

BOY2GIRL DAN2IELLE

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Jennifer always thought her husband Dan was somewhat feminine.

First, there was his appearance. He had soft facial features and very little body hair. He had kept his brown hair shoulder length all the time she had known him (he used to play in a rock band and styled his hair like many others in bands like his). He was all of 5'8" and had a slender frame. At 23, he was a year older than her. Both his features and his age contributed to a picture of a soft young man, un-hardened with lines or musculature.

But there was also the matter of his personality, likes and dislikes. He preferred women as friends because he liked to communicate his feelings and emotions. He had nothing in common with many of the men he knew who talked of sports, spoke of women in sometimes vulgar and sexist terms, and could only speak of things external to themselves. He made love with great tenderness, a "slow hand," and with beauty. Yet he didn't really ever speak of himself as being feminine, just thought he had different tastes as a man.

Jennifer often imagined him as a woman, as a sister or girlfriend who happened to be her husband. But, of course, he was a man and her husband and she would snap back to seeing him as he was.

On one of those occasions when she glanced at him, felt a rush of love for him, and saw his feminine qualities so strongly that he appeared momentarily as a woman to her in her mind. a "devilish" idea brushed her thoughts. What if she could change him into a woman, see what he would be like as a woman? But how would she do that? He would not exactly jump at the idea and might be offended.

An idea came to her with great force. Why not change Dan in very subtle ways, ways that he would not even be aware of at first, in baby steps over a long period of time?

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That night, before they were to make love, Jennifer made a special request of Dan.



Actually, she didn't even ask for it. She just indicated her desire. She told him how she found smooth, soft hairless bodies to be very sexy. She told Dan about one of her old boyfriends who had removed his body hair and how smooth and sexy he was.

Dan always loved to please her. He had never heard this desire from her, but immediately responded, "Would you like to shave my body? Would you find me sexier that way?"

"Oh Dan, thank you for asking. You know how sexy you have always been to me. But yes, I would be turned on by that. But I wouldn't shave it off. You could use my Nair, much easier and less chance of cutting your sweet self!"

Dan agreed and Jennifer suggested she poured him a bath. He usually preferred baths when he had the time, but she told him she would add some bath oil that would smooth his skin (even more than it already was). She brought the Nair to him while he lowered himself in the scented bubbles and told him how to use it for his underarms, chest, arms and legs. She did not suggest he remove his pubic hair as she had other plans for that!



Dan emerged from the tub much smoother, softer and I joy to behold. All his body hair -save his head and pubic area was gone!

While they made love that night and on many, many nights afterwards, she made sure to tell him over and over how much more desirable he was and to run her hands over him with delight.

When Valentine's Day approached, she decided to grant a request he had made of her a couple of years ago. He wanted her to shave her pussy hair into a pretty, sharply defined heart shape. She even added an idea she knew he would warm right up to! How would he like to do the shaving himself?!

Dan agreed with evident pleasure and made the shaving into a long, sensuous evening. He nestled his cheek against her pussy for almost an hour while he stroked her legs and thighs and cupped her sweet mound. That was followed by delicious oral sex and finally he lathered her up and put his artistic talents to use.

A couple of nights later, she told him again how much she had enjoyed his handiwork and his admiration of how it turned out. She then proposed she give him some of the pleasure he gave her. Why not matching hearts? She would shave him and give him a night to remember.

Dan wasn't about to refuse. At the end of that evening, he had a smooth hairless body except for a short trimmed, heart shape (She made good use of this opportunity to make sure he was "bikini-trimmed" for her long term plans for him).

They so enjoyed those episodes that they continued after Valentine's Day. She got so good with the shaving that she tried out a flower blossom pattern. He did not realize what she had done and was a little irked to find this very feminine pattern but they laughed it off soon afterwards.

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Dan had now been soft, smooth and clean shaven for a few months. He and Jennifer Continued to shave each other and Dan now had a pretty flower pattern as his only pubic hair. One morning, Dan went to his dresser for socks and underwear and found he had no underwear for work.

"You can do more of the laundry yourself you know!" Jennifer said seriously but with a light-hearted, kidding tone. "Well, I might have a chance today to do a wash... Hmm... Dan, you could always wear a pair of my panties."

Dan started to raise his eyebrows and open his mouth to speak. "Oh, pul-eeze Dan, I didn't mean anything that is too obviously feminine." She went over to her dresser and quickly pulled out a pair of plain white cotton panties (well, OK, they had a little lace trim at the legs but so what?)

"OK, but I sure hope you are able to do the laundry. I really wouldn't mind doing it but you know I have meetings with Kenji in Japan every night this week."

Yes, she did know. She was a very careful planner! There was no way she wanted him to do the laundry. At least, not yet!

Dan put on the panties and then put on his slacks quickly as if to ignore the lace and soft cotton feel and look of them.



But the next morning he again found he had no male briefs. Jenneifer said she was sorry and would be sure tonight to do a wash.

He went off to work that morning with a light pink pair of cotton panties (At least it had no lace at the band that his co-workers might spy if his shirt became untucked! And he had a pair of the pink Calven Klein underwear for men).

The next morning, Jennifer had to apologize again. She knew she would have to add a different tack or her excuses would grow all too thin. So when he had put on the pair of baby-blue panties with the lace V-front (no lace that showed!), she looked at him with a new appreciation.

"Honey, I don't know what it is but you look so SEXY!! Would you wear those tonight when we make love?"

He agreed easily because her suggestions always seemed to lead to such great love making. He did get her to make an absolute promise to do the laundry.

She did. But when they made love that evening, he put on the blue panties as promised before the heat demanded they come off once again! As with the shaving and hair removal, she made sure he knew just how sexy he looked in those panties.

The next morning he had male underwear and for a couple of weeks afterwards until the laundry ran down once again except this time she made sure the machine needed fixing and he always insisted on fixing those things himself. And - take three guesses and the first two don't count! - he was very busy the next 2 weeks.

He wore about 20 different pair of panties (luckily he and Jennifer were the same size) - everything from white satin panties with pearl beads sewn in pretty floral patterns, to pink, lavender and mint green lace panties, to ones with little flower bows at the waist. And how she managed to get him to wear the pink lace ruffled panties, she never knew! But of course, there was plenty of lovemaking and reinforcing compliments until she finally sprung the question...

It was Dan's birthday and she saved one present till last. Dan opened the box to find several assorted pretty panties in assorted colors.

He looked at her with surprise.

"Dan, you know how sexy I find your panties on you! And how I love thinking of you having them on at work. It's our little secret. But Dan, when you fix the washing machine this weekend, please don't go back to wearing those, stupid boring pants that men call underwear! Please!"

"But honey, I can't have people I know finding I'm wearing ribbons, bow and ruffles for God's sake!"

"Who said they would find out? When we go to the tennis club, just wear men's underwear. You could keep a few for times like that."

Dan was not convinced. But after making love that evening, he realized how much it meant to her and agreed on the condition the secret was as safe as Fort Knox.

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His drawers were now full of beautiful dainty panties. He put them on with hardly a thought each day as he went to work.

Jennifer had so many plans for him over so much time, that she felt she could not delay starting him on the "special" orange juice each morning. It tasted like regular orange juice - and he never let a day pass without a glass of it - but it had an important extra ingredient that would shape Dan's life in ways he would not have imagined.

She had started to insist on him doing more of the household chores. She was not about to sew on the loose buttons on his shirts, thank you! She softened the blow of what he would have to learn by correctly pointing out that it wasn't a woman's skill. Her father had known how to sew since early childhood.

Dan enrolled in a sewing class at an evening adult education center. He was miffed to find out he was the only man there except for some gay guy. She chided him about his pride and assured him that he was a modern man, whereas many of his friends were still stuck in another century of sexist thoughts and actions. He began to enjoy sewing and when the class began a project for sewing a dress, he thought he would make something absolutely beautiful for Jennifer with Christmas right around the corner.

One weekend, they went swimming with friends. Dan made sure to put on one of his 3 pairs of men's briefs. He was surprised to find that they felt rough and crude and he didn't like wearing them. They just didn't light a candle to the softness, colors, pretty lace patterns, bows and ruffles he had become accustomed to. But he wore the briefs anyway and hated it!

Jennifer was surprised to find that Dan made some of his own changes without her having to plot like some sneaky detective. For some reason, he felt like he should tuck his penis - maybe so the panties fit better! His trousers were still baggy enough that it wasn't obvious to other people that his male equipment was taking a vacation! Another change did involve a little of her premeditated connivance - she had not continued subscriptions to Time and other magazines, but had kept up Cosmo and added several other women's magazines which were all over their house. Dan would often read them while in the bathroom for lack of anything else to read. But their conversation started to become peppered with his taking the position of women writers about sex and work-related issues and suggesting hairstyles for Jennifer that he had learned about. Jennifer told him she didn't know if she understood the styles enough herself so Dan did her hair for her on several occasions.

"Maybe sometime I can give you a new hairstyle, Dan. I used to cut my brother's hair. " (She of course was not thinking about the same style)

"Sure, we could save more money on top of what we've saved from my doing your hair for our trip to Maui."

But that would come later... The seed was planted.

Their lovemaking - besides being very pleasurable - had become a great way for Jennifer to reinforce every baby step that Dan took. One night - as she stroked his soft smooth body - and played with his nipples, he surprised her by blurting out "Ohhh, wow... Jenny, I don't know why, but, my God, my nipples and chest have been so much more sensitive recently."

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Both Jennifer and Dan have found how easy it is to gain a little weight with desk jobs and busy lives. Jennifer suggested to Dan that they join a local exercise club. Neither of them knew what exercises were good or even how to do them properly so they decided that taking a class together would be the best idea. They looked at the schedule of classes at the spa and found only one class they would be able to attend after work: Jazzercise. Women's Jazzercise.

"Jenny, isn't there a class with some men in it too, some balance?" Dan protested after Jenny read the schedule and the description of the class out loud.

"No, I'm afraid not," Jenny said in a voice that feigned mutual disgust. "Oh, I don't know... It wouldn't be that bad. Hey! There will be a lot of pretty ladies to look at and you might be the only one with the chance! Unless, there are some other smart, unsexist men who are confident in their masculinity."

This last comment gave Dan some light internal jitters. He didn't feel very masculine lately. He never really did, to be honest. But wearing panties had given him a different perspective of late. And he did so enjoy reading Cosmopolitan. "But Jen, that's what you said about the sewing class. There have been no males within 500 yards of that class save myself."

"So! Quit the class if you want. If you feel you can share in the sewing at home, that's all I ask." Jennifer was too smart to say something like that if she thought there was any chance he would agree. But she knew how much he relished the class and how his creative talents were finding an avenue in the latest sewing project: making a dress as a present for Jenny. He was one of the best students and the teacher often used his work as an example. To this she added, "If you have any other suggestions for our fitness, please feel free. And it would be nice to take a class

together. We haven't done that since we took that watercolor class two years ago. That was fun to share with you!"

Dan shrugged. There might be other men in the class, he thought to himself. And if there weren't, so what? He would get to enjoy all the ladies himself! Only, he found that other than greatly enjoying sex with Jenny, he wasn't ogling women nearly as much. He seemed to identify with them more than ever [And perhaps other factors were at work? I can hear Dana Carvey as "Church Lady" saying "Could it be... ORANGE JUICE?!!"]

That night, Jennifer began noticing the first signs of the "special" orange juice taking effect. Dan had been drinking his usual orange juice with the special ingredient for months now. She could see a little puffiness in the area of his chest and his nipples were a little larger and erect more often. And he had mentioned their increased sensitivity.

There was another change too. His ass, always an object of her admiration, was taking on some new curves.

Dan had not mentioned seeing any changes himself - other than the tingling sensations in his breasts [I mean chest!] but that may have been because he didn't know what to make of them and was too embarrassed to bring it up. Be that as it may, Jennifer knew she had to move quickly into the next step of her plans for Dan.

The next step was prompted and greatly facilitated by one of the changes that orange juice brought on. [OK, I might as well tell you - as if you didn't know dear girls - that the "special" ingredient was a combination of female hormones which Jenny administered with great care and after consulting a doctor she knew]

One evening, shortly after Dan returned from work and at the end of what had been two days of intense negotiations on a new product, he broke into tears in front of Jenny



and sobbed on her shoulder. And this wasn't the first time. He had been more prone to these emotions for over a month now. And he had often linked these feelings to his work. Jenny reflected that they were probably at least spurred on by his work, but knew the hormones were most likely responsible for his way of expressing his tension and uncertainties. She was glad that he thought his work was the culprit. That played right into her plans.

"Honey, you know I support you in your work. I would agree to almost anything you want for yourself if I thought it had the least chance of making you happier. If you want to look for another job in your field - one that has less demands and tight deadlines - I would definitely understand."

"Thanks Jenny. I really appreciate that. But you know, I think it's in the nature of my work. I don't really think the grass is greener anywhere that I would have to negotiate multi-million-dollar product deals and handle contracts of thousands of workers and all the rest."

"Maybe you're right. Have you given any thought to any of the other kinds of work you have mentioned you might enjoy?"

Jenny was speaking of one job in particular that Dan said he might enjoy. She was surprised when Dan had first mentioned it. It was another of those occasions when Dan had seemed to be drawn toward something either obviously feminine or feminine only in terms of society's sexist expectations, judgements or assumptions. The job he was thinking about was that of a homemaker! That idea surprised her for other reasons as well. Dan was well paid, had a great deal of responsibility, and was very respected for his work.

At the time, Dan had emphasized the tension and mountain of responsibility on his shoulders. He wanted very much to take a sabbatical. And he wasn't about to stay at home or take trips etc. without helping around the house. He had felt very bad that his schedule had given him precious time or little inclination after long, tiring hours to do his share around the house. He had never been one of those sexist men who expected the woman in his life to take care of those chores so wrongly dubbed feminine ones.

He certainly didn't feel like a woman because he had learned how to sew (Or did he? That sometimes briefly confused him). As far as money was concerned, they were quite well off, as they both had very high paying jobs and had invested wisely with the advice of Jenny's father who was a famous securities analyst. A little time off wouldn't hurt him. He hadn't used much of his vacation time and that - combined with the generous sabbatical benefit his company had for people who worked there over three years - made it possible for him to take almost six months off of work.

His company would certainly not be pleased to have such a valuable employee gone for that long, but they couldn't refuse his request and they would rather know he had used up all this time before the huge contracts signed for the next year were underway.

Dan smiled. The mention of his very own idea seemed to immediately relieve him. Jenny could see his shoulders lose their tightness as surely and quickly as one would receive a nice, relaxing Swedish-massage.

"You mean, my idea of taking some time off work?" he said knowing perfectly well what she meant but wanting the re-confirmation to settle his own doubts about it.

"Yes, honey. I can't think of anyone more deserving of the time off."

Dan's eyes lit up. "Yes! Yes, I think I just might. And I would certainly like to help you out around the house more. Just being at home for a while would be delightful enough for me. I don't have any other plans at the moment."

"Thanks Dannie. I sure would appreciate it. My job's getting to be a bit helter-skelter lately and we have a lot of household projects that have fallen between the cracks." She had been slipping in "Dannie" more and more lately without any more reaction than "Sweetie." Dannie didn't seem to mind. After all, one would think that he would have caused more ruckus over his starting to wear panties than over being called an affectionate name.

Bricks were being added every day to the "wall" of Dan's "new life." But it is really incorrect to call it a wall because - ultimately - Dan had made every decision along the way. Sure, Jenny had helped him, but just try to get Dannie into men's underwear now! Even when they went to his sister's wedding recently, Jenny had been unable to convince him to wear briefs. And she gave up rather easily! But interestingly, Dannie had not once referred to any of these changes as being feminine AFTER he had incorporated them in his life. He just seemed to think of them as part of who he was. What woman could ask for more in the "task" of feminizing her man?!

"I'll do it!" he said with evident pleasure. "Ah, I'll even be able to finish my sewing projects. My sewing has languished lately."

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[If you haven't noticed already, much time has elapsed since Dan first Nair-ed the hair off his body and let Jenny shave his pubic hair into a sharply defined and often "maintained" flower shape. The time has been part of Jennifer's plans all along. Every phase has become a part of Dannie's life. He does not question them - except sometimes when the idea is first proposed or he thinks of them herself (typo! Yeah, right!) How much time has elapsed? I'll leave that to your imagination.

By the way... you remember how Dannie went swimming with friends? And how he wore his male briefs? "Well and fine," you might say, "but what would his male friends say if they saw him in the locker room taking off those briefs only to reveal his delicate pubes and clean shaven body?" That's an interesting question and I don't pretend to know the whole answer. But it may be because he has become extremely shy about changing

around other men. And he has not even asked himself why, he just is more shy. Period. And he changed rather furtively on that particular occasion. Of course, there will come a time when he will change in front of people in locker rooms again, but I'm getting ahead of the story...]

Dannie did take the time off from work. He caught up on his reading, sewing, laundry, gardening, woodworking projects, and cooking. And found he enjoyed every one of these tasks for themselves, not to mention that he also loved the look on Jenny's face every time she came home to find new flowers planted in their backyard or a well-planned and delicious meal awaiting her on a table that was decked with candles, cut-flowers and other little touches.

You may wonder why he didn't switch to a new exercise class now that he was around in the late afternoon when the men's class was held. There are several reasons for that. First, he and Jenny were having a blast taking the class together. Then there was the matter of the other women in the class. While for some reason, he didn't find himself thinking about what they looked like under their leotards, he did find a peculiar fascination in what styles and colors of leotards they wore. I say "peculiar" because Dannie didn't know why he liked to look at their clothing and why he had so much more patience with Jenny's shopping trips. He just did. He had also become quite accustomed to the particular exercise and didn't want to have to learn a whole new routine in the men's class. At first, the exercises were difficult for him, as some of the movements were distinctly feminine. He had looked at Jenny with a red face and a grimace during the first couple of classes, but Jenny ignored his embarrassment as if it was just foolish.

One afternoon in the summer, Jenny came home from work to an immaculate house and found that Dannie had laundered their panties, his pants and shirts, her blouses and skirts. She felt so happy just then - not just reflecting over the whole course of the changes in Dannie's life but thinking of how he had exceeded her wildest dreams. Take the laundry for example. A lot of women worry what their husbands or boyfriends will do with certain delicate silk clothing and tell them to leave certain items to wash themselves. But Dannie - you could trust him to wash and iron anything. She had given him some pointers, but only after he asked. He also picked up some helpful hints in women's magazines.

Here she was, thinking fondly of Dannie, but where was he? She smiled and then walked through the sliding glass doors into their backyard. There he was as she suspected he would be. These last couple of weeks, he had taken to reading in the backyard in the sun after he finished his chores (well, more like hobbies and pastimes than chores - since he enjoyed them so much).

Today there was no exemption. His back was to her in a raised chaise lounge as she approached. He seemed deep into a good book.

When he had started to read in the backyard, she told him she was concerned about the sun drying out his skin. She gave him some lightly scented cream which he now applied regularly. And she cooed when they made love telling him how delicious his skin was being not only hairless, but moisturized and ever so soft! "Dannie, you are so unbelievably sexy. I can't get enough of you!"

It had slipped my mind until now in the story to tell you that Dannie was no longer using Nair. He got tired of it and the itch of hair coming back in... especially, when the pubic hair that Jenny shaved with such art came back in as stubble. Jenny had suggested electrolysis and Dan agreed since he had long ago become quite accustomed to his lack of body hair and quite annoyed with its coming back in. He did however continue to enjoy the erotic shaving and accompanying love- making when he and Jenny fashioned each other's pubic hair. Jenny made sure to contact a friend who did not know her husband and to just describe their mutual desire for hairlessness. She told her that he would like electrolysis and not to make any embarrassing comments. She agreed. Dannie was now "clean-shaven" for life. Why did I remember to tell you this now? Because he was now also trimmed for summer swimwear.

But that did not prepare Jenny for what she found. For when she came up behind

Dannie's chair, she saw that he was wearing a bikini bottom - a very pretty one at that. Good thing they had a high fence! She had learned not to express surprise about such things because she didn't want him to ever feel there was anything unusual about the way he dressed, looked or acted - especially when they were his own choices.

On this occasion, it was quite difficult for her not to show surprise because he looked so pretty!

His skin was smooth, soft, flawless, and hairless. He had put his hair back with a rubber-band so that he wouldn't feel so hot in the sun. And he was wearing a bright, almost neon green bikini bottom.

Unmistakably not Speedos! This bikini had a wide ruffled edge around the waist! What was even more surprising was that Dannie didn't launch into an



explanation of why he was suddenly wearing a women's bikini. But what became apparent from what she had seen about him in the last few months and was able to gather from little snippets of conversation over the next few days (she never confronted him openly), was that he WANTED to wear bikini bottoms. Of course, he had to buy the tops with them in matching sets but told Jenny she could probably use some more styles with summer underway (to which Jenny heartily agreed while envisioning the bra-tops on him!).

The reason he bought a bikini is rather simple really. He wore panties ALL the time now and had thrown away his remaining pair of stupid-looking briefs. They often lounged around the house in full or partial nudity and it was not unusual for him to plunk down in a chair in the living room on a Sunday morning to read the paper wearing a T-shirt and lace ruffled panties.

Here it was summertime and he was faced with buying some men's swimsuits. He went to a department store and found that he could not stomach the look of the men's swim suits he saw. They reminded him of the briefs and hopelessly ridiculous boxer shorts he had long ago given up. Besides, he thought bikinis much like panties - something Jenny would appreciate and something that felt good to wear and look at. So it may surprise you that his only twinge in deciding to buy them is that they came with bras which he didn't need but had to pay for (If only his "chest" could speak, it would tell him of future joys and the need for "support").



Jenny was all too happy to add to his bikini collection on her own shopping trips, making sure each time he wore them to compliment him on his taste and to thank him for adding a bikini top to her collection. He now had classic "polka-dot" bikinis, thongs, and many other styles in many colors. One day Jenny brought home a one-piece suit, but he wouldn't wear it because he couldn't see the sense in it. He was right of course. Everything in its time.

Jenny was making other changes in his life - small significant steps so as not to draw attention to them.

When they were watching one of his favorite rock groups on TV, Jenny noticed that the lead guitarist was sporting - not one earring - but two and they were dangling pretty ones at that. Truth be, besides his long hair and earrings, the guy looked like a scuzz-ball from hell, but that didn't stop Jenny from remarking "Cool" when they did a close-up of his face on TV as if to show off his wild style.

Dannie looked slightly perplexed. "You like his earrings?"

"Yeah, they look neat on guys! I do, I really do." Seed planted.

Some of the best steps into this new world were accomplished - once again - without her help. Dannie had been working on the dress for Jennifer in his sewing class. He had missed being able to give it to her last Christmas when work had piled up and he had to put the classes aside temporarily. But now he had the time and was determined she would have this present for her upcoming birthday. Trouble was, he had no one to try it on in the class. The other ladies wore sizes either too small or too large for Jenny. And it was to be a total surprise for her. One of his new friends in the class, Sarah, had come to know Jenny as well. When Dannie next complained about "working in the dark" on this dress, Sarah suggested he try it on himself. She explained that she had seen his wife on several occasions and knew they were the same size.

After some coaxing and assurances, he relented and tried it on in the men's room at the school. He might be trying on the dress for his wife, but what would the women think if they saw him in panties!

When he emerged, it was obvious to Sarah that the dress fit except in one very important regard. That of course, was taken care of with some rolled-up stockings. Perfect fit! Sarah was a little startled with the picture he presented - his long hair, clean shaven - or was it hairless?! - face, and a dress that fit him so well. But she didn't think anything more of it and Dannie often tried it on again during the classes he worked on it.

One of the other ladies teased him on one occasion "You'd think with all the times he's tried it on, the dress was for him! I haven't met his alleged wife!"

"That's cruel!" Sarah responded testily. "I'VE met his wife and she is a darling. I might add, she's lucky to have a husband who isn't threatened by sexual stereotypes. I wish my husband would take a class like this with me instead of guzzling beer in front of sports shows every evening after work!"



"You're right about that. I totally agree," said one of the other women.

When Jennifer returned from work one day, Dannie was cooking something in the kitchen that smelled heavenly. But the first thing she noticed was the spilled tomato sauce on his shirt. She immediately went over to one of the kitchen drawers and pulled out a frilly apron.

"Here" she said, handing him the apron while pointing at the stain. Then she gave him a kiss and left the room to go change. No reason to hear what he might think about the apron. He had stopped questioning such things and put it on without a moment's thought. It's interesting that if she had just come into the room and asked him to put on a dress and stockings, his remaining vestiges of male pride would have probably gone into overdrive. But each change he made in his life made sense and was given time to feel comfortable.

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While most of Jenny's glances at her husband gave her a feeling of deep satisfaction and accomplishment (and if accomplishment be mentioned she had to praise her husband in the same way for being the kind of man he was), but recently some of those glances were out of concern.

Jennifer knew that the growth of Dannie's breasts were fast approaching the size that would prompt him - however reluctantly - to consult her about them and to suggest -what? Medical treatment? God forbid! (So much wasted orange juice and feminine potential).

His crying jags had largely been confined to watching emotional movies and spoiling what had otherwise been a great meal he was preparing. The only time it was embarrassing was when he started to cry rather unexpectedly in the middle of a jazzercise class when he fell from a pirouette-like step. The women comforted him but he, Jenny, and the other women were a little surprised at the depth and suddenness of his emotion. However, his emotions started to smooth out as his body began to accept female hormones as the natural state of things.

And his butt was beginning to be very full and attractive!

Yes, Jenny had her work cut out for her and was inspired by that time of year that has helped so many men to don dresses and give full reign to the woman inside of them -Halloween!

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While Jenny and Dannie changed for a party, Jenny's thoughts were on the Halloween party they had been invited to later in the month. Jenny's mind was definitely somewhere else as she put on the dress that Dan had sewn for her birthday. She was so proud of him!

Dannie was slipping on a pair of pink lace Wacoal briefs. He liked the tight fit. He had lost his "tummy" thanks to the jazzercise class, but he still liked the trim look that foundation garments

gave his overall frame. And he liked the feeling of the tight fit. As always, he tucked his little penis between the cheeks of his ass and drew the tight lace up as far as it would go.

He had expanded his collection past the dozens of pairs of colorful lace panties and bikini bottoms he had. He now shopped for girdles, tap pants, and tight-fitting briefs. To him, it all seemed part of his decision to wear panties and his ultimate satisfaction with them. He did feel they were sometimes incomplete however because the girdles had tabs for stockings. He wondered if his new girdles needed stockings to be complete.

When he shopped for those things, he didn't bother to mutter something to the sales clerk about getting something for a wife or girlfriend. Why should he? His choices felt perfectly natural to him. He didn't think of himself any less of a man. Oh, sure, he didn't volunteer that these clothes were for him as this was all still a secret safe with Jennifer. He came to know exactly what he wanted in panties and girdles so he didn't have to ask silly questions that might prompt the sales lady to smile and say "Are these for you?"

On that particular night, Dannie had asked Jenny if he might try on a pair of her stockings with his new pink briefs.

"Sure, I think they would go well together, honey" she responded cheerfully, again watching that her manner and voice did not betray the slightest hint that this was an unusual request. He would be putting on his men's slacks and a shirt and off they would go to the party. So what if he was a vision of femininity under it all? She was about to show him how to put them on when he demonstrated that he had an instinctive feel for them.

As he was drawing the stockings up his legs, she asked - innocently enough - "What are you planning to wear to Linda and Greg's Halloween party?"

"Oh..geez. I don't know off hand, haven't given it a thought. I guess I may pull that Arab costume out of mothballs again. I haven't worn it for a few years." "That disgusting thing! Sorry honey, but that's gotten a bit old. You don't see me dragging out the same old stuff year after year. It's a chance for a creative person like yourself to go hog-wild. Especially since you have the time to find just the right costume."

"You have a point there. I always appreciate having the time to be creative. Hmmm.."

Looking very pointedly at his stockings she suddenly said "I know!! Your putting on stockings just gave me an idea. You could go dressed as a woman. With the few costumes you've recycled through the years, you've probably never had a chance to wear that costume." The word "costume" was said like this is just one costume idea among many. No big deal.

As you might imagine, wearing all the panties and bikinis had made him sometimes wonder what other women's clothes would feel like. He would quickly dismiss the thought as he only

wore what Jenny had expressed made him a sexier MAN and what made "sense" to him. And so far he had seen no reason for a bra or anything like that.

Jenny was prepared - with great subtlety - to meet any objections he might raise to this idea. That's why he took her aback when he blurted out...

"OK!" The idea just happened to coincide with his curiosity about the feeling of other items of women's clothing. He thought that panties and bikinis felt so good to wear - what would a dress or a blouse or a skirt feel like? They must feel great. At least this would be a fun one-time thing and he would satisfy his curiosity.

"Great! This will be fun! I told you I would return the favor of your doing my hair on occasion. Only, I will need your advice since you've become so good at doing mine. We can go shopping for you tomorrow!" She realized she had jumped into this a little excitedly.

"Hey! Wait a minute! Aren't you going overboard here? It would be too expensive to buy me an outfit that I would only wear once."

"You know we are the same size. The dress you made for me and tried on in class fit you as well as it fits me! If we go shopping together, we can get something we BOTH like since I'll be wearing it after the party. Just thought it would be part of the fun."

"Well, okay, okay. But hell! I haven't been learning to sew for nothing. I could make this dress for you - I mean for us - myself."

"Right you are about that. What am I thinking?" Dannie chuckled, "I can even try it on in class."

Jenny laughed too and they reached for each other and fell onto the bed, careful not to mess each other's clothes up too much. They kissed and fondled each other until they got up to finish dressing and go to the party.

Jenny was lost in thoughts of Halloween and all the fun preparations for it as they drove to the party. For his part, so was Dannie.

* * * * *

Jennifer and Dannie had always prepared for parties with great zeal. They had a lot of fun and didn't skimp on the cost of preparations. They gave it all they had - whether it was preparing for a murder-mystery dinner or working with friends to make a parade float.

Halloween that year was no different. Sometimes, in the weeks before Halloween, when Jenny was getting ready for work and Dannie was lying on their bed talking with her, Jenny would grab something out of her closet and say "Try this on!" She said that the more accustomed to women's clothing he was, the more convincing he would be at the party. They had decided that "passing" would make their preparations all the more fun -not just to make him look like an obvious male in a dress. The potential for jokes on their friends was alone worth the "price of admission."

Dan tried on blouses, skirts, dresses, jewelry, women's jeans, scarves, coats, and even - as part of this grand experiment - even wore a baby doll frilly nightgown to bed when Jenny begged him to try it on. They were laughing so much and having so much fun that no request seemed strange or outlandish.



"Oh, Dannie dear," she called from the bathroom one morning. "OK, now.. I can well understand if you think this idea is for moon-men or moon-women. But remember when we saw that rock star with the double pierced earrings. You mentioned that it might be a good idea... I mean for small, conservative earrings that a guy could wear without drawing attention. If you got your ears pierced before the party, then you could wear some great earrings to match your outfit." Saying that, she giggled. All part of the big game, the one night of craziness they were preparing for.

"Jeezus," Dan exclaimed, "You really do want to go all out for this party!"

"Of course. What will our friends say if we don't? We have a reputation to uphold!"

In the days that followed, Dannie slaved over the dress he would wear. He worked mostly at home, but he also went to a couple of sewing classes. He confided in Sarah about the party. She smiled and said "What a trip! That's great!" Then she looked at him a little strangely, started to mumble something about a boyfriend she once had and stopped herself in mid-sentence. But he found her very supportive and her suggestions for the dress were now all based on how HE wanted to look and on HIS curves and dimensions.

"Will you have breast forms or just go cheapie with socks or stockings?" she asked on one of the occasions he was trying on his dress and they were measuring for the breast. Sarah was a little surprised to see he had what seemed like little breasts himself, but said nothing.

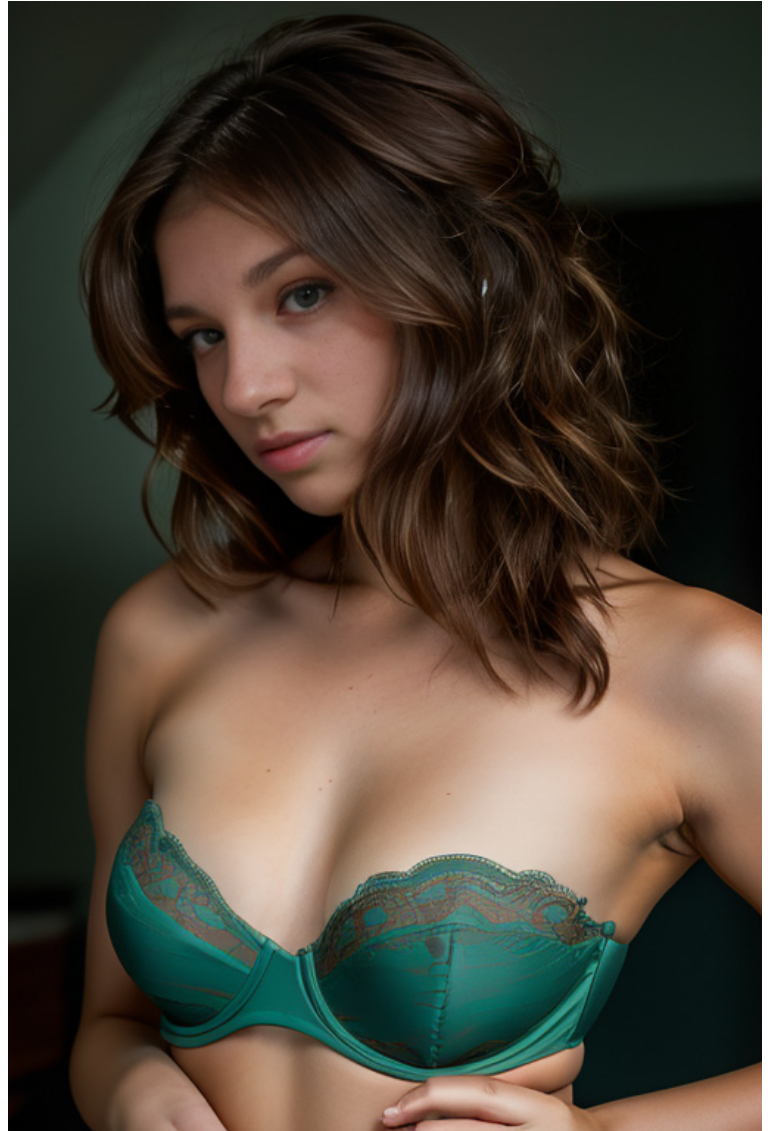
"You know better than to ask that! Spare no expense! Jenny bought some breast forms. You'd think she was getting them for a mastectomy patient, they're so life-like!"

Sarah giggled. "For God's sake, bring them then. No sense trying to fit you with these stockings!"

When Dan next came to class he brought a bra and the breast forms. They were in a paper bag as he didn't really relish anyone but Sarah being aware of the attention he gave to sewing details!

He put on the bra in the bathroom. He had become experienced at trying on bras from the last two weeks of Jenny's tutelage. He then put in the breast forms and positioned them as best he knew how.

Then he pulled the dress carefully down over his head. It still had pins in it and he didn't want to have to do the measurements again. With that, he went through the door of the bathroom to show Sarah his handiwork. She always met him in the rear foyer by the bathrooms so he didn't have to model in front of the others.





But when he came out of the bathroom, she had a quizzical expression on her face. "Why did you use the women's bathroom?"

Dannie blushed deep crimson. He hadn't even realized what he did. All this playing with dressing like a woman and sewing dresses was making him think like a woman too! Get a hold of yourself man! He tried to laugh it off with the excuse of trying to be mentally prepared for the party, but he was disturbed by what he had done without the least thought. Just a careless mistake? Yes, but the disturbing part of it was that - in some remotely conscious part of himself - he felt that was the bathroom he should be using.

* * * * *

Although Jenny and Dan had decided to fashion his hair themselves, Jenny suggested they go to a beauty salon, get some tips, and see what a professional could do with his long, soft brown hair. They also needed to consult with Jenny's friend who owned the parlor. On the afternoon before the party, Marlene would do his nails, toenails, and makeup. Dannie had been learning a little about makeup from Jenny, magazines, and experiments but he didn't feel confident enough in his skills yet.

Jennifer had told Marlene a little about the party when she made the appointment, but when they first arrived they explained their preparations in more detail.

"Wow! No one can say you skimp on effort. But Jen, you haven't told me what YOU are wearing to this gala event."

"Oh sorry.. it's just that his costume is so much more fun. Dan sewed me a Fairy Godmother costume and a magic wand."

That met with Marlene's approval. Jenny was thinking "If only they knew why I chose that costume!" Her costume was to serve her purposes with Dannie.

With the preliminaries over, Marlene asked Dan if he would take off his shirt and pants so she could have him put one of the pink frocks for customers. Dan thought it a bit unusual that he would have to take off his clothes for hair styling, but then Jenny explained that she was treating him to a whole make-over that included skin treatment for his whole body. Dannie was no longer embarrassed at the thought of another professional woman seeing him naked. After all, he did have electrolysis in some private parts of his anatomy. But he forgot that, in taking off his pants - as he did with a quick flourish after taking off his shirt - he was revealing his panties and stockings (which he wore almost every day now). Ooops! Too late. There he was, standing in front of Marlene, in a pair of baby blue rumba panties with row-upon-row of tiered lace and a pair of rose-patterned thigh-highs.



"My, my" Marlene gasped. She was not sure at first what to say. She recovered quickly saying something about their unbelievable party preparations, but it was evident that she was surprised at what he was wearing days before the party.

Dannie was clearly embarrassed and Marlene did not want to add to it, but she did need to ask him to disrobe completely and she had to refer to his clothing by name. "Dan, would you please take off your panties and stockings as well."

Marlene handed him the pink frock just as he was pulling down his panties so that he could cover up again quickly and minimize his discomfort. But before he had pulled the gown around himself, Marlene noticed other things about him that made her wonder if the party was the extent of his dalliance with feminine appearance. He was clearly hairless and smooth all over. And there was his tan! He was tan all over except for a triangle that had not seen the sun, a triangle that was undoubtedly in a woman's bikini shape! And when his panties had come down, his cock was nowhere to be seen, until -after his body shifted slightly - it unfurled slowly from its place of hiding, looking small, cute and demure. And - of course - there was more! His pubic hair! What was that shape? It sure looked like a delicate, closely trimmed flower to Marlene.

When Marlene had fully regained her inner composure, she realized that this appointment could be a lot more fun than she originally expected. Making up a man to look somewhat feminine paled in comparison with the chance to transform them into someone truly feminine and beautiful! She knew she had the skill to do it. After all, some of her women clients needed all the skills she possessed to make them attractive.

Throughout the appointment, Jennifer referred to Dan as Dannie and so Marlene also began to address him by that name.

After a facial and application of special creams over the rest of his body, any doubt in Marlene's mind about Dannie's sexual status were gone. As she applied the cream, it was obvious that Dannie was more than clean-shaven. Hair follicles were nowhere to be seen. And - when she worked on his face - she saw he had pierced ears. She could also swear that his breasts seemed swelled a bit and his nipples seemed larger than on any man she had ever seen (Well maybe he had just had more than his share of marijuana over too many years).

Before they came into her shop, Marlene probably would have asked Jennifer this question, but it seemed natural to direct such questions to Dan. "Dannie, what color of polish would you like for your nails and toenails?"

"Let's see.. How about teal? My dress is teal." "Then teal it is, hon."

Dannie felt a little chill and slipped back on his panties while his nails dried.

Marlene Couldn't help noticing how he seemed to effortlessly and thoughtlessly tuck his little wee-wee away like he did it every day.



"So.. Dannie, have you ever been made up like this before?" Marlene's curiosity was not going to sit politely on the sidelines.

"No! I mean.. not all this!" Of course, Dan realized that Marlene had no doubt noticed he was wearing panties. He didn't think about all the other things Marlene had noticed, but then he didn't think those changes had anything to do with being feminine. So he just defended his panties. "Oh, I know you probably wondered about the panties. Well, I'll let you in on Jenny's and my secret. She really finds them very sexy on me and pleaded with me to wear them."

Marlene glanced at Jennifer and saw that she was grinning and nodding to affirm Dannie's statement. "Well, that's cool. I am definitely a believer in couples doing whatever feels good and doesn't harm anyone else." She went on babbling about legalizing drugs and a host of other freedoms, partly because she felt there was something more to this story but didn't feel like pressing it.

It is interesting that Marlene had had the chance to see many signs of Dannie's advancing femininity. But to the rest of the world, Dan presented only a face that was devoid of beard. And remember, he never had much body hair to begin with. His one attempt to grow a mustache years ago was aborted when - after weeks of not shaving - he just looked as if he had forgotten to shave on a weekend camping trip. And his pierced ears had only made their appearance a few days ago.

Marlene, Jennifer and Dannie looked through several magazines of hair styles. Marlene made several suggestions and Jennifer and Dannie either shook their heads or expressed their approval.

Finally, Dannie said "Yes! I like this one." He pointed to a picture of a redhead with her hair curled at the hairline, straight bangs, and curled under at the ends.

The original idea had been to get tips from Marlene and set Dannie's hair a few hours before the party. But Jenny suggested, "Want to have Marlene do your hair while you're here, Dannie?"

"I don't know if that would be the greatest idea. The party is three days from now. I can't really drive about town looking like this!"

"I was just thinking that Marlene does such wonderful styling. Besides, you've finished your dress and done our household shopping for the week and bought everything you need for your 'costume.' " Jenny couldn't help wondering how Dan could be concerned about being seen with this hairstyle but not giving any thought to his painted and lengthened nails!

"OK, but only if you promise that I won't need to go out until the party. If any last minute needs come up, you'll have to do the shopping!"

"No problem. Marlene, give my man the works!"

Marlene was reflecting about how more women could use a man in their life who normally did all or most of their shopping. She certainly could, with all her responsibilities in running her salon.

When Jenny and Dan came in for their appointment, Marlene had flipped the sign on the door to "Closed" and drawn the blinds on the shop windows facing the mall. But she had neglected to lock the door.

The shop door suddenly swung open and in came Ms. Greer, looking apologetic. "I see that you have up the closed sign, Marlene, but I saw your lights on and just hoped, HOPED you would be able to fit me in to do my hair. It's Harry's and my anniversary."

Marlene, Jennifer and Dannie looked up at Ms. Greer in astonishment, but for Jenny the feeling was combined with an inner joy that - despite Wendy Greer looking directly at them - there was not even a hint of something out of the ordinary on her face. Because, where Dannie had first been sitting there with straggly, twisted hair that would have been fit for Woodstock upon emerging from a skinny-dip in a lake, there now sat the countenance of a beautiful woman.

Dannie was now fully made up with base cosmetics, blush, lipstick, and eyeliner. He had originally planned to remove the makeup before they left the shop and reapply it - with the benefit of Marlene's expert instruction - just before the party. But now there was no reason not to emerge from the shop just as he was. Jeans and a man's shirt - so what?

Marlene said "Well, I think we are done, aren't we Danielle?" Marlene had thought to cover up Dannie's identity and came up with this extension of his name into the feminine. Jenny was flabbergasted that Marlene had stumbled upon the name she planned for Dan from the very first!

Dan took his cue and said softly in what higher-pitch he could add at the moment to what was already a high-pitched voice for a man "Yes, thank you ever so much, Marlene!"



"Wendy, can you come back in about five minutes?" asked Marlene, cognizant of Dannie's need to get dressed and leave with Jenny.



* * * * *

On the afternoon of the party, Dannie's clothes were laid out meticulously on their bed and hung up on the bedroom door. He was studying them like a general surveying a battlefield map. It was a funny sight.

With the excuse of Marlene having had to use the name "Danielle" in her salon, Jenny had been teasing him the last couple of days by using that name. He would look positively irked and then laugh good-naturedly. "Just don't use that name after the party!"

Earlier on that Saturday afternoon, Jenny had drawn Dannie a bubble bath. Then she had made a game of drying him off and powdering him which had made him erect. But his erections seemed smaller lately for some reason. Maybe, it was from all that tucking, Dannie thought.

Last week, when Jenny first saw Danielle's completed dress, she had bought him a lace bra, panty, and garter set that was amazingly almost the exact shade of teal. He had been eyeing them all week, hardly able to refrain from trying them on. He had promised Jenny he would not wear them yet so he would have the complete debutante experience as she called it.

But now, Dannie put on the treasured garments. First, he drew the panties up his soft, smooth legs. Once again the pleasure of lace snapping gently into place, holding his penis softly and firmly.



Then he fastened his bra in front and turned it around, put his arms through the straps, and positioned the breast forms. The forms had realistic and erect nipples which looked quite pert under the lace of his bra. He then put on his garter belt followed by his brown stockings that he snapped to the tabs on the belt. He was beginning to have the same feelings for all this new clothing that he had long had for panties and bikinis. But wait! I can't wear these things everyday, he thought. Best not to think about them too much.

"Danielle, you look gorgeous!" beamed Jenny from across the room. "Wait, we're not done yet!"
"You're right. Come over here to my vanity table so I can help you with your make-up."



About an hour later, Danielle turned to model for Jenny in the dress he had made. The jazzercise classes seemed to have given many of his movements a new feminine grace. There he was, in a teal dress that ended just above the knees where his shapely, stocking-clad legs continued to a pair of 4" inch high heels in a black velvet material with bows on the top. The dress had a "sweetheart neckline" and puffed short sleeves.

It also had a big bow in the back at the waist. Jenny had lent him one of her delicate gold watches which went nicely with the matching black and gold necklace and long, dangling earrings

Dannie had bought when he last went shopping for panties. His permed hair looked every bit as spectacular as when he left Marlene's salon. Jenny also had given him a gold bracelet and a diamond solitaire ring in a gold setting. He had bright red lipstick, eyeliner, mascara, and blush which both he and Jenny had applied.



"Wait there!" Jenny shrieked with delight. She quickly went into the bathroom and came back out with a bottle of Sand & Sable perfume. She applied it liberally to his wrists, below his ears, and playfully put a dab in the 'V' between his breasts.

"I've said it before and I'll say it again. You look maah-velous darling! You really are a beautiful sight."

Danielle smiled slightly, looked downward in playful meekness and said softly "Thank you, Jenny." He had only practiced a feminine voice since they returned home from the salon, but he was beginning to sound like the young, pretty woman that he appeared to be.

As they left to go to the party, Jenny said "Aren't you forgetting something?"

Danielle looked momentarily puzzled, then grabbed his purse from the nightstand.

* * * * *

When they arrived at the party, Jenny began introducing Danielle as they had agreed on their naughty inventiveness. Of course, being a costumed Halloween party, they only made introductions to those people who knew Jenny despite her Fairy Godmother costume and mask and due to Danielle's "non-costume costume." She introduced him as her cousin Danielle, who was staying with her for the weekend. Danielle would point to her dress and say that she didn't have time to make or buy a costume and hoped they didn't mind. She did however have on a mask - a teal mask of course.

"Where's your husband? He's becoming a distant memory, he's been on sabbatical for so long," said Jack Conley after he was introduced to Danielle.

"He was so sorry to miss this party, Jack, but he has been camping in the Grand Tetons all this week. He had to take a trip sometime, he's been such a homebody during most of his time off!" She managed an unnoticed sly grin in Danielle's direction.

Everyone bought their stories and enjoyed having Danielle there even though she was a party-poofer with no costume but a mask - or so they thought. She was even around several close friends who did not recognize her.

When the dance music started up later in the evening, Jenny was filled with giddy anticipation about what might happen to Danielle. They had kidded about the possibility of her being asked to dance but Jenny didn't think Danielle had really thought through this very real possibility. It was Tom Larson who first asked Danielle to dance. Tom was a close friend of Jenny's from college and was still an eligible guy. Jenny had caught Tom eyeing Danielle on several occasions that evening.

Danielle had accepted his invitation after an almost visible gulp and a moment of hesitation that seemed to last long after it was over. She was grateful that the first few dances were fast and "detached" ones, but that was soon to change. The next number was a slow, long, love song and Danielle found himself in Tom's strong capable hands for what seemed an eternity. Thankfully, he led so well she was able to follow without much effort - at least after she remembered where to put her hands! She even managed to place her hand on his shoulder in a most definitely feminine angle and gesture. He held her very close and sometimes lowered his head to hers where he could "drink in" the delicious smell of her perfume and graze the nape of her neck.

The "joke" that Jenny and Danielle enjoyed was just Danielle being able to spend the evening "un-read" by their close friends. They had never planned to spill the beans toward the end of the party or anything like that. And now, Danielle was VERY glad of that because it was becoming all too clear to her that Tom was quite "taken" by her. She did not want to imagine how Jenny's friend - a varsity boxer in his college days - might react to knowing the truth about what lay hidden in his panties.

Her suspicions were confirmed when, later in the evening - after she had danced with several other men and a few ladies who clowned around together - Tom asked her if she would like a drink. She accepted and Tom led her out onto the moonlit veranda (like some old Fred Astaire movie). After some small talk, she suddenly realized he was gathering the courage for something. She started to back away, but it was too late. Tom cupped her face in his hands, leaned over and kissed her full on the lips.



Several emotions coursed through Danielle simultaneously. One was pure, unadulterated shock. What was she doing, allowing a man to kiss her? Especially a close friend of Jenny's. The art of costuming had gone too far - over a cliff perhaps. At the same time, he felt something akin to the moment when Sarah pointed out to him that he had used the women's bathroom. There was something about this that seemed to link to that part of himself he had also deemed his feminine qualities, but which he never thought made him any less a man. That part of him felt at home in Tom's arms and yearned for the touch of his lips. Now he wondered. Why did I feel so special, so secure, so HAPPY in Tom's arms and in other men's arms on the dance floor? And why did that kiss send a tingling sensation throughout my whole body and cause my penis to stir in my panties? Why? God, this has got to end! But it was fun. I liked it! Forget that thought! "Where is Jenny?" he thought suddenly.

But before that thought gave animation to her legs, Tom was kissing her again and this time his tongue was seeking to join hers. Danielle found herself parting her lips, meeting the insistent probing of Tom's tongue and feeling like she was about to cum in her panties if this went on any longer. And on top of all this, Tom lifted her mask so he could enjoy looking into her pretty eyes. Her eyes fluttered despite themselves, and she found herself looking into his eyes with pure passion.

Danielle then made some hurried excuse about how Jennifer needed to leave by midnight and Tom let her go after making sure she put his hurriedly scrawled phone number into her purse.

Danielle then made her way back into the house in search of Jenny. Jenny was - of course - watching all that had recently transpired from the hidden vantage point of an upstairs bathroom window. She did not mind that her husband was kissing a man. Quite the contrary. While she enjoyed and planned to continue to enjoy their love making, she could hardly expect Dan to have come all this way toward becoming Danielle without stirring thoughts about what would soon be THE OPPOSITE SEX.

Jenny hurried down the flight of stairs when she saw Danielle heading back into the house.

Danielle came right toward Jenny and said in an insistent whisper "I want to go, NOW!"

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Jenny could hardly refuse Danielle's urgent request being that it was Danielle that was "out on a limb." And of course, she could well guess at the flurry of feelings Danielle was experiencing after having witnessed her embrace with Tom.

On the way home, they talked at length about everything that had happened that evening. Danielle opened up about what happened with Tom, at first unsure how Jenny would react. When he was encouraged by her lack of reaction and understanding tone, he told her about the

whole run of doubts and intense feelings. He even told her about his sexual reaction, about using the women's bathroom, and about how it seemed natural and strange and foreboding all at the same time. He told her how much he had grown to love the feeling of bras, wearing a dress, seeing his face brought to life with makeup, and the feeling of his stocking-clad legs rubbing together.

Suddenly realizing that he had let out a continuous torrent of feelings for minutes on end while Jenny listened attentively and patiently, Danielle began sobbing into her hands. "I feel so ashamed of these feelings. I hope... I hope you don't think less of me for feeling this way."

Jenny had driven fully expecting that she might need to be the one who got them home safely that evening. She pulled well over on the side of the road, cut the ignition, and put her arms around Dannie in what seemed to be one continuous, well orchestrated motion.

"Sweetheart, sweetheart!!! You mean more to me than the world! I could not possibly think less of you when you have already claimed all that my heart has to give!" She held his head close to her bosom. "It's all right honey, it's all right."

After Danielle's breathing had resumed a more normal sound and she had dabbed at her tears a bit with the kleenex Jenny gave her, Jenny said in soothing, but no-nonsense tones, "There is nothing wrong with you enjoying the things of a woman. I would love you just as much if you WERE a woman! You know that when I first met you I was drawn to your mix of qualities - to all in you that expressed what it is to be a man and a woman. I told you many times how that was one of the things I most cherished about you, what drew me to you. You are one of the least sexist, most compassionate and tender human beings I have ever met.

We have enjoyed together a lot of what life has to give. We have always welcomed adventures and new experiences together. You can take off that makeup and that dress and even replace all your panties again and put this all behind you. I will love you. Or you can choose to wear dresses on occasion when you feel like it, make yourself up, and then put back on your men's clothes - and I'll love you then too! And if you want to dance with men or kiss them every once in a while, that's fine by me. You could choose to do anything short of becoming an axe-murderer and I will love you all the while I'm still orbiting around the Sun on this baseball we call a planet!"

Dannie hugged Jennifer for a very long time and then said "I love you very much, Jenny. I think I'm a very lucky man... or woman or WHATEVER I am." He laughed for the first time since they got in the car.

* * * * *

When they got home, they proceeded straight to the bedroom to undress for a lovely night together. Jenny picked up her magic wand and came over to where Danielle was sitting with crossed legs, taking off his high heels. She waved the wand in wide, ceremonious arcs and then finally brought it down to lightly bonk Danielle's pretty hair.



"Abra-cadabra! I change my husband into whatever he wants to be - back into my husband Dan or forever my beautiful Danielle!!"

Dan started to laugh, then started to look quite somber. "Jenny, I think I really enjoy being a woman. Well..er.. I mean.. you really wouldn't mind if I dressed as a woman every now and then?"

Jenny bent over and kissed him. "Not at all, Danielle. Not at all."

* * * * *

Like someone testing the water temperature in a pool with a few toes stuck tentatively in the water, Dannie explored the feminine side of himself. Jenny had told him she would support him whether he never swam, splashed in the kiddie pool, or dove deep into the water and took to it like a seal. It was this acceptance that allowed him to "splash" a little.

But before he made those little splashes, he made one big jackknife dive into that pool. As the end of his sabbatical from work approached, he realized that his newly felt, urgent need to explore all these new facets of his identity would be swallowed by the demands of the job to which he would soon return.

When a person begins to close a door on a chapter of their life and move on to new experiences, they often leave that door ajar should they feel the need to come that way again. Whether that door is a job or a relationship or something else, they will put a shoe in the door to keep it open. Is it for security? to assuage any lingering doubts? Yet how often do they soon re-acquaint themselves with all the thought and energy it took to open those other doors and how great is their necessity to go back, remove that shoe and forever shut that door on their fears?

Dannie had to shut the door on the work that had brought him so much tension and separated him so much from Jenny. His time as a homemaker had allowed him to sew, and cook, and garden, and take care of Jenny. How good that all felt! He was never bored, never missed the frenetic pace of his office. All that he was learning and exploring would have been stillborn in the pace and demands of his work. Yet all this would have had to be written up as philosophical yearnings were it not for the fact that they were well off financially and Jenny's work was well paid.

He put the question to Jenny one night shortly after that fabulous Halloween. She told him she was very grateful to have his support in their home and that taking more time for himself might help him discover some wholly different work for the future. She was also glad to give him the same kind of chance as when he supported her while she completed her advanced degree.

Of course, his boss and his co-workers were not pleased to hear of his decision. But, let the chips fall where they may..

Jackknife!

* * * * *

And then there were the little "splashes" ...

The weeks before Halloween and the night of the party had stirred some powerful feelings in him, feelings which he wanted to pursue... for a while at least... to see where they led in his inner landscape.

Some days, he would wear a skirt or a dress at home. Other days he would wear his men's jeans and shirts. Of course, every day he wore panties, a girdle or a brief with stockings. That was already well established in his life.

On those days when he wore a bra and panties under a pretty dress, Jenny would address him as Danielle. On the days he wore men's outer clothing, she would call him Dannie. She never called him Dan anymore. She was careful not to express a preference in whether he dressed as a man or a woman and praised whatever he chose to wear if she liked it, but she probably expressed more admiration for the blouses and skirts, the dresses and women's shoes, and the pretty bras he would wear with his breast forms. After all, women' clothes had so much more variety that Jenny would have loved them more in any case, even if she wasn't so happy to see Danielle blooming and enjoying herself.



Just as his panties had slowly but surely become so much more enjoyable to him than men's underwear, he began to revel in the feeling of sheer silky blouses and the swish of his dresses and the flow of air around him.

Bras held a special magic for him. Often when he wore a bra, he would think about how wonderful it would feel to have his own breasts. He thought about the weight of them, the graceful curves, and beautiful erect nipples. Many women can't wait to take off their bra at the end of the day or any chance they get - to be relieved from the restriction of them. But for Dannie, bras gave him a warm feeling, a bond with the realm of the feminine.



He wasn't sure why his chest felt so much more sensitive than he ever remembered it. Often - when he looked in the mirror and squeezed the loose flesh - it seemed he had little breasts like a teenage girl just beginning to bloom. He chalked it up to wishful thinking. He thought "I must really want to have my own titties."

The warm climate where they lived continued to provide a mild summer sun even through the late Fall, so he was able to spend many afternoons in the backyard.

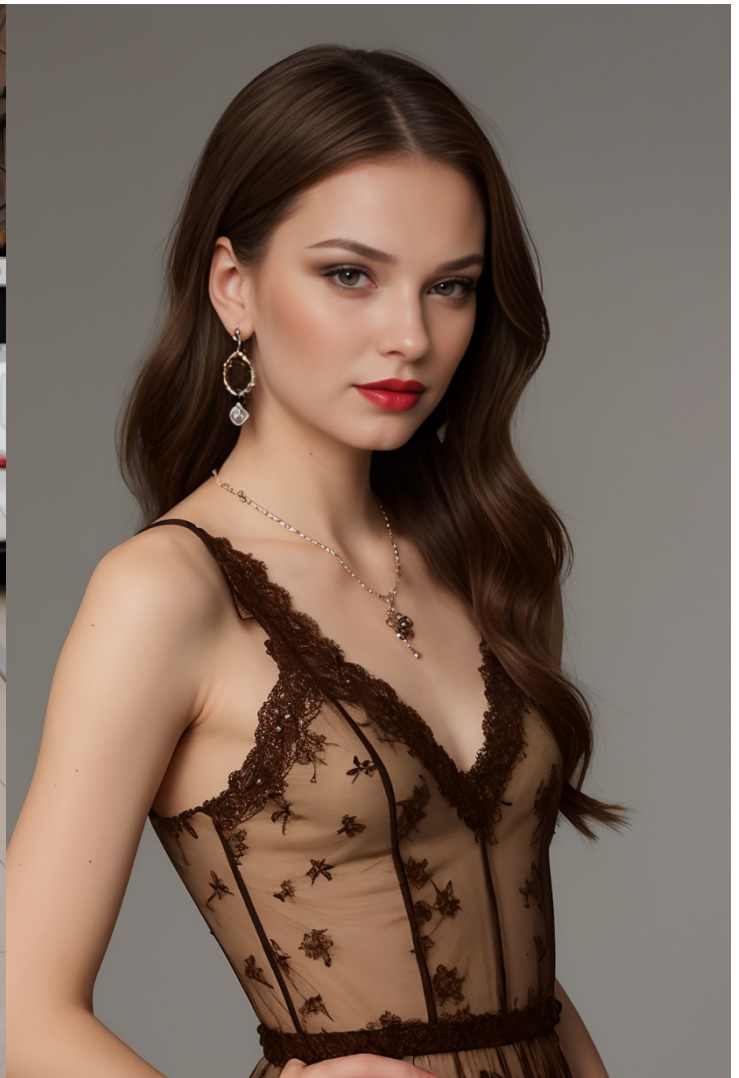
Perhaps it was subconscious, but his frequent desire for breasts of his own led him to protect his chest from the sun when he lay in the chaise lounge in their yard. He began to wear the top to the bikinis he had purchased earlier in the year. He had given them to Jenny, but Jenny made it clear to him that he could wear anything in her closets and drawers he wished.



It wasn't long before the tan lines around his "chest" from his bikini top made it plain to him that he couldn't afford to change in a men's locker room for quite a while. He could only do that again when he had "satisfied his curiosity" about his feminine side, gone back to dressing as a man, and his tan had faded.

There was a definite trend in his dressing. Female garments were winning. How could he wear a shirt when he could wear a blouse? He would think, "Is there really any comparison?" Even with jeans, he liked the tight fit of many styles of women's jeans much better.

And what item of men's clothing is so exhilarating, so playful, so beautiful as a dress? Did the choice of colors in a man's tie light a candle to a lace bodice, an alluring, plunging "V" neckline, or a necklace of beautiful gemstones set in gold or silver?



Would he prefer a pair of "Dockers" to a pleated skirt or a suit to a smart ensemble that allowed him far more fashion combinations than a suit could even dream of? Was it as fun to shop for women's shoes as for mens? Not for Dannie. Would he rather wear a plain "wind-breaker" men's jacket in some staid blue or brown or a jacket with pretty beads sewn in flowery patterns and in colors that seemed to enjoy life!?



Ever since he had worn a baby doll nightie to bed at Jenny's request, he had longed to wear them again. He had felt so heavenly. Yet, before Halloween he had not wanted to make Jenny think he was enjoying female clothing as much as he was. What would she think? But when she had given him the gift of supporting whatever he chose to be, he had practically flown back to nightgowns and sheer nighties. Even on the few days he wore men's clothing, he always wore a pretty nightie to bed.



Dannie's "splashes" were in more than clothing. His thinking was undergoing a metamorphosis in ways of which he was aware and in more subtle, unfathomable ways.

His choice of books to read on his quiet afternoons in the yard were gravitating more and more towards romance novels. At first, they were romances that might have been equally enjoyed by both men and women. But then he began to buy those classic books that pictured a handsome, muscled, shirtless sea captain or soldier or farm hand holding a pretty young lass in a full length dress with petticoats and ruffles - as if to protect her from the elements. You know - one of those books where the sex scenes make you think of a woman's breast reclining in a bed of feather boas and the men's sex drives seem precariously poised between a "slow hand" and unrestrained passion. He would often think again about how good it felt to be held and kissed by Tom. Even when he saw some of his old friends, he would find himself thinking how much he would like to be in their arms, but then he would dismiss the thought, irritated with himself for crossing some line in the sand he felt he should not cross.

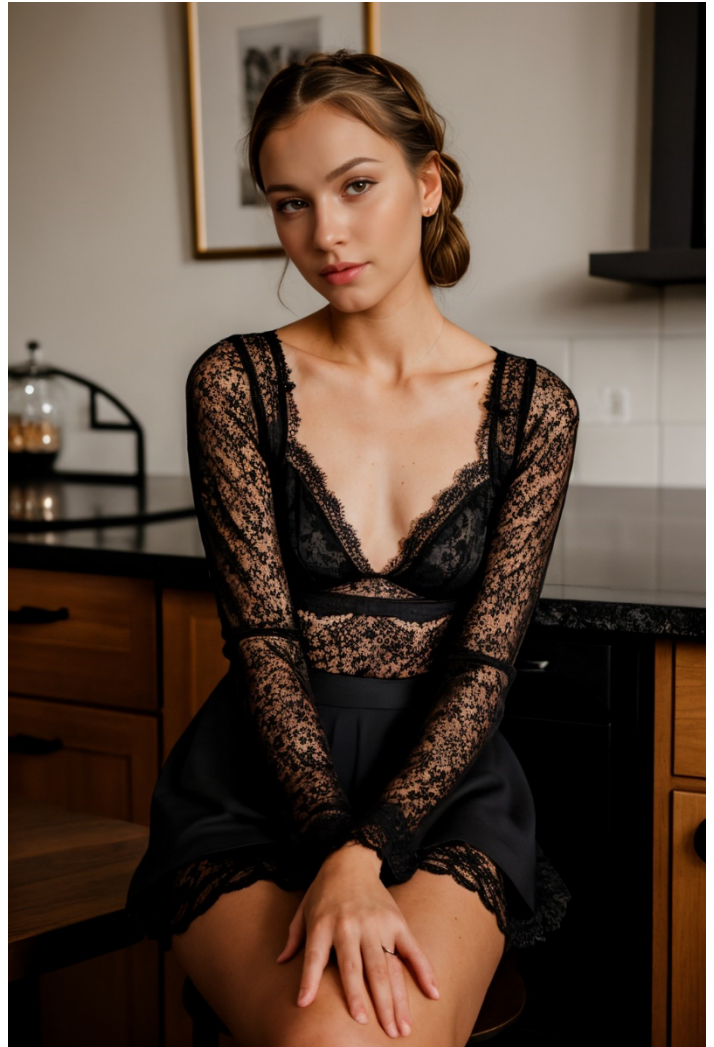
One day, before Jenny left for work, she asked "Danielle, would you be a sweetie and buy us a new bedspread today? Our old one looks so ratty! You said so yourself the other day." She had called him "Danielle" as she most often did those days. Would "Dan" have been an appropriate name for someone who was sitting by you at the kitchen table wearing a black lace bodysuit and a short purple skirt?

When Jennifer returned home that evening, Dannie led her into the bedroom and she was surprised to find - not just a new bedspread - but a pink lace canopy trimmed with white lace and a matching coverlet and sheets!

"Danielle, this is beautiful! I'm so glad you chose this!" She was about to say she did not expect he would have chosen something so feminine, when she checked herself. This was perfectly natural for her Danielle!

"I'm glad you like it. I was feeling pretty today and felt like getting something pretty for us!"

"You certainly are pretty, Danielle. I love you more than you can even imagine!"



* * * * *

One evening, Jenny noticed immediately that Danielle was looking unhappy. She was usually radiant when she was dressed so prettily, so Jennifer knew there was something really wrong.

"Danielle, what is it darling?"

Danielle put her head on Jenny's shoulder and held her close a while before speaking. "Honey?"

"Yes, my pretty angel."

"I have really enjoyed dressing here at home, but I'm beginning to feel like Superwoman changing in a phone booth whenever we go out. I hate having to change into men's clothes every time we go anywhere."

"I know honey. I know you don't feel right in men's clothes anymore. We can take some weekend trips together to places where we aren't likely to see anyone we know and you could spend all weekend dressed as a woman if you liked."

"That would certainly be fun darling, but I feel like that is just... I don't know... temporary... kind of like a tease. Here and there, just a little freedom to dress the way I feel. But, my God, I couldn't face our friends right now!"

"I know. You need some time to see what you want to be. There will come a time when you can be around your friends again and be just as you are!"

"It's hard to imagine at the moment. What would Judy or Mark think if they could see me now? And Tom.. what would he think if he knew who he was kissing on Halloween?"

"Well Tom is another matter. From what I knew of him in college, he would be fonder of you now than ever. But for everyone else, I know it will take time. Honey, you know I have a standing offer for that position in Tucson. It would even be with a raise. We've talked about how we might enjoy living there. And we couldn't stay longer than a year or two anyway, since it's a temporary management position. I was just thinking that if I took that position, we'd be in a place where we don't know a soul. You could be a woman in everything we did there, if you wanted. And if we missed our friends and our home here too much, I would not renew the next six month contract."

"Yeah, but Tucson. Isn't Arizona as hot as a pistol a good bit of the year?"

"Oh, sure, but it's in the high desert, not nearly as hot as Phoenix. Heh! You'd be able to work on your tan a lot!"

"If I don't get burned to a crisp through a hole in the ozone layer!"

Jenny could hardly believe that he was more concerned with the heat and the ozone layer than the prospect of living full-time as a woman!

* * * * *

Dannie knew that the move to Tucson was a perfect chance for him to find all about the Danielle inside him. It was a clean break, at least for a while. He would not have to worry about going to dinner at local restaurants as Danielle, not have to think about how he looked when he answered the door. How could he ever really know what it was like to be Danielle, if he was Dan one moment and Danielle the next?

Jennifer and Dannie had a lot of long talks in the weeks that followed about how they would live in Tucson. They decided that he should be called Danielle at all times. He would again be Jenny's cousin and there would be no one there who would even know about Dan. They would briefly explain to those who asked that she had a husband who did not join her on this temporary assignment because of his work. Dannie was not going to bring a shred of male clothing, so if he was going to be dressed, it would be in bras and panties, stockings and jewelry, women's shorts, jeans, skirts or dresses, women's pumps, Reeboks, and heels (just as any woman would be dressed).



Danielle would take cosmetology classes and actively seek to learn all those things about being a woman that he would have learned if he had been raised as one. He would socialize with women, learn to share in the same ways (In this last respect, he had always been much more sensitive than most other men and preferred sharing with women).

He would bathe as a woman, he would walk as a woman, he would continue to modulate his voice as a woman. Jenny suggested that he even put a Kotex in his panties once a month as a reminder of what his sisters endured. He agreed that was a good idea. There would be no more references to "he" or "him."

Once again, Jenny assured Danielle that she would not mind if she woke up one morning and decided to change it all back. And if she wanted to go on living as Danielle, that would be great too!

Danielle was in heaven having the excuse to shop for such a wide array of women's clothing. She just had to remind herself as part of her new mental discipline that "What ELSE would she be shopping for but women's clothing?" She was a woman. There were a great many things to get for her wardrobe, even though she had bought dozens of dresses and skirts, bikinis and blouses over the last few months. She continued to read women's magazines and paid special attention to articles on building a sensible wardrobe for every kind of occasion. The only thing was, she wasn't sensible! She couldn't resist buying nearly anything and everything that caught her fancy. Jenny teased Danielle that she shopped more than she ever had back when someone named "Dan" would complain of all the time they spent in clothing stores together on weekends.

She now did her shopping out of town so that she could go as a woman, change in the women's changing area, and shop to her heart's delight!



She bought capris, spandex shorts, knit stirrup pants and palazzo pants in many pretty colors. She tried on hundreds of dresses and purchased denim shirt-dresses, button-front jumpers, jacket dresses, dresses with "broomstick" pleating, dresses with V-shaped drop waists, print dresses with loop-de-loop trim and lace up back ties, cotton voile dresses, self-belted pullover dresses and sundresses. These were in pinks and lavenders, yellows and reds, polkadots and floral prints, sheer and silk, cotton and polyester, macrame and applique lace.



She swirled in wrap skirts and rompers, flippy pleated skirts, sweep skirts and 3-tier gauze skirts. She found pretty T-shirts with applique flowers, beautiful tunics, glitzy sequin pullovers, and lace trimmed and embroidered blouses.



With the Arizona sun in mind, she had the delicious excuse of buying even more bikinis and swimwear. Among her favorites were the many skirt-suits with flowered, form-fitting tops and flip skirts with built-in panties. The skirts were so cute and short and showed off her gorgeous legs. She no longer felt that one-piece suits didn't make sense! Everything that was pretty, fit well, and showed her to best advantage made sense!



She could never have enough panties! She bought flare leg panties, stretch lace briefs, and floral bikinis in cotton and silk. She had become particularly fond of lace ruffles and many of her panties had ruffled waists or were nothing but ruffles!



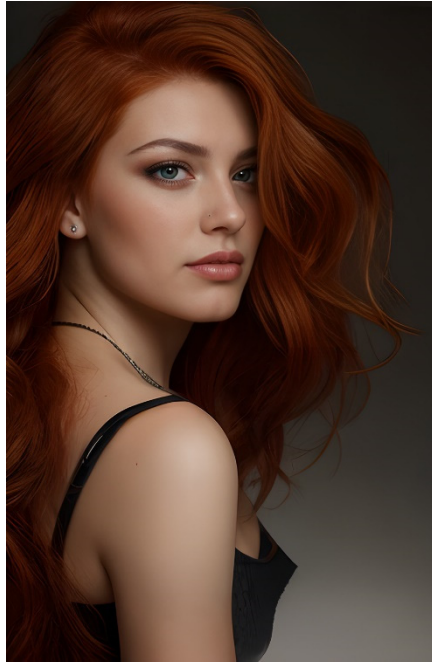
She greatly expanded her collection of bras to include lace midriff bras, tube bras (for those special fashions), longline bras, and soft cup bras. She was surprised to find that if she put on a padded bra without her breast forms, her "imagined" breasts and the padding gave her a respectable bustline.

Danielle especially went wild with jewelry. What a dizzying variety of beautiful rings, and earrings, and necklaces, and bracelets there were!



Danielle was trying out so many hairstyles that Jenny teased she would wear out her poor hair! By now Danielle's hair was to the middle of her back. Oh, it was a lot of extra work, cleaning and brushing and trimming hair that long - not to mention it getting in her way sometimes - but she loved it. Her long hair had become a source of pride. It was all hers and it made her look every bit a woman.





The idea of weekend trips did have merit. While they would soon be moving to Tucson, Danielle needed to experience many things about being a woman so that she could begin her new life in Tucson that much more smoothly. Danielle needed to learn to take her purse with her everywhere she went and what to keep in it. She needed to use the women's bathroom EVERY time. And that was at first hard for her when she would remember her experience with Sarah. But she soon got over it and learned to sit and pee in such a way that it didn't emit a distinctly masculine sound. She got used to touching up her makeup there and chatting with other women. She already had worn heels enough to walk comfortably in them, but Jenny gave her pointers on how to move her hips, the length of steps she should take, and how to walk sexily (Danielle was not sure why she should want to present herself in such a manner!). They made sure to meet plenty of strangers on their trips, so that Danielle would begin to feel comfortable relating as a woman.

Nearly every day, she would read from women's magazines and from books that had what was considered "a woman's point of view." She would discuss what she read with Jenny and soon found how even the forms of speech that women used were so often different from men. While there were plenty of false stereotypes, some things did seem to be "generally" true about how women related. Danielle learned to be less confrontational, more meek and easy-going. When she stood in the full-length mirror at home, looking at her smooth, hairless body, her long, beautifully styled hair, her clittie (as Jenny had told her to call it) tucked away, her prettily trimmed bush, her cute butt (Dan never remembered having an ass that cute!), her face freshly madeup with lipstick, eyeshadow and eyeliner, who was to say that a woman wasn't staring back?

On one of those occasions, Danielle squeezed the loose flesh of her breasts as she stood in front of the mirror. Jenny had reminded her to speak of all parts of her anatomy in the feminine. It was evident from the way she played with her titties that she really wished she had her own, beautiful, big, full tits. It was like she felt the only thing she really needed to make that mirror image perfect was her own breasts. How she had managed to deny that she really DID have developing breasts at that time can only be explained by her having no idea how that could possibly be. Was it a form of denial? Whatever it was, Jenny knew she had to address the hormones issue and soon! Jenny was standing behind and to the side of Danielle while she gazed into the mirror. She saw Danielle pinch her budding breasts.

"Danielle, do you want to have breasts of your own, honey?"

Danielle turned quickly from the mirror, clearly startled and turning deeper shades of crimson as fast as frames of film in a stop-action camera recording night to dawn. She had been caught in a visible gesture of her secret wish. It was a desire that revealed all too clearly how much she was drawn to all that was feminine in body and mind. Despite Jennifer's often repeated assurances of support and acceptance, Danielle was still unsure how far Jenny would support her in such a far-reaching transformation. Hell, she had enough doubts about all this herself! Why was she drawn so strongly in this direction? She was born a man, so why should she prefer to look and act like a woman? Where would it end? Would her life ever return to what it was like before she donned her first pair of panties?

All these thoughts were swimming in her mind as she struggled to answer Jenny's question.



"Jenny.. you surprised me! I.. well.. sometimes I think about them.. you know, what it must feel like. Living as a woman makes me think about those kinds of things.."

"Darling, breasts are beautiful and very much a part of being a woman - of course! It is quite natural that you would desire your own when you are working so hard to look and act like a

woman. All your clothes look better with breasts! I would only be surprised if you DIDN'T want to have your own soft bosoms, your own lovely nipples! It wouldn't make sense."

"But Jenny, I'll just have to be satisfied with breast forms. I'm never going to have my own breasts. It just hurts me to think about them!"

"I know honey, but if you decide you want to continue to live as Danielle, you might consider female hormones. They will not only give you your own wonderful breasts, but softly round out much of the rest of you." No, she didn't tell Danielle then either! Timing, everything is timing, she thought.

A few days later, they were on a plane to Tucson. Jenny sensed Danielle's excitement, anticipation, nervousness, and dreams all rolled into one. She instinctively reached out and held one of Danielle's pretty hands in hers. She knew - that for Danielle - this was no ordinary plane ride. This was a plane trip to womanhood!

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The month of April had just made her appearance and Danielle breathed the Tucson air like it was bottled perfume. She would have done the same in the smog-filled air of New York City or in a small, unassuming town in the Midwest, for it was not the actual air or the particular part of the country that filled her with such sweet anticipation. It was the prospect of being able to live as a woman - every day.

She could choose to resume living life as a man any day she wanted, but she had committed to herself and to Jenny to give herself over totally to being a woman. She could not experience life as a woman with one foot still stuck in the idea of being a man.



Danielle had just come inside their new home from the backyard where she had been sunning in some of her new swimwear. It was a rose color bandeau bra style top with a matching flutter-leg tap pant with a sewn-in panty. She went back to her decorating tasks that had consumed much of their first week in Tucson.

When Jenny came home from the Tucson office, she saw Danielle sewing some new curtains at the kitchen table. She smiled when she saw - not only Danielle's ever-so-cute outfit but also the flowers in her hair. Danielle had been pinning different blossoms in her hair almost every day since Jenny had first complimented her choice.

Before Danielle could fully turn around to greet her, Jennifer had quickly muttered something about a surprise and had disappeared into their bedroom. She told Danielle to stay where she was until she came out.

When Jenny finally emerged, she was wearing a frothy, frilly French Maid's outfit with a full, bouncy petticoat, a ruffled, lace-trimmed bonnet, and puffed short sleeves.

Danielle was speechless. She circled Jenny, cooing appreciative sorts of sounds, looking at her like a fascinating alien from another planet. She was clearly entranced, almost hypnotized by Jenny's outfit. Yet her grin, her sweet smile seemed to gradually give way to a sulking look as she continued to gaze upon her.

"Danielle! Sweet-cakes, what's the matter?!"

"Oh.. nothing. That is a VERY cute outfit!" Danielle fibbed. It was true she thought it was a cute outfit, but it was not true that there was nothing wrong. Danielle was green (and I don't mean the color of her panties). She wanted to be ensconced in that petticoat! She wanted her own cute panties to be exposed so alluringly and in such a vulnerable way! In short - as she was already their maid - that outfit was most appropriate for her!!

Jenny could read her thoughts like an open book.

"April Fool's!!" screamed Jenny followed by her hearty laughter. "This outfit is for you, silly girl! You know you want it! But you'll have to catch me and take it off for yourself!" Saying that, she bounded like a young doe down the hall toward their bedroom. Danielle was in hot-pursuit a moment later.

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The next morning, Danielle once again put on her French Maid's uniform as she had the night before after she had tenderly - but ever so passionately and lustily - removed them from Jenny's flawless, soft and beautiful woman-body. Danielle was in love with her new outfit and you couldn't have gotten her to wear anything else that morning if you tried!

As Danielle bent over the kitchen table to pour Jenny's coffee, Jenny could not resist the urge to finesse her hand amongst the petticoat's ruffles and play with Danielle's perfumed pussy-mound.



I say "perfumed" because Jenny had suggested to Danielle that she always keep her clittie perfumed as yet another constant reminder of her feminine state. A penis that was not tucked, perfumed and made smaller and sweeter with female hormones could intrude ever so rudely upon Danielle's soft, rose-colored thoughts. Sometimes Jenny tied a tiny yellow ribbon around the base of it as yet another indication of how a male wee-wee could be improved. Part of Danielle's education was to learn to think of cocks only in relation to real men, which she was not!

To say that Danielle was pleased with this tease was to put it mildly. She pretended to be disgusted, but her thoughts were more about how irresistible her pink lace panties would be to men who spied them peeking out from under the froth of her petticoats.

As Jenny played with Danielle, she was reflecting on the women's groups and classes that would help Danielle learn more about the ways of a woman. She had suggested to Danielle that she join a local women's bridge club since Danielle had loved to play bridge in an earlier "incarnation." Danielle would start her jazzercise class that day - only this time she wouldn't be the lone man in the class! She had also signed up for a couple of cosmetics courses at a local beauty college.

Thinking about Danielle's love of her frilly outfit, Jenny said "Danielle, you like your maid's outfit so much - I have an idea for you. An idea that would give you plenty of opportunity to be in petticoats! Why don't you sign up for that ballet course we talked about - the one at Foothills College?"

"Oh, wow!" Danielle exclaimed like a little girl. She no longer required much if any convincing about new steps into the feminine world. If she didn't think of them herself, she would almost leap at some of Jenny's suggestions. Danielle twirled in her little skirt in a rather clumsy rendition of ballet.

"You see what I mean!?" Jenny laughed. "You do NEED this class!"

Danielle was slightly tweaked by that remark as she was certainly more graceful than most men save professional dancers. She had done very well in the women's jazzercise class last year and had learned feminine grace to a degree that many women would do well to emulate.

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The women's jazzercise class was held in an old high-school which was now used exclusively for community recreation and adult education courses.

Jenny had given Danielle a present of a pink leotard with grey leggings as a "commemoration" of Danielle's no longer being the "odd man out" in such a class.

Danielle was - of course - quite used to using the women's bathroom, but a women's locker room was a big step for her. Jenny had calmed her fears by insisting that she only needed to take off her panties in the privacy of the curtained shower stalls and that she should keep "it" tucked even then so as to avoid any near-discoveries of her large clitoris. That still left the problem of the rest of her anatomy. But by the "rest," only her breasts were implied. Her body was VERY feminine in appearance. Jenny managed to convince Danielle that her "natural" breasts were quite in the range of acceptability for a woman. Truth was, they were! No one, looking at Danielle's pretty, budding, softly contoured titties would mistake them for a man's chest!

Danielle changed with the rest of the women. While she had been accepted as one of the girls in bathrooms where they talked in the stalls and while standing by the sinks and mirrors, this was the first time that other women had disrobed around her. She was to be a woman among women. When Danielle began to change out of her dress into her new leotard, the woman next to her was just taking off her bra. It was an incredible moment. She felt like she was being gently massaged by all the women in the world, welcomed with open arms. She felt secure and a beautiful serenity swept through her pretty body.

Danielle had just pulled her dress over her head and hung her dress neatly in her locker. She was standing there in a bra, panties and a half-slip. The other woman's breasts were a work of art - worthy of being rendered in clay or stone by a noted artist. They were firm and full, with lovely, dark, erect nipples. Danielle was careful not to stare at them. More to the point, she didn't really need to exercise care as she felt she was in the sisterhood, the presence of her own sex. When Danielle unhooked her bra and



her wonderful, fresh teenage bosoms, her budding breasts came out to play, they became one with their larger cousins - two braless women standing in their panties in front of their lockers. Danielle almost came from the beauty of it.

After hanging up her slip and putting on her sports bra, she pulled on her leotards leaving her clittie tucked flat and totally inconspicuous as it almost always was these days. It was so small from all the female hormones that had coursed through her young body that - if her bush had longer hair and wasn't trimmed so neatly - it would hardly be seen were it out from the crack of her ass. Besides, it was that time of the month. Danielle had her calendar marked. A Kotex pad was inserted in her panties.

The other woman had removed her panties and Danielle was confronted with the most beautiful soft-down bush and cute pouting lips one could imagine. This woman had revealed the most intimate parts of her body to someone she fully accepted as a woman. If pussies were a shrine, Danielle was a worshipper. Not so much in a sexual way as in a kind of deep identification. There was something primal here, something that echoed through woman years, birthing huts on Polynesian islands, chants and wind-carried songs of maidens and goddesses, of young girls giving suck to newborn babies. Danielle felt just then that she WAS a pussy, all pussy, one with every pretty pussy that had ever faced the early morning sun as young girls climbed up from the dark waters of lakes where they had swam with time and angels to dry themselves on grassy banks that rejoiced to be their bed. She felt that more than a transformation was taking place - she was reuniting with the girl that was her very soul - a soul that had sojourned in a man's body but had returned to the feminine womb from which it came.

While the jazzercise class was exciting and fun, she was more preoccupied with her afterglow, an afterglow as thick as maple syrup, warming her body. This time, her hips moved - not in well-practiced imitation of other women - but in the rhythm of drums played by men around countless, timeless campfires as their women matched each other's dance movements like the moon-governed functions of their bodies and formed a syncopated motion-poem with their lithe limbs and swaying pelvises. She felt delicate, yet forceful and confident. She felt part of a circle of naked women holding hands, dancing with a blend of mirth and reverence around a fire under a full moon - a larger moon than usual, a pregnant moon at term. Her cheeks glowed with an inner-candlelight.

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It seems almost unnecessary to say that upon returning home that night, Danielle's countenance was almost other-worldly. Even a blind-person who was unable to see the glow in her eyes and the radiance of her skin, would feel an electricity so palpable that it had contours, valleys and edges.

Jenny could almost feel it before she opened the front door of their home. In fact, the feeling was so strong that she didn't wait to confirm it with speech, but just rushed toward Danielle and held her for a very long time. For some reason beyond the veil of sense, it seemed appropriate to Jenny to sing to Danielle, to sing softly, to sing tender girl songs whose words she would have been hard-pressed to remember on any other occasion.



Without speaking, they both changed into nighties and lay on their bed where they resumed holding each other.

After - how much time? - Danielle began to speak about her experience that day. She was all too aware of how there were no adequate words, but she need not have worried because Jenny had already joined her on another plane of communication altogether. To say it was a psychic plane, would be to make it a "thing" apart. Let's just say it was something that was always around them, but they happened to be listening. Danielle took Jenny into the dancing circles of women, her sense of union with pussy, with all women, through all herstory, and into all the images and feelings associated with nursing women, and moons, and siren-songs [Author's note: If you haven't seen the new movie "Sirens", please do! I believe it will warm your woman-heart]

After relating her experience of that afternoon, it was obvious that Danielle was now searching for what she felt she must say next. She searched for words that she had already recorded and played back in her own mind, but which she would probably scrap and find anew in the immediacy of their sharing. When she began to speak, it was obvious that she wanted to take Jenny down a long path, walking with small steps.

"Jenny.. There is something I want to say to you. But first I want you to know how much I love you, how I could not bear to lose you.."

"Darling, there is no way I'm letting you go!"

"I know..and yet, I am trying to find the words to tell you something.. I don't know how you will take it.. and I'm scared."

"I'm here sweetness. I'm here for you. God that sounds corny, I know!" Jenny said to add some levity to the situation. "Danielle, you might shock me with what you have to say. Maybe it might even hurt me. But I do love you and whether or not I fully accept what you have to say right here and now, I can tell you that - in the end - I will accept it and it will not likely change my love for you."

"Unless I am an axe-murderer as you once said!"

"Murderess! Yes, that would be hard to take. But seriously, what is on your mind darling?"

There was a short silence. Then Danielle spoke. "You have given me the chance to experience the feminine in myself.."

"Yes, but it was you who was generous enough to yourself to take the opportunity."

Danielle was not irritated with being interrupted, but she was having a hard enough time keeping this train of thought from derailing. "It has been very freeing for me to know that you

supported the idea of my trying out life as a woman.. to know that you would be OK if I gave it up on a moment's notice or continued to explore it."

Jenny remained silent this time. She could feel Danielle's energy in getting this all out into the open.

"But what I don't know is how long you would relish the idea of my living as a woman. I mean, would you want me to quit when your assignment ends here in Tucson?"

"Only if you wanted to." Jenny said. Then she added "We could work out the 'logistics' of going back to live with our friends - if that's what concerns you."

"But wouldn't you miss the 'husband' you once knew, miss my being a man in your life?"

"Oh lover, what you are to me has never really changed, unless to say that our life just keeps getting better! The masculine and the feminine qualities in you make you my number one draft choice! What more could a woman want than a husband who was a father, a mother, a man and a woman, a brother, sister, a boyfriend and a girlfriend all rolled into one?"

"And sexually?"

"Why do you ask?"

"I mean, do you miss my male energy in our lovemaking? Do you want me to be more of a man?"

"Most of all, I love YOU! Our sex is always good because of who YOU are! Whether we make love as two women or as a man and a woman, I get the pleasure of you. If - from this moment on - we only made love in one sexual aspect of who you are, I would continue to be a very happy woman. I just never want to lose YOU!"

Danielle clearly felt better hearing that. It made her next question much easier. "Jenny, what if I NEVER returned to living as a man?"

"You never were like most men I've known. I love the woman in you. She is fun to live with. She is pretty, easy-going, capable, confident, creative, talented, responsible, and HAPPY!. Danielle, you are the most delightful woman I've ever known. So why do you ask darling?"

Danielle hesitated before delivering the conclusion to her little speech. Hah! As if one could say there was a "conclusion" to what she was about to say.

"I want to live my whole life as a woman!"

Jenny's mind was immediately full of images. Like a person in an auto-accident who sees

- in one sharply defined moment - a flurry of images from their whole life, only this was no accident and no tragedy. It was wonderful! Jenny could see Dan applying Nair to his body, seeing his soft, smooth, hairless skin as he emerged from the tub.

She saw him as he zipped up his pants to cover all traces of the pretty panties he wore underneath his suit. And she even more fondly recalled the first time he seemed to put on his panties with relish, his fingers admiring the little flower bud and ribbon at the top of them, his thighs fairly quivering as he drew the lace up his legs, the serenity that almost immediately enveloped him.



Once again she was in the backyard of their other home, seeing Dannie in his first lovely bikini, one he chose himself.

She felt the tingling sensations that coursed through her on the night she introduced her debutante Danielle to her friends in her gorgeous teal dress and how exciting it was to see Tom hold her firmly and kiss her with such great passion!



More than almost anything else, she treasured all the ways that Danielle had feminized herself for they confirmed her underlying love of all that was feminine.

Jenny responded to Danielle's powerful assertion by hugging her and kissing her repeatedly on her forehead. "Oh darling!! I LOVE you! Yes, you..you beautiful WOMAN. I would love to

have you as my woman-husband, my woman-wife and lover -however I can continue to enjoy you!"

Danielle's eyes were full of tears and her cheeks were already streaming with them. And don't think Jenny's eyes were dry. They both sobbed tears of joy in each other's arms, mixed with laughter and exclamations of joy that got drowned in new joyous sobs.

When speech was once again possible, it was Jenny who first spoke. "Danielle, now it is me who is searching for words. And it is me who seeks understanding. Well, really I just HOPE for your forgiveness. I don't really deserve it."

Danielle looked clearly perplexed by what Jenny just said. At that moment, she could not conjure up anything for which she could not forgive Jenny. She thought "This is the woman who gave me the greatest of gifts - who treasures me as a WOMAN! How could I not forgive her?"

"Danielle, you haven't been imagining that your breasts were getting larger. They have been. They are much larger than I think you have been willing to admit to yourself. Danielle.. I have been giving you female hormones for quite some time!"

Danielle looked like a deer caught in a car's headlights. "How.. I mean HOW?" she stammered.

"Almost all the orange juice you have been drinking for well over a year. I ground up different hormone compounds."

"Oh."

Jenny began to cry again. "Darling I am so sorry. I might as well get this all out.. I have long wanted you to be a woman. From the moment I began to really appreciate your feminine qualities and even the feminine aspects of your male body, I wanted you to become a woman. I loved the woman I saw in you. But honey, please believe me, I only wanted you to become a woman if that's what you wanted too. I wanted you to see whether you liked wearing panties and bras and dresses yourself. If you hadn't, I would have dropped it. I really would have. Because I really do love you however you are."

"But the hormones?"

"When you started to enjoy dressing like a woman and began to think more and more like a woman, I wanted to give you the chance to feel yourself in a woman's body, to give you a chance to go beyond just pretending to be a woman. I would have stopped the hormones if you wanted to give up on living as a woman. But..it doesn't matter. I had no right to give you hormones without you knowing. I really am sorry, honey!"

Danielle was quiet for sometime and Jenny was fairly writhing in the silence. Better to be cursed for her actions, than to turn around on the rotisserie of this silence!

"Truth be told, Jenny, I used to fantasize about what it would be like to be a woman - long before I met you. Not very often, but I did. If I could assemble all my thoughts over the years, my mind was whispering many feminine desires. But I wasn't very conscious of them and what I did think about was too unformed to share with someone else! Especially because I didn't know if you would think me weird for having such thoughts. You encouraged me to experience a lot of little gems of what it means to be feminine. And I am very grateful to you, because I feel so much better in panties and dresses. Life is so much richer for me, taking care of you and our home. Women's liberation is about choice, not what I chose. My choice is to support us at home. I love it!"

Jenny's posture was unwinding a bit from the tight form she had assumed after her unsettling admission. But she was still very unsure about how Danielle felt.

"Jenny!" Danielle exclaimed to startle Jenny from what seemed to be horrible torment. "Jenny.. if you hadn't started giving me hormones long ago, I would have looked kind of silly in the women's locker room today!"

They both laughed.

"You saved me a lot of time. That was the next thing I was planning to talk with you about after dropping my bombshell. I wanted to start taking female hormones! I wanted a woman's body!"

Jenny had so many apologies saved up, so many things to say. And for what? Once again, Danielle had taken her totally by surprise. Just as she bought her first bikinis and put flowers in her hair, she was piloting her voyage into womanhood as much as Jenny. Jenny might have been a little devious, but Danielle was in possession of the brakes all the way through her transformation and she chose not to apply them. And now here Danielle was, not desiring to scold her or reprimand her or not to speak with her again. Her lovely spirit was resplendent in more ways that could be seen with eyes.

They made love that night as two women. They had done that before as one of the many ways that Danielle was learning to be a woman, but this was different. This tender love was an initiation, a recognition of Danielle as a woman.

Jenny had stood naked in front of where Danielle sat on the edge of their bed. "Kiss my pussy," she said. When Danielle complied, Jennifer held Danielle's face to her pussy for a long time.



"Look closely at my pussy. Touch it, explore it leisurely and without hesitation." Danielle's fingers began to gently trace the outlines of her labia, her eyes to look at Jenny's pussy as if at a great painting. "You ARE my pussy now. You are a woman. Drink in the elixir of who you are!" Danielle was once again in that circle of dancing women, celebrating all that was woman.

Then she stood Danielle in front of the full length mirror in their bedroom and pointed out to her all the ways in which her body had changed.



"It would be very difficult for you to PASS as a man now."



Jenny showed Danielle how much more rounded her buttocks were, how pretty and how many feminine curves her young breasts already had. She told her how her skin was even softer and how the corsets she often wore had helped to cinch her waistline. Just then, Danielle's clittie was not tucked, but it appeared more like a small ornament on her pussy than something which bespoke another sex. It was hardly as if Danielle had not looked at all these things herself. It was more that - until that time - she had never realized that every part of her outer body - save her large clitoris - was unmistakably WOMAN.

When Jenny kissed all over Danielle's body that night, she kissed her clittie like a woman would kiss another's pussy. They hugged each other, breathing in unison, their breasts swelling together, nipple to nipple, the soft flesh of their breasts pressed together. Their legs were intertwined in such a way as allowed them to lay with their pussies in warm embrace. And it was in just this loving embrace that they fell softly to sleep.

Bonus Pics – Two Years On, After SRS and Breast Augmentation







Boy2Girl Dan2ielle



SweetDarlin & Michelle Johnson

