this!” Stu said, and in a single motion he sat up, unzipped his pants, and released his staff to point straight up just under the edge of the table. I felt Fred do the same. I took a deep breath, poured some more of the pink lotion generously into each palm, reached down on either side of me, and wrapped each hand around a man’s cock, my right hand on Stu and my left on Fred.

Each felt different. I spread the lotion on each with a few wrist motions, then began using my fingertips to rub and stroke and tug and tickle each cock. Stuart’s was short but very fat, and felt pimply, like the neck of a chicken, with loose skin to push around. It felt hot to the touch. Fred’s was thinner and a little longer, velvety to my fingertips, like a cool, smooth tube. Both cocks were considerably longer than mine, though neither equaled Steve’s at its most swollen. So this is what every woman knows, and no straight men, I thought to myself. Pricks have personalities as different as people’s. I twisted my wrists into the most voluptuous hand gestures could manage as I pulled and slid and jerked off each.

But most of all, with each prick I felt different. When I concentrated on stroking Stu I felt demeaned, as if I were some school kid forced to jerk off the town bully. I was little Henry, my manhood eroding with every rise and fall of my fist on his chicken-skinned cock, intimidated into behaving like a girl, hoping desperately he wouldn’t force me to the extreme indignity. But he did. As his breath came quicker he began to tense up until suddenly I felt my head pushed down by his left hand.

I glanced frightened at Fred, and he said reassuringly in a low voice, “Go ahead, Honey. I can wait.” But I had no choice. Down I went and just barely had time to wrap my lips around the head of his cock when it began spurting cum back into my throat. I squeezed my eyes tight shut, and swallowed as fast as I could, and tried hard not to breathe. Disgusting! Then when his hand released my head I sat up and wiped my mouth.

Stu looked at my grimace, amused. “I bet you never sucked cock before,” he said. Wrong, of course. It was *his* cock I found offensive. I remembered that sucking on Steve had been like sucking on a lollipop, that his cum had tasted like sweet cream. I tried to think of that, as I smiled flirtatiously at Stu, trying to placate him the way Bea had told me, in case my twisted mouth with his cum still on my lips had insulted him. But Stu had turned his attention elsewhere.

“Hey, there’s Ben and Diana and that crowd,” he said suddenly. “I

bet there's some action over at that table! G'bye Honey, you got magic hands! See ya, Fred." And he was gone. I felt insulted, defeated, and resentful.

But my left hand was still on Fred's cock, still stroking him up and down, I realized, and I softened immediately. In fact I was so grateful to be holding Fred by his most intimate member I looked up at him and kissed his cheek, and he looked down at me tenderly. I think he understood. I felt so protected. In fact, when he came close to coming, I leaned over and put my mouth on him and finished him off with my lips and both hands, and as I drank him down he tasted as delicious as Steve.

We talked for a while more, and he told some amusing stories, and I tried to make silvery, tinkly laughs like Bea's, not too successfully I'm afraid. He offered to drive me home, and when we were both standing on our front steps I turned impulsively and reached up with both arms, and pulled his head toward me, and kissed him passionately, pushing my tongue way inside his mouth, and then we both said goodnight. He wanted my phone number, but Bea had said that was a No-No, so he gave me his card. He was such a nice man!

The next day around noon Bea came staggering home, her hair still damp from a fast shower before she left the hotel. "I couldn't just leave when I woke up," she said. "I was covered with cum, some of it still slick in the cleft of my ass. And the guys were already gone, even the one I had manacled to the clothes bar in the closet, with the baseball bat hanging out of his ass so he wouldn't feel lonely after I pulled my arm out of him. The manacles were still there this morning, but the bat was gone. I bet he means to use it on himself, now that he knows how good it feels."

I was appalled. "What else did you do, Bea?" I asked. What do you do with four men?

She smiled. "You're a little young to know, Honey. But we'll teach you all of it little by little. Henry my husband is never going to know most of it, only how I can do interesting things with cocks a lot bigger than his. I'll tell him all about those things. But tell me, girlfriend, how did you make out?"

So I told Bea everything, especially the different ways I felt about jerking off Stu and Fred, and catching their sperm in my mouth.

Bea was very interested. "Well, well," she said. "Treat 'em rough, and there's Henry feeling competitive and defeated and resentful. Treat 'em nice, and there's Honey, all cuddly and grateful. You need discipline, dear, lots of it, but this tells me to administer it to you sweetly. My Henry is a loser who can't stand losing, and my Honey will do anything as long as she feels loved and protected. That makes things a lot easier."

Again, I had no idea what Bea was talking about. But she did.

To be continued...

In Book Two



Honey gets a job as a receptionist but soon finds out that she was hired for more than her clerical skills... Honey's new found expertise lands her on her knees and she soon finds out what the men in her office want with their morning coffee.