

BULLY FOR YOU!



Lauri Selkirk

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BULLY FOR YOU!

by Lauri Selkirk

AUTHOR'S NOTE: This is a transgender story, with a twist. For those of you that like FEM-DOM stories, this tale is for you as well as those who don't like such tales. While the domination here is not uncharitably obvious, it does exist. As English is a complex language, certain words have double meanings, some totally opposite. "Bully" is one such word. Strangely enough, it actually evolved from meaning "sweetheart" or "lover", to "pimp", to finally, "ruffian". Although not in today's usage, you'll truly find its earliest applications in this tale. There are elements of every definition here. In fact, the story's title literally means "Good for you!" and I do hope that you find this story good for you.

Prologue

Dana Tripp thought that he was the luckiest guy in the world. That is, of late. It was not always this way. Then again, things change when we least expect it.

He had always considered himself an average guy. Sometimes, given his luck — or lack thereof — even less than average. All the same, while not a muscle-bound jock, he was neither a skinny geek. He was even 'fortunate' enough here and there to be a perennial "friend" with the ladies that wanted a non-sexual relationship with him. Because he was seemingly a 'nice guy they didn't want to hurt', most of them did mean it when they said that they still wanted to be friends. They even boldly asked for a "man's opinion" every now and then on how to attract and keep a new lover. He even becoming a confidante to things they would not tell their closest girlfriend; considering that the latter might use it to get the guy for themselves. Dana could not be a threat because he not only knew what guys liked, he did not like guys.

All in all, while no virgin, Dana had to fight hard to keep his current girlfriend's attention. They all seemed to enjoy him as "the kind of man women want" or, at least, claim to. To wit, someone attentive, considerate, catering and caring. Still, in the end, the contradictory complaint that always seemed to rear its ugly head was that he was not assertive enough. To wit, the supposed "take-charge" macho man females also said that they did not care for in the first place, in building a life together.

This bothered him, because while every now and then, few and far between, a female did come on to him — instead of the other way around — because they thought him cute. They did not stay, either. He, like any man, wanted to make the first move, and did. Often. Too, like any man, he had his times of being shot down, so he was never self-conscious about being rejected by a beauty. But as the story goes, his counterpart seemingly said they wanted one thing in a man, and yet when Dana gave it, they changed their minds.

Eventually, Dana did meet his match. Chris Clapton. Definitely attractive, she was tall for a woman, 5' 10" barefoot. Modestly figured, she alternated between B and C cup bras, depending on how much bosom she desired to display. She kept him on his toes with how much bosom she chose to expose on a given date. All the same, much of her beauty was due to her voluminous blonde mane. Chris had a lot of it on her head that even cascaded in waves sexily down her back.

When Dana and Chris were to get married, Dana already knew that her chest was not as big as some of her bras made her, due to being naked when having sex; which was how he also discovered the cup sizes, the labeled article via tags being off her body. Shortly before their wedding day, during a long sexual session, Chris had asked for a break. She had been sweating profusely. In fact, they both were, on a very warm summer night that added to their activity..

Yet when Chris called for a halt, as she gently pushed him off her and sat up, in her sultry, whiskey-toned timbre, she said, "Honey, if you're still randy — and it looks as if you are," she kidded as she gazed at his half-limp yet twitching cock, "I am, too. But this wig is too damn hot! I gotta take it off!"

Dana's eyes bulged at her last words. Speechless, he watched as if it looked as if Chris was removing half of her head; such was the volume of the hairpiece. He had never seen her without her golden locks, waves layered up top and down to her back and or over her chest. What with all of their months together, he did not know that she even wore a wig until this moment. The hairpiece was that well made.

Once done, there was yet another extreme. Chris now stunningly displayed a haircut that was shorter than a close bob or a pixie-cut. It was a style that was almost the next best thing to being bald, called a close-trimmed boy-cut. For the first time, without makeup, Dana saw his bride-to-be appearing less than female. Yet at this moment, he was definitely assuaged by her round melon-shaped breais member between her breasts as she moved up and down against it, as it was on his belly.

At the time, any reservations Dana may have had over Chris' abrupt "transformation" was swiftly eliminated. He rationalized no matter what she looked like, Dana himself did not care for her merely superficially; that Chris also loved her man and she showed it. She was marrying him, wasn't she?

'How many men' Dana thought then, 'got married, only to find that the woman they fell in love with was on a shelf instead of in bed with him? Breastforms, butt padding panties, bustiers that propped up illusionary bosoms they didn't actually have that were

also really girdles that hid sagging bellies, even false teeth! Brrrr! As far as my love's concerned, while long hair on a woman turns me on no end, it's a beautiful head of hair for a wig. But I'm marrying all of Chris, not just her head. And god, speaking of head, does she ever love giving head! Some guys never get their girls to suck, much less swallow. Chris does that...and more!

Chris does love sex, and with Dana particularly being a self-proclaimed average guy, she seemed to worship his penis that went well beyond any sex act. And this is why he considered himself the luckiest guy in the world. At only 5" full mast, it was stub-like when not erect. All the while, Chris made love to it as if there was too much to cover; she worked over every inch laboriously. Chris seemed to be always touching, fondling and caressing it surreptitiously when Dana was clothed. Doing this plus licking, sucking and taking the then-rod for all it was worth when they were alone where she could expose it.

They talked about the wig a short while later. That it was indeed very expensive, totally human hair. That she was looking for the right moment to tell him before they wed — and did, during sex, by simply removing it in the "heat of the battle". That she knew long hair was sexy, and knew that many guys thought so, but she preferred her ultra-short hairdo. She said that she was honest, in that she used it to attract on purpose and had hoped that he still loved her. Dana admitted that it was a surprise but that it would be very shallow of him to love her any less; that Chris was entitled to be who she wanted to be. Chris hearing these very last words could not have felt any more love for her prospective mate but would indeed try.

However, after the wig removal incident, every now and then when they had sex, if either felt that orgasm was imminent — neither did call it out usually; it got to be virtually intuitive — Chris would thereafter do something unusual. Now that everything was out in the open, she would freely disengage her wig before any sex at all. She would push his torso up off her — or vice-versa, if she was on top — pull him out but kept him firmly away from her with one hand, then moved it to pull his asscheek to her, while holding onto his cock with the other hand in a tight fist and pump. In no position to argue, Dana would ejaculate without recourse. Afterwards, it took a while to notice, and once he did, an image appeared in his head and never left.

Most times being on top, his then-flaccid dick would flop on Chris' belly as she continued to hold on to his ass. So closely joined, it ultimately appeared to Dana as if Chris was the one with the cock, as it drooled seminal leftovers. Sometimes, she would release Dana's hips but kept him in place by pumping the cock anew with both hands before he began to shrink. Dana's testicle sac was virtually nowhere to be seen, below them. Seeing this, he had the eerie picture of her "stealing" his cock! If he could dismiss her jutting bosom that did spread while on her back, what with her very short hair, she almost looked like a man!

Despite the mannish countenance and minus makeup, Dana had no trouble kissing his wife, politely or with passion. He never was troubled by that. Otherwise, Dana simply rationalized that despite being married that his wife did not want to be impregnated. At least, not yet. This was all right. While children were not totally out of the question, there never seemed to be time apropos to discuss this. Upon his rare attempts of mention, before

it could be articulated, Chris would pounce for sex and Dana was wont to never temper her libido. But it did concern him well after the fact.

As noted, particularly now that Chris had foregone her wig before sex now, during these moments, there were no warning screams of "I'm cumming!" from either of them but each seemed to know their own as well as the other's pending ejaculation. As a married couple, there was felt no need for condoms, and neither suggested its use before marriage, despite these day's "safe sex" warnings. Dana had originally felt that he could always pull out in time; never waiting for the last second. He often did when they had sex before the "wig incident" because they were not wed at the time. Yet after the fact, Chris after a while always beat him to it, gleefully spraying his cum as she pumped Dana dry.

It was a weak sexual moment, given the time to come down from a sexual high. Despite appearances, it was a uniquely powerful orgasm even though Chris was merely doing a hand-job. It did not seem to be something to bring up after the fact if it was better than if Dana did himself or just came merely after pulling out. Chris doing it strangely made a dramatic difference and he felt he would be an idiot to complain. He was even subconsciously apprehensive afterwards, that if he did make her note it, due to her assertiveness, it would affect their sex life overall...somehow negatively. So, despite the disturbing picture, and the fact that he was not being left out — again, he received all of those ultra-grand sensations — he decided to not bring it up at all.

Still, he had another annoying recurring thought: If she looked a man and his cock was "gone" by virtue off her taking charge, wouldn't that mean...?

No! The second that conclusion popped up, before it could finish, Dana would dismiss it. He was happy. His wife was happy. That was all that mattered. ..Right?

Dana never questioned her love for his member. For sure, he had his share of orally servicing her pussy, with no complaints from Chris to love her as much as she did him. Dana considered himself lucky that she never met a guy with a much bigger tumescence while they were dating casually. Assuming that he would have lost her easily over a larger dangling piece of meat the way she acted over his when he was erect. The act had been done so many times before and after their wedding vows, Dana ultimately decided that it was way too late to ever bring it up. Even though he could never completely kill those pesky errant thoughts as well.

Besides, it was just a quirk. Wasn't it? Those wayward ruminations more likely were borne in his being able to stay simpatico with ex-lovers; as if in sync with them before he ultimately met Chris. If he could be so understanding with even ex-girlfriends that made him their confidante, could he be anything less to his wife?

Dana and Chris both worked because they wanted, not because they had to. In different jobs that paid well, no one brought a substantially bigger paycheck. Truth be known, as Chris used her own methods to escalate herself in a rather male-dominated business environment, nothing less would do for her to achieve a typically larger male salary than that of a female and was successful. Still, between the spouses, it was deemed extra money.

Therefore, as a matter of practicality, they each split their checks so that they had a joint account that paid the bills. They also had separate accounts so they could splurge on themselves or each other, without concern.

Saving up for it for a while, Dana eventually got an expensive sleek Viper sports car. Considered a very male status symbol, he eventually felt more comfortable in a Cadillac Escalade SUV. Despite the fact that this car was reportedly a carjacker's choice vehicle, it was much less so than the Viper, he presumed. All tricked out, its cost nearly ran the same, but somehow, he was infinitely more satisfied. And most importantly, despite reports, not all Escalades were under target; so, for the while that he owned it, neither was he.

In the meantime, Chris spent a good amount of time and money on bodybuilding at a health club. Fully clothed, Chris knew that being a woman, beauty was an asset. So, not just to attract a husband, her long-haired wig was long part of her work uniform — before and after marriage — whether she wore mix-and-match outfits, dresses or pantsuits. But after work hours, the wig soon stayed home. It was already redundant to wear it at the gym where she would always work up a sweat. If she ultimately gave up wearing it for the strenuousness involved in sex, it was a foregone conclusion not to wear it at the club at all. Now having a husband, she no longer needed the hairpiece to attract a mate. Still, it was paradoxically part of the feminine package in getting her noticed at work. Once achieved, her skills took precedence and the wig was gradually unused here. Too, she knew Dana loved her long tresses. Yet ever so moderately, even at home, the wig was on a foam bust in the bedroom more and more often than on Chris' head and she never slept with it on since its "unveiling".

In time, the couple settled into a somewhat marital complacency, for lack of a better way of putting it. Dana and Chris never denied each other when it came to sex. Anal sex was introduced by Chris, surprisingly enough. During oral sex, sometimes sixty-nining, he would occasionally finger-fuck Dana's rear with more than one digit as he plumbed her pussy and he never complained. If anything was odd here, Dana never took the initiative to have anal sex with Chris, with fingers or cock.

There were even times of satisfaction of only lengthy bouts of oral sex. Of the latter, each notably sought to truly please each other; often in mid-play asking, "Is this good?" or "You like that?" As a result, knowing precisely what each other wanted and or liked — much less brought the other off pleasurable sooner than expected or even deft enough to prolong the thrill — in a sense, Dana and Chris became experts at cunnilingus and fellatio, respectively. Almost as if they personally owned the organ and thereby knew exactly how it should be pleased.

Otherwise, each went up the ladder in their respective jobs, in remarkably short times, garnering private offices complete with a secretary/personal assistant. With their new positions came added responsibilities. Chris soon was required to make out-of-town trips for her company. A matter discussed between spouses but it was almost a mere formality, especially in Chris' case. She just told her husband that it was now part of her job and Dana accepted it as a matter of fact. Indeed, there were even late-nights at his job, even at the last minute, where Chris accepted this whether she was away at the same time or not, as some occasions warranted. Where there was love, there was trust. And they did trust each other.

But there was compliances, trust and love and there was compliances, trust and love. Which is to say that in this latest arrangement, they had to forego certain things they had come to expect from each other when they “needed” it, such as sex. Being miles apart, phone sex was eventually considered expensive and wasteful masturbation since they could not physically see or touch each other. They did make up for it upon being reunited, and everything was right with the world once again.

Still, with this new complexity, a seed had been planted. Planted unwittingly long ago in a garden that was already yielding crops from Dana’s attitude towards women long before he met his wife. Indeed, Chris had her own fruitage in the garden from when she decided to have her cake and eat it too; regarding how she lived a double life of appearing one way for the world and living another with the shorning of her long golden locks while wearing a wealth of hair in the form of a wig. Harvest time would soon be due. And the crops would not be left to rot.

One day, Dana had noticed that his usually perky secretary had been uncharacteristically acting very quiet for the past few days. As is his nature to also be outgoing and endeavoring to be helpful, he asked her to come into his office shortly before lunch. As she did so, he then requested that she secure the door.

Iona McClellan took this not as unusual. She had often in the past had been notified of his “locked door policy” so as not to be disturbed, for any number of reasons; from meeting a very important client to taking a power nap. Still, she never expected to be one of these personally involved. She knew that she had not been herself for a few days, but Iona thought that she had done everything expected of her at work. All the same, was she about to be fired? What with the job market so tenuous these days and “laid off” being the more politically-correct way to say “you’re fired”, it just happened to jump foremost in her mind as she locked her boss’ door.

Within Dana’s office, it was not plush nor was it spacious. Still, along with the prerequisite desk and chair for him, there were two chairs for visitors and a work/lounge area consisting of a small sofa and coffee table. It was to the sofa that Dana directed Iona to sit. She took one end and he sat at its other; their bodies positioned to adequately face each other.

“Before I begin,” Dana said, “just in case we lose track of time, did you have any plans for lunch?”

Iona immediately thought, ‘Is he coming on to me?’ but then said aloud with a little tremor, “No sir. Not particularly.”

“Good. Then I hope that this can all be resolved by then. Just making sure that you can take your normal lunch hour at the usual time. I’m hoping that all of this can be cleared up simply and quickly.”

“And what’s that?” Iona queried with a little more confidence.

"Well, Iona," Dana sighed heavily. He was searching for the right words now. Having something planned to say, suddenly he questioned if he should get involved. In resignation that he should have come across this option way before he asked to see his secretary, much less before he asked her to lock the door, he thinks to himself, 'Dammit! I didn't think this all the way through as I thought! Poor girl's probably worried I'm gonna sexually harass her now. God knows it's not unheard of around here. Several women, including Iona, are considered hotties around here. But all I wanted to do was help!'

Iona looked at her boss' face as he began stressing over his dilemma. She saw that it was not the visage of someone trying to come on to her. So, her mind went to the only other option she could think of. "Uh, Mr. Tripp? Am I being fired?"

At that, Dana sighed heavily again. But this time, he wanted to laugh, he was so relieved. Being given an out, he could start fresh. "No, Iona," he said with a smile now, unwittingly displaying his relief. "This is just a bumbling way to try to show my concern.

"Y'see, I got my position relatively fast and have had to work hard to prove that I deserve it. That, in no small part, is due to your assistance. Aside from that, I've been brought up to try to empathize with people. That being said, I've always tried to show an extroverted personality. Getting you as my secretary, I've seen similar traits. I've come to feel that we complement each other in our working environment. As a result, we've worked very well together. That is, until very recently. You've seemed distracted, distant, and not your usual lively self at all. Since I'm the way I am, it's come to distract me. So, in a nutshell, I'm asking right out: what's wrong? I'd really like to help."

Now it was Iona's turn to sigh heavy in relief. All the same, her bright smile flashed and then disappeared, almost in the same instant. "Well, thanks for your concern, but you wouldn't understand. It's sort of a girl thing."

"Well, I dunno. I've helped many women with problems, even if it's just a listening ear. I'm so attuned, I even wear panties and stockings!" Dana had no idea why he said that. Iona indeed was none of his business. He was a married man. He did not really need to have this conversation, and yet, the door had been as figuratively opened as the real one was closed. "Uh, forget that last part. I don't really wear anything like that.

"It's just that I think we work so well together, what affects you, affects me. We'll, um, both get over it, and everything'll be back to normal. I had a feeling it was personal and didn't want anyone hearing nothing they should. That's why I had you lock the door. Why don't you just go and start lunch early and don't come back until you're normally supposed to?"

Iona was now immediately overwhelmed with Dana's concern. So much so, she was touched to tears. As the floodgates of her eyes opened up, she began to talk and talk...and talk about what was going on with her, which was several things at once; although not wholly so, indeed, including some 'girl things'. All unrelated save for the timing and that it had happened to her. Add to this, she did not know how or who to say or do anything about everything, such was the disjointment.

Dana proved to be an able listener, as advertised. He was even able to offer some viable suggestions. By the time they were done, it was not only lunchtime but well into it. So, as veritable icing on the cake, although he said that the lunch now dictated to be abbrevi-

ated instead of extended, he ordered out anything Iona wanted, his treat. Iona thereafter glowed with renewed respect for Dana, as they did just that in the privacy of the office.

Within a day, Iona was back to her old self. Within a week, a self-satisfied Dana found a small box on his desk.

It was nothing elaborate on the outside. It was a plain white rectangular box. Small, about 2" thick.

Unaddressed, Dana presumed to open it. Under tissue folds there was a note that read, "To my girlfriend. Thanks for everything." Under the note, there was a black lacy panty. Underneath this was a pair of thigh-high elastic-topped stockings.

Despite a slight pause, it did not take Dana much thought to figure everything out. He then asked Iona to join him. Once again, upon her entry, he asked her to lock the door.

As she approached his desk, he asked, "Care to explain this?"

Hearing no emotion in Dana's voice, Iona bravely said, "I didn't know exactly how to thank you for your help last week. For everything; the loss in my family, my over-extended budget, my late period...including my boyfriend. If you recall, he was no help at all. Selfishly wondering if I was pregnant and if he was the father when obviously I was seeing him exclusively, and that attitude only added to my grief. So, now he's my ex-boyfriend."

"I'm sorry. I didn't mean..."

"Don't be!" Iona cut him off emphatically. "If I had a real good girlfriend, she would have given me the same advice. I know you're married and had no designs on me, and everything you said were right. I had chosen to wallow as one thing piled atop another, and I was letting it affect my job. You helped me to realize that and get out from under everything, not just him. No boss has ever treated as right as you have. I try to be a good employee, a good secretary. You said that we complement each other. That's my job! But how many of us get due appreciation for it?"

Catching herself getting hyper, Iona reined herself in, as she went on. "Mr. Tripp, coming in to work for you makes my job a pleasure. And you showed me the ultimate honor, not by just treating to me to an obligatory lunch, honoring me only on National Secretaries Week, or simple kudos for a job well done. Seeing me slip, another boss would've told me to either shape up or ship out. You chose to help me help myself. And I just couldn't let that pass without letting you know that I appreciate you as my boss. The question was 'How?'

"Many young execs here are so full of themselves, putting themselves so high, I felt as if you came down to my level while raising me high. You felt so in sync to me, the only way I could see you as if you were a best girlfriend Maybe what made me think that was your remark about wearing lingerie..."

"But I told you I was kidding!" Then Dana unwittingly starts to babble, virtually stringing all of his words together as if they were a single one instead of many. "You're a

very attractive woman and everyone around here, if not everywhere else, knows it! Because of that, I-I-I didn't want you to get the wrong idea, but I grasped the wrong straw.

"I don't mean to be nosy. I just care too much about the people who're constantly around me, and as we work so closely together, I just wanted to help; to set things right. I was desperate in trying to connect! I-I don't really.."

Iona calmly cut him off again. "I know that, Mr. Tripp! Just like I do know that you were trying to show that you were sincerely caring about my welfare, my well-being, and not just my job performance. Someone else would gotten upset or even angry at my gift, but while I didn't mean to do it either, I can see that you're a little flustered by it. Not even truly embarrassed."

"You're right, Iona. I knew this wasn't a childish prank," said Dana, as he got his heart rate back to normal and glanced at the items in the opened box "But these look expensive. You really shouldn't have spent so much on such a gesture."

"To be honest," Iona smiled, "only the panties were pricey, but I felt that it was worth it. It was my way to say how grateful I am to work for you, in not getting something ordinary. You said you don't wear them and I believe you. You mentioned about not knowing how to connect and I guess we are two peas in a pod in that regard. I chose this way. It's a symbolic gesture. That's all. Please don't refuse it."

For a moment, Dana was nonplused. Then, "Thank you very much, Ms. McClellan. I only hope that I can maintain the high standard you've held me up to." At that, he closed the box and put it in a desk drawer.

"Thank you, sir, for making my day," Iona again smiled brightly.

As she then rose to leave, her boss then said with deliberate thought, "This isn't the end, Iona. Life isn't perfect. I want us to continue to work well together. So, if anything — and I mean anything — inhibits our working like a well-oiled machine, I would appreciate you taking the initiative to talk to, well, uh, your 'girlfriend', Dana," he grinned sheepishly but meaning every word. "Your choice. I won't call you in here, just to be in your business. I may not have all the answers. Hell, I may have used them all up in our first real chat. Only know that I like to be your friend that you can come to."

"I'd like that very much, Mr. Tripp," said Iona, softly, immediately catching the androgynous nature of her boss' first name, even as it swiftly occurred to him. "Thank you very much...Dana."

Dana's job occasionally had him working at home, having felt that he had worked long enough overtime on the job, during a given time. As he brought work home, he eventually took Iona's gift, only to put it away in his desk in his den, virtually forgotten once again.

Meanwhile, Chris Tripp has taken to work out at the health club even before coming home from work, at least three times a week, when she was not away on a business jaunt. Doing this, led to her removing her wig between the two..and on weekend workout days, leaving the wig home completely. Her office was shocked with the sudden loss of locks

when she stopped wearing long hair but no one said anything derogatory to her face about it. As if being given a go-ahead, this action eventually led to another on the job. Since Chris did not stop using cosmetics minus her wig, no flak about the hair emboldened her to steadily use less and less of it. The more and more she streamlined her outfits and dresses to just pantsuits, until she wore no makeup at all.

In any event, since she and Dana had long agreed to share household duties, it has become a given that if Chris is not there preparing dinner, he should take the initiative to do so. Since her workouts were scheduled, they indeed took turns. This was not a problem, Dana being a good cook from his bachelor days. Even though his varied girlfriends in the past did not workout, the axiom was proved that often enough the way to a woman's heart was through her stomach as well as a man's. This continued to prove true as Chris had a very healthy appetite; not limiting herself to simple salads and dainty portions. To be sure, what with her workout regimen, she burned her calories off in muscle mass and not fat.

Chris loved keeping her body healthy. She never imposed upon Dana to do so, but she went so far as to take steroids in small doses, in pill form, along with a half dozen other supplements regularly. For sure, it was definitely showing on her body. Chris began to outgrow her sexy feminine frills, and rather than venture into titillating plus-size wear to accentuate her femininity, she gainfully began dressing down out of necessity. Even preferring the newly-bought pantsuits for work that now solely fit her, over dresses or blouse-and-skirt outfits. A fact ultimately not lost on her husband. But only ultimately.

Life is often strange in the way it is taken for granted. What may be plainly evident is repeatedly made to abrupt awareness, as the case may be. In the Tripp household, as far as this is concerned, there is no exception.

Iona's "gift" had remained in Dana's desk drawer on the job — and then at home — for quite a while. In the meantime, boss and employee grew to enjoy a very close platonic relationship. More and more, Iona felt comfortable about talking about even the most intimate details of her personal life. It was a vast difference from their first conference of how this as well as life's problems as everything seemed to hit her all at once.

A simple "How're you doing?" from Dana formerly would have brought out a simple "Okay," or a "Fine" from Iona. Yet now, Iona gradually felt able to freely express precisely 'how she was doing', particularly because Dana had not lied in being an apt listener.

From what she had done after work that day before, Dana warmly allowed her to monopolize conversations. This grew to asking for his sincere opinions on not only what she ate or what was worn that day, but ultimately what she could do or did wear in order to attract a new boyfriend, for one example. Interestingly enough, Dana's comments on women's wear were proven valid, as Iona would follow his suggestions and relate the compliments that she garnered. Never once did either express sexual attraction to each other, despite Dana's thought of her being a "hottie", a very beautiful woman. In this way, he unwittingly became her girlfriend; a pal instead of a paramour.

Oddly enough, during various, almost regular, private lunches they now enjoyed together when Iona would let her hair down, a strongly empathetic Dana began to unknowingly emulate his workmate. As she would express herself, he would subconsciously mimic her. Neither was aware this was happening at the start — why or how — as Dana would copy her genuflections and actions; his voice that was not deep would soften and even raise an octave in her cloistered company. The more they got together as friends, the easier it became to slip into the sympathetic pattern, until it was fluid. As Iona was blind to it consciously; inwardly, it drew her to want to be with her ‘best girlfriend’ more and more. Yet, let it be noted that again without deliberate thought to do so, when business called, it was as if it never existed. A quirk to be sure, but a fact nonetheless.

It would be notable, if not obvious, to say here that a beautiful woman like Iona was not bereft of friends, much less close ones. It simply happened that, albeit a work environment, Dana was the most accessible person in her life, in their close responsibilities and the most at-hand throughout a given day, except only for weekends. None of her friends — male or female — had been the efficient problem solver that seemingly bombarded her all at once as he had just happened to be so. Not that Iona ever had everything come at her at once yet again. Only that as they tended to pop up, Dana was invariably the one nearby to turn to. Given the invitation to do so, she took him up on it, until she freely went to him with no problems at all.

Elsewise, in business, Dana was her employer. Able to efficiently assist her in a time of need, with his permission, she was now able to detach her professional relationship from a more personal one, while joining them in one person all the same. Nothing was replaced or overlapped; it was two separate things. He was always Mr. Tripp, her boss, and Dana, her best friend. As she had seen in he mind’s eye from the start of her ‘confidant relationship’, the more affable Dana became, the more Iona was in mentally seeing him as if they were indeed gal pals.

The awareness had been subconscious, insobeing that Iona only realizing that her new best girlfriend was always sincerely there for her. Subconsciously, because after their first heart-to-heart where Dana said that he could be her girlfriend — and subsequent clarification after receiving the gift — he was not outwardly thought of as one. Only that he was so sympathetically approachable, it was inwardly felt and expressed respectively, as if he was a surrogate woman by both parties.

An analogy could be when pets and owners start favoring, even looking like each other, so close was their bond. Sexual bestiality would be abhorrently the furthest thing from their mind, to not existing at all. In like manner, their growing compatible situation was similar to Dana and Iona working closely five days out of seven, often more than forty hours a week.

A psychologist could have many reasons for this to happen; perhaps a myriad of terms or syndromes. This would only be the how, though. The why was less complex.

Dana and Chris Tripp, over time, could have loved each other more. They did not love each other less. Their affection did not stagnate; it did not grow cold. Yet, what they brought into the marriage did not increase with complemented interest. It was self-invested. They each knew each other enough to want to be together in marriage. Yet, for lack of a better way of putting it, instead of them becoming one, they remained two.

At work, eventually, while looking for something else, Dana came across a small rectangular box in his desk. Without opening it, he recalled its contents. Now it should be pointed out a certain fact, perhaps overdue.

Of late, there has been succinctly expressed something called “lies of omission”. While not called exactly that the first time it was ever done, as in its present tense, it is often announced as something unsaid being negative. Still, such an omission could be trite, insignificant, or simply unimportant. Not really an untruth.

That being said, there are several such “lies” between the Tripps. Just as there were the aforementioned apparent truths that were not visibly evident, simply due to “being unable to see the forest for the trees,” to use yet another pedestrian phrase. All in all, what has gone before were but building blocks of life, starting now...

Upon originally rediscovering Iona’s gift on the job, Dana has two choices: throw the box with its contents away or keep it. Disposing it anywhere around the office could have ironic repercussions upon Iona miraculously finding it or even hearing/overhearing about it from someone else seeing Dana discard it and hurting her feelings. Thus destroying the rapport they have enjoyed as, yes, very good friends over now-many weeks and counting into months. The other option Dana thought of was to take them home and maybe, just maybe, try them on out of mere curiosity. Not thinking to safely dispose of it there, this last choice had Dana giggling to himself. Not aware of this reaction, he did not laugh. He lightly, girlishly, giggled.

That very evening, a perfectly advantageous one what with Chris being away on a business trip, had Dana changing clothes. Nothing unusual here. He and his wife both got out of business attire upon returning home. But instead of mere outerwear, Dana stripped completely, in order to wear the sexy panties and stockings. Especially wearing shorts and sandals along with a tee shirt, to be able to appreciate his intimately-covered legs.

Dana then bathed instead of showered. In so doing, he shaved his legs for the first time in his life. Not thinking — more like uncaring — of possible consequences, he was fair-haired on his legs, pubes and underarms; bereft of it elsewhere below his neck. Dana merely knew that most women were hairless on their extensions, by mere lack or choice, and he really did not see himself doing this as a habit. Doing it this one time, he went for the whole experience.

Dana was always well-groomed; desiring to wear nice things. Often complimented on his good taste, he was proud of this fact without vanity. But clothes were clothes to him.

Enjoying one fabric over another induced nothing erotic as to desiring it against his person. As he knew what suited him best, he also admired what women wore without sexual excitement. After all, he was a married man, having grown this way enabled him to be this way without a concern to turn it off. His beautiful wife unadorned was his turn-on. Wearing appealing clothing only added, but never triggered, the sexual allure.

Naked in his office den, Dana then truly examined what Iona had given him. While no expert on women's clothing, over years he got to know many items of his wife's trousseau; particularly the exotic things of either outer or underwear. The lacy panties he had, had a male counterpart, he noted, called boxer briefs. While as long as boxer shorts, the latter were as close-fitting as briefs. Not to mention an inner cotton gusset at the crotch, the feminine version was similar but not as long, only completely covering this hips — the material seemingly cupping each cheek on purpose, with a seam straight between them — ending just below at the top of the thigh, while the men's went an inch or two more. Depending on who sold them, the women's version were called boy-cut panties. Some stores went for a more exotic name as they designed them in various ways — tango panties.

Donning them, what initially surprised him was their fit. Iona was apparently a good guesser as they comfortably hugged his waist and a very short part of his legs. Dana did not miss how each cheek intimately cupped each buttock in their black lacy translucency. The front was a little problematic. Used to wearing boxer briefs, he never minded the bulge of his cock. In the tangos, however, it bothered him.

Dana could not just wear the panties. He wanted to wear them right; which was why he impulsively shaved his legs for the stockings. Pulling them down halfway on his thighs, he placed his member between his legs, and then pulled the panties back up. They no longer fit right, settling well below the waistline instead of on it. Dana squirmed and wiggled, tugging on them in trying to make them feel comfortable, carefully trying not ruin the garment. As his small limp penis lay in the panty gusset, something then happened abruptly. He felt a testicle rise upward in his pelvic cavity. It felt very strange. There was a moment of nausea that swiftly passed. As such, afterwards, he did feel a little more complacent.

Dana then pulled the panties down just over his hips. He profoundly felt something he never knew existed, what with one testicle in a otherwise strangely empty space. Dana then deliberately by hand pushed the other testicle into the cavity. He felt oddly full, as if he had eaten a meal. Yet this would mean that his stomach was in the wrong place. He then felt another queasy wave. Yet, it too, passed as quickly as it came.

Dana then felt the empty sac that now cradled his minute dick and it immediately reminded him of a woman's labia on either side of his soft member, slowly stirring his cock to rigidity. Not wishing for yet another problem, Dana then quickly pulled the panties up...and in so doing, they fit perfectly!

He had not given thought yet that men's and women's waistlines were in different places on each gender's body. Yet as the panties began at its naturally-intended waistline, he simply and ignorantly acknowledged that everything was now comfortably as it was supposed to be.

Dana sat down on his desk chair with his legs splayed. With the panties virtually being entirely of lace, the waistband was elastic and the outer gusset at the crotch was a different

material that felt like satin. With a hand, Dana momentarily rubbed his now pseudo-smooth crotch. Its appearance and tactility made him feel slightly giddy. He had wanted to wear the panties as a woman did. Now, he actually liked feeling like a woman down there. He then abruptly looked for the box that still contained the stockings.

Remembering the many times he saw Chris gather and roll up her stockings for work, he did so, so as not to ruin them. Once both were on, his legs immediately went together, as if he deliberately wanted to appear ladylike from the waist down. His 'new' shiny black legs felt oddly sleek, cool and warm, all at the same time. Wiggling his toes, Dana noted his small feet as if for the first time in his life. When they were courting, it was a passing note that he and Chris were the same height. With her breasts and his penis notwithstanding, he now wondered if he could fit into her things; specifically her shoes.

Then, just as fast, the thought was forgotten, unwittingly deciding against finding if this was true or not. Although momentarily tempted, he just donned his tee shirt, cargo shorts and sandals, and set his mind on preparing dinner for himself. The remaining days of Chris being away, after handwashing the proffered items, upon their drying, he wore them as much as he could at home, as belonging to him. Upon her return, they went back in the box, in his desk at home. To Dana, it was an innocent guilty pleasure that he gave in to, telling no one. Not Iona. Not Chris.

Chris returns home from her latest trip, and the couple makes up for lost time, sexually. As they go at it, Dana finally notices the forest instead of the single tree, as it were. Was it due to having worn women's intimates and germinated a different mindset, we shall see. In any event, Dana finally opened his eyes.



Chris, by now almost always takes the dominant role: being on top. Dana pretty much lets her be the aggressor when he lapses in taking the initiative. It does not mean that he wants it less; only that Chris seizes the advantage more. As noted, sometimes upon climax, she would sit up on her knees and pulling Dana's cock out of her pussy, she would then pump it to ejaculate all over Dana's torso. This last detail has graduated to more than just sometimes.

This night, Chris does something new. Not exactly new to her, but new to Dana. All because he had tried something earlier for days...panties. Snug, sexy, bun-hugging panties.

As usual, Chris is all over her husband, atop him. Feeling orgasm impending, she bolts upright, squatting against him, as she whips Dana's cock from inside her. Innocently, the routine subtly changes. Pressing her sopping wet crotch firmly against his, she is unwittingly physically closer to him than ever. After Dana had worn his gifted panties a few hours for a few days, in liking the sensation of emptiness between his legs, without ill feelings ever again, he continued to raise his balls internally and tuck his member between his legs — minus the queasiness that happened only once — as he even wears his boxer briefs from then on. As such, he uses a stall at work instead of the urinal, to keep everything in place.

Since it is always up there no matter what the underwear, although a short time before Chris' return, his body accepts the placement naturally when he tucks his cock as he dons whichever underwear. So, ultimately, at this point of having sex with his wife, by the time she acts as usual, instead of a testicle barrier between them, the latter instantly retreats into his pelvic cavity as their crotches mesh together. Empty sac against wet labia. No pun intended, this creates a whole new ball game for Dana, with Chris blissfully unaware, the latter's mind firmly fixed solely on the cock. Making it a very blissful orgasm for Dana; one like he never had before. And that is when it happened.

Dana's fleshy, empty testicle sac connected with Chris' vaginal lips like two mouths frenching, with Dana's hard cock as an inexperienced slobbering tongue. Involuntarily, Dana squealed at the 'new' contact. Not only did he squeal, but a split-second later, he cooed as he came down from the jolted high. "Ooh, baby. That was terrific."

Everything, just like a woman. Higher, sultry, softer than Chris' voice ever was. And he did not stop there. After a heavy sigh, he added, "Let's do that again, sweetheart." Then Dana impulsively grabbed Chris' biceps, one rock-hard muscle in each hand. Only then did Dana realize what had happened.

He reacted like a woman. He sounded liked a woman. He felt like a woman.

But he also realized that Chris had been acting like a man, as she took his cock as hers. His once-past rumination has now nested to stay. His physical discomfort long gone, he felt the absence of his balls outside. For all intents, the dick belonged to her. She even felt like a man, from what he felt of her arms.

Looking at her face now, Dana saw a mask of shock. He well knew that Chris had heard the voice, his reactions. But if all of the foregoing was not enough, he saw Chris' countenance change. Into an unexpected leering grin, as her eyes seemed to glaze.

A few heartbeats later, Dana asked in his normal voice, "H-Honey...are you okay?"

“Nonononono,” she said rapidly, in her deep whiskey burr. As if for the first time, even moreso deliberately deeper; trying her best to sound as masculine as possible, on purpose. “Let me hear you the other way, sweetie.”

Dana replied, “Huh?” but in that split-second, memories seemed to explode all at once to his conscious mind.

He was now fully cognizant of how he empathetically acted with Iona. How he subconsciously yet purposely demurred himself virtually femininely in order to always be approachable to her as a friend and not just an authority figure. How he had been doing it for several weeks, going into months.

He recalls how he finally wore the panties and stockings. How he acted for several evenings in a row while his wife was away. Content to just wear just what belonged to him, he then realized that although he wore male outerwear, he subliminally chose to act feminine openly at home throughout the night. Then there was the very conscious tucking of his cock in his own snug underwear and new use of lavatory facilities, whether at work or home.

Finally, he noted how Chris very often took the so-called masculine position in sex. Yes, it has been called “the cowgirl position”, but his wife never acted feminine of late atop him. In his mind, Dana had given truly her his cock. From this moment this night, he was then freely able to express himself in ecstasy as female when Chris touched his pseudo-labia, his empty testicle sac. Their cumming together, as Dana gushed up and out, Chris orgasmed wetly against him. As Chris wanted the cock, Dana accepted the cunt. Her vaginal wetness was now his — or rather ‘her’ — wetness as ‘she’ orgasmed, as if for the first time, virginally, then eagerly wanting



to experience it again with 'her' "man".

Only then, Dana felt Chris' all-too-real muscles, making the "forest" come vividly into picture. He had thought that he had not meant to be feminine. He wanted to definitively relate to Iona so that she could come to him at any time, without being concerned that he was just another office lecher waiting for the 'right moment' to proposition her. In turn, Iona seemed blind to his over-the-top empathy, never having mentioned it. All the same, Dana's subconscious was seeing what he conscious mind did not accept...until now.

As it all came together, since they were not having sex in the dark, Dana saw Chris' total physique. The somewhat curved torso was still there but her manly "six-pack" abdomen was clearly defined. Not laying on her back but sitting up, her once-jutting bosom had stretched out and almost flattened into a distorted depiction of inflated pectorals rather than feminine breasts. Not just part but her whole arm — both of them, and legs! — were very muscular instead of smooth and sleek.

Dana asked himself when did this happen. He had seen Chris many times naked and she had the health club membership almost simultaneously with their wedding day. It has not been very long but with almost fanatical regularity, years of regimen had passed, as did the marriage. Then, recalling that pivotal night when she removed her long wavy wig for the first time before then, came the assumption from her, not Dana, that she wanted to be this way and only used her femininity as a means to an end. Her marriage. Her career. All in a male-oriented world where men got the best of everything, or so Chris thought.

Even now, as Chris patiently waited for her mate to comply, Dana was overwhelmed at the visage before him. With her very short haircut, with her stroking Dana's cock — as if it truly belonged to her, having just ejaculated, by her machinations to a part of her own body, was astonishingly stiffening — Chris Tripp virtually appeared more manly than Dana ever was!

Now at the end of that "whole-life-flashing-before-your-eyes-in-a-split-second" time period, Dana answers his wife, "Like this?" in a carefully deliberate but horrible falsetto.

With her free arm, Chris playfully smacks Dana's arm, as she laughs, "No, baby. Just like a minute ago. You said too much for it to be a fluke. Do it again! Oh please, yes! Do it!" At that, she raised her head to the ceiling, closed her eyes, and began feverishly pumping Dana's cock in anticipation.

Seeing Chris' large hand almost completely encompass the now-erect member, Dana never dreamed that he could ever sound genuinely feminine. But he knew that he purposely tried a lighter timbre conversationally with Iona that she never appraised, astonished or derisive. Now amidst sexual heat, subliminally acknowledging the role reversal of the Tripps fucking, the voice was not only authentic but sultry, to boot. With her realiza-

tion, it was a tremendous turn-on for Chris, although Dana was actually one more time reaping the benefits of it, what with her gripping movements on his rod.

Dana then closed his eyes, and gave into the moment. After all, despite the mental juxtaposition, the dick Chris was wanking was still a part of his body and the pleasure of the activity was escalating. So, caressing his wife's beefy thighs, he said almost helplessly breathless, "Oh, yes! Don't stop, baby! Please don't stop! I'm...I'm gonna cum!"

Still pumping fiercely, that voice sent Chris over the edge, as she orgasmed hard against Dana; her pussy flooding against Dana's crotch, her torso jerking spastically. The sensation felt from labia to sac once again, this triggered Dana's orgasm, as he came as never before. Positioned as he and his member was, he involuntarily jerked as Chris did, as his ejaculate shot up and out, in a liquefied rope. The arc could not be more perfect than if it had been planned. Then looking down, Chris saw it all happen as the arc was completed, right into Dana's half-open surprised mouth!

"Yeah! Yeah, baby!" Chris bellowed to what she just saw. In a voice so deep, it seemingly came up from her toes. "That's it! Swallow Daddy's cum! Drink it, bitch!"

Startled by what just occurred, Dana barely tasted what immediately went down his throat as ordered. On sheer reflex, his tongue blocked the clear path inside the mouth, so he did not choke or gag. But no sooner than it began to fill and with Chris' command, he obediently swallowed as if it was the natural thing to do. Then, a moment later, Chris fell upon him and violently frenched his mouth, as if attempting to retrieve some of the remains. Wrapping her arms around him, she also held her spouse so tight, Dana almost found it difficult to breathe.

Chris then released Dana, rolling off him in the process. Breathing heavily, she swallowed several times, before saying in her normal feminine whiskey timbre, "That was the best fucking fuck in the whole world." Turning her head to Dana, with a meaty hand, she forcibly jerked his to face hers. With an imploring look on her face, she says, "Honey, please don't say no. Please say that we can do that again!"

Assuming that it was okay to speak as normal as his wife was, Dana replied, "Y-You mean, r-right now?!"

With another stinging punch to his shoulder, Chris laughed heartily after which she sighed heavily. "Sweetheart, no. Not tonight. I couldn't get it up anymore tonight at gunpoint!"

"Oh," Dana responded softly, after wincing from the blow. "Sure."

Still holding his jaw with the remaining hand, Chris kissed him lightly on the lips, and said, "Love ya, babe," and then completely let Dana go.

Thoroughly exhausted, they both felt asleep almost instantly. But as his prick shrunk to its soft nub, Dana drifted off, as a question echoed softly in his mind, 'She was the one who couldn't 'get it up'?'

While the Tripps obviously enjoyed sex — apparently no matter how orgasm was achieved — as they spent time apart, there were no marathon all-night bouts or even every day fucking. Yes, there were nights of breaks between sex sessions, but this was rare. Now, as Dana finally saw his wife so musclebound, she began to vividly appear less womanly in his eyes. This slowly seeped into his mind as an empathetic need for balance between them.

The more he noticed, he began to feel inwardly slightly intimidated. He was not afraid for her, yet he was almost in awe of her. Chris' day-to-day demeanor had not changed, but he began to feel somewhat submissive to her. Dana was not dominated, but automatically he self-sublimated himself to this new Chris. He gradually comforted himself, not being an envious or competitive man, to be her counterpart; a true complement. Plainly put, without precisely stating so to himself, Dana felt comfortable in being unwittingly feminine to his wife's masculinity. But this internal subliminal balance of nature would not stay inside very much longer.

Every day he would go to work and could not help but notice Iona McClellan looking as feminine as ever. Her contrast to his wife was stark; as his spouse went one way, his secretary went the other. Only as Chris purposely worked at being masculine, Iona was naturally feminine. Some of the other women in the office were even outright sexy, as they pushed the envelope, as it were, in wearing just barely appropriate clothing — or no clothing at all, as some were very evidently braless under clothes — for a business environment. Rather than be tempted to conjoin in the visual flirtation of wear and wares, as some of his male co-workers dared to tread the flimsy tightrope of sexual harassment, with Iona's constant presence of absolute femininity, Dana would reflect on how sexy Chris used to dress, before and after marriage. Especially when she wore her very expensive human hair wig.

Before Chris' revelation, Dana could not tell that it was not growing out of her head; it was that well-made and styled. After marriage, when she used to wear the wig to work or some occasional night out with him, — with apropos sexy clothing — he felt that her tresses alone made her a knockout. Now he felt that her fists could accomplish that easily. Meanwhile, he now finally sharply noted that she lately wore pantsuits all the time instead of dresses or skirts, sexually-appealing or otherwise. And was it his imagination or were the latest pantsuits really women's pantsuits or actually genuine suits made for men? A curiosity that needed an answer.

They never dressed to work together. Deliberately so, so as to not to get in each other's way. Taking turns to be first, that one would fix breakfast for both of them before leaving for their jobs. Chris never said anything about Dana's smooth and shapely legs. Despite the fact that after wearing his stockings the first time, he liked the way his legs felt even without them. So, regardless of his earliest proclamation of only doing it the one time, Dana consciously liked the way his legs felt, even bare against the material of his slacks. So

he continued to keep them free of hair when stubble annoyingly grew. If ever confronted, he had resigned only to confess that he did the shaving on a whim, which was true, and continued to do so because it felt good.

But as they were self-invested or otherwise, his wife never questioned him. And upon seeing her more openly-masculine body, he was drawn to wear his panties and stockings more often when Chris did not have a trip, even to work. Privately removing them when he changed clothes upon returning home; hand-washing and yet instead of drying them in the bathroom, as his wife was elsewhere, he dried them in his den. His respected private sanctuary only breached by invitation.

As noted, the couple may have been self-invested but they trusted and respected each other. Which was why, as Chris would never violate his den and inadvertently spot the drying intimates, Dana would not dare go through her clothes. Still, as Chris was never shy about her bodybuilding, apparently accepted by those who noticed long before him, Dana was reluctant to tell her about his new-found appreciation for women's lingerie; he fully aware of societal double standards, boiled down to one person.

It took getting used to, now that Dana saw Chris as she really was. Talk about wearing blinders as Chris' body developed, at night, she wore a simple terry cloth robe and rarely a nightgown; getting into bed nude. Dana never said a word. Not one for pajamas himself, sometimes he also wore nothing in the way of bedclothes. Most times, he wore his now-regularly cock-tucked boxer briefs.

One evening, they both lay in bed. Not truly weary but it was bedtime. As they moved around getting comfortable, they ended up spooning; Chris behind Dana.

Dana loved the feeling of his wife's breasts against his back; even now when they seemed to feel taut instead of soft. At least her nipples were hard this night. That meant she was horny. A fact she underlined by whispering exactly that in his ear, followed by her roaming hands. Chris soon was rubbing her husband's fleshy ass through his briefs. Then she moved around front; her hands working as if searching for something. Something she curiously did not find.

"Where's my cock, baby?" Chris purred.

Without thinking, Dana euphorically turned on his back and spreading his legs apart, guided Chris' hand to his tucked minute member. Chris tentatively rubbed it through the cloth crotch, almost unsure of what she was feeling. Dana could not help respond to the sensations by softly moaning as Chris then felt his crotch inflate only slightly in the snug confines. Almost immediately thereafter, she also felt it pulsate as it attempted to swell.

Chris then went to the waistband, almost ripping the underwear off as she swiftly got it to mid-thigh. Simultaneously, before the tightened garment could force the legs together, Dana's stiffening, growing dick sprang out from its placement. There was no time for his balls to drop into their sac and Chris grabbed the cock as if it was a long-lost friend. Then releasing the clothing, its tautness drew his legs together immediately, the testicles

never having a chance to fall. Chris then proceeded to perform on the tumescence as if it was a separate entity.

Licking all over the length, little kisses as well; in one instance, it almost seemed as if she was attempting to french the bifurcated slit of the cockhead. Thereafter, she moaned as she deepthroated the cock; the humming vibrations drove Dana very lightheaded. Chris never moved her body for reciprocation, yet Dana's nature compelled him to attempt it. Given her new body mass as his was being the recipient of extreme sexual titillation, he did prevail into sixty-nining, as he dove into his wife's wet cunt.

Chris came first, surprising Dana, making him gasp for air as he again struggled to this time remove the muscled hips that now relaxed heavily on his face. Unaware of his exertions, Chris raises her ass in the air as she sucks very hard on Dana's cock. Given the relief off his face, this caused him to wonderfully explode in Chris' mouth.

Chris then trudges up to be head-to-head with her mate. About to kiss him, she says, barely moving her mouth, "I saved some for you." At that, she forcibly clamps her mouth over his. Dana then tasted something else he had only once before. His own cum.

The first time, he was stunned to taste himself just barely; the direct hit almost unerringly going straight down his throat. Again, only in reflex did his tongue block what followed so that he did not involuntarily choke, and that was when he noted the flavor of the fruitage from his loins. This second time, although again unexpected, he readily recalled the now-catalogued salty-sweet liquid, but this time surely moreso. Dana then rationalized, even as he and Chris continued to french, that this was very deliberate. But as he resigned for the experience of it from now on, he resolved that it was not unpalatable.

Yet he could not help but now wonder: Did it all end here or was there even more to come? Dana had to laugh to himself at the wording.

Two days later, Dana and Iona are idly chatting over lunch. Despite eating a sandwich, Dana had been hungry. Finally, catching himself, he remembered that he wanted to talk turkey with his secretary during their "friend time".

"Iona, honey?" Dana began, now fully aware that his feminine side is "on" without deliberation.

"Hmm?" Iona replied, in mid-swallow. Upon clearing, "Yes, Dana?"

"Y'know how this time we spend together, is supposed to be downtime for us to be good friends instead of detached co-workers? For you to be able to come to me, to be at ease, to be able to talk about anything?"

"Sure I do, sweetie!" Iona beamed. "You've been an absolutely wonderful girlfriend these past few months!"

Despite knowing that his assistant meant what she said as a compliment, Dana's countenance then fell. "Y'see...now here's the thing. After we have our time, it's always been business as usual, right? I'm the boss and you've been the secretary. Nobody during the workday knows of our occasional tête-à-tête, right?"

"I'm not saying that you told anyone," he adds swiftly. "But...have I betrayed our confidence to anyone?"

"Oh no, Dana! I wouldn't dream of jeopardizing what we have!" Then, after a pause, "I never said this before...but you did say that I can be honest with you about anything.

"You've been such a loyal friend, I've begun wishing that we could be friends outside work. But I know how that might look, what with your wife and all. And once a rumor starts, no matter how much you protest, the 'wrong' people — if you know what I mean — take it as gospel, destroying everything!

"But how on earth could you betray me?"

Dana then sighed heavily. "Sweetheart, I, uh, well...I'm gonna steal some of your 'me time' and talk about myself."

Iona just giggled, "Well, it's about time, girlfriend! We're supposed to be buds! Get it off your chest already!"

"Well, uh, remember that gift you gave me?" It took a second because it had been quite a while by now, but Iona nodded. "Well, uh, not right away, but eventually I did wear them. Not telling anyone, much less you or Chris. First at home alone while Chris had a couple business trips. Then, I'd wear them often, even at work. It somehow made me feel a little closer to you and Chris.

"Well, eventually, the stockings wore out after so many washings. I, uh, I..I can't believe I'm saying this..."

Iona jumped in. "Sweetie, you don't have to. I—"

"No! I do have to! I cried when I saw them ladder. I had handled them so carefully through so many washings. Then, they were ruined. I knew that they weren't meant to last forever, but I was still upset when it happened.

"I liked wearing them...a lot. I even had been shaving my legs all this time from the very start, to wear them right. I then thought about my panties and as delicate as they were, they were still holding up. I buckled up, taking solace that I still had them intact. But I knew then that it, too, had its own inevitably. Thereafter, I figured, 'Oh well. It was fun while it lasted.' But y'know what? Even without the stockings, I still shaved my legs as needed, as a new habit I didn't want to break.

"And that was the straw that broke the camel's back."

"What happened? Did Chris get mad over your shaved legs?"

Dana did not say anything for a moment. Then, "Y'know, I hate being such a drama queen...but there! Right there! The phrase I just used!

"Iona...in order for you to be able to trust me, open up to me, talk to me, I took an approach that...if I tell you now, I hope you won't be offended..."

"What? That you've been acting and sounding like a woman during our times together?"

Dana was wide-eyed and speechless.

“See? Just like that! A man would’ve been blustering with denial all over the place! Despite what you just told me about the underwear! You’ve truly been my girlfriend and I’ve loved every minute of it!” Iona said with pride in her voice and Dana caught it.

“You mean, you’ve known...all this time?”

“No. No, not right away. It was a slow process of simply noticing your demeanor had changed when you continued to suggest we have lunches and various coffee breaks together. Your whole disposition changed towards me during these times. It was so sweet. I knew you weren’t being condescending. And that was the whole point. For us to be equals on a leveled playing field.

“At first, before I recognized it, I did think you were trying to get into my pants.” That made Iona chuckle. “When I began to notice, then I realized that you were trying to get into my pants, at that! You were trying to get me to trust you by being another me.

“At first, you were like a Mother Hen, asking if we could have lunch together; asking during then about how things were working out, how I was doing from when we first talked. I enjoyed how you cared so much, there was a time when I wished you weren’t married. That I could be your wife.

“But you never had a bad thing to say about Chris. You loved her as a lifemate. A teammate in life. Just like you pointed out that we were teammates at work. You came to me instead of hanging me out to dry. Aside from others doing just that, do you know how many bosses are fucking their secretaries, and as a way to distance themselves, tell them to shape up there, too, if something goes wrong? And it’s the boss’ fault, not the girls?!

“I then appreciated our working arrangement. How well we worked together, before that time when a lotta shit hit the fan in my life, all at once! You appreciated it, too, and chose to salvage it, instead of trying to start fresh with someone else. It was truly then that I was the one asking if we could have coffee breaks together, as well as lunches together. From when I had those breaks with other secretaries around here, it hit me that I then saw you in them. Or more correctly, them in you. It was then that I began deliberately noticing the little things you did. A hand movement, a head tilt. How you’d lean in, as if conspiring, when all you wanted to do was to relate something funny. As if we were in a crowded room, talking about someone nearby, instead of just us two in a secluded and secured office. The whole demeanor. That’s when I noticed the voice.

“It was definitely soft by the time I picked up on it. But as I began noticing it, I saw a sharp contrast in timbre when ‘my time’ was over. It was business as usual and you were your old self again, voice and all. But, as the days came and went, during our privacy, everything was getting more refined, more genuine.”

Dana now explained, “I don’t know why I did it, but when Chris would be away, I wore my lingerie and ‘practiced’, for lack of better way of putting it, being the ‘lady of the manor’. I mean, I did it on purpose the first time for a short while, as a joke. You know, just goofing around.

“Then, I stopped but took nothing off. Much later that evening, I caught myself admiring my stockinged legs. If I had notably stopped, I somehow continued subconsciously, as long as I wore the items. After that, whenever I wore them, I just fell into feminine mode; not giving a damn if I caught myself. I just loved my feminine side, able to express it, apparently unaware I was getting better at it with you. The real trick was being all manly at work while I wore the underwear, except privately with you. I think how I pulled it off was that I exposed the stockinged legs in shorts at home and they were fully covered in suit pants at work. Yet it stopped when the stockings gave up the ghost. Then again, it didn’t.”

“You went into Chris’ things?” Iona surmised, unsurprised but wide-eyed all the same.

“No!” Dana exclaimed a little too emphatic. “I could’ve ran amok through her things and she wouldn’t’ve cared. I know that now. But as attached as I’d gotten to my own what you gave me, I never violated what belonged to her. From the very beginning of our marriage, we firmly respected each other’s space so well — that it was needed as time apart even as we were together — we put blinders on each other, period. Still, I did what I did on purpose with you, and kept it up, thanks to your ‘girlfriend gift’.”

Iona then put it all together. “Oh, Mr. Tripp! I-I’m so sorry...!”

“I’m not,” he said firmly and bold. “I just said that I liked it. Between us, my name’s still Dana right now. We’re not conducting business, so I still am your girlfriend...I hope.”

“Of course you are!” Iona giggled in relief. “Then what’s the idea about bringing all of this up?”

“Remember when I asked, or rather, wondered if I betrayed you?”

With Iona’ affirmative nod, Dana went on to explain how he meticulously prepared himself in wearing panties, continuing to do so even in men’s briefs and using the stalls at work, forsaking the urinals. Finally, he ended with his slip, in acting feminine with Chris two nights ago. Despite how well his wife accepted it, now that he knew that Iona was fully aware but said nothing, he wondered if Iona might have heard about any similar slips around the office. Whoever might not have approached Dana but still gossiped behind his back, uncaring or unaware that he or Iona might be near.

“When we have our time together, I almost naturally ease into feminine mode. It was deliberate in the beginning, just to make you at ease with me. Then, suddenly, it wasn’t. What was deliberate then was really is a conscious effort to be ‘Mr. Tripp’ again. If I didn’t know I was one way, why was it an effort to be another? I just did it. That’s all I can say. But once there, I stayed there, until that night when Chris wet my pseudo-pussy lips, me instantly taking it as my getting sexually moist. I then wondered if there had been any such triggers on the job other than our chats.

“My problem is that nobody is at fault. Before confronting you, I reflected on my past relationships. I more likely have had many effeminate episodes in my life, trying too hard

to relate to the opposite sex, and it had affected my love life without my being aware or being told."

"I never said anything," said Iona, "because I found it sweet that you took the effort to be so endearing. There was no ulterior motive to get me into bed or fuck in the office, so as everything evolved to authenticity, I knew that you sincerely wanted to be my friend. Is that why you were worried around here, since you became feminine with your wife?"

Dana had to giggle before answering. Iona's last question was an internal eye-opener. 'Becoming feminine for his wife', indeed! Dana just got finished telling Iona that it was just one time, two nights ago. But Chris does want 'her' to do it more. For now, because it was an unintended slip, he was asking his trusted friend if there had been earlier ones on the job. It was one thing to slip with Iona. It was another, indiscriminately around the office. Especially around the men!

Dana was also smiling because he found it very ironic to have found two women to accept him for who he was, and he never before realized how he had acted around prospective mates, girlfriends or even one-night-stands as some turned out to be, as many were turned off. Still, as Iona was beautifully all woman, his wife was something else. Assured that what he had with Iona stayed with her, as he was her confidante, she would now be the same to her girlfriend, Dana.

But before Dana could even dream of giving into 'her' feminine side more fully at home, as he gathered that Chris now desires her mate to do, he felt that he had to be very careful. He had to know why she wants him to. Among other things.

That evening, it was Chris' turn to prepare dinner. Everything was fine especially that Dana's mental clarity was now in line with his visual acuity. Her muscular body was seemingly all too evident where he had virtually any muscle tone at all.

The relaxed atmosphere of enjoying a meal, particularly one that Chris herself prepared, gave Dana the opening he felt was apropos.

"Y'know, honey," he began softly, albeit in his normal manly voice, "I really miss seeing you with your long hair cascading down your back. It's been quite a while since we've been out, with you decked to the nines. As a matter of fact, you have so many sexy things, from lingerie to outerwear, that I never see you in anymore, even at home."

"Well...honey," Chris stressing the endearment lovingly on purpose, "to be honest, I can't fit into most of my things I used to wear. They're collecting dust while I buy new things to fit me. And my wig the way I look now? Pbbbt! Please! I'd look ridiculous!"

Dana frowned because all Chris' "new things" were either pantsuits or man-tailored women's wear. Not having seen her undress or dress for a long time, as she has not seen him, he now would not be surprised to learned that she wore men's underwear.

Then, as if it hit her in the face, she said, "Dana? Are you saying that you love me anymore?" Chris actually had a worried look on her face.

“Oh, Chris!” exclaimed Dana, as he jumped from his seat, to hug his beefy mate from behind. “Do you know how long I’ve waited for someone to truly love me? I’ll never stop loving you!”

Chris then grabbed her husband’s slim forearm, catching Dana off-balance. But Chris never lost her grip and achieved her directive. That is, to spin her lover right into her roomy lap. At once recognizing the juxtaposition, an idea struck her.

“Sweetie? Since you love all that stuff, I want you to have it all!” she proclaimed.

“Me?” Dana said in shock.

“Sure. Why not? Remember a couple nights ago? We swapped roles in the middle of fucking, and you were perfect, babe!

“Listen, honey, before you start protesting, I really want you to have, and actually wear my — your — things. It’s no big secret that a lotta men crossdress, Dana; simply liking the clothes and not as a necessary turn-on. Still, I can see us having a really hot time, what with you turning me on in my sexy things when we’re not in bed. We used to be identical in height and weight, and you’re still the same as I used to be! And you do have a cute ass for a man!” she punctuated by notably caressing and gently squeezing his rear “C’mon, baby. It’s just us in the privacy of our home. If you don’t like it, we’ll stop. I’d never bully you into anything you don’t want to do! Just give it a chance!”

Inside, Dana was doing cartwheels. When they first met and were soon dating, Dana could not believe his luck. Chris was a knockout...and she wanted him! It seemed as if Dana could do no wrong. So as they got to know each other better, by the time Chris removed her wig, Dana was determined to overlook it, for love’s sake.

Sure, Chris had some strange sexual habits. But he benefited! And now, it never crossed his mind to try and buy a new pair of stockings. But he had been sorely tempted to at least borrow a pair of his wife’s thigh-highs to replace his own. But it was dismissed, respecting her belongings, especially if she was not keen on crossdressing, yet now he was freely being offered her whole closet?

Truth to tell, Dana was slowly getting intimidated by his wife’s grown muscular bulk, despite his noting it for real for just two days. But now, able to feel comfortable as still her opposite number, he — or rather, she — can freely swoon in her spouse’s arms. Both loving every minute of it!

Still, he did not want to seem too eager. Although this was the first time crossdressing was ever brought up in the Tripp home, specifically calling it for what it was, he knew that in almost all facets of present-day life, men wearing frills have been “coming out” more and more, bravely wearing them. From everyday to even the entertainment media, crossdressing has been pointed out as primarily as a ‘straight’ domain. Despite the preponderating evidence of drag queens in the gay crowd. And true, many straights do feel that it is only natural to act as feminine as they look; even tipping over that thin line in be-

ing sexual with men. Just as long as they maintain their femininity. But hey! Whatever floats your boat! Right?

"I'd do anything for you, honey. Just for you," Dana softly cooed, almost but not quite using the feminine timbre. "Who knows? I guess I could get to like it!"

"That's my doll!" Chris exclaimed happily. "My genuine living doll!"

They then got up to clear the table. As Chris cooked, Dana had the dish duty - another trade-off of their marriage. It would be reversed when Dana cooked - this was done very quietly, as they both were lost in their own thoughts. Unknown to Dana, Chris also was as apprehensive as her mate. But not about having her husband in panties.

Dana had finished the dishes and was ready to go along with whatever Chris had planned for tonight. He felt extraordinarily submissive now, and lost in that feeling, he did not know what to do.

If she was reading, he would also find a book. Watch TV, he would sit next to her, even if he did not care for what was on. If Chris was up for sex, Dana was definitely up for that. Not physically at the moment, of course, but he did not fret. But what if—

—Chris wanted to follow through on her suggestion on giving him her most feminine possessions? Maybe put on a fashion show? What happens next? Does he dare admit that he was a latent crossdresser, having worn panties and stockings? A man who had virtually all of the "tricks" of the feminine trade for years and yet had to wear anything belonging to a woman, except for what he had been gifted?

"Dana?" asked Chris, as she saw him enter the living room. He turned to her as she sat on the sofa. No. book. No TV. Was this it? "Would you indulge me?"

"Name it," he replied.

"Come here," she requested. As he acquiesced, she then said, "Sit in my lap again."

It then, out of nowhere, came to Dana. He assumed that it was because he was so quick to please the beauty he had considered himself so lucky to catch, that he tended to her every need, virtually no sooner that it escaped her lips. That although Chris may have made requests in a question, they may as well have been demands. All this time, before and after marriage, he never heard her say the word, "please," even "thank you" outright. The latter may have been expressed by deed but rarely, if ever, verbally. For all intents, Chris was a brusque, atypical man.

Dana never minded it. Before or right now, as he realized it. He was always willing to please the fairer sex at the cost of himself, in order to get their love. He only achieved it with Chris, and by the time he met her, it was such an ingrained part of his psyche, the wrong person might have abused it. Making him poignantly alert to his submissiveness.

Yes, even his innate femininity. Yet, as of so very recent, Dana is also vividly aware of how his mate was more masculine than he ever was. At this moment, he embraces it all as he almost gracefully sits across Chris' thick legs.

One of her hands grips the back of his head, while the other holds his outer thigh tightly, pushing both legs against her. Chris then forcefully liplocks with her husband, prying his mouth open with her tongue. At that, Dana's defenses ease away, as he willingly opens his mouth wider and brings his own tongue into play. His arms, especially the one trapped between them, find their way around her neck, as he hugs around it firmly. Chris' grip then relaxes; her arms lowering themselves, one to tenderly wrap around Dana's slim waist, the other's hand caressing a butt cheek and upper thigh.

If there ever was a moment of profound awareness, this was it. Chris acted as manly as she could muster. Dana followed through intuitively, only as a woman would. Each knew what they were doing. Chris, in particular, was almost positive that Dana would react as he did. For her part, Chris had made her actions on purpose. Dana had only earlier that day with his gal pal Iona just keenly realized his overt yet guarded femininity, and merely reacted without thought. Husband and wife both knew precisely how the other acted as they eased into their own new desired role.

But as Chris did not know of Dana's true willingness to crossdress — not just that, but to fully embrace being female — Dana had not even broached the subject of his blindness to his wife's now-very-apparent masculinity. He abruptly now searched his memories swiftly. Dana felt as if he was feminine because he tried to walk mile in women's heels. Though not literally, yet.

Did Chris think like a man, as well? It had been a few yet seemingly very long years since she showed him that she wore a wig. That it was an increasingly evident statement since then with her hair that was still kept very short and she wore her wig less and less, until lately it was in its bust for several weeks now. Or has it been longer? Even her feminine whiskey burr seemed to mellow out into something that could be genuinely mistaken for a man. But Dana's wonderment was something he finally would not have to wait for answers any longer.

For another moment after their torrid kiss was broken, Dana had lazily laid his head upon Chris' shoulder. Impulsively, he stroked her broad chest through her polo shirt; feeling her pectoral hardness instead of teats' malleable softness. Mingled with a little sadness in sharply noting the distinctive casual un-business men's clothing, Dana also involuntarily swooned, as he snuggled even tighter in Chris' muscular embrace. He looked at Chris' face and she looked back, they gently kissing this time.

But then Chris caught herself getting damp, even as she lightly rubbed her husband's tucked-away crotch and noted that it was trying to inflate. Chris was not surprised at its placement; having been on a few foreplay roaming expeditions before sex, since a few nights ago. It was all part of her master plan, and although ignorant to why he did since

she did not manipulate him to do so, she did not want to question it. Spoiling something that worked perfectly, especially since his cock was very small when soft.

Chris was even glad that he began tucking, assuming that he would tell her in due time. Dana's leg hairs were so fine, she still had not truly registered that they were now regularly being shaven smooth. She had always been one of the fortunate few that never had to shave her limbs, so why question someone else, even if it was a man? The way Dana had his cock in his underwear of late was a double-edged sword at the moment, however. Its unique position was making Chris horny but instead of wondering why it was tucked away, its placement also reminded her that she wanted to say something. A lot of something. She wanted something from Dana for a long time and it seemed as if it was the right time to ask for it.

"God, Dana," Chris sighed heavily, as she tried to keep herself in check. "I never thought that this could happen and yet I really wanted, hoped, prayed that it would. All at the same time.

"And if you think that that makes any sense, do you know that you're everything I've wanted in a woman, and yet I don't think I ever had desires for any woman in my life?"

This startled Dana. Despite the fact that, minus the voice, he was well aware of how deliberately feminine he was acting, it surprised him to hear this admission from his wife. As convoluted as it sounded, he knew what she meant. His abrupt note was physically expressed and it seemed to Chris that he wanted to pull away.

"Please stay, Dana," Chris gently implored, despite her grip tightening as if not to give him a choice. "I've got a lot to say. Things I should've said even before we said, 'I do,' but having found you and we became a couple, I didn't know how. Afraid that if I had, you leave me. Then, if I followed through with my life's plan, maybe then I would've been a lesbian...or just simply...alone."

Dana heard the tremble in her voice; so out of place for this person who looked more male than female. He then deliberately attuned his voice as feminine as he could make it. Not as hot and sultry as he was in bed a couple nights ago. As naturally feminine as it had developed over months with his secretary. All the same, as feminine as his wife first recognized it. As he relaxed and resumed snuggling against Chris' chest, he softly said, "Talk to me, baby. I love you. I'm not going anywhere."

Hearing her spouse's declaration, verbal and the way that it was said, Chris' eyes as well as her pussy were both damp at the same time. She could not stop the flow between her legs, but she was able to bolster her tears, as she began her monologue.

"When I first saw you, it was not the first time we met. We were both eating at Delvecchio's. It became our place that we'd have brunch every anniversary, to begin our

day of celebration. The restaurant was open for a lunch crowd as well as the dinner mob, having tables outside to be able to eat al fresco. But you already know that.

“Anyway, while I was not on the prowl, one day I was eating outside a few tables away from the entrance when I first saw you. You wore a simple tee shirt and jeans, as it was apparently a casual workday. The jeans were made for a man, obviously. But despite being loose, your ass snugly filled them to capacity. I know that I won’t — at least, I hope I don’t — embarrass you by telling you that you had, and have, the full butt like a woman.”

Chris stopped to look down at Dana for a reaction. All he did was meekly look up at her, and at that, they gently kissed again. Feeling a little more confident to go on, Chris did so.

“That day, you didn’t seem to see me. You know, like how people unexplainably have a feeling that they were being watched. You looked everywhere as you ate your lunch but at me. I was a few tables out of your direct line of sight, but as I could see you, if you really tried, you could’ve seen me then. I wasn’t the only cutie eating al fresco that day, but I didn’t seem to catch your attention...yet. That made me happy, as I etched your baby face indelibly in my memory. Sitting there, sipping coffee that had gone cold, stretching out my meal until you had completely ate yours. At the time, I said to myself that you would be perfect for me. My future’s security.

“With all that, I dared to let you go. Confident — or foolish, depending on your point of view — that we would meet again. I already had long-range plans that were already in the works. Finding you, I was overconfident that everything was falling into place as planned. Even though I didn’t know as much as your name.

“Luck truly played a part with you in my life. A long incredible streak of luck, but not unheard of. That’s how some people become millionaires, depending on sheer luck. Some streaks are unbroken for decades, enabling to leave behind grand inheritances. Others literally blow it all away with a roll of a dice. Me — us — we’ve been married four years now and you just recently seen my physical self a couple days ago. Even though it’s been evolving to where it is from where it was before we ever met.

“It took about five years for me to ready, including the right moment to tell you this. You see, I’ve always needed you to be a woman for me, so that I could be a man.”

At that, Dana stiffened, and Chris caught it. She kissed him quickly all over his face, and then said, almost tearfully, “Relax, honey. Please. I want to be completely honest with you and what with the more I have to say, it may even sting. But I’m finally so near my goal, I can’t imagine my life without you. Humor me with the woman I’ve come to love while letting me be the man, if only for a little while. Okay?”

Untensing his body, Dana acquiesced, as he noted that his mate had said “please” a few times already from not ever recalling her say it at all. This must be incredibly important for her to borderline her pseudo-macho facade, to almost beg for indulgence. But he also noted that Chris was not regressing but attempting to affirm how, if not why, she is the way she is.

So Dana maintained his feminine self, saying in irony, “Talk to me, darling. I promise to be strong, no matter what you say. What’s important to you is important to me.” He ended by kissing her cheek.

That did it for Chris. It was, so far, the longest speech Dana had ever made to her in his feminine voice and it affected her profoundly. She did not cry but she did orgasm. Subtly vibrating in pleasure just so, even Dana felt her minute tremblings as Chris now definitely soaked her plain white cotton but women's briefs.

He knew that Chris had just climaxed without physical manipulation and it pleased Dana that he could make Chris feel this way, accepting his feminine self — that 'she' even turned 'him' on — despite its unintentionality. Dana was gratified so much so, instead of fully ejaculating, due to his confines, he nevertheless compatibly reciprocated. He was only able to leak out enough pre-cum, to which he mentally transposed it as dampening 'her' labia. Losing himself freely to be herself, as 'she' continued to listen to 'her husband'.

"When you first saw me at Delvecchio's, it had been your third visit since I first saw you. I became almost a regular, eating there every day around the time you first showed, looking for your return. You didn't eat there every day but you didn't disappoint me, as you did return. Still, I didn't want to press my luck by moving in too soon, despite wanting you badly as I observed you deliberately that second time. You still didn't have your instinct prickling the short hairs of your neck about being watched.

"Your third visit, I was right in plain sight. I even dressed just for you. Do you remember what I wore, baby?"

Dana grinned widely before 'she' said, "You took no prisoners, what with your absolutely gorgeous long blonde hair cascading in waves over your bosom and back. Contrast that with a very short aqua blue bolero jacket over a form-fitting navy blue tube dress that barely ended over your hips. With 4" black pencil stiletto pumps, that only thing left was your underwear: a matching black underwire strapless bandeau bra that almost spoiled the line of the dress, had it not done its job. Making more of your B-cups as if they were bigger and about to spill out of your dress. And a black g-string thong that almost covered nothing as even you pubes were shaved bare."

"And how did you know about my underwear, my love?" Chris teased.

"You were sitting right across from me and pulled a famous 'Sharon Stone "Basic Instinct" leg uncrossing moment' on me. The view between your legs was unavoidable and when you uncrossed your legs, I'd been eating. Being directly in my line of sight, I couldn't miss anything you did. Able to clearly see your crotch, I nearly choked on my mouthful."

"Only meaning for you to see, I didn't mean for you to gag. I was hoping to fake an indignant outrage of being gawked at, ready to accept any excuse you would've given, and become friends — and hopefully more — later. Instead, I had to move quickly to your side, ready to do a Heimlich maneuver. But, as everything seemed to move in slow motion as I moved towards you, you had grabbed a glass of water, enabling you to clear your throat. As you then were reduced to mildly coughing, you were scant inches away from being nose-deep in my cleavage!"

"You teased me endlessly about that. As if I was about to yank your top down and free, to molest your breasts," Dana pouted.

"I'm sorry, my love. But I needed an icebreaker and I took what I could get!" Dana noted that now even Chris' laughter had come from a different place. As Dana's voice was different, so now was Chris'. The girlish giggle was gone; turning into a genuine guy's guffaw.

Then, Chris said, "Remember what I said next?"

"Well, you did apologize for teasing me. For that first time. Saying that I had been staring. Which I hadn't! Now I know I'd been set up!" Dana almost went off the deep end at that. He took Chris' cover-up teasing as now her cruelly making him look foolish. He could have gotten angry, but instead, he felt like crying.

Chris caught Dana's abortive whimper. "Now, now, sweetie. No tears. Remember it ended well that day. After exchanging names and small talk, I did persuade you to call in sick for the rest of the day. We ended up at my apartment, where I checked you out thoroughly." Dana then knew that Chris meant they both stripped there and had a little foreplay and a lot of off-and-on sex the rest of the day and evening. Which definitely confirmed the knowledge of Chris' bra and panties' designs and color.

As Dana began to wonder why this conversation was being brought up and where it was heading, Chris' countenance was changing. She knew that her duplicity had to be told in order to get to even more serious information. She did not want Dana depressed. So she kissed her mate fiercely once again.

This time, at first, Dana was merely reluctant to play tonsil hockey. But Chris would not let him go; neither in the embrace nor the liplock. The feeling was too good, as for added measure, Chris began stroking his covered crotch more strongly, as if it was a woman's. Confined or not, Dana was going to cum. Maybe painfully, maybe gloriously. He would not know until it happened.

But Dana had a problem now. Not only was he tucked away snugly in his perineum as he wore boxer briefs, he was also wearing light button-down jeans. If he had any inclination that Chris was going to be aggressive tonight, he would have at the very least worn elastic-waisted sweatpants. Or even shorts with a zipper. The odds were strongly looking towards orgasmic pain, as Dana could not see himself relaxing under his double seal. As orgasm takes place mostly in the mind as it does the organ, Dana was not predisposed towards enjoyment, even if the possibility existed. If ever there was a time when Dana wished he was wearing a dress and panties, if only for its freedom, it was now.

Chris could feel Dana's agony while kissing him. At first, she let him struggle, misunderstanding his squirming as arousal. Then she heard Dana continue to whimper. Chris was trying for the opposite effect. At least a pleasurable whimper. But it remained unchanged. She had so much to say. Could she go on with Dana in a bad mood? Why was it so difficult to make him feel good? Unable to answer the questions, she sadly relaxed her hold on him and broke the kiss as he quickly moved off her lap.

Like a madman with a bad itch, Dana then scrambled frantically on the sofa, next to his wife. He began unbuttoning his jeans as fast as he could. Chris' first thought was that his bladder must be close to bursting. Then why stay here? Why not run to the bathroom? It was not that far.

Only half-undone, Dana tugged the denim almost over his bulbous hips. Then he grabbed the waistband of his briefs, to push both of them down with adrenal force completely below the hips. With only a modicum of space, he was able to dig his cock from out of his crotch.

Almost amidst split seconds, Chris saw the member freed and virtually instantly inflate fully. In that moment, Chris surmised to herself, 'He's not gonna piss! Dana's gonna—!'

At that, she acted instead of thinking. Chris dove for Dana's cock even as the jism began to fly. Precious little was lost as Chris began to swallow as fast as Dana could jet. After jerking twice, Dana's eyes rolled back into view, and looking down, he saw Chris sucking him off. The ejaculation was painfully glorious, but glorious all the same.

Catching her lover weakly smile as tears fell, Chris took what she could get. She still needed Dana in a good mood. As he came fast and furious, she had no choice but to swallow or let it spill out. It would be redundant to let it spill out. After all, that was why she near-deepthroated him. But as the spurts slackened, she was able to save a near-cheekfull. Pulling herself up towards his face, Dana saw her pursed lips. He knew what to expect next, despite the fact the first time was just two days ago. Now assuming that there would be other times, another time was now. Or so he hoped.

No. As things stood as of tonight, 'she' was doing the hoping. And as they gently frenched, 'her man' did not disappoint. Whatever was Chris' motivation, Dana was beginning to savor the flavor.

Afterwards, Chris started to apologize for not thinking about her consequences and Dana's confinement. Dana just stopped her with another kiss of his own. His voice still en femme, this time purposely so, he said, "It's okay, baby. I know you weren't being mean. It's all good."

"Dana, no." Chris then said. "I'm very glad that you know that I never meant to hurt you. But I'm not finished. And I just scratched the surface where you might really feel bad emotionally. I need you to know tonight, so hopefully, you'll still love me tomorrow.

"But first," she paused, "let's get outta these clothes. Just so there won't any more 'accidents'. Okay, my darling?"

Chris then laughed at that, as both of them stripped to nudity. It was a good thing that Dana was not talking then. What he saw made him speechless. With them both nude in the brighter living room light, Chris looked like a harem eunuch. Muscular enough to keep the sultan's women in line but with nothing to enjoy them with.

Soon facing each other in bed, under more subdued lighting, with Chris gently stroking her husband's cock, she began her narrative anew.

“I know that it sounds terribly cliché, but having grown up without a mother from a very young age, my father was my primary role model for a long time.”

“What happened to your mom?” asked Dana.

“My father was overbearing and old-fashioned yet never cruel. As I grew up, a lot of him stayed with me, although I amended many of his values out of necessity because he couldn’t make me exactly the way he wanted. That’s because I grew up physically like Mom instead of like him. My mom was a very attractive woman who loved handsome men, and that’s how she was attracted to him. But after marriage, my father finally revealed that he had ‘barefoot and pregnant’ ideals, so recreational sex was out. She did have plenty before I was born with him, but it was just to get me here, for her to be a mother.

“My dad’s plans was to make her a babymaker, for them to carry on his name. Mom wanted sex for sex’s sake. No virgin when they wed, she thought that he was capable to give her sex and lots of it, just as he did before they married. But again, he didn’t tell her that he was going to keep her the way he wanted, until after the wedding. Although I was barely a toddler, she explained this to me and I never forgot it, just as she never did. Dad then only fucked her around the time after she had her periods, thinking she would conceive then. But she wanted more. While Dad worked, she had sex with a parade of men who only thought of getting laid without strings. Mom was a looker and therefore had no problem reeling them in. Until one day, Dad caught her. He beat the shit outta the guy and kicked Mom out. I hadn’t seen her since.”

Chris paused, having answered his question, and then smiled. As if she realized that Dana had given her a way to go on without digressing into too many side details.

“Anyway, with only one influence at home, I grew up a rough-and-tough tomboy - but there was a catch. I inherited Mom’s looks. The more I rolled in the dirt, the more feminine I looked when I cleaned up. I had no girlfriends but at puberty, I did want a girlfriend, if you follow. I was never a lesbian. I was a boy. But as I grew older in my teens, I simply became a pariah. As I was blatant about my desired gender but not its proper counterpart, nobody wanted me and I fit in nowhere. I grew up pretty but felt like a male. So, knowing what I was and who I wanted to be, I planned to play both ends towards a comfortable middle.

“Never really having sex until I broke my hymen with a hairbrush, I would pretend the brush was my cock, as it fucked an imaginary girl. One day, through accumulated observations, that beautiful women supposedly had it made, through easy guile and seduction. But I also discovered that the greater looking the guy, he also had everything handed to him. What wasn’t, he just took, with few denying him. And to top it all off, those cagey cuties who could wrap a man around their pinkies? Even they fell over the musclebound hunks! I definitely wanted to be the guy!

“I thought about sexual reassignment and dismissed it. I wanted a functioning cock as much as a tranny who went all the way wanted a working cunt. To date, the only people who got that wish were hermaphrodites; people who already owned both sets of organs. One was simply removed, not created to give an illusion of one.

“I was doing reasonably well in the business world but I knew that my attractiveness played a major part instead of my skills, which were ignored because I had tits. And there were women who had bigger boobs than I did who got promotions simply by wagging their bosoms!

“So I began to plan, as I said. I began to plan on being a man by being the sexiest woman possible. Using the wiles of the latter to achieve the former. Still, I felt that I needed a fail-safe. That, if it all didn’t pan out, I had to have a safety net.”

Dana asked, “A safety net?”

“Someone who would accept my growing masculinity and not leave me stranded. Preferably, a man who would complement my manliness with his femininity. Ideally, not someone who was indeed feminine and not effeminate.

“Dana honey, please don’t be hurt, but you were my safety net. Almost too good to be true because you had a feminine air about you as well as certain physical attributes. And in all the years I’ve known you, you’ve gave no indication of wanting to even being remotely transgendered. But you’ve given me pause from the first time I saw your full ass in jeans. From then on, I continually envisioned you in my things, looking oh so beautiful!

“I started this confession now, so I’ve got to finish it. Please, please, please don’t misunderstand and hear me clearly. After five years together, four of them married, I love you with all of my heart. But when we first met, before you ever saw me, I didn’t. You were simply a means to an end. I was a cold, calculating bastard. I used you!”

Chris had let go of Dana’s cock and whatever macho she had, crumbled in tears. On the other hand, Dana’s feminine side did not dissipate. He noted that Chris was saying “please” more and more and he accepted it as a high ground where they both can be; not leave her alone there. He could have hated her, but he realized that in all the years they had been together, Chris never mistreated or demeaned him. Without meaning to, she grew to love him, despite it being well after the marriage had begun.

Dana let her rule the roost without thinking that she was in charge. Chris did plan everything, and as an unwitting dutiful wife even then, he went along. She accepted his suggestions, but she had the final say. From preparing oneself for the workday separately, respecting each other’s private space and time, sharing kitchen and house duties. These were all Chris’ ideas before he would even think of them. Then Dana remembered of how such an arrangement allowed him to wear his own panties and stockings — to shave his legs! — as his secretary that he thought he was helping, helped him to appreciate a feminine side he always had.

Dana never felt used. He had been guided down a path that led to happiness. At least, for him. He had been doing well at work and in having a wife made him work all the more harder, getting him an executive position. But with all the girls and women that ultimately spurned him, Chris saw him for what he was and still wanted him. And yes, she said that she used him and his secure job as her safety net. That was a woman talking. But Chris did make it to her own executive position, playing with the guys as she became one. That was

Dana's man. Chris said that she loved 'her', now more than ever. And that's all Dana ever wanted.

"Sweetie," said Dana, fully femme, "boys don't cry, and you're my big hunk o' man! C'mon, stroke your cock and get it nice and hard. I wanna taste more of your delicious cum. I love you, baby. I'll always love my big, strong man!"

Yes, it all came together to Dana. Why Chris quite often pulled Dana's cock out of her pussy, only to wank it to ejaculation as if it belonged to her. Why she acted and even said many times that it was hers. Chris never meant it in the traditional sense; a couple 'owning' each other. But that truly the penis really was a part of Chris. The only way 'he' could have a definitely potent member as he effectively was able to mold the majority of his physique to be male..

The Tripps did have sex that night. In so doing, without specifically saying so, their roles had been officially reversed for good. Dana promised to herself to only be male on the job, with the exception of private moments with Iona. Like her husband, she would continue to wear her hair short, but unlike Chris, as soon as she got home, she wore her 'real' hair of golden tresses down her chest and back, as she officially appropriated the wig.

Finally taking inventory of all of her new things, Dana discovered the reason why Chris had worn B and C-cup bras. Many of the smaller size were simply utilitarian; to keep the bosom from sagging. But the overall majority were given a little help. As with some of the Bs, all of the Cs were underwired for extra lift. When the bosom was desired for more exposure, the B-cups had added breast pads. The C-cups had silicon breast forms to really fake bigger breasts. Over the years, Chris had paradoxically surmised that some situations had called for her to display more feminine bosom in order to get what she wanted in order to be a man. In any event, Dana then decided to always use the forms and never the pads, using the C-sized bras.

Dana did not rush into it all at once. She felt that if her husband can plan ahead, then so should she. This meant enlisting the help of her girlfriend, Iona McClellan.

As meticulous as Chris had been, so now was Dana. While she went over all of her 'new' clothes and shoes, with Chris' help, the first priority was Dana's bosom. Chris repeatedly aided his wife in creating the fullest bosom possible with the breast forms. It was not as easy as tucking had been but at least there were no waves of nausea. Too, while Chris had something to work with, Dana was flat-chested. Wearing a bra was one thing, filling it another, but making it wholly appear as rounded breasts in each cup was the challenge. Particularly from nothing to a size C. Needless to say, as Chris made it work for 'her' self, he made it work for Dana. Ultimately, Dana had to be able to do it on her own, without help, and did.

Chris' former clothing did not all fit Dana, but the majority did. Dana did not actually try on all of Chris' former outerwear. Just a blouse or two, to see if they fit. The same with skirts and dresses. Due to the significant volume of clothes, nothing was on very long,

swiftly getting a general idea of what fit comfortably and what did not. When wearing Chris' shoes, Dana was amazed that her feet were so small. But it was not that. Chris' feet were bigger; still strikingly feminine on his feet, but now they would have the same effect on Dana. What was worn longer were the lingerie: bras, panties, teddies, peignoirs, sleepwear — Chris had indeed owned nightwear; she merely wore it progressively less until she ended up going to bed nude — and the like, along with the continual wear of the wig while home, as if to truly make it her hair. Throughout the transformation process, Dana wore her new hair as Chris always made up her face for her.

And about the face! Even when Chris merely used just mascara and lipstick in the beginning, while Dana could still be recognizable to people who knew them, her face was undeniably feminine. As Chris did her face more exotic, the recognizability factor lessened greatly. If Dana chose to just thin out her eyebrows, she could be a whole other person entirely!

The Tripps did have sex thereafter in their evident new roles, in which only Dana's panties were removed. Her bosom was to always be notable, intact in its bra. Yet before Dana could completely outfit herself for her husband, Chris had another business trip. And here was where Iona stepped in.

"So, what? Are you going to start taking hormones? I mean, Chris has reshaped her manly chest. Are you gonna get breasts?" Iona was full of questions several days later at work when Dana finally confided in her of 'her' new life course. Particularly now that for the past few days, Dana had been wearing her complete lingerie underneath her suits full-time; including an empty bra, confident of being able to recreate her bust by herself within moments after coming home from having to be male at work.

Chris had left for a four-day conference, and instead of talking about her new self during a coffee break or lunch this day, Dana had asked Iona to stay behind after everyone left, for the double security felt needed more than a locked office door. Despite wearing a bra, without saying a word, Dana shows Iona the silicon forms, as they were not in the cups.

While letting Iona handle the forms a few moments Dana removed her men's jacket and tie, and unbuttoning almost all of her shirt without pulling it out of her pants, Dana exposes a fuchsia underwire bra. Taking the forms now, he puts them into the bra and after a few deft manipulations, displays an impressive feminine bosom. Iona is agape as she marveled Dana's "new" chest.

"Does this answer your question?" Dana asks in her now-usual feminine mode with her secretary. "In a nutshell, I'm going to be more feminine throughout my day, every day, from now on. I'm only going to be 'Mr. Tripp' on the job, despite what I might wear under my suit. I don't want to take chances trying to get the higher-ups, much less the people I work with — except for you — to accept me transgenerating.

"Y'know, it's a funny thing, the so-called 'third sex' of transsexuals and or gays aside, I've always thought that beautiful women had it made, if they used both their minds along

with their bodies. But the truth is, these are a minority. Out of the millions of beauties out there, it's either or. Sadly, many try on good looks alone and create the stereotype: the air-head bimbo who only thinks that her attractiveness will get her by, forgetting that old age might rob her of it before she gets lucky for a secure future. Many are fortunate with using just the one; never realizing the full potential.

"But as Chris pointed out, it is overtly a man's world. Women might take away what once belonged to men and dare men to touch what they already own, much less what had been garnered. But men are in power. And probably will always be in power. More prestige, influence, earning bigger bucks. That sort of power. So far, the beauties have, at best, circumvented it for their use, but not clearly own it solely by themselves. The ratio of self-made women — beauties or not — are grossly underwhelmed by the self-made men if they start their fortunes from scratch.

"But! Ask a man if it's fun to be a man. They'll answer that's it's not about fun; it's about pride, responsibility, respect. They hold their freeness in check, because if they didn't, they assume that it makes them less of a man. Women aren't like that; whether they use beauty, brains or both. They're freer to express themselves. Hell, it's expected of them. If they get 'pride, responsibility and respect' along the way, it's more likely groused that it was taken or given, not truly earned. But that's just my opinion. Just like Chris is entitled to his. I love my husband and am happy to be his wife.

"I've spent almost all of my life trying to sympathize with women, so much so, I've joined the sorority without knowing it until recently. Without regrets, I'm happy. Still, we live in a fixed society that no matter how much it changes, it stays the same.

"So, girlfriend," sighs Dana, "I've got four days to be a nice surprise to my husband when he returns home. If you have other plans, I understand. But I want your help to come home with me, go through my new outfits, my dresses, my shoes. Chris has done my makeup for me and only showed me how to do my boobs by myself. I need you to help me do the former on my own, too."

Iona opened her mouth but Dana cut her off before she could say a word. "I know, I know. Even a crash course is almost impossible in four days. But for now, surely we can conquer the basics. If for some reason Chris comes home early and sees you there, he'll just have to appreciate that we're friends from the same side, not lovers from opposite ends. Friends help each other. Chris at least understands the concept of girls being just friends. Even after he's back, I know that he'll appreciate us being friends so I can be his wife.

"Besides," Dana grins, "you haven't lived until you've tasted the way I cook Italian!"

Iona then said, "Under one condition..."

"Name it."

"You start dinner in your 'Mr. Tripp' clothes while you let me rummage through your closet. While it's cooking, you change into what I pick out, and do your makeup...this time. Just so we can enjoy our meal as ladies of leisure. After that, especially since two days of Chris' trip is on the weekend, we'll have two full days to have him drooling when he sees you on Monday."

“You mean, you’ll stay over the whole time? I hadn’t meant that but please do! Maybe you can fit into some of my sleepwear yourself!”

“With your permission, I’ll even drop by Monday night after work, too. In case Chris does stay away the full four days and doesn’t ‘catch’ us. Just so he will know who I am, as I continue to help you. It would never do to have a jealous husband. Besides, I’m not into girls. Okay, girlfriend?”

“Is it ever! Deal, girlfriend!”

While Dana was busy in the kitchen, Iona was busy in the bedroom. As Dana got the basics of her meal started, she went to help Iona. Only to find that her friend was just about done.

“Strip to your undies, hon,” said Iona.

What Dana saw was not what she had expected. Laying on the bed was a simple lacy crop top, denim miniskirt and low 1 1/2" pumps. Catching Dana’s pout, Iona said, “Now, stop that!”

“I don’t know what you’re fixing, but I’m guessing it involves sauces. It would never do to get your sexy goodies stained with something that won’t come out. Besides, there’s time for casual and a time for sexy. That’s your first lesson. Even if you wanna turn hubby on, it’s best to do it after the meal”

“Well, what about fancy dress-up for restaurants?” Dana countered, as she undressed to her bra and panties; thereafter adjusting the forms into each bra cup without thought.



There was little tossing and turning, and in the light of only a bright full moon shining into the room, Iona half-turned to her side. Dana was already on her side, still awake, staring at Iona's full profile, as neither were under the covers this warm night. When their eyes met in the dim light, Dana could see Iona smile, as Iona reached out and stroked Dana's arm.

As Iona watched, she noted Dana's eyes drop to her abundant bosom. Dana had not worn a bra to bed and began to stare longingly. Iona knew that it was not growing lust but envy. So the hand that was stroking Dana's arm drifted and took her hand to touch a breast.

Freely being allowed to fondle, Dana caressed the other one. From there, everything did grow into lust, indeed.

Dana subconsciously sorely missed Chris' rounded bosom. She soon dove into Iona's nightwear-cleared cleavage, alternating from breast to breast; kissing, licking and sucking the mammaries. This surely turned Iona on, but as the more lucid of the two, she pur-

posely went into Dana's panties and dug between them for her cock.

As Dana tended to Iona's bosom, the more Iona wanted Dana's cock; stroking it furiously, to get it to full length and hardest. Her breathing soon became ragged and suddenly she pulled Dana's entire member out of her panties, pushed her down and moving aside her own panty gusset, impaled herself on the tumescence. Riding Dana, cowgirl-style.

Dana moaned and groaned along with Iona, both sounding like one woman being heard in stereo. As Dana was fixated on Iona's chest, now with her hands, Iona slowly leaned in while her hips continued to rough-ride. Soon in sealed liplock, Iona rammed herself onto Dana as she came.



It had been so long for both of them. For Dana to cum inside Chris and Iona engaging in sex since she broke up with her self-centered boyfriend that she ultimately told Dana about during their first tête-à-tête. Continued conversational liaisons with Dana drew her emotionally closer to her boss. Despite discovering his femininity, despite the marital status, she found herself swept up in Dana's charisma. Until this moment, Iona respected the situation. Now she was taking what she could get, as both of them was soon completely nude. For a good part of the night, Dana flip-flopped from male to female without clear gender verbal articulation; beginning the night female and when they finally fell asleep, Dana was in feminine mode despite nudity, transferring all of her sensations — outward and inward — to herself.

REM-sleep having ended, timing was convenient, as Iona curtly heard a blood-curdling scream.

The sudden noise was so abrupt and startling, Iona was not only rudely awakened, but it made her whole body clear the bed a good six inches. Afterwards, as she was trying to orient herself, she realized that she was naked by herself in bed. Then she heard a mournful wail emanating from the adjoining bathroom. 'So much for waking up peacefully after such a wonderful night!'

Rushing towards the sound, Iona sees Dana through the semi-clear shower stall. Dana's visage is woefully distressful, as she is slightly hunched over, just out of the water's spraying direction, her cock sporting its fullest erect length, as she repeatedly moans about how she did not mean to get her hair wet, as if it was the end of the world. Most notable was the voice, even in its wail, remained as feminine as it ever was since she and Iona were together at the office and arriving home last night. Without a second thought, Iona slides the closed glass shower door open and joins Dana.

She holds Dana tenderly in trying to comfort her. Dana is inconsolable, moaning about how she was so happy, thinking about last night. How she forgot about her hair as she began cleansing herself. Eventually her body got stimulated as her dangling cock got harder from almost nothing to full erection. Dana began to masturbate and then noted her hair plastering her body. And screamed!

This was where Iona came in. Of course, Dana's monologue was nearly indecipherable and yet her girlfriend had been able to piece it together.

Still, Iona is almost at a loss as to how to console Dana. Then noting that her cock that had been hard when she first saw it was now beginning to flag, Iona drops to her knees in the stall and blows Dana as a way to calm her down.

When Dana cums, she spastically jerks. But Iona does not get to release the member. Dana then slides down the stall wall. This does pull Iona from between her legs, and Dana finally sitting, face to face, they kiss passionately.

Dana snuffles afterwards, and says, "I love you, Iona."

Iona smiles and says, "I love you, too, baby. I really do."

Then Dana whines, "You didn't give me any cum. Chris always let's me taste his cum."

This befuddles Iona for a moment. Then recalling that her girlfriend always tells her everything, she remembers this act that Dana's husband performed of late, as if he owned the penis. Thereafter, she gets Dana out of the stall.

Letting Dana stand over the sink, Iona unwittingly has her facing the mirrored medicine cabinet. With renewed trembling lips, Dana looks at wet hair and says, "How could I be so stupid, stupid, stupid! I still have to shave. Just beginning to, I've never shaved while wearing my hair. Stupid! Stupid! Stupid! I should've known better! Now it's all ruined!"

Iona is inwardly amazed at how much Dana has given herself over to her female persona, regardless of realizing that she had to do the masculine task. But she does catch Dana before she begins to sob anew. "Hey, girlfriend! Everything's okay. Trust me. Your hair's not a lost cause. You've got to make up your pretty face, so just take care of those nasty facial hairs and I'll be right back."

"But—"

"Go!"

Iona then leaves. A few minutes later, she returns to find Dana slightly smiling as she rubbed her now-smooth face.

Iona then says, "I contacted the office to tell them that we won't be in today."

Facing her, Dana's eyes widened in surprise, concerned about the apparent coincidence for office gossip.

Iona said, "Don't worry. I made two separate phone calls and spoke to two people; one you report to and one I report to if you're not available. They won't be comparing notes, thinking we're together."

Dana then grabs a clump of wet hair and sadly moans again about it. Iona then reminds her that she was told that it was 100 percent human hair. That Chris had it all these years, so despite not recently wearing it, it is washable and can even be restyled.

"I swear," Iona sighs, "it's amazing how you can be so girlie so effortlessly."

Dana then giggles, "I guess now that my 'secret' is out, there's no problem in being the real me!"

Iona beams at that, and then says, "Let's see if Chris still has what I think he used to use on that mass of hair."

Sure enough, with a little bit of search since the foam bust was on top of the dresser, in the back of a bottom drawer, there is hot roller equipment for obviously styling the wig

and not Chris' boy-cut. Apparently stored away since its last use several months ago. Iona also finds in her rummaging a blowdryer to dry and style Dana's hair.

Going at it purposely slow so that Dana can learn how to do it as early as tomorrow in case of another 'disaster', Iona spends a good part of the morning getting the hair restyled while on Dana's head. Once done, Dana reacts to it all like a kid with a new toy. Iona says that she is going to have to get Dana a hairstyling book, so that Dana can try out many styles on her own, what with the wealth of hair she has.

Iona then said, "I guess we now have three whole days to be together. Let's cheer ourselves up by going shopping."

"I have all these clothes already, Iona. A lot I only vaguely remember Chris ever wearing," Dana argues

Iona counters, "We don't have to buy anything, but we can still window-shop to our heart's content."

Before Dana realizes, she is fearlessly out in public; not once being self-conscious about her gender swap. She has not only window-shopped, but she and Iona have gone in a few stores and both have tried on several items, without buying anything.

They have lunch, chatting and laughing about frivolities, until Dana says, "I'm going to need to undergo electrolysis treatments as soon as possible. At least my face, if not my legs."

On that serious note about her new direction, Dana pauses, looks at Iona straight in face, and then says, "You know that I love my husband."

Iona tilts her head, smiles, takes one of Dana's hands and then says, "I know, darling. But I also said that I wasn't into girls. I can make room for you. Can you make room for me?"

Epilogue

Monday evening after work, Iona says that she wants to get out of work clothes but will soon be over to meet Dana's "husband". For the first time since the weekend, Dana does everything for herself by herself, as soon as she gets out of male work drag.

Chris comes home and is stunned when he sees Dana in wig and simple makeup, wearing a gold satin blouse, mocha leather skirt, coffee stockings and brown 3" heels. While still some lessons for flawless femininity are to be learned, what with Dana's huge head start, during the time that she and her girlfriend were together, heels of varying heights had been worn. So it was no insurmountable task to be able to walk without a wobble in the present pair.

"Honey," Chris says, as he eyes her impressive bosom that gets prominent exposure, "you look fantastic!"

Dana admits, "This weekend, my secretary, Iona McClellan helped me get myself together this weekend, but this is all me." She then paused before saying, "She had also no-

ticed my change over time, and helped me keep it secret on the job. She's become my best girlfriend and will be occasionally drop by to help me better myself for you. I hope you don't think that will be a problem."

Chris claims, "No, sweetheart. Not if she'll be a help like this!"

Changing the subject, Dana offers dinner. As if on cue, Iona arrives, wearing a simple tee-shirt and jeans, as if to downplay her looks, giving Dana the spotlight at the same time. Introductions are made and there is small talk. Finally, Iona thanks Dana for dinner with a sisterly kiss on the cheek and shaking Chris' hand. She then departs with a cheery "See ya at work tomorrow, Dana!" Iona and Dana both think the same thing of "mission accomplished" in winning Chris over while he got to know exactly who Iona was to Dana. More like "almost" rather than "exactly".

Alone again with her mate, Dana afterwards hands Chris a small gift box. Inside, there is a strap-on dildo shaped into the form of a well-endowed penis. Inside, on the other end, there is a small projection that touches Chris' clitoris for its stimulation as he moves against Dana.

Dana says, "Iona and I went to a sex shop, specifically to get this for you, honey." She does not tell him that Iona also bought one for she and her, as well as a double-ended dildo.

Dana then says, "Your cock will always be here." Chris knew exactly what she meant, as she went on with a playful pout, "But I need to be fucked, too."

Taking the strap-on, unconsciously stroking the veiny dildo, Chris knows precisely what his wife means at that as well.

Dana now throws him a curve as part of her future plans. "All these years, we never discussed having children. What with you always pulling your cock out when you cum, I can't get pregnant. Do you want children?"

Chris admits, "Dana, I...I never really thought about that when I did what I did. Otherwise, I've been too busy working on my body. If you want them...well, uh, there might be a complication. Before I ever knew you, I was so determined to be a man, I had a hysterectomy. I'll never be able to have a child. I-I'm sorry."

Instead of being disappointed, Dana gleams inwardly at this. Everything now was going to work better than she had ever hoped.

Chris genuinely feels bad. By Dana even bringing up the subject of children, although married a while, he assumes only now that she does indeed want them. He then implores, "I didn't plan to deprive you of this and I love you with all of my heart. I need to know that you believe that."

Dana feigns sadness for a moment. Then she appears to have gotten a grand idea. Next, she bites her lip, as she suggests, "I do want children, honey. Not adopted. Mine. I've known Iona for quite a while now. I'm sure that if I ask her — with your permission, of course — she could be a surrogate mom." Dana craftily thinks that this would be the kindest

way to love them both, just in case Chris ever caught them having sex. “Since the child would be ours, despite coming from her womb, Iona would then be part of family as an aunt, instead of a second mother.”

Before Chris can reply, Dana then adds, “There will have to be other sacrifices made. For both of us. If you can handle it, I want more than one child. That’ll mean continued sex with Iona. I can’t speak for the future, but Iona could find her own lifemate and leave me childless while I was trying to impregnate her. Or still give me more than one. Maybe willing to let you fuck her. But that’s just ‘what if’. In any event, if we’re successful, I’ll give up my job and get breast augmentation to be a real full-time mom and you’ll be a great dad. I’m sure about that. Our child — or children — need never know that we swapped roles for life.”

At this ‘brilliant’ solution, Chris impulsively hugs Dana tightly, as she ironically vows to never hurt her man as she also loves Iona.

They begin foreplay, which will end up in bed. Chris is very excited to literally fuck his wife for the first time. He recalls how he used to finger-fuck her ass and hopes that this indeed will be more thrilling. For her part, Dana is very enthusiastic, having already been fucked a few times the past weekend by Iona. Not to mention, returning the favor ass-wise to her girlfriend with the real thing.

Dana then smiled. Recalling that there was a time when she considered herself the luckiest guy in the world. She definitely has to amend that. She is the luckiest person in the world.