

CONTEMPORARY TV FICTION

MAGAZINE

"EXCHANGING VOWS"

Randy must pretend to be a 'wife' for a weekend while his own wife lives as the 'wife' of another man.



VOLUME SIX

A SANDY THOMAS PUBLICATION
P.O. Box 2309
CAPISTRANO BEACH, CA 92624-0309

CONTEMPORARY TV FICTION -- 1

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Volume 6

Exchanging Vows

By Brenda Ann R.

Published by

SANDY THOMAS ADV.

P.O. Box 2309

Capistrano Beach, CA 92624-0309 USA

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'Exchanging Vows'

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ISBN:1-893708-64-0

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Exchanging Vows

By **BRENDA ANN R., Kristy Love and Sandy Thomas**

CHAPTER ONE

I was a rather average guy. My name is Randy Carter and I work at a bank, have a lovely wife named Mindy, and two cats. I watched football on weekends, read the newspaper and generally lead a quiet life.

My wife and I got along nicely in our quiet existence but she would sometimes tell me she was bored. She was a bit moody but if I ignored her, her problems always seemed to go away. Once her screaming about being “‘average’ not being good enough” ended. Everything was perfect.

I liked watching football and golf on weekends, that was nice. Mindy spent her weekends doing. . .I don't really know. . . but probably girl things.

Oh, I'm not a hunk by any means, but normal would not be far wrong. I'm 5' 7" tall and weigh 145 pounds. Not a bad combination for a 24 years old man. My ambitions were normal, and I have always wanted children.

It happened suddenly. After one of Mindy's moody jags I started to have a somewhat difficult time performing in bed. Don't get me wrong, I love my wife and she loves me, but I just had a difficult time getting *it* going and sustaining it. Mindy told me to double up on the new vitamins she'd gotten from her doctor friend. I ate right and took the two purple vitamins daily but nothing got better. In fact, a new problem arose, a physical problem with my chest...I seemed to be developing budding breasts.

Not being a man of action, I postponed going to the doctor for months, thinking that it was a temporary thing and would soon pass. Unfortunately, it got worse with time, not better. . .as did my performance in bed.

Finally, Mindy made up my mind for me. She made an appointment with Dr. Dan Sutton, our family doctor and an old friend of

Mindy's. I agreed to see him since I wouldn't take this embarrassing problem to a stranger.

Monday morning, Mindy and I arrived at the clinic. "What can I do for you, Randy?" he asked, "Is this a personal or professional visit?"

"Professional" I replied, "I have a problem that I want to get rid of."

"What kind of problem?" he questioned. "These!" I said as I unbuttoned my shirt, exposing my breasts.

"I see," he said, "The truth is that your breasts are rather noticeable when you wear a regular shirt like today. I don't recall them looking like this the last time you were in; they're growing, aren't they?"

I nodded. "Can you do something to stop and get rid of them?" I asked.

"I don't know," was his reply, "Take off the rest of your clothes so I can do a complete examination." I was embarrassed because I seemed to also have put on weight on my hips. Because of that, my waist seemed somewhat smaller and my hips seemed to flare out compared to a few months earlier.

As I undressed, Mindy said, "Tell him the rest."

I looked at her, Mindy was beautiful, a most sexy woman. I blushed and said to the doctor, "I . . . I also am having trouble in bed. . ."

Mindy interrupted, "Doc, he can't get it real hard any more. I don't excite him."

The doctor looked over Mindy's voluptuous body and said, "I can't imagine that. We'll run some tests."

He ran a complete set of lab tests on me. The whole thing took about two hours. When he finished the exam, he took us back into his office. "Randy, I can't say for sure until I get the results from the lab, but it appears that your body has more female hormones than male hormones."

"That's obvious," I said, "Can you correct it? Can you give me male hormones to counter the female ones?"

"Well, not now...not until I get the lab results back. I'll call you as soon as they come in," he replied. I looked closely at the doctor and he appeared to have lipstick on his shirt. . .the same shade as Mindy's.

On the way home I asked Mindy if she'd kissed the doctor. She said, "I kissed him on the cheek when we first got there, remember?" She seemed little concerned about the news of the hormone imbalance.

"I can't let it continue," I told her, "These are very embarrassing changes. The doctor also said that my problem in bed is probably tied directly to this hormone problem. It won't correct itself until the hormone problem is resolved."

Mindy stated that she understood the pressure that I was under and that she would stand by me through it all. I gave her a hug and kiss for her support.

Dr. Dan called me on the following Thursday. "Can you and Mindy come to the clinic? What I have to tell you is very important..for both of you."

"Sit down" Dr. Dan said once we were in his office. He continued, "Well, normally our bodies produce both female than male hormones. Your problem is that the male hormone 'receptors' are not effectively receiving them and this creates a 'relatively' high female hormone level. It's like your brain is telling your body that you are a female. It sometimes happens when stress builds: high or when the body reacts to some kinds of medications."

"What can be done?" I asked.

"There's nothing dangerous about this and most times it all just goes away. Well there are several choices," he continued, "You can do nothing at all and you will continue to acquire some degree of feminine secondary characteristics, but retain some of your masculine traits. You could sort of look androgynous, but that would depend on your genetic background. I know of several cases where they increased the female hormones and for all practical purposes, they changed into a woman. You would need an operation, of course, to change your genitals."

"But I don't want to become a woman," I cried out, "What about Mindy? She doesn't want to be married to another woman."

"Shush" Mindy said, "What else, Dan?"

"Well..." he started, but I interrupted.

"What about male hormones?" I cried. "Can't. Sorry, Randy. We can't give you male hormones because of the RQ factor in your blood."

"RQ factor?" I asked.

"Yes," he replied, "In combination with the testosterone, the RQ is likely to cause a form of cancer. It could be terminal. You've heard all the news of athletes using steroids."

"Then we can't do that!" Mindy stated defiantly.

"I can't let myself turn into a woman either" I replied.

"Well, according to the doctor, you may not change that much if you don't do anything at all" she stated. "Besides, I love you. I'd rather have a live husband with a hormone problem than a dead husband that was a hunk."

"But what about our 'bedtime' problem?" I asked. "Well, we've survived so far, and I'm sure we'll see this through together," she stated.

"There is one other thing," the doctor stated, "If you ever want to see what it is like with a full dose of female hormones in you, we can experiment. There's a new drug called ZZM that's very powerful. It stops all male hormones. I can give you an injection of it but you would develop all female characteristics. Your breasts would be full, your waist would get smaller, your hips would widen, even your voice would become softer."

"Why would I want to do that?" I said almost in a panic.

"Because of the 'bounce back effect'," the doctor said, "After the injection wears off male hormone levels shoot way up. But during ZZM's influence, I'm afraid you won't have any sex life because your manhood becomes almost non-existent. Why ZZM? Because while its effect is quick and powerful, it only lasts 2 months then your body probably will return to what it was. You might have to have continuous injections to maintain the change for longer time periods. I only suggest this as an experiment and then either accept or reject the affects. I'll work on it and get back to you in several weeks."

That night Mindy and I decided not to do anything and let things go on as they were. I had no other choices. I hoped to go back to being a normal man. The ZZM didn't sound very attractive. Besides, I enjoyed being a man. Luckily Mindy was willing to stick with me in spite of our problem. At this rate, it didn't look like we would be parents either. The only thing going for me was Mindy. I am very lucky to have a wife like Mindy who would stay with me.

CHAPTER TWO

Mindy and I continued to talk about the ZZM. The idea of being feminized for several months was fascinating to Mindy who suggested we try ZZM. But what about my job? How would Mindy and I react to my feminization? No...the idea was interesting, but we rejected it as being too far out. It just wouldn't fit into our lifestyle.

We decided to leave things as they were. Mindy found me a sports bra which pressed my teen girl sized breasts down so that my breasts would not show when wearing a solid shirt. I felt silly wearing these bras but the alternative was much worse; having nipples jutting beneath my shirts. They were always sore and even the rubbing of a shirt would drive me crazy. I was careful to keep my jacket on at work; the bra straps would be seen through my white shirts.

Hopefully this 'wait and see' solution would suffice for the future until the doctor had had a chance to resolve my problem.

Mindy and I concentrated on our careers and did many recreational activities. We took up Square Dancing and quickly went on to "Clogging." Clogging is very much like Square dancing but the costumes are more elaborate. In fact, we joined the Cranston County Cloggers. We were the 'alternate' couple, there to fill in when one of the regular couples was not available.

The Cranston county team was excellent and had won all local and state contests. We were now preparing for the Eastern Regional Championships where the first place prize was \$10,000.00. The championships took place the second weekend of September in Atlanta, Georgia. The competition occurred during Friday and Saturday with the team returning home on Sunday. Exactly one month prior to the regional meet, Mindy received a call from the team leader, Tammy. It seemed that one of the girls, Peggy Adams, was transferred out of town by her company. Peggy was a liberated woman. When offered the transfer, without a thought, she left, leaving the group and a fiancée high and dry. Mindy was thrilled with the request to take her place and accepted at once.

There was a slight problem Tammy cautioned. Only people who had actually participated at the state level could compete on the regional level. Mindy would have to become Peggy Adams and dance with Peggy's fiancée, Roy. That night Tammy brought over

Mindy's airline ticket made out to Peggy Adams. I would have to buy my own plane ticket to travel with the group to Atlanta.

Mindy and I practiced together at home even though I wasn't likely to be able to dance in the contest.

A week later on Sunday morning, Mindy and I arrived at the club hall to practice. Mindy was so excited that she could hardly contain herself. When we walked into the hall, the excitement level there was considerably less than hers or mine.

"What's wrong? Why the glum faces?" I asked.

Tammy looked at us. "Kathy left home yesterday. She skipped town with her Psychiatrist. Her husband Barry is devastated. She left everything behind, including their two young children. As if that weren't enough, we're now down to six men and five women. We can't compete," Tammy explained.

Barry Major was among the men in the group at the hall. He quietly stated that he and Kathy had been having marital problems, but he had not expected this. "And to top it off, this group has worked so hard and come so far. And now this."

"Goodbye to the \$10,000 also," said Alex Forman, one of the other men in the group.

"Well? Are the kids alright?" I asked. "Oh, sure," Barry replied, "I took them to my sister for a few weeks until I get things under control."

"How do you feel? Do you still want to compete?" Mindy asked Barry considering the trauma he had suffered.

"Y..yes. I think I do. I really enjoy this group and the dancing. It's good therapy also."

"Any ideas?" Tammy questioned the group. There was no response. Finally Valerie said, "Randy, Mindy is taking Peggy's place. Why don't you take Kathy's?"

Everyone laughed, including myself. "I don't think that I could pass for a 'Kathy'," I said.

"What does a 'Kathy' look like?" Valerie continued, "No one knows what she looks like. You only have to look like a girl. Then we would have six boys and six girls again."

I looked around the group. The guys were not paying any attention to this ridiculous suggestion, but Tammy, Valerie and Mindy were looking at me like they were considering the idea. Pretty soon Pam and Sherry realized that Valerie's idea was a suggestion and not a joke. I began to feel a little uncomfortable.

Tammy broke the silence. "Randy does know all the routines. I know that he could do the girls part with a little practice. We still have three weeks to practice" she stated.

"Oh come on now," I said, "You can't be serious. I could never pass for a girl."

"Not true, Randy," Pam stated, "With a little work I think that you could easily pass."

"Yeah. I think so too," said Sherry, "If you had makeup and a wig on, I bet that you could be a very convincing girl. Of course, you would have to learn to walk, dance and sit like a girl. I wonder if you could learn how to do that in three weeks?"

"I think I could teach him those things," Mindy piped in.

"Hey, no way," I said, "I'm not going to dress up like a girl just so we can enter a competition."

"Not just a competition" Tammy reminded, "The competition and the \$10,000 that goes with it. If you won't do it, or at least try, you'll let down the other 11 of us." The girls looked at me for an answer. The guys were now paying attention also. They knew no matter how much money was involved that no guy would consent to wearing dresses and makeup.

"I can't do it" I said searching for a good reason for the girls and trying to protect my masculinity with the guys.

"Why not? I don't remember anything in the rules about actual sex, it only says partners and costume requirements," Tammy determined.

"I'm a guy. Guys don't wear dresses . . .and besides, I don't have any costumes and there is no time to make them. I couldn't do it even if I wanted to," I replied.

"You could wear Kathy's costumes" Barry said, "She left them when she took off and I bet that they would fit you. Give it a try."

A fellow male had sabotaged me. He continued, "I could really use my share of the prize money, what with the kids, divorce and all," he finished.

"So now what's your excuse?" the girls demanded. Some of the guys began to think of their own prize money. "Randy, why not put on a damn dress? It won't kill you," Alex demanded.

"Yeah. We'll protect you from the wolves," Chet added.

"Well if its so easy, why don't any of the six of you volunteer to be the girl?" I asked of them standing in front of me. They were

all over 6', bearded and muscular. Not a one of them could pass for a girl. Only I could. I had answered my own question.

"Look Randy. If I don't mind you going as my wife, then you shouldn't mind going as my wife," Barry stated.. followed by a chorus of snickers. He was right, I would have to be Kathy Major, Barry's wife, if I did it.

"Well, what if I don't look like a girl as you think that I will?" I asked.

"Then we will scrap the whole idea," Tammy said.

I gave it a long thought. I liked these people and the contest meant so much to them. "Ok," I said softly. They all whistled and cheered. I blushed. I had just told eleven people that if things worked out, I would impersonate a girl for a weekend, including performing before hundreds of people.

"Ok," Tammy took charge again. "I think that we have a chance to pull this off. Now that Randy's going to give this a try, I want everyone's serious pledge that we will not make a game or circus out of this. If you are not serious, say so now and we'll cancel out of the competition." Everyone agreed that this would be a serious venture.

"Good," Tammy said, "This is what we will do. We'll practice this morning with Randy doing Kathy's part. If this goes well, Mindy can take Randy home and see what kind of a girl he will make." Mindy replied, "Sure, but I'm not sure what I would dress him up in."

"Bring him over to my house," Barry said, "I'm sure that Kathy's clothes will fit him. She left quite a few clothes behind."

The practice went well. I didn't have any trouble doing the girls steps or kicks. I felt funny on the twirl that wrapped me into Barry's arms. He felt funny too, I could tell.

At the end of practice, Tammy announced, "We can do it. Randy works into Kathy's part just fine. Now if we can make him into a Kathy, we can pull it off. Everyone be back at six. We'll see if Mindy was successful in transforming Randy into a girl. If she is, we will have a complete run through of all our routines tonight. Starting tonight we will refer to Randy as Kathy and as 'she' and 'her'. Randy has the job of acting as a girl. We all have the job of learning to treat him as one. Also, you will refer to Mindy as Peggy. Get used to that also."

The group agreed to this.

"I'll see you over at my place," Barry said as he headed towards his truck.

As we headed towards Barry's home, I discussed this turn of events with Mindy. I thought that it was kind of peculiar that this would happen so soon after the events at the doctor's office. I asked Mindy whether she had something to do with this turn of events.

"No. How could I have? How could I have even known about Kathy till the meeting this morning," she answered then added, "I barely knew Kathy."

"I guess that's true," I replied. "Still...it sure seemed peculiar."

We arrived at Barry's house shortly and were invited in. We went into the pleasant ranch style country home and Barry led us to the bedroom where the remains of Kathy's clothes were still in the closet.

"She took only those things she really wanted and that did not include the Clogging costume. She left a note to give the rest to charity, but I haven't gotten around to it yet," Barry explained.

"Well, I'll leave you 'girls' alone," Barry said as he went to the recreation room to watch the football game. Mindy looked through the collection of women's clothes in the closet. "I'm pretty sure that these clothes will fit you," Mindy stated. "Hmmm" she mumbled while looking over the various items, "Here, try on this jumper. If it fits, everything else will fit also."

The jumper was a square dance jumper in white. It was worn with a green satin blouse. Underneath the skirt were two soft green petticoats and a pair of green satin sissy pants. I sighed and took off my shirt and jeans. I picked up the jumper. As I donned the blouse, it became apparent that it was a good thing that I was wearing my sports bra. The coolness of the dark green blouse felt good against my body. I then pulled up the matching panties and stepped into the jumper and pulled it into place. I managed to zip up the zipper at the back of the skirt.

"That fits quite ok but you could lose a couple pounds," Mindy stated, "That means that all of her costumes will fit as well."

"Put on these nylon anklets, Ran...er.. Kathy" Mindy stated. I did as I was told and then she slipped a pair of white patent leather dancing slippers over the anklets. The shoes had a large white ribbon tied in the middle. Mindy tied the ribbon into a bow. "You can use these shoes to practice in" Mindy stated, "Try walking in

them.” They felt fine. “You’ll have to shave your legs and wear nylons all the time” Mindy went on.

I nodded miserable that this was happening to me. “What about my hair?” I asked. Mindy stated that she thought that she could borrow a wig. “Although, your hair is long enough that it could be made into a feminine style,” Mindy observed.

“We would need a professional to do that,” I stated, “And I don’t think that I would be willing to going to a beauty shop to have it done.”

“Hmmm . . .that may not be a problem,” Mindy said.

“Well, let me pack all of the clothes you’ll need,” she continued, “I’ll pack one of her clogging costumes, along with enough street clothes to last until this is over. I’m sure that you are not interested in buying skirts and dresses that you’ll never wear again . . .unless you get to liking it, of course,” Mindy chuckled.

“Ah yes . . .I’m delighted that I can wear Kathy’s clothes,” I mimicked, “Thank you for putting me in dresses,” I went on. Mindy laughed.

“What an ugly broad,” Barry’s baritone voice boomed from the doorway. “Be fair,” Mindy stated, “He . . .*she* doesn’t have *her* makeup on or *her* hair done. And *she*’s not wearing nylons. No girl would look good without those things.”

“And shave those legs,” Barry demanded, “If your going to be my wife, you better have smooth legs.” We all laughed at his joke. Then he said, “Wait a minute!” and ran into his bedroom.

“Give me your hand,” He said. I did and he slipped on my finger the real Kathy’s diamond wedding ring. He looked a little sad, saying, “She left it on the dresser. This will make it look official.”

“Go ahead and change back,” Mindy stated. I did so. “You can wear these to practice,” she continued handing me the dance clothes on a hanger.

After arriving home, Mindy went into the kitchen to fix us something to eat. “Start getting ready, Rand...Kathy,” Mindy instructed. I went into the bathroom, applied the hair remover to my body as Mindy instructed and let it set. I then took a shower. If Barry wanted his “wife” to have smooth legs, he would get his wish. I then took a scented bubble bath prior to dinner.

Afterward, I began to prepare myself as a girl...something I wasn’t looking forward to. After Mindy helped me apply some

cosmetics, she placed an auburn wig on my head. Mindy looked me over and nodded her approval. Obviously she liked what she saw. I then started to get dressed. "Wear this pushup bra," Mindy suggested, "People will just think that you filled the bra with Kleenex." I could tell that she was beginning to get into the swing of things. She laughed about her little joke, since I was probably as well endowed as some of the smaller breasted women.

I put on the bra, green satin blouse and white jumper with two soft petticoats under it. The skirt stood out in a sassy manner. I twirled around and the skirt lifted in response, exposing the petticoats and sissy pants. For some strange reason, I liked the way I looked. I finished the outfit by slipping on a pair of black patent skimmers that Mindy had packed along with the rest of the costume.

"How do I look?" I asked Mindy. "Pretty. . .very pretty. . .very feminine," she replied. I couldn't help but blush. Only this very morning, I was a happily married man, now I was preparing to act as some other man's wife. This was all crazy.

Mindy looked good also, but she wore only a plain blouse and a pair of shorts. After all this was just a practice. "Don't you think that I'm overdressed for a practice?" I asked her. "Probably," she replied, "But everyone wants to see you as a girl in a show costume."

I carried my billfold and keys in my hand. Mindy and I forgot to get me a purse before leaving the house. We drove to the hall. I didn't dare drive for fear of being stopped by the police. I could just see handing the officer my drivers license which read Randy and listed the sex as male.

We arrived at the hall and it appeared that we were the last to arrive as everyone else's car was in the lot. I suddenly felt very nervous and embarrassed. "Let's go in," Mindy said noticing me falling behind. "You go in first," I said.

"Why?" she asked.

"Because I'm very nervous being seen by the guys in these clothes," I stated.

"All right, I'll go in and make the announcement. Then you come in," she stated. I agreed. Mindy went into the hall and I heard the noise of others mingling. I then heard her say, "ladies and gentlemen, may I present Kathy."

There was a hush from inside the hall. I knew that everyone would be looking at the door waiting for me . . . Kathy . . . to make an appearance.

I knew that I was blushing. I looked down the blouse and noticed my breasts standing out, I felt my smooth legs under the skirt, and the soft petticoats brushing my thighs. I felt the green satin ribbon that Mindy had put in the wig and said to myself, "Well, eleven people are about to see what Randy looked like when dressed as a girl." I pushed the door open and shyly took several steps into the room.

I was totally embarrassed as all eyes focussed on me. At first no one said anything and then the comments began. "Unbelievable," Tammy said, "He's beautiful."

Tammy's husband Mark stated, "Damn if I didn't know better, I would have tried to pick him up."

"So feminine. How'd you ever transform such an mediocre man into such a pretty, daintily-dressed girl?" Sherry asked.

"I knew he would be," Pam stated.

Mindy smiled and said, "I hope that Barry doesn't run away with her."

"I really didn't think he would do it" Rich said. "Not many men would," Alex said staring in disbelief, "Are you sure you've never done this before, Randy?" he asked.

"I'm positive," I said.

Tammy finally called the group to order, "Ok, group. Let's get with it. Randy is now Kathy for those of you who forgot. Line up for the first routine." I got in the girls line.

We practiced hard for about two hours. During the short breaks, the girls gathered around me giving me makeup tips, reminding me to sit with my legs together, etc. They taught me to use feminine gestures and reminded me that if I saw a sexy girl at the regionals, I shouldn't make eyes at her or people will wonder. It would be alright to look at some hunks though. The guys pretty well left me alone and appeared to accept the fact that even though I hated doing this, I was doing it for their benefit.

"Are you wearing panties?" Barry asked me in front of several of the other guys.

I blushed deeply, "No, I'm wearing boxer shorts. They would look real cute sticking out from under the sissy dress. Of course I'm wearing panties."

"Alright," Tammy announced, breaking the awkward silence, "That will take care of practice for tonight. I think that it went well. We'll practice again every Sunday, Wednesday and Friday night until we head for Atlanta on Thursday, September 10th."

The group started to break up and head home. Tammy came over to where Mindy and I were getting our stuff bagged up. "Thanks, Kathy," she said to me. I nodded.

"Peggy," she said to Mindy, "I think that you should keep Kathy dressed as a girl till after we get back from the convention. It will be hard to be Randy one day and Kathy that night." Mindy agreed.

I blanched! "You mean that I've got to dress like a girl for the next three weeks?" I anxiously asked.

"Yes," both girls said in unison. "It's the only way you will be able to pass in Atlanta," Tammy finished. "Also, maybe it would be good to teach Kathy how to do her own makeup in case you aren't around to do it for her," Tammy suggested to Mindy. She then gave me an airline ticket made out to 'Kathy Major'.

As we left the hall, Tammy whispered, "Try taking shorter more feminine steps. You make a lovely girl . . . Oh, and start carrying a purse."

Mindy rolled into a fast food joint. "Let's get something to eat. I'm famished," she declared. I complained that I couldn't be seen in public wearing these clothes. Mindy reminded me that I was going to spend the next three weeks in girl's clothes, thus I should start getting used to them. Reluctantly I walked with her into the restaurant and stood in line waiting to order our hamburgers. I again blushed when I heard some teenage boys and girls discussing my costume. "I would like to wear a dress like that," one girl said, "they didn't have petticoats like that when I was in school." The other girl told her that it was a dance costume, not a street dress.

After eating we headed home and I quickly got ready for bed. Soon I was drifting off to sleep in a red lace teddy.

CHAPTER THREE

I awoke Monday morning and immediately felt the satin and lace of my teddy caressing my body. I took off the teddy replacing it with my usual t-shirt and shorts in preparation for going to work. "Kind of masculine underwear for Kathy, isn't it," Mindy wanted to know.

"Kathy doesn't work at the bank, Randy does," I replied.

"But Randy is going to call in sick today. I called your doctor and he agreed you needed to get away from the stress at the bank. He's preparing a note stating that you require at least three weeks rest from a respiratory infection. So you are now on 'vacation' from work so that you can prepare full time to be 'Kathy'," Mindy said matter of factly.

"WHAT!" I shouted, "B...but."

"Now, don't *but* me, Randy. You heard Tammy last night. She wants you to practice full time until the competition," Mindy lectured.

"B..but, I didn't think that it meant to give up my job," I blurted.

"Oh, Randy, you're not giving up any job..you're only going on a little sick leave," Mindy stated, "Think of it as a vacation. It will be good for us."

Confused I stuttered a few more incoherent statements all the while Mindy was gathering up my shorts, t-shirts, and shoes and locking them into my closet. "That closet is off limits to you until we get back from Atlanta," Mindy stated, "You are in dresses from now on, Kathy. And I think that you should call me Peggy until we get back. It will remind both of us of the roles we are now enrolled in."

As I sat on the bed trying to absorb this news, Mindy handed me a pair of white panties with blue ribbons on the front. "I'll go to the store and buy you some nice lingerie this morning. Wear this from Kathy's wardrobe until then," she continued.

"W . . .when did you make these arrangements with the doctor, the bank, etc.?" I asked holding the panties in front of me.

"Oh, last night during one of the breaks. Tammy is all for it, the doctor made the arrangements with the bank so that you will be getting extended sick leave while out. So, we aren't loosing any money, the group is getting its sixth couple, and we are entering into an *adventure*," Mindy explained while laying out a bra, nylons, two inch heels, and a skirt and blouse from the Kathy bag.

"Before you put on your nylons, let's polish your toenails," Mindy said.

"Polish my nails? Is that really needed? I've only agreed to impersonate a girl for the dance contest," I said with fading hopes for this adventure.

"You agreed to do a good job of passing as a girl. We can't have this become a charade. This will only work if you can pass as a girl without any doubt by anyone who sees or hears you," Mindy explained. "There is a lot more to being a female than wearing dresses. We've got less than three weeks to teach you what the other women have learned over the last 25 years. You've got a lot of training to go, my dear Kathy," she finished.

Feeling defeated and completely separated from reality, I nodded to her admonishing to start learning how to apply the bright red color to my toes. Mindy was sure getting into this caper.

It seemed that she was becoming more excited each moment as I, her husband, became feminized. Not only dressed like a woman, but for a weekend, another man's wife. She kept teasing, "Do it for your husband."

After finishing both feet, she told me to start on my fingers. Before applying the polish, she showed me how to shape my nails so they looked much smaller and feminine. Once I finished both hands and as the polish was drying, she inspected my handiwork. "Good," she said, "Maybe you will learn faster than I thought." Mindy continued, "Now it's time to get you dressed as Kathy so you can become a total girl in public."

"What am I going to wear?" I asked.

"The white dance dress. It looks cute on you," Mindy said.

I showered, and donned my hose and panties. Mindy then started applying makeup on my face. She really went to town. She then showed me how to put the finishing touches on my lipstick.

She then helped me slip on the clogging dance dress and put on my wig. The wig was a little hard to put on as my own hair had grown pretty long. I had forgotten to get a haircut because I was so worried about my chest and problems in bed. I'm afraid that I had taken some kidding at work and the boss had told me that it was too long for the bank. I had promised him that I'd get it cut. It looked like it would be another three weeks before I would be allowed to carry out that promise.

Soon, we left for the hall. This time, I carried a purse. When we arrived, I again felt embarrassed. Dressed in the most feminine of attire, I would soon be standing in front of my friends, all of whom knew that I was a male wearing girl's clothes. Mindy would be telling them that I had applied my own lipstick and had painted my own nails. "Come on Kathy, they've seen you before," Mindy chided.

"Yeah, but it's still a little embarrassing," I replied.

I walked into the hall and again all heads turned towards us. I flushed deep red. I was very aware of my shiny smooth legs, delicate petticoats, and short dress as I strolled past Mark who still had on his construction workers clothes, complete with hard hat.

Two of the girls had on the very short dance skirts, everyone else wore shorts. I was dressed more femininely than anyone else there and I felt it. Mindy didn't help the situation when she stated, "Kathy did all of her own makeup tonight. She even *wanted* to paint her fingernails. Don't you think they are pretty?"

She held up my hands for all to see. I blushed deeper. It was plain to see that the guys were shocked to see one of their own delighting in feminine makeup.

"I can't believe that you are actually still doing this," Alex said, "Did you wear a dress to the bank today?"

"Uhh . . .no. I'm on sick leave starting today," I replied.

"Leave him alone," Sherry said to her husband, "He..er..she is trying her very best to be a believable girl."

"And she's succeeding," Barry added, "You're looking more and more girlish. Maybe this was a good idea after all."

Pam had Chet take several pictures of me with the group. I saw Chet talking with Mindy shortly afterward. I couldn't hear what was said, but Mindy smiled with delight and nodded her head. Tammy called a routine #1 practice and I again reported to the girls side of the line.

"Girls," Tammy yelled, "A little skirt work for those of you wearing them. Kathy, grab the hem of your skirt, show those petticoats. I know you're only a 'one day' girl, but you have to think sexy, think feminine. Show the crowd your sexy little butt." I blushed. Everyone else laughed. I was beginning to feel more like one of the girls. At the breaks, the guys would gather together

to talk football and stuff but I was pulled into the costume discussions with the girls.

"Your nails are terrible," Pam said, "And your eye shadow...way to much. You're a dancer, not a street walker." I later heard her ask Mindy if I had to work Wednesday. Mindy told her no, that I was on sick leave. I couldn't hear the rest of the conversation.

The rest of the practice went well. I was included more in the male circles during later breaks, but I felt like an outsider. "Doesn't he look cute," I heard Pam ask as I sat among the men. She was right. I was pretty, petite, and delicate, compared to my male peers. They no longer seemed to want to talk about boy stuff with me.

"I must feel weird to be wearing a dress and dancing a girl's part?" Mark asked.

"Embarrassing," I replied, "I'm not sure that it's worth \$10,000." Everyone laughed but the guys accepted my plight as being not of my doing but it didn't prevent them from teasing me.

The night finally ended. "See you on Wednesday," I said to the group as I prepared to leave. I had untied the ribbons on my satin dancing shoes, slipped them off, and replaced them with the black patent leather skimmers. I couldn't find my purse, however.

I hated to ask, but finally did. "Has anyone seen my purse?" I asked aloud. A lot of giggles followed.

"Over here," Mindy replied. I thought that I had placed it on the other side of the bleachers.

The next three days were spent much like the first two, learning the many aspects of dressing as a female. The time not spent at Clogging dance practice went towards trying on Kathy's clothes, having those that didn't fit taken out/or/in and learning how to apply makeup. Each day Mindy seemed to become more involved in making my impersonation perfect. It was becoming an obsession with her.

She even had Barry send over the rest of the 'real' Kathy's clothes, Barry had no need for them. Mindy hung the nicest of them in my closet.

Sunday morning I got up late. I was looking forward to a day in my easy chair. "Afraid not, dear," Mindy stated, "Slip on a dress or skirt and blouse. We have places to go."

"What? Where?" I asked. She didn't answer, but just said, "I think maybe that western outfit, the one with the frilly western bloused tiered denim skirt, would be good. And high heels, also. You still walk a little sloppy in them. Pam and Sherry think that you need more practice in heels."

"Heels, blouses and skirts? What does that have to do with me and Pam and Sherry?" I asked.

"Oh, I thought Pam had told you that we're going to her house today. She's going to do your nails." Mindy said.

"My nails?" I asked.

"Yes, acrylic ones. She does them for a living and she was appalled by your short, nails. She's going to give you a set of long beautiful nails as her contribution to your femininity." Mindy finished.

"And Sherry..Why is she going to be there?" I asked.

"Hair stylist," Mindy replied, "You are going to have your hair done. No more wigs to wear." Nails, permanent??

"Aren't you girls getting carried away with this?" I asked.

"Certainly not. You're going to be the perfect lady by the time of the contest or we will all know why not," Mindy said, "These features are needed to implant in your mind that there is no turning back. You're a girl for another two weeks."

Dejectedly, I changed into the western outfit and added some white heels. I had been outside a few times with Mindy, but mostly at night or around the block. This was my first excursion in broad daylight. I wasted no time getting into the car.

Soon we were at Pam's house. "Welcome girls," Chet greeted us, "Pam and Sherry are down stairs waiting for you." Rich waved a greeting from the living room. He and Chet were watching my favorite football team, the Atlanta Sky play on television. I tried to hear the score as I was pulled downstairs. We 'girls' would be doing our girl things downstairs so as to not disturb the menfolk's game.

"Pretty outfit," Pam told me as we descended the stairs, "Where did you get it?"

"Uh.it was one of Kathy's," I stammered. "And high heels too,"

Sherry added, "Where will this all end? With you getting pregnant?" she teased.

I smiled at her joke and said, "I hope so. I could sell my rights to some feature magazine."

"Randy..er..Kathy, if someone would offer you two million dollars, tax free, to have a sex change, would you do it?" Pam asked.

"Sure, he would," Mindy interrupted, "Look at what he's done for a mere cut of \$10,000." Everyone laughed.

"Let's get started," Pam said, "You'll be a real beauty when we finish with you."

Sherry put a pink plastic smock over my clothes. "Don't want to ruin such a pretty outfit," she said. Pam took my left hand and started applying acrylic to my nails. Sherry was washing my hair. Soon my nails were covered with acrylic and Pam began to shape them into a feminine style. Sherry had rolled my hair into what seemed like a thousand curlers.

They talked "girl talk" for awhile and it became apparent that I wasn't able to keep up as they lost me when they started talking patterns for the next costume. Eventually it was time for the curlers to come out and Pam was applying a coat of glossy clear polish over the top of the rose colored polish. "Do you feel girlish yet?" Pam asked me.

"A little, how else could I feel?" I responded.

"Be honest," Sherry said quietly, "Just between us girls and not for the guys. Isn't it kind of fun to wear makeup, nail polish, skirts and such?"

"No, I'm a guy. How can this be fun? I should be working on my car with short greasy broken fingernails. I want to watch the football game. I should be looking at girls in miniskirts, not wearing one," I retorted.

"Ok, Ok, I hear you," Sherry said, "but I don't believe you. If the truth be known, I'd bet that the rest of the guys, including my macho Rich, would just love to try on a dress or skirt. They would never admit it, however."

"I agree," Pam said. "Once I dressed up for Halloween as a race car driver and I made Chet go as the trophy girl. He wore a formal with a ribbon that said Cranston Race Track Queen on it."

"Did he look good? He's so big," Mindy asked. "Naw. He looked like a guy in drag, but I think he liked it though. Now Randy, he's different. He could *be* a girl if he wanted. He's a natural," Pam declared.

"That's not really a compliment," I asserted. "Take it as one. I don't know why you men think girlish stuff is so beneath you. I

love being a girl and wouldn't change for two million," Pam replied applying polish to the last nail. "They're beautiful," she declared, holding up my hand for all to admire. She was right.

Sherry had removed all of the curlers and was busy with a brush and spray. I was not allowed to look in the mirror. She finished about ten minutes later and looked at me critically. "Amazing, you could have been born a girl," she said holding up a mirror. My auburn hair was shoulder length and now ringed with a series of curls. I looked like a modern day woman on the go. I really did.

"Now you're stuck as a full time girl," Pam said, "With that hair and those nails, you'll have to go everywhere as a girl." I realized that she was right. I was now trapped in femininity. Mindy and I thanked the girls. Mindy even offered to pay for my hairdo and nails, but they wouldn't hear of it. Mindy made an appointment with Pam to get our hair and nails done again before the contest.

As we were preparing to exit the basement, Sherry asked, "Sweet-face, make sure you take your vitamins. You're going to need all the energy you can get. There's more stress as a girl."

That's all I needed was more *stress*. I noticed a sly smile pass between she and Mindy. I briefly wondered what the little secret was that they were sharing, but it soon passed with the strange feeling of the hairdo and new nails.

When we got to the top of the stairs, Sherry called out to the men, "What do you think, guys?" Rich and Chet turned to look at me. Their jaws dropped, they seemed unable to say anything.

"Show them your nails," Pam urged. I extended my hands in a feminine manner.

"My gawd," Rich said, "You've turned him into a girl. Careful Randy, they are likely to 'fix' you if you give them a chance."

Chet asked, "Are you sure you haven't done this before?"

"Quite sure," I replied.

Once in the car, Mindy again asked me if I wanted to drive. "No," I replied, "Why do you keep asking. You know that I can't dress like a girl and have a man's drivers license. That's asking for trouble."

"Ok," she said as she took the wheel and started to drive off, "You look beautiful."

I thanked her for the somewhat backhanded compliment.

She went on, "You'd make many a man happy if they could take you out."

"Sure, till they got down to the nitty gritty and found out what I was," I answered.

Arriving home, I checked and rechecked my hair. It looked so different. I ran my long painted nails through it, feeling the curls.

"I'll teach you how to brush it out in the morning," Mindy told me, "It won't be hard to care for or to style. I'll have you doing it by yourself in one lesson."

CHAPTER FOUR

We were awakened early the next Wednesday morning, one week before going to Atlanta, by the telephone. It was Tammy. She wanted to know if we could practice at 2:00 in the afternoon instead of the evening as several people wanted to do things that evening. We had no plans, so I said sure. I put the receiver back on the cradle and wondered what everyone was doing this evening.

"Who was it?" Mindy yawned from the bedroom. "Tammy. She wants to practice this afternoon instead of tonight. Some of the group want to go some place tonight."

"Oh, yes, I forgot to tell you. The girls are going to have a bachelorette party tonight for Valerie. I'll be going to it," Mindy explained. Even though Valerie and Alex were considered a couple, they had never formalized their vows.

I had been living as a woman for a little over two weeks now. I was even getting pretty used to selecting girl's clothes to wear, dressing myself, applying my makeup, and presenting myself as a female. Everyone in the group was used to me showing up in dresses or cutoffs like the other girls. The guys kept saying things about my legs and bottom. Comments such as Alex saying, "Great bottom, *girl*." Or Barry saying, "Look at those legs, in nylons they are as good a woman I know."

Mindy and I lounged around for most of the morning. I took my vitamins in the morning followed by another one at dinner. I noticed that my skin was becoming quite translucent and soft. My next to nothing beard seemed much lighter and hair grew even thicker. Most of all, I noticed that my breasts were very sensitive and seemed to gain shape and almost bounce. I attributed these

changes to the clothes I wore and the creams and lotions I had to rub into my skin constantly.

After lunch, I put on fresh makeup and was ready to slip on the white jumper. "Oh, here," Mindy said, "Tammy brought this over." Mindy held up a red dance skirt. "She said that a girl needed more than one outfit to practice in." Mindy then found a soft white pull over sweater to go with it. She also set out some red skimmers that she had bought at the thrift store.

I wore some red bikini panties and dark hose. I pulled the skirt on, noting that it had the traditional attached sissy pants to preserve modesty. I slipped on the light, tight fitting sweater which accented my breasts. If the gang only knew that they were real..well almost real.

I was almost found out at one of the first rehearsals. Chet came up behind me and grabbed both my breasts, squeezing them thinking they were foam rubber or something. I about went through the roof.

"They feel real," he yelled. Mindy walked up and slapped him. She yelled at him, "Don't you ever even think of doing that again! Or perhaps I'll sneak up and squeeze something of yours. . .real hard. You treat him like one of us girls. Got it?"

As we were ready to leave, I put a tube of lipstick in my purse and some clear nail polish in case I got a run in my hose. I did it without thinking. Mindy's relentless training had taught me many of the little tricks used by women to keep beautiful. The arrival at the hall was becoming rather routine. Everyone knew that I would be attired in girls clothing.

They were surprised because this new girl was able to maintain her grooming so well after only two weeks. They didn't realize the intensity with which Mindy went at her task. The women carefully checked out my look, while the guys admitted that I looked good. Some joked and suggested that I go ahead and have a sex change. Then there would be two new single girls (Mindy and I) for the single guys in the club. After all, both Barry and Roy could be considered single now that their respective partners had left them.

I told them that I wasn't convinced that it was better to be a girl than a guy. I said, "It's too much work."

"You could have fooled us," Roy added, "Oh, we have a little surprise for you."

He handed me two drivers licenses. One was my own, the other was mine also, but it had a picture of me dressed in the white jumper. It was the picture that Mark had taken two weeks earlier. The license had been further altered so that the name read, "Kathy Majors" and the sex was stated as being "female." Barry had simply renewed his wife's license with my picture. I now possessed a drivers license that told the world that I was a girl. Now I could drive, even when dressed as a female. Barry said, "Just in case they require ID at the contest. And wear my ring!"

Mindy took it out of her purse and slipped it on my finger. It sparkled and looked feminine against my painted nails.

"Oh, me too," Roy said, pulling out his ex-wife's 3 carat diamond ring. "Do you mind?" he said to me. I shook my head. Roy quickly took off Mindy's gold wedding band with the small diamond and slipped on his ex-wife's monster. Mindy seemed to beam as she looked at the huge sparkler. She smiled delightfully and kissed Roy on the cheek and said to me, "It's only for the contest. . .so we can remember who *our* husbands are."

We practiced hard, but took more breaks than usual. I was sitting with the guys when I asked, "Say, where's everyone going tonight?" I was informed that the six guys had entered a one night bowling tournament. I asked, "Why didn't you ask me? I have a 178 average." Rich answered, "*Kathy*, its a men's tournament. You wouldn't qualify . . .unless you dropped your panties." All of the guys were looking me up and down in a manner that emphasized that I certainly couldn't pass as a man.

I looked down over my breasts to the short red skirt, nylon legs and white dancing shoes. "But you could come along," Chet added, "Wear a short skirt and look provocative to distract the other teams."

"Or you could be the prize," Roy put in, "The winners could share you for the night."

"You perverts!" I said as gruffly and as deeply as I could. Everyone laughed.

Tammy and Sherry came over to talk to me, "Hey, why don't you come with Mindy tonight?"

“Go to a bachelorette party? You have to be kidding,” I said. “They can get kind of racy,” Sherry threw in, “You’ll get an insight into a girl’s party. It’ll be a no holds barred get together. We’re not going to be reserved just because you are there. We’ll probably embarrass you.”

It sounded like a challenge. “All right, I’ll come to your girls only party,” I declared to the women who now formed a semi-circle around me.

“You should. You’ll fit right in,” Valerie stated.

After arriving home, I asked Mindy what girls do at “bachelorette” parties. “Oh, girl things,” she answered. Later, Mindy laid out an absolutely obscene black mini skirt. “Wear this. It’s super short, but you have the legs to do it. And these,” she said handing me a pair of black 3 inch heels. “This frilly blouse will top off your outfit.” Mindy had made up her mind as to what I was to wear.

Later, I was sitting on the couch waiting for Mindy to make an entrance from the bedroom. “Ready to go?” Mindy said entering the living room. I was stunned. She had on faded jeans and one of my plaid shirts.

“What’s this?” I wanted to know.

“We’re supposed to dress for comfort. Tonight’s a party, not a fashion show,” Mindy replied.

“Then why am I dressed like this?” I asked.

“Because the girls said that I should keep you in skirts so that you could continue to practice sitting modestly,” she replied. I appeared that I was going dressed as I was.

I drove to Tammy’s. My new license was securely in my purse. I was hesitant, but Mindy insisted, “It will instill confidence in you. You have to get used to being a girl in all circumstances.” I didn’t understand why since I had no need to drive in Atlanta.

We knocked on the door, but no one answered. We let ourselves in. The room was filled with women. They all seemed to accept me as another woman. “Whew, look at those legs?” Pam shouted, “A micro mini, no less.”

“Straight out of the sixties,” Pam added. All of the other girls wore slacks and jeans. I, a male, was the only one in a skirt and heels.

Before we arrived, Tammy had told everyone about me and what I was doing for the contest. For about ten minutes every woman in the room stared at me.

I took a seat on the couch being careful to straighten out the skirt and to keep my legs together. We were constantly referred to as Kathy and Peggy. There were a few comments to Mindy such as, "Oh Mindy. . .I mean Peggy, he's so sweet looking. I'd never get my husband to do that." OR "I'd keep him that way, he must make a wimpy looking man."

Shortly after it was almost as if the girl's had forgotten that Mindy and I were married and that my name is Randy and hers is Mindy. When I whispered this observation to Mindy, she said that she had noticed. As she walked away, I heard her say, "I really don't mind though, I like being called Peggy Adams. It makes me feel different inside, less confined." I wondered what she meant by that.

"Isn't he cute?" Valerie said. "Yes he, or rather *she* is," Tammy said, "I don't think that we'll let you go back to being a boy even after the contest is over."

"I don't think Mindy would like me staying in skirts," I said.

"Oh, I don't know." Mindy stated, "We'll find ourselves a couple of rich guys, quit our jobs, and just be desirable...you know...kept women. Oh, my name is Peggy now, remember?" Everyone laughed. My own wife was selling me out.

"She's right, Kathy, you should always refer to her as Peggy now. We wouldn't want to slip in Atlanta now would we?" I was semi-shocked. They even wanted me to refer to my own wife as Peggy, and she agreed with them saying, "And remember, I'm married to Roy."

I looked around the recreation room. A banner hung across one wall stating, "Congratulations Valerie." A table held iced vegies, cheese, etc. So far there were many similarities between this and a bachelor party. Unfortunately that's where it ended.

"Game time," Tammy announced. She passed out pieces of folded paper. There was a typed message inside each one. "This is called 'True Confessions'. We'll go around the circle and each girl will read her sexual fantasy to Valerie. The fantasy is what is on your paper. Scientifically speaking, these fantasies have always proven to be exactly what the reader would like to do...or has done

herself. This will give Valerie some ideas of what to do when she and Alex spend those long nights together.”

“Kathy, you go first,” Tammy commanded.

I blushed, “This is for a girl to read.”

“Tonight you are a girl,” several girls stated. I swallowed and began to read: “I’m out to dinner and two handsome strangers walk up and ask to join me. Before I know it we are all in my hotel room. I’m surrounded by hairy chests, tanned shoulders and their..er..things in various stages of arousal.”

The girls interrupted my reading with raucous laughter. “Their what?” Valerie wanted to know.

“Their things,” I answered with a red face.

“That is not what it says,” Tammy said knowingly. “I can’t say it,” I stammered.

“Yes, you can,” Tammy said sternly. I could..I did, although it took me several tries. Who ever wrote this fancied herself as a writer. It took me nearly ten minutes to finish my fantasy due to the girl’s interruptions. “Kathy, honey, read it again,” they’d say. I think they were getting a kick out of watching me blush.

So I’d read, “. . .feeling my nipples ensnare themselves in the wiry hairs of their chests. . .”

This was a submissive fantasy. It wouldn’t do for the N.O.W. crowd, as this woman was to serve these men in every way. I was beet red when I read the last line, “Chock full of his momentous member . . .he packed me with spastic jolts and puffing bursts, grunting to make sure I was bursting full and deeply inundated with his hot mixture of love juices and sweat.”

Valerie wooed, “Kathy, darling, you are wonderful. If I didn’t know better, I’d think you were *experienced*. Are your panties wet?”

Another girl said, “Mindy, your husband is delightful. I don’t know another man in the world that would read that while doing his best to look feminine.”

The other girls read their fantasies from their little sheets, sometimes pantomiming actions such as shaking their breasts or squirming in their seat. Racy, raunchy, exciting. My cache device was doing its job, but I really didn’t feel any arousal down there. Although I did feel a tingling sensation in my breasts. The girls, probably encouraged by the wine, seemed to forget that I was

actually a guy. They didn't hold anything back, sometimes telling stories of 'guys' they had 'had' and telling 'whopper' tales. I was embarrassed when Mindy told of an old boyfriend that 'made her scream'. I gave her a "how could you look." She whispered to me, "Keep your legs together sweetheart."

The next activity was present opening for Valerie. Talk about sexy gifts...lace teddies, baby doll pajamas, a blouse with a plunging front, a lacy maids apron to be worn without anything else, sexy scents, and a micro minidress. "About the same length as Ran...er Kathy's," Valerie stated, "Maybe she'll give me some tips about how to 'dip', and how not to show your panties when taking a seat. He's doing a great job of being a lady." All eyes turned towards me. Again I blushed. How long could I continue to blush, I wondered.

The video was next. it was a red hot male pin up video...not pornographic, but it kept the girls entertained. I was having my third glass of wine when there came a loud knock on the front door. All conversation stopped and all eyes followed Tammy to the door.

There was a gasp as a very large black police officer pushed his way into the house. "Is there a Valerie Kwasser here?" he demanded. I noticed that the girls were not intimidated and most had smiles on their faces. "I'm Valerie," Valerie said, "Why?"

"You failed to appear on a parking ticket from two years ago. I'll have to take you in," the officer stated. He took out a pair of handcuffs and cuffed her to a chair.

I then was able to read his Police patch, 'Racy Policy Dept.' The badge wasn't real and the gun in his holster was a toy. He was a party stripper. The others knew this and Valerie was putting it together as I had done. "I'm going to have to interrogate you," he said. "Yes sir," Valerie stated. "But first, I'm going to have to take something off. It's too hot in here," he said as he removed the uniform jacket, hat and gun belt. "That's better," he said, "Have you been a good girl?"

"Yes sir," she replied.

"That's right. That's what the guys told me," he continued, "How good?" he asked as he removed his shirt.

"Very, very good. . . good enough to get a guy to marry me," Valerie replied, getting into the spirit of the act.

The officers shirt fell to the floor revealing a muscular chest and ham like arms. "Ohhhh," the girls responded. They were in awe of this muscular good looking black guy. He untied his shoes and took them off. He neatly folded his socks and placed them inside his shoes.

"What would you like for Christmas?" he asked Valerie.

"Maybe what's in there," Valerie nodded towards his crotch. The girls howled.

"Maybe you'll get your wish," he continued, "What's in it for me?"

"Me, maybe" Valerie stated and immediately blushed realizing what she had just said.

"Well, let's not waste any more time," he said. He undid his belt and trousers. "Do you want to unzip it?" he said to Valerie. He finally got to her as she was utterly embarrassed.

The officer, Biggs, then removed the rest of his clothing until he was down to his g-string. He then asked, "The camera?" Tammy went and got her instamatic and said, "We all get our pictures taken with Officer Biggs. It's part of the package."

"But, first the awards," Officer Biggs stated taking a handful of certificates from his 'patrol' bag. We all sat down to see what kind of awards would be forthcoming. "I need help with names," he told Tammy. "Oh, yes," she said eagerly and the two of them turned their backs to us and had a conference.

"Ok, we're ready," he said, "First award goes to Pam." He handed her a certificate which read 'most shy'.

"Peggy" he said next. Mindy shyly went to get her certificate which said, 'most interested in the show'. Come to think of it, she did pay a lot of attention to Officer Biggs.

"Sexiest" read the next certificate. "Kathy" he said aloud. "What a pair of legs," he declared and, "what a cute, sexy figure." I almost died as the girls pushed me towards the large black man. The last award, 'The girl that I would most like to spend the night with' went to Valerie. She was not surprised and took the award with a sexy tease and a promise that obviously would not be fulfilled.

Officer Biggs then took a seat in a straight chair and called Valerie to him. He had her sit on his lap and put her arms around his neck.. He put a large arm around her tiny waist and the camera flashed on. "Next" he stated as Valerie climbed off of his lap. I

suddenly realized with a shutter that all of us girls would be expected to have our picture taken with Officer Biggs.

I went to the bathroom and stayed as long as I could. I was sure that he would be gone when I came out. He wasn't. He had his arm around Mindy and she clung to his neck, putting their faces together and smiled for the camera. The bulb went off and Mindy turned to Officer Biggs and gave him a big kiss to the excitement of the other girls.

"Next," Officer Biggs stated in a demanding voice. "Your turn Kathy," Pam said.

"No. I'll pass, but thanks anyway," I stammered.

The others would not hear of it and pushed me up to him.

"Shy?" he asked.

"Sort of," I stammered. He patted his lap. I was to sit on an almost naked man's lap. I swallowed hard and sat down. My already too short skirt rode up my thighs. His powerful left arm clamped around my waist. I felt his right hand caress my right leg just below the skirt hem.

"I told you that I thought you were sexy," he whispered running his hand a little higher, but only a little. His hand was warm on my thigh. I looked down and saw my smooth creamy legs contrasted against his large black muscular legs. The lace of my mini slip showed. No one in the room doubted that he was a prime example of the perfect hunk and it appeared that I was the perfect example of a soft, sexy, passive female.

The flash finally went off. I eased my cream colored legs across his lap. I could feel his manhood expand underneath my skirt. I had sexually aroused a man. I tried but couldn't slip away before he could get his traditional kiss. The girls couldn't believe what they had just seen. Anyway, now no one had any further doubts about my ability to pass as a girl in Atlanta.

We all ate while Officer Biggs went into a back bedroom to dress. He was followed by several of the girls. It was about an hour later when he left.

"Well, what do you think?" Mindy asked me over a paper plate of food.

"About what?" I returned.

"About having your sex changed," she giggled. "Now that you've spent a night with the girls, even impressing a man, don't you think that you would have more fun as one of us?"

“Yeah,” chimed in the rest of the girls. “Lets get him a sex change.” Valerie taunted, “Pretty panties, bras and dresses *all the time*, of course, you’ll have to get used to *peeing* sitting down. Wouldn’t you like that?”

“No! I did have *fun* but just that,” I replied. “I mean exciting a man is not something that I want to do again,”

“Well we tried,” Kelly said to Mindy.

“It’s embarrassing being beat out by my husband as the ‘sexiest girl,’” Mindy said.

“Aw, don’t worry about it,” Kelly said, “He had on a micro mini and that was unfair.” A look at Mindy showed that she was not convinced by that explanation.

We all pitched in and helped clean up the place. “The truth,” Tammy asked, “Did you have fun tonight?”

“Yeah,” I said shyly, “But don’t tell the guys what went on.”

“Blackmail, blackmail,” Pam shouted, “Peggy keep that picture. You never know when we may need it,” she said only half joking. Mindy agreed. We went home shortly afterward.

Mindy teased me on the way home, “You looked so cute sitting on ‘Biggs’ lap. We girls should have told him about you before he left. I’m sure he would have got a kick out of it.”

CHAPTER FIVE

The evening before catching the plane to Atlanta, I had the strangest dream. It was my first dream as a girl. As Mindy and I strode down the street shopping, picking out a dress for me to wear that evening. Mindy softly whispered to me, “I’m glad that you are staying in dresses?” That’s when I woke up.

I looked around the friendly confines of our room. I was still a man and Mindy was sleeping beside me. I got up and plugged in the coffee pot. Today was the big day . . . onto Atlanta . . . as Kathy. Soon I would be a literal captive in women’s clothes. No home to come back to, no changing my mind. I wondered what would happen if I was found out. The perfect Kathy I would be until Sunday evening. My male clothes would be over 1000 miles away. But, next Monday I would be Randy again.

I put on a shower cap and took a brisk shower. I patted myself dry, put on some body powder and began preparations to become Kathy. First was the cache sex. I was amazed by how used to this

garment I'd become. I put on a pair of pale blue panties and one of my push up bras. I noticed that I really didn't need the pushup bra since my breasts had rounded out over the past three weeks to become full and round with a bounce when I walked. I had broached the subject of my breast fullness with Mindy, but she just said that it probably was a result of the role I was now playing and the wearing of bras.

I sat down at the vanity and brushed out my girlish hair as Mindy had taught me. She and Sherry had been right. This style was very easy to care for, needing only brushing, teasing and some hair spray. Soon my face was surrounded by ringlets of auburn hair. I was actually beginning to enjoy having long hair with curls. Was I enjoying the role of Kathy to much?

"Here's your coffee," Mindy said, "I laid out your clothes on the bed."

"Thanks," I said taking the steaming brew. Barry had provided all of the clothes I would need from the real Kathy's left over wardrobe and Mindy had filled in the few missing items like lingerie with trips to the mall. I was shocked at how well all the clothes fit. I could even wear Kathy's shoes. I was worried that I was becoming to much like Kathy. I had lost enough weight that I could wear her clothes, I was taking her part in the dance company, and even going to literally become her for four days. I wondered how Barry was faring having to dance with a surrogate wife; and to top it off, a surrogate wife who was really a man.

Mindy was far ahead of me in getting ready. She wore a white sun dress with a little white jacket over it. She was gorgeous. Why then was I dressing like this? Wouldn't a beautiful girl like Mindy rather be going to Atlanta with some hunk rather than with a husband in a dress and makeup? On second thought, she was. She was going to Atlanta as Roy's wife and he was a hunk if there ever was one. I wasn't going with her. I was going as the wife of one of the other men. The thought of my wife the fiancée of a man like Roy made my stomach queasy. The thought of me being another man's wife really upset my stomach.

Mindy handed me Barry's wedding ring and said, "Here, put this on and every time you look at it, remember, you are a married woman." She took off our wedding ring and sat it on the dresser. She slipped on Roy's ring with a big smile. "And now I'm Roy's wife, Peggy. Don't forget."

I had tried to convince her that the pretense wasn't necessary but she insisted.

I put those thoughts out of my mind and went about putting on my makeup. I completed that task with an application of lip gloss over my rose colored lips. I didn't have to do a thing with my nails and probably wouldn't until I got back home. "Hurry up," Mindy called, "We have to leave shortly." I pulled up the smoke colored panty hose and smoothed out the wrinkles. I put on a lacy black 3/4 length blouse and finished the costume with a purple print knee length skirt.

"Are you ready?" Mindy yelled.

I slipped on the black pumps with a 3 inch heel and walked into the living room. "Ready," I said.

"Good, let's get the bags out on the front porch," Mindy stated, "You look lovely, by the way. Did you put on any perfume?"

"I forgot." I said as I returned to the bedroom to dab some sweet smelling liquid.

A short time later, an airport van pulled into the driveway. About half the team was already in the van. I was soon to find out a fringe benefit of being of the fairer sex. The driver, Barry, and Roy loaded our bags into the back of the van while I got to watch. I started to get into the van, but found it somewhat difficult with the tight skirt and high heels. Two pair of male hands offered me an assist. Soon I was seated next to Mindy and we were on our way.

For the most part, guys sat with guys and the girls sat with girls. It was great being surrounded by girls, every man's dream, but I was not a man now, I was one of the girls. Tammy reminded the group of that fact as we unloaded at the airport. Everyone agreed that all teasing should end and that I would act like, and be treated like the girl I now was.

The guys loaded up the baggage carts and checked us in. When they had completed that task, we took the long walk through the terminal to our gate. I became very aware of the sound of my clicking high heels as we strolled along the marble floor. The guys laughed and horsed around chasing each other down the corridors. They looked at the sexy girls walking towards us. I saw one that I thought was particularly pretty and did a double take to get a last glance. "That looked pretty strange," Pam warned me, "You're supposed to be looking at the guys, remember?"

"Yeah, I guess," I said with a smile.

"No she's not. She's a married woman...remember?" Sherry added.

"But we married women can still look," Tammy stated, "The guys certainly do."

Soon we were entering the plane. "Mr. and Mrs. Major?" the hostess asked smiling. "Yes" Barry answered. "Seats 101B and 101C. Right here." The hostess pointed to the aisle and center seats that overlooked the wing.

"I'll take the aisle," Barry said. I nodded and slid over to the center seat next to a business man reading the paper. I sat down and smoothed out my skirt. My skirt? . . .my blouse, nylons? Why am I in an airplane with over 200 people while dressed as a girl? I'm even a man's wife. I felt nervous about the situation. I noticed that Barry had glanced at my smooth nylon legs a couple of times. I guess that he had a right to do that. After all, for the next four days, I was to be his wife.

We talked for awhile about neutral things, not masculine or feminine. Then he embarrassed me by asking, "Do you think that the children will be alright with the baby-sitter we left them with?"

"I'm sure they're fine," I said blushing.

Seeing the blush, Barry continued on with vengeance, "I've been thinking Kathy. Maybe we should have another baby. What do you think?"

"I think that this is not the time nor the place to discuss it," I said feeling the flush rush over me. The remarks had not been lost on the man sitting in the window seat. He laughed and returned to his paper.

I hadn't brought anything to read and when the stewardess brought around some magazines, I started to asked for "Sports Review" but caught myself and took a copy of "Lady's World." Barry started to laugh but caught himself. It felt strange sitting so close to two men, one who knew and one who didn't. I had to be feminine and keep it together or I would freak out. I was finally saved when the on board movie came on.

Finally we started the ascent into Atlanta. Upon landing and arriving at the terminal, Barry held my arm so that I wouldn't trip while getting to the aisle. "Thank you," I stated too sweetly, but I really meant it. There are lots of disadvantages to wearing high

heels. Barry then put his arm through mine and guided me off the plane. He was going to be a real gentleman. He expected me to be a lady.

Roy, likewise, had done the same thing with Mindy. It looked strange seeing Mindy walking through the plane arm in arm with another man. She was smiling at him as they walked to the exit. Obviously they had a lot in common and they enjoyed each others company.

As we exited the loading tube, we were greeted by a man and woman holding a sign that read, "Cranston County Cloggers."

"That's us," Tammy told the couple. We gathered around the couple.

"Hi, I'm Gary and this is Linda. We're going to be your hosts while you're here. Why don't you gather your luggage and we'll meet at the curbside. We have a blue and white passenger van and we'll get you to your motels. With a wave they were gone.

"Motels? I thought that we were all staying at the Atlanta Elegance where the competition is being held," Alex questioned.

"Me too," Tammy replied, "Well, let's go. We'll find out what's going on." We then walked the never ending halls and escalators and soon found ourselves at the baggage carousel.

"You'll have to point yours out," Barry whispered. He was going to continue being a gentleman. This being a girl might not be so bad after all. I showed him two suitcases and a makeup case.

Soon Barry had our suitcases and I carried two garment bags and my petticoat bag. We assembled outside and soon the van arrived. The men loaded the van while we girls stood around and talked of the weather and the cute clothes that each was wearing. "Ok" Linda said, "To make this easy, why don't you all get in the van and sit together as couples. Then I'll explain what happened."

Barry and I sat together near the middle of the van. Mindy and Roy sat across from us. When we were all seated, Linda began, "I have good news and bad news for you. The bad first. The Atlanta Elegance is overbooked by mistake and there are no more rooms for five couples. One couple can stay at the Elegance and we have single motel rooms for the rest of you. The good news is that Gary and I will pick you up and drop you off in the van as needed. I know that its not great, but its the best we can do."

There were moans from the group. "Alright, knock it off," Tammy said, "We'll make do."

"Good" Linda said, "Alright, who is Mr and Mrs Major?" Barry and I held up our hands. "Ok, we'll be dropping you off first at the Atomic Age Motel." The shock of what was happening suddenly hit me in the stomach. I was to be living with Barry for the next three nights. That I could live with, but...but what we had planned to do was check into the Elegance as couples and then Roy and Barry were going to share a room as were Mindy and I. But now...now we were going to be spread out throughout the city. That meant that Mindy and Roy would be sharing a room and probably a bed.

"Roy and Peggy?" Linda asked. Mindy and Roy raised their hands. "You're the lucky ones. You'll be staying at the Elegance." My wife and Roy would be sharing a room at the finest hotel in Atlanta while I, as a girl, would be sharing a motel room with Barry.

Mindy gave me a knowing...don't make waves...look. "I'll call you later, Kathy," she said. She was actually going to do it. Roy didn't look at all upset about the prospect of sleeping with my wife either. I almost wondered if he had planned this some way.

Soon Gary announced our arrival at the Atomic Age motel. He and Barry unloaded our baggage and took it to the motel room door. Mindy blew me a kiss goodbye. The others in the group sat in awkward silence. This had not been a part of the plan. The blue van drove off. I walked across the lot carrying my petticoat bag.

Barry had opened the motel door and carried the baggage inside. "Come on in. I'm not going to rape you, you know," he said. I went inside and set down the bag on the end of the large queen sized bed. "Nice room," he said aloud.

"I guess," I replied in a soft miserable voice.

"Hey, knock it off. I'm sure that we'll get along fine. Heck, we'll hardly be in the room any time at all."

"I'm not thinking about us, Barry," I said.

"I know, I know. I guess if my wife was spending three nights in a hotel with Roy, I'd be upset also." Barry thought for a moment and said brightly, "Hey Mindy and Roy have integrity. They're not going to do anything. I'll bet that that place is so elegant that it will have two beds in each room. Mindy and Roy will change in the bathroom or with the lights out... or something."

"You're right," I brightened up, "They'll work it out alright. I guess that I should have given them both more credit."

"That's my *girl*," Barry said to me, "I..uh..well, quite frankly, its easy to think of you as a girl..that just slipped out."

"That's ok," I laughed, "That's what I'm supposed to be."

"You know I'm sure that Mindy and Roy will be fine, but I don't know how safe you will be," he stated looking at me with a smile on his face.

"Me," I stammered. Barry laughed, "Yeah, we're sharing a double bed and I don't have as much integrity as Roy does." I laughed too, but I didn't feel as confident as Barry was trying to appear. He was trying to make a hard time easier.

"Do you have a swimsuit?" Barry asked. "I don't know, I'll have to check," I answered. I then went through the garment bag of 'street clothes' and found a two piece flowered bikini.

"Wow," Barry said, "You'll look good in that." I could have killed Mindy for packing that swimsuit.

"It'll probably fall off," I told him. "Nonsense . . .It was real tight on Kathy. I'm sure that it will stay up on you. You could have worn just the bottom, but with your hair and nails, you'll have to remain a girl and topless is probably illegal in Georgia, even if you don't have anything upstairs to show." If only Barry knew. He probably soon would know too. I picked up the suit and went to the bathroom and changed.

"You don't have to go in there to change. It's just us guys," he said matter of factly.

"Do I look like a guy?" I asked in a sexy voice. "No..no you don't," he replied. I then shut the door, slipped off my skirt and blouse and put on the bikini swimsuit. It fit like a glove but the top did not fully cover the fullness of my breasts. Almost like a bra, it pulled inwards just enough to show an all too evident cleavage. I couldn't believe it. The mirror showed me that I could pass as a girl even in a bikini. No bulge showed where I should have one and too much bulge where I as a man shouldn't have any.

I opened the door and struck a seductive pose. "Well," I questioned. Barry was naked, his suit laying on the bed and his swimming suit in his hand. He was speechless at first and then stammered, "My God. You're built like a girl."

"All illusion," I assured him, "A tight fitting bottom and a push up bikini top gives the illusion of a female body." Barry was not convinced that my female body was illusion and his growing male member told me that without him having to say a word. He quickly pulled up his swimming trunks. I was uneasy at what I had done to him.

We swam for about a half an hour. It felt funny signing for the towels. . .Mrs. Barry Major. . .a wife.

Barry engaged in some water horse play with me. He dunked me several times. It wasn't an accident that he brushed my breasts several times, but I pretended that I didn't notice.

I went to get us some sodas and laid down in the sun with him. "You're amazing," he stated. "Those men over there were staring at you. If you were really my wife, I'd be jealous."

Later we went out to dinner and to a nearby movie. I wore a dress with a full circular skirt that buttoned down the front. It was pale celery in color. I wore matching tan pumps. Barry had picked out the dress that he wanted me to wear. He was astonished at how well I could do my hair and put on makeup.

"You actually learned to do that stuff yourself? Are you sure that you haven't done this before?" he questioned. I assured him that I hadn't.

"I don't know. You know an awful lot about being a girl," he said. He didn't laugh this time. He was serious.

"Would you rather that I look like a guy in girls clothes?" I asked him. His reply was a firm no.

Barry was a gentleman all evening, opening doors and paying for everything. "Unbutton your skirt more," he encouraged me, "Kathy always unbuttoned it way up. She liked to show a lot of leg and she had the legs to show. . .so do you."

I did as requested making a decent dress into a sexy one. He seemed to delight in other men looking at my legs when the skirt would fall open as I sat down. Later he told me that I had handled the situation well when other men had been looking at me. "I hadn't noticed," I told him.

"Sure," he laughed, he didn't believe me. "It must make you feel bizarre to realize the males are goggling over you sexually?"

"They're not," I said.

"They are, and whether you know it or not, you can turn on men," Barry said, then added, "It's outlandish but I like watching you do it."

Soon the evening was over. It was time to go to bed. This would be a problem. Mindy had packed only lacy, filmy, teddies and baby doll pajamas for me to wear. I couldn't blame a bra for my breast size anymore. Well, I couldn't sleep in my clothes, so I went into the bathroom and put on the red baby dolls. No cache device, no bra.

I swallowed, closed my eyes, took a deep breath and made a beeline for the bed and its protective covers. Barry was not blind. "You do have breasts," he said knowingly.

"Yes, it's a hormonal problem," I said turning red, "My doctors working on the problem now. It should be corrected soon."

"But..its perfect for the role that you're in now," he replied. "Yes, but I've noticed them getting bigger since I started acting as Kathy," I said lowering my eyes.

Barry pulled back the covers. "You're more of a woman than a man," he said amazed. I felt like crying, but that would be a womanly thing to do.

"Please don't tell the others," I asked on the verge of tears.

"Oh, no I won't. I'll respect your private life and your medical problems," he replied.

He then took off his shirt and shorts. "I hope you don't mind. I always sleep in the nude," he said matter of factly. Finally he shut off the light.

It was semi dark in the room I couldn't get to sleep. Here I was, in Atlanta, wearing baby doll pajamas, with smooth legs and long hair, sleeping in a bed with a large naked man. I felt very petite sleeping next to Barry.

A short time later, Barry's snores told me that he had fallen asleep. Wait a minute, I thought, I hadn't gotten a call from Mindy. What kind of games had she and Roy played tonight? What was she wearing right now? I knew that she too had only sheer nighties with her. Had Roy viewed her naked? Had he touched her? Why hadn't she called?

I started to doze off when I felt a huge hairy hand brush my thigh. The hand remained on my thigh not moving at all. It felt

curious against my smooth skin and I didn't react or try to move it. I remained frozen. Was he going to try to put the moves on me knowing that I was a man? His snores told me that he was still asleep. I was relieved. He wasn't trying.

Finally he rolled over onto his back, removing his rough hand from my legs. In the morning he would not remember what had happened, but I would. What would the future bring? What was Mindy doing at this very moment? I looked at the clock. It was 2:55 AM.

CHAPTER SIX

I was awakened by the sound of the phone. Barry answered it. "It's for you," he said handing me the phone.

"Hi," Mindy greeted me.

"You were supposed to call last night," I snapped at her.

"I did. Three times. Where were you?" she replied.

"Uh..we..uh went swimming, out to eat, and to a movie," I stammered.

"Oooh, did you enjoy your date?" she chuckled.

"Knock it off, Mindy," I said, "What did you do last night?..or should I ask?"

"You can ask, but my name is now Peggy, remember. My *husband* and I also went swimming and had dinner. We watched T.V. and since we were both tired, we went to bed early," she replied.

"To bed?" I asked.

"Yes, we went to sleep. Nothing happened," Mindy replied somewhat annoyed.

"I'm sorry. It was bothering me . . .you know, you sleeping with another guy," I stammered.

"Uh-huh" she murmured.

"How about you?" she asked, "How many beds in your room?"

"Just one," I answered.

"Should I be the jealous one?" she questioned.

"It's hardly the same thing, Mindy. You are boy-girl in your bed and we're boy-boy," I answered.

"Oh? You'd have a hard time convincing me of that," she laughed. "Did you wear your pretty nighty?"

"Barry knows that I'm not a girl and that's all that matters here," I stated.

"Not true, Peggy," Barry's voice boomed from the other side of the room, "She tried to seduce me last night. She got all sexy, but I was too strong for the devil woman." Mindy laughed as she heard Barry's declaration of strength against the wicked woman.

"We have to start getting ready now," Mindy said, "You better too. It'll take you a lot longer than it used to." I knew that she was right. I hung up the phone and went to the bathroom to take a shower. I put on a new cache sex device after drying myself. I then donned some red panties, dark hose, and low cut bra.

I went back into the bedroom and sat down at the makeup table. I was putting on my makeup when Barry's sleepy voice interrupted, "How do those feel?"

"What?" I asked. "Panties. How do they make you feel?" he pressed.

"Well, it's not a very masculine thing to say, but they feel nice. They are soft and silky and . . ." I whispered.

"It's ok. You can say it. You don't have to be masculine. . . particularly not now. You might as well enjoy the feminine things now," he said.

"I'll be glad to get back into my trousers again and not have to fool with my hair and this damn makeup," I said.

"I think you like it," Barry said smiling.

"What? Why would you say that?" I stammered.

"I just think you do. You do your makeup as good as my ex-wife. You dress in style and you have a feminine manner in public," he stated.

"I do not," I said.

"Yes you do. You know how many men were looking at you at the restaurant last night?" he insisted.

"I have no idea, and if they were, its because you made me wear that dress, unbuttoned like it was," I defended.

"But you were the one that sat just so...showing a maximum of leg," he continued.

"I don't think so," I growled, "Why would I want men to look at me?"

"Oh, I don't know. Now that you are wearing dresses full time, maybe it just feels like the right thing to do," he said confessing,



Suddenly I felt Barry's eyes watching me.

*"Don't try convincing me that you don't enjoy dressing like that,"
Barry stated matter of factly. I didn't answer.
I was to embarrassed.*

"You know, it's strange but I'd love to see some man get turned on by you."

"You need the Psychiatrist," I jabbed, "Not your ex-wife.

I returned to brushing out my hair, not giving Barry an answer to his last insinuation. Maybe he was right. Maybe I was getting to good at this impersonation. Maybe I was starting to act like a woman...like Kathy.

It wasn't long before I was ready to go, all decked out in a plain white blouse, red frilly dance skirt, and red skimmer shoes. Barry, wearing jeans, a western shirt, and cowboy boots opened the door for us to leave. "People would have a hard time believing that we were the same sex, wouldn't they," he declared.

Soon our van picked up everyone and dropped us off at the ballroom. We met Mindy and Roy on the exhibition floor. They were holding hands waiting for the rest of us.

"Ok, gang. We have two hours to practice. Let's make the best of it," Tammy stated. The floor was closed to all other teams. Tammy worked us hard, but no one minded. On the short five minute breaks, I sat with the girls. It seemed like the natural thing to do. It was a chance to visit with my wife also.

"You had better not miss your van," she said and gave me a peck on the cheek. A short 20 minute ride brought Barry and I back to the Atomic Age motel. Barry and I had a light lunch.

"See how you are sitting?" Barry said. I realized that I had crossed my legs in a provocative manner. I straightened myself around in a more lady like manner.

"That better?" I asked.

"Yeah, you're making me jealous showing yourself off like that to all these truckers," he answered. I looked around and sure enough, I caught several men staring at me. I blushed and held the menu up in front of me.

"Those guys were all thinking of how they would like to take you to bed," Barry went on.

"They would be in for a rude awakening," I replied, "I don't think that they would like what they found if they were to look under my skirt."

"Oh, you never know. If you took care of them like they wanted, they probably wouldn't care," he said.

"Cut it out, Barry. I'm already having a hard time playing this role. Don't make it harder," I stated.

Barry laughed at the play on words. I blushed again.

We finished lunch and went back to the safety of our room. I showered again, did my makeup and brushed my hair. For the second time today, Barry took a little nap while I did all of this. The girls clogging costume for this contest was really cute. We wore a short maroon clogging dress with a 1/2 inch gold satin ribbon running around the hemline. Underneath we had gold sissy petti-pants and two gold petticoats. Our shoes were also gold with a purple ribbon.

I delighted in the feel of the petticoats that caressed my thighs. What a darling outfit, I thought. Suddenly I felt Barry's eyes watching me. "Don't try convincing me that you don't enjoy dressing like that," Barry stated matter of factly. I didn't answer. I was to embarrassed.

Barry looked 'dynamite' in his outfit. The men wore maroon slacks and shirts with a gold cummerbund. He offered me his arm. I took it and we went out to the parking lot to wait for the van. I was enjoying being Barry's wife and he didn't really seem to mind the situation either.

Upon arrival at the ballroom, the group gathered together in the stands. The girls compared each others identical costumes. Mindy made some minor adjustments to my makeup. I was now totally accepted as a girl by the team. I now accepted, totally, the fact that I was a girl...for at least two more days.

"Next," the announcer boomed, "The Cranston County Cloggers from Cranston, Maine. The crowd applauded, TV cameras swung towards us, and there we were standing in the Elegance ballroom, about to perform in the Regionals. Goosebumps covered my entire body.

"Ready," Tammy said, "Now." The strains of a fiddle introduced the world famous 'Orange Blossom Special'. "Go," Tammy commanded. Our feet began in perfect unison. We formed perfectly straight lines and we were under way.

"More skirt work, girls," Tammy commanded, "Kick higher, higher. Show those petticoats." And then it was over. We took our bows to the thunderous applause. Many people were standing.

"The best we've ever done," Tammy said as we took the bows. We left the floor in a timed cadence.

"Think we made it?" Pam asked Tammy. "I don't know. There's still several teams to go," Tammy answered, "but we did well." We watched the rest of the teams perform. They were good too. By this evening, half of the teams would be eliminated. The rest would compete again tomorrow...for the top three prizes. The tension had left me. We didn't have to perform again tonight. The teams still waiting in the wings looked nervous. I was glad that we had been on second. Three hours later, the last contestant had performed.

The results were to be given in 15 minutes, so I stood next to Mindy, holding her hand. I could do that since it was alright for

girls to be intimate in public. Roy stood beside her with his arm around her waist. Mindy did the same to him. I was about to say something when the announcer came on. We all shouted when our name was mentioned as one of the teams to continue the next night... We were the only new comers to pass the semi-finals, all the others were seasoned veterans. We all jumped up and down, and hugged each other. Barry grabbed me pulling me off the ground. I looked over, Roy was kissing Mindy on the lips.

There was a little party after the competition. We met a lot of new people, Mindy even ran into an old friend, Paul. A high school sweetheart who lived a couple hours from us. She introduced Roy as her husband and me as her girlfriend. Paul's friend, Dale couldn't take his eyes off me. Paul showed no reaction when Mindy asked him to call her, "Peggy", her new nickname.

We had all brought a change of clothes, mine was a white translucent blouse with a 'sissy' collar, a blue mini-skirt and rather high heeled white pumps.

I was on my way back to the group when a man waved me over. He was smiling and said, "Hi, my name's Rodd King. You sure did a great job out there."

"Rodd King," I stammered. . .of course. No wonder he looked familiar. Rodd King was the starting half-back for the Atlanta Sky and one of my favorite football players. He looked different out of uniform.

"Mr. King," I stammered again, "THE Rodd King from the Atlanta Sky???"

He nodded.

"Can I have your autograph?"

He smiled and said, "If you go to dinner with me, I'll write you a poem and sign it."

"Oh I'd love to," I said, nervously wondering how it would *look* if I went. I would have loved to talk with him about football. It would look real bad for a 'married woman' to leave with Rodd. I said, "Sorry, but I can't. I'm with some people."

Rodd looked disappointed, "I understand," he said.

I quickly fished through my purse and found a piece of paper and pen.

"Who should I address it to," he asked?

"Who?"

"Yes, what's your name?"

“Ran. . .er . . .Kathy,” I replied remembering how I looked.

He scribbled his name on a piece of paper along with his phone number. He handed it to me saying, “If you get bored, call me. . .that’s my home number.” He winked at me.

I walked back to my group in a daze. My favorite football player wanted to spend the evening with me. I saw him looking at how my lacy bra cups showed through my blouse. No, he didn’t want to spend the night as ‘buddies’ talking football. He wanted to ‘date’ me. I suspected that professional football players were used to getting their way with women. I pictured those ‘million dollar hands’ all over my body. What a thought.

CHAPTER SEVEN

Shortly later we all, including Mindy’s old friends, went out to dinner at a restaurant near the Elegance. I sat next to Barry while Mindy sat next to Roy at the other end of the table. Barry paid for his and my meal while Roy paid for his and Mindy’s. Mindy was in ‘old times’ conversation with Paul. Mindy sat with her arms around Paul and Roy, I’m sure Paul wondered why Roy wasn’t jealous of his ‘wife’. I hoped that Roy was enjoying my wife’s company because she certainly seemed to be enjoying his.

I felt a little humiliated. I could see the other guys whispering about Mindy’s conduct and how I sat by watching. What could I do. I just sat there, completely dressed as a girl while my wife ‘made eyes’ with two men. As they stared, I could feel the tightness of my lingerie, blouse and skirt. I had not wanted to dress like a girl. It just happened. Now I had to react as one. I sat demurely with my nylon covered legs pressed firmly together.

At the van, Mindy gave me a girlish hug goodbye. I guessed that a kiss would be out of the question in front of the rest of the public. I looked back as we drove away, Mindy was walking hand in hand with Roy and Paul.

Barry and I sat in the back of the bus on the way back to the motel. It was dark in the van and I felt Barry’s hand brush my thigh. I moved his hand away. “What are you doing?” I whispered.

“Just testing the waters to see what might happen later tonight,” he whispered back, “Remember you’re my wife and have wifely duties.” I didn’t know if he was joking, since he teased a lot.

Soon we were back at our motel. I watched as Barry quickly took a shower and crawled under the sheets on my side of the bed, naked of course. How much of a girl did he think I was?

Barry watched intently as I slipped out of my dress and sat in my slip removing my makeup and pinning up my hair. Barry commented, "You've gotten real good at this 'girly' stuff. Too bad you're not real, I'm horny." I saw his right hand disappear under the covers and he pulled his knees up.

I laughed, "That's what Rodd King probably had in mind too."

Barry continued, "I can understand. I've been watching you and it's real easy to forget you're a male. You even carry yourself like a female. I have to confess, I get a thrill seeing you flutter around in dresses."

I blushed, seeing in the mirror that Barry was amusing himself. I decided to tease him a little. I stood up and removed my slip and wearing only panties and bra went over to the closet where my dresses hung. "Which dress should I wear tomorrow," I asked afraid to look his direction.

"The red one. . .that's the one that gets you the most male attention. If Rodd King is there tomorrow, I'd love to see you string him along a little. I'm glad you came home with your 'husband' tonight."

"I would have loved to talk to Rodd. Maybe I'd get a lead on next year's team." I said.

I unpinned my hair and finished brushing it out until my auburn ringlets cascaded down to my shoulders. I unhooked my bra allowing my chest freedom. Bras were becoming like shoes, I wore them all day but it felt good to take them off.

I slipped on a filmy black knee length nightgown that had a lacy bodice with a little red ribbon between my cleavage. My erect nipples showed through the lace.

Barry switched the channel on the television to the all music station and said, "Do a little dance for me?"

"Sure, like a girl? I asked.

"Of course," he said a little breathlessly.

I did a little bump and grind to the music. I swung my hips, pulling the hem of my nightgown up to my hips like a Spanish dancer might do. I was showing a little of my panties and a lot of smooth leg.

"Great bottom," Barry said, adding, "If you ever want it to experience 'womanhood', just let me know. Maybe it would help your dancing. . .you know, do it for the club."

"BARRY," I teased, "I'm a virgin, you'd really have to marry me." I danced closer and lifted my skirt daringly high and snapped, "If this is what you want to see, you might as well take a good look." We both laughed. I quit dancing and went into the bathroom for a minute.

When I returned I saw that Barry had moved to his side of the bed and turned his back like he was asleep.. I turned out the light and jumped into bed, pulling the sheet up over my nighty.

Immediately I felt it. In the darkness, I felt around. I was laying in a warm, sticky, gooey wet spot. Feeling around it was all over both the top and bottom sheet and now all over my nighty, panties, hands, legs. I started to open my mouth but swallowed my words, I realized that Barry must be embarrassed.

The more I moved trying elude the wetness the more drenched I got. It was all over my nighty, panties and skin. It soon saturated through to my skin.

I just laid there in the 'wet spot' for what seemed like hours. I thought of Mindy, worried that she might be sleeping in Roy's wet spot. This was a part of womanhood I never thought I'd experience. I could have been worse, I could also be 'filled' with the sticky gush. I finally went to sleep.

Barry never did say anything. We over slept and rushed to catch the van. I would tell you all about the 'finals' but why? We lost. We all quickly packed up that day and left. I felt like my dancing wasn't up to snuff. . .probably because I hadn't had a very good nights sleep. Mindy's dancing wasn't very good either, she looked tired. I was glad to leave.

CHAPTER EIGHT

BACK AT HOME.

We were only back two days and I was so exhausted that Mindy suggested that I take another week off from work. I was truly having trouble re-learning the male role. I had the doctor's blessing so why not?



I was outside cutting the grass in shorts and a t-shirt when Mindy came out of the house carrying a tray with two glasses of lemonade.

“Come over and sit in the shade,” she said excitedly. I wondered what was exciting her, it certainly couldn’t be grass cutting or lemonade. I sat down and inquired as to her excitement.

“How would you like to go to the ‘Wild’ concert this weekend in Brighton?” she asked. The “Wild,” were my favorite group and I had tried to get tickets to the concert over a month ago, but they were sold out.

“There are no tickets,” I said, “they are sold out over a month ago.”

“Well, what if I told you that we could go to the concert, center isle, 3 rows from the stage. For free and even with our motel room paid for?” Mindy continued hardly controlling herself.

Her enthusiasm was catching and I answered, “I’d do just about anything.”

“I’m glad to hear you say that,” Mindy went on, “because you and I are going to have to be dates for a couple of men.” She was watching me carefully. Seeing a facial reaction, but hearing no negative statement, Mindy continued, “Do you remember Paul and Dale who were at the contest?”

I said, “Of course. Paul fell all over himself around you. Doesn’t Paul know that you’re married? and I guess I was too?”

“Yeah. He thinks that our husbands are away for a week or two. I’m staying with you, my girlfriend, Kathy . . . Barry’s wife. The girl that he and Dale met at the contest.” she replied.

“Anyway, they called and want us to go with them. Please say yes!” Mindy pleaded.

“I just got out of dresses and you want me to go out with a man and be his date?” I questioned.

"Yes, while you are still 'in the mood.' You can do it easily and we still have all the clothes. You did great at the contest and I think that you'd be so cute wearing a sexy something and going to a concert." she replied.

"You really do?" I asked, "You really want to see me as some man's date, don't you?"

"Yes, I guess I do," Mindy admitted a little fidgety.

"And you . . . you want to go out with Paul?" I asked.

"Yes. We are just meeting them for the concert. They know we are married," Mindy said, "nothing will come of it. They only know you as a girl. . . I couldn't very well show up with 'Randy'."

"You're serious about this, aren't you?" I asked.

"I would like to try it," Mindy stated emphatically, "I had such fun in Atlanta. Who knows, once in a while, I'd like to leave my husband at home and just be with my *girlfriend*. I want us to have a fun weekend with no jealousy, no guilt, no accusations. Please say yes." she finished.

"What if I say 'NO'," I asked.

She smiled and sheepishly said, "I might go anyway?"

"I have to be crazy to say yes, but we'll try it this one time," I said. Mindy hugged me and started making plans for our date.

We drove to Brighton in about three hours. I wore a yellow sun dress and matching yellow flats. Mindy wore a flowered sun dress. The trip was uneventful for the most part. We had stopped at a truck stop for lunch. While driving, Mindy had us unbutton our front button skirts clear up to the top of our thighs. We showed a lot of leg.

The truckers had clogged the CB channel with all the chatter about the seat covers (girls) in the black Camero who were showing a lot of leg. We listened and laughed, but did not talk on the radio. We didn't want to encourage them. On the other hand, if that statement is true, why did we unbutton one more button before going into the truck stop restaurant?

Several drivers made clever comments to the blonde and red-head, but none pressed for more action than that.

We rested at the motel for awhile and then took a dip in the pool while wearing our bikinis. I could only wade in water up to my stomach because I didn't want to redo my hair. In to short a time, it was time to get ready for our dates and we went to the motel room.

I showered first making sure that my body hair was completely gone. I dried off and put on more body powder. I couldn't believe what I was doing. This wasn't like the contest and Barry. These guys didn't know and worse yet they thought we were both married and still 'dating'. Mindy said that would make it 'safer' but I didn't know.

Here I was getting ready for a male date by putting on lacy black bikini panties and lacy black bra, painting my lips a glossy red to match my glossy red nails, applying eye shadow, mascara, curling my eyelashes and adding blush.

When that was done, I put on an acid washed jeans miniskirt with shoulder straps. The bodice plunged giving my breasts a lot of exposure. The skirt crept up 4 inches above my knees and had a slit on the right side that went almost up to my panties. I had on black shiny hose and wore 3 inch black patent leather pumps. I had a thin gold necklace around my neck and hoop earrings. My auburn hair transformed me into a complete woman.

I was going to be a man's date in a very short time. Now I know how a girl must feel before her first date.

I looked at my long slender legs showing from underneath the denim miniskirt. I wondered if Dale would try to get under my skirt. I suddenly came back to reality when I realized that Mindy was talking to me.

"Do you think that Paul will like this?" she asked. She was wearing a strapless red minidress that accented her every curve. She exposed cleavage like she had never done for me before.

"He's dead if he doesn't," I answered, "This isn't right, he'll probably want to have sex with you before we leave for the concert."

"You think so?" she said pleased and not at all picking up on my jealous overtones. I watched as she curled her long eyelashes. My wife was going all out to make herself sexy for another man. And seemed most interested that I was equally as sexy for a man also. It was ominous, my wife would spend the evening on a date with another man and I would know what happened because I would be right there with her with my male date.

This was detestable. My wife thinking so little of her 'husband' that she'd make me wear a dress and be a man's date. I opened my mouth to put an end to this foolishness. . .

There was a knock on the door as Mindy was putting the finishing touches on her lipstick. "It's them," she yelled, "Get the door, Kathy."

I opened the door and was greeted by Dale who put his arms around me and planted a kiss on my red lips.

"I knew that I would get you to go out with me," he said, "even if it took tickets to the 'Wild' to do it."

I pulled away from him and reminded, "We're married, remember? We're just going as friends to the concert."

"Sure," Dale said obnoxiously, looking me over.

Paul had walked around us and was giving Mindy a similar embrace saying, "I missed you." She did not pull away however and held Paul closer to prolong the kiss. She looked at me a little embarrassed and announced that it was time to go.

The dinner and the concert went very well. Both Paul and Dale were gentlemanly. All night I was aware that I was dressed in feminine finery. I could feel Dale's eyes on my breasts and I kept my knees tightly pressed together so that he and others wouldn't be able to look under my skirt.

Paul and Mindy flirted mildly all night. You knew that Paul was aspiring to strip her and hop into the sack with her. Trouble was, that I was worried if Mindy wasn't wanting the same thing. I mean, compare Paul with me. He was suave, strong, confident, tall and weighed 230 lbs. I was, well, I was wearing a dress and panties and looking everybit like her feminine 'girlfriend.' Who do you think she would want to go to bed with?

Dale broke into my thoughts. "The concerts over. Let's go," he said. He protectively took my hand and led me through the crowd. Paul and Mindy were right behind us. We drove up to a stylish duplex a short while later.

"We'll see you in 2 hours if that's enough time" Paul stated winking at Dale. Dale told him not to wait up and returned the wink. With that Paul and Mindy got out of the car and started to walk to the duplex. Dale started the car and started to drive away.

"What's going on?" I said feeling terrified.

"Mindy and Paul want to be alone for awhile. He'll bring her over to your motel when they are done." Dale answered.

"Done?" I replied. Dale smiled and winked at me.

“Don’t worry. We’ll be done before them.” He pulled me closer to him.

Thinking of Mindy, I remembered that she hadn’t been fighting Paul as they left. They had been walking arm in arm and were kissing as they walked to the duplex. I knew that she had her tongue in his mouth. She had waved goodbye to me just before that.

Dale glided the car onto the interstate. I was very conscious of his strong arm around my shoulder. My dress had ridden up when I slid across the car seat and now six to seven inches of nylon leg showed above the knees. Don’t think that he didn’t notice.

My thoughts drifted to Mindy and Paul and what they must be doing at his duplex. Were they in his living room or in his bedroom? Were they locked in a passionate embrace? Was he tasting my wives luscious breasts? Was she naked? Was he naked? Maybe they were just having a drink or two and maybe Mindy sat in a chair apart from Paul.

On the other hand, maybe they were making love at this very moment. I had gone too far by allowing Mindy to dress me as a girl. Was I was wrong to allow her to date another man? Yet I was dating another man.

Tonight she thought of me as her girlfriend, not her husband. She was, in fact, a liberated woman for tonight. So was I. Equals. Tonight I her equal, the same rules applied and I wasn’t give any ‘male’ privilege.

I looked down my feminized body, all smooth with jutting feminine breasts and long sexy legs encased in nylons. I couldn’t blame Mindy for being with Paul even though it was she who turned me into this feminine mix-up.

I now had a mental picture of Paul and Mindy laying in his king size water bed. They were naked and Mindy was saying “Paul, I need a real man tonight.” Paul smiled and said nothing. He moved on top of her and kissed her breasts. He then lowered himself down on top of her. He was then sliding his manhood into her and she was ecstatically accepting him with a series of ‘ooohs’ and ‘aaaaws’.

She was putting her arms around his neck and wrapping her legs around him, driving him deeper into her. Paul was making love to my wife and she was loving it, craving it. getting addicted to it.

Then, I jerked back to reality. Dale had stopped the car at our motel. He was running his hand up my leg. He had the same idea

for me. I stopped his hand at my thigh. At least I had only been dreaming that Paul and Mindy were making love. Now I had my own problems to deal with. If Paul took Mindy's panties off, the worst that would happen to her is that she would have a man inseminate her. If Dale got my panties off, he would kill me.

I remembered Mindy's prophesy that Dale could take me if he wanted to. He was much stronger than I. I hoped that Dale didn't want to "take" me tonight. Dale leaned over and placed his lips on my mouth. He pressed his lips hard against mine and I felt his tongue push into my mouth. I felt stimulated in a most unlady like way: FEAR, TERROR and SHOCK over came me. I was numb. I thought it's a good thing that I had on the cache device as a final protection.

I knew that I shouldn't encourage him in any way, but before I realized it he had put his arms around me and pushed his tongue into my reluctant mouth.

I was no longer a male dressed as a female. I was now expected to respond as a girl. His breathing increased and we embraced, kissed and fondled for what seemed like hours but was probably only minutes. I hoped that Mindy would drive up.

The car windows steamed up so that no one could see inside. I again felt Dale's hand under my dress hem stroking my thigh. I didn't try to stop him this time. I couldn't have even if I wanted to, he was too strong. I only hoped that the cache device would conceal my secret. I finally stopped his hand and broke free of his kiss.

"Let's go inside. We're not teenagers that have to park in a car" I said.

"Sure, you're right," he said with a knowing grin. What had I just said? He thought that I had just invited him into my motel room with an implication that better times were ahead.

Dale opened my door and I stepped into the cool night air. I straightened out my dress, pulling up the top and pulling down the skirt. I smoothed out the wrinkles and took a deep breath. Dale took my hand and led me down the walk in front of the motel rooms. We passed the managers office. An older oriental woman behind the desk gave us a disapproving look. I know that she thought, "look at that young girl, she's going to have sex with that man and they're not even married." Or worse yet, what if she thought that I was a prostitute? What if she called the police and they arrested

me? I could picture myself being thrown into a large jail cell filled with prisoners of all types. Me in a dress and makeup.

"Hey, hey where are you at?" Dale asked, "Boy, when you daydream, you really do it."

"I'm sorry. I was..ah... just thinking about the concert," I replied.

"Or maybe about things to come," he winked.

"I'm married, remember?" I replied. Compared to jail, Dale seemed to be an excellent alternative as a way to end the evening. As we walked up the stairs to the second floor motel room.

I took the key out of my purse and handed it to Dale. He inserted it into the lock and opened the door. Where would it lead? I swallowed and walked into the room. I turned on the lights as Dale shut the door behind him. I turned on the T.V. for a possible diversion of Dale's romantic notions.

We watched TV for a few minutes and the Dale took a bottle of wine from a sack that he had been carrying. I unwrapped the plastic motel cups and we drank a cup or two of the wine and chatted for twenty minutes or so. Dale then sat down next to me on the bed. He took my cup from my hand and placed it on the nightstand.

He then continued where we had left off in the car. He pushed me down on the bed and lay beside me. He again placed his lips on mine. This time I acquiesced and accepted his tongue when it entered my mouth. He pressed his lips harder against mine. He thrust his tongue deep into my mouth. I got chills. I suddenly felt tranquilized and no longer afraid. The evening had so humiliated me that I had 'bottomed out'.

I laid back in submission. This was all so improper and unaccustomed. Dale's aggressiveness had torn away the frail membrane of what remained of my male dignity. I guess I wanted to die. He was surely going to kill me yet I passively surrendered, his hands touching gently my breasts, my hips and my belly.

I felt the squeeze of my high heels, his breath on my neck and the slinky caress of my dress. I was no longer afraid of what was happening to me. I shivered realizing that it would soon be over.

I didn't stop Dale when he pulled down the straps of my dress and pulled the bodice down. He was kissing the top of my cleavage and it drove me crazy. I didn't stop him when he unzipped the back of my dress and undid my bra. He pushed the bra up and totally exposed my pert girlish breasts.

"Um...very nice," he mused, "not too large, but soft and they smell good. I must taste them." He began to kiss and suck on my nipples. Kissing, sucking, then nipping at them with his mouth. I writhed as he roughly sucked each nipple making them expand in his mouth. I was calmly waiting for 'death'. He wanted me as a woman. But I wasn't a woman.

His suckling and gaspiness at the taste of my rosy nipples gave me new resolve to get away. I couldn't let him *know*, so I gently pushed his head away from my breasts but before I could get away, he rolled over on top of me. I had been unaware that he had pushed my dress up to my thighs. He laid on top of me as he pushed my legs apart as a man would a woman. His hands ravaged my breasts and his tongue sought out my mouth. He wanted to put 'hickies' on my neck, but I managed to prevent that from happening. By now he was laying on top of me, my dress up to my hips, my breasts exposed. I could feel his desire.

"You're going to love this, sweet girl," he panted, "You'll never have a better lover than me. I'm going to spoil you, and make you forget about your inadequate husband."

"No, Dale, you can't. Not tonight. I just can't," I begged him, "Please. Some other time, but not tonight." He stopped his assault on my body.

"Not 'that' time of the month?" he questioned.

I nodded.

"Damn," he said, "what lousy luck. But there are other ways," he said as his face brightened. "I'm sure your husband has broken you in on those."

I looked at him with a questioning look.

"I can't. . .I'm married, please? I pleaded. It was obvious that he was going to fulfil his sexual lust one way or another. I didn't feel that I could escape from his advances. He rolled off of the bed.

"Get up and get down on your knees," Dale commanded.

I straightened out my skirt but my breasts were still showing. I prepared myself mentally to accept the fact that this man was going to have sex with me one way or another. I knew the one way that wouldn't work. It looked like I, like a girl, would be sexually satisfying a man. The way I saw it, the alterative was 'death'.

"Get down on your knees now," Dale said gently pushing me down. I swallowed hard. I was ready to accept him if I had to and he unzipped his pants.

Dale was whopping. Many times bigger than me. I shuttered, "Oh my," as my visible nipples shriveled into big goosebumps. My arms went up feebly and crossed over my tender bosom. I'd been wearing bras for so long, I felt they needed sanctuary.

"NO," I pleaded as Dale prepared himself, tears coming to my eyes. My insides felt queasy, electricity ran through me. I tried to convince myself that I was a female and could make myself perform as one. I kept saying to myself, "I am a girl. . . I am a girl. . . I must do what a woman would do."

I could no longer resist. I couldn't escape and mentally surrendered to my fate. I couldn't suppress the involuntary palpitations that ran through my feminized body. I shut my eyes. . . tears flowed down my cheeks. My emotions had come closer to the surface than ever before.

The door flew open, "Hi guys," Mindy suddenly announce as I felt the rush of night air on my back. Mindy and Paul walked into the room. I sprang to my feet, pulling closed my top, while Dale turned around with his back to Mindy so that he could zip up his pants. Paul, who was behind, hadn't seen what was going on, but Mindy had.

Paul said, "Hope you guys had enough time."

"We did." Mindy said looking me right in the eye. Then added, "I think we were a little early, Paul. We should have knocked, however."

"Let's go down to the lounge and have a few drinks and watch the show," Paul said.

"Sounds like a good idea," Dale said sarcastically while giving Paul the "why did you have to come in now" look.

"You better repair your makeup, Kathy," Mindy said. Hers was perfect as if it had just been done. I repaired my makeup and put on fresh lipstick. Soon my wife and her date and I and my date were sitting in a U-shaped booth in the Gladiator lounge. A disco band was playing. We talked of our evening at the concert. Paul was very possessive of Mindy now. I wondered just how "close" they had been this evening.

"Beep, beep, beep" Paul's beeper sounded. He was on call for the company.

"Excuse us, girls," Paul asked. Both he and Dale went back to our motel room to see what crisis had arisen so late in the evening.

"Well," Mindy said, "It looks like we walked in just in time." I nodded.

"Dale was about to force me to...."

"I know what he was about to do," she said, "it was pretty obvious. It didn't look like you were too upset about it, however." It was a question more than an accusation.

"I don't know. I don't know what would have happened," I stammered.

"I couldn't let him find out that I wasn't a girl. I let him go too far, then I wasn't in control anymore." I wanted to cry and Mindy noticed it.

"It's Ok," she soothed, "its ok. I dressed you up like a girl. I got you a date and then I left you alone on your first real date with a man. If he would have used you sexually, it would have been *my* fault. I wouldn't have blamed you. You needed much more training as to what to do." She said putting her arm around me briefly, forgetting that we were two girls in a public lounge.

She took her arm from around me when a cocktail waitress checked to see if we wanted to freshen our drinks. It made me feel better.

It's one thing when your wife catches you with another woman, but when she catches you with a man, well it wasn't my fault, really, but I did feel better knowing that she accepted the *blame* as to what had happened.

We were listening to the music and talking when two young men walked up to our booth. One slid in next to me, the other next to Mindy.

"Hi girls. Been stood up?" asked the man next to me. He had been drinking a lot.

"No. Our dates will be right back," I said.

"No way," the other one replied, "they ain't coming back." He was putting his arms around Mindy. He was trying to force her to kiss him. Mindy was resisting and I wanted to go to her aid. The guy next to me stopped me in my attempt to get out of the booth.

"I love a chick who fights," he said pushing me back into the booth.

"Whoa, look at those legs," he quipped as my dress rode up my legs.

What happened next was so fast that I almost didn't see it happen. Paul and Dale grabbed those guys so quickly that they

didn't know what was happening to them. They were about to take the punks to the parking lot when two bouncers appeared. They turned the punks over to the bouncers to dispose of.

"Want to call the cops and have them arrested?" the bouncer asked Mindy and I.

"No," I replied, "just get rid of them."

Dale slid in next to me and put two protective arms around me. Paul had done the same thing to Mindy. We only stayed a short time and the boys walked us to our room. They did have a crisis at their work and had to cut the evening short. The goodnight kisses were short and gentlemanly. Soon Mindy and I were alone in our room.

"Boy," Mindy said, "Paul and Dale are certainly protective. They got rid of those punks in a second. What *men*."

"I'm a man too," I replied.

"Sure but not like them," Mindy responded, "you're my little sissy. Feminine creatures like *us* need protecting. Be honest Kathy, you're much more like me than you are like Paul and Dale. You look good in heels, hose and dresses. You're delicate and dainty. Isn't it nice to have a little *virile* male security?"

"I can take care of us," I stated.

"Why bother," Mindy asked, "when it's so *easy* to get virile men to do it. Do you think that Dale or Paul could ever look like girls?"

"No, they couldn't," I responded, "Does this mean that you are really into 'real' men and not into little sissies like me?"

"No, not at all. I love you, I want to be married to you," Mindy replied, "and I like you the way you are. An average male most of the time and a terrific girlfriend sometimes. But..."

"But, what?" I asked.

"But once in a while, I would like to go out with a real man. And with my girlfriend and fair is fair, *she* should have a real man also. I don't even care how far you would go with a man," she said with a blush.

"Are you talking about sex?" I cried.

"Yes, I'm talking about sex. It may be necessary and *happen* some day," she continued, "It almost happened to you tonight."

"I know," I replied, with a red face.

"Would you have done it?" she asked.

"I don't know, I almost had to," was my honest answer. "I didn't know what else to do."

Mindy had a dreamy look in her eyes, "He might have hurt you. He was enormous wasn't he?"

I nodded and asked, "What about you? Did you go to bed with Paul?"

"No!" she said but I still wasn't sure.

I re-worded the question, "Did you have sex with him?"

"No!" was her reply.

"Well, what did you do in his apartment?" I questioned.

"About the same *thing* that you and Dale did," Mindy shot back, "We kissed, petted, and yes, I let him feel me up some. You know that things like that are expected of a girl, particularly after an expensive date like tonight."

"But you didn't let him make love to you?" I again asked.

"No, I told you," Mindy answered somewhat annoyed.

"You mean you didn't even consider letting him go 'all the way' with you?" I asked.

Mindy blushed, "Well, I thought about it. Paul's very much a hunk, you know. We never went all the way but we came close. At one point he had me positioned and close to having me. I thought about letting him make love to me tonight, but I finally decided against it. What would you have said if I *had* let Paul 'have' me?"

"I..I don't know. The thought of another man making love to my wife was kind of intriguing, but not the kind of thing you should tell your wife." I stated.

"Yes . . .yes, you can tell me," Mindy said, "You are tantalized at the thought of me letting another man make love to me. A big manly dude making me 'squeal'. You wonder if I'd still come home to you. . .my husband, who looks better in tight skirts and panties than most real females. As for 'squealing'. Maybe it will happen someday. Maybe on *our* next date. . .maybe *we* both will be 'squealing'."

"Oh honey, this isn't right?" I sighed.

"I know," she replied, "but isn't it exciting to be so close? To *both* be attractive females? To be honest with you, I saw the stained nightgown you wore in Atlanta. I would find it exciting to see you, dressed as a woman, having a hunk of a man encouraging you to

perform as a woman. I wish that Paul and I would have come in just five minutes later. I might have seen just *that* happening and we'd both know if we could 'handle it'."

I blushed a deep red and said again, "But . . . It just isn't right."

She looked me in the eye and giggled, "I think getting some fellow to make you 'squeal' might relieve you of some of your husband pseudo-responsibility."

I was confused. I didn't know whether to feel humiliated and degraded or euphoric and radiant. I seemed to have survived a most terrifying evening.

Mindy then opened a package that had been laying on the bed. "Paul left this for me," she said. It was a sheer yellow baby doll with tier after tier of lace. She reached back into the bag and lifted out a baby blue baby doll pajama with a satin ribbon around the waist. "Dale left this for you," she said. "They want us to put them on and then take pictures of each other and send the pictures to them."

"Really," I said picking up the blue nighty. "Yes. Want to do it?" Mindy said with a devilish grin. I thought about Paul having semi-nude pictures of my wife.

"Yes.. yes I'll do it," I replied.

I took about ten instant pictures of Mindy in her yellow nighty. The material was sheer and hid nothing. The yellow bikini panties did cover her in *that* area, however, her breasts were very apparent. Those pictures were mostly in provocative poses. I had her take off her top and cover her breasts with her hands. Paul would like these pictures.

The last picture was with Mindy totally naked, laying face down. She covered her rear with the filmy material. She propped herself up with an elbow and turned towards the camera. One breast was totally exposed and most of the other also.

"Are you sure?" I asked. "Yes, he'll love it," she blushed and I snapped the picture. She looked at the picture with interest. She was a knock out, but now a sensual knockout.

"If I give these pictures to Paul and we ever go out again, you know what he'll think? Do you mind?" she asked.

"No. He'll probably see more of you than that." I replied.

Mindy blushed and said, "Your turn."

"My turn?" I replied.

"Yep, after tonight's frustrating date, you owe Dale a picture or two. Lets get on with it." she answered.

I slipped on the blue baby doll and tied the satin ribbon in a bow at the back of my waist.

"Pull the straps down. That's a girl. Show some cleavage," she said. I did as instructed. Mindy kept flashing picture after picture.

"Take off your nighty," she commanded. "Nude?" I said, "No way." But I stripped nude anyway.

"Now sit down," she instructed. Mindy then dropped the sheer blue material between my legs making sure that it covered everything that it needed to. She ran the material up my mid section between my breasts. "Knees together and hold that pose," she stated. She then took a picture of me with my two breasts exposed.

She examined the picture and said, "This will excite Dale. This is one that we will send him." It was my turn to blush. I couldn't believe I was sending semi-nude pictures of myself in lingerie to a man with the intent of sexually exciting him.

"Better yet," Mindy connived, "Let's send a few of you to Paul and a couple of me to Dale. You are becoming such a tease. I wish we had a video camera."

We took more pictures in various sexy poses. My heart throbbed realizing that there would be pictures of me girlishly posing in panties and other lingerie. We were having fun.

What was happening to me? To us? I wondered as I lay in bed in the darkened room. Mindy was snuggled next to me. This is anything but normal. My wife loves me dressed in girl's clothing. She wants me to date men and isn't even opposed if I should have to engage in sex with them. And me, I'm fascinated by the notion that I can be feminine enough to arouse and perhaps satisfy a man's desire. I didn't like the idea the Mindy wants to have an occasional lover other than me..a real man, I thought.

I looked at my feminized body again. No wonder she wants a real man. My body is more like a woman's than a man's. My maleness was small, much smaller than it had been when I was a teenager. I thought of Dale's cylinder and I wondered how I ever satisfied Mindy with my little tool. It's no wonder that she turns to other men. And my breasts...even under Dale's handling my chest was considered female. Mindy's wanting other men was a validation of how feminine *I* had become.

I even had semi-nude pictures taken of myself and appeared to be a woman.

That does it, I decided, tomorrow when we get back home, I will see a doctor. I would stop this flow of unchecked female hormones and would try to become a real man for Mindy. I didn't want to lose Mindy.

We arrived back in Cranston on Sunday. I spent Sunday as Kathy. Mindy seemed to enjoy this and it turned out to be a very sensual day.

That night after turning back into Randy, Mindy and I made love on the grass in our backyard. At first, nothing 'worked' but when Mindy tinkered with my breasts and called me 'Kathy', I got very excited. We have neighbors but we didn't care what they thought.

That week we talked, shared and fantasied together. We had never been closer. I realized that the only way I was going to *keep* Mindy was to cultivate what she loved in me; my femininity. She wanted me to cultivate my femininity. For us to share and experience the beauty of 'being female'. I was still frightened by all this but strangely exhilarated. I also began to wonder if maybe she could have planned all of this from the beginning?????? I planed to take the vitamins to the pharmacy and ask what kind they were. Perhaps they were the cause of all this?

My life was far from 'average' now and she hadn't complained of being 'bored' for months.

Epilogue

The next week Mindy arranged a double-date with two men she knew from work. She also told me of my appointment to be injected with 'ZZM'.

"I'm frightened," I told her, terrified to anticipate where all this was leading.

"Don't worry," she said firmly, "I'll take full responsibility for what happens."

That made me feel better.

This is not necessarily **The end.**

