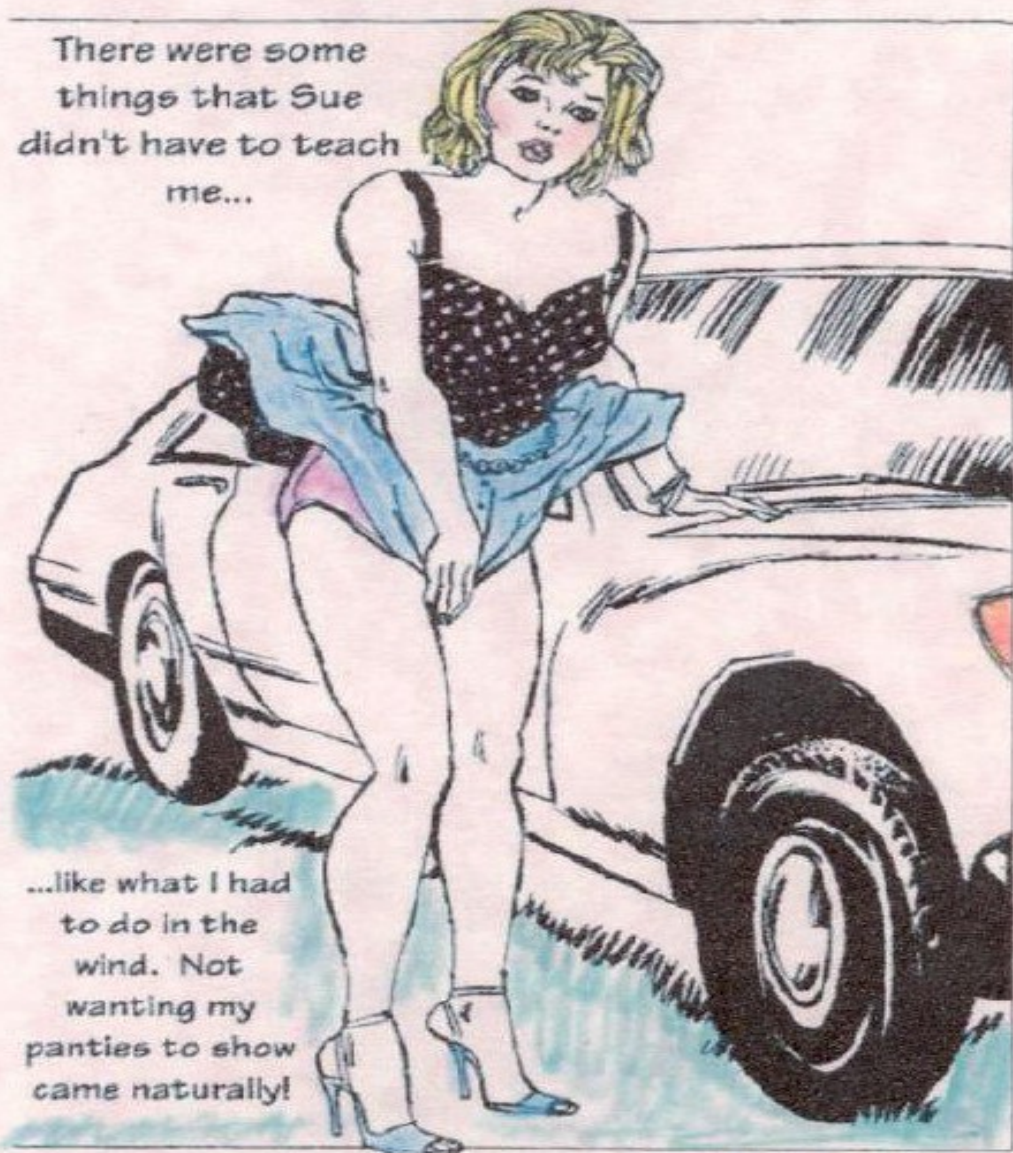


# TV FICTION CLASSICS

## "FEMINIZATION HONEYMOON"

After losing their luggage, a young wife teaches her husband how to be a lady.

There were some things that Sue didn't have to teach me...



...like what I had to do in the wind. Not wanting my panties to show came naturally!

Volume 63

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**TV FICTION CLASSICS**

**MAGAZINE**

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# **VOLUME 63**

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# **FEMINIZATION HONEYMOON**

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# QUOTE BOARD

**“Men’s strength is their weakness, Women’s  
weakness is their strength.”**

# **“FEMINIZATION HONEYMOON”**

**By Tami Knight**

This was all my idea. Well mostly mine, since Sue did some of the work and planning once I made the suggestion. Whenever one of us has a really good idea, the other liked to take the credit for it.

This was to be a second honeymoon, though we had only been married for eight months! We could easily afford the time away from our jobs, so we were off. Two snowbirds, minimal packing, a warm coastline, and a secluded four star resort, where we could relax.

Our flight was long and got in late. When we landed, we discovered that three of our four bags were missing. I began to wonder about relaxing.

“It’s a good thing we planned to rent clubs,” I said.

“Just don’t whine when I beat you, and then try to blame it on the equipment!” Sue said.

“Me whine? Let’s go get the rental car,” I said.

## **CHECKING IN**

Sue drove very fast to the resort, down winding roads she had never seen before. I liked her ‘take charge’ personality. She always got what she wanted. Yet she was always a perfect lady. Kind of like the Grace Kelly role in Hitchcock’s ‘Rear Window’. We were very much in love. So much in love that sometimes I didn’t know where I ended and she began.

“Can I check your bags folks?” said the doorman as we stopped abruptly.

“Well, we only have one!” she said. “One big one!”

I just shook my head and tried to straighten my hair from the windy ride. Maybe this is the week I will get a respectable haircut. I thought.

We wandered in to the lobby, which was huge. The resort was gorgeous and

right on the beach. Just the kind of place you know you would like to disappear into.

“Can I help you, Mrs.?” asked the woman at the front desk.

“Smith,” Sue answered.

“Oh, yes, here it is. Mrs. Smith for two.”

This was our joke. We always got a kick out of checking in as the ‘Smiths’ and preserving our privacy even if it was corny or obvious.

“You will have one of our best views of the Golf Course and the Ocean,” said the woman. “Suite 300.”

“Let’s go, it’s very late for us” I said to Sue and then the woman at the desk.

Sue put her arm around me, and we followed the bellman to the elevator. We walked several steps behind him, while Sue whispered graphic descriptions of what she had in mind to do with me when we got to bed.

When we got to the room, the bellman set Sue’s suitcase down on the stand. Sue handed him a one hundred-dollar bill. “While we are here, I don’t want to wait for anything! OK?”

“YES ma’am,” as he almost fell over backing out the door.

I laughed at her, “You just love doing that don’t you?”

“Yup, I do! It usually pays off. Besides, it looks like I will be the only one with clothes on this trip, so I will have lots to do!” she teased. “A busy girl is a good girl!”

“The airline said we would have our bags within 24 hours, so worst case is that we sit around here in our underwear and look at the view tomorrow.” I answered.

“You mean, YOU can sit around,” she corrected.

We went to bed, made love, and fell immediately to sleep. Two of my favorite things in a row!

## **DAY ONE**

The phone rang early. The airlines were concerned enough to wake us up to tell us that our bags were still lost, and they would need another 24 hours.

We ordered room service, which came faster than I thought humanly

possible. When the waiter left with his cart and tip, we sat naked in bed and wondered about how to start the day.

“Well, I don’t really want to wear the same warm clothes I wore all day yesterday. I will be perfectly happy just sitting around reading and enjoying the view.” I decided and told Sue. “The other three suitcases will be here soon anyway.”

Sue volunteered to wash my underwear and socks in the tub, “Just in case” she said. “You relax here, and I’ll get dressed and go look around.”

“Wonderful” I said as my eyes drifted shut again.

Three hours passed. I was getting bored and restless. I had looked at the view, dreamed of the golf course, and wondered if I shouldn’t just put my pants and heavy sweater on and go. I would look a little over dressed considering the temperature, I thought.

Sue burst in the door, “This place is great! There is a spa/salon, and so many shops you would not believe!”

“Great, let’s go” I said. I started reaching for my pants. “Is my underwear dry?”

“I doubt it. Nope,” she said after checking the tub. “Just wait a few more hours. Cotton takes lots of time silly.”

“But I don’t want to wait,” I protested.

We both frowned for a minute, and then Sue smirked, “Oh just wear a pair of mine for now.”

I stammered something, and declined her offer. “Mine must be almost ready.”

“No, they are plenty wet still. They will soak through your pants and you will look pretty sad,” she said. “Just wear a pair of mine, who cares? I won’t tell anyone!” “ Besides they’ll be cute on you!”

This was an unusual offer. I wanted to get out and see the resort. I also was unwilling to do something so unmanly. I knew that my physical presence was not even close to other men Sue used to date. I was just too skinny. I had few truly masculine features, and wearing her underwear seemed like the wrong thing to do.

“Come on Cutie,” she coaxed as she walked to her drawer, “Know one will know but us.”

I have to admit that this was not the first time we’d switched clothes. Actually, she used mine all the time. Many times I’d find her wearing clothes

that exactly mirrored what I was wearing. My clothes fit her perfectly; of course, they looked very different on her.

Loose khakis, a starched white work shirt, right down to my black socks and loafers. On her my clothes looked “fashionable”. Her clothes on me? Ridiculous, right?

“Don’t be silly. Put these on. I wear your clothes all the time.” She was holding by her fingertips, one of her standard pair of panties. Expensive. This pair was dark green with lace at the sides. I knew she had a bra to match, but why did that matter?

I stammered something in protest. Before I could make an argument she took off my towel, sat me down on the bed and started slipping them up my legs. I remember it getting very warm. By the time I stood up they were being pulled up over my rear, and adjusted over my hips.

“They didn’t nick name you Bubble Butt for nothing Honey!” as she patted my rear, “Whew, you look good in these!”

“Wait a minute, Sue,” I said. This was a new feeling, something I did not understand.

“Whoa, what is this Mister?” as she found me rather aroused.

Again I stammered something about this not working, and that I didn’t have to leave the room after all.

“No kidding!,” she said. “Let’s take care of this!”

She was on her knees, rubbing me through the exquisite material. Then the panties came part way down, and she caressed my arousal.

After a few seconds, she pushed me back on the bed and said, “Tom, that was quick. You must really like these?”

“No, this is just a coincidence,” I explained.

“Lair!” she laughed, as she worked her way up and then slid me inside her.

We made love as intensely as we ever had. The fact that the panties never came off didn’t hurt, but I was really confused. What would she think of my masculinity, or lack thereof? Would she think I was some pervert? We napped and then woke up in each other’s arms. She snapped the pantywaist against me playfully and said, “Let’s go Cutie.”

The resort had a large shopping area, and we strolled around holding hands. Every once in a while, Sue would pinch my rear.

“We have a new secret!” she said in a singsong sort of way.

“Oh come on,” I said, “This is no big deal.”

“It was for me!” she laughed. “Come on, let’s get some clothes to replace what we lost.”

“OK, I would like to ditch this wool winter sweater. I’ll follow you,” I replied.

By the time we left the first woman’s shop with two new golf outfits for Sue, it was time for dinner. I had never minded shopping with Sue. In fact I had always enjoyed it. Men were not supposed to enjoy shopping, but I did. Other men did not have the patience for things that interested women, but I did. I had lived vicariously through Sue in everything she did and I was admitting that to myself for the first time.

## **A SIMPLE DINNER ON THE BALCONY**

We ordered room service again for dinner. We ate in the great terry cloth robes they give you at a first class resort like this. The burgers were great and we had a good talk as the sun set.

“Tom, let’s do dinner right tomorrow night, OK?”

“Sure, but what’s wrong with this?”

Nothing, I just want to take advantage of the wonderful chef they have and this view. I’ll order a dinner for tomorrow night that will knock your socks, or panties off!” she promised.

Give it a rest Sue, it was weird but fun, but that’s all.

“Lair!” she laughed again.

“What is your point?” I asked.

“Nothing. I just think I found your button.”

What button?

Will you let me push it again?

What button? I insisted.

Come on Cutie, let me push your button again?

She was making me laugh. It was a nervous laugh, and I was blushing.

She jumped up and turned out the lights, I could see her make her way to the dresser and drop her robe.

“OK, what are you doing?” I thought I knew without asking.

She brought something over as I meet her by the bed. “Put this on me.” She said softly. Her arms went up and I took the nightgown and dropped it over her wonderful body as I had done so often. “Now put your arms’ up.” My

heart stopped. “Put your arms up Honey,” she insisted.

I did what she said without protest. Something about the light being off made this seem tolerable, as if she wouldn’t really see me.

The second nightgown floated down my arms. I felt a wisp of air around me, as the lace shoulder straps found their place over my bare shoulders. I wasn’t muscular, my upper arms were fragile looking; she said I had the bones of a bird.

The fabric kissed my back and rear, and slowly wrapped close to me. It tickled my knees and I shuddered. Sue kissed me. It was a soft wet kiss, which made me lose my bearing.

With my eyes closed I wondered, Could this be how it feels when a girl kisses another girl? What an incredible fantasy I thought. In moments we were rolling on the bed. I was inside her while the nightgowns wrapped around us giving me more sensual stimulus than I could handle. “I love you!” I cried as I came. She whimpered some sweet sounds in return and I could tell she was exhausted too.



In lingerie, I was more content to just enjoy the moment. I luxuriated in the feel of nylon and soft materials against my body. My senses were more alive. What Sue and I wore almost matched, like twins!

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his was too strange. First her panties; now a nightgown; I was confused. Why did this make me feel so intensely wonderful? How could I keep Sue from knowing just how wonderful? I drifted off to sleep.

### THE SECOND DAY

The airlines wake up call had come again with no news. No bags, no golf. I put down the phone, rolled over and realized I still had on Sue's nightgown. She looked up and smiled. "Hi Cutie" she said.

"What is with this Cutie stuff?" I said as I quickly began to pull off the nightgown.

"No, don't, please?" she asked softly.

"But Sue, this is kind of uncomfortable." I stopped.

“Uncomfortable? I don’t think so.”

“Yes it is.”

“I have never felt uncomfortable in that, why should you? It fits you nicely.”

“Come on you know what I mean, I can’t do this.”

“But you would do it for me? Right? Besides, the sex is great!”

“Yes, the sex is always great!”

“It’s better now. And I had a fantasy about making love to another woman, only it was you! Sounds funny, but it was fun! So if I can admit that...”

“Not me. I am a manly man!” I joked.

“I think you would make a cute woman for me to fantasize about,” she teased.

I was blushing again and getting hard. So I rolled over on my belly in order to keep talking.

Sue began stroking my rear and telling me my fanny looked like a woman’s with the nightgown on.

“A little shave here and there, and you would be all set.”

I rolled over again to make her stop, only to show her my excitement.

Sue grabbed me through the pale yellow fabric and started stroking.

I threw my head back moaning and reached for her breasts. I couldn’t help but wonder how breasts might feel under my nightgown.

“Tom, you owe me big time.”

“Why,” I moaned.

“Because this trip was my idea, and I did all the work putting it together.”

“Sure Honey, just keep rubbing...”

“I want you to try some new things today.”

“Sure Honey, just keep going...”

“Promise?”

“Sure. What? Don’t stop...”

“Will you keep an open mind today?”

“Yes...yes...don’t stop”

She stopped.

“DON’T STOP!”

“Promise? Promise to try some new things today?”

“What things? DON’T STOP!”

“What ever I say, that’s all.”

“OK, OK, OK!”

“All right, then come to the bath room.”

“Where are you going?”

“Don’t worry, I promise to finish that soon... come with me.”

Sue ran the shower water, in the suites gigantic tub. Four showerheads came alive as I stood there in the pale yellow nightgown ready to explode.

“Let’s take these off now,” she said. “ And get in and soak.”

This looked like fun, so I climbed in and let the spray hit me. Sue climbed in with her razor and shaving cream and began to lather up her legs.

“Sue, are you forgetting something?”

“No, hold on, and watch me. You might learn something, Cutie.”

I did watch her. I loved her skin. There were simply no imperfections anywhere. For some reason I found watching her shave very exciting.

“Your legs can look just as good too,” she said sincerely.

I started feeling warm again. I was starting to understand how it felt to want something and be afraid of it all at the same time. I loved my wife, and she wanted me to start shaving my legs. It was almost funny. How could she want this? How could I want this?

Sue spread foam on my legs as the water washed the foam remains off hers.

“Oh, Sue...I don’t know”

“Trust me. I’m having fun.”

My legs were now white with cream and the razor began sliding down my thigh. In moments, completely hairless areas showed through the water spray. Sue showed me how to hold the razor gently to avoid nicks around my knees. I was completely taken up. I had surrendered. I did not even protest. Sue acted as if this was the most natural thing in the world for us to be doing. I received several long kisses to keep my interest level high.

“Turn around,” she said.

I did without question, and I felt lather being spread over my buttocks.

Without another word she shaved my rear clean and free of what little hair I had.

“Your arms; lift them.”

She proceeded to lather my forearms; under arms and anywhere else she found the slightest sign of hair. In minutes my body was completely hair free. I shut the shower off and turned to look at my self in the mirror. No big deal I thought. I didn’t have much hair anyway. Then I started to feel the difference.

“Doesn’t it feel nice?”

“Yes” I finally admitted. I had no idea that I could feel so smooth.” Sue, what are we doing?”

“We are pushing your button.” She gave me another long kiss and began again to finish what she had started.

“Come on let’s get dressed,” she said.

“I am all for that.” I said as I grabbed my pants and now dry underwear.

“Not so fast...here you go.”

Sue handed me another pair of panties. This pair was very sheer, skin tone, with high waist and leg holes. She always looked great in them.

“Come on let’s see! You promised to try something new!”

I wanted to protest, but couldn’t. I wanted to jump into them, but couldn’t.

“No one will know, I promise. Do it for me please?”

I stepped in and pulled them on slowly. My legs felt incredible. When the panties held my smooth rear, I couldn’t keep back my thoughts. “These feel really good Honey”.

“Good, I am glad you can be honest, now let’s have some fun.”

“More sex?”

“No, we are going out, and we may even play some golf. Hear, try these on.”

Sue held out a pair of her khaki shorts and a simple blue tee shirt.

“Sue, I can’t go out in these!”

“Why not? They will look fine. No one knows you here, and this place is so big no one will see you unless we want him or her to. So come on...let’s see.”

I was not myself. Or was I being myself after all? I wanted to try this. It was the scariest thing I had ever done. I was wearing women’s clothes in front of my wife, and going out in public!

I pulled on the tee. It fit, which for a moment humiliated me. Then I was pulling on the shorts. They were nicer shorts than any I had. The fabric was special, and they fit high on my waist and long on my leg with a cuff. They buttoned and zipped from the back. I loved them, and spun around to see my self in the mirror. Sues outfit looked like it was made for me.

“We can go bare foot for now, it’s nice out anyway”. She said.

She pulled on her shorts and a light short sleeve sweater and belt. Why was I wondering how her sweater might feel on me? Why did I care that I might look good in her shorts and top?

“Sue I cannot do this.”

“Why? You don’t look like you are wearing women’s clothes. Know one can tell. Besides, we need to get out of here, get some exercise and be by our selves.”

Sue brushed her damp hair, and then asked me to sit down. She often brushed my hair, so this was natural for us. As she began brushing, she mumbled to herself and played with my hair.

“Can I trim this?”

Before I answered she had her scissors out and was planning her attack.

“Go ahead, I’m ready to lose all this hair anyway I am going to get it cut before we leave. I’m up for a promotion.”

She didn’t do much, and I didn’t pay attention, like I should have.

“Cute!” Sue shouted.

My hair fell in a smooth cascade to just above my shoulders with soft bangs that looked longer and fuller than ever before. I now had bangs.

## **TIME ALONE.**

Sue was right. We walked all over and didn’t see anyone up close. I started to relax and enjoy myself. We laughed a lot about our situation. Lost bags, cooped up in our room, and great sex.

I didn’t want to admit anything but that I was doing all this for her and that I really had nothing else to wear. Wearing panties was not going to become a habit, I promised her. It was only a big joke. But even as I tried to make light of the situation, I secretly let my hips sway and wondered what it felt like to really walk like a woman.

While out near the Golf Course, a foursome in a cart was coming up behind us. Excuse us ladies, coming through!

“Were they really talking to us?” I asked in disbelief.

“Yup. So what? You’re very cute from the rear in those shorts!”

“But I can’t believe...They must be joking...It must be my bare legs?”

“Tom, face it. You and I are the same height, and nearly the same weight. This is why I wanted you to be a bride at last years Halloween party.”

“Let’s get back to the room, I can’t be seen like this anymore.”

“You weren’t afraid to be seen as a bride!” She reminded me.

“That was Halloween!”

“OK, I am ready. But you look sweet and I think you feel sweet too.”

On the way back into the main resort building, I was less agitated and Sue wanted to window shop. She paused for long periods looking at the outfits. She would ask me which one I liked and why. This I enjoyed. I always wanted to buy her anything she wanted.

“OK, I’ll try this one on, as she pointed through the window. You go on up to the room, give me an hour to shop.”

“No problem, enjoy yourself.” I kissed her goodbye.

I wandered past the rest of the shops doing my own window-shopping. I found myself looking at the women’s displays a little too long. Why did I suddenly have this fascination with feeling feminine? Wasn’t having a beautiful wife who was magically feminine enough? I realized I didn’t want to go back to the room where I would feel compelled to get out of Sue’s shorts and tee.

I just look a little androgynous, I told myself. No one is really going to notice anything. I folded my arms across my chest and enjoyed the soft top as I took slow steps by the magnificent front window.

“Can I help you?” Came a question from the saleswoman just inside the doorway.

“Huh? Oh, well...I was just looking.”

“Yes, I noticed. Please come in if you wish.”

I suddenly found it difficult to swallow, but I wanted to go in. I never would have thought twice about entering a woman’s store if Sue was with me. Now it was worlds’ different.

“We have many new shorts that we just got in. The colors are great.”

“Yes I see.” As I approached her, I realized that the display of ladies shorts were the same style as I was wearing. Could she have noticed?

“These come with a belt to match, and these you can wear with or without.”

I was really getting warm, “Yes these are nice, my wife would like these.”

“Yes, I am sure she would.”

I was quite sure she bought it.

“We have some tops to match over here...” as she moved to the next display...

“this one would look great with khaki... like yours.”

“Yes, these are nice too, my wife...” I said stiffly

“If you want to try anything, we are all alone, so just go ahead.”

Oh God... was I that obvious?

“I have male customers in here often, so don’t worry. They like to come in on

their vacations,” she assured me in a friendly voice.

I was stammering again, trying to find a way to deny what she knew. I could only stand there looking sheepish, and I turned and left.

I made it back to the room, more confused than ever. Thank God Sue didn't see me in that shop. I wished I had the courage to stay. What could it have hurt? The woman in the shop said she has had lots of men come in! This is crazy! My heart was still racing from my aborted shopping encounter downstairs, when Sue walked in with bags under each arm. I tried to compose myself.

“Hi Honey, what did you get your self?” I asked.

“Well, just some really elegant things for dinner out and other stuff. I will show you in a bit. Right now I have to call for dinner.”

Sue called and ordered two duck dinners and champagne.

I was nervously undressing while she called. I slipped into a fresh robe, hiding the fact that I left the panties on I walked out on to the patio and heard Sue running the shower. I put my feet up, closed my eyes and tried to relax.

## **FIRST TIME.**

I woke in an hour, by a soft kiss. “Wake up sweetie. Time to get ready for dinner!”

“I am ready, this robe is just fine for eating duck!”

“We can do better than that, besides I worked hard to get us ready.”

She was right. My eyes began to focus on my stunning wife making a turn in a new beige linen skirt and white silk tank top. Her jewelry and make up were elegant, and more appropriate for a night ‘out’.

She kissed me again, and her hand fell to my stomach.

“Good Boy!” she said. “You left them on!”

“Yeah, I guess I forgot. They are comfortable you know.”

“I know, I know...remember that, because I am going to ask you to try something new.”

“Haven't I done enough?”

“Honey...you don't have any nice clothes for dinner. I want you to try on what I got for you, and be my dinner date. After dinner I will pay you back - double.”

Sue was so gorgeous and persuasive. I wanted to make her happy, and I

wanted to play her game. I just couldn't admit it to either of us. I also found myself wanting to be closer to her, so close that I would move, talk, and BE her. Was I going crazy?

"OK... I'll do anything for the sex." I pretended to not understand as she pulled me out of my chair.

"Sit in front of the mirror, please." She patted the upholstered stool.

Her makeup was spread out in front of me.

"Good thing your beard is mostly a 'none event'. But let's shave you anyway."

She patted warm water on my face and lathered up some soap. In a couple of swipes my few hairs and stubble were gone.

"We should get rid of this hair permanently," Sue mumbled. "OK let's make you beautiful."

"What do you mean?"

"Just watch and learn."

A little foundation made my skin appear even and flawless. Sue blended the foundation and added some powder. My appearance seemed to change immediately, and my fascination grew by the moment.

Sue pulled several wayward eyebrows from each eye and applied three shades of eye shadow that made my eyes grow. I was beyond protesting. I was in a spell that kept me silent and intrigued. Every time I looked in the mirror I saw feminine facial cues I had never thought possible. Sue was really enjoying herself.

"Very nice! Killer eyes, honey," she said, pleased with herself.

Blush followed the work on the eyes, then lip liner.

"This keeps your lip line crisp," she said.

A slightly lighter shade colored the rest of my lips. I heard Sue squeal with delight.

"How did you do this?" I said.

"It's easy, with practice. You'll see. Now let's do your hair."

Sue used her curling iron and brush to affect a very convincing short woman's hairstyle. She gave me bangs again, and a slight curl in front of my ears. The rest of my hair was given more volume with some mousse.

I was stunned. I had been transformed.

"I like it, don't you?"

“I just can’t believe it.”

“Believe it Cutie, you make a very good-looking woman.”

“OK, let’s take this off. Game over.”

“No, not yet. There is more. Watch this.”

Sue clipped two adorable earrings to my ears, and a delicate silver necklace around my neck.

“I didn’t know your ring size, or I would have gotten you one. Hurry and get up now...come over here.”

She pulled from the closet a dark blue sheath dress that buttoned down the back. It had a tasteful scoop neck and looked expensive.

“Only the best for you! But first you need a bra, and this one matches your panties. Let me show you.”

I knew to hold my arms out, as she slid the bra to my chest. I felt captivated by my beautiful wife layering femininity on me. She pulled the clasp together around me.

“Think you could do that?”

I didn’t answer.

“OK, let’s give you some shape. These will work for now.”

She inserted two silicone breast enhancers in the cups that she often wore with certain dresses. I could see my shoulders in the mirror, and they appeared so narrow and feminine next to the bra straps.

“All right, now step into these, and don’t run them.”

The panty hose slipped easily up my smooth legs. I had watched her do this a thousand times and I found it easy to pull them up correctly.

“Not bad, Hon. OK your dress is next,” she said.

I don’t know how she could have known what size I would wear, but it was obvious as the dress came up my legs and my arms went through their holes, that it was right. She buttoned me from the back, and curves that I never new I had started to appear.

I turned to look in the mirror.

“Oh, you are a doll!” she told me.

There was a knock at the door that jarred me back to both reality and confusion. “I’ve got to hide!”

“From what? Dinner? Just put your shoes on and relax, you look more than good enough for this little test.”

I looked down to see the strappy sandals she had dropped at my feet. I knelt with my knees together to pick them up.

“That a girl!” Sue said as she went to the door.

I slipped the sandals on as fast as I could, and exited out on to the patio. The fresh air felt warm and moist from the ocean, and I felt the movement of air under my dress. The ‘one hundred dollar bellman’ rolled in the dinner cart, and I knew he could see me from the rear. I couldn’t turn around.

“Do you have some cash for a tip, Tami?” Sue called.

I couldn’t answer, but I heard her say, “Never mind. I found it.”

“Have an enjoyable dinner ladies,” the bellman said. He made his exit.

“You look so nice, Tami,” Sue said as she came out on the balcony.

“Since when am I Tami?”

“I just thought you might want to answer to Tami rather than Tom, under the circumstances.”

Another couple two balconies away spotted us, and they waived hello.

I was frozen and couldn’t waive back.

“See, you fooled the bellman and this couple. Be friendly, wave back! Come on, dinner is served.”

Through out dinner Sue showered me with compliments on my looks, and coached me on my mannerisms. I sat with my knees together, back straight. She seemed to understand my confusion and told me that I could just think that I was doing this for her if I wanted to.

By the time dinner was over and we had our coffee, I was feeling much more relaxed. I started mimicking my wife’s mannerisms and getting into the role. She got up from the table, and asked if I could roll the dishes and the cart back out into the hallway. So we organized everything together and I headed toward the door.

I opened the door, held it with my foot and looked to see if the coast was clear. I took a deep breath. As femininely as I could, I rolled the cart into the hallway and pushed it against the wall. As I turned the cart, a spoon started sliding off a plate. I tried to catch it, and in doing so let the door shut, leaving me alone in the hall. “Be calm,” I thought. I knocked lightly on the door. Sue couldn’t hear if she were in the bathroom. I knocked again. I could swear I heard Sue giggle inside.

She opened the door and slipped out side.

“What are you doing?” she said as the door shut again.

“I was trying to get back in. Don’t you have a key?”

“What if I didn’t?” she teased, and she turned and opened the door.

“I remember your saying that you would pay me back for this,” I reminded her.

“You’re right, but are you ready to get out of that great dress so soon? I thought maybe we could go out for coffee?”

“Hold on Hon. Playing this game in the room is one thing.”

“But you have fooled every one who has seen you.”

“I agree that it would be interesting if I could fool anyone, but I can’t.”

“Yes you can.”

“No I cannot.”

“Yes you can. Want to bet?”

“Sue this is fun in the room, for you. I admit that. But I don’t see how...”

“Look we all see our selves differently than others see us, we are always more critical of our selves than others are. When you were out on the balcony, that couple wasn’t looking for a guy in a dress; they just saw two women and they accepted that. They had no reason to question you in their mind. You are capable of going anywhere as a woman, and we could have a ball as girl friends. I would love it!”

“But I am your husband, don’t you want that instead?”

“Yes, but you are also my best friend. So playing with your gender is fun!”

She was right, it was fun. It was new and strange, but felt very right.

“Come on, we’ll talk in bed. Let me help you get your makeup off.”

## **THE THIRD DAY**

The airlines wake up call came even earlier this time. The three bags were presumed lost, and they would be delivering a check for One Thousand dollars each later this morning.

“Great, maybe we will get out on the golf course yet.”

Sue called for breakfast, and it arrived before I could get out of my nightgown or out of bed, so I hid under the covers. When the bellman left we ate in our nightgowns and robes, while Sue went into a long dissertation about how great it was being a woman. I had to agree with most of her points. Arguing seemed pointless given recent events. But in my heart I agreed. I had

always loved everything about women. I idolized my mom and every thing she did.

I often wanted to join in with her and her get together with other women, I just didn't know how. I had enjoyed shopping with her as a small boy. We always had fun. I remembered her shopping for a dress for my older sister. If my sister weren't around, mom would hold the dress up in front of me to get an idea of what it looked like. I always pretended to hate that.

At this moment, I was ready to concede anything to Sue, and let her do whatever she wanted.

Sue got on the phone next and made two appointments at the spa. "The works," she ordered.

"What is this?" I asked.

"Come on, if you thought yesterday was interesting, you're going to love this."

We showered and got ready to go. I was to wear my panties, shorts and tee again. My hair was now quite different from when I checked in. I felt different too.

We were down to the spa in minutes.

A woman with a French accent asked Sue, "Madame, you want the whole "PAMPER" package?"

"Him too."

"Your husband too? The PAMPER treatment?"

"Yes, that's right."

"Everything?" The French woman asked again.

"Yes, and these additional services also." Sue handed the woman a card with all the services outlined. She had checked off virtually every box.

"As you wish, please come this way. He isn't the first, you know," the woman said smugly.

We were led into a changing room where, plush robes and towels for our hair were hanging. The decor was soft, feminine and beautiful. After Sue helped me with my 'towel turban' we emerged looking a lot like plush terry cloth twins. We were asked to follow another young woman to the hot tub for a 15-minute soak.

"Follow me ladies." She said with an accent. "You do want me to call you 'ladies' right?"

Sue giggled and nodded. I was beet red but was going for the ride of my life.

A massage followed the hot tub. Soft music played in the background. It felt so good that I never even opened my eyes, or really cared that someone saw my hairless body, panties, or my hair wrapped up in a towel. I was so relaxed after the massage I could barely walk. I was led to a private room and asked to lie down.

“What is happening here?” I asked.

“Hair depilation and this is a laser,” the attendant explained.

“Depilation? I don’t really need this...”

“Well your wife thinks so. It will only take a few minutes.”

She passed the laser beam everywhere my beard grew, with only minor discomfort.

“How long does that last?” I asked.

“A long time!” the attendant said proudly.

“Okay,” I thought, “not having to shave before work will be great.”

“Your skin is in fabulous shape! I’ll do your legs and bikini line now.”

So there I was, robe open, panties exposed. I had nothing left to hide. When she was done, I was shown to the manicure/pedicure area. Like all men, I had never had a pedicure before.

“You’re going to love this part!” Sue called to me from across the room. Thankfully we had the place to ourselves.

Within 15 minutes, my toenails really did look great, but I wasn’t prepared for the clear polish at the end. I was starting to feel a little warm again, but the feminine pampering was too wonderful to stop.

When my toenails were dry, I was moved to a manicure station next to Sue.

“OK, Tom. Don’t freak out. This is where you get acrylics,” Sue warned me.

“What are they?” I asked.

“You know, like my nails. They will make your hands look really nice and feminine.”

“Can I take them off?” I asked nervously.

“Sure,” she lied.

The four of us, Sue, the two technicians and I, talked for 45 minutes. I mostly asked questions about my nails. The women all giggled at my lack of experience. One commented, “Most of the men we’ve done have been at this for a while. Is this your first time?”

I nodded and told the story of the lost luggage. “It’s just a lark!”

“Whatever,” the technician said. “Maybe you’ll really like having long nails

and I'll get a new customer."

"You're being very brave, I am proud of you," Sue whispered.

I was beginning to contemplate the consequences of having long nails with French polish. These things really seemed permanent, I thought.

When the polish was dry, we hurried in our robes to the salon. I sat down with a beautician who asked how I usually did my makeup. With my hair up in a towel and my nails and toenails done, I honestly think she missed that I was a guy who had never done makeup.

In my most feminine voice, I said, "I just want it to look natural."

"I understand," she said, and she started showing me a huge variety of shades, demonstrating samples by brushing shades on the back of my hand.

I just said "whatever you think is best" to everything. She started by shaping my brows. I couldn't really see what was happening. I felt her expert hand do my eyes, blush and lips. "You don't even need foundation for daytime. Your skin is great!"

I could see that Sue's make over was underway too, and she was having a great time. She winked at me constantly. When my beautician spun me around to look in the mirror and to show Sue, I couldn't believe my eyes.

"Yes! You look great!" Sue exclaimed.

"Yes 'she' does," said my beautician. "Now let's see what we can do with your hair."

Off came my towel, and my damp hair fell around my face. The illusion was still there. I sat in silence as my hair was combed this way and that as she tried to imagine the best hairstyle for me.

"Let's do this,"

She described a sporty cut--easy to take care of and similar but shorter than Sues.

"Perfect! Go for it!" Sue jumped in. "Just don't make 'her' too much prettier than me!"

With just a little trimming, layering and blow-drying, I had a gorgeous feminine hairstyle that framed my face and showed off what they called my 'best features.'

Finished and in the dressing room, Sue and I put our clothes back on.

"I love your hair! Are you ready?"

"You mean to leave?"

"Of course, let's go."

“We are going to take all this off before we go?”

“Oh sure, and waste three hundred and fifty dollars? Honey you look gorgeous, trust me.”

“But they will all see me!”

“Every one here has already seen you. A few people between here and our room that we don’t know won’t care.” Then she laughed, “I think you’ll need pliers to get those nails off.”

“I guess I don’t have a choice.”

“Okay. Here’s your new challenge. Just pretend you’re really a woman now!”

At the front desk, Sue showed her room key, and asked them to charge it all to the room.

“Miss Smith, suite 300,” Sue told her.

“Oui Madame, merci.”

We walked out with two complimentary tote bags with the spa logo. They were very stylish, so I whispered to Sue, “How exciting. My first purse!”

When we got back to the room, Sue said, “You did really well! Was that fun or what? I really enjoyed myself.”

“I can’t believe what we have done,” I said helplessly. “Now what do we do? Get out the pliers?”

There was a an envelope that had been slipped under the door. “Hey look here is an envelope from the airlines.”

She opened it and found the three thousand dollars the airline had promised.

“WOW! That’s a lot of money for your old jockey shorts. Any one in the mood for shopping?”

“Well, I’d like to, but...like this?”

“Yes! Why not! We are going to have so much fun. Now let’s change and we better get you into a bra.”

I grimaced as Sue went to her closet. Before I could get my tee and shorts off, one of Sue’s long summer skirts and tops were in my lap.

“You can wear the sandals that you wore last night. They will be perfect. Here is a bra and some padding.”

“Padding?”

“I agree,” she laughed. “Wouldn’t it be wonderful to not have to use

padding?” She changed into Capri pants, sleeveless top and sandals.

I changed slowly, as I was disoriented and numb. Sue gave me some encouragement, and reminded me that I really didn’t have a choice. I didn’t have any thing else to wear!

When we were ready, shopping totes in hand, I took one look in the mirror. Sue and I really did look like sisters now, nothing like a husband and wife. I rationalized that if she liked the change and it was fun for her, who was I to be the killjoy. It’s only for a few days of our vacation--why wouldn’t go along?

Part of the reason I went along was that she had convinced me that I looked good enough to be in public. “No one will know!” she said over and over. With all that “pampering”, I was starting to agree with her.

We hit almost all the women’s shops within the resort. I still got a little side tracked when we passed by the Golf equipment. What a combination, big bucks for my jockey shorts and great golf stuff.

Shopping with Sue seemed so natural. Other women shoppers seemed to ignore us completely. Usually, I would sit and watch Sue try things on, only now she was doing half the watching. I learned a lot about changing quickly that afternoon--even how to avoid smearing my makeup on clothes.

Before I realized what I’d done, we bought several golf outfits, several casual outfits, and two very expensive designers’ dresses each. It really wasn’t a waste of money. We wore the same size in every thing but shoes. Even those were close. She would get the wear out of them in the future.

I found the salespeople to be very accommodating; in fact they seemed to fall all over us with service. Was life as a woman always this fun?

“Are you having a nice time?” Sue asked.

“Honestly?”

“Of course.”

“Yes I am. This feels very natural, because of you.”

“Tom, I mean...what should I call you? Can’t call you Tom!”

“I don’t know?” I said. “I have to have a name.”

“How about Tami? You look like a Tami.”

“Why Tami?”

“My roommate in college was Tami. We always had a blast together. Like we have today.”

“Okay. I’ll be a Tami.”

“Tami it is,” she laughed. “You make a very natural woman. You know, I like you like this. You are very relaxed.”

“I am,” I said in disbelief. “This is okay with you?”

“Yes, I always wanted something else from our relationship, but couldn’t name it. This is it...sharing. I don’t want to lose it either.”

I joked, “So you want a part time woman/husband in your life.”

“Yes I do,” she said enthusiastically.

“Oh sure. How?”

“Easy. Let’s just take this one day at a time, OK?”

“All right. But I am exhausted, let’s stay in the room tonight, OK?”

“Sure cutie.”

We didn’t change for dinner in our room. We did enjoy a light dinner of healthy food. Sue chatted on about watching our weight, and maybe even getting us both down a size.

After coffee, Sue suggested we go for a walk to watch the sunset, which I was all for. By then, I was getting very used to my nails, makeup and hair; even the clothes. I was feeling like I could handle a walk around at dusk. I knew we could be alone.

We left the room and immediately started to hold hands. Sue saw someone in the lobby notice us, and she pulled back discreetly. She whispered, “We are girls! Remember?”

She also coached me on my walk and mannerisms as we roamed the hotel grounds. I found myself really enjoying the challenge of my new persona.

“You just need time,” Sue assured me. I’m sure she could see how hard I was trying.

That night, sex with Sue was even better than before. All my senses were aroused and raised. I could feel my feminine haircut about my face and my smooth skin. My long nails were constant reminders of my role change. I also loved the pale yellow nightgown. As I lay curled up with Sue, I was very happy.

## **THE GAME**

Without the airlines or anyone to bother us, we slept in. We didn't get up until nine and Sue was excited about going downstairs for breakfast. I was more than a little cautious.

"How are we going to pull this off?" I asked.

"What do you mean? We do it just like yesterday. Everyone loved you at the shops."

"Yeah, but they wanted to sell me stuff."

"Maybe. To pass without question, you need practice. So let's go, I'll be with you."

"But what do we wear today?"

"Follow my lead!"

In a little more than an hour, we were heading out the door. Sue had helped me with my makeup and hair.

She looked great and she swore I looked great too. We arrived at the outdoor breakfast area in our casual shorts outfits. The dining area was busy. This was going to be new for me. A man held the door for us as we entered. We were shown to a table and sat down.

"Wow," I whispered, "I could get used to that!"

"See what I mean about women having it so good! So what do you want to do today?"

"I am too nervous to think. How about golf?" I asked.

"Good because I was thinking the same thing. I checked and they have a woman's tee time at 12:30. All we have to do is sign up."

"Do you have enough golf clothes for both of us?"

"Of course, some pretty stuff too," she answered.

"I suppose it's a little late for me to get some men's clothes and just play as myself?"

"Well, you are you...just as you are. And yes, removing your nails, changing your hair, growing back your bushy eyebrows will all take time. Tee off is at 12:30."

"Sue! What am I supposed to do when this vacation ends? I have to change back and be ready for work. I have a promotion review coming up!"

“I will have you ready for anything you want by then—I promise.”

The waiter came and interrupted us, and asked to take our breakfast order. I went back into ‘girl mode’ instantly.

“We will have two fruit plates and coffee, please,” Sue answered.

I took a sip of my water, set it down, and then brushed my hair behind one ear. I unconsciously checked my clip earrings.

“You know, I think you’re getting good, and getting good fast,” Sue remarked.

“At what?” I asked.

“At becoming a woman.”

“But I am not ‘becoming a woman.’ I am just letting you have fun ‘pushing buttons’. Or whatever it was that you called it.”

“OK, you’re right,” she said insincerely.

“I have to play along...as long as I look this way.”

“And I thank you for being a good sport too,” she replied.

“Well what should I do next? You know, just to keep anyone from figuring me out?”

The waiter brought our breakfast, saying, “Bon appetite, Ladies.”

“Thank you,” Sue answered then turned to me and said softly, “Well, I can think of a few things that would really stop you wondering about being detected.”

“Yes?” I encouraged her.

“Well...details count you know. Let me think about it some more. We may have to go into town.”

I suddenly realized that I was now the one looking for more ways in which to change. I was anxious to do more, to learn more, and she could tell. This is like a drug, I thought.

When we were back in the room, Sue was on the phone setting our tee time.

“You know, you could be making some of these phone calls too,” Sue complained.

“But I don’t think I sound much like a Tami,” I explained.

“Actually you’re not far off. You just need to practice.”

We left the room dressed and ready for the game we both loved. I had never

played golf in a skirt before. We each had cotton print skirts, and light gauge sweaters in pastel colors. Sue had even thought to get cute golf socks and shoes for us both.

“Slow down Tami,” Sue coached. “Women don’t walk so fast. Relax and let your hips move. We’ll get there!” she laughed.

“That a girl,” she said seeing a little more hip action. “Now, shoulders back!” Sue’s encouragement and coaching helped build my confidence. By the time we picked up our rental clubs and reached the first tee, I was feeling rather



good about my self.

Before I knew it, we were surrounded by a dozen other women waiting to tee off. They were practicing at the putting green by the first tee.

“Hi! How are you?” Sue said to just about every one as we walked through

the crowd. She was very friendly.

“I like your sweater!” one of the women said to me.

“Thank you,” I said softly.

“See, that wasn’t so bad,” Sue whispered to me.

When it was our turn to tee off, Sue said, “You go first.”

I wanted to argue but given the crowd that was watching, I just bit my lip. I felt like I was walking up on the largest stage in the world. I went into ‘girl mode’ as best I could. I placed my ball, lined myself up and swung.

I completely missed the ball! I couldn’t even look at the others. I was mortified. Not only was I sure they all knew who I really was, but that I was a hacker to boot!

When I composed myself, I took my second swing and hit it straight down the fairway 150 yards. I heard a few muffled comments about my shot behind me. I turned and smiled, and sat down in our cart.

Sue was getting ready to blast one. I could see a huge smile on her face, as she patted her ball just short of mine. She turned and jumped in the cart next to me, and we sped off.

Sue patted my knee, “Impressive first swing!”

“Give me a break! I have never played golf in a skirt before!” I moaned.

“SSSSHHH...Do you know how cute your legs are in that skirt?”

“You’re just trying to mess up my next shot,” I laughed.

We both were playing well. By the time we finished #7, I was ahead by three strokes, and the couple ahead of us hadn’t yet teed off on #8. While we waited, the two women behind us finished #7 and drove their car next to ours.

“Hi, how are you two doing?” said the first gal.

“Hi! We are having a great time although I am losing!” Sue answered.

“My name is Gayle, and this is Pam, what’s yours?” she said directly to me.

“Hi...I’m Tami,” I forced a smile.

“You can really play golf Tami. We couldn’t help but notice your swing.”

“Thank you,” I answered.

“Tami has a really strong swing,” Sue jumped in with a smile. “She should be playing with the guys!”

I pinched her thigh as hard as I could.

“You have such a solid swing. If only I could do that!” moaned Pam.

“Well, it looks like we are ready,” I said in a rush, and took my wood from the bag.

I placed my tee and ball, lined my self up, and just as I was about to start my back swing, Sue yelled, “You play like an old woman!” It didn’t matter; my ball was flying straight toward the green.

On our ride toward the 9<sup>th</sup> tee, Sue complimented me on my feminine manner out on the course.

“I swear Tami, you have been doing so well. You get in and out of the cart like a lady. You kneel with your knees together every time. Your performance is just about flawless, except I see that you lost an earring somewhere back there.”

“Darn it, I didn’t even notice,” I answered.

“No problem, I have an idea to fix that,” she added.

I had been to busy enjoying my self. The warm sea breeze had been in my hair and around my legs all afternoon and it felt wonderful. Incredibly, I had also been able to play a very good round, and was beginning to wonder if playing as a woman might always improve my game. I laughed to myself; maybe this is my new ‘lucky’ outfit!

When we finished putting on #9, Sue came over to me, looked around, and quickly gave me a kiss as congratulations. She was always a good loser. I was a lucky guy, which seemed like an odd thing to think. I was in character now, ‘girl mode’ more easily than ever before.

We wasted a little time between the green and the clubhouse, and could see Gayle and her partner riding our way.

“We’ll see you in the locker room!” Gayle shouted.

I looked apprehensively toward Sue.

“Oh I think you can handle this, OK? We can’t just ignore them,” sue insisted.

“But I am a man, and there could be naked women running around in there. If I was caught...they would lynch me!”

“Do you think they would have suggested that we meet them there if they had any doubt about you?”

Her logic was sound, but my legs suddenly felt wobbly.

“Come on, you can fix your hair and powder your nose inside.”

We headed toward the women's locker room entrance, where a young female attendant stood. The attendant opened the door for us and gave us a big smile. "Sue...,Tami...over here!" shouted Pam.

Gayle and Pam sat on long bench in front of large and expensive lockers. This locker room is much nicer than any man's I have ever seen, I thought. Then I noticed that Gayle was getting undressed. I instinctively but casually turned away, only to get a full view of three women showering. Suddenly I prayed that I would not become excited. I wouldn't know how to hide that kind of budge under my skirt.

"So what were your scores?" Sue asked the ladies.

"Let's not go there! All you need to know is that I lost again!" Gayle confessed.

Gayle was now down to her bra and panties, and she said, "Tami, is this earring yours? We found it on the 7<sup>th</sup> tee."

"Yes, it is! Thanks!" I said as I took it from her.

"You really should wear pierced earrings, as active as you are." Gayle encouraged. " You know, you can get it done right around the corner at the spa. The attendant can help you."

"Great idea Tami!" said Sue, "I know you have been wanting to do it for a long time."

"Come on then," said Gayle, as she dropped her bra and wrapped her self in a towel.

I felt Sue's hands pushing me from behind.

The ladies led me through the door connecting the locker room and side entrance to the spa.

"Can we get a piercing right now?" Sue asked the attendant.

"Sure, I will be right with you." The attendant answered. "Have a seat."

I recognized the attendant as the same woman who had done my acrylic nails two days ago.

"OK, so which of you wants...oh it's you! Hi! You look great! How are you getting along?"

"Well she just beat me on the front nine," said Sue.

"Oh, I am doing all right," I said.

The attendant brought her hand held piercing tool to my ear. Before I could think of a reason or a way to ask Sue to slow this all down, the first ear was

done.

“You’re going to have to find him some really fun earrings now.” The attendant said to Sue.

Sue was startled by the comment.

“What?” asked Gayle, even more startled.

The attendant finished the second ear.

“Oh I am sorry, I misspoke!” the attendant tried to back up.

“Him?” asked Gayle as she looked at Sue incredulously.

“Here, wear these gold hoops until they heal up, and there is no charge. Sorry.” The attendant said as she tried to make a quick exit.

“Are you really a guy?” asked Gayle looking me straight in the eyes.

“Well... not really or completely,” answered Sue for me.

“Well, I...I just.” I was suddenly so embarrassed I couldn’t think.

“How could any guy look...how...Well this explains your long drives!” Gayle stammered.

“He is a woman in his heart Gayle, try to understand. He is a sweet person, and I love him this way. She is my best friend!”

Gayle was speechless for a moment. The look on her face was that of confusion and a huge effort to try to understand.

“I divorced my husband two years ago,” Gayle said.

“I am sorry,” I told her.

After a long pause, Gayle said, “I came home one day, and found him trying on a dress. I thought he must be crazy, and I divorced him. I never gave him a chance to explain, or to be himself, or to maybe become my best friend. I just shut my mind.”

“We have a wonderful relationship,” Sue smiled. “His feminine side is a wonderful breath of fresh air for me.”

“I guess you love each other very much then,” admitted Gayle.

“Yes. So will you help keep our secret?” Sue pleaded.

“Of course. You’re far too pretty to go back to being a guy anyway.” Gayle said with a smile.

“Thank you,” I said with relief. “This is only supposed to last through the vacation.”

“Thank you Gayle,” said Sue as we had a big three-way hug.

“Come on, I’ll buy us all a dinner. We need to get cleaned up,” offered

Gayle. "Let's get dolled up and have dinner in the Ballroom Restaurant!"  
"Tami and I have been wanting to eat there! Shall we meet at eight then?"  
"That will be just right for us," Gayle answered.  
"We'll be there!" I said with a lump in my throat and something in my eye.

## **THE BALLROOM RESTAURANT**

"This is just what I have been hoping for!" Sue exclaimed as she spun around the room with a formal designer dress in each arm. "You and I will be the bells of the Ballroom tonight! First I have to run down stairs and get us a few things. Get in the tub and shave again. I will be right back!"

This Gayle is very gracious to take us to dinner at such an expensive place, I thought. I started to do as Sue asked, and soaked in the tub for a few minutes before realizing that the laser had really done its job. I simply didn't have any hair on my legs. My face too, was perfectly soft and hair free. I enjoyed my new smoothness when I rubbed my legs together. As I raised one leg up in the tub, I was amazed at how lady like it looked. When I ran my hands over it, I could admire my perfect nails and soft pink French manicure.

Being a man was never this sensual. I lathered up and rinsed off, and began stepping out of the tub. I grabbed a huge towel, patted dry and wrapped it around me, under my arms, as any woman would do. Breasts wouldn't be so bad I thought. Just then Sue returned, lots of bags under her arms from the downstairs shops.

"How did you do?" I asked.

"Really very well. I think we have everything to make a really big hit to night. I really want you to impress Gayle and Pam. They seem so fun!"

"Why don't you slow down and start with a shower too? Mine felt great!"

"I see you had no problem shaving?"

"I didn't have to shave! That laser treatment was all I needed."

"Awesome." Sue marveled as she looked closely at my legs and face. "This is what I meant my taking care of details, Sweetie. Some women don't even have faces this smooth. How do your ears feel?"

"Really good, in fact I haven't even given them a thought."

"Good, because I got you your first pair of pierced earrings to go with that wonderful black St. Jon dress," Sue said as she stepped into the tub gracefully.

If I could only move like her, I thought. Sue's beauty was now inspiring me differently than it ever had in the past. I have always loved to watch her, but now I wanted to be just like her in ever detail

"Sue, your my hero!" I shouted above the shower noise.

"What's that?" she asked back.

"Never mind, I love you!

"I love you to Sweetie!"

When Sue was finished with her shower, I gave her some time to get herself ready while I relaxed. I tried to think of ways to justify to my coworkers my much thinner eyebrows, my pierced ears, and my hairless face. I might have a lot of explaining to do. It may be smart to stay out in my territory and not go in to the office right away. Sue could cover for me at the office, and I could cover for her in her territory too.

Whatever I do, coming out of 'girl mode' is going to take effort and time. It was also beginning to feel like the mental adjustment was going to be difficult too. As I sat and made small talk with Sue while watching her, I was looking forward to getting dressed up in another new outfit and going out. It's just a fantasy! It has to be. Was I really a woman in my heart as Sue had told Gayle? Did Sue see something in me that I didn't?

"OK Tami, I am ready to help you now. Put this bra and panties on first... killer huh?"

She handed me the softest panties and bra I had ever felt. They were midnight blue with even darker lace accents.

"Those are very sheer and will be perfect under your thin dress top," Sue reassured me.

As I sat down to start pulling up my pantyhose, Sue dropped in to the cups of my bra the inserts that had been working quite well.

"I wish we could make you just a little bigger tonight, but we will get by. Your bra looks very sexy! Don't be showing anyone else this...OK?" she teased.

When I had the hose pulled up over my hips, my already feminine legs looked even better and felt wonderful. This is worth it, I thought. Then I sat

next to Sue in her bra, panties and hose and we started doing our make up together. She was intent on my learning to do it right, so I did my best. We both used just a touch of foundation and powder then did our eyes and lips. We were elbow to elbow in the mirror laughing and teasing each other.

OK, let's not over do it. Let's do our hair now."

Sue had her hair combed out in minutes, and turned to work on mine.

"You know, I might want to try this length myself. It's easy and looks good anywhere. She gave us both a few quick shots of hair spray. .

Sue reached into the closet, selected her dress, unzipped it and stepped in. I helped by zipping her up from both the side and the back. Her red dress was an ultra light knit meant to show curves and when she put on the red heels, the hem of the dress just touched her toes. It was so elegant. She did a few spins for me then took my dress off the hanger."

There were some things that Sue didn't have to teach me...



...like what I had to do in the wind. Not wanting my panties to show came naturally!

If only you had real boobs and they were a little bigger Tami. This top will give you a nice line and the skirt will give you the illusion of more hip while it hides any little budge. This dress will last you for years and never go out of style.”

I missed that comment because I could not take my eyes of the dress she was holding open for me. I stepped in to the black full skirt, and savored the material rising around me. I dropped my arms to catch the armholes. When it was covering my breast and settling around my body, I too wished my breasts were real.

“Let’s see if you can zip this your self. You will have to sometime you know.”

Challenged, I reached around, and felt the tiny zipper resting on my rear. I pulled it up easily to the center of my back where it stopped.

“I should have known,” she said. “Here are your shoes. Be careful, the straps are delicate.

The shoes were a light material that crossed over each foot with a tiny bow and sparkles. I slipped them on slowly and saw my perfectly manicured toes under my sheer smoke colored panty hose. The heel height at two inches was perfect for my dress length. I rose.

There I stood, looking in the mirror at my bare shoulders and arms, my nails, this dress.

The top of the sleeveless dress fit close, then from the waist flared to floor length. The skirt of the dress was light and airy, made of multiple layers of the lightest fabric. A small ribbon wrapped my waist and ended in the back as a small black flower. I could not help but believe that I had never looked better in my life. I was intoxicated by the thought.

“Well, are we going to make a statement or what?” Sue asked.

“Sue, this is overwhelming.”

“Why? Because you have never ever been this sexy before in your life?”

“Yes, that is exactly what I was thinking. And it’s a strange feeling!”

“Let’s do our jewelry and see if we get any sexier.”

Sue had great taste in everything. She inserted in my ears some lovely diamond studs with platinum jackets. From the jackets hung a thin string of diamonds. They really finished off my look. A simple tennis bracelet was my only other piece.

“Simplicity” Sue said.

When she was finished she turned and made one last reach into the shopping bags and pulled out two small sparkling purses. She told me what to take and what to leave, and laughed when she dropped a tampon into my purse. “You never know!”

We were done and ready. We stood and looked each other over.

“Sue, I am too scared to go out, yet I want everyone to see me in this dress!”

“That’s so sweet! If you want it, you can do it!” she said as she took both my hands and we exchanged air kisses.

“We are meeting two others for dinner, the reservation may be under the name of Gayle Johnston.” She told the maitre d’.

“Of course, Ms. Johnston is at her usual table. Please follow me ladies.” He answered. We stepped through doors twelve feet high, into a room with a colorful painted ceiling at least twice as high as the doors. Music from a grand piano came from the far side where three couples danced. I could see that we were being led right down the center of the room, already full of formally dressed diners.

All of the men were handsome ties and jackets with some in black tie. The women all looked wonderful in designer dresses of every description. I was too nervous to stop and look around, but I sensed dozens of eyes on Sue and me as we were led to the table. Two waiters held our chairs for us. I smoothed my full skirt under me, and we sat down gracefully to a magnificent round table where Gayle and Pam were waiting.

“That was quite an entrance! Thank you for joining us, you both look stunning!” Gayle exclaimed, as she tried to avoid starring at me.

“Thanks, so do you both! Isn’t this right out of a story book?” Sue asked.

“Tami, the skirt of your dress is to die for! Where did you get it?” asked Pam.

“Right here at the resort, but I cannot take the credit, Sue found it,” I answered.

I saw Sue straighten her back, and I took my cue to watch my posture. As I did, a waiter came by to take our drink orders. When he left, I started to relax and look around. As I did, I could see that our table was the center of everything. All the other tables were arranged around ours, in rings. There was also a cleared path from our table down the center of the room to where the music and dancing were.

“The maitre d’, mentioned that this was your usual table, you must eat here often?” Sue asked.

“We have eaten here almost every night for a week!” laughed Pam.

“Well it doesn’t show!” Sue complimented them both.

“Hey, we all work too hard to settle for anything but the best when we are vacation, right?” Gayle asked.

I smiled and nodded yes. I could afford to eat here as often as I wanted too,

but something told me that Gayle and Pam were also very successful.

“What do you both do?” I asked.

“I am the head sales for Centra Corporation. You may have heard of us. We sell mostly textiles, industrial chemicals, and pharmaceuticals. Gayle is my superior and Vice President, but we are also best friends.” Pam explained.

“Really, Tami and I both work for one of your smaller competitors. We are marketing reps. But please don’t hold that against us!” Sue laughed.

“Nonsense.” Gayle answered.

Just then another waiter approached the table, introduced him self, and asked if he could recite the menu for us. He did a very impressive job, as if he had done it all his life. He also announced that a bottle of Champagne was being sent over from another table. Pam asked who was sending it, and the waiter could only say that it was from a gentleman a few tables away.

“I get the first dance if he is handsome!” Pam staked her claim.

We all ordered, and talked about everything from work to golf and children, which none of us had but loved. I learned about even better shopping in town, and that Centra had their hands in a variety of business.

Dinner arrived and was set down in front of us with individual covers over each dish. Four waiters came to the table and removed all the covers in one motion, which was a very formal display.

When we were all just about finished with the main course, a man in black tie approached the table and introduced himself. He asked if we liked the champagne and if there were any dancers in our foursome. Pam raised her hand to answer him, and he went to her chair to help her up, and then led her to the dance floor.

“What a Gentleman!” we all said at the same time.

“We should all be so lucky!” laughed Gayle. “Oh by the way, that secret is still ours. I have not told Pam and will not unless you want me to.”

“Well...‘don’t ask—don’t tell,’ works for me right now,” I said quietly back. My manicured hands were folded correctly in my lap.

“Thanks Gayle,” said Sue. “My friend still has lots to think about.”

“I’m sure. But I cannot get over how well you do. You must have practiced this persona for months if not longer. How did you do it?”

“Actually, I am only into my first week! And I don’t think I would have done it if I had a choice in the matter.”

“Our bags were lost by the airlines, so I just improvised! But he was a

natural, I could always see it in him,” Sue explained.

“Well, I am amazed. Now with the benefit of hindsight, I am also very upset with myself for judging my husband too quickly. It is wonderful to see you both so happy,” Gayle added.

“Thanks,” we both said.

“I want to give you some help, if I may?” she asked.

“I am not sure what you mean?” Sue asked.

She lowered her voice. “Well, we have a pharmaceuticals division at Centra. It is an area that I know little about, but I made a few calls before we left our room. Centra produces a number of female hormone products that could help you.”

“Help me?”

“If you have wanted to considered using them.”

I started to say that we were not planning to take this much further than this vacation, but Sue jumped in, “We would love to learn more about them.”

“Well then, some of my people are knowledgeable in this area. I learned a lot just over the phone for fifteen minutes. Anyway, I asked them to put together anything and everything they could think of from Centra or any vendors we use for distribution. A package should be at your room in the morning.”

“But,” I tried to say.

“Wow. That is so kind, thank you. We will be glad to look at everything,” Sue said graciously and patted my knee.

Pam and her dance partner were just returning. He thanked her, and asked if he could come back to visit with her again. Pam gave him a smile and a YES!

“He is so interesting!” Pam whispered as he walked away. “I think I am in love!” she beamed.

“Lucky girl!” said Gayle.

“Hey, there are lots more men here,” as she looked at all of us and winked.

When dinner was over, we got up and made our way toward the next room where desserts and after dinner drinks were served. The four of us sat by a window and had some chocolate mousse and coffee. I was amazed at how elegant the setting was. It was made even more elegant by our group of four, in wonderful dresses and hairdos. I thought that if this is what being a woman was all about, that I could do this every night. We all got along like we had been best friends forever, and talked non-stop until Pam was stolen away by her new friend.

“Tami,” Sue whispered, “You’re not jealous are you?”

“He seems very nice, but don’t be silly,” I said seriously.

“Just checking,” as she tapped her wedding ring.

When we were back in the room, Sue and I barely got our dresses half off and the lovemaking started again. What we were doing was so naughty...but nice.

## **THE PACKAGE**

We slept in till about nine and woke to a knock at our door. We play/fought over who should have to get up, put something on and get the door. I won and Sue went. She put a robe on, and opened the door. The Express man handed Sue the box and had her sign his form. I had forgotten to hide under the covers. He looked up to say thanks, and saw me in bed, and looked back at Sue. I saw an eyebrow go up as he told us to have a nice morning.

Sue saw it too, and started cracking up as the door shut. “Bet we made his day,” she laughed.

“Is it the shipment from Gayle?”

“Looks like it...says Centra on the corner.”

I helped open the box on the bed, and we unpacked it together. There were three books on female hormone therapy and one about the best Doctors and Surgeons in the US. Sue then pulled out a very realistic pair of silicone breasts.

“Yes!” she squealed. They really got my attention because they were so realistic. “Let’s pop these in,” she said as she handed me my blue bra.

In just seconds, they were warm and felt like my own. “Amazing,” I said as I jiggled them and my shoulders. “I guess they are for women who have had breasts removed.”

“Or who never had them!” she laughed. “Oh, your dresses are going to look so much better from now on.”

Next we found a simple panty girdle with small pads sewn into the sides. “These make sense,” I said.

A smaller box was found to contain what appeared to be a year’s supply of green pills in little round containers like birth control pills. Each pill was marked so one wouldn’t forget a single day in a monthly cycle.

“Whoaaa,” Sue said, “These are expensive things, I’ll bet. It would be a shame to waste them.”

“We can’t keep all of this,” I said.

“Why not? Gayle wanted us to have it. She feels terrible about her ex-husband, and this is her way of trying to help.”

“Well, I guess I can use the new boobs.”

“Bet you wouldn’t even need those for long if you started taking these,” Sue held up the pills.

“But Sue... I mean we don’t know anything about them,” I argued.

“That’s what the books are for, Sweetie. Take just one and we’ll start reading.” Sue pushed me to my back and straddled me. I was laughing, but Sue was serious and popped a pill into my mouth, which I swallowed.

“One is not going to do anything!” I said in defiance.

“I am sure your right, but wouldn’t it be fun to just see a little change? You know, like even softer skin, a little more bottom on you, and little breasts I can play with?” she said as she began sucking on my nipple. “Oh baby, I want you to have breasts like mine!”

Those changes would be incredible, I thought to myself. But I had to be ready to go back to work soon. I tried to picture myself as a guy working and always hiding his womanly figure, which to my surprise, I found I liked thinking about.

That day we played a full eighteen holes. We had a fun day drinking lemonades and people watching.

Every chance Sue could find to compliment me, she took. She was convincing me that I was capable of being a woman anytime I wanted.

“After this vacation is over, you could switch back to Tami so we could go out to dinner! Heck, we could take whole days; even weekends off together to be girlfriends. It will be just as easy as here. Given time and those pills, you will get even better!”

“I have to go to work, and that means a hair cut and no French manicure, Sue.”

“We could manage the hair, and we could just do your nails shorter. Hey, you don’t want to give up your lucky golf outfits, do you?”

“Come on, be serious. YOUR fantasy has to end soon.”

I woke up the next day with Sue insisting I try on our new lingerie—a lacy

bra, garter belt and stockings. It was so exciting I wanted to wear them with her highest high heels.



My wife said, "You  
have to take your pill,  
cutie!"  
I popped one out  
and she watched  
me swallow it.

I could tell that making love was going to be next on the agenda. "You have to take your pill, Cutie."

"Really? Right now?" She gave me a frown and I said, "OK, OK," I moaned. I popped the pill into my mouth, and she watched me swallow.

“Good Girl!” as she climbed on top of me and ground away--I exploded quickly.

The following day started the same way, and I was starting not to care. I was ready to let Sue pretty much take control of every thing.

## **A TIME TO THINK**

That night, while showering before dinner, I looked down at my chest and noticed that my nipples were standing straight out. They were firm and tender, but they felt strangely good at the same time. When I patted my self down with a towel, I got a good full body view in the mirror.

The pills couldn't be working already? Could they? I thought. “Is my ‘bubble butt’ even bigger than normal?” I decided to tell Sue and see what she thought. She would tell me what to do.

“Get ready Hon?” Sue called to me. “We are going casual tonight, and your stuff is all ready.”

“Sue, my nipples...”

“I noticed. Are they sore?”

“Yeah,” I said. “My nipples are like little knots.”

“That’s what is supposed to happen,” she smiled. Sue, wearing only panties and bra, was bending over the bathroom sink putting on her mascara. Her long legs tapered up to her round, soft pantied bottom.

She stopped what she was doing and came over to me. She gently felt my nipples. “They are so cute. I think we might be a bit late...”

She unhooked her bra, exposing her unhindered breasts. She pressed her body tightly against mine, our nipples met. “Keep taking those pills and we will be like twins!”

“Well... OK,” I gasped as cool currents of desire coursed through my body.

Sue had me put on a simple, straight taupe skirt with cute colorful embroidery along the bottom. The skirt fit great. By tucking myself and with

the tight panty that Gayle had sent, my front appeared perfect. My top was a simple light gauge taupe cardigan style sweater with matching embroidery. I left the top buttons open to show just a little neckline. My new breasts were very realistic under my sweater.

“You look very sweet tonight, and your sandals match perfectly,” Sue pointed out.

“Thanks, and I love your black Capri pants and top too! I’d trade you some night?” I teased, “but they wouldn’t fit the same on me.”

“Yes they would! You just need a little figure training.”

“Wow, you really think I could wear tight Capris like you?”

“That’s the whole idea, Tami! Sharing experiences. We are closer than ever now, and I hope that never changes!”

I gave her a hug, and told her that I loved her.

We met Gayle and Pam outside by the valet. It was windy and I was having a time keeping my skirt and hair together.

We said our ‘Hello’s’ and with the valet holding the doors, jumped into the back seat of Gayle’s car with the top down.

“It’s a beautiful fifteen minute ride to the Mexican restaurant, it will be worth it!” she promised.

It was really different walking around in skirts, nylons, panties and bras. Since more of my body was exposed, I felt colder. The evening coolness found it’s way up between my legs and I got Goosebumps.

It was like wearing no clothes at all. I was feeling what the other women in the car were feeling. I couldn’t help but wonder what it would be like to go braless. Could those pills really round out my body sufficiently to go braless?

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I loved riding in a convertible. Gayle was right. The drive along the coast was

breathhtaking. It was refreshing to get out of the resort, see the area, and take some time to think. This had to be the strangest and most wonderful vacation anyone could imagine. I watched the sun setting over the ocean, while the four of us talked. I mostly listened to the others, and was aware of the breeze in my hair and how it made my earrings swing.

My skirt fluttered slightly over my crossed legs. I buttoned one button of my sweater to stay warm, and marveled at how easily I took to doing simple tasks with my long nails. I was reminded of the mild soreness behind my nipples when my arms brushed my front. My bracelet fell loosely at my wrist and sparkled against the skin on my arm. But the sensation I enjoyed most of all was the sense of ‘oneness’ with Sue.

We were close as husband and wife. This role change had let me share a side of myself that I had always wanted to share with my mom, but didn’t know how. Now I was thrilled, as I seemed to be ‘growing’ even more with Sue. I looked across the seat at Sue smiling broadly as she spoke. She caught my eye just long enough to give me a wink and reach over and tickle me in the ribs.

When we pulled up to the restaurant, we could all see a large deck for serving dinners outside, and we cheered at the prospect of getting the best table. This looked like a fun spot to celebrate as everyone there was having a great time. A round of margaritas came, and we all thought of silly toasts to each other and our golf games.

“Here is to Gayle who lost our last game, where the loser had to clean the other’s house!” announced Pam.

I summoned my courage to make a second toast, or actually an announcement.

“I burst out, I just want everyone to know that I am quitting my job!”

Cheers went up from everyone, including the people at the next table. I could see the surprise in Sue’s face.

“You can close your mouth now, Sue!” I smiled at her, “I have come to the conclusion that I am going to be making some lifestyle changes...for the better.”

“Oh, Tami!” Sue said as she reached under the table to hold my hand. “I

hoped you would want this!”

“Sue seems to have known me better than I knew myself, and she was right. So onward and upward I always say!”

“Here’s to your new life!” Gayle said as she raised her glass. “I’d love to help you in anyway I can.”

“Did I miss something?” Pam laughed.

“Yes, you did,” Gayle answered,” but it’s really not important anymore!

***THE END***

***If you liked this story, let me know!***

***SANDY THOMAS***

***P. O Box 2309***

***CAPISTRANO BEACH, CA 92624-0309 USA***



## EPILOGUE

As soon as we both abandoned the idea of me passing as a man, Sue delighted in dressing me in the most revealing, feminine clothes possible.

For herself, she often wore plain lingerie, plain dresses and skirts that weren't too short.

For me, I had to wear sexy lingerie, low cut dresses and short skirts that could be embarrassing to wear.

I have accepted my new role, feeling pride when I can turn a man's head or better yet, excite Sue!

With each step in my feminization, Sue is more turned on!

What's so wrong with that?

*Tami*

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BUT Dad! All the guys at school are wearing them! You said if I got good grades, I could let my hair grow and wear anything I wanted?



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