



Reluctant Press presents:

A Captive Wife

Bibi Dorb



ILLUSTRATIONS BY MISTY MALVEAUX

AN 'ADULT TV' E-BOOK

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A Captive Wife

By Bibi Dorb

I snuck into the house for the third time. As before, it was empty. I'd been watching the house over the past few weeks as the previous owners moved out. A new family came with moving vans but soon afterwards, disappeared. Over the following few weeks, the man and his wife came back, looked over the house and left. This was repeated several times. The children I had seen on their initial visit I never saw again. I continued watching the house. For whatever reason, they moved in, furniture, clothing and all, and then failed to live in the house. Most of the time, it was empty. Later, only the man who originally came with the moving van came to visit the house. He never stayed longer than an hour. No body lived in the house for over two months.

As far back as I can remember, I always had a fascination with women, especially the way they dressed. They put so much effort into dressing. It went beyond their actual physical needs. It was apparent in young girls who almost immediately looked to dress like their mothers or like another women they admired. Men reinforced what the women did by complimenting and running after them.

To better understand what women were going through, how they were feeling, etc, I decided to try dressing as they did. For whatever reason, it was a big turn-on.

I remember my very first time. My family went to stay with friends of my parents for some weeks. I must have been about six or seven at the time. Being the only male child, I was given a room of my own while the girls doubled up in another room. As luck would have it, the room I was given belonged to one of the girls of the family we were staying with. Alone in her room at night, I had full access to everything she wore.

She was older than I and had already started wearing low heels. One night while the house was very quiet and I knew every one else was asleep, I snuck into her closet and took out two shoes. Back on the bed, I put them on. There was a thrill in the moment.

Needing a better feeling for the shoes, I walked back and forth on the carpet. There was a thrill I cannot describe.

Over the next few weeks, whenever the opportunity presented itself, I tried on more and more of her clothing. By my last opportunity before leaving their house, I was almost fully dressed in her clothes. There was a thrill that transcended the physical feeling of the soft material against my skin. The subliminal thought that someone might think me pretty did something to me.

Over the years, when the opportunity presented itself, I dressed as best I could. My mother's wardrobe presented certain opportunities. I expanded on these with clothing from laundry lines and the occasional package of clothing left by the curb for charity. There were also the rare occasions when someone's house was made available to me either by invitation or sneaking in when I knew the house was vacant.

I had been cruising nearby neighborhoods looking for potential opportunities for a long time. I never went looking in my own neighborhood. It was far too dangerous. How could I explain to anyone I knew what I was doing in their back yard, taking clothes off their laundry lines? In nearby neighborhoods, that was the way I found my various pieces of clothing, underwear and, sometimes, shoes. It was frustrating though, that I never had a place to wear the things I "found." After taking them home, I would try them on in my room. However, I always had to be on the alert that my parents or sisters might come home at any time, or that they might find my "stash."

Looking for women's clothes to dress in was not the only thing that interested me. There were many other activities that kept me preoccupied. Aside from sports, I spent a lot of time working on cars, both mine and those of friends. I attended lectures on a wide variety of subjects. Between hobbies and work, I was very busy most of the time. Lately though, I found myself looking for a job. Looking for work was not a full-time occupation since I still lived at home; the money I made was mine to do with as I pleased. This left me a lot of time with nothing to do, especially during the day when most people are at work.

From my evening explorations I had found a lot of areas that might be interesting to explore during the day. This particular house was intriguing since it was never occupied during the evening hours and from what I surmised, never during the day either.

I had snuck into the house twice before. I relished the adrenaline rush of possibly being caught. I was also interested in exploring the women's clothes. I had this urge to dress in them. The occupants of the house were new to the area. However, for some reason, after moving in, they spent a lot of time away from the house. It was a safe bet that I could sneak into the house and not get caught. Based on how no one seemed to come or go, I would not be bothered for a long time.

One thing I noticed about the woman who was moving in, was that she was about my size, and beautiful. I was intrigued with wearing women's clothes about my size. That fact that she was about my size added a bit of tension to the thought of dressing in her clothes. It was easy to imagine putting them on. The two previous times I had been in the house, I had worn some of her clothes and found that they were tight in some areas and loose in others, but mostly they fit me. I had planned that on my next visit, I would bring the appropriate accoutrements to provide the best figure for the clothes. That meant silicon

breasts and padded panties for my rear and hips. A small gaff would provide the smooth shape her clothes demanded.

IN THE HOUSE

It was mid-afternoon. I had parked the car some blocks away in an area that would not get attention. I figured that I had a good six or seven hours before heading back home. Getting into the large house through some back yards then through the rear door was not much of a problem. Even though they had moved everything in, they had not activated the alarm system.

The house was very quiet. Every now and then, the heating system would come on, then shut off. The house was in move-in condition. Everything was in place as though they were coming back that night. The bedrooms were upstairs. Most of the rooms were already furnished and the boxes were unpacked. Folded boxes were stacked at the end of the corridor. It was late afternoon and although cloudy outside, there was plenty of light to go about in the house without turning on the lights.

Three bedrooms were furnished. Two of the bedrooms were for small children. In the master bedroom, there were two closets and dressers. One was for him while the other was for her. Everything I wanted was in that room. I was determined for once in my life to take the time to dress completely and properly.

PREPARATION

In my early twenties, I was pretty hairless. Nonetheless, I decided to shower and shave in the areas that would be visible. While still in the bedroom, I unbuttoned my shirt and pulled the tails out of the pants. After pulling one arm out, then the other, the shirt fell to the ground.

Sitting on the side of the bed, I untied and held each shoe while lifting my foot out of it. The other shoe followed. Socks were peeled away and tucked into the shoes. Standing up, I unbuckled my pants belt, undid the last button, then opened and unzipped the fly till I was able to drop the pants around my ankles. Stepping out of the pants with one foot, I used the other to kick the pants up onto the bed. Gripping the elastic band of my under-pants, I slowly slid them down till they fell to the ground. As before, I stepped out of them with one foot using the other to kick them onto the bed. I stood there shivering, as I knew what I was about to do. I was still apprehensive about getting caught while at the same time I was experiencing a thrill.

In the bathroom, attached to the master bedroom, I turned the water in the shower on and adjusted it till the water was at a comfortable temperature. Once under the water, I looked for and found a razor. Using soap, I lathered most of my body using scented bath

oils and shaved all the hair off. The only two areas of hair left were on my head and a small triangular patch above my manhood.

Using a nearby towel, I dried myself off. It was an unusual feeling since my skin now lacked any hair. My hairless body seemed a bit more sensitive to the cool air as it tingled a bit. Wrapping the towel around my upper body with the lower part just covering my crotch area, I walked back into the bedroom.

In her dresser, I began opening drawers one at a time. In the upper left hand drawer there was an assortment of negligees. The middle left opened to reveal bras, panties, and nylons. Taking a pair of French cut panties trimmed with French lace from the drawer, I opened them up to step one leg, then the other through the openings. With both hands on the elastic band, I pulled the panties up to my waist, enveloping my manhood and rear. With the waistband clinching high above my hips, I could see the “deformity” protruding from the front. With one hand pulling on the front elastic, I reached in with the other hand and “folded” my male member back and under me. Letting go of the elastic, I now had a smooth front.

Taking a matching bra, also trimmed with French lace, from the same drawer I took one end and caught it with the other hand around the back. After I attached the rear clips in the front, I rotated the bra till the cups were in front. Then I pulled each shoulder strap up while putting my opposing arm through it. My fingers then followed the edge of the bra, straightening and adjusting the straps and then the waistband. With the bra in place, I walked over to the bed and took two silicon inserts out of my bag and gently positioned them in the bra cups till they had the right look.

Taking another set of silicon pads and a section cut from a pair of pantyhose out of the bag, I sat on the bed. I pulled the panty section up my legs till it almost covered my panties. I inserted the pads in their pre-assigned places over my hips and derriere.

With my new breasts jiggling, I walked back to the dresser and pulled out a matching slip. Putting one arm, then the other through the strap openings, I raised it and allowed gravity to let it fall down till stopped by my C-sized chest protrusions. Taking the edges of the slip, I pulled it over my “boobs” and smoothed the slip over my body.

Looking at myself in the bedroom mirror, I saw the body shape of a woman outlined by the slip, with the head of a boy.

Sitting down at the vanity, I found a file and began filing my toenails. When finished, I placed small cotton balls between the toes. On the vanity was a bottle of red nail polish which I began shaking before opening it. I smelled the fumes as I began carefully brushing the polish on to each toenail. Each “dab” had a wet feeling.

Next, I found an acrylic nail package. Opening the tube of adhesive, I applied it to each nail. One by one, I applied each nail extension to each finger. When all the extensions were firmly in place, I began filing the edges to match my nails. Taking the red nail polish again, I applied liberal coats to each long fingernail. Holding my hands up in place allowed them to dry faster and gave me the opportunity to explore how ladylike my hands now looked.

After 15 minutes, I removed the cotton balls from between my toes. I expected that the long fingernails would present some difficulty, and they did. In the closet, I found a pair of

2" pink slippers and put them on. Walking again to the mirror and looking at myself, it was evident; I was one step closer to realizing my dream.

In the dresser, I found a plastic package with a new pair of beige pantyhose. Sitting on the chair in front of the vanity, I began what I thought would be an arduous task of pulling them on. My long fingernails deftly opened the package and pulled the pantyhose out. The pantyhose were a semi-transparent beige color. The panty part was darker, trimmed with a delicate lace at the top. The crotch of the pantyhose was lined with a white cotton material. Each leg hung limply and wrinkled. Bending one knee and raising that foot with toes arched towards the ground, I gathered portions of the pantyhose towards my toes, and then pulled it over my foot, up my hairless calve to my knee. This was repeated on the other foot as well. With both leggings up around my knees, I stood up and began the task of pulling each leg up in turn while clearing away the slip, so that only the bottom darker part of the panty hose barely touched my groin area. Then with one full swoop, I pulled both sides of the pantyhose up and over my protruding hips and rear end, to bring it up around my waist.

The pantyhose provided the strangest of feelings. It clung to my toes, feet, calves, knees, and thighs. I could feel the silky tightness, hugging against my skin, while at the same time feeling the coolness of air on my legs as though I was not wearing anything. The spandex portion of the pantyhose pressed firmly against my body and held any unwanted protrusion in place. Sliding my feet once again into the 2" slippers, I walked over to the mirror. Once again, I was looking more like my objective.

Walking over to the vanity, I sat down at the chair while simultaneously guiding the folds of my slip underneath me. In an effort to live the life of the character I was looking to duplicate, I lifted my right leg and slid it over my left leg, leaving my right foot to swing in the air, just the way women naturally cross their legs. The slip between the multi layers of clothes I wore provided a continuous sensual feeling with every movement. I turned to the mirror and compared the face I saw with a nearby picture of the woman I had seen entering the house a few times. I reached up with my long fingernails and lightly caressed my chin, cheek and eyebrows.

Taking tweezers in hand, I began plucking my eyebrows to conform to the shape, which she had in the picture. Sharp needlelike pains and tears welled up in my eyes. When finished, I could see in the mirror eyebrows that were shaped into graceful arches above the eyes. I was determined to go all the way, not really thinking how I would have to deal with friends and family later on. I had the time and the means to do it. A liner pen added body to my arched eyebrows.

Finding a light shade of liquid facial covering, I began dabbing it on parts of my face. Then using a make-up sponge, I began blending the covering into my skin all over the face. It gave me a wet feeling on my face. Next, I picked up a medium sized brush and opened a compact container of rouge. Dabbing the brush into the rouge, I began to lightly powder my cheekbones with downward motions from the end of my ears.

Next, I took a liquid eyeliner pencil and began to line the lids of my eyes. The pencil felt wet as I began drawing graceful prominent lines on my upper lids and smaller lines on the lower lids. An eye shadow brush provided a slight shade blending into a darker shade on my lower lids. Pulling the mascara brush free of its tube, I began to dab mascara onto

my eyelashes, twisting the brush with each stroke. My lashes were becoming wet and slightly heavy, then stiff as the mascara dried.

With lips stretched taught across my teeth, I used a nearby lip liner pen to outline my lips. This slightly accented them. Taking a lipstick tube in hand, I removed the cap and twisted the base so the lipstick slowly popped up inches from my lips. With my mouth open, I applied the slick, oily coating to my lips. The perfume scent reached into my nose. Pulling a tissue out, I folded it in half and pressed my lips to it drawing off the excess lipstick.

I had only a light peach fuzz to cover up. A small makeup compact would help cover this up. Taking a makeup brush, I dabbed it in translucent dusting powder and brushed it all over my face. This caused the makeup to set. Taking a nearby perfume atomizer, I generously sprayed it on my neck, cleavage, behind the knees and on my ankles.

Looking at myself in the mirror, I saw a girl who looked very much like the woman of the house except that she had short hair. I tried various expressions looking to see how much I looked either feminine or masculine. To my relief I looked so feminine that all my facial expressions complimented the way I looked. Batting my eyelashes and looking down a bit provided a very appealing look.

With my 2" heeled slippers on, I walked over to the closet looking for something to wear. To the top right were some odd looking boxes that I pulled down to look into. Each one contained a Styrofoam head with attached wig. I took the wig that looked most like the picture of the woman of the house on the vanity. Sitting down at the vanity, I placed and positioned the shoulder-length wavy hair wig on my head by first inverting the wig and opening the wig cap lining. The elastic band of the wig kept it mostly in place. But to make sure, I took some pins I found laying around and inserted them so that the wig caught my own hair as a way of keeping it from falling off. Taking a brush, I teased the hair into place.

Looking into the mirror, I could see my eyes, but otherwise it was the reflection of a beautiful young lady very similar in appearance to the lady of the house.

DRESSING

Standing up, I walked, while looking at myself in the full-length mirror, toward the closet. I was thrilled with the way I looked. With the closet door opened, I now began looking for the right clothes to wear. I didn't want anything too fancy. In my mind, I wanted something that "she" could wear comfortably outside without being too conspicuous. I carefully scanned each dress, feeling the smoothness of each fabric. I finally settled on a dark blue dress with elbow length sleeves that looked as though it would drop just below my knees.

While holding the hanger with one hand, the other worked the zipper down and removed the dress. Holding the back of the dress open, I stepped first with my right then left legs through the skirt opening. Pulling the dress up, I placed my arms through each of the sleeve openings. With both hands, I found the zipper and began to pull it up. I was not

able to pull it up all the way, so I pulled it back down and went into the closet for a wire hanger. Snaking the wire hanger through the zipper tab, I pulled up with one hand while pulling the dress down in the back with the other hand. As the zipper moved up my back, I felt the dress encasing my body. With the long fingernails, I was able to close the clasp at the top of the zipper, giving me the feeling of closing a seal that encased me within. Closing the door, I looked at the mirror mounted on the outside of the door. Looking back at me was a woman still in her slippers, but beautiful nonetheless. The dress was cut low in front, exposing part of my chest. Although there was plenty of room for my bust, it hugged my body down to my waist where it flared a bit in a straight line just below my knees. The bodice of the dress was tailored tight, hugging my breasts and tapered inward towards my waist, expanding outward again at the hips, accenting the female form.

Reopening the closet door, I began looking for shoes to compliment my look. A black pair of 3" high-heeled pumps with a cutout to expose three toes caught my attention. They were lined with what looked like silver foil. It had the faint impression of the previous wearer's foot. Taking both shoes out of the closet, I placed them on the floor near the wall next to the closet. With one hand on the wall, I lifted my left foot and arched it downward to slide my toes first into the shoe, bending and arching to the shape of the pump, until the heel of my stocking foot slid in. Then standing in the left pump, I tried the same with my right foot but my left foot wobbled too much in the pump. Taking a bit more precaution, I tried again and this time it went smoothly.

With a little wobble in my step, I closed the closet door once more to look at the pretty girl standing there in front of me. Her little red toes peaking out from her shoes matched the red of her fingernails. Only one thing was missing: jewelry.

I felt the jiggle of my breasts as I minced back towards the vanity. The wobble of my steps added to it. Nonetheless, it was thrilling as I imagined myself to be the woman of the house. At the vanity I slowly lowered my tush to the chair while maintaining my balance in the pumps. With legs slightly to the side, I looked at myself again in the vanity's mirror. I felt and looked sexy. The feeling was driving me wild. Gathering my thoughts, I concentrated on finishing the job. Looking through all the available jewelry, I chose two necklaces, one small and dainty close to my neck and the other somewhat larger that hung over my breasts. A small, what looked like a diamond studded watch with matching gold band, fit my left wrist perfectly. The diamond earrings matched the necklace and rings, looking as though they were a set. Luckily, I already had pierced ears. A bangle and broach complimented my look.

Feeling somewhat like Catherine Zeta-Jones, I walked out of the bedroom, a new me. What made everything so different this time as compared to the many times before when I "dressed for the occasion" was that everything seemed to fit as though it had been tailored for me. Here I was wearing clothes belonging to another person, yet they fit me. Even the high-heeled shoes fit me to the point where they did not pinch my toes.

Everything felt good as I walked over to the mirror. I looked good. I had to compliment myself on my makeup. Only when walking up close to the mirror could one see that I had applied some areas sloppily. However, overall I looked at a woman in the mirror. She did not look beautiful or stunning, but she was very feminine. As I looked at myself, I posed for different situations. Moving carefully, I could see that I was able to move like a

woman. The clothing with all its restrictions forced me to make certain movements. It was obvious that swaying my ass as I walked made it easier to take steps. Small steps were easier than large steps. The dress prevented me from spreading my legs in order to bend down. To reach my sneakers on the floor required that I bend my knees and pick them up from the side.

It was a very different experience wearing her clothes. Most times in the past, I had worn clothes that were too small on me. These clothes fit me perfectly. This was also the first time I was able to take my time to fully dress. I looked good in the mirror. In some ways, I think I looked similar to the women who recently moved in. Beyond how I looked, everything *felt* good. With the appropriate padding in the right places, everything felt like it was fitted for me. My whole body felt incased in silky softness. The shoes, although very high, were comfortable. Aside from a bit of a wiggle on each step, it was easy to walk in them. They felt very comfortable as they cupped my foot. Even though they were 3" heels, my foot did not come out of the back of the shoe as I walked.

My ears tingled from the earrings as I walked around the room. Each movement of my head caused them to tingle just a bit. The "Y" profile outlined my crotch area as I took each step. My rear and hips jiggled just a bit as I took each step. Even though my breasts jiggled on each step, everything held firmly in place. It felt as though the breasts were attached to me as opposed to sitting against my chest. I could only imagine that this is the way most women felt.

LOOKING OVER THE HOUSE

As the woman of the house, I decided to double-check all the rooms. Walking down the corridor, I entered each room and surveyed its contents. After I inventoried the upstairs, I went downstairs. It was a bit difficult finding each step on the way down. My 36C breasts obstructed the view of my feet. Luckily I was able to hold on to a banister for support. I could feel my breasts jiggle each time I took another step down. I could only imagine that I was feeling what she would be feeling in a similar situation. The sensations I was getting were thrilling.

I spent the next half hour walking around downstairs again, surveying its contents. On occasion, I scampered across the room at the thought that something might be worth looking outside. As various parts of my body jiggled, it sent shivers through my body. The shivers caused me to stop in place and try to contain my excitement. I could see myself in a mirror and there was no doubt that a young woman was having some sort of physical reaction.

I couldn't wait to get back upstairs and relieve myself of the sexual tensions that had built up in me. Nonetheless, I kept inspecting the remainder of the house. Every now and then, I would peek out the window to see what was happening outside. It was thrilling going through the house. My movements were sensuous and exciting to me. In raising my arm to open a kitchen cabinet door, I could feel my breast being pulled up then bouncing

back downward as I lowered my arm. It took some control to steady myself with all the feelings I was experiencing.

OWNER COMES HOME

I was near the kitchen when I heard the sound of a car coming close to the house. My heart started beating faster. In a quite girlish run with my shoulders moving from side to side, I got to the kitchen window and saw a car coming up the driveway. This could be trouble. I quickly walked to the bottom of the stairs and was about to take my shoes off when I heard the kitchen door from the garage open. Without thinking, I left my shoes on and took each step upstairs as quietly and quickly as I could. Although the multiple movements it took for all my body parts and me to get up the stairs quickly was exciting, my heart was beating at the prospect of getting caught. Half walking and half-skipping, I made my way into the bedroom. Once in the bedroom, I was about to start undressing when it became clear that whoever the person was, he was going to come to the center of the house where I had stood moments before. Grabbing everything from the bed, I shoved it all underneath and then looked for a place to hide. The best I could find was behind the drapes in the corner of the bedroom.

Standing silently, I tried not to move. I was still in her heels and my feet were beginning to hurt. While I stood straight up and tried to move as close as possible to the wall, my size "C" boobs protruded. The padding around my ass also helped push me away from the wall, increasing my danger to exposure.

Someone was just about to come into the room as I held my breath. He moved around the room evidently looking for something. Several times he left the room, then returned. From the hallway I heard him say, "Whoever you are, come on out. I've got a gun and know how to use it. If you are a thief, I'll let you walk away without taking anything."

I was shaking. How could I explain the way I looked?

"If you don't come out, I'll call the police."

I was frozen. There was nothing I could do to prepare for this situation. It was a chance I took doing things like this. My urges always had an element of excitement associated with them. I was always careful to do things safely to reduce the chances of getting caught. There were some close calls, but there was always a way out. Sometimes it just involved waiting. I wasn't 100% sure he really knew there was someone in the house. Maybe he was bluffing.

DISCOVERED

Frozen in place and thinking I had no solution, I did nothing. Suddenly the drape was pulled away from me. "Well, look what we have here." He was much larger than me and he did have a gun in his hand.

“Do you always go around playing dress-up in other people’s homes? What’s the matter, doesn’t your mother buy you enough dresses so that you don’t have to sneak in here to try on other people’s clothes?”

“I started to speak when he noticed something familiar. “That looks like my wife’s hair, or should I say hairpiece.” He pulled it off my head and then saw that I was a boy. “How can you explain this?” he said rhetorically.

“I’m sorry,” I almost started to cry. “I just get these urges and . . . here I am.”

He said nothing but looked at me strangely. “Put this back on,” he said as he handed me back the hairpiece. Go over to the vanity and do it properly.”

I walked over to the vanity, sat down and reattached the hairpiece so that it looked OK. Then I cleaned my face from the tears and stood up to face him.

HIS INSPECTION

“Walk up and down the room a few times.” I did as he asked.

“You really look good. Let’s take a walk through the house. I want to see how you handle it.”

I wasn’t sure what to say or do, so I stood without moving.

“You came to dress as a woman and now I’m giving you the chance. Why are you hesitating?”

“I don’t know. It’s just something I never expected. What do you really want me to do?”

“Nothing, just walk through the house with me. I want to see how well you handle looking like a lady. It also gives you a chance to act the part in front of someone else. After all, I already know what you really are.”

With that he took my arm and ushered me out the bedroom door into the hallway. Then, leaving me standing, he walked ahead. After walking a few feet he turned, and asked, “Well, aren’t you coming?”

At that point I followed him. We walked all over the second floor looking into the rooms and closets. In one room, pointing to a vacuum cleaner, he asked me to vacuum the rug. I did as he asked, all the while trying to maintain the appropriate image of a girl in heels cleaning the house. Looking down as often as I did required that I clear my (her) hair from my face. There were other difficulties such as dealing with the bracelets I wore. They tended to slide up or down my arm depending on the position of my hand.

I vacuumed the rug as requested all the while watching him watch me. When finished, I came up to him and asked if it was satisfactory. He nodded approvingly. “Now what?” I asked.

“I would like to see how you look in some other clothes.”

Taking my hand, he led me back to the bedroom, as though leading a dog. I followed hesitantly at first, then just accepted the handholding. I stood inside the bedroom door with my arms folded just below my breasts watching him go through the closets picking out various pieces of clothing, then throwing them on the bed. It took about fifteen minutes for him to conclude whatever he had in mind.

“OK, this is what I want you to do. There are nine piles of clothing. Each pile represents a different outfit my wife used to wear. I want you to change into each outfit, making sure to wear the appropriate nylons, heels and jewelry. When you are ready, call me from upstairs so that I can watch you come downstairs. We’ll sit and eat or drink something, and then you go back upstairs and try on the next outfit. Understand?”

“You want me to put on a fashion show for you?”

“Something like that. It shouldn’t bother you. I take it that this is something you have wanted to do for a long time. Am I correct?”

“Sort of. I never expected it would turn out like this.”

“Please keep in mind that my wife was very classy. So please make sure to dress appropriately. In other words, your heels and jewelry should fit the outfit. That includes the bathing suit.”

“OK, I think I can do that.”

He turned and walked out the door and down the stairs. I was left to fulfill my dream. I was shuddering with tension.

Undressing was a chore, as it required that I first take off all the jewelry I was wearing. I also tried to be careful and move so that that none of the clothing would cause my hair-piece to come off as well. In her underwear, I hung up all the clothing and put the shoes in place. Going over to the bed, I looked at the business suit. It was missing a shirt. Looking through the closet, I found a frilly front shirt that looked perfect.

Taking it off the hanger, I put it on. I hadn’t counted on having to close the buttons in back, but decided to stick with the blouse since I had already chosen it. Stepping into the skirt, I pulled it up and pushed down the ends of the blouse so that it would present a flush look. The skirt was straight, ending just below my knees and also required closing in the back. Walking in my bare stockings, I found a pair of blue 2” heels that matched the color of the suit. Taking them over to the bed, I sat down and slipped one on each foot. Standing up, I walked over to the full-length mirror and knew what jewelry would be needed. At the vanity I found a pair of large half pearl earrings and matching necklace. Fixing my face and putting on a bracelet and watch, I felt I was ready. At the top of the stairs I yelled, “I’m ready.”

“OK, come down,” he yelled and watched as I negotiated each stair.

When I was within reach, he gave me his hand and helped me down the last two stairs. “Thank you,” I said.

Still holding my hand, he led me into the kitchen and pulled the chair out for me to sit. Sitting down, he asked what I wanted to drink or eat. I settled for a cup of coffee, leaving lipstick marks on the edge of the cup.

“Are you raising your voice, or is it natural?”

“This is my natural voice, why?”

“You’re lucky, it could go either way.”

“Oh.”

We sat and talked for a while about a lot of little things. I think he was just trying to break the ice and get me to feel more comfortable with him. At some point he decided that we talked enough and it was time for me to try on the next outfit. Talking my hand, he walked me to the bottom of the stairs and watched as I stepped up the stairs sideways since the skirt was too tight for me to spread my legs enough to walk up straight.

After undressing and putting away the outfit, I looked at the maroon cocktail dress, trying to decide what to wear with it. When finally dressed, looking at myself in the mirror, I saw a fashionably dressed young woman showing a lot of chest area covered with a multiple layer necklace and matching earrings. From the waist up, everything hugged me tightly. From the waist down, the dress flowed out in umbrella fashion to just above my knees. Matching maroon 3½” open sandals showing red tipped toenails complimented the dress.

The billowing dress and high heels caused a lot of problems when trying to negotiate the stairs. Holding the dress against my lap with one hand required that I hold onto the banister with the other, all the while looking to make sure my shoe settled correctly on each stair.

The difficulty must have been obvious to him since he came halfway up stairs to assist me. Holding on to him made everything much easier.

Once at the bottom of the stairs, unlike before, he walked me to the closet near the entrance and pulled out a mink coat, which he proceeded to help me put on. He then gave me a matching pocketbook and put on his own coat. Before I knew it, we were standing outside his front door. I was trembling at being exposed to the world like this. I was frozen in place; he grabbed my arm and pulled me towards the car. After walking me to my side of the car, he helped me get in. Managing to sit while balancing on high heels without dropping my pocketbook and keeping my coat closed was no small feat. His look at my legs as they protruded from underneath the coat was not the look of a man looking at another man. He was looking at a woman. I can’t say if there was someone on the street watching me. I was too much in shock and glad to be safe in the confines of the car.

With him sitting in the driver’s seat, I was finally able to ask, “What are you doing? I thought this was to be a fashion show only, not an outing.”

“You look so good, I figured you deserve to go out as well. We’ll have our coffee in a small place I know.”

“I don’t think I can handle this. You are the only person who has ever seen me dressed up like this. I can’t go in front of other people looking like this.”

“Why not? A lot of beautiful women go out dressed like this.”

“But I’m not a woman, remember?”

“That may be, but only you and I know that, and it will stay that way unless you want people to know what you really are.”

“I don’t have the confidence to do this,” I practically cried.

“You don’t have to do anything other than look beautiful. I’ll do the rest. And if anybody is looking at you, try to remember that women are envious of other women and guys who look are only thinking of getting into your panties.”

“Boy, would they be surprised.”

With that we both started laughing. It broke the tension I was feeling.

“OK, I’ll try to not be nervous. But please, no more surprises.”

With that, he started the car and we drove off.

Sitting in the passenger side as he drove, I tried looking at myself as though from outside the car. What I saw was one of those trophy women who accompany well-to-do men. With my hair resting on the lapels of my coat, I sat with my arms folded while holding the coat closed. At the bottom of the coat were two legs perched on heels tipped with red toenails. Earrings kept reminding me that my face was made up to look as feminine as possible. In some odd way, I appreciated that I looked so good.

Finally arriving at a small out of the way café, he helped me out of the car and all the way to my seat. He had the same look when looking at my legs as he did when I got into the car. While I appreciated the fact that I looked so feminine, I was also disturbed that he knew I was male.

I held his arm as we walked into the restaurant. At the table he took my coat and let me slide into the seat. Aside from the occasional glance, probably



because I was dressed in a cocktail dress, no one paid any particular attention to me. Again as before, we ate and talked. I was surprised at how much we had in common. At least that was the impression I got.

The drive home was uneventful other than the feelings of femininity that were overwhelming me. Again and again I looked at my nylon-clad legs sticking out from under the coat I was wearing. With my feet perched on high heels, my legs looked too open. To avoid this, I either moved both legs to the side or tried crossing one leg over the other. In each case, the feel of stockings sliding over each other was arousing. With my manhood tucked under me, my only recourse was to feel uncomfortable.

By the time we got home, I was dying to pee. He again led me to the foot of the stairs after helping with my coat. He watched as I walked up the stairs. Walking up was much easier than walking down. All I could think of when reaching the top of the stairs was making it to the bathroom on time.

Without undressing, I walked straight into the bathroom. There was a lot of clothing to take off before I could pee. But my need was so bad that I decided to forgo undressing and just lifted my skirt and pulled my panties/pantyhose down before sitting on the seat. The pantyhose held my legs together while perched on heels. The dress isolated me from everything below my waist. Once on the seat, I let it all out. Holding my manhood in position to avoid getting everything wet was difficult with all the clothing I wore. Yet I managed it and was about to jerk off when I remembered that he was waiting for me downstairs.

In almost a reflex action, I straightened myself out before leaving the bathroom. Once out of the bathroom and back in the bedroom, I set about properly undressing for the next outfit I was to wear.

Although the cocktail dress made me feel really sexual (feminine), I was glad to get out of it. Every movement I made while wearing it required a watchful eye on my part. The dress flowered out, touching everything next to me while obscuring my feet or anything I might step on.

Standing in panties, pantyhose and bra, with the jewelry, shoes and cocktail dress put away, I began thinking about what to wear with the pantsuit. It was evident that I needed to choose heels and a blouse. It was lucky that I was getting used to my figure shaping undergarments. Unlike before, my crotch area would be more exposed. Pulling up the pants and slipping into heels, I looked at myself in the mirror. My crotch area looked flat while the area between my legs had that rounded half-moon shape, indicating that I was not wearing a pad. It was amazing how I looked and felt. Dare I say that I felt desirable?

Opening my jacket and putting my hands on my hips, I had the figure that women should have. The panty girdle added a lot to my rear and sides so that I now had an obvious hourglass figure. The pants came down to my ankles, showing the lower portion of my stockinged foot and shoe heel. Jewelry and 2" heels completed the appropriate look.

As before, I stood at the top of the stairs and yelled that I was ready. He was standing at the bottom and made no attempt this time to help me. He took my hand and led me into the kitchen, asking me to prepare coffee for us while he took care of something else. I did as he asked but could only wonder what surprise was in store for me this time.

The coffee was ready by the time he reappeared. Taking both cups, he asked that I follow him into the living room. The living room was pleasant, not too brightly lit, with soft background music. We sat down on the couch and placed the coffee cups on the coffee table in front of us. There was one empty cushion between us. It required that we twist our bodies to look at each other. While he raised one leg on the cushion to be more comfortable, I kept my legs closed. We talked for a while until there was a change in the music.

Standing and putting his hand out to me he asked, "Do you dance?"

I looked up at him and indicated no. But he kept his hand extended, waiting for me to take it. After some hesitation, I took his hand as he pulled me up. Holding his hand, I followed him to the middle of the floor where he turned around, taking the standard dance position by placing one hand around my back and holding my other hand in his.

"If you really don't know, then just follow my lead. You can feel the movement of my hand, which will help tell you where to go. "

"I'll try."

The truth is that I had danced but not this formal stuff and not as a woman.

It was a bit awkward in the beginning. Although he was taller than I, how much taller did not register until I was standing up close to him. Even in heels, my eyes were about even with his nose. I could say we danced to slow music, each step getting a bit easier. But the truth is that in such close proximity to him, I was trying to maintain some distance. Stronger than me, he held me close, almost touching. What bothered me the most about this was that the standard dance position required that his leg be between my legs. Because of his height, his movements rubbed against my crotch area and between my legs. I can only imagine that had I been a real girl, all this would be very stimulating.

After a few slow songs, the beat increased and we began dancing faster. I was getting the hang of reading his movements and following in kind. At some point he was able to twirl me, and when I came back, I was facing him.

I was quick to pick up the steps and was soon doing the Cha Cha and other dances. After about fifteen or maybe twenty minutes, there was some more slow dancing. This time he pulled me up against his body as we continued dancing. Not only did I have his leg rubbing my crotch area, but I could also feel a bulge in his pants and the pressure of my two chest mounds pressing against his chest. I was looking to the side as we danced and I wondered where he was looking. The music finally stopped as did we and I looked up at him, still in his grip. It was obvious that I should have turned away. But some inner feminine something or other held me in position to be kissed.

It was a romantic moment. I was tired and not really myself. I was in his arms and in his power. I kissed him back, but only for a split moment until I realized who and what I am.

"It wasn't that bad, was it? After all you are playing a part and that doesn't stop at the drop of a pin."

"Maybe not, but I'm a guy and you are a guy and this is not what guys do."

"True, but while I look like a guy, *you* look like a female, a girl. And in that situation, you reacted very naturally."

I didn't get a chance to answer before he took my hand and led me back to the foot of the stairs. Without saying a word, I walked up the stairs and back into the bedroom.

After undressing to my underwear (bra and panties), I slipped on the tank top and then shorts. I figured that he would want me to look as though we were on vacation. In that case, I needn't wear heels. Finding a pair of sandals with almost no heels, I put them on. The panty girdle I used previously came in handy to provide the hourglass shape. Instead of jewelry, I put on a simple necklace and fixed my hair back with pins and clips as much as the wig would allow.

At the bottom of the stairs, he took my hand and walked me to the back yard where I was allowed to sit in an easy chair next to his, drinking soda and talking.

The one-piece bathing suit was my next outfit. The hardest part was getting those parts of my skin that showed to look female. While the panty girdle helped provide a rounded ass and wide hips, it was difficult creating cleavage. Also my arms and legs were too muscular to make the proper image.

Aside from parading around the house a bit, I was not asked to do much.

I was almost eager to get into my next outfit. Basically, I had to choose the appropriate clothing to go to church, as a married woman. This outfit was left entirely up to me. So I spent the time looking through the closets and picking out those clothes I thought appropriate for a church Sunday. Pink was the chosen suite color with matching open toe heels. My jewelry was held to a minimum and I wore light beige pantyhose. On the upper shelves of the closet, I found a selection of hats. The one in pink matched my outfit, and I put it on. I think I made a very nice impression as I walked down the stairs.

This time I was expected to walk by his side as we strode around the inside, then outside of the house. While sometimes on pavement, other times we walked on grass where my heels would sink deep into the earth. The first time he watched me struggle to get the shoe out of the earth without taking it off. The second time he came around and helped.

At the foot of the stairs, before letting me go upstairs, he turned me around and kissed me. My initial reaction was to stop him. Then without his saying another word, I allowed him to kiss me as I gently kissed him back. Neither of us said anything as he loosened his hold on me and I went upstairs.

My next outfit was to be a gown he had already picked out for me. I took my time undressing and putting away all the clothes I had been wearing. While doing this, I was mentally reviewing everything that happened. I can only say that with as much dressing and undressing as I have done, I've come to see this in a whole new light. There was no more excitement in dressing up. In fact, I was looking forward to dressing in my next outfit. It presented a small challenge to look my best. I *wanted* to look my best.

Looking at the dress lying on the bed, it was obvious that I needed a white bra and panties. I was wearing black. While changing my bra, I noticed that my chest was a bit sore around the nipple area.

It was a purple gown, something that I might wear to the opera or other very formal function. While it was low cut "V" shape in front it was also cut low in back. It exposed a lot of flesh both front and back. The only saving grace was that the dress sections that

went over my shoulders were very broad. This allowed me to wear a bra and not show the straps. The midsection was very tight, making me feel as though she had a much smaller waist than I thought.

Putting on the gown for the first time, it was evident that I needed to wear very high heels. Taking the gown off, I looked in the closet for high heels that would match the color of the gown. I found them and they were very high heels. Sitting down on the side of the bed, I put them on. Then standing and walking in small steps to where I had placed the gown, I lifted it up and began the arduous task of fitting into it.

The very high heels added a measure of difficulty that I had not experienced before. The long gown kept getting caught in the spiked heels forcing me to bend down and try to untangle myself. Getting down the stairs also required more work.

On reaching the bottom of the stairs, I looked up at him and was angry that he had not offered to help. He saw the difficulty I was experiencing and he could have done something to alleviate part of it.

“You angry at me?”

“Yes, didn’t you see the trouble I was having getting down the stairs? Couldn’t you have helped out a bit? I am wearing the clothes that you laid out for me.”

“True, but I wanted to see how you would deal with the difficulties. After all, this is what women go through.”

“Well, it still wouldn’t have hurt to at least have offered.”

He didn’t respond other than to tell me to go back upstairs and dress in the clothing he had first found me wearing. He stood at the bottom of the stairs and watched me struggle to get up.

A short while later, I yelled downstairs that I was dressed. He yelled back up that I should wait for him to come upstairs.

THE REST BEGINS

“You’ve done a wonderful job. Have a seat on the bed. Am I wrong or did you forget to put on some perfume?”

“No, I didn’t put on any perfume,” I said absently.

With that, he disappeared, then returned with a bottle of some clear fluid, perfume I supposed. Dabbing a little of it on a handkerchief, he approached me from the side. Then saying something to me about how nice it smelled, he looked for my opinion. I took a strong whiff, became woozy, then blacked out.

When I awoke, I remembered having some odd dreams. Looking up at the ceiling, I could see that I was in the same room. Looking from side to side, I could see that everything looked the same. Evidently, I had not been out for a long time.

I felt weak as I supported myself in the sitting position. Looking at my hands, I noticed my long red fingernails, and didn’t think much more about them. I was trying to shake off the drowsiness I felt as I looked around the room again. Again, nothing had changed.

I was alone in the room and couldn't hear the guy, so I assumed I was alone in the house. Without question, I needed to get out of the house.

I looked under the bed for my things; nothing was there. Getting up, I looked all over the room and there was no hint of my things. Fearing the worst, I decided that no matter what, it was best that I get out of the house.

Looking out of one of the upstairs windows, I could not see a car in the driveway. Standing at the top of the staircase, I couldn't hear anything. Everything indicated I was alone in the house. Who knows what that fellow was up to? I didn't want to be here when he came back.

Walking down the staircase presented many problems as before. I was still dressed as I had been before including the 3" heels, which I absently didn't think of changing. This time though, I was feeling a bit weak all over. I held onto the banister and took one step at a time. Yes, I did look like a woman at this time. I could only imagine what another person would think if they saw the way I was coming down the stairs.

At the bottom of the stairs, I stood still, waiting to hear if there was someone in the house. I didn't hear anything suspicious. I walked to the front door. I was about to leave when I remembered the way I looked. In the closet near the front door was a coat closet. There I found a suitable coat and even a pocketbook. There were a few items in the pocketbook including the house keys etc.

I started opening the door then heard, "There you are, pretty woman. So you finally woke up?"

I froze in place trying to think what I should do.

"You can leave if you want to but then I will have to call the police because the jewelry you are wearing is worth a lot of money. I have a better idea. Why not come in and have some coffee? If you want to go afterwards, leave the jewelry behind and you can leave.

"You promise?"

"Yes, yes. You can leave if you really want to. But first come and sit down and talk with me."

I put the pocketbook down and unbuttoned my coat. Still somewhat drowsy and weak, I walked over to the kitchen where I sat down to talk.

"What can I say? You look very good. And you look very much like my wife."

I stammered, "Thank you, I think".

"Coffee?"

"OK."

"Have you been doing this for a long time? I mean dressing up like this."

"A few years, when I get the chance. Didn't think I would be disturbing anybody in this house since you all seem to be away so much."

"We've had some problems. I think though that some of them may go away soon."

"Oh."

“Yes, you see I killed my wife. Or at least I drove her to kill herself.”

This was not sounding good.

“But I have other problems. We, or I should I, have two children who are now left without a mother. As a physician, I earn well but I also have huge debt. My wife’s grandfather left her a lot of money to be paid out over many years. If they find out she is dead, then the money stops.”

“That does sound like a real problem,” I said as I sipped from the edge of the cup, leaving my lipstick impression.

“You look a lot like my departed wife. You could fill in for her. That would solve most of my problems.”

“I may like dressing up from time to time but I am really not interested in living like this full-time.”

“Think about it. You are looking but you don’t have a job. Here you can live very well. You would have access to everything we have. And, you would be able to continue dressing up.”

“This is not for me,” I said as I started to get up to leave.

“So what are you going to do now? Leave the house dressed as my wife and do what? Go back to your parents’ house?”

“Well, you could give me my clothes back.”

“Yes, but there are other problems that you should be aware of.”

“Such as?”

“Come over to the couch and I’ll show you. Please take off the coat first”

I walked over to the couch and sat down as ladylike as I could muster.

Dan walked behind the couch and began unzipping my dress from behind. When the zipper was down far enough, he slid the dress off my shoulders. I looked down to see two C cups protruding from my chest. Next, he unfastened the bra from behind. The tension of the straps was relieved but nothing else happened. Lifting my arms a bit, he pulled the back of the bra forward to fall off my chest.

Still somewhat groggy, at first I thought my breast forms were stuck to my chest. When Dan pinched one of my nipples, it hurt. Slowly, it dawned on me that these were mine. I lifted each one in turn, then lowered it. There were no signs of either being not a part of me. Finally, it struck me. “When? How? This can’t be real!”

“I assure you they are.”

“You did this to me?”

“Yes.”

I was getting angry. I started waving my hands. I stood up and was going to go round the couch to attack him. Standing in heels with the dress falling off my waist and two C breasts swinging from my chest was too much. I sat down and passed out.

I awoke to a disturbing smell. Dan removed the small bottle that had caused me to wake and helped me sit up. Taking the bra from the floor, Dan held it up for me to place my arms through the straps. He then positioned the cups below my breasts and pulled back till he was able to close the clasps across my back. Without another word, he slid a hand into each bra cup and pulled my breast up so that it sat comfortably in the bra.

“Does that feel better?”

I nodded yes.

He then lifted the dress and held it in front of me to place my arms through the arm openings. With the dress on my shoulders, he zipped it up in back.

“Thank you,” I said. It then hit me how ridiculous it was for me to be thanking him. He was the cause of all this, but how?”

“You feel better?”

“How did this happen? How could you have done this? Is this *all* you’ve done?” I said while pointing at my new breasts.

“Do you know what day it is?”

I shook my head no

“It has been more than six weeks since you came here. When I asked you about perfume, it was really chloroform. I am a doctor with easy access to these things. That also explains, in part, how I was able to create the changes in you.”

“Changes?”

“In addition to your breasts which were created mostly with your own body fat, your hips and ass have been enhanced. Additional work was done on your face. Although it remains basically unchanged, a few changes make you look more like my deceased wife.”

“Are you trying to imprison me and turn me into your wife?”

“You can walk away as you are. I think it would be hard on you to do this. You have the body shape, mostly, of a woman. You have the body dimensions of my wife. I should also mention that you have time release implants of an estrogen hormone inside you which will enhance your feminine attributes.”

“I have a family. They will be looking for me. My car is still on a street not far from here. The police are bound to find it and start asking questions. ”

“Actually I already moved your car into my garage. I’ve contacted your parents and told them that as a friend you asked me to call them and tell them you found an out-of-town job that required you leave immediately. You can call them now so they don’t have to worry, if you want.”

“What do you want from me?” I pleaded

“Like I said from the beginning, I need a wife, mother and feminine presence.”

“You know what? I *am* leaving, even if I look like this. I’ll find my way out of this.” I began walking towards the door as Dan looked on.

"I am not sure how you are going to walk into your parent's home looking like a woman. I am not even sure how you can drive the car with a license that is in the name of a male. But beyond that, what are you going to do when you start lactating?"

"Lactating?"

"Yes, that was one of the modifications. I have two children, one four months old, the other 20 months. Both are still in the nursing stage. You are, or soon will be, lactating, enabling you to nurse them."

"This can't be real." I started walking back and forth. "How could you do this? I am a human being. I may have done something wrong but this is almost inhuman."

"Maybe so, but you set the wheels in motion and I just took advantage of it."

"Did it occur to you that I don't *want* to be your wife or a woman, let alone a mother?"

"You don't have much choice. You can walk out of here and deal with the way you are or stay under my conditions."

"This can't be real. This has got to be a dream or maybe a hallucination. I can't believe that anybody could do this to another person."

"In that case, I suggest you stay here a few days and get to see how real it is. I promise that I won't do any more modifications to you."

"Great. This sounds great! And where do I sleep? What do I wear?"

"We have a bedroom large enough for two. You have clothes galore and you can take advantage of any other facilities we have here. I suggest you take my suggestion. Tomorrow when your head is clearer and you feel better, it will be easier to decide what to do."

It was getting dark outside. Looking at myself in the hall mirror, I saw a nicely dressed woman. Where was I really going to go, back home? My mother would not take kindly to seeing me like this. Even if I managed to sneak into the house and switch clothing, my physical attributes would stand out. It would not be easy to hide C size breasts and widened hips and ass, not to say anything about the changes to my face.

Dan could see me thinking as I stood near the door looking much like his wife. "Why don't you go back up to the bedroom? Under the left pillow you'll find her, or should I say your, nightie. Just put it on and go to sleep."

Exhausted and without a reasonable course of action, I went back upstairs. This time though I was more aware of the jiggle on my chest and rear. Each step was more measured as I realized that my body was now balanced differently.

At the top of the stairs, I turned towards the bedroom. I was noticeably more aware of my body as the heels I wore accented my rear on each step. Arriving at the bedroom, I stood at the doorway and looked in. So this is where she lived, I thought to myself. I was now going to get the opportunity to see many of the details of her life.

Walking over to the bed, I sat down on the left side. Lifting each foot across to the other side, I took my shoes off in turn. After walking over to the vanity in her heeled slippers, I looked for the wire hanger I had used to pull the zipper up. Now I would need it to pull the zipper down. Before doing so, I began taking off all her jewelry. The earrings were on extraordinarily tight, or so I thought. In the mirror I saw that I now wore earrings with

screw studs. I knew enough to leave them in place. With the dress off, I began to peel away the layers of clothing. Slip, pantyhose and bra came off next.

Standing in panties only, I walked over to the mirror. I definitely had her body. I could make out some black and blue marks but they were minimal. Lifting each breast in turn sent shivers through my body, but I could not find any place where an operation had taken place. The same was true of my rear and hip areas. Taking off the hairpiece, I was in for another shock. My medium-length hair was now the blond color of the hairpiece. I was about to cry, then I thought better of it. I walked over to the bed and looked under the pillow.

I found the teddy. Arranging it to fit over my head, I let my arms slip through the straps as it settled on my shoulders. It had an elastic section that fell just above my breasts bunching up to my chin. I pulled it out and placed it under my breasts. There appeared to be two sections, one for each breast. Looking at myself in the mirror, another wave of sadness hit me and I was about to cry again. Instead, the call of nature awakened me and I walked into the bathroom.

I tried standing while peeing. The teddy kept falling in front so I decided that it would be easier to sit and pee. As I grabbed my penis, the chest obstructions my arms had to go around were very evident. They moved as an afterthought to my own movements. They were there, a part of me, a part I was not totally in control of.

Finished and weak, I made my way to the bed. Sliding my feet from the slippers, I raised my legs onto the bed and covered them before lowering my head to the pillow. The lights were still on as I fell asleep.

I woke several times during the night. On the first occasion, I awoke to a snoring sound. I was surprised to find that I was not alone in the bed. He was on the other side and I figured that I was safe. The second time I was lying on my side and he was snuggled up against my back. The third time was the same as the second but his hand was cupping one of my breasts. I tried moving him away but his hand kept coming back and cupping my breast. I was too tired to fight. In the end, I fell asleep in that position.

When I woke, I was alone in the bed, but the bed was wet. I wasn't sure what to do so I got out of the bed and looked at it. As I stood looking at the bed, I felt the cool breeze of wet cloth against my breasts. Looking down, it was evident that my breasts were leaking fluid, milk I supposed.

Sitting on the side of the bed, I was totally unsure of what to do when Dan came in.

"How you doing, beautiful?"

"Everything is wet," I said."

"Lactation just kicked in. Great timing. Droplets coming out of your breasts?"

"I think so."

"Hold on a second, I'll be right back."

With that, he disappeared and came back a few minutes later with a small bundle in his arms.

"This is for you," he said as he handed me the bundle.

I took it and almost dropped it when I saw what it was. It was a baby.

"I can't do this," I began to cry.

"Sure you can," he said as he sat down beside me and lowered the top of the teddy to expose one of my nipples.

I looked at him pleadingly with tears in my eyes. "*Please* don't make me do this."

"Shhh. Everything will be alright. Just hold the baby up a little and place it close to your nipple. Lean over a bit so your nipple falls into his mouth. He will know what to do."

I did what he said and the child was soon sucking on my breast.

"This is Charlie. I'll bring Joyce in later. I picked them both up early this morning. I am going downstairs to fix us some breakfast while you feed Charlie. I'll give Joyce a bottle for now. You can feed her later on."

He walked out of the room as I sat there nursing the little baby. I wanted to just run away. Looking at the baby suckling on my breast was confusing. This was an innocent child. If I ran away and just left him on the bed I would still have milk pouring out of my breasts to remind me that he was waiting for me.

At some point, he stopped sucking but remained attached. I wasn't sure what to do. He looked asleep. Finally, Dan came back up.

"Looks like he fell asleep. Let me take him and put him in the crib in the other room. In the meanwhile, you can change into another teddy, then wear the robe and come downstairs to meet your daughter."

"Please," I said, "I can't do this," I pleaded.

"You can come downstairs and eat with us or dress and leave. We'll be waiting downstairs."

I began looking for the bra I wore yesterday when my other breast began leaking. I walked over and yelled down the stairs, "I am leaking from the other side. What do I do?"

"Put on the other teddy and come downstairs. I'll show you."

Once downstairs and seated at the table, Dan gave me some tissues to place in the teddy up against my nipples. "This will help absorb the leakage until you learn how to use the pump."

"What pump?"

Dan explained as I sat and ate. Joyce, the baby girl, sat and looked at me with big eyes as she ate something that Dan had given her. Dan kept referring to me as "Mommy". Occasionally, she responded with "no Mommy." Finally, Dan had me say that I was Mommy. She kept on denying it. Maybe it was the fact that I was not wearing the hair-piece that would give me the proper look. Finally, Dan picked her up and handed her to me. She was resistant.

"Bare your breast and show her your nipple."

I did as he asked while she sat on my lap. Joyce quieted down, looking at my nipple and trying to decide what was really going on. From her look, it was evident that only

Mommy had a feeding nipple. Based on Dan's urging, I moved Joyce closer and closer to my nipple until they were almost touching.

"Tell her that Mommy has good milk."

"Mommy has good milk," I said while holding my breast barely an inch from her mouth.

Finally, she took some initiative and placed her mouth on my nipple and started sucking. After a while, I asked if Mommy had good milk. She nodded yes.

"I know this seems sudden but I have to go to work today. I am leaving both children with you. I know you can do it. When your breasts are too full, either use the pump or feed a child. You have to watch over both of them. While Charlie should only need diaper changing, you have to be careful with Joyce. She tends to run around a lot and you never know what trouble she can get into. Aside from that, you are the lady of the house. Feel free to explore and do anything you like. There are loads and loads of clothes for you to try on. Wear whatever you feel is comfortable."

I listened with an impending doom. One day I was a boy trying on women's clothes and the next day I am sitting in her place as a wife and mother, nursing her two kids. How could all of this happen overnight? According to Dan, it *didn't* happen overnight. It happened over more than six weeks, while I slept through it.

After Dan announced that he was going to work and that he would leave both children in my care, he took me on a tour of the house. Unlike before, this was a working tour aimed at showing me where everything was so that I could do the things he required of me. He would help me when he got home in the evening.

"I'll bring some food home with me tonight so you don't have to cook. We'll talk some more when I get back. There is food in the refrigerator so you won't starve during the day. Here is my phone number if you need to reach me. Just tell my receptionist that you are Nancy, my wife."

With that, he got up and went upstairs. I heard him moving around. By the time he came back downstairs, he was dressed in a suit. He stopped at the entrance to the kitchen and looked at me feeding Joyce.

"Women say the experience of nursing is wonderful. I hope you get to feel the same way. Anything you want to ask before I leave?"

I was too numb to respond. I just sat there and shook my head "no".

He came over to me, kissed me on the forehead, turned around and went towards the door. Taking a coat from the coat closet, he put it on, blew me another kiss and went out the door.

Joyce kept sucking away. She must have been very hungry. I kept looking into her eye. I imagined seeing her mistrust of me in those big eyes of hers.

When she finished, I placed her back in the high chair and gave her some food to play with. Covering my breast up, I walked around the kitchen, looking into every cabinet this time. It was such an odd feeling doing everything with two mammary glands hanging and

swinging from my chest. The teddy may have provided some support while sleeping, but it was definitely not for wearing around the house.

I was too numb to think rationally. There were things I had to do and things I wanted to do. Picking Joyce up, I carried her upstairs and took her into the room with the crib. Giving her some toys I found lying around, I went back into the bedroom. In the adjoining bathroom, I undressed and looked at myself in the mirror again. I felt like a cow.

With so much to do, I still needed to shower. Nude, I walked over to the shower and turned the water on while bending over to reach the faucets. Various parts of my body kept moving independently of me. My breasts swung as I leaned over, my rear jiggled as I walked and my remaining manhood flopped as I took each step. I now had a lot more real estate to soap than before.

I showered, then dried myself off, even used the hair dryer to speed things up. In the bedroom, I took a fresh bra from the dresser and put it on. There was a matching pair of panties that I pulled up my legs. Nancy didn't appear to have any socks, so I put on a pair of her pantyhose. I found a pair of slacks and then pulled over my head a long-sleeved knit top. Nancy evidently didn't believe in flats. All her shoes had heels of some type. I found a pair of solid looking shoes with 2" heels that I put on. Looking in the mirror reminded me that I had to fix my hair. At first I thought of going about with only my hair; after all, Dan was not here to see me. I then thought better of the situation since Joyce might not recognize me again. Putting on the same wig as before, I tied it in back to make it easier to deal with during the day. On the vanity was a watch and some other jewelry, some of which I decided to wear.

Standing in front of the mirror, I now looked the part. The only area that needed some additional work was over my left nipple. I was leaking again. Walking back into the bathroom, I looked for the cotton that Dan said was there. Finding it, I tore off pieces and placed it in each cup under my bra so that it would absorb any leaks.

Satisfied with my look, there was much to do. I had to find a way out of this. I had to find out about Dan and his "doctoring." I also had to find out about taking care of the house and children. I was about to start my hunt of the house when I heard crying from one of the bedrooms.

Charlie was crying. By the smell in the room, he needed changing. After finding the diapers and bringing a wet cloth from the bathroom, I set about changing his diaper. He seemed happy so I placed him back in the crib. I wasn't out the door before he started crying again. I picked him up and found nothing wrong. As soon as I placed him down, he began crying again. Lifting him up, he stopped. Sitting in a chair, I rocked him to sleep just as I heard Joyce begin crying. I placed Charlie back in his crib hoping that he would continue sleeping as I went into Joyce's room.

She was standing in the crib crying and trying to get out. She stopped crying as soon as she saw me. "Mommy," she cried. I took her out of the crib and set her on the floor. Unsteadily, she walked around the room. It was evident that I had to keep an eye on her.

I took her hand and walked from room to room, looking for papers on this family. I needed to know what was really going on. What did he mean when he said he "killed her"? Did that mean *my* life was in danger as well. How come a doctor had a gun in his

house? What did he mean when he said that if she died, the money stopped? I needed to know about a lot of things, and there was no one who was going to help me. I was alone in this.

Back in the kitchen, I saw the door to the garage. With Joyce at my heels, I opened it. There was my car. It would be so easy to get in and drive away. I was still faced with the question of what I would do looking the way I did once I got to wherever I was going. Another nagging question was the kids. Leaving them alone was child abandonment. I could go to prison for something like that, especially if it resulted in something serious. For now though, at least I knew where my car was.

Joyce, never far behind, demanded a lot of attention, if not directly, then by default. I had to make sure she didn't do anything dangerous. When she started to smell, it required taking her upstairs and changing her diaper as well. Between the two of them, I was kept constantly busy.

I was surprised to find out that it was 2 PM already. Where had the day gone? I guessed that Dan would be coming home around six? I lifted the phone and called him. His secretary asked who I was and I told her "Nancy, his wife." She put me through.

"Hello, this is Dan."

"Hello, this is your captive wife."

"And how is my pretty captive wife doing?"

"I feel like I am in slavery. It never ends. If one child doesn't need me, then the other one does. I am dead tired. When are you coming home?"

"I'll leave early today so I should be home around six or six-thirty. Do you miss me already?"

"I don't even know you. Why should I miss you? I just



want to know how I can get out of this. This is definitely not for me.”

“Are you dressed?”

“Yes.”

“What are you wearing?”

“Does it make a difference?”

“Yes, I want to know.”

I began describing how I was dressed when Joyce began crying. I picked her up and placed the phone near her ear. “Can you hear Daddy?” She nodded as she listened to Dan say some childish things. When she finally stopped crying, I took the phone back. Dan didn’t have time to continue talking and told me we’d talk when he got home.

With Joyce in tow, we went back upstairs. Charlie was crying. Since he didn’t smell, I assumed he was hungry. Pulling up my blouse and bra, I made my nipple available to him. He was evidently hungry. Joyce stood by watching, then started to point to my chest. “Are you hungry also?” I asked. She nodded yes. With Charlie cradled in one arm and Joyce half-sitting on my other knee, both children were nursing and I was feeling more and more like a cow.

When both children had finished nursing, I put them in their respective cribs and came back into the bedroom where I fell down on the bed and promptly fell asleep.

I woke to see Dan standing over me. “Tough being a mother, huh?”

“Especially since I am not even a woman. If you were trying to teach me a lesson, I think I can safely say I’ve learned it. When can I go back to being myself?”

“Not for a while. As I explained, I need you here as mother and wife. If you are not going to stay, I’ll write off my work on you as a loss and start looking for another solution.”

“But I don’t *want* to be a mother and wife. It would mean living as a woman full-time. I’m not a woman! I can’t live like this. Why can’t I go back to being myself?” I said as I started to cry.

“It is just not an option now, maybe in the future. You should look at the plus side of things. You’ll have a comfortable life with plenty of things to keep you busy. There is plenty of money. You can get the car you always wanted. We can travel and see things. You can get the type of stereo system you always wanted. What have you always wanted that you think you cannot have?”

I didn’t have an answer at that time.

“You are dressed very attractively.”

“You think so? Thank you.”

“Since the kids are asleep, lets go downstairs and talk.”

Back in the kitchen, Dan put away some items he purchased and made us coffee. “Did you call your parents today?”

I shook my head no.

“Why don’t you call them now so they don’t have to worry. Just tell them the story I previously gave them. Tell them that you are making a lot of money and that they shouldn’t worry.

I called and spoke to them as Dan listened at the kitchen table. I felt awkward talking to them as though I was their son. Here I was dressed and acting as mother and wife, yet talking as though I was a guy. At least there was no background noise of children crying.

With my parents assured, I turned back to Dan. “You know what you are doing to me is illegal.”

“There are many things that are illegal about this. I could say you were about to steal in excess of \$50,000 in jewelry and that would be the truth. Think about where you would land up then. You are over 18 and considered an adult. Image how your male cellmates would take to having you as a companion, looking the way you do.

“You could also think that maybe somehow you could bring a court trial against me. There is always that possibility. Now try to imagine how that would go down. Imagine sitting in a courtroom as my accuser, looking the way you do trying to make everyone think that I did this to you and you didn’t really want it to happen. By the way, what do you think you’ll wear to a trial of this type, your mother’s business suit and heels or would you wear one of Nancy’s suits? Would you put on makeup? Sitting in front of a jury, looking the way you do, could you really convince them that I forced this on you? I don’t think so. Why not be a good girl, wife and mother and learn to enjoy it. I assure you that beyond the awkwardness between your legs, we are going to have a good time together.”

I shuddered.

“I think any legal talk at this time is a dead issue. It won’t make anything that has happened disappear or make things better in any way. No matter what happened, I would swear you wanted the operations and that you convinced me that you always wanted to be a woman. I can get plenty of people to swear to that. So how about talking about our futures instead? You can still leave if you want, at least for the next two days. After that, I will expect you to abide by the obligation you have as a wife and mother.”

I sat there thinking to myself that within a few days, I would have figured out a way to get out of this.

The kids woke up and I went upstairs with Dan to take care of their needs. Feeding was one of them. As I fed one, Dan changed the diapers on the other. With both fed, we went back downstairs. As I sat at the kitchen table with both children nearby, Dan began warming the food he purchased earlier. I sat and listened as Dan talked about what happened with his original wife and what needed to be done to keep the money flowing in.

“I may look like her but anybody who knows her would recognize that I am not her. My handwriting is also different and there are bound to be other things that would mark me as not being the same woman.”

“I’ve thought this out and have almost everything covered. Nancy’s inheritance comes from a trust. Everyone in her family has already died from natural causes. The trustees don’t know her and have never met her. They do have her signature on file. That is some-

thing you will have to learn so that you can duplicate it. Otherwise, we should not have too much trouble. We are new to the area, so few people really know us.

We talked for a few hours, as it got dark. Around 8 o'clock, we moved to the living room. With the TV set on for the children, we continued talking. Dan didn't seem like a bad guy. On the contrary, he seemed like a good guy caught in multiple situations that presented no easy solution. My appearance on the scene presented him with an opportunity, which he quickly took. Contrary to what I previously thought, once I had been chloroformed, he began getting information on me. By the time he decided to operate on me, he had a pretty good idea of who I was and what my past had been.

It was about 10 when both children began yawning so I put them bed.

"I think we can safely go out for about an hour. Go fix you face and put on a pair of decent shoes. We'll just walk around the neighborhood a bit and talk."

I went upstairs and sat at the vanity while putting on a presentable face. Walking back to the closet, I chose a pair of shoes that matched what I was wearing, then came back downstairs.

Dan helped me on with "my" coat and opened the door to let me out first. He followed me, then locked the door. Once outside, Dan gave me his arm. I looked at it and said, "I can walk by myself."

"My wife walks with he," he responded. "This is the proper way for husband and wife to walk in the street."

I could see no way out of his demand. I knew he wanted me to act the part all the way. My small rebellion was not going anywhere. I put my arm through his and we began walking. In a way I was glad he insisted on my holding on to him. Walking in heels requires a lot of balancing energy. Holding on to him just made it so much easier.

We walked for about 20 minutes while talking. He was very deliberate in telling me that there were many more "little things" I was going to have to get used to. Kissing was one area that he felt was obvious. He explained that his position also required that his wife do some entertaining. He felt that I should be able to carry it off without too many problems. There might be a few areas that needed medical interventions to ensure my acceptance as a female. The following week we needed to attend a function. I would need to find a babysitter for that evening.

Back in the house, Dan helped me take off with my coat and hung it while I walked upstairs. Both children were sleeping; with Dan by my side, we decided to go to sleep as well.

"Are you going to rape me while I sleep?" I asked.

Dan looked surprised. "True, you look really good as a woman, but I know that you are not one. I am not homosexual. I think we can demonstrate married affections without having sex. I'll take care of my sexual needs privately."

I wasn't sure what "privately" meant. It did mean though that he would leave me alone during the nights. I undressed and put on my teddy as he also undressed and got ready for bed. With both of us in bed and me with my boobs showing through the upper

section of the teddy, Dan turned to kiss me goodnight. At first, I withdrew as he tried to kiss me.

“Aside from sex, we have to act as though we are married. There are a lot of little things that go into this. One of them is kissing before going to sleep. Another is kissing before I go to work. That is generally what husbands and wives do.”

I sat for a minute looking down then decided with the way I looked, it was the right thing to do. I turned and pursed my lips as he kissed me and said goodnight. We then turned off the lights on our respective sides of the bed.

My breasts were full of milk and I had trouble finding a comfortable position to sleep. About two in the morning, I heard crying. At first, I thought it was a dream. When Dan also woke up, he confirmed that it was not a dream. He motioned me to take care of the problem. I had the milk and was staying home during the day. He had to be alert all day long. I got up and walked into the hallway looking to see which child needed my attention.

Charlie needed a diaper change and feeding. Joyce eventually woke up as well. So, after finishing with Charlie, I went to take care of Joyce. It was about an hour before I got back to bed.

Dan woke me about 6:30 in the morning and said that he expected me to prepare some breakfast while he got ready to leave. Once he had gone, I was on my own. I put on the flimsy robe and heeled slippers, then went downstairs. There was not much for me to prepare breakfast with. I laid out a plate and spoon, cold cereal and milk. Dan came down and ate.

You are going to have to do some shopping. I know you are not ready yet. What I would like you to do today is practice signing my wife’s name so you can use her credit cards. In addition, I want you to look at my car in the garage and try to understand how the baby seat needs to be fastened. Day after tomorrow, I want you to go shopping and that will require that you take the children with you.

“You’re kidding?”

“Nope, mother and wife. That is what you’ll have to do.”

Dan finished eating, put on his coat, came over to me and kissed me on the lips.

“Have a good day,” I said, thinking only about getting back to the bed and completing my night’s sleep.

I couldn’t have been in bed for more than an hour before I heard crying again. This time I did not question whether it was a dream or not. I got up and walked to the hallway to see which child was crying.

The rest of the day went pretty much as did the first. The only difference was that I spent a lot of time looking for paper, then trying to perfect my “Nancy” signature.

When Dan again arrived home, the evening went pretty much as the previous evening had. The exception to this was the time it took for him to explain the intricacies of being Nancy and what would be required of me on my shopping trip. He asked only that I call him before I leave and again when I got back.

On my second night as wife and mother, I got up three times to take care of the children. By the time Dan left for work, I was ready to fall asleep at the table. Instead, I did make it up the stairs to the bedroom. The children gave me a bit more time to catch up on my sleep before the crying started again.

It was about 10 when I woke. There was no crying but some sounds were coming out of the rooms. I slowly tiptoed into the hallway while wearing my heeled slippers, and peeked into each of the rooms. Both children were busy playing with something in their cribs. Without saying anything, I snuck back into the bedroom, undressed and showered.

Feeling that much better, I took the time to dress appropriately since I knew that I would be going out today.

When I first dressed in Nancy's clothes, I got a real charge out of it. But after spending more than two days living as her and dealing with all the feminine situations that were now mine, I was not feeling the same about it. The soft bra that supported my mummies was more a relief than an exciting accessory. Panties were needed to hold my manhood in place while pantyhose gently encased my lower body, adding reinforcement to decrease the jiggle in each step I took. I was not the charge I would have expected.

Dressing appropriately meant wearing a top that could be easily opened for feeding time. It also meant that I needed to take precautions so that milk leakage would not be obvious to everyone around me. All the while, I needed to look presentable. There was always that fear that someone would "make me," in other words they would realize that I was really a male.

Over my underwear I wore a light elastic pullover that could be easily lifted to expose my nipples at feeding time. A straight skirt with matching heels almost completed the outfit. Hair was still a major problem. I didn't have enough of it to go out looking like a woman. I needed one of her wigs to complete the look. Taking one of the wigs from the closet over to the vanity, I fixed it to my head, and then brushed it out to look as real as possible.

Now I needed to get the children ready. My anticipation of the hardships I would soon endure made me very edgy. Who should I get ready first? I decided that it would be easier to get Joyce ready first than drag her into Charlie's room as I put some clothes on him. I accomplished this relatively fast and was proud of myself until I got to the car. Dan had told me to learn how the child restraints worked. Not only had I not done that but the child seats were on the floor next to the car while I had two children to deal with, in addition to my additional body movements and the clothes I wore. I felt hopeless and helpless.

Putting both children on the floor and telling Joyce not to move, I began lifting each child's seat in place. The restrictive clothing and heels meant that I was always dealing with discomfort. Bending down to put down or pick up a child was more work than it required just because of all the "other issues" I had to deal with. One can really start to appreciate what women go through when one has to go through it themselves. Everything is justified to look good. At some point, I guess they even get used to it.

With the seats in place, I picked up each child in turn and placed him in his respective car seat. Finally I sat behind the steering wheel and took a moment to breath and try to relax. Finally finding the garage door opener, I pressed the button and the door rose up and

out of the way. I looked backwards out the window to see that the way was clear. Luckily I was not able to move the car out of gear till I pressed on the brake. Luckily because with the heels I was wearing, I accidentally pressed on the gas instead.

I backed the car out of the garage into the street and put it in drive. I knew where the shopping center was and Dan had given me all the other information I would need to accomplish the task of food shopping.

In the parking lot of the shopping center, I faced similar problems to those in getting out of the garage. Transporting the children in and out of the car was an effort. Pushing the shopping cart with two children in it was exhausting for a young man such as myself. Why was I finding it so exhausting? This should have been a breeze, even with the issues I had to deal with.

Eventually I did complete the task of shopping. I was totally exhausted by the time I got back. With the groceries in the refrigerator, both children changes and fed off my chest, I fell asleep fully dressed. When I awoke, Dan was standing over me.

“So, how did it go today?”

“I think being a woman is a piece of cake compared to what you expect me to go through. This is the hell you are going to put me through.”

“You’ll find that it gets easier as you get used to it. You’ll become more organized and find little ways of dealing with it so that it wont be so exhausting.”

“Right,” I smiled, “like that will really happen. By the way, what are you doing home so early?”

“I thought you might need my help for your first day of adventure. I was also lucky; there weren’t very many patients. Rest a while longer while I take care of some things. How about a kiss?”

I looked at him as though he were joking. I knew that he was not. I was resigned to deal with it. I lifted my arms to him and he bent down as we kissed.

“That wasn’t so bad, was it?”

“No, I guess not.”

I fell back asleep as he left the room. When I awoke again, he was standing over me.

“I have a surprise for you.”

This didn’t have a good sound to it.

“We are going out tonight. I got a babysitter.”

“Going out where?”

“It is a surprise, but I am sure you will like it. The babysitter will be here in about 45 minutes, so you’ll have to start getting ready now. One of the things you’ll have to do is prepare the baby’s bottle, that means using the pump both for the baby and yourself.”

Dan stayed with me as I stripped to my waist and attached the electric pump to drain out my milk into bottles the babysitter could use later on. When I finished, Dan left me to dress on my own. Although he allowed me to wear pants that hugged my new body shape, it was with heels and blouse that left no doubt as to what sex I was supposed to be.

After instructing the babysitter on how to do things, Dan helped me on with my coat and we walked out of the house to the car. I sat prettily by his side as we drove to a restaurant where I was allowed to order whatever I wanted. I drooled over a good steak but was only able to eat half of it. My stomach filled much quicker than I expected. This, Dan explained, was the result of some of the liposuction which decreased my waist size and placed more pressure on my stomach muscles.

Later we went to see a movie and had coffee afterwards. All the while we talked about our situation and how we would deal with it. Dan was opening a lot of doors to me. Whatever my interests, he would support them as long as they did not interfere with my duties as wife and mother. That meant that I could take college courses or pursue any other interest. If I just wanted to play video games that was OK as well. Together, as a family, we would travel and see different parts of the world. I would get to meet some very powerful and interesting people along the way.

While we maintained this dialog, I was thinking or trying to think of ways I could get out of this. What came to mind was that to get out of this situation, I needed to find something that would allow me to blackmail Dan into returning me to my former self. I was weighing this against all the things he was offering me.

We got home that evening and he was a gentleman all the way. He did everything to make me feel feminine and enjoy the situation. It was hard to stay angry with him while he was so nice to me. I began to feel comfortable as he put his hands on me as we walked or did other things.

After the babysitter left and we checked to find the children sleeping, we went into the bedroom. Both tired, we decided to get undressed. As I started to undress, he came up from behind me and lowered his lips to my neck as he arms circled my waist. I was enjoying the attention, which suddenly brought me back to reality.

"Is this where you expect me to be more than just the image of a wife and mother? Are you thinking of having more children with someone who can't have children?"

"Nope, that was not my intent. I was trying to say thank you for such a lovely time. You could have been a real bitch, but instead you acted the part and I think even you had a good time. Am I right?"

"Yeah, I guess so. The movie was interesting and the food was good. Even the conversation was interesting, though I am not sure I am at peace with what you expect me to go through."

"Well, if you don't fight it too much, things will only get better, I promise."

With that, we continued undressing and got ready for bed. Dan was fast asleep by the time I got out of the bathroom. Typical male. I snuck into bed and kissed him before turning out the light. I could swear I saw a smile on his face as I kissed him. Maybe this was some type of test?

For the next two weeks, I pretended to accept the position I was handed. I did the wife/mother thing. During that time I developed a routine that was not so exhausting and allowed me greater free time. In my free time I went through the house, looking for papers that would open my way to freedom. I must admit that during that time I also tried on

more of Nancy's clothes; I would sometimes stand in front of the mirror looking at myself. On one occasion, I found her wedding dress. It fit perfectly. Looking at myself in the mirror, I could only imagine what it was like to be her on her wedding day. I was slightly embarrassed that Dan might walk in and find me enjoying the thought.

As much as I was determined to find a way out of my predicament, I also fell into a routine of taking care of the house, children and husband.

"We have an office function to attend in another two week. It has been two weeks now and you look to have really become comfortable in your new role."

"Yes, I am finding things more comfortable, though my breasts are almost always sore. Joyce has some teeth and she is biting. But overall, I think I am doing reasonably well."

"Well, at this function you'll have the opportunity of meeting some of my co-workers and their spouses. Maybe you'll even be able to find a friend or two."

"But don't they know about my situation?"

"The people who know do not have anything to do with the place I work. So nobody knows. I don't think anybody has thought you are anything other than you appear to be. Maybe the children reinforce that image. But now you'll be totally on your own as a woman. While some things we'll do together, I am sure you will land up talking with the woman as I talk with the men. And I know you can carry this off."

"You are expecting an awful lot from me after being female for only a few weeks. What makes you so sure I won't say anything that will either give me away as a guy or my captivity as your wife?"

"You have too much to lose if you do it wrong. Like I told you, how are you going to go dressed to any proceeding of complaints against me?"

It was true. I appeared so female that almost anything I did would look as though I was regretting an action I had asked for before. Even alone in the house or out in the car, my appearance and the issues I had to deal with forced me to behave femininely. Standing nude in front of the mirror, flexing my muscles, looked stupid. Aside from the one bulge, I looked female. Yet, there *had* to be a way out of this.

With my identity as Dan's wife secure, I had complete freedom to look into everything. I went through everything in the house including all of his papers and found nothing that I could use to blackmail him without hurting myself in the process. There were papers that addressed his need to have Nancy alive and well. But I couldn't figure a way to make them useful to me. With no alternative in sight, I continued the charade.

Two weeks went by pretty fast. Getting dressed in the morning was more a chore than the thrill it had been the first time I did it. I was now expecting myself to look the part more than Dan was demanding it of me. There was a certain power to looking good that I wanted while forced in this situation. It also became obvious to me that Dan responded to this power. I could get him to do the grocery shopping if I asked sweetly enough. I just had to use my power wisely or it would be diluted.

At the party, I was dressed in a fancy dress that showed some cleavage. The skirt section of the dress billowed out a bit, extending just below my knees. The three and half inch sandals I wore required a few days' practice and oil rubbed on my sore calf muscles before

they became even semi-comfortable. Dan treated me so wonderfully it enhanced my feminine image of myself. Even the other girls at the party noticed it and envied me for it.

Dan had predicted what would happen and he was right. After a short time introducing everyone, the men went to talk with other men while the women went to talk with other women. I had no choice. Although I was more interested in the man-talk, I was obligated to spend my time with the women.

One woman who was especially entertaining and friendly was Susan. At the outset I was quiet and stood on the fringes of the crowd of woman. I didn't know anyone and I wasn't really a woman. There wasn't much I would have in common with them. Susan, like myself, had two children and was dealing with problems similar to those I was faced with. Soon we were comparing methods for dealing with them. Then the conversation drifted to dealing with "husband" problems; later the talk centered on dealing with "husband is a doctor" problems.

I spent most of the evening with Susan. Towards the end, we introduced our husbands who knew each other slightly. Everything seemed to mesh and we were gaining new friends. Before the evening concluded, we arranged to meet later on in the week.

As the four of us walked to our cars, Nancy and I cheeked kissed as the boys shook hands. I could tell that Dan was very proud of me. Not that I needed him to be. But somehow that gave me a good feeling inside, not that it eroded my desire to return to my former self.

Susan and I began meeting alone with the children. We laughed a lot and went out shopping for a lot of stupid feminine things. On one occasion, we both had babysitters and went out mall shopping. Susan needed a new bra and wanted to buy a bra-panty set. She claimed that Edan was really turned on by revealing lingerie.

With both of us in the changing room, Susan undressed to try on a new bra-panty set. I stood watching, ready to make suggestions. But as she stood there naked in front of me, my manhood reacted. This was the first time since I found myself in this situation that my manhood was reacting. Moving as though I had to go to the bathroom, I excused myself and went to the ladies room as fast as possible. Once on the seat with pantyhose and panties down, I took control and relieved myself in the manner men have employed since creation.

I made a mess and had to clean it up before exiting the stall. A woman standing there looked at me. I blushed and she smiled.

"Honey, I know the feeling. Every so often, I get the urge as well. It is overwhelming, isn't it?"

I wasn't sure what she was talking about at first. Then it occurred to me that she must have heard me moaning or making some other sounds. At first I thought she might have figured out that I was a guy jerking off in the ladies room. But as she continued to talk, I began to understand that, although she understood that I masturbated myself, she thought I was a woman doing it.

"You know dear, they have these finger vibrators that do wonders in all sorts of places."

"I guess I should really get myself one," I responded.

"Yes, makes you feel like a new women, and you won't have to rely on a man to do you."

"I'll have to try it. Thanks for the tip."

"Anytime."

With that, she left as I continued fixing my face.

"Are you alright?" Susan asked after I returned.

"Yes, I am now, thanks. Must have been something I ate"

That night was a bit different. I was getting exciting at doing female things. Touching my breasts in front of the mirror caused me to have an erection. This meant staying in the bathroom for an extended time since I couldn't let Dan see me that way.

Even in bed I would get aroused when accidentally touching my breasts. Something was going on all of a sudden.

For the next three weeks, I struggled to control these urges for male satisfaction. Dan was expecting me to act the part of his wife in every way but sexually. I was afraid of what he might do if he found out that I was reacting as a male. Luckily I had the time to relieve myself while he was away at work. Only the children and my new best friend Susan were interruptions.

While I was kept very busy taking care of the children, being a friend to Susan, taking care of my husband and his social requirements and relieving my male urges, I kept looking for that piece of information that would allow me to return to my former self.

When all this started, it was thrilling to experience living as a woman. After all this time, putting on pantyhose was no longer a thrill, just a reality. Only when men looked at my shaking ass as I walked in heels did I take notice of how my hips swiveled. At those times, I felt the pangs of femininity. Truthfully though, there was some pleasure in it. Their lusting over me gave me a feeling of power that accompanied the feeling of femininity. Dan and the children were my protection against overtly aggressive actions.

I was settling into a routine of being a mother, wife and friend. It became natural to dress before leaving the house. Makeup was expected of me, but it became something I *wanted* to do. At first I wanted to apply makeup simply as a way of making sure I would not be recognized for what I really was. Later, it was just as natural to wear makeup as it was to wear clothing.

After almost two months consciously living as a woman, going about the day's duties was routine. I was now more efficient taking the children to the supermarket while doing everything in high heels.

On this particular day, I was wearing a dress with chunky 3" heels. The children were creating the usual problems, which I handled with ease as I walked up and down the supermarket aisles. Occasionally I would yell out something to the children and they would quiet for a short while. On one occasion after yelling something, I heard a voice is the distance. "Rick, are you there?"

The voice was faint and I can't really say that I heard it at all. Then again, Rick is not that unusual a name. Looking around and finding nothing that looked odd, I continued taking things off the shelves and placing them in the shopping cart. Later I realized that something bothered me about that voice.

In line at the checkout counter, I was the typical mother trying to deal with two young children while taking products from the cart and placing them on the moving counter. Suddenly I heard that voice again. "Rick is that you?"

My heart leapt four stories as I realized that it was my mother's voice. Somehow I kept my composure and kept putting things on the counter's conveyor belt. After repeating "Rick is that you?" several times, she tapped me on the shoulder. I looked around and hoped the long hair half-covering my face would hide me enough.

"I'm sorry, are you talking to me?" I said as I looked her straight in the eyes.

She stuttered a bit then recomposed herself and responded, "Yes, I thought you were someone I knew."

"We are pretty new in town. I have my hands full with the both of them and don't get out that much, so you are probably confusing me with someone else."

"Yes, that must be it. Sorry to bother you."

"No bother," I responded as I returned to taking care of the groceries and children. My insides were turning over; I knew that she was trying to put two and two together. My mother always had an eye for knowing when I was telling the truth or lying. She claimed that my eyes gave everything away. I just hoped that the hair that partly covered my face and the makeup made a difference.

I was placing the groceries in the trunk of the car as she walked by pushing her shopping cart. Stopping to look at me, she approached and started asking me questions relating to the children. That is something most women do. I gave her the usual answers I had become accustomed to giving all



the other women who asked the same questions.

When I began placing the children in the car, she offered to help. Before I could say no, she was helping Joyce into the car seat. I thanked her and stated to get into the car while she continued asking me questions about where I lived and how we managed with babysitting. Before I knew what happened, she got my address and offered to help with babysitting whenever I needed.

Driving away, I was shaking. The image of me facing my mother, dressed as I was, thinking that she might know something, caused me to shake all over. Now every feminine movement of mine was excruciatingly apparent. Looking down over my coat, I could see my dress and protruding legs balanced on heels. Both my mother and I were wearing heels, and I was only a few inches taller than her. But I was her *son*. How would she have reacted if she knew for sure?

I got back home without incident, unloaded the car of children and groceries and put the children to bed. I was so shaken by the events of the day that I went to the liquor cabinet and poured myself something strong. Not being a drinking person, *anything* was strong for me. Leaving my coat on the downstairs floor, I made my way up the stairs and collapsed on the bed.

Dan was looking down at me as I opened my eyes.

"Since when does my pretty little wife, mother of my children, drink?"

Dan helped me sit up and I looked at him and tried to explain, but instead I began crying. "I met my mother at the supermarket. We stood face to face and spoke. I know she knows it was me." With that, I burst out in tears.

Dan stood there looking, not saying a word. Finally as I calmed down a bit, he pulled me up to him and we hugged. It was a little comforting except that I still felt very feminine in his strong arms, which totally encircled me. That caused me to cry even more.

"What am I going to do?" I cried even more. "How can I ever face her again?"

Dan took my chin and pulled it up till I was looking straight into his eyes. "We knew this was a possibility since we live so close. There was always the chance that you would meet one of your family members."

"Well, it is not something I took into account. *All* of this is not something I took into account."

"I know, I know. But since this is the situation, I am sure we can figure a way out everyone can live with."

"Yes, you can make me a boy again."

"I thought you liked the children. Would you be willing to leave them?"

I was quiet. I *had* become very attached to them, especially at feeding time. There was some element of pleasure looking at them feeding on my breasts while looking up at me.

"Come on, isn't everything looking better than it did when you began this whole thing?" I nodded yes. "Well then, this is just a little hiccup we can solve. Trust in me and everything will be OK, OK?"

I nodded assent.

We called a babysitter, and then went out to eat. Dan did everything he could to cheer me up. At every opportunity, we stopped in front of a mirror and Dan pointed out that there was no way I looked like anything other than a beautiful woman, mother and wife. I could only admit that he was correct. I looked and felt great. The little jiggles I had as I moved only served to enhance my feelings of femininity. Aside from my facial resemblance to that of my former self, there were no other identifying characteristics.

That evening, I was so thankful for his kindness I was almost willing to satisfy him sexually. But there was still enough of the male inside me to reject that action. Instead, I cuddled up next to him. His erection was evident as my hand came to rest near the top of his underwear. I began apologizing and asked if there was anything I could do to help him. He said that just rubbing his erection through the underwear was satisfying.

Things returned to normal over the next few days. I was beginning to feel my "old" self when Dan came home with a surprise. Sitting down at the table while the children slept, Dan explained his surprise.

"As you know, not everything has gone as predicted. One of the things that I did not count on was the way you would turn out." I began to talk when Dan hushed me. "The fact is that you have become a very lovely woman. To say that I have a physical attraction to you would be an understatement. The fact is that my body yearns for you. But it is not practical. So to make life a bit easier, I found a device that can be used to relieve my tensions."

With that, Dan pulled out a box, opened it and took out a device that mimicked the stroking action of a vagina. In effect, it provided a mechanical way to masturbate.

I was shocked. I had never seen such a device. Deep down inside me, I wondered how it would feel if I used it on myself.

"There are a few ways it can be used. I would prefer using it with you by my side. But I will leave that to you. I am planning on using it for the first time tonight, before we go to sleep. If you can handle it, I would like you to join me. You don't have to do anything but stay by my side."

I was too shocked to respond. What do you say to a guy, your husband, who wants to masturbate in front of you? I didn't say anything.

"Oh yes, there is one more thing." With that, Dan brought out another box and handed it to me. I opened it and found another device, slightly smaller, in pink, but otherwise the same as Dan bought for himself. I was puzzled.

"I am fully aware of what you are going through. I appreciate that you have kept it to yourself. But I can see that you also need some relief. I bought this for you because I want you to be as comfortable as possible."

"You mean you knew all along?"

"Yes."

I turned several shades as I blushed. "I thought I did a good job of hiding it. I am no pervert, you know."

“Yes, I know. But as much as you look like a woman, you still have a male component to deal with. It is only natural. All I ask is that you do it in private so that we can maintain the illusion that you are what you appear to be.”

How could anybody hate a guy who does things like this? Once over my blush, I got up and pulled him up to stand beside me as I melted into his arms and gave him a big smoochy kiss on the lips. We stood for a while as he caressed my rear and I felt him grow in front. I would have grown as well but my manhood was too restrained. So for the moment, I acted the part of his loving wife.

It was late and he excused himself to the bedroom. I know what he was about to do. I wasn't sure how being with him would make it easier, but I decided that he deserved my responding to his request.

After a few minutes, I turned the house lights off and knocked on the bedroom door. Dan was just getting under the covers and expressed that he was glad I had come. I asked how he wanted me to be there. He asked that I start undressing in front of him, and then come to bed, wearing only my panties.

I took a long time to undress, exaggerating every move, sort of like a striptease. By the time I made it under the sheets, he was coming. After he came, we cleaned up and I sank into his armpit to fall asleep. I had slept this way several times; it was always difficult to find the right position. This time I was already aware that it required placing one breast on his chest while the other lay on the sheet. While one leg was straight and paralleled his, the other was bent and hung over his. The biggest problem was my manhood. It had to remain out of sight and not be obvious. The easiest way to do this was to tuck it downwards and backwards under my panties. It was one of the more satisfying sleeps I had in a long time.

The following day after Dan left for work and the kids were busy playing, I crept into the bedroom and after lifting my dress and lowering my pantyhose and panties, I lay back on the bed with my legs on the floor. Placing the device over my manhood, I imagined being a girl while fucking her. I think I let out a bit of a scream as I came. My legs went out straight and my body convulsed. I was relieved.

When Dan came home that evening, I met him at the door with a ferocious body hug and kiss. I truly enjoyed his gift and I wanted him to know it.

“I gather by your reaction that my gift was a success?”

“You bet,” I said as I kissed him once again.

“What do I get for a pair of diamonds then?”

“That is a girl thing. I have to think about that. But yesterday's gift was a very personal thing that you got for me. I can't tell you how much I appreciate it.”

“I am glad.”

We had a great evening. But as great as the evening was, I could feel that I was slipping deeper and deeper into the world of womanhood. I was beginning to enjoy seeing him happy. The more I pleased him, the more he was pleased and the more I wanted to please him. As he enjoyed seeing me prance around the house in high heels, I enjoyed his attentions and made greater efforts to be visible to him as much as possible. Even feeding the children be-

came enjoyable as he looked on. I can't explain it but my swollen breasts swelled even more with pride as each child suckled on them.

Yet, each following day I felt guilty for allowing myself to become more feminine. I was letting go of the man-in-me for the woman-outside-me. I was starting to turn female and I wasn't emotionally happy about it.

Two weeks after meeting my mother in the supermarket, the doorbell rang. I was in the kitchen nursing Charlie and yelled out to come in. The door opened and in walked my mother. "Come into the kitchen," I yell.

My mother froze at the sight of me nursing Charlie.

"I'm sorry to interrupt."

"It's OK as long as you don't mind my not getting up."

"Not at all, I remember doing the same for my children. It is part of what we give for our children. It's just that I didn't expect you to be doing this."

"It's what we agreed. It's so much healthier for the children."

"Yes, I agree."

"Well, how can I help you?"

"Actually I came here hoping to help you. I offered to baby sit for you and never heard back. So I figured maybe you lost my number or were too bashful. I had some time today, so I thought I would come over and if nothing else, just talk."

"Can you make coffee? He is going to be feeding for another 15 minutes at least."

"Anything I can do to help."

With that, my mother set about preparing coffee as I sat nursing Charlie. Without asking, she prepared the coffee in the manner she knew Rick liked it. Though she never said anything, there was something in her eyes that told me she was more than just suspicious. Even so, I continued my act of the perfect wife and mother.

We talked for about an hour. She helped clean the kitchen after I finished feeding Charlie and she helped while I took care of Joyce. I could tell my mother was paying special attention to me as I took my breast from Joyce's mouth, wiped off the excess milk and tucked it back into the cup of my bra, puling my breast up from the topside of the bra till it felt comfortable.

"It feels good to nurse, don't you think?"

"Yes," I responded, "but my nipples get very sore sometimes."

"They have creams for that, you know."

"Anything you recommend?"

"I'll get the name for you."

"Thank you."

Our conversation was mostly woman talk. I had learned enough of Nancy's personal history to be able to repeat it with conviction as though it was my history. Throughout, I had the nagging feeling that she was disappointed at every turn since I was so well pre-

pared. She never found that “missing piece” that would connect me with her son Rick. After about an hour, she left, having me promise to call her next time I needed babysitting.

When the door closed behind her, I began to tremble and practically fell to the floor out of weakness. It took a while to recover enough to make it to the living room couch. I was about to become hysterical when I heard crying. There was no time for hysterics; one of my children needed me.

When Dan came home, I ran up to him in my heels, swaying my chest back and forth to accommodate my milk-laden breasts. At the door, I held him tighter than normal while we kissed.

“What’s the matter, Nancy?”

“My mother dropped by with the excuse that she still wants to help with the children. I think she was looking to satisfy her suspicions about me. She was here for over an hour and helped me clean the house a bit. After taking care of the children, we sat and talked over coffee. Do you have any idea how hard this is on me? I am her son, yet everyone thinks I am a woman, mother and wife. I am sure she will come back again and again. What should I do?”

“I think you have to separate Rick from Nancy. They are two different people. Rick was a young guy looking for himself. Nancy is a wife and mother with children to take care of. Maybe we should practice being Rick versus being Nancy?”

“What do you mean?”

“Well, suppose I give you back your Rick clothes and you try acting as Rick, while dressed as Rick. Then go back to being Nancy. Do this a few times and see how you relate under these different circumstances.”

“When should I do this?”

“Why not tomorrow afternoon while the kids are asleep?”

The following day while the kids slept in the afternoon, I dressed in Rick’s clothes only. My hair was androgynously long, so by combing it properly, I could have a boy’s haircut. Standing in front of the mirror dressed as Rick, I looked like Rick but with the body of a woman. My breasts were still swollen with milk and my rear and sides still had womanly protrusions, a fact that was obvious when I tried pulling up my pants. In addition, I found it hard to shake my female movements. But to give it a fair try, I decided to take a short walk outside. Wearing a jacket, my girlish figure was not that obvious.

I walked around the neighborhood a bit and I think that I was taken for a guy. I would have to try this again, maybe even drive my car around to see how I still enjoyed it.

Back in the house, I redressed as Nancy, and then flopped down on the couch in relief. Physically, I was more comfortable as a woman than as a man. Mentally I was still a guy, sometimes excited by my forced feminine actions. I put my head in my hands and began to cry.

When Dan came home that evening, I again ran to him in my heels. I was comfortable in heels even though they forced me to take shorter steps that accented my feminine movements. Mentally though, I envisioned my female self moving and the sight I presented to

Dan, my husband. Putting my arms under his, I pulled him towards me, crushing him into me against my breasts. I held him tightly as I leaned my head against his chest.

"I can't, I can't. You've turned me into a woman, and a mother and wife at that. How can I pretend to be something I no longer am?"

We kissed and I cried.

"Just as you got used to being Nancy, you can get used to being Rick again."

"Not with all the female hormones cursing through my body! And certainly not with the way I am physically."

The children were still asleep. Dan picked me up and carried me upstairs to the bedroom. After placing me gently on the bed, he began making love to me. At first I resisted, but soon gave in. I knew that he was going finally fuck me. Mentally I began readying myself for it. But it never happened. What he did instead was arouse me as a female, then he had me come as a male, using the gift he had given me. After coming I was drained and just took solace in curling into the crux of his arm.

We were both undressed as my head rested on his shoulder while my right breast rested on his chest. Looking at his manly body, I was jealous. At first, I started running my hand through his chest hairs. Little by little, my hand worked its way down his body till I was just above his penis. I could tell he was enjoying this. Finally, I began slowly stroking his shaft. Little by little, it started growing till it was hard and erect. My first intention was to give him a hand job. But as I felt his body react to my stroking, I developed a desire to do more. In a short time, my breasts were dragging against his legs as I positioned myself to take his manhood in my mouth.

"You don't have to do this."

"I know. I want to. Must be something with the female hormones. I just have this urge to do this. I want to do this."

"Yes wife, go ahead."

It is amazing the power we women have when pleasuring our men. After bringing him off a couple of times, I am sure he would have done anything I asked. But my biggest pleasure at that time was *his* pleasure.

Noises from the other rooms woke both of us. As quickly as possible, I dressed in something and ran to see what was up. Luckily, both children were playing with each other. I walked back to our bedroom to see Dan putting on his pants.

I stood there looking at him. I remember when *I* looked like that. Now I was reduced to looking at "my man."

As Dan exited the room, he kissed me. I willingly kissed him back.

The remainder of the evening was spent much like all other nights. We made sure to wake the kids before putting them back to sleep for the night. It is a good way to make sure they sleep through the night.

The following day, I again dressed as Rick and even drove my car out of the garage. Pulling into a gas station, I heard my name called. A few friends from school waved to me, then drove off.

Again I heard my name. This time I knew who it was. It was my mother. There was no way to run. I was just hoping that I passed enough as Rick that she wouldn't make the connection.

She came up to me and we cheek kissed and hugged.

"Where have you been all this time? Why don't you come around the house? Are you that busy? Are you making a good living? What exactly are you doing?"

"Yes Mom, I am doing OK. I thought I might drop by if you were home. Guess this saves me a trip. How is Dad doing?"

"He's fine, doing the same old things. But I want to hear about you. You left suddenly and all I get from you are short phone calls. Why don't you come over to the house and spend some time with us?"

"I would really like to but I have some people waiting for me. Time is money, you know."

"Yes, I know. Are you feeling OK? You look sort of different."

"Must be the clothing I am wearing. Look I really have to go. Kiss Dad for me and tell him everything is OK. I'll try to drop by the house in the near future."

"Do you have a girlfriend?"

"Yes, sort of."

"Can't you tell me something about her?"

"I would Mom, but it is not a sure thing and I really have to run. Love you."

With that, the car was full with gas and I needed to get out of there. I started looking for my pocketbook to pay the attendant then remembered the wallet in my back pocket. Luckily there were some bills for the payment.

I could tell my mother was looking at me oddly. She was trying to put two and two together. I tried not to give her a chance.

I was shaking as I drove the car out of the gas station, hoping I was going in a direction different than she would be taking. About five minutes later, I could see that she had not followed me. Taking a zigzag route, I made it back to my house and got the car into the garage as fast as possible, then covered it with a tarp.

Running as fast as I could, I looked into the children's rooms; they were still asleep. As quickly as I could, I wanted to shed the Rick look and return to my Nancy look. I don't think I took more than 20 minutes to get back into my Nancy character. The children were still asleep. I walked downstairs and made a cup of coffee, hoping to calm my nerves.

The remainder of the afternoon was typical: taking care of the children and cooking something for Dan for when he came home.

When Dan opened the door, I flew into his arms and started sputtering out the story of meeting my mother. As he held me close, trying to comfort me, there was a knock at the door. Dan opened it. It was my mother.

I introduced them and asked her to come in. She had that look in her eye. She knew something.

Sitting in the living room and talking while I half-played with the children, she again offered her babysitting services when needed.

For whatever reason, Dan asked her to stay for dinner. My heart sank. He saw the look in my eyes but gave me a hint that everything would be OK.

Dinner was messy as the kids kept playing with their food. Mother was very helpful with them and took Joyce on her lap as a way of helping. Eventually we finished and retired to the living room while the children played on the floor.

"Well, all I can say is that you have an interesting life. Do you like being a wife and mother?"

"What do you mean?"

"This is a big change from the way you used to be, don't you think?"

Dan sat quietly and watched the conversation between the two of us.

"I don't think I understand. What do you mean?" I asked.

"This afternoon you looked entirely different."

"How would you know? I've been home all day"

"Maybe most of the day, but we spoke this afternoon."

"You must have me confused with someone else."

"Well, I admit you do look a bit different But it was that ring that clinched it. You forgot to take it off."

I looked at her as she looked at me. Then I looked at Dan who looked as though he was trying to figure something out.

"You don't look very upset," Dan said to my mother.

"Well, I've had about a week to get used to this idea. I must admit that at first I was taken back. Just the concept of this was hard to understand. But a mother knows her children, and I know Rick, my son, no matter how he changes his appearance."

"And you think that Nancy is your son Rick?"

"No doubt about it!"

"Since when do men look like Nancy? Is there any doubt that she is a woman? How many men do you know that nurse their children? Why would you make such claims? Don't you think that claiming that a mother is actually your son is hurtful?"

"You can say what you want. I know what I know. I don't know how you made all this happen. But I know what I know."

"Suppose what you say is true, then what?"

"I don't know. Nancy looks so peaceful and happy. I could make a fuss and take this to the police, but I am not sure what they could or would do. Rick is beyond the age of consent. If he wants to be a woman, I am not sure I can demand otherwise."

"So where do we go from here?"

“All I have at home is my husband. Both children are out of the house and I am looking for something to do. All I ask at this point is that you let me be part of your lives. I make a great babysitter!”

Dan escorted my mother to the door saying, “We’ll think about it.”

As my mother left, I began trembling. I broke out into a cold sweat. What could we do? Maybe this was the answer I was looking for. Now I could go back home and not have to worry about how I looked. This was my way out.

We didn’t talk about my mother the whole evening. We went about our business as though nothing had happened. I followed Dan’s lead and pretended it did not happen. When Dan left for work the following morning, I knew what I had to do.

When I knew the children would sleep for the afternoon, I fixed myself up as Nancy and went into the garage. I removed the tarp and got in the car. Slowly I backed the car out of the garage and headed for my parents home. I knew my father would not be home. I wanted to talk with my mother alone.

It felt strange walking up to the front door as Nancy. I wondered what any of the neighbors might think if they saw me. My mother opened the door and did not seem at all surprised.

“Welcome back, Rick. Where are the children?”

“Asleep for the next two hours.”

We sat and talked. I didn’t tell her everything, but I did tell her a lot. This was my opportunity to return to being Rick. She could help me.

“And what about the children?”

“What do you mean?”

“Don’t they need a mother?”

“That doesn’t have to be *me!*”

“Who better?”

“What are you talking about? I am your son Rick, remember? Don’t you want me to come back and be your son again?”

“Well, actually I was thinking about that. The way I figure it, Rick would move away, and if I was lucky, would find a wife who would keep me in the loop. On the other hand, as my daughter Nancy, I’ll always know where you are. And there are so many things we can do together. With you as Nancy, we’ll have so much more in common.”

“Mom, am I hearing you right? You want me to stay this way?”

“You are a beautiful girl! Why would I want you any other way?”

“Mon, this is Rick, your son, the boy you raised. I may look different, but that is only because I was forced to look like this. Don’t tell me you want me to stay like this. *Please* don’t tell me that!”

“Lets face it, Rick. You are a beautiful looking woman. More than that, you came dressed as one. You could have worn jeans or even put on the boy’s clothes I saw you

wearing at the gas station. But instead, you fixed yourself up. I don't think any woman could have done better. I look at you and I see a woman that most men would die to have. More importantly, it is evident that you enjoy the feeling of being a woman. There is no other explanation for the way you have taken to this. This is the real you."

"But Mom, I don't want to stay like this. I want to go back to being Rick. Dan forced me into this. I can only surmise that he has also conditioned me to think I like this. Maybe he's used hypnosis or something. Doctors have access to all sorts of things. Please don't leave me like this."

"Tell you what, I come over this evening and we'll all talk this out. OK, dear?"

"I guess so."

My mother did come over that evening. She'd already made up her mind what to do. Not only was she on Dan's side, but she offered to further feminize me to the fullest. By the time she was through with me, I would never even remember being a boy. She was convinced that my place in life now was as a wife and mother.

She was relentless. Once she and Dan reached an agreement, there was no choice for me. Every time I raised an objection, they countered with something that would get me in trouble with the law. In addition to Dan's restrictions, I had to deal with my mother's. It would be a long time before I would see pants again. Skirts, dresses, heels and nylons were my everyday wear, not to say that my makeup had to be flawless.

While all this was going on, my friendship with Susan was encouraged. My free time was spent with her. In many ways, it was a relief to be with her. She did not critique what I wore. She was just a fun person to be with. She was sexy and about my size. Sometimes we would put on fashion shows for each other. On rare occasions she got hold of a blue movie, which we watched while making snide remarks.

Susan was really excited over one particular blue movie we watched. She had seen it earlier and felt I would get a big charge out of it. At one point while sitting on the couch, she lifted her skirt and began rubbing her pussy. She made small groans as she rubbed faster and faster. Watching this, I, too, began getting aroused, only my arousal was slightly different.

When she came, I was stilling rubbing myself under my skirt and moaning quietly. My hand picked up its pace as different scenes flashed on the screen. It was getting too much for me, so I released my small manhood from its confines. It was still hidden by the dress when Susan moved over to me. According to her, there was no feeling like having someone else do it to you. Her hand went under my skirts and under my hand before I realized it. She continued rubbing me while looking me in the eyes. Finally she withdrew her hand and stood up.

"You're a guy! But how can this be?"

I gave her a shortened version of the story. She walked back and forth a few times, then faced me.

"You're the best friend I could ever hope to have. But now there is so much more we can do. That afternoon both of us undressed, we had sex. First she was on top, then I took my turn. When she was on top, my legs were spread wide, like a woman. When I was on

top, I did it almost like a man. I mean, I entered her but I had to contend with my milk-laden breasts, wide hips and hair falling all over the place.

Weeks turned into months which in turn turned into years. It's been five years since I first put on Nancy's clothing. The children are now five and seven and think they have a great mom. Dan has the wife he wanted, and she came complete with a sweet, caring, supportive mother-in-law. His father-in-law hasn't figured it out yet. And our best friends are Susan and Edan. Our children are best friends with their children. While the men go out and do "man things," Susan and I do "other things" that neither guy has any idea of.

Yes, my manhood keeps reminding me of where I came from. It is a small issue which arises from time to time between Dan and myself. But for the most part we have come to accept it as a fact. Every now and then as Susan and I sit watching our men be men, I'm reminded that I am a man too and want to participate in their activities. But I don't think running with a football in hand is something I would be adept at anymore.

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