

A Costly Mistake



Lynn Brown



A "Her Tv" Novel



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A COSTLY MISTAKE

by Lynn Brown

My wife, Jane, and I (Charlie Brown) have been married for over ten years. One afternoon shortly after the honeymoon, Jane found my footlocker which I had in the storage unit of our apartment. She opened the footlocker to find my small collection of women's clothing consisting of one shirtwaist dress and a pink two-piece suit along with several pairs of lacy nylon panties, one bra, a pair of black patent leather three-inch heels and a very cheap wig.

While dining on a Friday night after I had returned from a sales trip, Jane asked me about the footlocker and what I had inside. Being honest, I told her that prior to our marriage I enjoyed dressing in women's clothing . She

asked if I had ever gone out in public dressed as a woman. I admitted to her that on two occasions, both on Halloween, I had dressed and gone to parties with a girlfriend who had put makeup on my face and painted my nails. To answer Jane's question as to how my girlfriend was dressed, I told her that she wore a French Maid's costume with a short skirt with net stockings along with three-inch heels. I mentioned that we danced constantly during the party and that my girl friend and I had a good time that evening.

Several months went by without any discussion regarding my girlie wardrobe until several weeks before Halloween. Jane informed me that the apartment residents were having a party in the patio area and suggested we attend and I wear my outfit to the party. She decided it would be fun if we dressed in clothing of the opposite sex. I jumped at the chance.

The day of the big party, I went to get my footlocker, brought it to our apartment and took out the pink suit and underwear. Jane suggested that I iron the skirt and jacket to remove all the wrinkles. After an early supper and before taking a shower, she suggested that she should shave my legs. While I protested, she convinced me that I would look feminine by having removed the hair off my legs. I let her shave them.

Drying off from my shower, Jane applied body lotion all over my body, particularly my legs. She handed me the lace-edged panties and the brassiere from my collection. From her dresser she took out a pair of foam rubber falsies which she had from her high school days. After stuffing the falsies into my bra cups, I began to have a woman's shape. She took out a tight panty girdle which I struggled over my hips into place. Taking my nude-colored stockings, I rolled them up, one leg at a time, over my smooth legs, then attached each stocking to the garters

tabs of the panty girdle. From another drawer Jane gave me a very lacy hemmed half-slip of hers to wear under the pink skirt of my suit.

Going to her vanity table, I looked into the mirror and saw my reflection in a bra, hairy chest and a pretty silk half-slip trimmed in white lace. Sitting at the stool, Jane worked at applying foundation, liquid makeup, massacre, eye-shadow, liner, lipstick (red) and blush to my face. Even Jane was surprised at how feminine I had become. She gave me a bottle of bright red nail polish and I was told to paint my nails which earlier in the day she had filed and shaped into ovals.

While my nails were drying, Jane finished her shower and came into the bedroom in panties and bra. Going to my closet, she borrowed my best suit along with a light blue Oxford cloth shirt and proceeded to put them on. I was enjoying watching her struggle with the tie. Finally I offered my assistance to fix it. After that Jane insisted I add another coat of fingernail polish. By the time Jane had finished dressing in my clothing, my nails were dried and I donned my pink skirt and jacket along with the black three-inch heels.

Jane took my wig, pinning it into my hair with bobby pins, then brushed the wig into a becoming style. From her jewelry box she found a triple strand of pearls along with a pair of long dangling pearl earrings with small screws which she tightened to my lobes. Spraying me with her Chanel No. 5 perfume behind my lobes, on my wrist and on my neck, I was ready to attend the party. Jane gave me a clutch purse in pink in which she placed the lipstick tube, a vial of perfume, tissue, mascara and a small package which was rather bulky. "This item is to complete your outfit. Every woman needs to carry a pad in case of an emergency," she told me as she laughed.

It took us a while before venturing to the party being held downstairs at the pool deck. I had to practice walking in the heels. At the same time Jane had to get accustomed to my shoes as they were slightly large and she was wearing three pairs of my socks. It was a sight; both of us walking around the room for ten minutes until we were comfortable wearing our new shoes.

As we leaving our apartment, Jane mentioned, "I am surprised, Charlie, but you are a very attractive girl. Let's enjoy the evening." And enjoy we did, After having several drinks and making small talk to several of the neighbors, we danced together the entire evening. Returning to our apartment, I was glad to take off my heels. Jane removed her shoes, remarking, "Men's shoes are awful heavy. I'm glad I don't have to wear them everyday. I know that your feet are sore, let me rub them for you."

I relaxed on the sofa with my feet in Jane's lap as she rubbed them, relieving the stiffness. Soon Jane was massaging my legs until I was totally relaxed. Suddenly I felt her fingers at the top of the panty girdle; in one fluid motion she brought the girdle off my hips and to my ankles along with the attached nylon stockings. She started kissing me on my painted lips, arousing my manhood under the soft confines of the nylon panties. She was the aggressor as we made love.

Arriving in the bedroom thirty minutes later, I changed into my male pajamas; then, under Jane's supervision, I cleansed off the makeup. We slept late into the morning. Jane insisted that I rinse my undies in the sink and hang them over the shower rod to dry. That evening I returned my clothing to the footlocker along with the panty girdle which Jane gave me to keep.

During the next several months I only dressed for one afternoon. I asked Jane if she would mind if I put on my feminine outfit. Once she agreed I went and retrieve the

footlocker and put on the undies as well as the blue shirt-waist dress. Jane did not offer to help but suggested that I add lipstick and earrings to complete my transformation. Once I finished, Jane took great delight in handing me a pink apron to cover my dress and insisting I help clean the apartment under her supervision. That evening I cooked , served dinner, and cleaned the dishes and kitchen as Jane watched television.

Before going to bed, Jane suggested that we have a talk about my crossdressing habit. For over an hour we discussed how I started and why I enjoyed wearing women's clothing. I told her, "It started in early high school after my older sister had gone to a dance wearing a short ballerina formal with two huge petticoats. I was fascinated with the rustling of the petticoats and the pretty light blue formal. One weekend when the family went out, I ventured into her room to try on the dress. I was not satisfied until I had removed the petticoats and dress; then I put on her bra, panties, garter belt and nylon stocking before adding the petticoats and formal dress.

"I was able to squeeze into her shoes as I had a rather small foot for a boy of fifteen. Once I had totally immersed myself in feminine clothing, I walked around the house, played music and pretended I was at a formal dance. The timer in the kitchen went off, signaling that I had better put an end to my fantasies. I hated having to give up the pretty dress and soft silky clothing. From that day I was hooked and wanted to wear panties, bras, stockings and dresses. They felt comfortable , soft and were pretty . I enjoyed the feelings from wearing pretty sensuous clothing."

Jane asked, " Did your sister or parents ever find out what you were doing?"

I replied, "I think my sister knew as she suggested several times that I should go to a costume party in one of

her dresses. I was ashamed to admit that I would really enjoy doing that, but I told her that I would find a more fitting costume for the evening such as a pilot or pirate. Of course she tried to have me commit to having her dress me in one of her outfits "which would be simply darling on you." Mother never said a thing so I do not think she was aware of my wanting to wear dresses."

"Would you like to wear dresses now? What about sex? Are you interested in dressing as a woman and having sex with a man?" she asked rather pointedly.

"Yes, I would like to dress in ladies clothing on occasions as I enjoy the soft materials and freedom a skirt gives. I do want to look like a real woman when dressed but, no I do *not* wish to have sex with a man at any time. There are basically three types of men that wear women's clothing. The first are "Drag Queens" who are female impersonators and for the most part are gay. The second group are gay men who are very effeminate and dress to attract men. I belong to the third group which is heterosexual men who enjoy wearing women's clothing and expressing their feminine side both in dress and behavior.

"There are many thousands of men who are professional men such as lawyers, policemen, firefighter, accountants, engineers and military men as well as professional athletics who enjoy wearing dresses. I've searched the web and found a national support organization that has many regional chapters which meet on a regular basis. In fact there is a support group in Atlanta that meets on the second weekend of the month. There is also a support group for the wives or girlfriends of the members."

"That is very interesting . I had no idea that so many men wish to dress as women and are not homosexual. Would you get me the information from the web sites so I can look into this? I understand why you enjoy wearing

soft clothing but I worry about us as a couple and that you might be gay. Now go change into your pajamas and you can do your laundry before we go to bed."

While I was washing my feminine clothing, Jane was on the computer checking out my sources.

When she was finished, she changed into her nylon pajamas(she had not worn nightgowns since we had been married for two months. She said she was more comfortable in nylon pj's). Once in bed, I made love to Jane.

The following morning over breakfast, Jane surprised me, saying, "I have looked over the material on the internet and I see no reason for you not to look into the group meeting in Atlanta. In the meantime you may dress in the house during the evenings when I am not at home. I only ask that you will let me know when that is and that you change back into male clothes before I come home. I understand your desire to wear pretty things as I thoroughly enjoy my clothing BUT I do not wish to have a Lesbian relationship. I want a husband. Perhaps on a Halloween night I would be amenable to being in your company when you are dressed as a woman. Can you live with my decision?"

It did not take me long to agree and promise that she would not see me wearing dresses or lingerie. I was happy to be able to come "out of the closet" and have something to look forward to in the future.

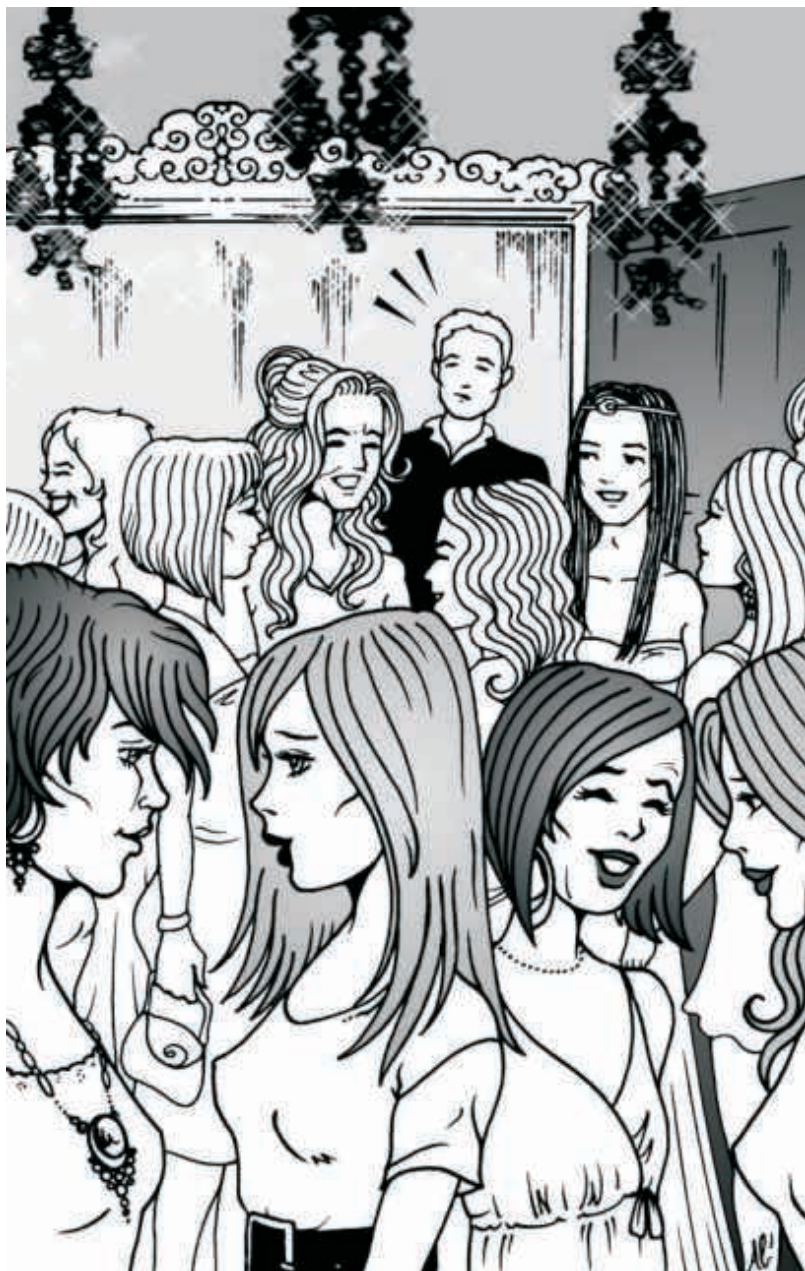
Two months later, after dressing several times at home when Jane was away, I decided to contact Tri-Ess. Getting on the internet, I found the Tri-Ess Society listing, then the Sigma Epsilon group in Atlanta. After receiving an email from their web site, I chatted with a member, finding out the details of their meeting at the Double Tree hotel located on the northern outskirts of Atlanta the second weekend of the month. I was told that they meet on Fri-

day evening, dressing and going out to dinner. The formal meeting is Saturday early afternoon, followed by dining at the motel or going out (optional for each member) for dinner and sometimes an activity. It was suggested that I should come to the meeting in "drab," meaning male attire if I would be uncomfortable on a first outing. If I felt like dressing for dinner, I could join either group.

It was with great anticipation when that weekend finally arrived. I loaded my car with the few feminine items I owned as well as purchasing some makeup which I would need. I also shopped at Upton's during the week, purchasing several pairs of Bali panties and matching brassieres in white nylon, well trimmed with lace. I left Memphis at five in the morning on Saturday, arriving around one o'clock at the hotel. By two o'clock, I nervously entered the meeting room. There were about twenty people in the room, all wearing skirts or dresses. Three of the members were genetic women; the other were men. Some of the men were very pretty and looked like real women; others could pass while there were several that appeared to be "a man in a dress."

Everyone was friendly and welcomed me. My contact through the internet introduced herself to me and saw that I met everyone. I sat through the meeting but did not really pay attention to the program as I was intent on watching and observing the members. The meeting lasted about an hour, then broke up. Several of the "girls" were going to the mall for shopping and others went to the bar or their rooms. Linda, my assigned member, suggested I might wish to change and meet them for dinner at the hotel dining room since it would be easier the first time out to be closer to my room. She offered to help me if I needed and gave me her room and cell phone number.

Thanking her, I told her I would see them at six thirty for dinner.



Once in my room, I unpacked my suitcase and hung up both my dress and pink suit . I took a long hot shower. With a towel wrapped around my waist, I shaved, using a safety razor one way, rinsed my face, then shaved the opposite direction. I put on a pair of panties, the panty girdle, a second pair of panties, then the bra, filling it with my foam rubber falsies. I had gone to Walgreen's the past week getting makeup and instructions for all the makeup I needed. Carefully, I applied the makeup after moisturizing my face.

Once I had finished, I put on a pair of opaque dancing tights to hide my hairy legs, then donned my stockings, securing the tops to the garter tabs of the white satin garter belt hanging on my waist. Taking the new white lacy bodice slip which I had purchased earlier in the week, I slipped my arms through the straps, sliding the silky slip over my breast line and down over my hips. Stepping into the skirt, I pulled it to my waist, closing the snap and zipping the rear zipper closed. The suit jacket slipped easily over the bodice of the slip as I buttoned the jacket, securing the top button to hide the hairs on my chest, even though there was only a slight mound of hair.

Checking myself in the mirror, I decided that I looked fine and was eager to go out with the group for dinner. I took my black clutch purse, put in the room key, then opened the door slightly to enter the hallway. All of a sudden I became frightened at walking out the hall completely dressed in woman's apparel by myself. All sorts of problems entered my mind. Quickly, I stepped back into my room and locked the door. I tried to reason with myself, but self would not listen.

Suddenly I remembered Linda's cell phone number and I gave her a call. Within ten minutes, she was knocking on my door. She came in carrying two glasses of wine, offering me one as she entered. We sat and talked for a

few minutes while sipping the wine. Linda was wearing a deep blue silk dress which was classy but still showed off her feminine figure. She told me, "This is perfectly normal behavior for most of us when we try to go out in public for the first time. I had the same experience as you several years ago when I first met with the group. I should have remembered; I would have insisted on picking you up and walking with you in the hall and into the dining area . Please forgive me."

I felt a lot better knowing that Linda had the same reaction as I did and that I would at least have company venturing out into the hallway. We left and walked to the elevator. We were alone in the elevator at first but stopped several floors down, picking up an older man and his wife. The woman looked both Linda and me over closely until Linda smiled politely at the couple. Once we got off at the lobby, Linda said, "You do not have to speak, just smile. That will satisfy most people. A smile will avert a curious person and make them comfortable. I found that most women will not notice that you are a male in feminine clothing if you look passable. The only time I have been read as a male in a dress is by teenage girls. They just have a super power for being aware . Why I have no idea." She laughed softly and gave me a big smile.

Soon we were in the dining room of the hotel and seated at a long table with ten other ladies (two of them wives of members). We all had drinks and ordered our dinner off the menu. Most of the men were undetectable as men until they talked, although several were overweight and had masculine features which they did not try to hide. After dinner we all went into the bar. Linda and I sat with a couple who appeared to be in their mid-twenties. The wife was a very pretty woman wearing a stunning striped shirtwaist dress in aqua and blue. She was

wearing a full blue petticoat hemmed in fancy dark blue lace. Her husband was thin and looked very attractive. His makeup was well-suited to his coloring and his nails were manicured and painted in bright red, matching his delicate lips. He was wearing a similar dress in red with bellowing pink laced petticoats while wearing four-inch red heels; his wife was in three-inch heels. Both had similar hairstyles, simple but feminine, letting their dangling earrings show.

Shortly, the group of fifteen that had gone out to dine at a restaurant returned, meeting everyone in the bar. They all had enjoyed dining out. Several members decided to go night-clubbing for the rest of the evening. Others talked in the bar. A group of young people that had been at a wedding reception in the hotel came in, taking several tables. There were six women and two men. While the men looked at our group with sneers, the women were curious as to what we were and why we were wearing dresses.

One of our members told them about Tri-Ess and that we were heterosexual men who enjoy dressing and acting as ladies. The women had all sorts of questions which were answered by the older members of our group. The big questions were, "Which bathroom do you use?", "Why and how long have you been wearing women's clothing and makeup?" and "Does your wife or girlfriend know and does she approve?"

I just listened as I had many of the same questions in my head for years. I noticed that two young girls in their early twenties were very interested in several young members of our group and seemed to be talking them very seriously. I watched for some time until the girls and the two members of Tri-Ess left towards the elevator, hand-in-hand. The blonde of the two was laughing loudly

as they departed, saying, "I can hardly wait to see what you are wearing under your skirt!"

Linda, who had been observing me during this time, leaned over saying, "This happens a lot of times. It seems that all the girls will be quite happy with the results in the bedrooms. Sometimes we learn that the wives we had talked with during the evening have thoughts of putting their husbands in dresses and makeup shortly after meeting with our group."

It was well after midnight when I got back to my room. I was feeling good about myself, as well as enjoying being able to wear women's clothing for a long period of time without feeling ashamed or being recognized in public as a weirdo. Taking off my suit jacket and coat, I decided to sleep in my lingerie and full makeup. I fell asleep immediately and did not wake up until the alarm rang at 8:30.

I quickly showered and went down to breakfast where I recognized only the wife of the young married couple that I had shared a table for dinner. I joined them for breakfast. Later I felt a tap on my shoulder. It was a man I did not recognize until he spoke. It was Linda. We talked for a while before we both had to check out of our rooms and return home. He asked me what I thought and was I planning on returning the following month. I told him I enjoyed myself and looked forward to returning if my wife would let me. He understood where I was coming from. I thanked him for his friendship and looking after me.

It was a seven-hour drive back home. Analyzing the previous day, I realized that no one had talked business other than to say what they did for a living if they were asked. It was a relaxing no-pressure group. Arriving at my apartment, I decided to leave my suitcase in the car as

I did not wish to antagonize Jane. As I came through the door, I could smell dinner cooking.

Giving my wife a kiss, I went to the bathroom, washed and checked to see that all my makeup had been removed. We talked during dinner and I told her about Tri-Ess, the people I met and what we did. I tried to answer all her questions. She asked if I planned to join the group and what was done at the meeting. During our discussion, she gave me approval to attend the monthly meetings.

Over the course of the next two years, I attended about two meetings every three months. I stayed home for Christmas, Valentine's Day, and the month of my wife's birthday as well as our summer vacation. I became more and more interested in clothing, makeup, jewelry and shoes. During my free time in Atlanta, after the meetings, I would join several of my "sisters" in shopping at the mall or a great consignment shop which welcomed crossdressers. I looked forward to attending the monthly meetings, maybe too much. After my first meeting, I joined the group going out for dinner rather than eating in the hotel dining room. I also attended several plays and concerts while fully dressed as a woman. After my second visit to Atlanta, I decided to purchase several nightgowns, which I loved sleeping in. They were so much more comfortable, softer and frillier than men's cotton pajamas.

I always looked forward to my monthly meetings. Not only the companionship but to be able to venture into the public during the evenings or daytime in women's clothing. During the two years, I had accumulated quite a wardrobe, from panties and bras to short skirts, dresses and high heels. I had become proficient in wearing four-inch heels as well as wearing deep dark makeup and fixing my wigs. I had a short auburn curly wig and a long

dark brown shoulder-length wig in which I would put in a large colored bow, matching the dress I wore.

If Jane had left for work on Friday before I would leave, I would dress in a lacy bra with matching panties, garter belt and nylons as well as a silky laced camisole during the cold weather for my drive to Atlanta. I would do the same returning home, sometimes wearing heels when driving. One day I decided if I were to travel in lingerie I should go all the way. I purchased a pair of women's slacks with a side zipper as well as a Dacron and Nylon women's shirt which completed my outfit. I would drive to my office and change back into my male attire before going to the apartment and greeting Jane.

Everything was going fine for two years since I started going to Atlanta. I dressed on a monthly basis as well as once or twice for several hours at home while Jane was away. I had several outfits at home, keeping the rest in a locked closet at my office. At the office, my dresses were hung in a small locked closet and I had a small cheap dresser chest for my dainties and sweaters. Then one Sunday evening, Jane dropped the bombshell.

After dinner, she asked how my trip was. She acknowledged that she knew that I looked forward to these monthly trips but she had changed her mind. "I think that you have become more feminine during the past year. I know that you enjoy dressing and acting as a woman, but it deeply concerns me that if you continue that, you will want to remain a woman full-time and undergo sexual surgery. I would not be able to live like that."

I quickly answered, "You have no need to worry. I have no intention to have a sex change, nor do I wish to be a woman all the time. Yes, I enjoy wearing pretty soft and feminine clothing and wish that I could wear lingerie all the time and dress more around the house. But I am a man and wish to remain one. However, I love you and

wish to please you and keep you happy. What do you suggest?"

"First," she replied, "I do not want you to go to Atlanta anymore. Secondly, I want you to sell or give all your feminine clothing away. Would you do this for me? You have probably noticed that we have had sex less frequently since you started your trips to Atlanta. It is difficult for me making love to someone who I constantly picture in a dress and sexy lingerie and wonder if you are interested in me or my clothing. If you really want us to remain married, you have to give up your obsession of crossdressing. I would like to help you get over your compulsion and suggest that we both see a therapist. What do you want?"

I was stunned as I never figured that Jane was upset with my monthly weekend trips. In the back of my mind, I had been wondering why we had so little sex during the last year. While I had toyed many times with the idea of becoming more feminine during my journey to Atlanta by doing small feminine things such as shaving my legs and thinning my eyebrows, I would not do it because I knew that Jane would be upset. Therefore I did the best I could to cover over things that would show that I had longings to look more like a woman. My face was pretty enough with the proper makeup, but my body hair had to be hidden as best I could by wearing opaque dancing tights and long-sleeved dresses with high collars.

"You are the most important thing in my life and I want to keep you happy," I answered. "I will do as you ask."

It was hard to part with my feminine clothing as I had purchased many items during my shopping tours with the members of my group in Atlanta as well as adding purchases from local stores from time to time. I went through my wardrobe and discarded several dresses

which included the pink suit I brought prior to my marriage and the blue shirtwaist dress, along with some undies which were old, and all my hair bows . I could not part with all my clothing, so I kept them locked in the closet at my office. From time to time, I would dress at the office on a Saturday or Sunday afternoon when I needed to catch up on my paperwork.

Since I rented a small one-man office rather than work out of the house for the firm for which I did technical support service on their equipment, I was not worried about being discovered wearing women's clothing. However I never wore a dress or skirt at the office to insure that I would not be seen in a dress. I would wear a dress when I was at home and Jane would be out for the evening or when she sometimes had to spend a night away from home during the month.

I told a slight modified truth to Jane, saying, "I gave away my women's clothing to the Goodwill and took some to a consignment shop." Of course the consignment shop would never sell any clothing since it was located in my office closet. I thought that I had been clever when I came up with the idea.

During the next six months, I was able to dress at home twice. While we did have sex, it was infrequent and not very fulfilling for either of us. One Thursday afternoon, I had a call from Jane who told me, "Charlie, my sister in Kansas is ill and in the hospital. I think I had better plan to see her for a week. I called and have made plane reservations for Sunday afternoon. I think I will stay for a week until she is better."

"My concern is for you to be with your sister. Make whatever plans you need. I will drive you to the airport. Do not worry about me," I replied.

Sunday morning, I drove Jane to the airport and waited until her plane left. While waiting to see the plane taxi down the runway and soar into the air, I thought, "Why not spend the rest of the day in dresses as well as evenings until Jane returns?"

I went to my office and packed undies, shoes, makeup, wig, dresses and nightgowns for the week. Once home, I cleared out several drawers in my dresser and arranged my feminine wardrobe, also hanging up several dresses. I spend the balance of Sunday completely in a dress and heels. I kept all the makeup on the counter of my bathroom, making sure that I did not use the master bathroom since that was Jane's vanity. That evening I removed my makeup and put on my prettiest and most lacy aqua blue nightgown. It was wonderful sleeping in such pretty and silky nightwear. On Monday I showered, put on body talc, and dressed in soft white frilly panties with a matching undercut brassiere along with beige nylons attached to my white satin garter belt. From the closet I put on my male Oxford cloth blue shirt along with my navy side-zipper women's slacks and a pair of flats. I wanted to add some makeup but decided against the idea.

I enjoyed the day in woman's clothing and looked forward to changing into a dress and heels for the evening. On the way home, I stopped at a local restaurant for takeout. I was showered, makeup applied, and dressed in an hour. I enjoyed eating in front of the television while fully dressed. Jane phoned that evening, checking to see if everything was alright. I told her not to worry; I had stopped for takeout and everything was fine at home.

The rest of the week went great. I would use my bathroom to shower in the morning, dress in feminine underwear for the office, pick up food, shower and shave upon arriving at home, putting on fresh lingerie, applying makeup, donning a dress or skirt and blouse as well as

high-heeled shoes. At the end of the evening, after removing my makeup, I would slip into a pretty nightgown for bed.

Jane called on Friday, giving me the time of her flight for Saturday afternoon. That evening I enjoyed getting ready for bed in my prettiest and most feminine nightgown. I left my makeup on and went to bed early, giving myself sexual gratification. After removing my makeup, I fell into a sound sleep until the alarm work me up.

While still in my nightgown, I started washing my clothing in the machine. Once they were dried and folded, I put them in my suitcase, cleaned up my bathroom and changed our sheets on the bed. Once I had completed all my chores, I showered, dressed in a sport shirt and wash pants. I checked my face for any traces of makeup in my bathroom mirror. Everything was fine.

I thought it would be best to double-check my dresser drawers and closets, making sure I had all my feminine items in my suitcase. While checking, I found a pair of yellow lace panties that were in the corner of the dresser drawer. Close call, I thought to myself. I gathered my garment bag with my dresses and my suitcase and took them to the car. I stopped off at the office and put my women's clothing away before continuing to the airport.

I was glad to see Jane. I had looked forward to her return even though I had enjoyed being able to dress in pretty clothing during the week. We stopped for dinner before getting back to the house. Her sister had been very ill but was recovering at home where Jane had nursed her for four days after leaving the hospital.

Jane went into the house while I retrieved her luggage from the car trunk. When I entered the house, Jane was furious. "What is the meaning of this?" she demanded.

I went with her into our bedroom and into her vanity. On the counter sat my short wig on its portable plastic stand. I had made a Big Mistake. While trying to be thorough in collecting all my feminine wear, I had forgotten that I kept the wig on Jane's vanity instead of the vanity in my bathroom. I was caught. I told her that I had forgotten to remove the wig when I finished dressing from the evening before she came home.

"How often did you put on women's clothing? Did you touch any of my clothes?" she asked.

I told her that I had dressed three times while she was gone and I used only my things as I knew she would not want me to touch her clothing. She was mad. Gathering her thoughts and trying to control her anger, she told me to get my pajamas and sleep in the guest room for a while until she decided what she wanted to do. I took my pajamas along with my clothing which I would need for work the following morning into the guest bedroom. I did not sleep very well that night. I was quiet as I showed, dressed, and left for work in the morning so not to disturb Jane.

That evening I came home with my tail feathers dragging. Jane prepared dinner and we ate in silence. After the meal, I cleaned the dishes, then met Jane in the den. I sat opposite her.

"I have been giving this a lot of thought since last night," she said, "I have come to the conclusion that I took the wrong direction with your cross dressing. While I still do not want you to travel monthly to Atlanta, I have decided, rather than forcing you to give up your cross dressing habits, that maybe if you have approval from me to

dress in women's things, perhaps you might tire of the idea and be able to quit on your own. I remembered what the therapist told me that no man starts out wanting to wear dresses but somewhere in your past you experienced a thrill which you remember and you wish that it could continue.

"You told me about your wearing your sister's prom dress. During our joint sessions with Dr. Mann last year, you said that you enjoyed wearing pretty silky underwear and soft clothing. I have decided that I have been too harsh and that I should not only allow you to follow your fantasy but I should help you to become a proper lady in all respects. This means that I will allow you to wear ladies clothing but you must promise me to wear what I tell you and when. No sneaking around. I will help you in deciding what to wear. You will wear lingerie at all times and will be put into skirts whenever you are at home."

Jane saw my face light up and she became more serious. "Yes dear, you will wear women's clothing until you decide that you do not want to touch another skirt, dress, panties or bras. Once you decide that you are cured, we will stop this punishment. Yes, punishment. I am convinced that in the near future you will beg me to release you from having to act and dress as a woman."

"You have your choice," she said with a devious smile across her face, "either dress to please me, or you may pack up and leave."

I had been paying attention but her last statement of dressing to please her should have signaled my brain that Jane had not given into my wanting to wear feminine clothing but that she was determined to put a definite end to my crossdressing. I was focused on the last part of her declaration about leaving.

"I understand your message. I certainly do not want to lose you. I welcome the idea that you will help me dress in the future and I promise to wear whatever you ask and when. I just ask that you will not humiliate me in front of our friends."

No," she replied, "you will be embarrassed on some occasions but not in front of family or friends. That I promise you."

She continued, "Since my man loves to wear pretty and soft lingerie, you WILL wear panties and a brasserie at all times. That means seven days a week, twenty-four hours a day. Do you agree?"

"Yes dear," I replied, thinking that this was not a bad start.

Jane continued, "I want you to gather ALL your feminine wardrobe and bring it home. I assume that you have your things at the office or in a locker. While you bring these home, I am going to clean out your dresser to make room for your new things. You will do all your own washing as well as my delicate items. You are to keep them separate. Do you understand?"

I nodded to acknowledge her statement, picked up my car keys and left for the office. It took me over an hour before I returned with two dress bags, two suitcases and a box containing my shoes. Arriving home, I was told to strip off my clothes, shower, then put on my prettiest bra and panties along with a garter belt and stocking. After I was finished, I was to call Jane into the bedroom.

Soon I had put on my lavender lacy panties with matching nylon wired cupped bra along with a pair of foam rubber falsies which filled the bra cups. I slipped the garter belt over the top of my panties and fastened the nylon beige stockings. I called Jane.

Jane entered the room and sat on the edge of the bed, eyeing my form. She started laughing, saying, "I apologize dear, you look nice but you need to learn the correct order of putting on your undies. What do you do if you need to tinkle? You need to remove your hose, garter belt, then panties. You need to put the straps to your garter belt under your panties. That way to relieve yourself, you just lower your panties. I guess that you have a lot to learn about wearing ladies things. Don't worry as I will teach you, darling," she smiled.

"Now hang all your dresses in your closet where I have made room. Once you hang them all, we shall have a fashion show and decide which dresses are suitable for you. Do you have a matching slip for your pretty lavender lingerie? No, then we will make a list of items to purchase that you will need. In the meantime, put on a white slip before you try on your outfits."

Jane moved to the chair in the corner of the room while I unpacked the garment bags. We started as I modeled every dress and every skirt and blouse combination for her. I put on a pair of black three-inch heels while walking around the bedroom to display my wardrobe. The first dress was a halter taffeta cocktail dress, very short as the skirt was about nine inches above my knees. I bought this at the consignment shop in Atlanta while shopping with some of the younger members of the club.

Jane laughed, "Where in the world did you buy this dress? It is too short and certainly not the proper style. It is made for a young woman in her early twenties. Not a mature woman in her forties. I realize that you enjoy the feel of taffeta but you need a longer skirt and different neckline for now. Put the dress on the bed and we will donate it to Goodwill."

I tried on all my dresses. Several that I had purchased on a whim from the consignment shop were much too

short and some were way too tight. From seven dresses, we discarded four. The ones we kept were a yellow sundress with white vertical stripes and a full skirt; a black short cocktail dress in taffeta; and a dark blue fitted silk and wool suit. Several of my skirts were too short and made for younger women. Jane liked my selection of three blouses: a white Nylon "see through" with long transparent Nylon sleeves; a light blue polyester long-sleeved blouse with a Peter Pan collar; and a pink Rayon short-sleeved blouse.

Next, I modeled all my lingerie, starting with the bras. Jane assisted me by snapping the closures and adjusting the straps. I had bras running from size 38 B to 42 C. The bras that fit we kept; the others went into a pile. Next came the panties, I had a variety of high-cuts, briefs and some tap panties, ranging from size 5 to 6. I told Jane that I wore two pairs, one to hold my manhood in place, normally the size five high-cuts, the others as outer wear. I only had the one panty girdle that Jane had given me over a year ago for Halloween. She admired my collection of three nightgowns.

Then came the shoes. When I put on the several pair of four-inch heels, Jane could not restrain herself. "What ever possessed you to buy four inch heels? Dear, you should learn to dress as a middle-aged lady, not a hooker or a young girl just out of high school. You should wear three-inch heels as dress shoes and smaller heels for everyday wear."

She looked at the few earrings I had which she thought were tasteful but told me I needed some necklaces and rings as well. "Alright Charlie, I want you to go into your bathroom but take my makeup mirror and paint your face. Then put on the infamous wig and your yellow dress along with the sensible heels and call me."

In a half-hour I went into the den and found Jane. She had me standing near the window so she could have good lighting. "You do a nice job with your makeup. I would suggest you use less eye-shadow and a little less blusher. I will teach you how to outline your lips to give you fuller lips. In the meantime, you look very nice. I am surprised that you are an attractive lady. Now come into the kitchen. Since you are dressed as a woman, it's time that you work not only as a woman but at woman's chores. You can prepare tonight's meal. I have thawed out the chopped sirloin which you can broil in the oven as well as a baked potato and small salad. Here is an apron to cover your pretty dress."

After dinner, I cleaned the kitchen and washed the dishes. Instead of relaxing, Jane had me sort my clothing, putting it away in the dresser and hanging it up in the closet. I took all my male underwear, pajamas and sport clothing packing them in the suitcases. All my dress suits went into the garment bag. These were taken and locked in a hall closet to which only Jane had the key. Left in my closet were men's slacks, along with the pair of ladies slacks as well as six sport shirts that I normally wore to work as well as two pairs of male shoes and three pair of high-heeled shoes and the flats I had worn when shopping.

It came time for bed. I was reminded that I was to wear panties and bras all the time. However, Jane suggested that I wear a soft cup bra to bed. She chose the white satin bra along with a pair of white lacy panties. After putting on the bra and panties, I went to the bathroom before returning to the spare bedroom. Jane took a look at me saying, "This will never do!"

I thought, "Perhaps she will let me wear a nightgown over this."

I was surprised as she said, "Wearing a bra to bed is one thing, but that nasty hair under your arms has to go. You are not a European lady. Now go back and shave your arm pits. Then use my deodorant. We will add this to the shopping list for you." Once I had shaved under my arms, I put the bra back on. "Much better," Jane observed.

The next morning as I took my shower, Jane came in, leaving a clean set of undies on my vanity consisting of pink satin high-cut panties and the matching briefs with lace trim along with the satin padded bra, pink garter belt and nylons. I was ashamed at having been forced to wear this lingerie but at the same time I enjoyed the feel against my skin.

Somehow, Jane entered the bathroom as I finished putting on the nylons. Looking at me, she grinned, saying, "The pink satin looks lovely on you, dear. Do they feel soft and nice against your skin? I see you remember your lesson from yesterday regarding the garter belt. My, you do look nice. Now, finish with your pants and shirt that I have put out. You may wear your male shoes but no socks as you will only be wearing nylon stockings from now on.

At work I was constantly aware of my undies beneath my male clothing. I was worried that perhaps the padded bra would show too much bulge under my shirt but no one noticed. Once I arrived home, Jane met me at the door, telling me to shower, shave my face, and get dressed in the skirt and blouse she had laid on my bed. I should also make up my face."This will be our regular routine during the weekdays. You should be completely dressed in ladies apparel during the weekends. I hope you enjoy your newfound clothing and look Remember,

you may quit any time you wish to give up wearing women's clothing."

After showering, I redressed and put on makeup before returning to the kitchen to prepare dinner. I slept in the pink satin undies which I had worn during the day. The next morning, I was dressed in white nylon undies along with garter belt and nylons. Saturday morning after I had dressed for the day and had my face powdered and painted, I prepared breakfast.

While eating, Jane observed my legs in hose and heels. She asked, "Darling, don't you think that you would be more comfortable if you shaved your legs? I am sure that the smoothness of your legs would increase the silky feel of your nylons. Plus, your legs would be much more attractive. If you do not like the smooth feel your stockings give you, you could let the hair grow back. Anyway, who would see your legs under your trousers when at work? Why don't you go into the bathroom and I will shave them for you."

Soon I enjoyed the thrill of pulling my nylons up smooth legs and tightening the tops of the stockings to the garter snaps. Once I had pulled my dress down, Jane gave me a short kiss while gently running her fingertips over my smooth nylon-encased legs. I almost had to excuse myself until she suddenly stopped. "Now doesn't that feel much nicer than those hairy old legs? You have a lovely set of legs any girl would be proud of. You will no longer require dancing tights."

The rest of the day I spent helping my wife clean the house, changing the linens on both beds as well as fixing lunch. Resting awhile in the late afternoon, having taken off the high-heeled shoes, Jane suggested, "Let's call Olive Garden for a takeout order tonight instead of cooking. It will be a reward for all your hard work. Shall I order Chicken Marsala and a salad for both of us? We can pick

up the order and eat at home watching a movie." I agreed and Jane made the phone call.

"Dinner will be ready in twenty minutes. It will take us ten minutes to drive. Darling, go to the powder room, relieve yourself, touch up your makeup and add fresh lipstick. I will be ready in five minutes," my wife informed me. We met in the kitchen where she handed me a clutch purse. "I will drive," she stated.

Arriving at the restaurant, she pulled into the takeout lane. "Alright darling, it is time to show yourself to the public. I am sure that this will not embarrass you as I understand that you dined out in Atlanta while passing yourself off as a woman. Your purse contains a wallet and credit card. Go pick up our order. You do look nice, my dear!" exclaimed my wife while staying in the car.

I walked into the restaurant and an older man held the door open for me. I remembered my earlier training and gave him a smile. In a soft voice, I told the girl, "Take-out order for Brown." She looked at me, smiling, then returned with our order. I pulled out the credit card from the woman's billfold (which was new). The card read "Cindy Brown." It was a new card I was not aware that I had ordered.

The girl returned saying, "Order for Cindy Brown." I smiled at the young girl and signed the credit slip. "Enjoy your dinner and evening. I would like to say that you make a lovely woman!" I was floored and my cheeks turned bright red as I thanked her in my masculine voice.

Upon my return to the car, Jane asked, "What did you think of my surprise, Cindy? You look flustered. I thought that after your dining out all these past months, you would be able to handle yourself in public." I was too embarrassed to reply.

We returned home and enjoyed our dinner. While watching the movie, I suggested that we have some cake and ice cream for dessert. "I would love to have dessert, but I think that both of us could stand to lose some weight. A woman must watch her figure at all times. I suggest that we both go on a diet and start exercising or walking. We will start in the morning. I guess we better finish up the cake and ice cream tonight so we will not be tempted in the future."

As I removed my makeup while wearing only panties and bra, Jane came into the bathroom carrying my long pink low-cut neckline nightgown. "I think that you should now start wearing your nighties," she said. "Since your legs are smooth, you will find a pleasant sensation on them." As I slipped the gown over my head and lowered it in place, Jane commented, "This will never do. We can not have hair showing above the bodice as well as under the gown. Take off your gown and shave your chest hairs and under your arms as you are getting a few hairs growing back. You need to keep your underarms smooth and free of hair. Now be a good girl and shave, dear."

Once I had finished, Jane smoothed my chest using a moisturizing skin cream. She handed me the nightgown and I lowered it in place. She caressed my chest through the soft Nylon and sheer overlay. "Doesn't that feel heavenly?" she asked while increasing pressure slightly on my chest.

Stepping back, she looked at me in the mirror, saying, "Dear, something is missing. I see a lovely creature in a beautiful night dress but we are lacking something. Wait just a minute." She left the room and returned, carrying

two large objects in her hands. "Close your eyes, dear. I have a surprise for you."

I felt Jane lift my nightgown up until it rested on my shoulders. She pulled one side of my bra cup out and I felt a heavy object come to rest. She repeated with the other bra cup, then lowered my gown back in place while adjusting the bodice of the gown over the new mounds extending from my chest. Opening my eyes upon command, I looked into the mirror and saw lifelike silicone breast forms filling out the bodice of the nightie.

"Do you like your present, Cindy?" she asked.

I was speechless. I started to weep saying, "I love them, darling. They are so lifelike."

"Yes, and they can be attached with adhesive if you desire. These are the same forms real women wear when they have had breast surgery. They do make a difference in your appearance. Enjoy them, dear. You are to wear these at all times except when you go to work. Would you agree to these terms?" Jane questioned.

I was so overwhelmed all I could say was, "Yes, dear. Thank you for being so thoughtful. I love the feel and fullness."

"You're more than welcome, I hope you learn to enjoy your new figure. We will work on other areas starting with the waistline shortly. Give me a kiss and get in bed, we have a busy day tomorrow."

It took a while before falling asleep that night as I kept admiring the mounds protruding beneath my nightie. During the night I felt a hand as Jane turned over in the bed and rested her arm over my chest. In the morning after I had showered, I donned my pretty panties and satin lace-trimmed bra. Carefully I added the silicone breast forms into the cups of the bra. Standing before the mirror, I admired the fullness of the cups of the bra upon my

hairless chest. Once the slip was in place, I was mesmerized looking at the womanly shape and the fullness of the slip's bodice.

"That certainly does make a difference in your figure," I heard Jane say. I was startled as I had been absorbed in my thoughts and did not hear Jane enter the bathroom. "We are going shopping this morning, so wear a dress you can easily remove in the store. I suggest that you let me do your makeup this morning. You do a nice job for evening wear." I sat at the vanity while Jane creamed my face, cleansed and applied light makeup.

"We will have to do something with your brows as they are too bushy. Notice that I only use a slight amount of foundation and a touch of blush and eye shadow. We shall give you full lips this morning. I think Crimson Pink would be a good daytime color for shopping. Red is used in the evening and daytime to bring attention to your face. When shopping we do not wish to bring attention to you, you just want to blend into the crowd."

When she was finished and I had put my wig in place, I was amazed that my face looked very feminine while not being too flashy as it had when I would go shopping with my fellow crossdressers in Atlanta.

After stepping into the yellow striped shirtwaist dress which buttoned up the front, I put on a pair of clipped dangling earrings and a small gold chain with a zirconium stone pendent. Taking the purse I had used the night before, I was ready to venture out. Jane looked me over seeing that I was presentable before we left.

"Darling, I think you should wear your heels today. I want you to always wear heels when you are in skirts or dresses. I realize that we will be walking through the stores and our flats would be more comfortable, but I want you to experience what a real woman goes through

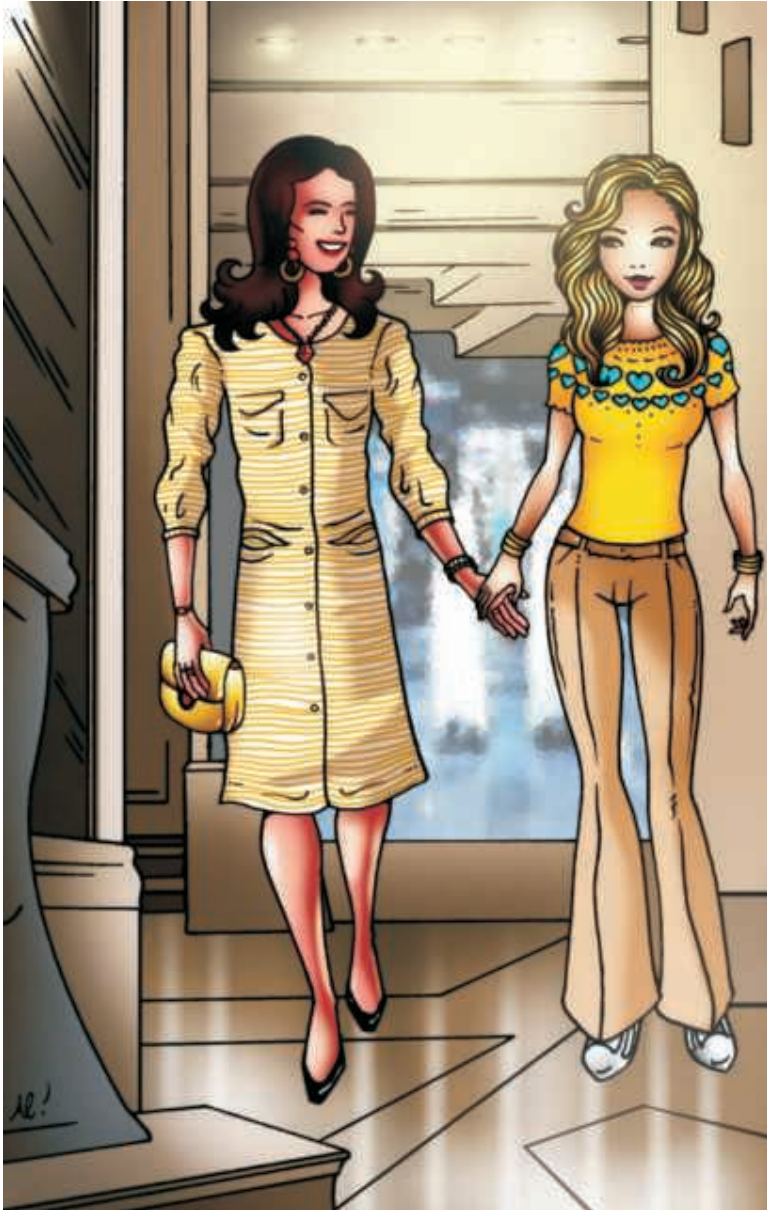
each day to look attractive. Your smooth legs really look lovely in nylons and heels."

We went across town to the Macy's and Dillard's at the mall. Jane had suggested that we shop away from the our neighborhood mall because we might run into people we both knew. This way my identity would be safe, "just like your shopping in Atlanta", she said. I swore that I saw a slight grin cross her lips, which I dismissed.

The mall parking lot was crowded so we had to park quite a distance away. I enjoyed the walk as I felt my falsies bounce as I stepped out in my three-inch heels. I noticed that Jane was wearing her tennis shoes along with a pair of tan slacks and a yellow short-sleeved knitted shirt. Inside the mall, I was aware that I received many looks from other women as I proudly walked into the stores. I mentioned this to Jane, "Do these people know that I am a man wearing a dress? Am I that obvious?"

"No darling," she answered, "it is because of what you are wearing today. Most women wear comfortable clothing and shoes when shopping nowadays. It seems you have seen too many old movies where women in the early nineteen fifties wore dresses and heels when shopping at the stores. They are curious to see a woman in a dress in the mall. Look around."

I did as we walked. The younger ladies or those around my ages who were staring at me were dressed in jeans or lightweight cotton slacks, all very casual. I whispered to Jane, "But you are the one who suggested I wear a dress and heels today. Why could I not wear my feminine slacks to shop in?"



“Cindy dear,” Jane retorted, “you are the one who told me that you enjoyed wearing pretty dresses and the undies that go with a dress. You agreed to wear ladies clothes and wish to emulate a woman. I am just helping

you fulfill your fantasies. Since we are at Dillard's, lets go the lingerie department. You need some slips, a body slimmer, some correct sized bras and nighties."

The young pretty clerk in her late twenties asked, "How may I assist you ladies today?"

I was floored and blushed profusely when Jane replied, "My husband wishes to add to his feminine wardrobe and needs to find the correct size bra since he has acquired his new breasts. Could you assist us?"

The clerk called out to an older woman, "Mary, I have this customer who need to be measured for the proper size brassiere since HE has gotten breasts! His wife asked to have him properly fitted. Can you help me!" About six women along with another clerk stopped their shopping and came over to the counter to watch and observe a MAN being outfitted and measured for a bra. When they saw how I was dressed their curiosity rose. All stood around whispering to each other as the older clerk measured and asked about my cup size. Jane informed the lady, "He is a B cup"

The younger clerk finally asked, as her curiosity had gotten the best of her, "Why is your husband wanting a bra and why is he wearing heels, a dress and makeup?"

"It is a long story but Charlie, now I call him Cindy, has worn ladies clothes since high school days. I found him completely dressed one night when I returned home from shopping. I tried to learn why he loves pretty undies and clothing. Although I have struggled with his compulsion, I decided that I should help him learn how to dress as a perfect lady." Sympathy was given to Jane as she answered several questions from the group.

Addressing the clerk she said, "He needs a white bra, undercut, and black bra in his correct size. Of course he needs a pretty pair of black lace panties and a slip. Poor

dear has some lovely lingerie, but never had a black set in his collection. Every girl needs a sexy black set of lace undies." Getting out her list from her purse, she continued, "Also, he needs a lavender slip to go with the lovely set of undies he wore when I discovered his little hobby. We must find a form-fitting fully laced slip for my sweet Cindy. Then he needs several nighties as well as a darling set of baby dolls."

The clerk led Jane and I, along with our audience, to the bra counter where I was handed several size 40 B bras to decide upon the style. Jane held them up to my chest and made her choice. We selected the panties and the slips, going through the same procedure. Once a selection was made, I was relieved until I heard Jane ask, "Is there a changing booth which Charlie, I'm sorry, Cindy can use to see that everything fits properly?"

That was embarrassing as we were led to a dressing area. Jane and I went into the booth as she helped me out of my dress, slip and bra. She handed me the black bra and I slipped my arms into the straps as Jane fastened the snaps in the rear. I slid the black lace leg briefs over the panties I was wearing. Jane opened the door and called the clerk. With the three of us in the room, Jane decided that we should step into the corridor and check at the mirror.

I did not wish to leave the changing room but I was pushed out by Jane and followed by the clerk while wearing the black bra and panties as well as my garter belt and stockings and the three-inch black heels. Our audience was waiting as I appeared before them dressed in the sexy lingerie. The women were whistling and making comments such as, "He is simply adorable in the sweet bra

and panties." "They really fit him well." "He really walks well in heels, look girls, his chest is shaven as well as his legs." "It's a shame he still has body hair."

I heard all the comments and tried my best not to mouth off or give them a reason to think that the comments were bothering me (which they certainly were).

Jane said, "Charlie dear, tell these nice people why you are buying new sexy lingerie today."

Trying to talk in my natural voice, I was hesitant until I understood what Jane was trying to do.

Mustering all my courage, I replied, "I found that wearing pretty silky underwear is a most pleasurable experience. I enjoy pretty clothing and dressing in women's apparel, the feel of the lovely soft and pretty material."

Jane commented to the gathering crowd, "I did not wish to have him wearing ladies clothing, but I told him I would support his desires until he decided he wanted to go back to wearing his own clothing. As long as he has a desire to wear panties and a bra, then he should also wear dresses along with all the accessories. Charlie, do you wish to continue our shopping for your pretty things or would you rather return home and change back into your male wardrobe? Tell us what you want to do."

The crowd was silent, looking at me for an answer. I realized that if I chose to return home, I would have to keep my pledge to Jane and give up dressing forever. I looked into the mirror and saw myself in panties, bra, stockings and heels. There was a pretty face looking back at me. I could feel the makeup on my face, the taste of lipstick, as I squeezed my lips together. My wig was resting on my shoulders and I felt the tugging of my nylons on my smooth legs. I enjoyed being dressed as I was. My only wish was that I could dress both ways, putting on

sexy undies whenever I wished and either a dress or male pants and shirt as I pleased.

Jane was trying to have me surrender, assuming that I would be cured of wanting to crossdress. It would please Jane if I gave into her demands, but what would happen in the future? I thought about my answer for what seemed hours but in actuality was only 90 seconds.

“No, I would rather continue our shopping. I do like wearing pretty undies and silky dresses.”

Once I had said these words, I was relieved. I knew what I wanted and was willing to continue along this path of femininity.

“Well, it seems as though Charlie wants to remain as Cindy. I wanted to be sure and wished to be fair to my husband. Now Cindy, lets continue to complete your new wardrobe.”

The same group followed us as I went into the sleepwear department of the store. The salesgirl had me stand as she showed about a dozen different gowns to me, putting them against my body to check for length and to obtain my wife’s approval. We took several into the dressing room. “Leave on your panties, bra and stockings, Cindy darling, and slip the nighties over your undies. I want to see each gown, so come out into the hallway when you are dressed,” Jane commanded.

While I knew that Jane tried to have me denounce my wanting to wear dresses forever, I did not think how she might be affected by my answer in front of other people. I soon found out that Jane would not be so tactful as she had in the past.

The first gown was a full long pink Nylon with a wide skirt, lace-trimmed bodice and 3/4-length sleeves. I was totally embarrassed as I walked into the hall from the dressing room to be greeted with a round of applause

from the women who followed us. Jane came over to me and inspected the gown from top to bottom, saying, "I'm not sure. The gown is beautiful but we need to adjust something to emulate your sleeping conditions. Let me see. Yes, that is much better!" I felt my wig being removed. All the women laughed as now there was no doubt that I was a man wearing a pink feminine nightie and makeup. "Now, swirl around for us to see the full effect of your beautiful sexy nightgown, husband dear. Go try on the other gowns."

I repeated the modeling to the small audience with six more changes. When I came out wearing the sexy short fluffy baby doll pajamas, everyone clapped and made comments. Jane told the clerk that we would definitely take the bright yellow baby dolls and that she should include a pair of soft baby blue baby dolls as well. After trying on all the gowns, I returned to the changing room and put on my slip, dress and heels. Jane had kept my wig outside at the counter.

I gathered all the gowns and went to meet my wife and the salesclerk. Jane was grinning from ear to ear as I returned. Turning to the crowd, she said, "All his nighties are lovely but we can only purchase two more beside the two sets of baby doll pj's. I would like your opinion as to which nighties my husband should have." Jane held each of the gowns against me as the women voted. They selected the long flowing pink gown and the full-length aqua Nylon gown trimmed in deep green lace at the hem, sleeves, and bodice.

Jane thanked the ladies for their choices and we went to the counter where I paid with the credit card. The clerk wrapped the gowns in tissue and put them in a large tote bag for me to carry. As we left the store and walked through the mall, I wondered why so many people were staring and pointing to me. When we got to our car to put

the packages in the truck , Jane opened her large purse to retrieve the car keys and saw that my wig was in her purse. She laughed apologetically, "I am sorry dear, I forgot to return this to you after you had put on your dress. I just did not think about you needing a wig. Soon your hair will grow out and you can discard your wigs. Isn't it fun to go shopping and trying on new clothes? I enjoyed myself today, did you?"

Sitting in the car as Jane drove us home, I began to rehash the days events over in my mind. Although Jane had agreed to let me wear pretty lingerie and clothing, I remembered that her goal was for me to say that I no longer wanted to wear women's clothing. Then I would be cured. My promise to never don another dress or panties would have to be kept. I decided that this was a method that Jane was using to try to end my crossdressing. I also remembered her promise not to embarrass me in front of friends nor family and she, like myself, always would keep our promises to each other.

Arriving home, I took all my undies into my room and cut off the price tags before putting them into the dresser and hanging the nightgowns on hangers in my closet. Jane came into the bedroom carrying two glasses of wine. Sitting on the corner of the bed, we talked about our shopping. She informed me that we still had many items to buy during the next several weeks. Jane suggested that I take a shower; then we would go out to eat as a treat for the evening.

The wine made me relax. When I disrobed for the shower, I noticed that I had several deep welts from the bra straps. My shoulders were tired. The silicone breasts weighted the bra, causing the straps to dig into my skin. I called out to my wife as I was alarmed. She came into the bathroom and assured me that it was normal that the

straps would leave marks. " That is a price a girl has to pay for a nice figure," she laughed.

The shower refreshed me and I proceeded to get ready for dinner. Once I was in my undies and slip, I did my face, then put on the dark blue long-sleeved shirtwaist dress and finished with a selection of rings, necklace, and matching pendent earrings. Spraying myself with Jane's perfume, I gathered my purse and went into the den. Jane was waiting and she looked me over, making sure that I looked like a proper lady. She drove to our favorite Italian restaurant where we enjoyed dinner and wine.

Returning home, I changed into my nightgown, choosing the new aqua gown as well as a white lacy bra and matching panties. We had another glass of wine before going to bed. Jane suggested that we sleep together for the evening. Once in bed, it was an hour before we fell asleep in each other's arms. It was the first time we had sex in over three months.

In the late morning, we shared fixing breakfast and sat in our nighties, eating. Jane suggested, "You know darling, you looked very nice yesterday. Did you enjoy shopping as much as when you would travel to Atlanta? I thought that our shopping and eating out would be a good substitute and a treat since you gave up traveling to Atlanta. We should plan to do this at least once a month. Would that please you?"

She continued," I noticed while we were dining that you looked warm. You were wearing long sleeves and Summer is approaching. You should consider wearing short sleeves or halter tops. What do you think?"

Without thinking, I replied, "I would love to be cooler but my body hair on my arms and hands would give me away when we go out. That's why I wear long-sleeved feminine clothing."

“That can easily be corrected. You just have to get rid of that ugly body hair. You know that since you shaved your legs, your hosiery feels much nicer on your legs. I know that you enjoy the soft Nylon across your bare legs. I can see it in your face. Also, you have shaved your upper chest to accommodate your brassieres, It makes you more feminine without all your hair. Besides, doesn't your slip feel nicer as it caresses your skin? Think how heavenly your sensations will be as the soft nylon and silk fully touch your soft skin. I suggest that we go to the bathroom and I will apply the hair removal cream. While you still need to shave under your arms and legs on a regular basis, the depilatory will be easier on the rest of your body. Take off your bra and panties and lets see how feminine you can really become!”

After fifteen minutes, I came out from the shower. Jane patted my hairless body with a large soft towel. She gave me directions on how women dry off after a bath or shower. She then powered me from head to toe in a scented body moisturizer, before leading me back to the bedroom and handing me my lavender bra, panties and new slip. My arms and body tingled from the feel of the silky underwear. The feeling increased as I pulled up each nylon stocking, securing the tops tightly to the garter belt.

Jane adjusted the length of the suspenders making sure that the stockings were taunt. As I applied my makeup for the day, I was pleased with my hairless body's appearance, completely enjoying the soft fabrics of my clothing caressing my skin. Jane returned, bringing me one of her soft semi-transparent blouses, along with a Dacron skirt. As I slipped the blouse over my arms, I got goose bumps from the delightful feel of the gossamer sleeves against my hairless arms. By the time I had completed dressing and adding my jewelry and wig, I looked and felt more feminine than I could have imagined.

Jane was so impressed that she gave me a big hug and a kiss that said, "I want you! You are simply beautiful and look so feminine. For some reason, knowing that this lovely creature is really a man and has manly desires turns me on."

Taking my hand in hers, she led me to the bedroom. Soon she had me stripped to my undies. She was dressed similarly in bra, panties, and a slip, along with sheer nylons. I really became aroused as she moved her body, keeping our undies rubbing each other ever so gently. Her legs wrapped around mine while her covered legs came into contact with mine. Nylons rubbing against nylons sent me spiraling to new heights. I must admit that I enjoyed her perfume and her soft red lips transferring her lipstick to mine.

As I felt her reaching for my panties, I did the same to her. We made love as we never had before. As we lay next to each other, Jane whispered in my ear, "Are you glad that you decided to remove your body hair? Wasn't it more sensuous and delightful being able to feel soft clothing against soft skin? I really do love you, Cindy, and look forward to being with you."

After showering together, we both put on body lotion before dressing. After doing my makeup and adding long dangling earrings which were clipped to my lobes, Jane insisted that I put hand lotion on my hands and wrist. She said that I should add lotion in the morning and before bed every day as well as any time we went out for the evening. She noticed my nails and commented that she did not want me to cut them this week and I should try to shape them into ovals.

We left the house in the early afternoon. Jane mentioned, "There are a few items that we need to buy today. I made an appointment for us at Emily's Foundation store."

Upon arrival, Jane said, "Emily knows who you are and we will not have a crowd like yesterday, so relax, my dear."

Emily greeted us at the door. Talking to my wife, she said, "I understand that you wish to buy a bodyslayer for your husband. Come in, dears!"

Emily asked what Jane had in mind and I listened as my wife said, "He has adequate breasts but we need to reduce his waist and add to his hips. What do you suggest?"

"We can start with the waist first. I suggest this lovely spandex shaper. We use to call it a high waist pantie girdle. His waist should be reduced several inches; at the same time it will lift and firm his butt. If you want more waist reduction, this other model has reinforced panels as well as a longer waist band which would reach just under his breasts. Of course, you might wish to look into corset training. We can order a corset from the manufacturer made to fit his measurements and with the desired waist.

"Since Charlie has a 30-inch waist, the corset would reduce him to a 26-inch waist when fully laced. Several young ladies in town are now wearing a corset which was custom made. In fact, there is a client who wears a corset and her husband does as well. You might wish to consider one; they are expensive but do so much for the figure. I think this high waist panty girdle should give him the results you are looking for. Let's go into the dressing room."

Armed with the girdle, I entered the small changing room with my wife. She helped me out of my dress and slip. I struggled into the foundation, pulling it tight. It was quite uncomfortable, especially on my scrotum. My waist was reduced and my buttocks felt higher and firmer. Once Jane had pulled the elastic higher on my torso, she

stepped back to observe the effects of the girdle. She called for Emily who entered and looked me over, while tugging here and there.

“It’s a good fit and does help define his figure. However, there is an unsightly bulge in the front.

I have a special device which I think might help hide the bulge and also make him more comfortable when wearing his girdle. This is called a gaff and is worn by female impersonators to give them a natural girlie look. Charlie, take off the girdle, put on the gaff, then step back into your girdle. Let’s see if you are more comfortable. I will wait outside if you have any questions. Step into the gaffe and pull your manhood back between your legs into the satin sack, then pull the gaff tight. It fits similar to a man’s jock strap but puts your scrotum under instead of up.”

Jane helped me out of the girdle. Once I had removed my panties, she assisted as I stepped into the satin-lined gaffe and pulled everything into place. Once I had on my panties, Jane took my hand and led me to the mirror in the dressing room. “Look, darling. You have a nice flat girlie front. Now you can feel as feminine as you look. Put your girdle back on.”

Jane called for Emily when I completed pulling the girdle to its upper height. My crotch was smooth and the girdle helped hold everything in place. I was not as uncomfortable as I had been before putting on the gaff. Emily was pleased with the fit. Jane decided I should buy one of the same style girdles but with lace-trimmed legs and a large pink ribbon around the waist. We also purchased a long-leg and tummy shaper. The spandex legs came down to my calf and the top elastic waist band held in my tummy while my buttocks were pulled up tightly. I was told that many women wear this shaper under their slacks.

I paid for my purchases with the credit card. I did not realize until later that I was not charged for the gaff. Unbeknownst to me, Jane had purchased the gaff on line and had made arrangements with Emily to suggest that I would feel better if my garters were tucked under. As we left Emily's place, she mentioned, "Do consider a corset, it will really help your figure, Charlie."

From Emily's, we went to another speciality store for makeup. "While your makeup is good, it would be better to get you the proper shades to go with your complexion and coloring. If you are going to wear makeup, it should be becoming and flattering to you."

At the store, Jane told the clerk, "We are here to have a make-over for my husband. While he looks attractive, he is a beginner in selecting and applying makeup. Can you help us?"

A pretty girl in her early twenties took a close look at me. "Are you sure this is your husband and he's a male? He looks too feminine to be a man." She took my jaw into her soft hands, looking at my eyes and cheeks. "Yes, I think that we can improve and make him prettier."

Slightly over two hours later, I was walking out of the store with a new look as well as all new makeup and instructions on how to apply and shade my face to bring out my best features.

"You are not only pretty, you are absolutely beautiful," Jane glowed. She, too, had received a makeover. While Jane was already beautiful, her looks were now more striking. We decided that we would show off our new look by having dinner in a fancy restaurant. While walking to our table in the middle of the room, all the men watched as two pretty girls paraded before them. I noticed some wives hitting their husbands.

Arriving home, I was glad to shed my girdle but on Jane's insistence I kept the gaff on under my panties. Once in our nightgowns, we made passionate love that evening. The following morning I took my shower, applied body lotion, and had dressed in a set of pink panties and matching bra. It felt strange not having my silicone inserts tugging at the bra. Jane came into the room with a pair of stockings, garter belt and the new shaper, saying, "It's time for you to have a full experience during the day as a woman. You need to wear this shaper each day to work. When you come home and change for the evening, you are to wear your new girdle."

Taking the garter belt and putting it around my waist, I fastened the belt and put the garters into my panties. Then putting on the stockings, I fastened them to the snaps. Jane watched as I struggled into the tight bodyslayer. Putting on my pants, I noticed that they were extremely loose.

Jane noticed as I took in my belt, mumbling to herself, "We will have to remedy this look." She watched as I left for the office. I was surprised at how nice my legs felt encased in the tight bodyslayer. At the same time I would rub my butt, feeling the binding material on my lower body. With the gaff in place, I was not uncomfortable.

After arriving home that evening, I showered, shaved my face, applied lotion to my body, and changed into a dress and heels before preparing our dinner. This pattern continued all week. Thursday night, Jane asked me to meet her for lunch on Friday and join her for the rest of the afternoon. Since I worked alone, there was no problem.

Friday, Jane came by the office and we drove to a nearby restaurant . We had a leisurely lunch which included several glasses of wine. We left feeling rather giddy. Jane mentioned as we were pulling into a parking lot, "Charlie dear, it's time that you had a pedicure and a manicure. I thought it would be nice if we both indulged ourselves with this treat. I have a two-for-one coupon."

I had no objections when I saw another couple leave the nail shop. Jane told the receptionist who we were and that we had a two o'clock appointment. We were led to an open room in the back where they gave the pedicures. We took chairs that were side-by-side. We both took off our shoes and I removed my socks (Jane had insisted that I not wear the nylon stocking. I realized why she had changed her mind). Soon our feet were soaking in warm jetting water. A young girl waited on me while her brother did Jane's feet. It felt comfortable as she rubbed and scraped the dead skin from my feet. Soon she worked on removing the excess cuticles from my toes as well as cut and file the toe nails.

The girl took some lotion and rubbed it into my skin, at the same time massaging my feet. I had almost fallen asleep when I heard Jane replying to a question the girl had asked. "Yes, he would like to have his nails polished. I think the Cherry Red would look nice. Before I could protest, Jane looked over to me and winked, saying, "No one will notice your toe nails and I think it would be nice to have matching nails. Don't you agree, Charlie?" I had no choice in the matter as I knew that her statement was just for the young girl and her brother.

A foamed wedge was placed between my toes, spreading them out so the girl could polish them. After

she had put two coats of polish on, I was handed a pair of paper slippers with only a band that sat across the bridge of my foot. My toes were still in the foam separator. We walked out front to a counter where Jane sat next to me as we soaked our finger nails, one hand at a time, in a bowl of warm soapy water.

While Jane had her nails cut, mine were shaped with an emory board into ovals. Once the cuticles were pliable, the girl removed the dead skin and pushed the skin back from the nails. She then trimmed the skin. First the left hand, then the right hand.

She put a white cream into the palm of her hands before rubbing it into my fingers, back of my hands and wrist. Again she took the cutters, making sure all the small fragments of skin had been removed.

Looking over to Jane, the girl asked, "Should I use clear polish?"

"No dear, I think it would be nice if my husband's nails matched mine. Please put a third coat on Charlie as his nails are a bit rough. We are a close couple, you know. I think we will both use the Cherry Red. That would be nice, don't you agree Charlie?" Jane said rather sarcastically more for the girl's benefit, but I knew that she meant for me to be feminine.

I could only reply, "If that is what you think is best, dear."

While my nails were being polished, the girl was talking to the others in the shop in a foreign language. All of them glanced over to my table, watching as the bright red polish was being applied. Several of the customers who were waiting their turn in the shop put down their magazines and watched as the girl proceeded to give me bright-colored nails. The three women who were also having their nails polished at the same time craned their

necks to watch my reaction. My face turned red with embarrassment. As the women found an excuse, they would walk by my desk and watch the girl applying the bright red polish on my nails. Because my toe nails were still drying while I was wearing the open slippers, they saw the same color had been added there.

One lady who was quite aware of my situation said out loud, "All he needs now is a dress and some makeup."

While several women laughed, Jane laughingly said, "What a great idea. I think that it can be arranged, don't you Charlie?"

Her statement caused some laughter but made the woman who had suggested I be put in a dress just as embarrassed as I was. Jane and I sat at the tables while our nails were being dried. I wanted to drop out of sight. Jane leaned over to me as whispered, "Sorry, darling, I wanted to do something nice for you. Perhaps it would have been better and not so humiliating for you if you *had* come wearing your dress and heels. I just wanted to treat you as the girl you would like to become. If you want to wear dresses and pretty undies, this is a small price to pay for that pleasure."

Once again, I could say nothing to defend myself. I knew that she was correct but she was still determined to force me into giving up wearing feminine apparel for life. I was tempted to give in to her demands but I was stubborn enough to want to prove to my wife that I could take anything she did trying to persuade me to stop wearing pretty and soft apparel.

Finally my nails were dried, Jane paid for our treatments and thanked the girl, saying, "My husband looks nice. You did an excellent job. Thank you for your service." I hurriedly put on my socks and shoes to hide the

bright toenails but had to see a well-manicured red-tipped hand tying the shoe laces, a reminder of the events of the past hour.

During the weekend, Jane spread the depilatory over my body after I had shaved my legs and under my arms. I was wearing the pink shirtwaist long-sleeved dress, along with heels. I had spent time on my makeup as we were going shopping. Jane mentioned that I should have some summer clothes rather than the long-sleeved dresses, particularly since I no longer had body hair. I had been applying body lotion twice a day, making my skin soft and smooth. Of course, even though it was warm, I still had to wear the high waist girdle.

Shopping this weekend was very pleasant as I was completely dressed from head to toe in feminine finery. My makeup for daytime wear was perfect, my nails were femininely shaped and glistened with the bright red polish. I was confident appearing in public dressed as a woman. We went back to Dillard's but did not attract any attention in the dress department. I tried on many different summer dresses, short sleeves, halter necks and several strapless dresses. We both decided that a strapless would not work for me.

Finally I chose two short-sleeved full-skirted dresses and a halter top dress in bright yellow. The other two dresses were similar, one red, the other pink with vertical striping in several blending colors. Of course we needed matching summer shoes, Jane insisted that I still wear nothing but three-inch heels with my dresses. I was surprised when she suggest a pair of tan one-inch heeled pumps. She told me that she thought that I should start wearing women's slacks to work and that my male pants were too baggy.

We went to the causal department and found two pairs of slacks, one medium brown and the other in beige.

Both had side zippers. I tried to protest but my wife reminded me of my promise and pointed out that I had an office by myself and that seldom did I have any company. I went along with her suggestions until we came upon the blouses that would go with my new slacks. I again protested. She reminded me, "You could accept your fate and make it easy or I will embarrass you by removing your wig so everyone will realize that you are a man completely dressed as a woman. And I can assure you that they will know everything you are wearing, my sweet little crossdresser!"

I did not hesitate and followed Jane to the racks of blouses. While I pleaded, she told me she understood. "And we will try to find some blouses that are not too obvious to a passer-by. It is high time you gave up your male clothing and went completely female. Now let's decide on your blouses."

She continued, "I think that you should let your hair grow and not cut it. I will trim it for you. Maybe you will not have to wear a wig. You can have fun setting your hair to a style that will make you pretty and feminine. You have nice pretty hair. I can't wait until we can put your wig away."

Why did I have mixed feeling about Jane's statement? While I wanted to wear women's clothing and I enjoyed the soft silky feel of my lingerie and the softness of my nightgowns in bed, being completely dressed as a girl all the time gave me doubts. I am a male but at the same time I enjoyed looking and dressing as a female. Was I ready to continue full-time as a girl? My mind said "NO" but my body said "Yes."

What I had envisioned about wearing feminine attire as I pleased when the mood stuck me and returning to male clothing afterwards was no longer an option. I had agreed to Jane's demands. "Once you decide against

wearing women's clothing, you will be cured and never again will put on any item of feminine attire; otherwise you will wear whatever I tell you!"

I was losing my interest in becoming more feminine each day, but would it not be nice to have my own long shiny hair set in a feminine style and a smooth feminine hairless body. My gaff made sure that my maleness would be undetected, even when I wore only panties and a bra.

So we shopped for blouses both unisex and feminine as well as several skirts and more feminine slacks, some in pastel colors.

Several weeks had gone by since my shopping trip and my hair was growing. I wore entire women's outfits to my office, everything from sexy lingerie to side- or back-zippered slacks, along with blouses. My now-longer hair was tied in a ponytail with a rubber band. Once I returned home, the rubber band was replaced with a ribbon and a bow. I wore slight heels to work, always changing into three-inch heels when home.

My fingernails had clear or a very light pink polish applied every morning and I repainted them with red polish in the evenings and weekends. Of course my toenails were always polished in the deep cherry red colorant. . While I was always embarrassed leaving the house for work, no one else seemed to notice that I was completely dressed in female attire.

Summer had passed and Fall was almost ending when I received a phone call from my company. Business had decreased considerably and they had to cut expenses. This meant that they would be closing my office and sug-

gested that I work out of my house. They would pay to have the phone and internet transferred and would keep paying those bills. They gave me an extra hundred dollars a month to offset the additional cost of utilities.



When I told Jane that evening about the closing of my office, she reminded me, "This means that you will be home all the time."

It suddenly dawned on me that it also meant that I would no longer be allowed to wear comfortable feminine clothing when working since I had agreed to always stay in dresses and skirts with high-heeled shoes when at home. According to the terms of my agreement with Jane, I would be completely dressed as a woman twenty-four hours a day.

When I voiced my concerns to my wife, she just smiled and said, "It looks as though you can pack up the remaining male clothing and store them unless you want to call it quits!"

I considered the idea for ten minutes before I stated, "As tempting as it may sound, I still enjoy wearing lingerie and skirts."

Jane replied, "Since you still prefer women's apparel, then it's time we not only had you dressed as a woman but started to improve your womanly image. This next week will be slow for me at the office so I will take a vacation and teach you what you will need to become proficient at appearing and acting as a real female since that is what you wish to be. In the meantime, for the rest of this week. Next week, do NOT shave your face. As far as makeup, use eye-shadow, mascara and lipstick only."

During the next week, I was taught the proper way a woman walks, sits, talks, as well as learning to raise my voice and use my hands while holding a conversation. My body was moisturized twice a day; I had my arms and legs waxed by my wife.

Since I had a slight beard by the end of a week and a half, I had an appointment at the beauty shop where my hair was permed and my beard removed by electrolysis.

My nails, which had grown, were manicured , shaped and polished. Jane did not try to conceal the fact that I was a male wearing a dress and having feminine beauty treatments.

As I was being serviced by different technicians, she always called me Charlie in a loud voice such as, "Charlie wants to be as feminine as possible, therefore he has insisted that his beard be removed to help him when he wears makeup. He wears everything from foundation and concealer to blush and lipstick. Without his beard, all his skin will be hairless and silky smooth."

As I had my hair permed and styled, she said to the woman watching my progress to womanhood, "Charlie could not wait until he had his hair permed. He has complained that he cannot do anything to his hair which he insisted he had to let grow. Wanda, be sure to get rid of his awful sideburns. Remember, Charlie likes his hair long and wants it curly . Give him bangs and style his hair so he shows his pretty earrings at all times."

Talking with several patrons of the shop, she offered, "You know my husband Charlie insists on wearing ladies garments. He loves wearing a girdle but he refuses to have his ears pierced. He says that wearing clip-on earrings makes him more feminine. I wonder if he wore screw-type ear rings if he would feel more ladylike. I remember how I felt with pierced earrings over the old clip-on and screw types. But he will have to learn by himself.

"Charlie is a wonderful cook. He stays in the kitchen always wearing skirts or dresses and his heels are all three-inch. You should see how well he walks and has a pretty swinging rear. His petticoats really swish. I only wish that he would wear shorter skirts to show off his shapely smooth legs. They look lovely in nylons and heels. He is such a sweet thing!"

I could not hear everything but caught the reactions and giggles from the ladies watching my beauty treatments. By the time I left the shop, I was totally embarrassed, particularly when I paid my bill with the credit card in the name Cindy Brown. The receptionist asked loudly, "Cindy, do you want another appointment next Friday for your pedicure and manicure?"

Jane replied before I could say anything. "Yes, that would be lovely. He really likes being pampered and looks forward to having his nails done. Morning would be best as we have an appointment that afternoon so we can start working on his figure. Charlie has always admired women with smaller waist and ample breasts."

During our ride home, I was too shy to question Jane's statements as I knew that she was really angry for my not giving into her wishes as I chose to continue wearing dresses. She was trying to make me cave in and admit defeat. My Irish temperament would not allow me to concede. I thought that if I could not take any humiliation she doled out, I did not deserve to be able to enjoy my wonderful clothing. I did not care what strangers thought.

So my training began in earnest. I learned to handle myself as a woman, talk like one, sew, cook, and clean the house. Jane came home one night carrying a large oversized box. After dinner, I went with her to our bedroom. Laid out on the bed was a short-skirted French maid's uniform complete with cap, white organdy apron, two starched short fully petticoats, white ruffled panties and sheer black nylon hose. "These are for you dear," she said while giving me a kiss on the lips.

"You don't have to thank me, I can see the thanks in your eyes. I am sure you will look lovely in this. I remembered that you wanted to wear short miniskirts when you traveled to Atlanta last year. While those skirts did not fit a woman of your age, being a French maid would fulfill your fantasies. It will give me great pleasure seeing you prance around in such a becoming and stunning outfit. I hope you like it. Oh, I forgot to tell you. This is a size 12. I know you wear a fourteen in a dress when you wear your tight girdle. Tomorrow we are going to Emily's Foundations and you will be measured for a corset so you can fit into your new uniform which you will wear when you cook and clean the house. Won't that be fun?"

"I am glad you will be able to enjoy this as I am looking forward to having a maid . You don't have to thank me, your attending to the house while dressed properly will be thanks enough, dear Cindy. As far as I am concerned, Charlie is no longer here except at specials time in the evenings when I desire him. Even then he must make his presence in the form of Cindy."

Friday morning after I showered and moisturized my face and body, I came into the bedroom wearing my customary towel wrapped around me as a man would. Jane looked at me and said, "This will never do, you need to cover your breasts as well. Oh, I forgot that they are detachable. I think it is time that you had your breasts at all times. Lay down on the bed," she commanded.

I laid on my back while Jane took an adhesive which she spread on my chest. Then, taking one breast form, she placed it on my chest in the proper place before holding the form tightly to my chest. Satisfied, she did the right breast. Once the adhesive dried, I got up and put my bra

across my chest, slipping the false breasts into the bra cups.

“Now you will have to cover your breasts with your towel as any woman would,” she said with a smile coming to her lips. “Put your gaff on, then your garter belt and hose, followed by your panties. Then step into this lovely white lacy teddy which snaps at the crotch. We want you to have a barrier between your body and the corset you will be buying today, unless you have decided to give up dressing in ladies wear.”

She left the room before I could protest, even though I had an idea that I would be wearing a corset. Remembering some stories I had read, men enjoyed being tight-laced and having a small waist.

Emily was glad to see us. “My, but you look lovely, Charlie, or should I say Cindy? I understand you suggested to Jane that you would like to begin figure training. Let me take your measurements.

“Good,” she continued after removing the tape, “I have the proper corset in stock, a pretty white satin model that will be just perfect for you. Your waist is twenty-nine inches and the corset can reduce it to twenty-six inches. This is a good start as if we tried to reduce your waist to 24 inches now it would be too great a problem. Perhaps later on we can reduce you from twenty-six inches to twenty-four but it will be quite awhile before that can happen. Come back to the dressing room and remove your dress and slip. Call me when you are ready.”

In a few minutes, I called in my trained voice for Emily. She was surprised at my voice and mentioned that to Jane as she came into the room carrying a white satin corset. “I see you are wearing a Teddy, which is an excellent idea. In the olden days, women wore cotton undergarments under their stays, or corsets as we now call them. I

am sure that the satin combining with your Nylon and silk will feel comfy!"

Placing the open garment around my middle, she started fastening the front hooks. I had to hold my breath as they tightened around my waist. "Not so bad," I thought until Emily walked around to my backside with Jane. Instructing Jane on the proper technique, she started taking the slack out of the pullers in the rear of the corset. She started from the top, working her way down to the waist. Emily secured the pullers with a knot, then started from the bottom, working her way up to my waist line. Even then, I was not in any pain or discomfort. She slipped a long piece of satin-covered brace, called a tail, down the back between the laces and my Teddy. Then Emily started again from the top, tightening the laces until they were almost pulling the two sides together. I was soon gasping for breath. She tied both sets in a slip knot behind my back.

Taking out her tape measure, she slipped it around my waist. "Twenty seven inches " she said, "We can reduce his waistline another inch but I think it best to wait about a week until Charlie gets accustomed to his corset. Then we can reduce the garment until both ends meet and the laces are totally closed. I think it is a great fit. Charlie, it will take you a while to get use to wearing your stays but you will adapt to the confines of the corset both body-wise and in how you carry yourself. I can see already that your lovely breasts are being held rigidly in place.

"Your posture will also improve. It will take a while to adjust to bending down and bending over, but I am sure in time you will not notice any discomfort. Your waist is very becoming and the corset is pushing flesh down to your hips. Enjoy yourself!"

With that, Emily and Jane walked into the store, leaving me before a three-sided mirror where I was able to see the effects of the corset molding my body flesh. I must have been standing there for five minutes as Jane called, "What is keeping you? Put on your dress and come out to the counter." When I met with Jane, she was holding several very lacy Teddies in pink and black awaiting my approval.

We went out to a quiet restaurant where Jane suggested that we have a dinner salad and share a turkey and ham sandwich. It was a good thing that we split the sandwich for it took me over thirty minutes to eat the salad and half a sandwich due to the restriction the corset had on my body. While I did not have much to eat, about half what I would normally eat when wearing a girdle, I was full.

I was glad when it came time to get ready for bed as my body was aching from the tight constriction of the corset. Jane untied and loosened the laces after I removed my stockings which were attached to the three suspenders hanging from each side of the corset. After removing the Teddy, I slipped into a soft pink knee-length nightie.

Arising earlier than usual at Jane's suggestion, I took my shower, applied lotion over my entire body, then put on my bra, gaff, panties and a fresh Teddy. I wrapped the corset around my body and fastened the steel clasp in front. My wife came into the bedroom and began pulling the laces until there was only a gap of about an inch. "Soon we will be able to fully lace you up properly," she said as she gave a final tug at the laces, then tied them behind my back.. "Now lets see if your new uniform will fit."

I slipped it over my head, pulled the dress into place, and had the bodice pulling snugly against my falsies. Jane pulled the back zipper closed. The dress was a perfect fit since my waist had been reduced. Lifting the hem of the dress, she had me step into the two flouncing petticoats and pulled them to my waist. She adjusted the hem of the uniform until satisfied that the skirt stood out from the petticoats. Looking up from my knees, all I could see was a big fluffy whirl of white laced skirts covered by a short black nylon skirt several inches above the petticoats.

Admiring the finished look of my short skirt, Jane reached behind her back and handed me the white layered rumba panties. I blushed as I stepped into the panties and pulled them up into place under the tiered petticoats. I slipped the organdy white apron over my shoulders, then Jane tied a large bow in the back.

Sitting down at the vanity, Jane applied my makeup as if we were going out for the evening. I was heavily blushed, shadowed and massacred. The bright red lipstick along with a wet sealer and a liberal spraying of perfume was applied. Finally she added a long dangling heavy set of rhinestone earrings which were screwed into place. Before I arose from the stool, Jane pinned the small lace-trimmed white cap into my hair. "Now you are ready to begin your household duties, my pretty little maid. You look so feminine, it is hard to remember what you use to look like as a male. I hope that you will enjoy your new duties and outfit. Take a few minutes to look at yourself in the mirror. I want you to form a mental image in your sweet head. As you go about your chores and hear the rustling of your petticoats against your lovely silken legs, you can picture how you look.

"On your feet, dear girl, I want you to wear your heels all day. In fact, to make sure that you do not cheat, I brought you these strapped heels for you to wear with

your uniform. Notice that there is a small loop around the buckle. I am putting on these small locks to make sure you will be able to carry out my wishes. Here is a list of chores for the day and what I would like for dinner tonight. I will be home at six o'clock. Before then, you are to freshen your makeup and have a drink ready for me. Plan to serve dinner at six-fifteen. Do you have any questions?"

Before I could say anything, Jane continued, "Enjoy your day. Today and everyday hereafter, you will be fully dressed as a woman twenty-four hours a day unless you decide otherwise. Have a great day, my love."

Most of the morning while I did my chores around the house, I would stop every thirty minutes to look at myself in the mirror. I liked what I saw, a shapely well-stacked, narrow-waisted woman, wearing tall heels as her long slender legs disappeared under a mass of frilly white starched petticoats, my long shiny hair showing the dangling earrings. Although my makeup was overdone, I could appreciate the pretty face which emphasized my feminine form.

I was unable to eat very much lunch as the corset, along with the bending I was required to do in finishing my chores, cut down on my appetite. I was sore, my body ached, and my legs were hurting from working in the tall spike-heeled shoes as I started supper. Remembering Jane's instructions, I went and reapplied lipstick, mascara, perfume and brushed my hair. Lifting my dress, I pulled my panties tightly up my legs, straightened and fluffed my petticoats. Returning to the kitchen, I checked the oven for the baked stuffed chicken, then poured a glass of wine for Jane.

The door bell rang. I became nervous but decided I had better answer the door. Telling myself that I had been looking in the mirror all day and could not find a trace of

Charlie, perhaps whoever was at the door would not realize that I was a man. Upon opening the door, I saw that Jane was there carrying a package. I took the package as she stood back, checking my dress and face. Smiling, she said, "Cindy, you may kiss my check. You look lovely. How was your day? Mine was busy."

With that, she went to the bathroom. When she returned, I handed her wine and sat down opposite her in the hardback chair. "Why don't you sit over here with me on the sofa, dear?" she asked.

"I would but I found it more comfortable sitting in a straight back chair as my corset is tight and I can not bend very well."

"Oh dear, I am sorry. Emily told me that it would be difficult for you to bend in your corset and you would have to bend your legs instead of stooping over as a man would do. I should have had you practice sitting and bending before I went to work. Please forgive me, darling."

Jane enjoy seeing me bringing the food from the kitchen. She enjoyed hearing the petticoats rustle and seeing them bounce as I walked, taking small steps being careful not to spill anything. She continually throughout the meal asked me to bring her water, more wine, a fresh napkin, etc. She enjoyed the show I gave her arising from the table, having to straighten my petticoats as well as the problems I had sitting down trying to keep my skirts from exposing my fully rumba panties.

For the next month, Jane laced me into my corset, then watched as I put on the maid uniform. She always insisted on straightening my petticoats. I would do my makeup but never as heavy as Jane had done that first morning. When we went out to dinner or shopping, I was always prim and proper in a skirt or dress. Whenever I

did not have to go outside the house, I was in my uniform, which I had to wash every other evening before going to bed. First thing in the morning, I would be in my undies, heels, and full makeup, ironing my uniform.

In a month's time, my corset was fully closed and I had learned to lace myself into my stays. My waist then measured twenty-six inches. It became second nature to wear a corset as I had adapted to the confines of the garment and had learned how to walk gracefully and bend effortlessly. I wore the corset from morning until bedtime every day. When we dressed up for a night on the town, I wore not only the corset but the long line girdle.

For the next three months, I was always in the uniform during the mornings. Finally Jane said, "You have done well, my dear. I think we should save your cute uniform for special occasions. I have decided to make you a proper housewife such as we see on old television shows such as *Leave it to Beaver* and *Father Knows Best*. I have enjoyed you wearing your short petticoats and think it is time for you to experience the full effect of petticoats. I know how anxious you are for a change. I hope you can enjoy the constant swishing and rustling under your skirts each day."

That afternoon we went shopping. First we stopped at Emily's Foundation shop where Jane had ordered me another white satin-lined corset that would further reduce my waist to twenty-four inches. I tried on the new corset but we were not able to bring the laces together. Emily stated, "Do not worry, my dears, this is normal in figure training. In several months, he will be able to completely close the laces. He has done extremely well since he started wearing his corset. You might consider letting him

sleep in his old corset. His figure is very becoming to a young woman. You both must be proud!"

I was ashamed to admit that she was right. I did enjoy knowing that I did have a good figure. The group in Atlanta would be envious of me if they could see my transformation. I always thought that I looked presentable as a female, but now I could see a great improvement. My instincts told me that I wanted to be able to wear the corset fully closed; I would be able to achieve that goal in the near future. I blushed as I thought about why a man would take such delight in wearing women's clothing and the lengths he would go to to be as feminine in face and body as he could.

We left Emily's and went to the house of a woman who was a seamstress who had altered Jane's clothing in the past. I was introduced as "My husband Cindy." Jane had called her earlier and told her what she had in mind for my new dresses.

After taking my measurements and commenting on my narrow waist, the woman told Jane, "I believe that it would be better to sew in a crinoline which would be dyed to match the dress color. Under that, he can have several multilayered petticoats, which I can make, and which can be used with all his dresses. As you requested, the crinoline will be decorated with colored lace and ribbons, making the dress sweet and feminine. Also, I think that to further accent his waistline, a wide stiff leather belt covered with the dress material would be ideal. Do you agree?"

"Yes, that is a great idea. His waistline should be another inch less by the time the dresses are completed. Charlie is on a diet and has lost four inches during the last four months. His figure training is enhanced by his corset. Remember that I wish him to have full skirts so he can enjoy his petticoats. I have thought about the materials and

colors. Dacron and cotton are fine, I would suggest a peach, pink and perhaps a white dress with pink trim. What do you think?"

I had no say in the matter, even though I would be wearing the dresses. I just listened as they planned my new wardrobe. It seemed that once they decided on the material, I would be going to the shoe store to find suitable heels for each dress.

Three weeks later, I was laced to twenty-five inches in my new corset. Wearing the corset, gaffe, panties, bra and a full lace-adorned slip, I sat at the vanity doing my makeup. Once completed, I brushed my long hair which I had previously washed and set in rollers. Jane came into my room bringing two full, long, Nylon bright white petticoats. Once I had both about my waist, I looked in the three-way mirror seeing a huge circle about my stocking legs; the elastic waist was narrow down to my hips before spreading out. My old French Maid's petticoat stuck out only half as much but I was embarrassed then as too much frou-frou had been showing from under the skirt.

Jane held the pink shirtwaist dress in front of me. I looked at the full skirt dropping from a thin waistband. The dress had large circular, bright, shiny, plastic buttons down the front. She told me, "Put your arms through the sleeves and drop the dress over your head while being careful not to mess your lovely hair style. Pull the dress over your breasts, then raise your skirt from the hem and reach under the crinoline until you find where it is sewn into the dress. Raise the crinoline with your hands, bringing the skirt and crinoline over the petticoats."

Once I had smoothed the crinoline and my petticoats, I put on the pink three-inch spike-heeled pumps. Standing up, I buttoned the front of my dress, then buckled the three-inch wide belt. In the three-way mirror, I looked just like June Cleaver of *Leave it to Beaver* except that my petticoats were fuller and the crinoline which was peeking out from the dress hem had pink and white netting interlaced with pink ribbons. My narrow corseted waist was further emphasized by the large, tight, pink belt. Jane fastened a strand of large faux pearls around my neck before tightly screwing a triple pearl earring on each ear.

Jane said, "Dear, now you are going to be the perfect housewife. Don't you just love the pretty petticoats and lacy undergarments? It makes you so feminine. Isn't that your dream coming true? I am glad I can help you to become the girl of your dreams. You are so feminine in your pretty form-fitting dress, lovely makeup, pretty shiny and curly hair, lovely polished nails, your hairless body and lovely feminine figure that most women would just die for. Don't you just love the way you look and the wonderful feeling you have when your skirts rustle and tickle your silk-covered legs?"

My face reddened, knowing that Jane was right. I loved the way I looked and felt. The wide puffed out skirts showing several inches of colorful, feminine lace and ribbons which emphasized my narrow waist line. The three-quarter sleeves of the dress had wide turned-up faux French cuffs with matching buttons. I did feel like the girl of my dreams.

I was on Cloud 9 when I went out to dinner with Jane that evening. Everyone was looking at the way I was dressed. But the frou-frou of my skirts and the powerful sensation from the soft petticoats against my nylon-covered legs and the interaction of the petticoats brushing against the stiff netting of the crinoline made me oblivious

to the people watching and pointing at me. I knew that I looked and acted like a real woman. No one questioned or wondered if I was a man wearing a dress.

When I did the grocery shopping, I wore the shirtwaist dresses, always with the pearl earrings and necklace. When we went to a movie, Jane insisted that I wear one of my shirtwaist dresses. I found out that she enjoyed the problems I encountered trying to sit in a confined area with my skirts rising high on my lap due to the petticoats.

Many times when we went to a fancy restaurant for dinner on a weekend, I wore normal clothing such as a silk or Rayon dress or a wool and Dacron skirt and a fancy blouse. During the Winter season, I had matching lamb's wool sweater sets, a short-sleeved pullover with a matching cardigan. I was beginning to wear more jewelry as Jane had me wearing longer, heavier, dangling earrings, necklaces, bracelets and a few rings, including a zirconium wedding set on my left ring finger.

Jane's office Christmas party was coming up in several weeks and she insisted that we attend. Even though she asked me, I knew that it was not an invitation but a demand that could only be answered with an affirmative. It was then she told me the affair was to be formal and I would be expected to dance.

Each evening for several weeks, I wore one of the shirtwaist dresses along with my necessary undergarments and heels as Jane and I practiced dancing. I was a good dancer but had to learn how to follow rather than lead, according to Jane.

Jane decided since I would need a formal and she would also, that perhaps we could find a good consign-

ment shop in town. She remembered what I had told her about my shopping experiences in Atlanta. We did find a shop located in a good part of town. Jane had heard about the shop which had high-quality items with fair prices although the prices might be higher than several other shops.

I tried on at least six gowns before Jane selected an off-the-shoulder black taffeta cocktail dress.

I felt funny trying on the dress while my bra straps were visible but the dress was beautiful and well-made. The waist would have to be altered slightly as I now measured twenty-four inches. There was a black crinoline sewn into the dress. Jane said, "With your petticoats, the dress would be fuller and much nicer to dance in. You can wear your three-inch black dress shoes with the dress." She found a emerald green one-shoulder (rhinestone covered) dress in her size. Both were marked down to forty dollars.

Jane had me try on some winter coats. I found a long, black wool silk-lined coat with a tailored velvet collar as well as a short red semi-dressy coat for everyday wear. The coats were almost new and Jane was pleased at the prices. We walked away very happy with our purchases.

Being hungry, we decided on an early dinner. During dinner, Jane and I discussed the various dresses and the upcoming Christmas party. The party would be held in a small ballroom of a hotel in the suburbs and would have a band from nine o'clock until one. She was really looking forward to going to the party. I was just a guest. She decided that we could say I was a friend visiting from out of town and that Charlie had to solve a technical problem at one of the plants where he was responsible for engineering that weekend and had flown out of town. I agreed that the story seemed reasonable and would explain why

a friend went to the party with her instead of her husband.

The day of the party, Jane and I went to the beauty salon late in the afternoon for the works. In addition to a manicure, pedicure, facial with makeup, and hair styling, I had my arms and legs waxed. Since the attendants knew I was a man but had been there many times, I was accepted as an old customer. I did receive compliments on my waist and skin care from some of the girls. For the first time, I was completely relaxed as my hair was styled with long waves and curls. I had wings which were pinned into place with rhinestone clips. The girls asked me what I planned to wear for the formal dinner and if I would be dancing. I felt like any of the other women engaged in girl talk with their beauticians about the Christmas parties they were being groomed for.

I had laid out my underwear on the bed for the evening and was about to change from my street dress when Jane came into the room. "Tonight, you do not have to wear your gaff. Your petticoats will hide any embarrassing objects should you be tempted. I suggest that you wear a second pair of panties just in case." She handed me a pair of her high-cut black silk panties which I put on first.

Next came the black strapless "Merry Widow" corselet I had purchased along with the dress. To the four dangling garters I attached the sheer black silk hose after slipping the garters through the first pair of black panties. My attached breasts filled the cups of the bra, pushing them upwards and causing ample cleavage. I pulled the hooks into the second (tightest) set of eyelets in the "Merry Widow," then closed the zipper from below the waist to

the edge of the cups. It was tight but my previous training with a corset made me feel as though I was only wearing a bra underneath.

I stepped into the second pair of black panties, a brief-cut style; the legs had three rows of lace and ribbon. I stepped into both petticoats before I added my black patent pumps. Jane helped me with the black cocktail dress. After zipping the dress in the back, she adjusted my skirt by fluffing the petticoats. From the dresser, she opened a velvet box containing a rhinestone necklace which she held in front of me. As I held the necklace against my bare chest, she hooked the clasp in the rear. Then followed six inch long dangling matching earrings. Each earring had four sets of various lengths of drops hanging from a crescent shape rhinestone studded base. These were clipped on each ear. I finished by spraying myself with the White Diamond perfume in all the sensitive areas as Jane had taught me. Then I slipped my wedding and engagement rings over my ring finger.

Jane stepped back as I stood before her, looking at my reflection in the mirror. "I am a little jealous of you. You are simply breathtaking, you are pretty and smell as heavenly as you look. Your dress is feminine and I know that you will enjoy the sensations of your petticoats and skirt when you dance. Be sure to save a dance for me tonight. Get your clutch bag and put in your cosmetics. You will need several dollar bills for the restroom attendant. I will be finished in a few minutes. Walk around the house and enjoy yourself, my pretty Cindy."

I did as Jane suggested. Shortly she came into the den. "You are beautiful, Jane," I exclaimed as she enter into the room. Her emerald green gown showed her ample chest, which had been raised by her foundation garment that had to be strapless as well as backless as the rear of the gown was resting slightly above her waist line, exposing

her entire bare back. The single-jeweled shoulder strap was straining across her chest. She had on an emerald-colored strand necklace and long matching earring. All of a sudden, I felt a swelling in my panties. Jane was right as the two pairs did retain my bulging manhood. I wanted to take her to bed right then and there.

Jane must have read my thoughts as she said, "Sorry Cindy dear, that will have to wait until the evening is over. We girls can not mess up our pretty hair and makeup just for a brief whim. I hope you will still be as aroused then as you appear to be now. I am looking forward to this evening too much to satisfy your male urges now. I can not understand you having such urges as you are the epitome of femininity. Any man would really be excited over the possibility of trying to score with you tonight. Just keep in mind that you are mine!"

As we headed to the car, Jane took my hand in hers and gave me a big squeeze. "Remember to raise your skirts and fold them beneath you as you sit in the car. Keep your legs and knees together like the nice girl you are. I just love to hear your skirts rustle, don't you?"

We arrived at the hotel and found the room where our party was being held. We sat at a table with six of her female co-workers and three of their husbands. I was introduced as her cousin from St. Louis. Everyone was very cordial and welcomed me to the group. One of the husbands asked if we would like a drink and kindly got each of us a glass of wine. Following Jane's lead, I removed my short black nylon gloves and put them into my purse, then thanked the young man for my drink. We all made small talk until dinner was served. One husband helped

me into my chair after assisting his wife. Smiling, I thanked him for his kindness.



Dinner was good and we all had wine with dinner. When we were offered chocolate cake for dessert, I passed, saying, "I would love to but I must watch my figure." Several of the girls giggled at my statement but I did not understand why. Even though my waist was slightly restricted by the Merry Widow corselet, I had learned not to overeat. The music started and the three married couples started to dance. Several men came over to our table and asked the girls to dance. I was shocked as I was the first one to be asked. I excused myself and took the gentleman's outstretched hand. Jane gave me a knowing smile. I enjoyed our dance to a slow fox-trot.

It was an unique experience since it was the first time I had danced with a man. As he took my hand in his and put his hand firmly around my waist, I followed his lead. It suddenly dawned on me that is why Jane had led during our practicing at home. I was taking the girl's part since for all purposes, I was a girl for the evening. Near the end of the dance, he pulled me closer to him. I felt my petticoats raise in the back as his legs pressed against the front of my dress. The music changed to a cha-cha. I followed as he led. I felt my petticoats brushing against my legs while making a rustling noise as I swayed. We returned to the table and I thanked him.

Jane asked, "Don't you like the swish of your petticoats while dancing? You looked as though you enjoyed your dancing. Your dress is lovely as you twirl around the room. I glad we get to dance tonight." About that time, an older man, Jane's boss, asked her to dance. As I was watching, a good-looking young man asked me. After several dances, both Jane and I returned to our table.

Jane informed me, "That is the boss's son you were dancing with. Isn't he adorable?"

I wanted to say "How would I know?" and "Why should I care?" It dawned on me that I was thinking like a man. If I had answered with my first thoughts, I would be acting as a man. Feeling my earring dangling along my neck as well as being aware of long hair brushing my neck as we were sitting down, I remembered how I was dressed and how I should act in public. While I had passed as a woman while partying in Atlanta, our group knew who we were and did not try to represent ourselves as strictly female. Coming to my senses, I replied, "Yes, he is kind of cute, but rather young."

I was asked to dance so many times by the single men at the party that the three husbands never had to ask out of courtesy. Jane was dancing most of the time as well. We retired to the ladies room where Jane whispered to me to be sure to sit once in the stall. I laughed and reminded her that I was aware of the procedure. I met her at the vanity and following her lead, powdered my nose, added a little blush to my cheeks, put a coat of mascara to my lashes, and retouched my lipstick. As we were leaving I heard several girls giggling and whispering among themselves. The same happened as we returned to the table.

I asked Jane, "What seems to amuse the girls? Do I look alright or have I forgotten something?"

"I will tell you later. You look absolutely perfect and pretty. I hope you are enjoying the evening!"

The party was breaking up around midnight. Jane and I both had to reject several invitations to continue partying afterward. I noticed that when asked, the girls at the

table smiled and looked at each other knowingly. The party had thinned out as the band played the last set. Jane and I danced together for the first time. She led, holding me close to her body. I felt her legs pressing into my skirt, trying to make bodily contact. At the end of the final dance, she took my face in her hand and kissed me sweetly, then smiled, saying, "The best is yet to come, my sweet pretty husband."

On the ride home, we were discussing the party and how much we enjoyed dancing, Jane commented, "You asked why several girls were giggling in the powder room and when we returned to the table. The girls had wondered how you would handle yourself when it was time to relieve yourself and if you would go to the Ladies' room. You see, all the girls at our table knew that you are my husband and why you attended the party dressed as you are. They are keeping your secret and did not even tell their husbands. Only the girls in my office know of your decision to wear women's clothing. They told me when you were dancing that they never would have known that you were male. We got a big laugh over the way those office wolves fought to try to get you into bed with them. I kept thinking what they would have said and the ridicule they would receive when word got out that they were romancing a man. It would serve them right.

"All the girls were amazed at how entirely feminine you looked and how you handled yourself. They said that they would never have guessed that you are my husband. During the time when I was having trouble accepting your crossdressing, I confided in them. They advised me to see the counselor and let you develop. They hoped, as I

did, that you would give up your need or obsession to wear women's apparel. When you were in the stall, several girls told me how sweet you appeared and that you look and act like a woman. When you applied your makeup, they knew that you were serious about looking like a girl. You really surprised them. They said that you would be welcomed at their party anytime, as Cindy."

I was upset at first but realized that I had brought this on myself and it was my choice to attend the party dressed as I was. Jane had seen that I would be and feel feminine by wearing the dress and petticoats as well as the form-fitting lingerie adorning my body. Of course, the more I danced, the more the skirts, lingerie, heels and makeup made a deep impact on my senses.

Home, Jane fixed us scotch and water as we talked more about the evening. I admitted that dancing in skirts was more than a pleasant sensation. We sat close to each other and she began to kiss and touch me in sensitive areas. Soon she was reaching under my skirts and removed the outer set of panties. She stoked my stiffened manhood through the second set of panties. Taking my hand, she helped me off the sofa. While her lips pressed tightly against mine, I felt her tongue pushing to enter my slightly opened lips until we were darting back and forth. Her hands dropped to the back of my neck as I felt and heard the zipper being opened. Soon I was helped out of my dress.

As her lips were still on mine, she stepped back and undid the shoulder clasp to her dress, pulling down on the long side zipper until she could remove her dress.

We stood in the middle of the room. Jane was wearing a pair of emerald green lace Nylon panties with matching garter belt, sheer beige stockings, and her heels, She had not worn a bra that night as the dress had a sewn-in cups to hold her magnificent breasts.

I stood before her, looking at her throbbing breasts while wearing the two petticoats over my black Merry Widow corselet, sheer black stockings, high-heeled black pumps, and Jane's tight black, high-cut panties. Soon I was stepping out of the petticoats which were left in a heap on the floor as we rushed hand in hand into our bedroom. The spread had been pulled down, leaving the bed covered in pink satin sheets and pillow cases. We both slipped off our heels. I wanted to remove my stockings and corselet but Jane stopped me.

We got between the sheets in our lingerie and made wild passionate love. Jane played and toyed with me, caressing my silk-covered legs, pressed her breasts against mine, rubbing back and forth, and stroking my stiffened manhood under my panties. Soon I felt her fingers along the back of the elastic, pulling down my panties. I remained in my corselet and panties the rest of the time until we awoke. We engaged again in sexual toying until we both reached a climax.

We showered together for the first time in our marriage. After drying each other off, we applied body lotion over each other's entire body. I started to rise to the occasion, but Jane said, "You had better save that until later. Put your gaff back on as we do not wish to have you embarrassed. Let's go have brunch. Put on your peach shirt-waist and redo your makeup."

Giving me a kiss on the lips, she continued, "I have decided that I can live with Cindy and learn to love her as I do Charlie. I want Cindy to be here all the time unless you should decide to give her up entirely. I am glad that you made a Big Mistake by not packing away your wig that week when I returned from my trip.

My mistake certainly turned my life around. I shall never wear men's clothing again. Cindy is here to stay and we are both pleased and happier than I could ever have imagined. I have a part-time job in Jane's company as a secretary to the boss's son as well as keeping house and cooking for my beloved wife.

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