



Reluctant Press presents:

A Different Game

Lynn Brown



ILLUSTRATIONS BY C PAGANI

A 'HER TV' NOVEL

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A Different Game

By Lynn Brown

I used to play poker with four of my friends, all in our late twenties, every other Friday. We would rotate the host of the game each time at one of the member's house or apartment. Three of us are married; two bachelor that played. Stakes were from 50 cents to a dollar. Everyone enjoyed our bimonthly games and we thought that our wives did not mind our playing from eight until midnight as we never made messes or got too loud.

Our poker club had been meeting almost a year before one of the wives suggested that they join in the fun. In fact after Pete's wife had made the initial suggestion, she call Dave's wife and my wife, Betty to see if they were interested in playing on Friday night. All three wives thought that it would be fun, suggesting that it would a way in which they could have an evening of entertainment rather then being alone. The poker club was ended and we began playing with the girls.

The ages of our wives ranged from 29 to 32. My wife, Betty, age 29, is a very attractive and stunning woman weighing 135 pounds, medium brown hair of shoulder length who is 5 foot 7 inches tall. She works as a private secretary to the owner of a small business. Betty mostly dresses in sweater sets showing off her pert breast while being modestly clothed. Her narrow waistline and rounded hips fills a size 12 skirt very nicely. Always wearing high heels to work with her above the knee skirts and lovely legs, she is a pleasure to watch as she walks past me.

My name is Charlie Brown. Recently turning 30, I am close to Betty in height being 5 foot 8 1/2 inches, weighing 160 pounds. Over the past three years since our marriage I have maintained a thirty-two inch waist even though I do not exercise. Since graduating from college eight years ago I have worked my way to become a department manager in a medium size manufacturing office.

Betty and I hosted the first meeting from eight o'clock until half past eleven. We would then have thirty minutes to visit before ending the evening.

We had to teach the girls how to play poker and had to lower the stakes to 5 and 10 cents in order to appease the women. There was a lot of talking and socializing done by the wives, Betty, Sarah and Diane, rather than playing cards. Although the men, Dave, Pete and myself would rather play cards as a game of skill, we went along with our wives to keep peace in the families.

Dave being the youngest of the group at 29 was slightly shorter than me as he is 5 foot 8 inches but was extremely slim at less than 145 pounds. While Dave is an engineer for a large manufacturing company in town his wife, Diane is a legal secretary for a downtown law firm. She is a very cute woman with long black hair, very slender at 120 pounds and tall at 5 foot 7 inches. Whenever the three couples would get together for an evening she was professionally dressed in suits and dresses.

Sarah, Pete's wife, was the eldest of our group at age 32. She was also the tallest member as she is 5 foot 10 inches weighing only 135 pounds with a great figure of 40-26-37 to go along with her medium length blond hair. Sarah was a beautiful woman. She worked part time at the same firm as Diane. It was our wives who brought us together as a social group as the girls had met several years ago.

Pete was as tall as Sarah but was younger by two years. He is a nice looking man who is the manager of a local hardware store. Pete was rather quiet and always did as Sarah suggested.

At the third meeting during the break for refreshments, Dave decided that we needed to liven up the party. He announced, "It's not all that interesting playing for money since the stakes are so small. Perhaps it would be interesting to play strip poker."

Betty who had a little too much to drink said, "That is a wonderful idea. What do you say girls? We should have an advantage over the men as we would have nine items to lose: shoes, stockings or panty hose, skirt, blouse, sweater, earrings, slip, bra and panties. The men would have seven items: shoes, socks, tee shirt, briefs, pants, shirt and sweater. This gives us an immediate advantage."

After several minutes of pros and cons, it was decided that at the next meeting at our house we would play Strip Poker. The banker, host, would give each player five dollars in chips to start the game. Bets would be 50 cents any time and a dollar on a pair with the standard three raises. Games would be either 5 or 7 card stud, duces wild, or draw poker, or a pair of Jacks or better to open and three of a kind or better to win.

When a player lost their five dollars, he or she would take off a piece of clothing and receive another five dollars in chips to continue playing. All agreed to the rules. We were looking forward to the next game. Since our wives were not very good poker players, we men thought that the women would be doing most of the stripping. We were looking forward to the next game, as we believed this would liven up the party making up for the fun we had been missing since the dissolving of our regular game.

Friday night at eight we started playing after reviewing the rules. Yes, the party did liven up that evening for a while. Instead of completely stripping the women disrobed only to their slippers before quitting the game. This was a bummer, but we said nothing that night.

At the next meeting, the same thing happened as each wife would stop playing when she had stripped down to her slip. Pete, Dave and I got together during the break to discuss what we could do since the girls were not following the rules that had been agreed upon. I was elected to start the discussion with the wives as we sat at the table for cake and drinks.

“Girls,” I said, “we appreciate the fact that you have joined our poker group but we are disappointed in the way that you are participating in the game by changing the rules to suit your whims. Maybe this was not a good idea and that we should go back to men ONLY poker. Can you suggest an alternative? You still have an advantage of two clothing items over us.”

“Let me discuss this with the girls for a few minutes and we will decide,” Betty replied. Returning shortly from the bedroom, she stated: “You are right as we have not been abiding by the original rules. We wish to continue our socializing and will do as you suggest.”

“All right!” I said. “Then we are in agreement? Next meeting we will strip all the way if it is required?”

“Yes, we agree but we would like to change one rule. If the person is forced to strip completely, then that person should be given the chance to redeem some of their clothing. We suggest that the naked person be given an additional five dollars to be able to win back some clothing. Each piece can be redeemed for \$10 in chips. This will make the game more interesting for you men,” Betty suggested.

We looked at each other with wide grins on our faces since we had forced them commit to the original plan. Pete thought for a moment and said, “What happens if that person then loses her chips? What would the penalty be?”

“We have considered the problem and offer the following solution. After losing the five dollars, that person, male or female will be completely dressed in clothing of the opposite gender for the rest of the evening and will go home dressed in the “LOSER CLOTHING,” Betty suggested.

Pete countered, “But that is not fair, I should, I mean we should be able to have another chance to redeem our own items of clothing at the price of \$10 each as you propose.”

Betty and the girls talked among themselves before replying, “Pete has a good point. Every one should have a second chance. We propose that an additional five dollars in chips be given the person wearing the opposite clothing in order to redeem their own clothes. Should he obtain ten dollars he may take off the opposite attire completely and take back one of his articles. However, if HE loses again, then HE will remain in clothing of the opposite gender until Sunday evening. Is that agreeable, or are you men too chicken?”

“What makes you believe that a MAN will lose? I look forward to seeing one of you girls in a suit and tie,” I quipped. “Boys, are you with me?” Every one agreed and that the new rules would go into effect at the next game.

“What guarantee do we have that you girls will abide by the new rules?” Dave asked rather boldly.

Betty replied, “ I will type out an agreement stating the rules. We will all sign, pledging that we will participate completely. Will that satisfy you?”

During the next week Betty had all six signatures on the agreement. We all looked forward to the next meeting.

Starting at eight o'clock, we had settled into some serious poker. By nine thirty I had taken off my boxer shorts. I was the first to be completely stripped in our game. A big grin came over Betty's face as she asked, “Do you wish a chance to regain your clothes or do you wish to remain naked until eleven thirty? Are you a gambler or a chicken?”

Both Diane and Sarah joined in on the ribbing until I said, “All right give me five dollars in chips.”

In two hands I had lost everything. “All right, Charlie, let us go back to the bed room. Come on girls, I will need your help. In the meantime, Pete and Dave, have yourselves a drink while we help Charlie obey the rules.”

In the bedroom, Betty handed me a pair of her white panties trimmed in lace to cover myself up. As soon as I pulled the panties into place, Diane held a matching white laced bra in front of me and directed my arms through the straps, fastening the snaps in the back Sarah picked up a full laced white slip which she slid over my head as soon as the bra was fastened. Betty had me sit on the bed where she rolled a pair of beige panty hose into place. Another pair of white matching panties followed this. She then stuffed my feet into a pair of low heels. Betty had rolled up a pair of my socks, stuffing them into the bra for fullness.

Having me stand, I was given a light blue rayon blouse that buttoned in the back. While Betty was closing the blouse, Sarah helped me into a navy skirt and closed the side zipper. Diane had gotten a pair of long dangling earrings from Betty's jewelry box, which she clipped on each ear lobe. Within ten minutes they had me completely dressed in woman's clothing.

“Let's add a little make-up,” suggested Sarah. Soon I had mascara added to my eyes, a little eye shadow, then blush before being given some red lipstick.

The girls led me out to the family room. Pete and Dave were in disbelief as I stood in front of them. I was told by Betty, “Lift your skirt so the boys will know what may be in store for them in the future.” I did as told while the girls were teasing me and saying to their husbands, “See what you will soon be wearing.”

“Shall we continue our game, ladies and gentleman?” quipped Betty. As we sat down, Betty reminded me of the alternative to being dressed this way. “Do you wish to obtain another five dollars or remain as you are dressed for the rest of the evening?”

Thinking about the consequences, I chose not to play. At break time I was instructed to serve dessert and coffee. Everyone enjoyed seeing me parade around in heels and a skirt. The blouse allowed the slip and bra that I was wearing to be shown. After the break, the others played cards while I cleaned up the kitchen.

At eleven when the game ended, Betty and Diane were down to their slips, while Sarah was wearing a red bra and matching panties. Dave had on only his undershorts, while Pete was only down to his slacks. Everyone but myself redeemed and dressed in their own clothes. We then visited until eleven thirty. As everyone was leaving, the girls all kissed me on the cheek, treating me like one of them.

Going to the bedroom, Betty helped me undress and put the clothes in the closet and hamper. "Keep the panties on," she said handing me a pink nylon nightgown, "Your evening is not over yet."

That night we made love which was much more intense than I could remember.

Before the next Friday poker session, Betty and the girls did a lot of talking on the phone to each other. They met several days during that time but I could not find out where they had gone or what they were doing. Betty was really looking forward to our next game with great anticipation.

Poker night came soon thereafter and we all met at Sarah's house a little before eight. As the game started, I was being very careful how I played after being the first to be stripped the previous time. I was amazed that by nine o'clock all three men were losing. We were down to our pants or boxers and tee shirts. Betty had only taken off her earrings and shoes; Sarah was down to her skirt and Diane had lost only her earrings, shoes and stocking. Somehow, the girls were being very lucky.

Within another fifteen minutes, Dave had been stripped. He decided to stay naked for several rounds before taking five dollars in chips. Within the next hand he lost his remaining chips and was escorted to the bedroom. Soon Dave returned to the table in a full-skirted dress complete with hose and heels. After raising his skirts to show Pete and I that he was completely dressed in female attire, he sat at the table. He was determined that he could win and took another five dollars in chips.

During the next hand, Pete was stripped and received additional chips to continue playing. Dave won the next hand as everyone but Pete dropped out. In fifteen minutes, Pete was showing us his undies and modeling a pastel yellow full-skirted dress with a petticoat underneath. Dave continued to play. The very next hand, both Dave and Pete had lost their chips. That meant that the three girls and I were left in the game while Pete and Dave observed the game wearing their new clothes and would be dressed in female attire until Sunday evening.

I did not stand a chance against the three of them. During the break, I was taken back to the bedroom where I was given clothing from Betty's suitcase. It seemed that the wives had gotten together and decided to be prepared for all three of us losing. Once again I was completely dressed in a skirt, blouse, sweater, heels, stocking, a garter belt, slip and makeup before being taken back into the den and showing my skirts to the others while our wives were laughing and congratulating each other for overcoming their husbands.

I was considering quitting until Betty had conned me into asking for addition stack of chips." Are you chicken or just a Sissy to play?" she asked. Diane and Sarah were egging her on. Finally I asked for the chips determined to show the girls how to play poker. On the first hand I had three eights and kept raising until I had spent all my chips. Betty had the last raise and bet three dollars.

I said, "I don't have any more chips to see your raise."

"I will make a deal with you, instead of your having to forfeit the pot, I will loan you enough chips to see my raise. If you win, then we can continue playing and you may be able to redeemed one of your days in women's clothing. However, if you lose you will spend NEXT weekend in frilly dresses, soft pretty undies, makeup and heels, doing my bidding," Betty offered. "How good of a poker player are you? Do you think I am bluffing? Where is this macho poker player?"

"All right, you are called," I said, "three eights. Try to beat that?"

"Let me see, I have a king, jack, ten, nine and four," she said. I grinned and laughed as I started to drag the pot. "It is hard to bluff the master," I quipped. Both Dave and Pete were cheering me on.

"Oh, I forgot to tell you they are all HEARTS," Betty laughed as she laid down her hand.

Dave, Pete and I were beaten by a bunch of women at our own game. We were the ones who wanted to spice up the game and our lives. Well, we sure spiced it up for our wives. Three male poker players were now in full women's clothing and would be until Sunday night. There was another hour to go until the evening was over. We went the den for conversation and small talk where it was decided by the girls that the six females would have dinner together Saturday evening at eight. Nothing had been said regarding whose house would serve as host for the coming evening. The four of us left. Betty decided that I should not drive while wearing heels.

Arriving home, I removed the makeup and clothing before being handed one of her short Babydoll nighties for my bed attire. Betty snuggled close to me as I got under the covers. She proceeded to kiss and caress me until we both were satisfied.

The alarm rang at nine that morning. After going to the toilet, finishing brushing my teeth and hair, Betty handed me a pink negligee and a pair of mules to wear over the baby doll pajamas while we fixed breakfast. Before going to the kitchen, Betty took the tube of pink lipstick and applied it on my lips.

After breakfast, Betty had me shower. As I was drying off, she came into the bathroom with a razor and shaving cream telling me, "Raise your arms as I am going to shave the hair from under your arms." When finished she gave me her deodorant to use, then handing me the set of undies that I had worn at the card game last night.

Once I had put them on, she assisted as I finished donning the dress and other clothing worn the previous evening. "Do not shave your face this morning, as I want you to have a smooth face tonight when we go to dinner with the 'girls'. We will just put on some lipstick, earrings, and necklace for your finishing touches for the rest of the day."

The balance of the morning, I helped Betty with the cleaning of the house. After lunch, we went into the den where I was given instructions on the art of walking and sitting while dressed as a woman. "If you are going to dress as a female than you should learn to conduct yourself as one," she insisted.

I was wondering why the need for these instructions, behaving as a female, when she reminded me that we would be going out to dinner tonight and she was determined not to be embarrassed by my actions.

That afternoon I accompanied Betty to the kitchen and was seated at the table and given a bowl of sudsy water to soak my hands while she went to get her manicure set. After trimming my cuticles, she took out her emery board to shape my nails. When that was done she took out some crimson red polish and applied two coats to my nails. When the polish had dried, she brushed on a clear sealer coat of polish.

At five that evening, I was informed that it was time to get ready for dinner. "I want you to strip down to your panties and call me before you shower," Betty ordered. When I called her she came into the room and proceeded to apply a cream over my entire body. "Wait until I tell you to shower," she instructed. After ten minutes she came into the room. Turning on the shower she gave me a washcloth telling me, "Rinse off the lotion with this cloth, then complete your shower." Why was I not surprised when the hair on my legs, arms and chest came off while I was rinsing. After bathing I emerged from the shower to be met by Betty. Drying my body she then applied a soft lotion that was to "make your skin nice and smooth."

Betty then wrapped me in a fresh towel telling me to shave my face very closely making sure there would not be any stubble left. While I was shaving, Betty took her shower. We both finished about the same time. Going into the bedroom I noticed a pile of black undies on the bed. Betty said, "Put on the short black plain panties first and then the panty brief."

Stepping into the plain black nylon panties, I pulled them up my legs and into place. I stepped into a tight small black satin front panty brief pulling it half way up when Betty came over to me. She had me drop the panties down slightly and tuck my manhood between my legs before pulling the panties into place. Once that was done the satin fronted panty brief was pulled in place, leaving a smooth front. Betty opened a package containing a pair of Hane's Silky Sheer black panty

hose. She assisted me into these pulling them up to my waist. The sheer nylons felt very silky over my freshly shaven legs. Next she handed me another pair of black panties fully trimmed in black lace. These slid effortlessly over the hose.

Betty was standing behind me when I felt her reaching around my chest where she secured a strapless black laced Wonder Bra. The bra compressed my chest forming a slight amount of cleavage. Going to her dresser drawer she pulled out a pair of rubber falsies that looked like real breasts.

“I haven’t worn these since high school,” she laughed, “I am glad that I saved them.”

She pulled the bra down and inserted the breast into each cup. Under the breast was a small piece of double stick tape. After securing the breast she lifted each of the bra cups into place. Stepping back Betty was admiring her work before returning with a black waist cincher, which she encompassed around my middle. Having me take a deep breath, she fastened all the snaps. The boned siding reduced my waist about two inches. The stuffed bra and waist nipper created the curves that Betty was hoping for.

“I want you to slip on these shoes and walk around the room so you can get accustomed to wearing these high heels,” she said while giving me a pair of three inch black patent pumps with thin heels. “You practice while I get dressed.” For the next half an hour I walked around the bedroom practicing walking, sitting and standing. All the time I was aware of the feel of the hose against my legs and the restrictions from the bra and panty brief.

Betty came into the bedroom wearing a lacy lavender nylon slip with matching bra and panties. She had completed her makeup and had put on her jewelry, consisting of white pearl earrings, watch and a single strand pearl necklace.

“Now it is time for your makeup,” she said taking me to the vanity table. She watched as I sat down on the stool making sure that my feet were together in a feminine fashion. Beginning with a moisturizer, she spread the liquid carefully with her fingertips all over my face rubbing gently until she was satisfied. Taking a cotton pad she took all the excessive liquid off before starting with a foundation. This was applied to the face with a sponge that she worked and blended until she had made sure all areas were completely covered. This was followed by a setting powder, which was applied with a puff, then blended using a brush.

My eye brows were lined with a pencil in dark brown, followed by black eye liner above and below each set of lashes. Several shades of eye shadow were blended into my eyelids before applying mascara to the upper and lower lashes. She took a sable brush to apply blush to each cheek. With a lip pencil she outlined my lips and then filled them in with a creamy bright red lipstick followed by a wax sealer. She had me blot my lips on a tissue explaining why we do this. Checking my mouth, she took the tissue to remove a little lipstick that had gotten on the teeth. My back was turned from the mirror at the vanity so I could not see what was happening.

Betty went into her closet and returned with an Auburn wig that she owned and just had it restyled at the hairdressers for this evening. She fitted the wig on

my head, made a few adjustments before pinning the wig into my own hair. She took her hairbrush to complete the styling before using hair spray. When finished, she took her bottle of perfume and applied it behind my ears, nape of the neck, on each wrist and a long squirt between the cleavage into the bra. At her request I opened my legs open so she could spray perfume on both knees.

Long rhinestone earrings were clipped to my ears as well as a rhinestone necklace, which was fastened around my neck. I could feel the coolness of the necklace as it lay to rest on my bare chest. A bracelet completed the jewelry.

"All right my girl, you may get up and see how you look. What do you think?" she asked. Turning to the mirror I was dumbfounded. I did not recognize myself. I looked every inch a female. I said in amazement, "What have you done to me?"

"I want you be the prettiest of the three new girls at tonight's dinner party. Do you like the image you are projecting?" she asked.

"Yes, it is wonderful," I replied.

Betty continued, "I do not think your own mother would recognize you. You look fantastic. I never believed you would look so pretty as a girl." With that she gave me a hug. "Let's finish getting you dressed." Taking my hand we walked into the bedroom.

From her closet, Betty brought out a full black and white petticoat. As I took off the heels, she pulled the petticoat into place with the elastic resting at my waist. Next came a short black cocktail dress reaching just below my knees with a halter-top neck. Betty held the dress at the floor as I stepped into the opening of the skirt. She pulled the dress into place fastening the hooks at the top of the neck, then closing the back zipper in the gown. The halter was decorated with silver threads running throughout as well as to the waistline of the dress. Going to the edge of the bed, Betty slipped the heels over my nylon covered feet.

"Stand up and walk around like we practiced this afternoon while I finish putting on my outfit," she said. Doing as she had suggested I practiced. In the meantime Betty slipped into a tailored dark blue silk suit without a blouse. As she had pulled up her skirt to her waist, she turned to me and said, "Cherie, be a dear and zip up the back of my skirt. Since you are dressed this way, it would not be proper to call you Charlie."

As we were ready to leave, Betty handed me a small black evening purse, "This contains your lipstick, a vile of perfume and some powder for your nose as well as tissue. Here put on my black evening sweater over your shoulders for warmth."

Taking my hand we walked to the car where she opened the door watching and instructing me how to enter the car properly in a feminine manner.

I was surprised as she drove into the parking lot of one of our better restaurant in the city. "I thought that one of the other couples were to host dinner tonight," I inquired.

"No, we thought that all the effort to get you boys ready for tonight would take all our time, so we decided to eat out. Don't worry; the reason that I had you remove all your body hair was that it would be more comfortable for you knowing that you would look and feel one hundred percent female tonight. Let us go inside and meet the others."

Inside the other four members of our party were waiting for us. Pete, Dave and I stared at each other. We ALL had on the same dresses. It seemed that when our wives were planning for this event, the Dillard's store was closing and the dresses had been reduced from \$ 100.00 each to \$9.99 then they were offering an additional 70% off. Each dress cost \$3.00. They decided it would be funny to introduce us into the female world with each of us wearing the same dresses. We often had scorned them when attending a function and they saw another woman in the same outfit by complaining how difficult it was to be seen while someone else nearby was wearing the same dress in style and color as she was wearing.

As we were waiting to be seated, Sarah said, "Girls I want you to meet Pattie." Diane then introduced us to Debbie and Betty introduced me as Cherie to the group, while Pattie and Debbie looked wonderful. I thought that I made a better-looking girl than they did. Both were in low heels. One was wearing a strand of pearls and small matching pearl earrings, the other a silver necklace with a colorful stone flowered earrings. Both seemed to lack some of the small graces that Betty had drilled into me. Over all the three of us looked feminine but we were quite nervous waiting for our table while others passed nearby. Of course, everyone would glance our way because the three of us were dressed alike.

Soon we were seated at a large round table. The women were complementing each other on the way the new "GIRLS" looked and finding out from each other what had been going on during the day and how we had reacted to losing at poker the previous night. Pete, Dave and I did not speak very much as we thought our voices would give us away. We whispered to each other, as we were very nervous. When the waiter came to take our order, all three of us became still and tense until Betty said to the waiter, "We will all have the seafood special tonight along with the soup instead of salad. Please bring us two chilled bottles of the house white Zinfandel."

While drinking our wine everyone starting to feel relaxed and enjoyed the night. Dinner was fun and all joined into the conversation with the husbands talking as softly as we could. After dinner we all walked down the block to enjoy some jazz at one of the local clubs on Beale Street. We left the club shortly after midnight. When the wives gave each other a kiss on the cheek, we three new girls did the same to everyone in our group.

As soon as we got into the house I had to take off the high heels and rub my sore feet. "I was surprised at your wearing the heels for such a long time without complaining. Your shoes looked much nicer than the other girls didn't you think? Here I want to reward you for being such a good sport," Betty remarked as she put her arms around my waist pulling me close to her and planted a long passionate kiss upon my painted lips.

"You still smell wonderful, you must have freshen up your perfume and lipstick tonight?" she teased.

As we embraced each other I could feel her lips caressing my bare shoulders while her hands were reaching under the cocktail dress stroking my legs. Shortly Betty took my hand leading me to the bedroom. As I started to undress her, she backed away, removing my hands from the back of her skirt. "Stand still!" she ordered as she removed her skirt, jacket, slip, jewelry and panty hose while I stood watching. In her lavender panties and bra she came back to me and said, "This time my dear sweet Cherie, I will undress you. Come to me you beautiful girl."

Slowly she undid the snaps to the halter top dress and then unzipped the back of the dress letting it fall to the ground, All the time I was being kissed on my neck, shoulders, ears and lips. Soon the petticoat was off my waist and I was standing in my frilly and sexy black undies. Betty took me to the bed. We began foreplay for quite awhile. Soon I felt her hands pulling down my panties and hose. "Let's get you out of that gir-dle, sweetie," she purred. As I struggled taking of the panty brief, Betty watched in fascination. When I had taken off the tight brief, Betty whispered in my ear, "Put your hose and black lace panties back on, I in-



tend to make love to you tonight so that you would wish to be dressed like this every night we go to bed. This will be a night you will never forget. I am so glad that you talked me into playing Strip Poker. Now I can have you strip to my delight." Quickly I pulled the panty hose into place and the second pair of black lace panties.

After we had finished having the best sex in our life, Betty went to her closet bringing out a long nylon nightgown. Handing it to me she said, "Take off your bra, panty hose, and waist cincher, but leave on your two pairs of panties and falsies. Then put on your lovely nightgown."

Waking-up at our normal time, Betty pulled me over and started caressing me through the folds of the nylon nightgown until we were both ready for sex. Afterwards both of us fell asleep waking up late in the morning.

I had enjoyed being transformed into a lovely female being able to wear pretty undies and soft clothing. In the back of my mind, I was wondering what Betty meant the other evening in the poker game, by the term "in frilly dresses, soft pretty undies, makeup and heels doing my bidding" when I had called her raise to my bet.

I was looking forward to the next weekend.

The week passed by very slowly. At work nothing new on the horizon and at home Betty and I had our normal conversations about each other's work and the people that we knew. During the middle of the week we ate out before going to a romantic movie. We did have sex that evening and then went off to sleep.

Thursday night as I was putting on my pajamas when Betty came into the room in her pajamas and robe announcing, "You know that the weekend starts tomorrow night and the raise that you made was on the condition that you would be doing my bidding this weekend. Therefore I want you to come home no later than three o'clock tomorrow. If I am not here, take your shower and be sure to shave your face very closely. I want you to have a soft, smooth face. Also, you are to shave your legs and under arms as well."

I asked pleading, "You really are not going to hold me to that silly bet, are you?"

"Yes," she replied, "As I understand poker your word is your bond. Now we better get to sleep as I have a long weekend planned and both of us are going to be busy."

As I was leaving in the morning, Betty reminded me again, "Be sure to be home by three!" as she kissed me good-bye.

It was hard to concentrate. My mind keep wandering back to the poker game last week Questions were racing through my mind such as "did I think it strange that after several games, the women had the three of us stripped and into female clothing within a short period of time? How had they gotten the knowledge of betting and card playing in a short time when they did not know that a flush beat a straight and what was meant by three of a kind? How had they tricked us into going to dinner in cocktail dresses?"

However, the question that really caused me concern was, “ Was this a chance of luck, and what would happen in future games?”

I had asked my boss for permission to leave early and I told him without lying, “ I had promised Betty that I would meet her early this afternoon as we had some a commitment which she had been making plans for a week now.”

Then I really started wondering on my way home just what were her plans and just how would I fit into these plans. The only thing that I knew for sure was that I would be “wearing frilly dresses, soft pretty undies, makeup and heels while doing her bidding.”

Arriving home shortly before three I went into the bath, as Betty had not returned from her job. Doing as she had ordered, I took a long hot shower while shaving my underarms and legs with her razor. Drying off, I went to the sink and proceeded shaving my face with a triple edge safety razor. Lathering with cream, I shaved down, then lathering again shaving upwards. While I was rinsing off my face and patting it with the towel, Betty entered the bathroom.

“Let me put this moisturizing lotion over your body. This gives you nice soft skin. My, you really did a great job of shaving your face. It is very soft. This lotion will keep it that way. Here, I want you to use my deodorizer instead of yours. We want you to be and smell feminine this weekend. While I go to the potty, you are to put on the undies I left for you on the bed. I will be out in a minute to assist you with these. Do the best you can for now. By the end of the weekend, I am sure you will be able to dress yourself without my assistance,” she remarked.

On our bed laid a pair of white panties trimmed in lace around each leg as well as the waist band which a white ribbon running through the lace and a small bow in the front. Also, there was a matching bra of nylon trimmed in lace with underwire cups, a pure white satin garter belt with four straps and snaps suspended from the belt, a small sized, high cut white panty brief and a pair of nylon hose.

After stepping into the white panties, I took the bra, fastening the hooks into the eyelets then pulling the bra around as I had witnessed my wife doing many times. Once in place, I slid my arms through the straps. Taking the very small panty brief I was able to pull it up over my legs resting at the waist on top of the panties.

About then Betty came into the room and was laughing at me. “ Do I look that funny standing here in your undies?” I asked.

“No,” she replied laughing, “It is that you should have put on the garter belt first, then the brief before putting on your panties. That way when you have to go to the powder room, it would be easier to be able to remove your panties and be able to sit rather than undo the straps to your garter belt and re-hook your stocking. By the end of the weekend, you will have learned the proper procedure. Take off your brief and panties and I will assist you with the garter belt.”

Once I had removed the panties, Betty stood behind me placing the nylon belt around my waist then securing the hooks in the back. “Now, pull your panty brief into place, this is being worn so to hold your manhood in place. Make sure the

straps are inside your brief and pull them through. Normally you would attach your stocking before putting on your brief and panties but for modesty, we are doing it this way. Now put on the lovely soft feminine panties. Go sit on the edge of the bed and I will instruct you on the proper way to fasten your stocking,” she ordered.

“Roll the stocking from the top down to toes very carefully. That's it, now place your toe in the stocking and pull gently up your leg. Take your hands starting at the ankles and smooth the stocking all the way up to the top. Good, now the other.”

When I had finished pulling the sleek nylons over my smoothly shaven legs, a slight tinge went through my body. Standing up I was taught how to fasten the snaps of the garters to the hose, by starting with the back garter and then the front. Once I had finished fastening the nylons to the suspenders, Betty adjusted each suspender until the nylons were tightly pulling at the suspenders holding the tops in place.

Placing a pair of two-inch heels on my nylon covered feet, Betty said, “ Now let me see how you look. Very pretty in your soft silky undies, but something is missing. Oh yes, we need to give you a figure with a little bit of curves.” Going to her dresser she returned with a pair of falsies that I had worn the previous week and a small white garment. Placing the falsies into the bra cups, she adjusted the bra straps so that they would be a good fit on my shoulders. Then she announced, “ This is a waist nipper, a size 26, which may be too small for you but it will have to do for now. Let me wrap this around you waist and fasten it for you. Pull in your tummy.”

Doing as told I took a deep breath while Betty managed to close all the eyelets on the waist nipper. Once she had finished she said, “ Let me look you over very carefully. It seems that the nipper has achieved the desired curves I am looking for. Here, look in the mirror. Don't you think you look very girlish in your undies, sweetheart?”

I could not believe how I was being transformed. My clean-shaven legs encased in nylons and heels gave me a nice set of womanly legs. The stuffed bra and waist nipper had changed my body showing a narrower waist thus adding a little more to the hipline, while a clean-shaven face showed little trace on masculinity. Except for a slight amount of hair on my chest and light hair on my arms, I was looking very similar to Betty.

“Now, let's get you into this lovely knee length slip,” Betty said as she handed me a beautiful white nylon slip which I knew was her best and favorite slip worn only on special occasions. She lifted the slip over my head after I had put my arms through the very lacy straps then pulling the slip into place. The slip tightly hugged all the artificial curves of my body and the multi-tiered lace hem rested at

my knees. The bodice of the slip was heavily trimmed in layers of lace matching the hem of the slip.

Following Betty into the vanity, I sat on the stool as she applied a little mascara and lipstick to my face then took her eyebrow pencil filling in the lines. I was wondering why she spent so little time on the makeup as the weekend before when the three couples met at the restaurant she had spent almost thirty minutes applying her cosmetics to my face. Finishing she did spray me liberally with her perfume then pinning the wig to my head, she brushed until satisfied before spraying the hair into place.

Finishing with the cosmetics, we returned to the bedroom. Going to her closet, she removed a pink silk blouse, ruffled front, scoop neck with long sleeves. She held the blouse for me as I put my arms through the sleeves. Betty buttoned the blouse. Next came a pink gabardine wool skirt. I took off my heels before stepping into the skirt. I was able to reach behind to close the zipper after Betty had hooked the top. Following instructions, I raised the skirt while finding the bottom of the silk blouse before pulling the blouse down, taking out the slack. I then put the heels back on after which Betty held the jacket as I put my arms through the sleeves and buttoning the suit jacket.

Going to her jewelry box Betty selected a single strand pearl necklace with matching pearl clip earrings. Once she had fastened the jewelry, she took me by the hand to the full view mirror on the bedroom door. "Look how pretty you are. You make a lovely female. Here is a purse for you with lipstick, tissue, and change for a phone call for an emergency," she remarked while leading me to the garage. "Now I have a surprise for you." As we left the house I found myself in woman's clothing consisting of soft lacy undies, heels and a pink-skirted suit, while Betty was wearing a gray pants suit with a light blue nylon blouse.

Close to four that afternoon, Betty pulled the car into the parking lot of a small strip mall. As she assisted me from the car she took my hand leading me into a beauty parlor. The receptionist greeted us calling Betty by name, "And this must be Cherie whom you had made the appointment for as well as yourself. Come this way ladies."

We followed the girl back into the shop to an area with several tables. I was surprised and could not say anything to Betty, as my voice would give away my secret. "Relax, Cherie, dear," Betty said softly. "Just follow my lead and do as I do. We are here to get our nails done."

Shortly two young girls came to the tables introducing themselves. They took our hands and started to file and shape our nails. I noticed that Betty's nails were being filed to points while mine followed the normal curvature of the fingers. That hand was then placed in a bowl of warm water with a liquid soap. While one hand was soaking the other was filed. Soaking the second hand, the girl proceeded to give me a manicure on the first hand. Once the first hand was completed, she addressed the second hand. I glanced over to Betty to see that the beautician was polishing her nails. About that time my operator opened a package of long clear plastic nails. She took one of my hands into hers and applied glue to my nails and

then pressed the longer nails on my hand. Soon the second hand had long nails. Then the operator took out a deep pink polish and gave the artificial nails two coats of polish, drying each time with a small blower. Once this was done she put on a clear overcoat of sealer. All this time the only thing I could do was to sit quietly and look over to Betty. She smiled back at me saying, "I hope you are enjoying this as it is so nice to be pampered once in a while."

Betty had finished having her nails done in Cherry Red before I was finished. She was talking to the owner of the shop laughing and smiling while glancing over to the table where I was sitting. Soon the girl was finished. The shop owner came over to me saying, "Since your nails are done, please step over to this chair for the facial and makeup session."

As I sat in the chair the shop owner wrapped a purple cape around my neck after assisting me out of my jacket. Soon the chair was tilted and two pairs of hands started putting some sort of cream over my face and neck. After what seemed to be hours, the cream was taken off and my face was patted dry. The chair was brought forward slightly so the beautician could start applying makeup for the evening. It then dawned on me why Betty had spent a minimum amount of time of fixing my face at home. Base foundation was followed by a light beige liquid makeup. Both had been worked into the pores with a soft sponge. While the liquid was drying, she took a brown pencil outlining my eyebrows. Before finishing she had taken her tweezers to remove some long unruly lashes from my brows. Once done, a setting powder was applied to my face to protect the makeup from smearing.

My eyelids had black eye liner applied before the operator coated the eyelids with several colors of eye shadow. Soon two coats of black mascara had been applied and left to dry before a small brush combed through the elongated lashes removing any clumps of mascara. A soft brush was dipped into a container of blush and applied across my cheeks. Once everything was completed, she took a lip pencil outlining my lips before applying liquid lipstick in deep pink, matching the nail polish, filling in between the penciled outline. After blotting my lips on a tissue, she applied a glossy cover coat on my freshly painted lips.

Betty was overjoyed with the final results of the makeup. Fortunately no one was near when she said to the shop owner after her work had been completed, "He is simply beautiful, and I cannot believe this is my husband. You have done a fantastic job on him. Thank you so much! How much do I owe you?"

"Just pay for your own manicure," she answered. "It has been my pleasure to do this and you do not owe me. I wish that I could do this to my husband. You say that he lost a bet to you while playing poker. Well he certainly looks like a pretty young lady and now so feminine. I hope that you enjoy your winnings."

I was very embarrassed as we left the beauty parlor. I was about to complain to Betty that she was carrying this bet too far when she said, "Darling, I hope that I didn't embarrass you too much. I just had to tell someone about our bet. I am sorry, as you have been such a good sport about our wager. I will certainly make it up to you very soon."

Once in the car we headed for the large local mall. Betty tried to ease my fears, “ You simply are pretty and the way you appear in your pink outfit, no one will know that you are not a young lady.”

We entered the mall hand in hand like two girl friends. Betty led us to the Victoria Secrets store.

A clerk asked to help us. Quickly Betty replied, “I would like to purchase a pink bra and panties for my girl friend,” while glancing towards me. We followed the clerk into the proper area where there was a display of bras and matching panties. She asked what size I wore and Betty quickly responded, “ I believe she needs a 38 B in a support pushup bra and size 5 or 6 in panties depending on the cut. The prettier and lacier the better.”

We were shown several styles, which Betty held up to me. I thought I would burst a blood vessel from blushing so much. Betty asked the clerk, “Could we go into the dressing room and try the bras on?” With the approval of the clerk Betty had me follow her into a dressing booth. “ Take off your jacket and I will unbutton your blouse.” Doing as she said I removed the jacket and blouse. “Pull your slip down off your shoulders and undo your bra,” she said.

Taking off my bra, Betty helped me into the three bras until she decided on the right choice. I put my bra with the falsies back on. Betty helped me back into my blouse. “ Now lift up your skirt and try on the panties over the ones you are wearing,” she advised. Once Betty had reviewed all the choices she decided on the pink lacy hi cut panties in size 6 and a low cut bra with pushup supports in a matching pale pink. We left the booth with me carrying our selection. “ We will take these,” Betty said to the clerk. Once Betty had paid, the sales lady handed me the bag with my new properly fitting underwear

Carrying my new purchase in one hand and my purse in the other, we walked in the mall until we came to Dillard's Department Store. In the Misses department Betty found a pink shirtwaist dress in size 12 that had a full skirt. The light pink cotton dress was decorated with red roses and a lacy pink collar with matching long sleeves. Following Betty I went into the dressing cubicle to try on the dress, which fit fine. Betty told me that she had the necessary petticoat to fill out the bottom skirt of the dress. Betty handled the payment on her store charge and was thanked by the clerk.

“Well we have accomplish quite a bit today,” she commented, “Going to two stores and all the clerks have accepted you as a woman shopping for herself. You certainly look lovely in your pink suit and the makeup you are wearing is very becoming to you. Just relax and enjoy yourself. I certainly am enjoying our weekend together. I never knew that our little wager would turn out like this. The more I see you in dresses, the more I want to keep you in them.”

I was a little annoyed at her last comment and replied, “We will see just what happens next week at the poker game. Then the tables will be turned. So enjoy this while you can. In the meantime, I will abide with the terms of our bet and go along with whatever you decide.” About that time we walked past a storefront mir-

ror when someone whistled. I turned and saw the reflection of myself and I could hardly believe that person in pink was I.

We walked a little further in the mall until Betty found a discount shoe store. She insisted that we go in. Betty informed the clerk, "We are looking for a pair of two inch pink heels to match my girl friends outfit."

The young girl had me sit down taking off my black heels before measuring my feet. Shortly she returned carry several pair of pink heels, one a pump and the other a sling style. Betty insisted that I try on both pair before deciding on the pumps.

"How much are these?" Betty asked the clerk.

"These are regularly \$100 in other stores but this week our store has discounted these to \$25.00. In addition if you buy a second pair at the same whole-sale price we offer them at 50% off the second pair."

"In that case perhaps Cherie you could use a pair of black leather pumps with a two inch heel. You never can tell when you will need another pair of black heels, and I am sure that it is hard to walk in those three in heels. Please find her a pair without the spike heels, something more causal?" Betty asked the clerk. Turning to me she smiled and said, "The price is very attractive and too good to pass up. I am sure that you will be wearing these quite often."

What could I say without giving myself away? Soon the young girl returned carrying several styles of black heels in my size. I tried on all pair walking up and down the aisle for Betty and the clerk to observe. Betty choose the black sling shoes then turning to the clerk and me said, "Let's wear the pink shoes home as they go so much better with your outfit. Don't you agree Cherie?" Betty was fully aware that I could not object in public, so I simply nodded in agreement flashing a smile.

Leaving the store carrying all my new purchases, we found the car. As Betty started the engine she suggested, " Dear why don't we go out to dinner and then take in a movie? You look so nice tonight it would be ashamed if we did not enjoy the entire evening."

"But Betty, I am ashamed going out in public wearing woman's clothing. What if people recognize me, what would I do?" I replied.

"Well for starters, we have been to a beauty shop full of people and three stores where you have tried on clothing and no one seemed to think that you were not a woman. I seriously doubt that if we visited your mother tonight that she could recognize that it was her son standing before her. Just relax, remember that last week no one even seemed to give the three of you a second glance nor suspected that all of us were not female, even though we tried to bring special attention to our husbands by having them wear the same identical dresses. Except for some glances by women who would never be caught dead in the same room wearing the same dress as another woman. Therefore, relax; I will do the ordering for both of us. We will get a booth where we can talk very softly without being overhead. Besides I have already made us reservations."

About that time Betty pulled into the parking lot of our favorite Italian restaurant. Soon we were inside and had been seated in the circular booth that Betty had requested. Betty told the waiter that she was starving and ready to order. She asked for two glasses of White Zinfandel along with the Chicken Marsala and a Caesar salad for both of us. After the waiter had brought the wine to the table, Betty suggested, "Let's go to the powder room. Remember just act natural, be sure that you sit on the toilet not stand. Try to be as lady like as you can, and everything will be just fine. I will be right beside you and give you all the support you'll need. If in doubt just do as I do."

"Promise that you will stay with me, please," I begged.

"Don't worry I will stay right beside you the whole time. Just do as I do. Bring your purse with you."

We slid out of the booth and I followed Betty into the powder room. There was only one woman sitting at the vanity, touching up her makeup and combing her hair. Betty and I went into the stalls. Remembering my instructions, I lifted up my skirt before pulling down my panties and panty brief.

Finishing my business I pulled the undies back into place before leaving the stall. Betty was waiting for me and said, "Let's sit at the vanity, I will touch up your lipstick, you comb your wig to fix the loose ends and use some of the hair spray on the vanity. You will find a small vile of perfume in your purse, do as I do. Betty sprayed a little on her wrist and behind each ear. I followed doing the same thing as Betty. After getting up from the padded bench, Betty said, "Raise your skirt and tighten your stocking by taking your hands from your ankles and smooth them upward to the tops." Watching as I did as she suggested Betty said, "Now we can go enjoy our dinner. Come, dear."

As we left the powder room, two ladies were heading towards the restroom. All at once I heard, "Sarah, look it is Betty and Cherie!" It was Diane that had greeted us, "Oh Cherie, you look so attractive in your pink suit and matching heels. Betty did you do Cherie's makeup or did you have it done? We must tell Pete and Dave how wonderful you look tonight when we get home."

After a few minutes of small talk they excused themselves and we returned to our table. Sipping our wine I asked Betty, "Was it a coincidence that Sarah and Diane are here, or did they know that we would be here?"

Betty smiled, "No, they knew that you had lost the bet and were very interested to see how you looked and reacted to your new style of dress. They hope that sometime soon that Pete and Dave will have to wear feminine clothing for the entire weekend. They were very curious as to my outcome with you and asked if they could arrange to see you tonight. I hope that I have not caused you too much embarrassment. I know that they will keep this to themselves and not give away your secret. Now, let's enjoy our dinner."

We did enjoy dinner and another glass of wine. Leaving the restaurant, Betty asked, "Would you like to take in a movie tonight, as the night is still young?"

"I am game if you are," I replied.

Shortly, we arrived at the movies. Betty went to the box office to get tickets while I stood to the side as I had often seen her do. Betty returned saying, "I hope you will enjoy this movie as it is a love story and I think the theme is quite appropriate for tonight's occasion. We settled in our seats and the main feature started. When the title of "Pretty in Pink" shown on the screen, Betty took my hand and gave it a big squeeze. I was quite surprised that during the picture, Betty's hand started rubbing my leg through my skirt and then finding their way under my skirt until her fingers were gently massaging my nylon covered legs. I found this very stimulating and hard to concentrate on the movie.

Once at home Betty suggested, "It is quite late so let's get ready for bed. I will help you undress." In the bedroom, I took off the pink heels so that I could rub my feet. The touch of the nylon stocking rubbing on my feet reminded me of Betty's touch at the movies and I started to become aroused. Betty had returned from the bathroom wearing a lavender lace nightgown reaching to the floor. I had by then removed my jacket and was unfastening the back zipper to the skirt as well as the button in the back. As I was stepping out of the skirt, Betty handed me a hanger to put the suit on before placing it in her closet. She watched intently while I unbuttoned the blouse, leaving me standing in all my undies.

"Here let me help you take off your slip as we do not wish to spoil your hair style. Keep your wig on until we get in bed," Betty advised. While I raised my arms Betty reached for the multilayered lace hem of the slip raising it up gently over my body until she had gathered the slip off my arms. Next she unhooked the waist nipper. Welts were on my torso as the nipper was removed. It felt good to be able to relax my stomach. I thought it was funny that the nipper never appeared to bother me during the evening.

I had soon become accustomed to the tight fit shortly after donning the cincher. Betty was standing in front of me looking loving in my eyes as she came closer before wrapping her arms around my back to release the bra hooks. Taking a step backward she slid the bra off my shoulders leaving the falsies on my chest before placing the bra along with the slip on the bed. Next she reached around my waist releasing the four hooks to the garter belt as I stood before her. Dropping to her knees, she gave me a gentle kiss above each knee as she unsnapped the four garters holding the stocking in place.

Carefully and slowly she slid each stocking down my smoothly shaven legs sending a chill down my back. Lifting my foot an inch off the floor allowed Betty to pull the toe of the stocking until it slid completely off each foot. Still in her kneeling position on the floor, Betty was reaching to finding the waistband to white lacy panties, pulling down my panties leaving me only in the tight white panty brief.

Going to her closet she pulled out a small box, which she opened. Pulling out a fluffy pink baby doll nightie, she held it up in front of me, saying, "We want to keep you in pink tonight. I hope that you will enjoy the silky feel of this nightie. Here, I will slip it over your head." Lifting my arms as told, Betty carefully pulled the soft nylon garment over my head lowering it into place as the small lacy and ribbon straps were resting on my shoulders. From the box, Betty removed a small pair of pink nylon puffy panties matching the nightie with lace and ribbons running through the delicate garment.

"Take off your panty brief and slip into these," she commanded. "Now look how feminine and pretty you are in this lovely nightie. You are much more attractive like this than in those cotton pajamas of yours. Isn't the feel of the material wonderful? Look into the full length mirror on the wall."

Doing as told I was curious how I looked. The nightie felt wonderful, so soft and light. Looking into the mirror, I saw a very pretty girl in an enchanted nightie looking back at me. Long hair, big colorful eyes, with rosy cheeks and pretty pink lips and long colored nails, a long expanse of bare smooth legs, a beautiful sexy nightie which matched my lips and painted nails, a small pearl necklace and the pearl drop earrings created the beautiful woman looking back at me from the mirror. I was not only speechless but also mesmerized at how I looked. Betty knew that she had created something that both of us were proud of. She came over to me looking into the mirror where we could both be seen, her in this lovely full-length nightgown and I in a frilly baby doll nightie. Pulling me around she planted a long deep kiss on my painted lips. Feeling her lipstick and my together sent another chill down my spine causing goose bumps on my arms.

Betty whispering in my ear, "it is now time to reward you for being such a good sport tonight. Put your wig on the stand and come to bed." Betty then pulled down the bedspread revealing pink satin sheets, which she had recently purchased. "Now we can both be pretty in pink," she giggled. It seemed that our sex lasted forever. Betty was as much aroused as I was.

Late Saturday morning we finally awoke to a rainy day. I suggested to Betty, "why don't you stay in bed and I will fix our breakfast so we can have a leisure breakfast in bed." Taking off the covers and stepping out of bed I looked down to find that I was still in the frilly baby doll nightie and was embarrassed. Betty asked what was the matter. I told her that I was still in my nightie. She said, "Unless you are cold, just put on a pair of my slippers, the ones with an open back. You look nice and I want you to stay dressed as you are for the moment. If you need a robe take my pink robe that is in the closet."

Going to the closet, I found her slippers and decided against using the robe.

Putting on the coffee, I started with bacon and fried eggs before getting the juice and toast. Once everything had been arranged on two trays, I carried the first to Betty. Taking a pillow from my side of the bed, I placed it behind my wife then put the tray on the breakfast folding table. Back to the kitchen fetching my tray so that we both could enjoy breakfast in bed. Once finished we removed the trays from the bed as Betty asked me to snuggle for a while.

Once we had finished, Betty told me, "Cherie, before you take your shower, use the cold cream to remove all your makeup then wipe off your face with tissue. Once you finish your shower and dry off, put on the lotion I have left out. It is a moisturizer and will make your skin feel smooth. On the bed you will find your new pink panties and bra that we purchased yesterday, put them on after the white panty brief. Today you are to wear pantyhose. Be very careful pulling them up. You should remember how to put them on without running the hose. Shave your face closely; it is a good thing that you do not have a heavy beard. You may wear my pink slip that is in the second drawer on the right. We are close to the same size, so it should fit nicely. When you put on your pink heels, call me so that I can apply your makeup."

Putting on the bra gave me a little trouble until I remembered the way Betty would put hers on. Wrapping the front of the bra behind my back, I was able to fasten the hooks, before bring the bra around to the front. Taping the falsies on my chest, I then brought my arms through the bra straps one at a time. The full cut pink nylon lace cover panties slid easily into place over the brief. Sitting on the edge of the bed helped as the panty hose was rolled up one leg at a time. Once the trimmed pink slip slid down over my hips, I stepped into the pink heels that had been worn last night. Calling to Betty, "I'm ready for you to assist me."

Sitting me down on the vanity stool Betty proceeded applying makeup. "Since this is daytime," she advised, "you will not need as much makeup as you had yesterday. I just hope that I can do as good a job as they did at the beauty salon. We will start with some liquid base which, as you can see, is being spread with this small triangular sponge, making sure that your neck is covered and blending down to your chest. It looks bad if a person has a definite cut off area. Now for a little brow pencil in brown before we give you just a single shade of eye shadow, perhaps this light red will do. No liner for daytime wear so two coats of black mascara followed by combing the lashes in order to remove any clumps. Now that looks good. Lets line your lips with this pink pencil. Now to fill in with this 'Blushing Pink' lipstick. Blot your lips on the tissue and wipe of your teeth. Now the final touch, where we can use more than normal amount. Here is some of my favorite perfume, 'Red Door'. A squirt behind each lobe, one on each wrist, on the back of your neck and a spray between your bra cups. Mercy, you smell as wonderful as you look!"

She was keeping up a constant chatter as she worked on my face. I did get the impression that she was also educating me in the art of cosmetic application. Thinking to myself, "I understand that she is trying to teach me to apply my own makeup, but after tomorrow, there will be no need for me to use makeup nor wear a dress again."

Betty had gone to retrieve the auburn wig left on the stand last night along with some jewelry. First she had chosen solid gold ball earrings, which she clipped into place before fastening a small gold necklace with an attached gold heart. The necklace rested at the bottom of my neck. Placing the wig on my head she bushed and teased the strands until I had locks over each ear, back enough to show the gold-balled earring, then adding a little curl across the front.

Stepping back she had me turn around to face her. “ Yes, that is just perfect for today. You look very lovely and feminine. After you have finished dressing I am sure that you will be thrilled as I am by the pretty person you are becoming. Now let's get you finished,” Betty exclaimed.

From my closet she took out the pink shirtwaist dress that we brought last night. She handed me the dress, telling me, “wait until I find my petticoat before you step into the dress.” In a short time she had found her long multi layered crinoline. “Take off your shoes and step into this,” she instructed.

Off came my shoes. Taking the crinoline from Betty, I held it open and as low to the ground as I could before stepping into the center. Pulling the crinoline to my waist so the elastic band was encasing my waist and the soft nylon top of the petticoats caressing my stomach. From there the layers of tulle flowed outward.

Next came the shirtwaist dress. Betty had unbuttoned the front all the way down to the waist so that I could enter my arms into the sleeves, and then pulled the dress down until the hem was bellowing out from the layers of the petticoat. Betty buttoned the dress for me since I was not accustomed to my long artificial nails. She helped me into the two-inch heels by slipping them on each foot as I balanced myself. She fluffed out the skirt, then said, “ now whirl around. Doesn't that feel wonderful? Now let's look at you.”

In front of the mirror, I was astonished as again I was someone else. “You look simply fantastic, such a pretty feminine face and figure in a lovely dress. Lift your skirts for me?” she asked.

Abiding her request I lifted my skirt. I had a handful as I held the crinoline up, exposing my nylon legs and the beautiful pink nylon panties.

“While I get dressed, you can make the bed and pick up the bedroom, as we have to do the housework today,” Betty instructed. I went about picking up and making the bed. Betty had finished and came into the room wearing pants and a sweater. “ Let's go to the kitchen and find you an apron to keep your dress clean while you work.” From the kitchen drawer Betty found a white apron then tying it around my waist she fashioned a large bow in the back from the apron strings. “ You can wash the dishes and clean the kitchen while I sort the laundry.”

After I finished my chores, I found Betty who had sorted the clothes and had started the wash. She handed me a pile of panties, bras, and stockings saying, “ Take these to the sink. Use the Ivory liquid and hand wash in lukewarm water, then rise in cold water and hang them in the laundry room over the racks to dry. I will do the dusting then you may vacuum the carpet in all the rooms.”

In the late afternoon we had finished with the house cleaning and sat on the sofa to rest for a while. I turned on the television to watch the football game, but Betty said, “ No, since girls are not interested in football, we will watch something else. See if you can find a good movie.”

It felt good to rest for a while. I found myself taking off the pink heels and rubbing my feet through the pantyhose. Of course every time I rubbed, the crinoline would shift making a noise. It was funny that I should notice the crinoline rub-

bing my legs while sitting as I guess I had become accustomed to the swirling of the layers of the petticoats on my legs while doing the housework earlier in the day.

After the movie was over, Betty said, "We need to go grocery shopping, so let's also stop for dinner. Would you like Chinese tonight? I want you to add a little blush to your cheeks and some mascara to your eyelashes, then redo your lips and put on some perfume. You had better go to the powder room before we leave."

Once in the bathroom I had some trouble until I could gather and hold the entire crinoline up so that I could lower my pink panties and panty hose. Once finished, I touched up my face with the necessary makeup. Betty handed me a pink purse and matching sweater, which I placed over my shoulder, buttoning only the top button as suggested by Betty. Once again I was reminded of my status as I heard and felt the rustling of the crinoline while I walked to the car. Betty advised me to put my hand under the seat of my dress smoothing the dress and crinoline as I sat in the car seat before swinging my legs around to the front of the car. My dress was puffed out in the front, making me very aware of my new status for the weekend.

At the restaurant we were seated in a booth and no one seemed to notice that here was a man wearing a dress while out to eat. Betty ordered our usual selections and we enjoyed a very casual dinner. Afterwards, Betty and I went to the supermarket to get the weekly groceries. The young sacker took our purchases to the car putting the sacks in the truck. "You ladies have a nice evening," he remarked.

We had emptied the sacks of groceries, placing every thing in their proper shelves; Betty and I went to the bedroom. "We will get ready for bed now, then let's find a good movie to watch on the television," she suggested.

I had hung up my dress and crinoline in my closet and put away the heels, Betty handed me a pink multi layer waltz length nightgown, trimmed lavishly in pink lace. "Keep your panties and bra on beneath your nightie," Betty suggested, "then wear these pink mules."

Betty took off her clothes donning a pair of red satin pajamas with a matching robe and slippers.

Once attired, we went to the den to enjoy a movie before going to bed. During a love scene on the screen, Betty pulling me closer to her gave me a long passionate kiss on my painted lips. During our kiss her hands started rubbing the skirt of my nightie until her hands soon found their way under the skirt and my bare legs running the tips of her fingers over my calves and thighs gently in circles. Soon she found part of the nylon nightie and started tracing her fingers over my legs using the nylon as a stimulant enhancing my senses. My fingers started doing the same to Betty. Her fingers traveled upward until her tips found the front of my panties.

Soon I could feel her entire hand rubbing in a circular motion across my panties lingering briefly on the swollen manhood trapped inside the confines of the pink lacy panties. She would rub gently before grabbing for a brief second then releasing her hold and continuing to softly touch and caresses my manhood. After ten minutes of this foreplay, I felt Betty hands reaching higher until her fingers were in the waistband of my panties. In an instant she pulled the panties down over my ankles and at the same time lifting the nightie up over my waist. We became immersed in each other. As we finished we both vowed our love.

The movie had ended a longtime earlier, so we went hand in hand to the bedroom. "Wash off your makeup, then use the moisturizer before coming to bed, Cherie," she told me. Once in bed we snuggled together before falling asleep.

The alarm went off at nine Sunday morning. Betty told me, "Take your shower. I will lay out fresh undies for you. Put on your pink shirtwaist dress and crinoline along with your pink heels. Shave lightly even though your beard is not heavy. In addition to your bra and panties, I want you to wear the waist nipper. After you finish I will apply light makeup for today."

Finishing with my dressing, Betty applied mascara, blush, light eye shadow and pink lipstick. "Spray yourself with my perfume and choose a bracelet, necklace and earrings," she instructed.

Going to her jewelry box I chose a stone red and white necklace with matching earrings and a silver charm bracelet. "Very nice, you do have good taste in jewelry," she complimented, "now to complete your outfit, put on this wide pink belt."

Doing as she said I fastened the belt through the loops and closed it. "No, take it in another notch, this will really emphasize your waistline. With the wide skirt, waist nipper and wide belt, you now have a girl's figure," she giggled with joy.

Betty and I changed the bed linen as well as the bath towels before going to fix breakfast. Putting on the same apron I had worn yesterday, I prepared our breakfast while Betty made the coffee and toast. Once the dishes were cleared and put in the washer, Betty took me to the laundry room where she taught me how to iron both my shirts and pants as well as her dresses and slips and nightgowns in addition to hand washing my pink undies from the night before. Once finished I called, " Betty, I have completed the ironing. What do you want me to do now?"

"Bring the clothes to our bedroom so I can put them away," she replied. "Now I would like you to take a long bubble bath which I will prepare for you while you undress. Put your dress and undies in the dirty clothes but hang up the crinoline in my closet. After you have soaked for fifteen minutes, shave your legs and under your arms again, then bathe and dry yourself. Then shave your face as closely as possible. I want NO traces of beard. Any hair I find I will tweezer out!"

Entering the hot bubbly water I relax sinking down into the tub. It had been many years since I had use a tub. Soaking felt good. By the time fifteen minutes had passed, I was completely relaxed. Shaving my legs went very smoothly as there was only slight stubble left on my legs. By the time I had dried and shaven my face, Betty entered the bathroom rubbing body lotion, covering all areas of my body from neck to toes. She had me wrap myself in the towel before sitting me

down at the vanity. From her assortment of jars and bottles on the vanity she found a liquid cleanser that she rubbed over my face.

At the proper time, she wiped the cleanser off with a cotton pad. Reaching for another bottle, she applied a generous coating of moisturizer working it into the pores of my face, neck, ears, and shoulders until the cream had soaked into the skin. Again she took a cotton pad lightly rubbing any excess moisturizer from my face. While waiting for the liquid to dry, Betty handed me a bottle of nail polish remover and had me remove the pink polish from my nails.

Lightly slapping my fanny, she said, "Let's get you into your undies for this afternoon before I finish your makeup."

Leading me to the bedroom I found my attire laid across the bed, my pink bra and panties that I had washed this afternoon, the falsies, waist nipper, a white open bottom high waist girdle, beige stocking, her good white laced slip and the three inch black heels. Betty stood watching as I donned all the feminine undies and the stocking drawn tightly in placed held by the six garter snaps attached to the girdle. Sitting on the edge of the bed, I slipped the black pumps on my nylon covered feet.

"Very nice, so far," she commented, "now for the finishing touches. I hope that I can do as good a job on your face as when you went to the beauty salon."

As I walked toward the vanity, I was fully aware of the new pressures of the girdle and that I would have to shorten my steps. I had protruding breasts, reduced waistline with curved hips, and a very flat stomach. The slip clinging to all my new curves.

Betty took her time as she first applied foundation rubbing it with a sponge assuring a smooth finished look before adding a setting powder. The excess powder was brushed away then Betty took an eyebrow pencil to define my brows. Using black eyeliner she drew a small thin line of both upper and lower eyelids. She chose several shades of eye shadow rubbing in with a sponge and touching the areas with a cotton swab before coloring my cheeks with a rosy blush using a sable tip brush. Next came the lip pencil as she outlined a long lip base with a slight cupid bow. Taking a deep red tube of lipstick she filled in the outline adding a touch here and there until she was satisfied with my sexy lips. Once I had blotted, she added a clear wax to lock in the color ...kiss proof is what she said. Reaching for her perfume, I was sprayed all over. The perfume was a delightful scent, which I enjoyed. She then took each hand and painted my nails a deep red that matched the lipstick.

"You look as beautiful in deep red as you do in pink," she explained, "after I put another coat of polish on your nails, let them dry while I get ready. We are going to the Imax then tour the museum before dinner."

I sat in the den watching television until I heard Betty call. Returning to our bedroom I found that Betty wearing a black pant suit, white nylon blouse with a scooped neck, gold necklace and gold semicircle earrings along with her watch. She was wearing her black two-inch heels. "My you look lovely in your laced undies," she purred, "but you need to finish dressing. Here is a short sleeve pink

cashmere sweater. Slip it over your head. Good, now for your skirt. Step into this gray straight skirt, hook the snap then close the zipper.”

I stepped into the dark gray lined wool skirt pulling it up over my hips and around my waist before closing the hook and side zipper. The skirt came down slightly above my ankles. Reaching under the skirt, I pulled the sweater down eliminating any wrinkles. The smoothed sweater followed the curves of my breast line enhancing the contours of my body while the tight skirt showed off the flat tummy. Betty then handed me the pink matching cashmere cardigan, which I put on over the first sweater. A double strand pearl necklace, long dangling pearl earrings and a pearl bracelet completed my outfit. Returning to the vanity, I sat on the stool while Betty placed and pinned the wig into my hair. She brushed the fibers into place before spraying the wig to hold the style.

Finishing the spraying, Betty helped me stand before the mirror. Looking back at me was a very pretty, sensuous lady, beautifully dressed and perfectly groomed for an important date. Betty exclaimed, “Cherie, if I do say so, I did as good a job on your makeup as the beauty salon. You are absolutely stunning. The pink sweater says femininity. Doesn't the cashmere feel so soft and wonderful on your arms? It looks better on you than me. Take the black clutch purse I left for you. It has tissue, lipstick, powder and mascara so that you might freshen up before dinner.”

Walking to the car I had to adjust my stride as the tight skirt and three inch heels made walking a little hard until I could make the adjustment by talking smaller steps. I turned sideways at the car door, lowering my body to the seat at the same time smoothing my skirt un-



der my legs. Then I lifted both legs swinging them around to the front of the car.

“Very well done,” commented Betty, “ you have mastered the art of sitting in skirts very quickly.”

Once at the IMAX Theater, Betty came around to my door and offered her hand helping me exit from the car. “Smooth your skirt,” she suggested after I had stood and got my balance on the pencil thin black heels. We walked up the steps to the box office to purchase the tickets for the movie. I stood to the side as Betty brought the tickets. There was quite a crowd to see the showing.

I was nervous that someone might recognize me as a man wearing a dress. Betty, sensing that I was edgy, took my hand - giving me a big squeeze saying, “You look wonderful. No one has any idea, so quit worrying. See that group of teenage girls? If anyone could read you it would be them. Remember earlier when we were in line for the tickets, they smiled at you and complemented you on your outfit. They accepted you as one of them.”

I felt a lot better and finally started to relax. About that time the doors to the theater opened and we took our seats awaiting the show.

While viewing the film all I could think of was the feel of the soft sweater on my arms, the tight girdle and the snug fit of my stocking and slip as I would move. Betty was correct in assuming that the frills of soft silky undies, pretty soft clothing, heels and makeup did have a devastating effect on me. Soon the show was over. As we were leaving an older lady came over to me saying, “I just wanted to tell you how I love your outfit. I wish my daughter would take as much pride in her appearance as you do. So many ladies your age wear pants and sweat shirts.” Both Betty and I smiled at the kind lady.

We spent several hours touring the exhibits at the museum. Betty asked, “ Are your feet hurting? I have not heard you complain and you have been walking quite a long time. You are doing surprisingly well in heels.”

“I never thought about my feet hurting. Once I became accustomed to balancing in these heels, they became very comfortable. They are so much lighter than my regular shoes,” I answered as we continued viewing the exhibits. “ I am getting hungry, are you ready to leave?” Betty inquired. As we were walking toward the car, Betty took hold of my hand.

After a short drive we pulled into a new shopping mall where a new bistro had recently opened. The room was semi lighted with red velvet booths and dark velvet walls. A young woman introduced herself and gave us the daily specials.

Betty ordered grilled salmon in a special sauce for both of us along with the house salads. To celebrate, she ordered two glasses of wine. Betty then suggested we go to the powder room before our meal. I followed her into the ladies room and chose a stall. After some trouble I was able to adjust my girdle and lower the pink panties in order to complete my business.

At the lavish vanity I sat down after washing my hands freshening my makeup. I watched Betty carefully duplicating her actions. After adding another layer of mascara, I took the tube of lipstick from my purse touching up my lips, being

careful to blot and clean the excess off my teeth. Reaching for the perfume vile, I put a little drop behind each ear and on my wrist. Checking the mirror one last time I put the makeup back in my purse before leaving the powder room and returning to our table with Betty walking behind me. We sipped our wine until our salads were served.

During our meal I became more relaxed and was talking in a quite tone to Betty. We had talked about our strange weekend together and how much she had enjoyed our masquerade. There was soft mellow music in the background, which contributed to a romantic atmosphere. Betty ordered a second glass of wine for me, but declined for herself as she was driving.

“You told me that I would be in frilly dresses, silky underwear, makeup and heels and you were looking forward seeing me dressed as I am,” I said, “but I never thought that we would be doing so many actives nor would I enjoy wearing these lovely outfits. I must admit that the cashmere sweaters feel warm and delicate on my arms. Not to mention, the soft feel of the slip nor the fullness and swishing of the crinoline yesterday. It has been an educational weekend for me.”

“Would you care for a dessert, Cherie, dear?” she asked. “I would love one but I am quite full. This girdle has certainly suppressed my appetite,” I answered.

After Betty had paid our check, the waitress moved the table away from the booth so it would be easy for both of us to leave. The waitress said as we were leaving, “ Thank you for dining with us tonight ladies, please come back again soon. Have a pleasant evening.”

“Would you care to walk through the mall and do some window shopping?” Betty asked. She then took my hand as we walked slowly looking into all the store windows. Once we had viewed all the stores, we returned to the car. Betty opened the passenger door for me and pulled me gently to her giving me a short kiss on the lips.

Once inside the house Betty suggested, “ Let's put on our nighties and have a glass of wine in the den before bed.” Going to the bedroom hand in hand she said, “ Take off all your clothing except your panties and falsies. I want to watch you get undressed.”

Complying with her desires, I first took off the jewelry before removing the cardigan. Reaching the fastener and zipper of the skirt I released them slowing lowering the skirt down to the floor before stepping out. I was very careful removing the short sleeve cashmere sweater. Standing in my undies, I folded the sweater and hung up the skirt. Reaching for the hem of the slip I pulled it gently over my head until I could slip my arms from the straps.

Next came the waist nipper, which I unsnapped, then laying the garment next to the slip on the bed. Removing the heels, bending over as much as I could, I unfastened the three garter snaps holding the nylons on my left leg, then rolled the

stocking down my leg very carefully trying not to snag the stocking with my long red nails. Then I removed the other stocking in a similar manner. The hardest part came after unfastening the zipper and hooks on the girdle. It took some effort on my part but I was finally able to pull the girdle down to my knees before stepping out.

Finally I reached behind my back unhooking the bra then sliding it off both arms simultaneously. As I stood before Betty wearing a wig and my pink panties, she handed me a long bright red full-length multilayer nightgown well decorated with ribbon and heavy lace about the entire gown as well as the shoulder straps. She held the nightgown for me as I raised my arms letting the gown envelope my torso.

Betty was overjoyed and by now completely aroused. “Keep on your wig and makeup for now, Cherie, my love. While you go to the potty, I will get ready for bed.” Returning to the bedroom Betty had donned a light yellow nightgown similar in style and trimmed the same as the red gown I was wearing, She too was wearing all her makeup.

Taking me by the hand Betty led us to our bed and we made love together, even better than the previous evening. As we laid in each others arms Betty suggested, “Cherie, my girl, we should remove our makeup before we sleep. Also, let me help you remove your nails now so it will not delay you in the morning.” We both went to the vanity where Betty put cold cream on my face. I took the tissue and removed as much as I could. Betty then commented, “Use this cleanser then take a damp cloth to remove the cleanser before spreading on the moisturizer. Put your wig on the stand and I will store it tomorrow.” Once we both had finished, Betty and I soon fell asleep in each other’s arms.

In the morning the alarm went off and we started our daily routine for the working week. However, after leaving the shower and returning to the bedroom to dress for work, Betty with a smile on her face asked, “Charlie, would you care to wear a pretty pair of panties to work? You know how nice they feel.”

I replied in a stern voice, “No thank you, Betty, I have paid off my poker wager. Hopefully I will never have to wear those feminine items again.”

Betty mumbled something, which I could not fully hear, to the effect, “Time will be our guide.”

The rest of the week passed rapidly. On Tuesday night we went out to eat and the movies. Normally we would make love that evening after the show, but Betty was not in the mood. Soon it was Friday night and time again for our poker party. Betty had not said much about the upcoming game during the week, but by Friday morning she was in high spirits. I did not think anything was unusual except she seemed very happy and a little giddy during dinner. While changing my shirt for the evening, I did notice that the pink shirtwaist dress that we had purchased last week was not hanging in my closet. I thought to myself, “Betty probably took it and decided that she could wear the dress and therefore placed it in her closet.”

Pete and Sarah greeted us at the door. Dave and Diane were already there and seated at the card table. During conversation that night the girls asked Betty how

her weekend went. They snickered as they listen to Betty, “ Oh, just fine. We went out to eat, worked around the house and took in a picture show. It was an enjoyable weekend.”

Both Pete and Dave looked at me, I did not know what their wives had told them regarding their encounter with us at the restaurant last Friday night, but they were aware that I was suppose to be in women's clothing the entire weekend. The girls had smiles on their faces as Betty had told them everything.

The husbands were completely in the dark as to the events of the weekend. Within an hour, Pete was the first to be completely stripped. He then lost the five dollars the very next hand. The game stopped as Pete went with the girls into the bedroom. Dave and I turned on the television watching a ball game until the girls returned with Pete wearing a skirt and blouse, makeup, jewelry and low heels. He decided to see if he could win and go back to wearing his shorts. Within fifteen minutes, Dave left the game to don his feminine wardrobe. As the game resumed, Dave also took the additional five dollars in chips.

It was strange to be playing watching Dave and Pete in dresses. The wives still were in control of the game as Betty had lost the most and was stripped only to her slip. Then the tables turned on the three of us. In a matter of a few hands, I was completely stripped as well as losing the additional chips, while both Dave and Pete lost their chips, which meant that the this weekend they would be completely in feminine attire.

I went back to the bedroom where Betty had a suitcase opened with the pink undies, pink shirtwaist dress and crinoline waiting for me. As the girls helped me into my wardrobe for the evening, I noticed that there was another suitcase next to the bed. Debbie had packed the necessary clothing for Dave to wear. The girls enjoyed watching as I stepped into the lacy petticoat and shirtwaist dress.

They applied the earrings, necklace and bracelet while Betty did my makeup. She put on the red lip-gloss, which matched the tight three-inch wide belt resulting in a pronounced waistline. From the suitcase, Sarah brought the matching pink heels and slipped them on my nylon covered feet. Betty then retrieved the wig that I had worn last week, placing it on my head. I was the only one wearing a wig.

Pete and Dave were in the kitchen fixing the snacks when the four of us returned from the bedroom. Their jaws dropped as they saw what our wives had done to me. Sarah asked me in front of the group, “ I understand that this was the same outfit that you wore of Saturday doing your housework. Is that correct, Cherie?”

I blushed as my two friends realized what had truly gone on during the weekend. In a soft whisper I replied, “Yes.”

Diane and Sarah were ready to continue the game asked, “Do you wish to try to get back in your own clothes tonight? You do look sweet in your house dress with all the frills and your swishing sound as you walk is simply so feminine.”

Thinking about last weekend I decided, “ No thank you, I will quit now and just have to wear this dress home. I do not wish to join Dave and Pete this weekend.”

The girls tried their best to have me continue in the game. I noticed that Betty had not said anything and was not urging me to participate. With no one left to play, the game ended early. Diane and Sarah also decided to call it a night as Diane told us, “ Sarah and I have a lot to do to prepare Pattie and Debbie for the weekend. See everyone in two weeks at Betty's house.”

Betty drove the car and decided to stop at the drug store. “Would you care to come in with me, dear?” she questioned.

“No, I will wait in the car if you don't mind.”

Once we were in the garage, Betty asked, “Cherie, would you be a dear and get the mail? I did not have time to do it today.”

Walking to the mailbox a sudden breeze lifted my skirt above my knees. I reached with both hands trying to keep the skirts from going higher exposing my undies and garter belt.

Betty was watching the entire time. Laughing she said, “ I hope you enjoyed having a breeze under your skirt. It felt pleasant, didn't it?” “ Yes,” I replied, “ it startled me but the wind created a cool but nice sensation.” Once inside the house, Betty led me into our bedroom then handing me the red nightgown said, “ Now let's enjoy the rest of the evening.”

The rest of the weekend was rather dull in comparison to the previous weekend. I did the yard work and watched television. We went to dinner Saturday night but Betty was not in the mood for sex that evening. Sunday after reading the paper, Betty called Sarah to see how her weekend was progressing.

After a long time on the phone Betty came into the den, “I have been talking to Sarah. It seems that both Sarah and Diane had gone shopping with their husbands on Saturday morning. Pete and Dave gave their wives some trouble Friday night when they got home but the girls handled the problems and then decided to go shopping Saturday morning at Macy's as soon as they opened. Both the men had no idea what they were going to do, but had promised the night before to follow their wives orders. Both couples drove to the mall, meeting at the front door at ten o'clock.

Sarah said they first went to the lingerie department and had a clerk fit both Pete and Dave for undies. The boys were wearing their wives panties and bras under their male clothing. Evidently the clerks were more than willing to help properly fit the boys with their own feminine undies. A small crowd gathered in the department to find out why there was so much laughing and giggling.

It seemed that Pete and Dave had to come out of the dressing rooms to show the new undies to their wives and sales clerks, until the girls selected several sets.

I understand that they were terribly embarrassed. I wish that we could have been there. Once the choices had been made, Pete and Dave had to wear a complete set of lingerie under their male clothes, including a padded bra and a full slip. They went to select several nightgowns.

While the boys chose simple cotton gowns, Sarah and Diane insisted that they purchase lacy, nylon full-length nighties in delicate colors. The boys were further shamed by having to model each gown for the girls and the small crowd that had followed them from the lingerie counter. Next they went to the Misses department where they had to select two outfits and were assisted by the sales clerks in obtaining the right size.

The clerk asked if the boys wanted to wear their new outfits then or should she wrap them. The boys pleaded and begged their wives not to insist on wearing the dresses from the store. While Diane and Sarah thought that it would be a great idea, they relented but was able to have the boys agree to wear their new feminine clothing once they returned home from work for a week during the evenings."

"Once the girls got the boys back home, they had them dressed, made up and wigged for the rest of the weekend. I understand that they are being taught how to conduct themselves as ladies. Both Sarah and Diane thought that you looked super that night at the restaurant and were slightly jealous that you looked so feminine in looks and mannerisms compared to their husbands. So they are training their husbands to be perfect ladies," laughed Betty.

I was certainly glad that I had cooperated fully with Betty. I was scared as we went shopping, but thanks to Betty I was properly attired and my make up was done so well that no one knew I was not female. Betty covered for me and tried not to humiliate me. Thank goodness!

The week went by quickly for me. Coming home for dinner we would talk and watch television after dinner. Sometimes we would take a walk in the neighborhood since the weather was still nice. Winter was quickly approaching. I did not notice that during the entire week and into the following weekend that Betty was cordial but not loving.

However, Saturday night as we were getting ready for bed, Betty asked, "Charlie, would you like to wear a nightgown to bed tonight?" I thought about a minute before replying, "Sure if you would like me to I would be glad to do it for you." Betty's eyes widen and she smiled as she went to her closet returning with a knee length black nightie adorned in lace. The black nylon gown had several layers of sheer transparent black overlays. I went into the bathroom to change. Returning to the bedroom, I heard soft romantic music in the background while the lights had been turned down low.

Once in bed, Betty pulled me close to her, smothering me with kisses while gently caressing me through the lovely nightie. I was at once aroused, but Betty seemed to control my urges until we both climaxed nearly together.

The next session of our poker club met at our house. Before the session the men had a pep talk and we were determined to have the girls strip completely. We were tired of their constantly wining. One of the strategies was to have longer

games with larger pots. Our plan was working as we were able to strip two of the girls down to their slips. Then a tragic mistake occurred. I decided to play seven-card stud with the high spade in the hole split the pot. On the deal, Pete had a pair of threes in the hole and I had the Jack of spades in the hole. On the first round of up cards, the Ace and King of spades were dealt and Pete got a three up. Betty opened with a small bet, but Pete and I raised which signaled me that he had a winning hand. During the betting both Pete and I were down to our shorts. Betty was in her bra and panties. Before the last down card, we both had to strip completely as we had run out of chips. The girls agreed to continue the hand before we had to change clothing. But there was a good chance both of us would split the pot and be able to buy back our shorts.

The last card was dealt down. Betty ran out of chips and took off her bra. Now I thought, "We are going to win this game and Betty will be dressed in my suit and tie." Pete opened, Betty called and I was ready to raise. However, I was out of chips, so I was into the bank for an additional \$5 of chips. If I lost, I would spend the weekend in dresses. I raised, and Pete raised but he too had to buy more chips and he would be in dresses for the weekend. Dave had called, needed chips and he was now completely naked. The girls were having a blast by needling us about not being good poker players and reminding us of the outcome.

Hands were called. Pete had three threes, Dave had three sevens and I had the jack in the hole. Betty, showing her hand, as well as her ample breast said, "a flush to the Ace of hearts and also the Queen of Spades in the hole. It seems that THIS LADY is about to make a lady out of the three of you." Betty and the girls all laughed. Betty took twenty dollars from the pot and redeemed her bra and slip. "Come now gents to pay the price for your losses," cheered Sarah, as Pete, Dave and I were taken by our wives to separate rooms to change into skirts. In about thirty minutes the three of us were in the den showing our undies all while our wives cheered. All of us now were completely dressed, fully made up and wearing three inch heels. Both Pete and Dave walked very feminine in the high heels as they had spent a long time in the past weeks practicing.

Returning to the poker game, it was Betty's deal. She call for, "Jacks or better to open, three of a kind or better to win. Once you drop out you are out of the game." She dealt two hands before Pete and Dave needed more chips. The next hand I decided to bluff and drew two cards. Betty and Diane dropped out. I then ran out of chips and had to ask for an additional five dollars.

Soon Dave needed additional chips, as did Sarah as she removed her slip. We still had a chance to strip one of the girls. This meant that the three of us were to be in dresses for two weekends. No one seemed to get a hand although we tried to bluff on several occasions.

Both Pete and I had one dollar left while Dave and Sarah had two dollars left in chips as well as her bra and panties. I said, "It would not be fair if we had to forfeit this game for lack of chips. What can be done?"

Betty apologized, "I guess that this was the wrong game to play. I did not know that it would continue so long without a winner." A quick smile came over her lips

as she made the remark, "the only solution would be to give you additional chips so that play would continue. Of course we have to determine how you boys would pay for these chips. Do you have any ideas?"

After several minutes of silence, Diane suggested, " Since the boys are already committed to this weekend and next weekend as girls, lets have them stay entirely in women's clothing the entire time from tonight until Sunday a week dressed as girls." The wives all agreed...

"What about work. We could not go wearing skirts and makeup. We would lose our jobs," I said defending our rights. Betty then suggested, " as a compromise, I think instead of wearing dresses to work that you wear women's lingerie under your suits while at work. Once you come home, you will complete your bet by changing into dresses or skirts each evening. In addition, the three of you will attend the Halloween parties dressed as woman. Should one of you win this pot, you can forgo having to wear feminine clothing during the week as well as next weekend. This sounds fair to me, what do you boys think? Is that agreeable to everyone?"

We all agreed to Betty's proposal. "Fine," said Betty, " but remember that if you lose, you will have to be dressed as your wife says, and do as she wants during this time. Your cooperation is to be expected as it has in the past. Is that understood?"

We all agreed and resumed playing cards. Several hands were dealt. On the third hand I opened with a pair of Queens. All called. I decided that now would be a good time to bluff. I asked for two cards, hoping that the other players would think I had three of a kind. Pete took three cards; Dave, one; and Sarah three. I opened; Pete raised; Dave called; and Sarah raised. I took the last raise and all called. I showed my opening pair; Pete had three eights BUT Sarah had three Kings.

The game was over and my faith was sealed for the next eleven days.

Saturday morning I reached over to turn off the alarm. As the sheets were thrown aside I looked down to my legs, which were encased in a pink full-length nightgown. Betty went to the toilet, before I started with my shower. She returned with a bottle of hair remover, which she spread over my arms, hands, legs, chest and back. " Wait ten minutes then rinse this off before showering," she instructed. "Also, wash your hair and use the conditioner. I want to see if I can work your hair into a feminine style so you will not have to wear a wig."

As I emerged from the shower Betty applied lotion over my entire body. "We will do this every day to give your skin a smooth feel," she instructed. She handed me the pink panties and bra that we had purchased at Victoria's Secrets after I had pulled up the small white panty brief. Next came a pair of beige pantyhose then a full white slip. I then shaved closely with the safety razor to remove my slight beard. Sitting at the vanity, Betty proceeded with making up my face. The last thing she did was to apply a crimson red lipstick. Then she took her brush and curlers to my hair. After some time under the dryer, she took out the curlers and began to style my hair. I was surprised at the curls and the way my hair looked.

Betty said, “ in order to give you a feminine hair style, we will have to have it cut and shaped. Therefore, you will have to wear your wig when we go out. She placed the wig on my head and brushing the loose strands into place before using hair spray. ” Now for your nails. I have another set of plastic nails. Put your hand out,” she ordered. Once the nails were in place, Betty applied two coats of matching red polish. “ Go watch television and let your nails dry while I take my shower.”

After Betty had finished dressing, she handed me the three inch black heels that I put on my nylon-covered legs. We then made up the bed and picked up the room. “Today I want you to wear this pink blouse with ruffles which covered the front buttons,” she said handing me the blouse. It took awhile to button the blouse as I had to get accustom to using the long nails. Then she handed me a knee length gray skirt that zipped up the side. Once in place, the pink cashmere cardigan was placed over my shoulders and tied across the top front with a white chain. Shelled earrings in blue and pink were clipped to my ears before a matching bracelet slipped over my wrist. Betty took her perfume and sprayed it on my wrist and nape of the neck as well as behind each ear.

Handing me a gray clutch purse, she announced, “We are going shopping to get you your own outfits. You are a little too big to wear all of my clothes and it is time you had your own. By the way dear, you look lovely as a girl. We are going to find outfits for you today that will make you proud to be a girl as well as having you look forward to wearing such pretty clothes.”

With that we went to the car and to the large shopping mall.

Our first stop was at Macy's lingerie department; Betty and I spent a lot of time selecting what she considered appropriate underwear. All the bras were padded, lace adorned and had matching panties. The panties were high cut as well as regular briefs all in nylon. Betty selected several pairs for me to model for her in the dressing room. Once the styles were chosen, we or I should say Betty, selected the colors. One set in lavender, one in light blue; dark blue; deep pink; black and two in white. Next we selected two waist nippers, one in black the other in white. A pink and white garter belt in size medium along with a fully laced and intertwined with satin ribbon slips, white, pink and black, were purchased. I had to try on all the slips for Betty before she decided, even though she wanted the prettiest and daintiest feminine lingerie possible for me. Betty told me, “ I have several girdles that are size small which I am giving you. They might be slightly tight on you know, but soon will fit you perfectly. They will give you a slim tummy as well as adding shape to your buttocks.”

In the sleep ware section, we found several styles of nightgowns, some waltz length, some full length with flared skirts all in size medium. The clerk did not have any baby doll pajamas, as they were seasonal. In the dressing room, I took of my skirt, blouse and slip so we could make sure that the choices suited Betty. She was please that I was cooperating with her. The only reason I did not give her any argument is that I remembered what had happened to Dave and Pete when they went with their wives. I did not wish to be humiliated in front of a crowd, as I knew Betty would do if I did not comply with her desires.

After paying for all the lingerie, we stopped at a hosiery boutique. Betty had me remove the black heels while the young girl measured my foot for nylons. Once the size was established, Betty purchased six pairs of hose in black and beige, size 11 TALL. The clerk asked Betty, "Would you care to join of hosiery club. You receive a free pair after purchasing six pairs. You can pick another pair." Betty told her, "That is nice of you to tell us of your special offer. Yes, we will do that. Let me have a pair of pink seamless nylons in the same size."

The clerk returned with the hose and wrapped our purchase. She asked Betty, "Do you wish to have the club card in your name or that of your husband?" Both Betty and I were floored at her request. "How did you know that this is my husband?" she asked, "we have just come from purchasing lingerie for him. Everyone took him for a female."

"I was not quite sure. His feet were slightly larger than most women and normally a woman will not wear three-inch heels when shopping. He certainly looks good and I was not sure until I noticed his wedding band. We get some cross dressers in here on occasion, but none dressed and looking like a real woman like he is. Would you mind telling me why he is wearing and buying so many female items?" she asked.

Betty smiled and then told the young girl of twenty that I was dressed in a skirt and blouse as well as complete undies for losing at strip poker. She went on to explain that there were two other couples and the husbands both had lost and we would be dressed for the next several weeks this way. The clerk just smiled and whispered to Betty, "he looks so good, I would keep him in skirts all the time." Betty winked back at the clerk, "I am certainly going to try." Betty had me take off the wedding band and put it in my purse.

Leaving the mall with our packages, I mentioned to Betty, "Are you hungry? I am starved as we did not have breakfast."

"Yes," she answered, "I know a nice place where we can get a good salad. We both need to lose some weight so now is a good time to start a diet. I would like to lose six pounds to drop to 130 and you need to lose ten pounds to put you at 150."

She pulled into a nice luncheon place that catered to women. We both had a salad with grilled chicken and ice tea. I was surprised that I was full after our lunch. We continued our shopping by going into an upscale resale shop located in a small strip mall.

Once inside a clerk asked if she could help. Betty replied, "Yes, my girl friend and I are looking for several outfits. She needs to have a new wardrobe as she is losing weight. Please show me your 12 and 14 dresses."

We spend two hours at the shop before finalizing our purchases. Of course I had to try each dress on and model it for Betty. At one time the shop owner came over to assist. She mentioned if we were interested in a nice cocktail dress, as she had recently taken in on consignment a dark blue taffeta cocktail dress, off the shoulder and a wide belt to accent the waistline. The dress came six inches below my knees. Once Betty saw the dress on me, she decided that I should have it.

“You can wear your black undies with this. I believe you can use the strapless black bra you wore with the cocktail dress last month,” she mentioned. “Also, the rhinestone necklace and long earrings will go wonderfully with the new dress.”

In addition to the blue taffeta, we selected a gray wool two-piece suit that had a full skirt and bolero long sleeve jacket with a white silk blouse made of shear nylon with long puffy sleeves and a large ruffle front. We also brought a blue vertical striped blue shirtwaist dress, blue sweater set as well as a pink Dacron sweater set, a white long sleeve scoop necked Angora sweater, a black tight fitting skirt, a gray skirt, a pink skirt, a blue silk dress with a red and blue flower pattern, a medium blue wool coat and a pink raincoat. I was surprised as we spent a little under three hundred dollars for the lot. Most of the items were on close-out.

“I never knew shopping could be so tiresome,” I mentioned to Betty.

She replied, “We have one more stop before we go home. I hope you are up to it, love.”

“What more could we possibly need? We have purchased everything in sight,” I joked.

She replied knowingly, “You will see.”

Betty turned the car into another strip center and parked in front of the Merle Norman store. We are here, so grab your purse. This is our final store. I want to get you cosmetics that will suit your face and color. You are going to have a make-over, Cherie. I want you to pay attention to Linda's instructions as you will have two weeks of wearing makeup every day so you need to learn the proper procedures for applying your own make up. I will help for special events, but you are to learn now.”

I hesitated getting out of the car. I told Betty, “This is going too far. I am not going to wear any makeup nor will I wear dresses. I have been a good sport up to now. Enough is enough!”

“Just a minute young lady, enough is enough! You lost the bet and agreed to the terms. Although I do not think that you fully understood. You boys wanted to stare at girls in their undies and tried to have us parade around nude for your pleasure. It just did not work. Well, NOW it is for MY pleasure and I want to see you dressed to the hilt in pretty feminine clothing. You have a choice, go in for your make over, without further questioning, and I will let you wear your wig. Otherwise, I will force you into the studio without your wig and you will still receive a full make over. Should someone be in the store or come in they will see a sissified man having his face painted while wearing full feminine attire.”

I sighed, “OK, Betty you win this time.” Betty quickly retorted, “That attitude just cost you two more weeks in dresses. If your attitude does not change, you may also wind up wearing your new purchases to work.” Slowly I left the car trailing behind Betty entering the shop.

I could tell that Betty was still mad at me, because she told the owner of the cosmetic store, “I am Betty Brown. I called this morning to schedule a makeover.”

The lady shook Betty's hand and said, "If you and your friend will follow me over to this station." Addressing Betty she said, "Please have a seat so we can start."

"Oh, I am sorry I had wanted the make over for my husband," Betty remarked.

"Unfortunately, Mrs. Brown we do not have cosmetics for men at this store," answered the lady, "we only service women."

"Please let me introduce you to my husband," Betty replied, standing up and pointing in my direction. "Now, I have given him the feminine name of Cherie. We have been shopping all day today to find Cherie suitable clothing for the next month. Charlie lost a poker bet and is to dress as a female for a month to pay his bet. This is our last stop today, as I want him to have cosmetics that will bring out his feminine features. He needs to have his own make up and not have to rely on mine."

"In that case we can certainly help him. Cherie, have a seat. My name is Linda. Let me start with my color charts to find the best tones for your facial coloring and features."

She draped a cape around my shoulders and started her selections of colors. After trying several shades of base foundation to see which color suited me, Linda began with instructions, "First lets clean off all your makeup. You will need to do this every evening that you wear makeup."

Betty had cheered up as Linda started her preparations and remarked, "Oh he will be wearing makeup every day during the weekends and every evening when he gets home from work for at least the next month."

Linda continued talking to me while her hands were removing my existing makeup, "Take this cleanser and apply it on the cotton pad then apply it gently over your face. Then take another pad to remove the make up. Rinse your face in warm water and use a fresh washcloth to remove the excess. Pat your face with a soft towel, do not rub as a man, but pat your face dry. Then use the moisturizer, putting some in your hands and gently work it into your skin being careful not to get the moisturizer in your eyes. Wait for several minutes then take a cotton pad and pat off the excess. Now you try it."

Waiting while I did as she instructed, she continued, " you need to use the same procedure before applying your makeup to insure that your face is clean and the foundation will cover smoothly. We are going to use a solid foundation. Use the little scoop and take a small amount in your hand. Now rub it until you feel some heat in your palms. Like this. Good now spread the foundation over your face, making sure you cover your face and neck. Now I am taking this triangular sponge and using the tip to spread the base smoothly across your face. Work the sponge until you see NO lines and the entire base is blended into your pores. I see that you must have a very light beard as I do not see any beard stubble, so you should have no major problems. Now you try with the sponge around the base of your neck. Good, I see that you are a quick learner."

“Now for the setting powder. This will keep your makeup from getting on your clothes. I also suggest that you use a cape while you do your face. Wait until the foundation dries before putting on the setting powder,” Linda continued talking as she took a powder puff, dipping it into the powder, then lightly dusting it over my face and neck. “Wait a few minutes before taking a sable brush then brush very gently until all the powder has been absorbed. Now you do this side. Fine!”

Linda was addressing Betty while instructing me, “note that I put foundation over his eyebrows, this way he can draw his own, that is unless you decide to have them thinned at the beauty parlor.

Now I am taking this sharp brown pencil to outline your brows. We just want a slight arch and try to keep the line as thin as possible. Starting with the inside over the eye we want to work outward. Now you try Cherie. Good, just a little more. The trick is to do both brows evenly. Now for the liner, I think black is the correct color. You want to use a black sharp pencil to keep as small a line as possible. We will start with your lower lids. I want to bring the outline to the outer edge of your eye. Now you try the other eye. Slowly Cherie. You can always make another pass for evening wear. Now I will show you how to do the upper lids.”

Next came the eye shadow. Linda chose a red and blended it with white for the lower portion of the lid, darker red for the upper portion. Once again she took the sponge and worked the colors until there was a good blend. Linda chose black mascara, putting on a second application after allowing the first to dry. She instructed me on the use of the lash brush to clear out any lumps of mascara. Taking another sable brush she applied the blush that suited my coloring, instructing me where to add more and how to accent the cheekbones.

“Your lipstick is the correct shade, as well as a medium pink. I suggest that we add a little more fullness to your lips by extending the bottom lip. Here, draw a deeper line with the pencil then fill in,” Linda explained as she widened my mouth with the pencil before using the lipstick that Betty handed her from my purse.

When Linda had finished she asked Betty, “Do you approve of this makeover? Do you have any suggestions or questions?”

She then asked me, “Do you feel that you can apply your own cosmetics with a little help from Betty? I think you will do fine. I will write down all the special tips into our standard instructions and the products to use.”

As Betty paid the bill and I took the sack of cosmetics, Linda thanked us, commenting, “He certainly makes a beautiful girl. Please come back any time. I thank you for your business.”

“No, thank you for your assistance, Linda. You have shown me how to improve my own makeup and certainly have improved on Cherie's. Thank you again,” Betty retorted. “Come, Cherie, we need to go home and put your lovely new outfits in your closet, as well as making room in your dresser for your new delicate lingerie.”

My cheeks were a darker shade of red as Betty had embarrassed me on purpose, by telling Linda what we had brought. I was able to thank Linda for her help

before we left the store. Betty did most of the talking as we drove home. She was proud of the way she had handled my rebellion this afternoon and looked forward to seeing me constantly in skirts and makeup.

Once at home we took all our purchases to the bedroom. "Cherie, you may cut off the price tags on all the clothing and I will make room in your closet and drawers for your new wardrobe," Betty ordered handing me a pair of scissors and a thread cutter. While I removed the tags, Betty had gotten a suitcase to put in all my underwear, pajamas, and sweaters. Once she cleared three drawers she went to my closet and removed all my causal clothing taking them to the guest room.

"You will not need theses for the next month, so I am storing them for the time being," she stated with a smile on her lips and a gleam in her eyes.

"I am putting your pink shirtwaist dress and the black cocktail dress in your closet. While I hate to part with this pretty pink cashmere sweater set, I am going to give it to you, as it is so much more becoming on you then me. Also here are three girdles which I no longer use, the black one you borrowed, and two white girdles, one is a long line panty girdle and the other a hi-rise girdle. When you are finished putting your undies and sweaters in your drawers, hang up your dresses in your closet. Put your coats in the hall closet. You may wish to put your nighties on hangers to keep the wrinkles out. Here are some padded hangers for your dresses and these are hangers are for your skirts." She added, "When you finish take off your outfit and rest for thirty minutes in the chair. Then we will get ready for dinner."

It was good to get off my feet. I was afraid to remove the black heels as I thought that my feet would swell. Betty came into the bedroom saying, "let's get ready for dinner. I think that you should wear the gray wool suit with the bolero jacket tonight I have just the right accessories for you. These black and white enamel earrings with matching bracelet will go nicely don't you think? Also, here is a watch for your other wrist. Let me see if I have some rings that will go with your outfit."

After changing into the blouse and suit, I put on all the jewelry that Betty had given me. "You look beautiful," she commented. "That jacket gives you a feminine flair and makes the outfit. Don't you just love the dress, Cherie?" I did not know if she meant the remarks as a complement or if she was trying to embarrass me. I decided to play along saying, "Yes, I do like our selection of this suit. It feels so lovely. The jacket does compliment the outfit."

Betty had me go over to her dresser, where she took her perfume sprayer adding the delightful scent over my body. Then she handed me a small black clutch purse saying, "We are ready to go. Remind me to take several of my purses and put in your drawer when we get back."

She drove us to an Italian restaurant across town. All the while Betty kept asking me questions such as, "is your girdle tight? Do you enjoy the smell of your perfume? Did you enjoy shopping today? Did you store your cosmetics? You certainly look lovely. Do enjoy wearing feminine clothing?"

I answered all her questions, keeping a running conversation while she was driving.

Soon we arrived at the restaurant. Parking the car, Betty came around to my door to help me from the car. We went inside and had to wait ten minutes before being seated. People were staring at us as they entered through the door and as we were walking to our table, I could see that many men and several ladies were looking at us. Betty noticed that I was uneasy asked, "What is the problem?"

I whispered, "People are watching us. They must know something is wrong."

"Nonsense," Betty replied. The men are attracted to you and the women are looking at your outfit. It is very stunning and most becoming to you. You know that I would not embarrass you in front of strangers. How many times do I have to tell you that you are very feminine and could hardly be taken for anyone but a female? Try to enjoy the night, darling."

Betty gave our order to the waiter. She asked for the Caesar salad and grilled chicken in a tomato sauce with steamed vegetables and a glass of wine for both of us. During dinner, Betty talked and I listened, as I did not want to bring attention to myself because of my voice. When Betty realized that I was not very talkative, she mentioned, "Cherie, we must practice speaking to soften your voice so you can be more comfortable in public. I will help you, as I do not want us to stay at home all the time."

After dinner Betty suggested that we stop for a drink and enjoy some music. Pulling into the hotel parking lot, she pulled up to the front door. A young man opened my door assisting me from the car. I smiled to thank him. He went to assist Betty who gave him the keys so that he could park the car. Following the hostess to our table in the lounge, I noticed once again people were watching us. I tried to be calm but was aware of their glances. The cocktail waitress asked what we would like to drink. Betty ordered two martinis. We sipped our drinks while enjoying the music from a live combo. Betty ordered another round and we nursed these.

Just as we were about to finish and leave, two young men approached our table asking us to dance. Betty accepted for the both of us. She was helped from her seat by a tall fellow in his early thirties. The other man was about six foot, same age, blond with a military haircut. He extended his hand helping me from my seat. Gently he put his hand behind my back showing me to the dance floor. Fortunately he took my right hand into his hand before I had time to think, then placed his right hand in the small of my back.

I took my left hand, after noticing Betty with her partner, placing it on his shoulder. After the dance was over, they escorted us to our tables. Betty's dance partner asked if they might join us. Thank goodness, Betty replied in the negative as she told them with a smile on her face, "we appreciate the kind invitation but we were just getting ready to leave before you came over. Thank you anyway. We

enjoyed the dance, didn't we Cherie?" Taking a tip from Betty I smiled and nodded my head. They left and I thanked Betty for handling the situation.

Betty smiled back at me saying, "A woman's smile can do so much more than a lot of words. I noticed how you smiled when the men departed. That was very good thinking on your part. Are you ready to leave?" As we rose from the table she continued, "We better make a visit to the powder room before driving."

I followed Betty to the ladies room. Going into the stall, I completed my business then going to the vanity to wash my hands. Taking a towel to dry my hands, I noticed my long red nails and how feminine they were. Sitting at the vanity, I took out the tube of lipstick putting a deeper red coat on my lips. I remembered to blot them on a tissue then checked my teeth in the mirror before joining Betty. As we left the lounge I could see people watching us, particularly the ladies.

Once home I first took off the three inch heels that I had been wearing all day, rubbing my feet for relief. Betty went to my closet and took out the lavender nightgown. Placing it on the bed she said, "Leave your falsies on. I want you to wear them all the time during the weekends and evenings. Put on your gown and do not remove your makeup tonight."

Again we enjoyed wonderful sex that night.

In the morning the alarm woke us up at nine. Betty told me, "You may borrow my pink robe and slippers. We will need to buy you slippers the next time we go shopping. You fix the toast and coffee and I will cook the eggs."

After we had cleared the table, Betty told me, "Go take a shower but do NOT wash your face. Add additional lipstick after you are dressed. Wear the light blue undies today as well as your falsies and the panty brief and garter belt. Then put on your new blue silk shirtwaist dress and the two-inch black sling heels. Then put on your wig. I want you to help me with the house cleaning today."

Doing as instructed, I took my shower and dressed in the outfit Betty had selected. Betty put on slacks and a long sleeve sweater and loafers. We started in the bedroom changing the linen. I dusted the furniture while Betty did the vacuuming.

"Now dust and clean the den, guest room, and dinning room while I do the bath room," she instructed. "With the two of us cleaning, it should not take too long."

Once I had finished my chores, I found Betty in the kitchen washing the sink and stove. "You may vacuum the floor now," she advised.

When we finished and I had put away the vacuum, Betty said, "Would you care for a glass of juice? Let's rest for a few minutes before we continue with our chores." Sitting at the kitchen table I welcomed the break as well as a cold glass of juice. "Cherie, it is now time to practice applying your make up. Go to the vanity, put on your cape and wait for me before you do anything. You had better take out the instructions that Linda gave you."

Soon Betty came into the bathroom where I was seated on the vanity with my cosmetics spread out. "Before we start, I want you to look in the mirror and remember how you look. We are going to try to duplicate what Linda did yesterday. That is why I did not want you to remove your make up last night. Without looking at your notes, let me see what you remembered."

I took the cleanser, pouring some in my hands after filling the sink with warm water, and gently washed my face. After filling the sink again, I took a washcloth to remove as much makeup, and then rinsed my face again. Filling the sink, I took additional cleanser and repeated washing my face with my hands and before rinsing with the wash cloth." Good" said Betty, "before you apply moisturizer, shave your face closely with the safety razor."

After shaving and rubbing the moisturizer on my face and neck, Betty said, "Now let's see what you remember. You can use the instructions." As I applied the foundation and spread it with the sponge, Betty pointed out places where I could do better. She did this through out until I had applied my lipstick. "You have done a good job, now remove your makeup and start the procedure again. This time I will not comment until after you have completed applying each item. We will do this today until I feel that you can effectively put on a good face."

We repeated the entire process six times. The last time, Betty left the vanity having me call her when I had finished. She came into the room, looking me over very thoroughly. She smiled, "You look simply beautiful." As she leaned over giving me a short kiss on the lips, she suggested, "We will go in the den to rest for awhile."

In the den we sat in our reclining love seat. Betty handed me a woman's magazine to read. " Pick any article you wish. We are going to work on your voice so you do not have to worry about your voice giving you away. I want you to read out loud trying to keep your volume down and speak in a slightly higher pitch. This will take practice, but in time I am sure you will master the art of speaking as a female. Later we will work with emulating a woman's hands when talking."

By the time we had finished voice control, I had read the entire magazine to Betty including all the advertisements. As it was our dinner time, Betty suggested, " we will fix something light for dinner. Remember, we are on a diet so when you are at work you are to eat a salad for lunch. You may have two packages of crackers, but no bread or butter. Do you promise?"

I answered her trying my new voice, "Yes, dear, I will do as you suggest. How may I help with the dinner?"

"You did so well modulating your voice. I am proud of you. Not only do you look lovely, your soft voice adds to your femininity. Put on this apron to keep your dress clean. You can fix the pork chops, one each in the oven. Then cut the carrots and add them to boiling water. There is some applesauce in the refrigerator. I

will fix us a salad with low fat dressing. We will have water to drink.” While I cooked, Betty prepared the salad and set the table. She even lit some candles.

After dinner, we went to the den watching television until it was time to go to bed. By the time I had undressed, put my clothes away, removed my makeup, moisturized my face, donned a nightie and went to the bathroom, I was exhausted. Climbing into bed Betty noticed that I was still wearing my artificial nails, she explained, “Cherie, take off your nails. There is polish remover that will soften the adhesive. Then use a Q-tip and polish remover to eradicate any polish left on your cuticles.” By the time I returned to bed, I immediately feel asleep.

The alarm woke us up at six thirty Monday morning. As I arose from bed Betty suggested, “Do not shave in the mornings, it would be better for you to shave when you come home in the evenings. Since your beard is light and you do not shave every day, no one will notice any small growth this morning. Call me when you get out of the shower.” When I called Betty I had finished drying. She came into the bathroom with her body powder, which she sprinkled, on me rubbing the powder into the pores. She took me by the hand into the bedroom leading me to my dresser. Opening the second drawer, she removed the blue lacy bra with matching panties, the white panty brief, waist nipper, and the blue camisole. From the top drawer she removed a pair of beige stocking and the white garter belt. I had forgotten that I no longer had men's underwear and would be wearing lacy under garments beneath my business suits.

“I will help you dress this morning as we are running a little late,” suggested Betty, “we will wrap the garter belt around your waist first and I will secure the hooks. Now sit on the edge of the bed and I will roll your stocking on.” Doing as she said I sat as Betty put on each stocking. “Tonight we will have to paint your toes,” she laughed but was serious. “Stand up so I can attach the top of the hose to the suspenders.” Clipping the fasteners shut she then adjusted the length of each garter. “Step into this panty brief and then pull on your lovely panties,” she continued, “now for your bra.”

As I put my arms through the lace and ribbon straps, Betty hooked the bra in the back. She must have used the last set of hooks, as the bra was tight across the chest. Turning me around to face her, she adjusted the shoulder straps. She then put the waist nipper around my middle and hooked the snaps in the front. “Now for your lovely camisole,” she said as she raised the garment over my head and pulling the soft blue nylon down over my bra. “You are ready to finish on your own. Perhaps you would like to wear a pretty dress to work rather than your old drab suit?” she kidded.

“This is bad enough,” I said as I took a white cotton dress shirt from my closet. Buttoning up the shirt I looked into the mirror and let out a yell, “Oh No!”

Betty rushed over to me, “what is the problem?”

I replied, “First you can see the lingerie through my shirt. Everyone will see what I am wearing and second I have a bulge in my chest because of the padded bra. I cannot go to work like this.”

“Calm down, dear. First I suggest that you wear your oxford cloth shirts. They are made of heavier material and will hide your lovely undies. As to the bulge from the padded bra, you should have thought of this problem when you selected your new wardrobe. Since all the tags have been removed we cannot return them to the stores. I would take them but they are not my size,” she commented. “If you wear your suit coat, no one will notice that slight bulge around your chest. Hurry up and finish.”

I changed shirts finding out that Betty was correct. Looking in the mirror all I could see was the bulge from the padded bra. I continued getting ready for work by selecting a suit and tie. When I put on my shoes over the nylons, the shoes were loose. The pant's cuffs covered my ankles so no one would notice I was not wearing socks. Betty was also correct since my suit jacket hid the slight bulges.

During breakfast Betty reminded me, “you are to eat a salad for lunch and drink only water or a diet soda. Do not stay late at the office. Quitting time is four thirty, so I expect you home by five at the latest. When you come home, I want you to immediately change your clothes, put on your makeup, jewelry and dress. I will lay out your blue sweater set and the black skirt. Be sure to put on a slip. You may also need to wear a girdle under the skirt. By the time you are finished, I will be home and will start dinner. We have a lot of house work and I will need your help.”

Walking to the car and then to my office, I felt a nice strange sensation wearing the tight, soft lingerie. I felt the stockings tightly around my legs as I walked. Sitting at my desk I was aware of the bra secured about my chest and the softness of the panties and camisole. It was a strange day at work for me.

Arriving home at five, I put away my business suit and tie in the closet while taking the shirt to the laundry basket. Standing in my undies, I replaced the camisole with the blue slip before tackling the girdle. Tugging and pulling I manage to bring it over my hips and up my waist. I then attached the nylons to the garter straps, struggling, I was able to close the side zipper. Sitting at the vanity it took over thirty minutes to apply my makeup after shaving.

On the bed, as Betty had told me in the morning, were my falsies, the blue sweater set and the narrow black skirt. Pulling the sweater over my head I then stepped into the black skirt. While I was able to close the waistband and the back zipper, the skirt was very tight. It was a good thing that I was wearing the girdle, so the zipper could close. From my closet I took out the two-inch sling heels slipping them on my feet. I thought to myself, these are much more comfortable and lighter than my male shoes. Finding some jewelry and then putting on the wig, brushing the fibers into place, I went down to the kitchen.

“Very nice, the sweater and skirt look great on you. Where is the cardigan?” asked Betty who had started dinner. “I am just too hot to wear the cardigan,” I replied. “There are too many layers, I had a hard time getting the skirt closed,

plus I had a hard time finding addition hose to attach the garters from the girdle. I really had to struggle in the back.”

Betty started laughing and I could not understand what was so funny. She asked, “Did you remove the waist nipper and your garter belt before you put the girdle on?”

I looked at her and said; “No, I did not know I was supposed to take them off, why?”

“Silly, no wonder you had problems getting into your girdle. It is hard to pull into place but with the extra clothing, no wonder you are hot and had so much trouble. It is too late to correct now, so you will just have to suffer. I notice that you are taking smaller steps because the skirt is restricting your legs. This is the reason I wanted you to wear this skirt. You need practice walking although you did very well this past weekend. Wearing the tight narrow skirt will make you more graceful. The good news is that you did a very good job with your makeup and hair. You look very nice. The fish is just about baked and I have made a salad that is in the refrigerator. Set the table and pour the water while I finish with the green beans.”

After the dinner dishes were put away, I followed Betty to the laundry room and was taught how to sort the clothes for washing. She had made a listing on the bulletin board which cycles of the washer to use for each type of wash and the proper amount of detergent, bleach, etc. after loading the washer, I took the nylon stocking and pantyhose to hand wash. While doing the wash, I went into the den and visited with Betty. She had me reading aloud from Ladies Home Journal to work on my voice. By ten the wash had been completed, folded, separated, and put away in our respective dresser drawers. The wash that needed ironing was hung on a rack in the laundry room to be finished tomorrow. Betty told me that she would supervisor and teach me how to iron.

Exhausted, I undressed and donned a pink lace trimmed waltz length night-gown and removed all my makeup, cleansed and moisturized my face. As I was climbing into bed, Betty reminded me, “We need to polish your toenails tonight. Go back to the vanity and I will paint your nails for you. If you would please find the Crimson Red polish I will be right there.” Soon my toes were glistening from two coats of polish. “Do not worry as your toes will not be seen by anyone. The reason I polished your toenails is to make you conscious that you are feminine every time you see your feet. They do look pretty, don't they?”

In the morning I took my shower and put on the garter belt and stocking then chose the white-laced panties with matching bra and camisole and white waist nipper. The white oxford shirt was opaque so that the lingerie did show through the shirt. After breakfast of juice, a dry piece of toast, and an orange, I left for work. Betty reminded me, “Cherie, dear, be sure to have only a salad for lunch. See you tonight.”

The rest of the week pasted with the same routine. I would practice talking or walking. We also worked at using my hands more when talking. While watching

television, Betty would point out how the women would react and how they used their hands.

Friday morning Betty informed me, "Tonight we are going to a Halloween party at the club. Tomorrow we are joining the girls for a party at a local nightspot. I would like you to be home tonight around four and I will leave early as well. You will need to use the hair remover, particularly on your back. You will be wearing the blue satin dress tonight and I will borrow one of your suits. We are going as a couple, man and wife. See you tonight."

Betty and I both arrived at the house about four. We fixed a light snack and headed to the bedroom. When I had stripped, Betty applied the cream on my back, legs, shoulder, arms and hands. Waiting ten minutes, I went in the shower to rinse off. Betty had me come out to inspect my now hairless body. With her approval, I took a shower. After drying, Betty rubbed in the moisturizer. Taking out the safety razor I shaved my face very closely and then under my arms.

On the bed Betty had laid out the undies that I would be wearing tonight. She handed me a pair of black-laced nylon panties, which I pulled on covering my naked body. Taking the falsies, she placed the adhesive in the back so that the falsies would stay in place as she fastened them to my chest. Next, she held out a black strapless mid length bra that clasped in the rear. Putting the bra around my waist, pulling the cups over the falsies, she fastened the hooks in the last set of clasps making sure the bra was tight. Then came the high-rise black regular girdle, which I stepped into and pulled over my hips until the nipper band was high on my waist over the bottom of the bra. Betty mentioned that this would really take in my waistline. Once in place I hooked the snaps on the left side and closed the zipper. It was hard to catch my breath.

Sitting on the edge of the bed, I rolled up, one leg at a time, the silky sheer nylons, which Betty had purchased today for this special event. Once in place, Betty assisted by tying the stocking into the six garter snaps. I ran my hands over the nylons, which felt, so smooth and silky. From her closet Betty brought out a black three-tiered lace petticoat that I stepped into before placing the three inch black heels on my feet.

"Cherie, do your regular makeup routine. I will assist you with some finer points when I finish taking my shower. Betty came back to the vanity wearing a simple white panty and a sports bra, which bound her chest, de-emphasizing her ample breast. She took my eyeliner adding a thicker line under the lower lid before adding more eye shadow and a little more blush higher on my cheeks. She also applied additional mascara, and then enlarged my lower lips first with the pencil then the lip-gloss. Taking out another pair of false long nails Betty put adhesive on the backs of the artificial nails then pressed them to mine then adding two coats of polish.

As my nails were drying, Betty went to my closet taking a white cotton shirt then my good black suit. She chose a black and gray multi pattern tie and three pair of black socks so her feet would fit in my black wing tip dress shoes. In the bathroom, she slicked her hair using a greasy hair gel then combed it straight back. By the time she was finished she looked like a man.

I went into the vanity where Betty took her “White Diamonds” perfume and sprayed me behind the ears, nape of the neck, wrist, between the cavities of my falsies, behind the knees and my ankles. “We want you to smell as lovely as you look tonight,” she said. “Sit here while I style your wig.” In ten minutes she had taken some of the hair from each side bringing it to the crown of my head and inserted a rhinestone barrette. She fastened a long rhinestone necklace with matching five-inch long earrings.

“I brought you a present,” she said, “this is a cubic zirconium engagement ring and wedding band. Since we are a couple, you need to wear your wedding rings. I would lend you mine except your fingers are larger. This will add authenticity to our costumes tonight.”

Following Betty into the bedroom I waited as she went to my closet and returned with the dark blue taffeta cocktail dress. She unzipped the back of the dress then carefully draping the dress over my head and sliding it down into place. Going to my back she fastened the top hooks and closed the zipper. I fastened the three-inch wide matching belt. Lifting the skirt, she fluffed the petticoat before lowering the skirt into place.

The dress fit tightly around my breast. The turned over collared of the dress clung to my shoulders while the deep scoop neck reveled the cleavage and the top



of the black bra. The bottom stone of the necklace rested in the pinnacle of the cleavage. The dress presented a narrow waistline that hugged my torso. The taper waistline was made possible by long line bra and the high waist girdle.

The skirt came to rest around my calves. This dress fitted perfectly. If I did not know that the figure in the mirror was not my own reflection, I would have thought that feminine and pretty creature staring back at me was a young woman.

Breaking the spell, Betty said, "Here is an evening purse. Put in some tissues, two dollars as you may need it later in an emergency, lipstick, compact and mascara. I will take your wallet and keys. Put on your new winter coat. Cherie, you are so gorgeous tonight. I think I will keep you like this forever," she kidded.

Arriving at the club a little after eight Betty parked the car then coming to my side, opened the door helping me from the car. At the entrance to the club she again held the door open assuming the masculine role while I tried to be as feminine as possible. We joined two other couples at the table. While we knew the couples they did not recognize us until Betty made the introductions. Not everyone was in costume. I estimated that maybe half of the patrons dressed-up. The other two couples thought that we made a very realistic pair. After a cocktail, we all went to the buffet. Betty warned me, "Remember that you are on a diet so be careful with your selections. Your girdle will restrict your intake."

After dinner the band played dance music. Betty asked me to dance. She held me tightly against her as we danced. Later each of the other men at our table asked me to dance at the insistence of their wives. Betty then asked the women to dance. We were enjoying ourselves drinking and dancing. While Betty had martini I was drinking white wine. A young single man came over to our table asking me for a dance. I hesitated but Betty urged me to dance. I took the young man's hand following him to the dance floor.

"My name is Bob," he said as he took me in his arms. "You must be new to the club, I don't remember seeing you here before. I certainly would have remembered a beautiful woman like you."

In my best feminine voice I answered, "My name is Cherie. I have been here several times before but not recently. I would certainly have remembered you. You are a wonderful dancer, do you live in town?" I gave him a big smile as we continued to dance. Recalling what Betty had taught me I asked him if he was married, any children, what type of work he did and where he went to school, etc.

We had finished two dances by the time he returned me to the table. Bob gave my hand a little squeeze before helping me with my chair. Betty and the two men stood up when I returned, as gentlemen should for a lady. Bob thanked me for the dance and asked if he could have another later on. I smiled and thanked him.

Around eleven the band stopped for a break and someone came to the microphone, "Ladies and Gentlemen, it is now time for the judging of our costumes. Would the three judges please come to the front of the stage?" As two ladies and one man came forward, the MC asked, "Will the ladies in costumes that wish to enter our contest, please come out to the dance floor? Remember there is a one

hundred dollar prize for each category, best female costume, best male costume and best couples costumes for first place and fifty dollars for second. All right ladies first.”

About twenty-five ladies came out to the floor, including Betty. They walked in a circle before the judges until they were told to return to their tables. Next approximately twenty men came to the floor, including myself. We walked around the floor until we too were dismissed.

I noticed some women whispering as they saw me walking around in the heels, holding the hem of my dress in one hand revealing the laced petticoat under my satin taffeta dress. Several of the women I saw talking had been in the ladies' room when I was repairing my face. I gave them a smile as I returned to my table. I noticed the surprise look on Bob's face as he learned that he had been sweet-talking a man.

The MC called for couples to take to the floor. Betty and I joined the other couples in costume. The judges were having a hard time deciding the winners in this category. Finally they let us return to our tables.

After five minutes of deliberation, the MC announced the winners. I was called to the stage as the winner of best costume for men, Betty and I went back to the stage to accept second prize for best couple. The winning couple came as Henry the Eight and Ann Boleyn. Betty ordered a bottle of champagne for our table to celebrate.

Dancing continued until one that night. Many of the women came over to the table congratulating us on winning. Several of the girls asked me to dance, including a jitterbug. They all managed to compliment me for my outfit, and how well I carried myself, as well as how I managed so well in the three inch heels. The majority of compliments were, “you are much too pretty for a man. If I did not know Betty, I simply would not believe you are not female, you are much too feminine.” Statements such as those just caused me to blush. I know that the ladies meant their statements as compliments but I was embarrassed by them but managed to thank them in as feminine voice as possible, remembering to smile each time.

“I was proud of you tonight. I hope that you enjoyed yourself. You were the Belle of the Ball,” laughed Betty as we were putting on our coats heading for the door. Once inside the car, Betty pulled me over to her planting a long kiss on my painted lips. She started fondling me and soon had her hands under my dress searching for my panty covered crotch under the girdle.

Soon she had found the perfect spot and started rubbing me tenderly on my panties while whispering in my ear, “Cherie, my love, there will be a lot more when we get home.” Her hand slipped away, fingers stroking my nylon covered legs, “darling it has been a long time since we made out in the car like this, back to the time we were dating. Now you are experiencing the same thrills that you gave me. Let's go home!”

Once inside the door we put our coats in the closet. Betty pulled me close to her and planted another long kiss. Hand in hand we went to the bedroom. “Let me help you out of your dress, darling,” Betty volunteered as she reach around to my

back unhooking the snaps and lowering the zipper. As the dress slipped down I was able to step out. Betty took the dress putting it back in my closet. She stood watching intently as I removed the petticoat, then the hose and heels. After a brief struggle, I was able to lower my black girdle to the floor, leaving me wearing the long line bra, panties, jewelry, and wig.

Betty said, "Stay that way tonight. As soon as I strip, I want to take you as you are!" In a minute she was leading me to bed.

We enjoyed making love into the early hours of the morning. Our lovemaking was the best since our marriage.

Late Saturday morning we woke up. Returning from the shower, I put on lotion and dressed in the in blue lingerie and blue vertical striped shirtwaist dress. Betty told me to use only mascara, lipstick and blush for today. After hand washing my black panties and bra, we straighten and cleaned the house. Betty prepared a light dinner while I showered to begin preparations for tonight's outing. There was a night spot near our neighborhood that would be convenient to Dave and Pete's houses as well as ours, which was hosting a Halloween costume party. After putting on the dry black panties, I managed to hook the long line bra, then turned it around before pulling the cups over my false bosom. Stepping into the girdle, I pulled and tugged until it was in place before hooking the snaps and closing the zipper. I had to rest for a few minutes before pulling the dark black nylons over my painted red toes and securing them to the garter clips. Betty called that dinner was ready, so I borrowed her peignoir and mules before heading to the kitchen.

We both cleaned the kitchen after dinner. Betty took her shower while I put on my face. Betty had laid out the halter-top black cocktail dress and crinoline for me to wear. Once I was dressed, I took the perfume and sprayed myself liberally. Betty suggested that I wear the same jewelry I had worn the previous night. I had finished when Betty came into our bedroom wearing a black strapless bra, black lace panties and black sheer pantyhose. She told me, "Fetch your wig and I will set your hair for tonight. Your make up looks good, but I suggest your add another coat of mascara and another touch of lipstick before we go." Having finished styling my wig as she had done last night, she said, "Take your polish and add another coat to your nails in the kitchen. I will finish getting ready and meet you there."

By the time my nails had dried, Betty appeared in the kitchen. From first glance, we were dressed exactly alike, even down to three inch black heels. In place of the rhinestone jewelry she was wearing long pearl drops from her lobes and a double strand of choker pearls. She was not wearing a girdle as I was. Her bra was not a long line with a waist nipper. In the back of her hair she had a silver hair bow.

“When the store had these dresses on sale for three dollars, I decided to buy one for myself,” she said. “How do I look?”

“Beautiful,” I replied. “You fixed your hair in the same style as mine!”

“Yes, we look like sisters or best of friends, which we really are. You beautiful tonight as well,” she replied. We both were wearing our engagement and wedding bands on our ring fingers.

Betty drove to the night spot. There was a good crowd for Saturday night and the majority of patrons were in costume. We were the first to arrive so Betty found us a table for six near the dance floor. We ordered some drinks. This time I asked in my best feminine voice for an orange blossom made with Myer's Jamaican Rum. No sooner than our drinks were served, Pattie and Sarah as well as Debbie and his wife Diane entered the club. The hostess, dressed in a French Maid outfit, led them to our table. While I thought that Pete and Dave would be wearing the black cocktail dress as I was, I was very surprised to see that both the wives were in the same dresses. The only difference that I could tell was in their choice of jewelry. Pattie and Sarah were wearing matching gold semi circular earrings, a small gold chain with a heart locket and gold bracelets. Debbie and his wife, Diane had long double drop pearl earrings with a short single strand of pearls and a pearl bracelet. Everyone wore three-inch heels.

Both Debbie and Pattie were beautifully made up and had long red nails. I could not determine if the nails were theirs or plastic. They walked and carried themselves as real woman. It was quite obvious that they had considerable practice over the past week

We sat as couples at the table so Debbie, Patti, and I could not talk in private. The band started and we all danced exchanging partners throughout the evening. We drew considerable attention that night. People keep seeing three couples dancing all dressed the same. In fact I overheard several patrons trying to figure who were male and who were the females. No one I heard could guess the gender of all six of us.

At one point during the evening all six of us went together to the powder room at the same time. While freshening our make up at the vanity, several ladies approached us, asking, “Are you all sisters or did you all belong to the same sorority?” Leaving the powder room many eyes followed us back to our table. The same question was on their minds.

Finally the girls went again to the powder room and did not ask us to join them. We had a chance to discuss the events of the past week. Both Pete and Dave had the embarrassment that I experienced wearing lingerie to work under our male clothing. Neither one mentioned having to wear a padded bra to work. Each night they too were being schooled in the ways of womanhood, having to practice walking, talking, sitting and standing. Each also went through the same routine learning how to properly apply cosmetics.

I did not want to mention to either of them about my extended period of wearing dresses. No one mentioned that they would be wearing lingerie and skirts after

tomorrow night like I was being forced to do. The girls returned to the table and we started dancing again.

Finally the bandleader announced that there would now be a judging of the costumes and prizes would be awarded. They first called for the woman who wanted to compete. Our wives stayed at the table during the judging.

They called for the men to come to out and circle around the dance floor for the judges; our wives insisted that we parade ourselves for the group. When the other women saw the three of us prance to the floor in our cocktail length dresses and three-inch heels, they all applauded. We had answered their questions. The three of us won third prize, thirty-five dollars towards our bar tab.

After the contest several of the women came over to our table in order to view us closely. Every one was pleasant and admired how we looked. They thought that all six of us dressing alike was a novel idea. Several women asked the three of us to dance. I was surprised, as their hands would find their way to sensitive places. They also wanted to look down at our breasts, which were being revealed by our low cut gowns. One woman gave me a little kiss on the lips as we were dancing. I was not ready to defend myself from a woman with whom I was dancing. It was two o'clock when the club closed. Diane suggested that we stop for an early breakfast. We all had a great time discussing the events of the evening. Everyone laughed as Debbie, Pattie and I told of our encounters with the women who had asked us to dance.

It was four in the morning when we arrived home. We both took off our clothing, jewelry and makeup. I keep on my black panties and donned the black full-length nightgown decorated in lace and ribbons. Betty wore her bright pink waltz styled nightie. It was after six when we kissed each other goodnight.

Early Sunday afternoon Betty who had just finished her shower awakened me. "Get up sleepy head. I want you to shampoo and condition your hair while you are in the shower. I want to try to set and style your hair today, so do not dry it. Place a towel around your head as you have seen me do so many times," Betty told me. Once I finished showering and putting lotion over my body, Betty handed me a pair of white panties with matching bra, which I put on. Sitting at the vanity, Betty combed then rolled my hair and sprayed it before placing the bonnet to the hair dryer on my head. In thirty minutes she turned off the dryer and started brushing my hair. Soon there were waves and small curls.

"Put on your daytime face then your girdle, stocking, waist nipper and white slip I think your white Angora sweater with your gray skirt will look nice. Call me when you finish and I will put the final touches to your hair. Pick out the jewelry you believe would look nice with your outfit," she exclaimed.

Finishing getting dressed, I called Betty and returned to the vanity table. She combed and teased in order to complete her styling. "Well, what do you think?" she asked.

Looking in the mirror Betty had shaped my hair into a short woman's style. "It looks very attractive," I replied.

"In several weeks you have will be long enough to handle the curlers and will make styling a little easier. I think it looks nice. We can use your wig when going out of the house but in the meantime, when we are home, I want you to wear your hair like this," she suggested.

Sunday night, I changed into my wig as we went for a walk before going out to dinner and a movie.

Monday morning found me in lingerie beneath my business suit. Again Betty reminded me to eat a salad for lunch. At five I was home changing cloths and helping Betty with the dinner and laundry. That evening she suggested that I wear my male tennis shoes and we go for a walk. Betty was wearing slacks but I was in a skirt and sweater. Tuesday evening we went for another walk approximately three miles returning home and then I had to do the ironing. Wednesday evening, we went out to dinner and a walk around the shopping mall. I wore my pink cashmere sweater set and the gray wool skirt with low heels. Thursday night we walked to the neighborhood theater after having a grilled chicken salad for dinner.

Once I had changed into my nightgown and removed the makeup, Betty suggested that we weigh ourselves. To my amazement, I had lost six pounds in the two weeks, Betty had dropped five pounds. It was decided that our walks were to continue as well as our dieting.

Friday night, our scheduled poker night, I came home and removed my lingerie. Betty came into the bedroom asking, "What are you doing? Take a shower while I decide which of your lovely feminine undies you will wear this evening." "But, I thought that we are playing poker tonight," I explained.

"Be sure to shave your legs and under your arms. I do not want to see any ugly body hairs tonight," she firmly stated.

Doing as told, I figured we would not be playing poker. Once I had dried off and applied lotion, I came into the bedroom. On the bed, Betty had laid out my falsies, low cut pink bra and matching panties which we purchased from Victoria's Secrets, a pink panty brief, nylons, garter belt, the pink nylon lace trimmed slip, pink cashmere sweater set, the black tight skirt along with the three inch black heels. Once I had put on my undies, I went to the vanity and proceeded to do my face. Applying perfume, I went into the bedroom to complete my dressing. For jewelry, I chose gold heavy clip on earrings, a wide herringbone necklace with matching bracelets and a slim gold banned watch. Betty placed the wig into position then applied hair spray before gluing the red painted long false fingernails.

Handing me a black clutch purse and my pink raincoat we left the house to have dinner at a local eatery. We had a meal of grilled fish, steamed vegetables and a glass of wine. Betty paid the check and we were in the car on our way.

Betty pulled into the driveway of Diane and Dave's house, explaining, "we are having our regular game of poker tonight. Remember you are to remain dressed in skirts until next Sunday night. Therefore, you may play in skirts tonight as well."

"Please Betty," I begged, "I cannot play dressed like this. What will Dave and Pete think much less their wives? Please don't force me to go into their house like this. I will do anything you ask if I don't have to play tonight."

"It is very tempting offer," she replied. Thinking over my plea for a moment, before she decided to answer, "However, I must decline. You will play tonight. I just hope that you do not have to strip down to your lovely bra and panties tonight showing us all how pretty and feminine they are. Sorry, but we cannot cancel the game because you may feel embarrassed. Out of the car you go, Cherie, my dear." Betty opened my door and pulled me from the car. "You have nothing to worry about, all the others have seen Cherie before."

Once inside their house, we were greeted by Diane who looking at me as if every thing was normal said, "The others are here and we are ready to start tonight's game." We went into the den where I found that Dave and Pete were also wearing feminine clothing, makeup and heels. While the three of us were dumbfounded, our wives just smiled to each other. It seems that both Dave and Pete were given another week in dresses. We did not have time to discuss the details.

As we sat down to play cards, Betty announced, "Because we have an all girl poker game, the three of us have decided to change the rules. We thought that now you have any advantage with the number of articles of clothing, so the three of us decided that we needed to change the penalty rules for our new girls. If you are playing poker dressed in feminine outfits, then once you are striped to your panties, you will have to remain in woman's clothing for the next two weeks, as you have been doing lately, as well as having to wear lingerie under your male clothing to work. It seems that all the wives have enjoyed your games the way they have turned out and look forward to seeing you in skirts for a longer period of time. Of course the old rules would hold for us should we lose. Is that agreeable to all?"

I started to protest but Betty reminded me, "You three are the ones who decided that we should play Strip Poker to make the evening more enjoyable. We girls agreed to play poker so that we could spend more time with you boys. However, the game got to dull to keep your interest and it was your idea to play with the new rules. It sounds like you are sore losers. You wanted to see the girls in their pretty lingerie and even naked. Well, we girls would like to ogle and admire your pretty undies as well. Now we can, or are you to chicken to play cards!"

Diane and Sarah agreed with Betty and clapped their hands at the end of her speech. They made fun of us. Finally after several minutes of harassment, I said, "I know that we can beat these woman, I am willing to play. Pete and Dave, is that alright with you?"

They both replied in the affirmative.

Thinking that if we had higher stakes we would be able to bluff the women better giving us a better chance of winning I said, "However, we want to increase the

stakes, say a dollar anytime, two dollars on a pair and five dollars last card or any time while playing five card draw. Is that agreeable with you ladies?"

The girls agreed and we started playing serious poker. I was determined that tonight I would have my revenge on Betty and would concentrate on beating her. On the first hand, Betty was trapped in a bidding war and lost her jewelry. I announced to the group, "Tonight we are going to have a different loser, right, Betty?"

Betty just smiled as she replied; "Only time will tell Cherie, dear."

After an hour of playing, both Betty and I had lost our skirts. On the next hand I had to remove my pull over sweater. Betty whistled, "Oh Cherie, I just adore your lacy pink slip. We all cannot wait until we can see your lovely bra and panties. Do they match your beautiful slip?"

Both Diane and Sarah laughed. "We cannot wait until we see the lovely undies that Debbie and Pattie are wearing tonight. I am glad you boys talked us into joining your poker club. Now we are all having fun," exclaimed Sarah.

It was not too long until Dave and Peter were displaying their blue and lavender undies beneath their matching lace trimmed slips. Sarah was dealing seven-card stud. During the first three cards I had a pair of Aces and one eight. Betty had a Queen showing. Since Betty was in her slip I decided that this would be the hand that I could bring Betty down. The next up card I received an eight giving me a pair showing while Betty received a Queen. Betty bet, Pete raised, I raised again followed by the third raise by Betty. To see my raise Pete lost his slip. Every one, including myself, enjoyed seeing his lovely blue-laced bra and matching panties. On the third up card, I received another Ace giving me two pair showing, Betty a three. I bet and Betty called. The last up card, Betty received a second three giving her two pair. Betty bet, the other dropped out, I raised and then Betty raised. Finally I had the hand I had been waiting for, a hidden full house with Aces high. Betty must have her full house as well. The final down card came. Betty bet five dollars, I raised. Betty had to remove her bra in order to receive betting money. She raised five dollars. I had to take off my bra for the five dollars in chips. However, knowing that I would win and could buy back not only my bra but my slip and Betty would be left in her panties, I quickly unsnapped my bra, receiving additional chips raising her back.

Both of us were declaring our hands while sitting in only our panties. The girls let out a gasp as I took off my bra. I forgot that my falsies were taped to my chest. I was sitting in the chair exposed like Betty with our breast jutting out, dressed only in panties. Diane finally mentioned, "Doesn't Cherie have pretty breasts. No wonder she fills out her sweaters so well. Debbie, I see we are going shopping for you should you lose tonight."

"Pattie and I will join you if you do not mind," Sarah added. "Perhaps Betty and Cherie will accompany us to the store tomorrow."

Dave and Pete replied in unison, "You will have to beat us first!"

Smartly I announced, "Full house, Aces over eights."

Betty gave a little grin as she said, "I only have two matching pairs of threes. I guess some people call that four of a kind," she said as she collected the pot. "This was a very big pot, I believe that I have enough chips to redeem my bra and slip and blouse," as she handed thirty dollars in chips to the banker. "The best part of the pot, Cherie is here with us for another two weeks. Do not be shy Cherie dear, you may take back your clothes and get dressed. You may wish to hurry. Soon, your two new girl friends will be joining you. I do not want you to miss out on the fun." Now I had slightly more than three weeks having to wear frilly lingerie, soft sweaters, skirts, heels and makeup.

It was interesting as I watched. First, Debbie was beaten by her wife, Diane. Next Pattie lost in a close hand to his wife, Sarah. Both women were overjoyed as the game ended. The three of us were completely dressed in the outfits that we had started with and were committed to two more weeks of feminization under the guidance of our wives.

Conversation during the refreshments mainly consisted of shopping plans for tomorrow. Betty had agreed for us to meet with the girls around ten in the morning. That evening a jubilant Betty watched intently as I undressed in front of her then took the pink baby doll nightie from my dresser, sliding it over my naked body while still wearing the falsies and makeup.

In the morning I put on my white undies as well as the white girdle before stepping into the tight black skirt and white Angora sweater. Betty suggested that I wear the black two-inch heels as we would probably be walking a considerable distance today

At the prearranged time we met Diane, Debbie, Pattie and Sarah at the lingerie boutique. A puzzled sales clerk came to wait on the six of us. Sarah broke the silence telling the clerk, "My friend suggested your store. We need to purchase breast enhancements for our two friends as they are not at all endowed." As Sarah was talking with the clerk, she could not help giggling. Soon she was joined by Diane and Betty. The clerk looking puzzled asked, "is there something funny, we have had a lot of women purchase breast forms. It is nothing to laugh at."

"Excuse me," replied Sarah, "the reason we are laughing is that these two lovely flat-chested girls are our husbands. So you can see why they were not endowed."

The clerk relaxed and then had us all follow her to a counter. She suggested several types and forms. Betty asked the lady, "Do you have a set that could be taped to his chest. I believe, my friends would like to purchase the this type for their spouses."

Both Debbie and Pattie started blushing. From the redness of their faces the clerk picked out the two husbands from the group. "If you would follow me to the dressing room, I will have our manager measure you for the proper size. Please have your husbands remove their blouses and wait with their bras in place."

Shortly an older lady came into the area carrying several boxes. Under the watchful eyes of their wives, both Pete and Dave were fitted with falsies that were taped to their chest.

The two husbands dropped their heads when they emerged from the changing room with their wives. Betty and I waited outside the cubicles while they were fitted.

Going to the counter, the girls paid the sales clerk who smiled saying, "I believe that you have solved their problem. They are certainly now well endowed." She laughed as she handed them the receipts, "Girls, I hope you will enjoy your new look. It does wonders for the both of you."

All the clerks and the few customers in the boutique knew about the fitting of my two male friends and were whispering and smiling at them while we were at the counter.

As we were about to leave, Betty could not pass up the opportunity of exposing me to all in the store. "Dear, I forgot that I need additional strips for my husband. Cherie, how many strips do you have left?" she said as she turned towards me. Before I could recover, she told the clerk, "I better get at least a dozen more adhesive strips for his falsies." Then I was blushing more than the other two men in dresses.

"I am sorry, dear," explained Betty as we were leaving. "I did not mean to embarrass you but I had to be fair to Debbie and Pattie and you know we needed additional adhesives for you."

We joined the group and went to the misses' shop at the department store. Debbie and Pattie tried on many different outfits before their wives decided on three combinations, one dressy outfit and two everyday outfits. Betty suggested that I find another shirt waist type dress. After looking through several, I chose a peach shirtwaist with an overlapping double-breasted collar with folded French cuff sleeves. A four-inch belt with a brass buckle helped cinch in the waistline making the full skirt bellow out from the waist.

We all went to a small café for lunch. Betty, the two wives and I had a salad while Debbie and Pattie ordered a sandwich and fries. I envied them, but I noticed that their wives looked at what I was having for lunch. Their eating habits would soon be changing.

Betty suggested that we both take a short nap as we were going to the symphony tonight, followed by a reception for the guest artist, a pianist. After our nap, while I showered, Betty fixed a tuna fish salad with tomato for a light dinner. As I finished shaving, she entered the bathroom saying, "Please wear your gray wool bolero suit with the white silk blouse tonight along with your good black heels. Chose some stone costume jewelry with the long dangling earrings. Fix your black beaded clutch purse. We will need to wear our winter coats tonight. I will lend you a pair of black nylon dress gloves."

We enjoyed the concert. While at the reception, Betty recognized several women from her office. Before we could move they came over to us. Betty introduced me to them, "girls, I would like you to meet my friend, Cherie. Cherie, this is Mary and Ann whom work with me." After the introductions, I felt a little more secured particularly after Mary asked, Betty, where is your husband that I have heard so much about?"

Betty replied, " Oh, Charlie does not care for the symphony so Cherie agreed to come with me. Wasn't it a good concert? I really enjoyed the last piece by Mozart." That started a discussion about the evening program. After the reception, the four of us decided to walk to the nearby hotel to enjoy the jazz band and have a few drinks. Again, I needed to keep my demure and decided that I better have wine, which I could sip. While I could not be silent all the time, I was very conscious of my voice and tried to talk with my hands as Betty had taught me. In all it was a very enjoyable evening and I was now fully aware that I could pass as a woman in public.

Once home Betty complimented me, "You were not only beautiful tonight but you are so feminine and relaxed as a lady. We can go where we chose without worrying. I was thinking that perhaps we could go on a short vacation together. Are you game? I promise that I will make it worth your efforts," she hinted as she led me to our bedroom for the final act of the evening.



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