

TV FICTION CLASSICS

MAGAZINE

"LADIES NIGHT"

A YOUNG REPORTER GETS A
TALK SHOW ON LADIES FASHIONS!



Volume 55

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TV FICTION CLASSICS

MAGAZINE

VOLUME 55

“LADIES NIGHT”

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“ LADIES NIGHT”

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*I spent all my life learning...except for my
first fifteen years. All I learned then was
that my mother's clothes were too big
and my sister's too small.*
Virginia Prince in her 85th year.

LADIES NIGHT

*Continued from Ladies Day,
TV FICTION CLASSICS # 54.*

**By Heidi Johansen,
Dawn Bell and Sandy Thomas**

A week after my wife, Karen, had told me about the female hormones she'd deceived me into taking, I received a memo about my television screen test. The producers had brought in a random "focus" group of people to view and make comments about a television segment of ' LADIES NIGHT ' hosted by me early Sunday evenings.

There were comments from some that they loved it, other wrote, "It's disgusting, disgraceful and perverse. . .I wouldn't miss it!" That was enough for the owner, Mr. Rich.

The decision--- LADIES NIGHT would intrigue the women viewers enough to watch---and perhaps even educate.

When I was called into my editor's office, they told me the show was to begin in two weeks---'LIVE!'

Many designers, salons, etc. had already offered to either sponsor or advertise on the show. As I left her office that day she handed me an envelope.

I assumed it was another fan letter. I stuck it into my purse without much thought. I would read it at home. I assumed it was the details on when and where the show would tape.

Upon arriving at home, I tossed the letter about the television show on the kitchen table, As I poured myself a drink and headed off to the couch for a short nap.

When Karen awoke me, I was afraid the apartment was on fire or something. She was jumping and screaming at me, waving something in her hand. . .it was that letter. . .my contract!

With my eyes still groggy from sleep, my wife held

the contract in front of me to read. While I tried to focus my eyes on the letter, I asked her what she was so excited about.

“READ!”

The legalese went on for a bit about being host of the show. Then I saw the starting salary---\$100,000 with bonus for each rating point above 2. Also included were all the expense accounts at various stores to supply my wardrobe and beauty services.

“WOW!” I said, like I was still dreaming. I would be receiving two salaries, one for writing the column *LADIES DAY*, and the other for discussing fashion on Television.

“We’re rich,” I exclaimed. “We can buy that new house we always talked about.”

“That would be wonderful!”

“Hmmm.....maybe now we can afford to start a family,” I asked my wife.

With a gleam in her eye Karen suggested, “Let’s start now!” We then left a trail of clothes from the sofa to our bedroom.

The next morning I returned the signed contract to my editor. Later, I found a letter placed on my desk acknowledging the acceptance and a note saying that the corporate lawyers would work out all the legal aspects.

They also offered me any legal assistance necessary to do deal with my financial and investment planning. Suddenly I needed help to spend my money! Ah, life was grand!

One week later, we prepared for first television show. I opted to remain in an androgynous dress mode. I nixed the suggestion that I wear a dress made by my wife and the producer. “Maybe later,” I pleaded.

“Yeah!” the producer said, “We’ll build into that. . .”

So I chose a pair of navy blue women’s slacks with a side zipper. It would be part of my intro “satire” monologue on fashion. . . “I understand a front and a back zipper,” I said. “But what happens on the side?”

I also wore a fall sweater, anklets that matched the sweater, and a pair of casual loafers. Karen thought

that I should wear an A-cup bra to accentuate my small, budded breasts. I moaned, "Not yet, in fact, I hope that the sweater will hide them."

I came out of our bathroom having pulled back my hair into a now lengthy ponytail fastened with a large, navy blue, ribbon bow barrette. I had so little beard left I still shaved, but didn't need to after the many hours of electrolysis.

Karen greeted me with a smile. "So sweetheart, are you ready for the beginning of a new career?"

"I'm so nervous that my knees feel weak. Do I look okay?"

"Sure, but I still think you should have worn a skirt. Show off those shapely legs!"

"Not the first day. Let me take this slowly at first."

With a reassuring hug, Karen kissed me as I headed out the door and off to the studio.

The producer had scheduled two women for interviews---both being on topics that I had written articles on for LADIES DAY.

I was shown how to use the cue card monitor as the show opened. I would be following up on some of my experiences and response to readers and viewers comments.

My first guest was Vicki, who was a color analyst for people in the movies, politics, and corporate executives. I opened the interview then she proceeded to give some examples of people who had looked better in front of camera or audience because of her advice.

She opened had a vast array of colorful scarves which covered a full spectrum from neutral to bold. With a very concerning eye she looked me over from the top of my head to the bottom of my shoes. She took a rather peachy scarf with a tinge of pink in it and then held it near my face and sweater.

She asked the small studio audience, "How many of you think that a sweater with this color would have accent Jamie's natural beauty?"

I blushed. The producer loved this.

The next guest was from a local jeweler who accessorized my outfit. She pointed towards my sweater

saying, "You are rather casual but a light weight gold necklace would greatly compliment your outfit." He had me put one on and then checked my earlobes. She commented, "And these 24 carat gold hoop earrings will add a touch of elegance." I pulled out my studs and slipped the hoops into my ears.

During the interview she lifted my hand for the camera to do a close up of my wedding ring. "This is perfect!" she said. "What a darling idea of your wife to wear matching rings! Your article about my wedding bands brought me tears of joy!"

I looked down towards a seat behind camera where my wife was sitting. She arrived just before show time and I hadn't seen her. The jeweler added, "Many couples get bigger diamonds for anniversaries---when they can afford it."

As we were closing up the interview, she said, "You bring your wife down to my store. . .I'll exchange both rings for sets of diamonds that will sparkle and dazzle!"

I saw my wife nodding her head fervently up and down.

I had survived! The first one was done!

The letters poured into the television station from viewers. The newspaper was inundated with inquiries as to whether they might do a remote shoot of picking out NEW engagement rings with my wife.

One letter had asked how I would respond if the color analyst suggested that a change of hair color would present a better image for television. I tossed that letter quickly---I did not want Karen to get any ideas.

Over the next couple of weeks, I took various suggestions from the producer, the color analyst and even the make up artist. I seemed that when push came to shove, I was the boss. . .of the show. I mostly did what Karen insisted.

I tried to veer away from the exceedingly feminizing ideas they were coming up with.

I reminded them, "Remember? I am a husband and a male."

This was becoming more and more difficult as time went on. I was nearly finished with the electrolysis

EVERWHERE! Feeling like dishwasher, I went to Karen's doctor and it didn't take much convincing to get me back on a female hormone cycle.

I had complained, "Won't estrogen prevent me from being a father?"

The doctor laughed, "Six months ago I would have agreed. The latest studies show it makes sperm healthier! Lots of marginally potent men will now be given estrogen." (This is true. 11-97)

Karen, the doctor and me with a flushed, pink face, discussed creating a female cycle of hormones for me. "What about my virility?" I asked.

The doctor laughed, "Okay. I wish I could say, it won't effect you but that's not true. It's a slow process so if you don't like the way you feel, just stop. Your male system will be flooded with estrogen for 21 days then off for seven to give it time to try to recover. The most feminizing effects are felt during the last of the 21-day cycle. I recommend that my married patient plan their cycles so that the wife is menstruating during that last week."

"Planned impotence?" I moaned.

He laughed, "You could call it that but it works real well for couples. We max out the feminizing effects of the hormones and still be able to respond as a husband for a couple weeks a month."

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"Great!" I moaned sarcastically, "And for a couple, I'm neutered!"

"Feminized!" Karen corrected, turning to the doctor. "That last week, he'll feel like a girl, right?"

"Sore breasts, bloat, moodiness and all!" the doctor added, "no male urges could live in that environment! I suggest he try it for a month! Everyone is different."

"I'm not into pain," I said.

"Sore nipples are a normal part of breast development. During the last couple of days of your cycle, you will experience some tenderness, usually peaking around the last day. While a bit disturbing, I think you will also find it quite exciting. Your sexuality will have fled from your maleness to your breasts and areolas."

An appointment was made for three weeks of injections each month, starting with the first one right then. The doctor also prescribed some pills.

Within a couple days, the estrogen started to softening my skin again and my breasts re-embarked on their development.

When I tried to look manly, like wearing pants with my hair tucked up under a hat, I was still addressed mostly as "Miss." It might have been since I continued to wear my set of feminine wedding rings and rarely went without nail polish.

One of the viewers wrote in asking; "Do a show about women's workout attire." I never should have mentioned the idea to my wife. She immediately went completely overboard on our expense accounts and got us memberships into Women's Workout World.

In a variety of colored leotards, we worked out together learning aerobics & jazzercise. Somehow I overcame the concerns about being allowed to join all girl sessions when my wife explained to the owner about me being feminized by hormones.

After that, I was accepted with open arms with the covey of women, all of us out to tune up our curves and not get ugly muscles. In our leotards, leg warmers, exercise shoes, Karen and I showed off figures better than most.

Karen insisted us looking good by doing our hair into



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*My bouncy nipples,, even with the camisole ,
were unmistakable.*

*“Nothing serious,” Karen said softly. “You
just need a simple brassiere with
a lightly padded cup.”*

neat French braids tucked and pinned up. Any casual observer viewing the class would have a hard time picking out the "male" in the gaggle of ladies.

The last week of November I was experiencing my first "full-blown" pre-menstrual blues. My body bloated up with water. The levels of estrogen and other female hormones had built up during the month, giving me an "out of sorts" disposition. I had a persistent fullness and tenderness of my breasts that cause me to be very aware which brassiere I wore. Karen, who was equally out of sorts said, "It's nature's way of getting our bodies ready for pregnancy."

My television producer scheduled a woman's exercise physiologist who also designed a clothing line to join me on the show. He thought it would be perfect if I wore the latest fashion in leotards, leggings, etc. and did a short workout with her.

The day of the show, the make-up artist insisted on putting my hair in a cute French Braid along with a headband. She added a bit more make-up for a healthy look and long lightweight earrings for "movement".

Our color analyst had chosen a peach leotard, white tights and headband to compliment my natural colors.

When the show began on air I was sitting in the exercise outfit waiting to greet my guest.

She looked me over. "My, my, you look like you keep yourself in very good shape. Girls!" she announced to the audience, "Those are what hips are supposed to be like."

Adding to my embarrassment, she said, "And the latest in leotards. . .that's the one with the built-in 'sports' brassiere. See how it enhances even a small bustline."

The camera did a close-up of my bustline.

"Are you wearing any padding there?" she asked running her hand over my small breasts.

"No," I said as my face burned brightly red.

That week, I continued a follow up piece on, "The Perfect Figure. Real or Spandex."

I wrote in a satire piece, "Women are caught in the worse of places. For the holidays, they are expected to

be great cooks and fill the house with cookies and cakes. . .but if they eat a bite---they will look absolutely chunky in their holiday dresses.” then the punch line, “You men! Give Spandex for Christmas!”

My short little quip brought a vast amount of mail about ‘Foundation Garments and Party Dresses’. The producer and Karen both asked me to do a show on foundation fabrics, styles, and show how they go along with the latest style dresses that were available in the stores.

The newspaper arranged for a lingerie boutique to provide the foundation garments and a department store to provide the dresses.

Karen picked a “flock of frocks” and we headed for the foundation shop to learn what to wear for various festive gatherings such as the office party, the church gala, or events at home.

Just before we arrived at the shop, Karen turned to me and asked, “Can I make a suggestion?”

“Sure.”

“You need a bra.”

“What?” I said, looking down at my chest.

“Well?” she said, pointing to the obvious. Two soft cones pressed outward softly from the front of my blouse. Like something on a fourteen-year-old girl. “But. . .” I stopped. My bouncy nipples, even with the camisole were unmistakable.

“Nothing serious,” Karen said softly. “Just a simple brassiere with a lightly padded cup.”

I moaned, “Those hormone injections are much stronger than the pills. My nipples are driving me crazy.”

“A padded cup will help,” she said.

I was skeptical but complied with her request to be fitted at the shop. The little old lady was professional. She matter-of-factly took measurements like she fitted men with bras every day.

Before I realized what happened, I had my camisole off and this lady promptly had a dainty bra whisked around my waist and was helping me slide my arms through the straps.

“Oh Karen?” I moaned, “I can’t wear a bra!”

“Honey, you need one. This is an A-cup. It won’t

show, and will only provide some support for your chest. It is starting to jiggle a bit and THAT is more noticeable!"

The little old lady nodded agreement.

I had to admit to myself that she was right about the jiggling. If we went for a brisk walk or ran up a couple of steps, I felt more than a little soreness. My puffy nipples moving against any fabric was most distracting.

Reluctantly I let the bra straps go up over my arms and felt the white band tighten around my chest as the clerk began to fasten the hooks and eyes.

Moving around to my front, the shop matron adjusted the shoulder straps and pulled at the bra cups with her fingers.

She looked at me and shook her head. "Hmmm, I think that we're a little late for a padded A-cup. These are quite full. I think an underwired B-cup may be more comfortable."

She quickly came back with another size and slipped it on me.

"How does this one feel?"

"Not as tight but. . ." Feeling silly, I hopped up and down twice. Amazingly, the firm grasp of the cups on my bosom kept any bounce under control.

"No pain or weight sensation?" the clerk said checking the cups.

"Hey, this feels alright!" I exclaimed.

Karen just nodded knowingly and told the clerk to pick out a dozen more in my size then helped me slip my camisole and blouse back on.

"Clothes look better and will feel better now," Karen exclaimed.

"But. . ." I gasped seeing how much more bosom I appeared to have."

"Shhhh! You only have what you have. . .you are not any bigger than when you came in here. You are now just taking care of them correctly. You'll thank me tonight after you've worn it for a day."

I was marveling at the strange new sensation of having this constricting garment firmly influencing my small breast upward and outward.

We left the shop with not only what I needed for the

show but I was sporting new curves up front---and carrying a bag full of fitted bras.

One week prior to airing of the Christmas television show, the producer of LADIES NIGHT told me that since I would be modeling Holiday dresses, the stores wanted them to look good. He had made me an appointment with a modeling agency the next morning to learn proper way to show off a dress.

My head spun in disbelief that I was TOLD rather than asked if this would be acceptable with me.

The day before the gala Christmas fashion show, I received a memo from my producer that they had made an appointment for me at the beauty salon.

So the next morning, I gave Karen the excuse that I had to leave early in order to take care of something at the newspaper office. She was getting herself ready for the day at the magazine, but stopped to retrieve something from her closet. She returned with a velvet pantsuit of deep royal blue along with a white silk blouse.

"I bought this for you to wear on the television show today. I also think that it would be perfect for you to wear to my magazine's New Year's party. Try it on, I want to see if it fits."

Stripped down to my panties, pantyhose, camisole and now bra.

Karen held the new white blouse out for me to put on. I turned around to slip my arms into the sleeves.

"Whoa! Turn around. It goes on the other way," Karen said. She showed me that this blouse buttoned up the back!

It had a mock turtleneck collar and wide sleeves that buttoned at the wrists. I let her put it on me and stood looking in the mirror as she proceeded to do up the multitude of buttons up my back.

"What if I need to take it off? I can't reach those."

"Don't worry dear. You always have help at the studio don't you?"

She was right and continued helping me to dress in the blue pants that turned out to have a side zipper and button closure.

The matching jacket was slipped over my shoulders

and the single button was closed in front. The cut of the jacket created a very nipped in waist with the hem of the jacket flaring prettily around my hips.

"Sit down for a minute," she said as she pulled out a new pair of navy blue mid-heeled pumps from a box. She slid these onto my stocking clad feet easily. Turning her attention to my hair Karen asked,

"Are they having a hairdresser take care of you before the show?"

I felt guilty of not telling her sooner.

"Yeah, I'm supposed to stop by the salon in fifteen minutes."

"Well then. I'll just put your hair up in this blue hair clamp," she said. I watched her brush it all back, give it a few twists while pulling upwards then folding the twist over and clamping the big jaws of the decorative clamp over the roll.

"There, fast and sleek. You had better rush off then. Good luck!"

We kissed as I grabbed my blue shoulder bag and rushed out the door. As I walked to the car I was conscious of the one and half inch heels on the pavement.

Parking my new company car at the ever so familiar salon, I was rushed onto being worked on. They claimed that there was a lot to be done in three short hours---I had to make it to the station by twelve-thirty.

I was taking expediently to the shampoo station then sat in a styling chair.

"Hi, I'm Sherri. I'll be doing your hair today."

"Hello Sherri, I'm Jamie."

"Oh, I know! I love your show! My girlfriends and I always tape it so we can watch later."

"That's nice to hear. Well, today is our big Christmas fashion special."

"I know. We've got to make sure that you look just right!"

I watched as Sherri combed out my wet hair and then combed through some setting gel. She made a part on the right side and began to set the left side on large rollers winding them down and to the left. I noticed that as she was switching to small rollers as she reached the

lower parts of my scalp.

“How are you doing my hair today?”

“I’m setting it into a sideswept curly do. The top will be teased up and smooth on top. As the hair comes down it will be really curly all around. It’s a real cute party style.”

I contemplated the description and figured it was no worse than some of the other feminine styles that I’d had worn. So I just relaxed and watched in mirror as my hair was neatly wound onto the various size curlers. A manicurist came to sit by me and started to work on my nails while my hair was being wound.

When the last roller was in place Sherri picked up a large hairnet and draped it over my rollers. She took the ends and tied them underneath the rollers in back.

I then spent some time under the dryer. The manicurist rolled her tray over and continued to work on my nails. Now I had manicures before but I was a little confused with the additional steps she seemed to be taking.

“Excuse me. What are you doing?”

“I’m putting on acrylic nails. Have you ever had them before?”

“Acrylic nails? No. Why?”

“They are real special! That’s what the studio requested. Your producer that is.”

Another unilateral decision made by my producer without my input. Forty minutes later, just as the timer went off for the dryer, the manicurist had finished. My hands had long acrylic nails polished a bright Christmas red.

Though I was embarrassed by such a blazing feminine color, I had to admit that my hands looked great! I wished Karen would get her nails done like this. How feminine I had become was evident by the lack of concern. I now had perfect, quarter inch long nails in bright red. I wondered what the men seeing the show would think.

Quickly, I was taken back to the stylist chair where Sherri did not take long to remove the curlers. My head was covered by a mass of curls going every which way. I must have had a confused, startled look because she laughed and calmed me.

“Hey, don’t look so worried. I’m not finished yet.”

With a brush Sherri brushed through the curls at the top and used her hands to fluff out the tighter curls at the bottom. Soon she was spraying and teasing the top, creating the smooth, high bouffant she had described earlier.

With comb and more spray she fluffed and picked until my curls looked like a warm wreath around my head. She stood back and holding a large hand mirror asked, “Well, what do you think?”

“It’s beautiful!” I said in awe of the perfect woman’s hairdo---which I now wore. Sherri beamed from my praise. She removed the cape and commented that I was definitely ready to party!

The manager walked over to approve of the stylists’ creative work on me. She raved, “You will definitely sparkle in the fashion show! I hope the viewers appreciate how your hair and nails to go with party dresses.

She took my hand and led me over to the cosmetologist for Holiday make-up. I told her that the studio had a make-up artist, but she told me it was her treat and that we were ahead of schedule anyway.

As I was sat down I was told, “Everyone here at the salon will be watching the show today. We can’t wait to see you in a dress!”

When the cosmetologist finished with the transformation of holiday color on my face, I dashed out heading towards my car. . .late.

When I arrived at the studio, the producer greeted me. My hand pointed to the top of my head. “Your idea?” I asked.

He replied, “Mine and the modeling agency’s owner who actually called the salon with instructions.”

“I think it’s too much,” I moaned but saw the other models were wearing similar styles.

The television studio make-up artist came up, but stopped in her tracks momentarily without words. “You are finished!” she finally stated. You look absolutely beautiful. Who did the make-up?”

She escorted me towards the owner of the model agency for a brief meeting. “Jamie, I’d like you to meet Colleen. She’s the owner of the modeling agency.”



By the time the third model had stepped out onto the runway, true to her word, Colleen had me quickly changed into a knee length red taffeta dress with black bow in back with red and black pumps.

"Ah, so you're the one who suggested this?" I said with a smile as I pointed to my curly do.

"Yes. It turned out just as beautiful as I expected!"

The owner had been a model herself and was still a breathtaking beauty. She was middle-aged, I would have guessed late forties. A gentle smile came from her lips, "Are you sure you're really a guy?"

"Hmmm, let's see. I think so, at least the last time my wife checked the inventory down there."

"WOW! I would never guess. I certainly look forward to helping you in and out of the dresses I've brought for you to model. I was worried that you might look like 'a man in a dress'. You could go anywhere in a dress and no one would give you a second look. . .except maybe the men."

"Thanks, I guess. Is Carrie here? The girl who taught me comportment."

"Yes, she in the audience. She said you were very good."

I opened the show in the velvet pantsuit that my wife had purchased for me. Then Colleen came on the stage to discuss the various styles of party dresses and how to choose the one appropriate for the occasion.

During the conversation she began to discuss how far I had gone with hairstyle, nails, and make-up in order to get a "Sense" of what a women does to sparkle for the holidays.

She closed with a request that viewers should call in to a 900# to give their comments and feedback on my different dresses. All proceeds went to charity.

Then she said that it was time to let everyone see other models and me in some fabulous holiday dresses. The producer stepped forward in his tux to take over as co-announcer while I was escorted backstage.

The other three models had been ready for the mod-



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eling to begin. The first model started down the runway in a floor length taffeta of emerald green with sparkling silver accessories. The second model followed with a knee length, black velvet dress with matching jacket complimented with gold jewelry. The third model wore a burgundy velvet full length but with a v-cut to expose back and cleavage along with a diamond choker and bracelet.

By the time the third model had stepped out onto the runway, true to her word, Colleen had me quickly changed into a knee length red taffeta dress with black bow in back with red and black pumps.

With a swallow and a sigh, I followed the third model out onto the runway. I reminded myself to walk slowly and remembered the turns that I had been taught.

By the time I returned to the opening in the curtain the first model was already changed and returning in a new party dress. This was repeated three times until we had modeled twelve dresses.

It was all so fast, I lost my train of thought and just "flaunted and strutted" the dresses.

The last dress that I modeled as a full-length black velvet dress similar to the one the third model had worn her first appearance. This dress had diamond accents on the bodice along with a sash that had bow and diamond accents on the left hip. With the diamond bracelet, diamond earrings, and diamond choker, I felt like I was sparkling on camera.

As I was attempting to take off the dress backstage for the closing, I was told that there was no time. So I went out to close the show in this last party dress.

When I strutted back on stage, I put my hand on my hip and stated, "Now I know how a Christmas tree feels!"

My comment brought chuckles from all. It was a very happy, upbeat show.

As I drove home, the back of my car filled with the dresses I wore in the show, I was hoping that my wife would not be home. I was sure she had seen the show but had been working late to close the February issue of her magazine before Christmas.

When I walked in, she was dressed to kill. A holiday

dress made of sequins, her hair done up and makeup to attract.

"What's the occasion?" I asked.

"Just a few surprises to celebrate a wonderful year," she smiled. "I want you to put on your favorite of those dresses you modeled and we are going to dinner."

"I'm a little tired," I complained.

"Well, freshen up, cutie. I'm not cooking dressed like this. Besides, there's more. . ."

I went up and put on the sequined evening dress that was "perfect for an evening out." I loved the way it hugged my curves.

When I went down stairs, she had poured champagne and we toasted to a great New Year. She seemed a bit fidgety, like she was waiting for something. "Ready to go?" I asked. "Hope we can get in without reservations."

"I took care of everything. Let me fix your hair and refeshen your lipstick."

When she finished coating my lips, our doorbell rang. I jumped but she ran off to answer it.

"Jamie!" she yelled from the entryway.

When I went, there were two handsome men in suits waiting at the door. "Our dates!" Karen blurted out.

"What the. . ."

"Just a minute guys," she said to the men and pulled me into the kitchen. "Shhhh! They are from an escort service and they know all about you."

"But why?"

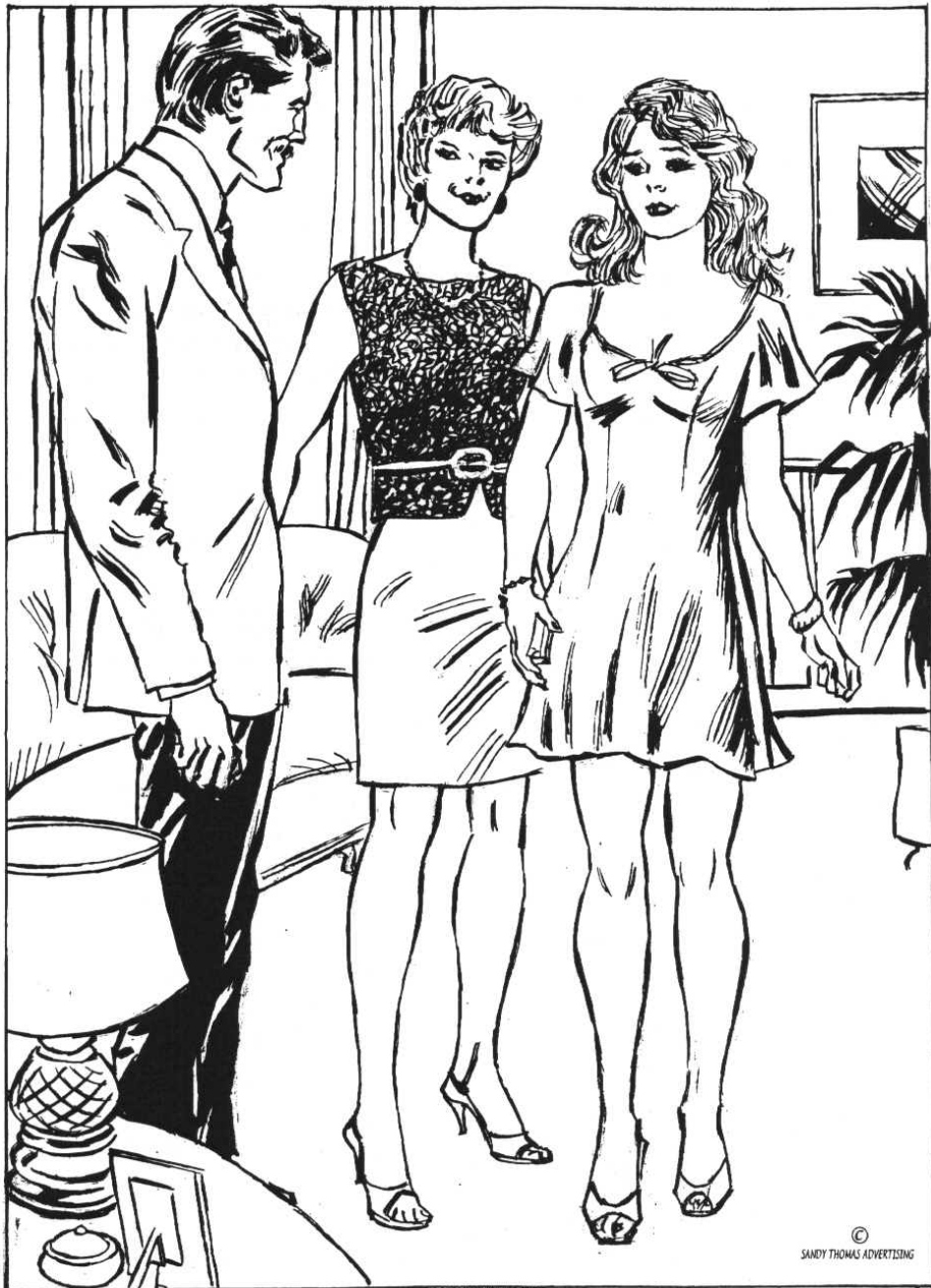
"Hey, dearie. We have a nice figures, pretty dresses, the perfect hairdos. . .to accessorize, we wear earrings, make-up, perfume and why not have a handsome gentleman to open our doors, order our food and help us into the limousine."

"Limousine? I've never been in a limousine before," I sputtered.

"And all on the company."

When we went back to the entry, there was a minute or two of formality as we were introduced and Karen signed for the escorts and limousine.

I didn't like the looks of these guys. Rex was older, maybe forty-five and distinguished looking with gray



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SANDY THOMAS ADVERTISING

I didn't like the looks of these guys. Rex was older, maybe forty-five and distinguished looking with gray at his temples. Both were big, maybe six-one, six-two and manly handsome.

at his temples. Both were big, maybe six-one, six-two and handsome. The young one, Pete, was a few years older than I was and his well-developed muscles showed under his coat. Both were probably close to 200 pounds, but with gentle faces. They were looking, especially wearing the well-tailored suits and ties.

And it was awkward as we paired off. "Which one do you want?" Karen laughed. "Pete or Rex?"

I blushed, saying, "Let's let them decide."

"If your don't mind," Pete said, "My girlfriend reads your column and she would be thrilled if I was your escort for the evening."

"Really?"

Rex said with a laugh, "Darn---I get stuck with the real girl!"

We all laughed and it relaxed us all to have that out of the way.

We finished the bottle of champagne and relaxed before Karen had the limousine driver come in to take a group picture to remember the occasion.

We grabbed our purses and were off.

In the limousine, the men asked us about ourselves. They were pros, highly trained in escorting women to expensive functions. I was surprised that this was moonlighting for them. Rex was a divorced investment banker. Pete was a stockbroker who did escorting to meet new clients for his brokerage business.

They decided where to take us to dinner. We arrived at Chez Salsa and the limousine pulled up in front. The men hopped out and help us girls out carefully.

The restaurant was rather packed because of the holiday but we got right in.

I kept looking at Karen, her arm on her escorts'. They made a nice looking couple. Looking up at Pete, I had to admit, we did too."

After some chitchat, Pete leaned to me and asked, "Do you and your wife do this often?"

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"This is the first time," I admitted.

"You two wouldn't have to pay, you know," he said. "Lots of guys would love to take you out and pay for everything."

We had a wonderful dinner, shared lots of ideas. During dinner Karen took me on my first trip to the ladies room.

I had just had my hormone shot the day before and I was getting a hot flash. The coolness of the bathroom felt nice as I did what was needed. I adjusted my skirt and went out to freshen my lipstick.

"Feel like a girl now?" she whispered as we walked out of the bathroom.

"It's getting harder and harder to feel like a guy at all!"

Back the table, Karen settled the bill and away we went home.

At home, the two of us snuggled in bed to enjoy the rest of the evening. Dressed in lovely white nighties, we giggled about the evening and what we had done.

"The big question is," Karen asked, "Would you do it again?"

"You mean with guys?"

Karen nodded.

I thought about the evening. I wasn't sure why but I'd had had fun. I wondered if this is the way a young girl feels after her first date with a boy.

I couldn't believe what I'd done. I'd not only looked feminine in my dress but had felt pretty. I had never thought about showing off my curves like that before tonight.

"You think about it while I do your hair," Karen stated.

"Do I have to? I'm so tired!"

"Only if you want to look nice tomorrow." Karen sat me down in front of the vanity dresser and began to put in curlers. She chatted about the evening as my head was covered by a tight mass of tight curlers. My hair had grown so long it felt nice to get it off my neck and face.

"If Pete could only see you now," Karen joked.

I blushed at the thought. "I would never want him

to see me without makeup and my hair done," I said out-loud.

I hadn't washed off my face. The mascara, eye shadow, lipstick, blush and arched eyebrows stared back at me. It had changed me into a person that I didn't even know.

"So what do you think," Karen asked again. "Would you do it again?"

"Dates? With guys? I don't know. I've never been so nervous." "But it was a thrill, right?" Karen asked. "You handled the evening like a real girl." "How did you like it," I asked, audaciously. "Escorted by another man."

"It was exciting," she admitted. "I was nervous. . . but more nervous for you. Seeing my husband being totally accepted as a woman was fantastic!" "Look Honey," I scowled, "If this is actually a way for you to date some real men. . ."

"No," she interrupted, "I've dated all the men I need. I just love seeing you experience femininity. I want to teach you about being a woman but not before you are ready." "You think I'm ready to date men?" I asked.

"You certainly were responding properly to Pete."

"I was just playing a role!"

"Like a real girl," she said. "With all that estrogen in your system, you must have felt girlish around men?"

I realized that Karen was making me admit the fact that I had dated with a man. "Okay," I moaned, "I felt feminine around those guys."

"Good! That's what I wanted to hear," she said.

"What else do you want me to say?" I asked.

"Nothing, silly. I just want you to realize that what we did tonight was natural. I realize that it's new to you but you are on your way to becoming a very feminine person."

After I did her hair up in curlers, we sat there together, talking about our dates for more than an hour. Karen made me talk about everything that made me feel uncomfortable.

Somehow I wasn't tired anymore. "For one," I said, "I'm mad at you! You set these things up and don't even discuss it with me. What the hell are you trying to do to me?"

"If I had asked, you would have said 'NO!' And now we are discussing doing it again."

"So here I am, all set to spend an nice evening with you and a couple of dumb guys show up at the door. I don't want to lose you."

Karen looked very serious for a moment. "You have nothing to be jealous of. C'mere and give me a hug, right now."

We embraced each other, and lay down on the bed, our nightgowns melting together. It felt really nice as our soft and warm bodies pressed against each other.

There was warmth and emotion being returned in my wife's tight embrace.

Still hold me, Karen spoke first. "You're right, and I apologize."

"I'm just scared," I said, "Either one of those guys could charm the cuckoo out of his clock. Apology accepted."

"So then," Karen giggled. "Will you do it again?"

"I think we should talk about this later, it's late."

"No now," she snuggled up against me. "What if I told you I set us up for them to escort us to Mr. Rich's New Years Eve party?"

"You didn't! I'm not showing up in a party dress on the arm of a man! You call them, you tell them that you've changed your mind."

"Not a chance," she said firmly. "I'm looking forward to getting all dressed up and going to dinner and the party. We haven't gotten out much in the last year and I'm gonna change that."

"No! You can't be serious!"

"I think we should date regularly. You know, pick out a day of the week and have a double date. It's fun getting all prettied up for a special evening. Nothing real fancy always, just dinner and a movie."

Karen's hand was caressing my breast. "Getting me excited isn't going to make me do something this crazy!"

We lay there for a while, my arms around her waist, her hands fondling my sensitive bosom. Karen gradually increased the pressure of her fingers, spreading them, until her hand and palm were massaging my breasts, especially my tight, hard nipples.

"Karen, you'd better be careful. Keep this up, and

we'll never get to sleep!"

She continued but whispered, "Please say we can go out on New Years?"

"I'm afraid you'll fall for one of these dumb jocks," I said seriously. "Besides, doesn't everyone kiss at midnight?"

"So? As someone once said, a kiss is just a kiss," she giggled. "You have nothing to worry about. . . I like my men to fill out a bra and look good in a tight skirt. . .and that's hard to find!"

The next morning, Karen worked on me until I acquiesced.

We were off between Christmas and New Years. I was nice to just sit around and do a little shopping. I also gave me time to reflect on the last year. So much had changed.

I'd adjusted to women's fashions so well. My breasts were now a small B cup and my hips had widened giving me a pronounced feminine figure. The diet and the hormones had made what little bit of fat was left, stick to my bottom. I was still slender, but had more of a girl's figure than a woman's. My face, framed by my long, chestnut brown hair and highly arched brow was delicately expressive. My mouth with pouting lips were rarely without lipstick to keep the soft and moist.

I began to look forward to Mr. Rich's party. As Karen had asked, "What are you trying to prove now?"

On New Year's Eve day, Karen awoke me early. "Wake up sleepy head. We have a big day ahead.

We were in matching soft, powder blue nightgowns, mostly transparent, with only spaghetti shoulder straps to hold them up. The bodice of our nightgowns

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barely had enough fabric to cover our breasts, and that was so sheer you could see our nipples pressing outward.

We walked into the bathroom together, our short gown only three or four inches below our bottoms which gave it sexy wave and bounce when we walked.

“Are you ready for the most fun day of you life?” Karen asked.

“Sure, why not.” I sashayed into the bathroom, swinging my hips a little, showing glimpses of thigh and ass with each movement. Walking to the mirror, I turned this way and that to see all my profiles.

Like twins, we raising our arms above our head to check our hair in the mirrors. Then in unison, we pulled our nightgowns over our heads. I always was astonished when I saw our naked bodies together. The display of girlish flesh was impressive. We both had nice full bottoms, smooth curved thighs, and except for the small triangle of hair and its contents, we were nearly identical. Our large nipples, erect from the cool air budged outward from our chests.

Seeing my beautiful wife’s body was almost too much to bear. We climbed into the shower to please each other.

We had to hurry to get dressed for our 9:00 AM hairdresser appointment. We had to be at the dress boutique for 11:30 and the nail and makeup studio at 1:30. Our day was going to be very busy!

Over my bra, panties, camisole and panties I wore a simple white blouse and tan slacks. With my hair pulled back into a simple ponytail and no makeup, I looked almost like the “James” of before---except for the curves.

We had figured that after getting our hair done at a trendy new salon, we would come home and change into something a little more feminine before our next appointments.

We arrived at the new salon that was across town in the area where the Rich’s lived. It was clearly the expensive “side of the tracks” with expensive boutiques and exclusive salons.

We had to navigate around a work crew doing some

underground work right in front of the posh salon's parking lot. To say that we were impressed with the valet parking was an understatement! As we entered the elegantly appointed reception area of the salon a pretty young woman approached and greeted us.

"Good morning. Welcome to Le Monde Coiffure. I'm Michelle, how can I help you?"

"Mrs. Rich made appointments for us. I'm Karen and this is Jamie."

"Jamie, yes! I recognized you. Love the show! Come this way, Mindy and Katerina will be your hair designers today. They are our resident champions, both have won gold metals at the nationals and state hair shows," Michelle gushed on. She was obviously proud of her coworkers.

Once introduced to Mindy and Katerina, Mindy took me to her styling station. She was a beauty, tall, thin with a cover-girl face and gorgeous auburn hair styled in a asymmetric bob that hung down over her left eye and cheek.

"So, you're going to a dinner party at the Rich's? That's going to be quite an elegant affair I understand. You're the guest of honor I hear," she rambled, as she fastened a pink salon cape around my neck and helped me lower my head into the shampoo sink.

"Oh, I don't know about the guest of honor, but yes that's where we're going."

"Mrs. Rich told me herself. I do her hair. She asked me to be sure that you looked spectacular tonight." Her fingers went through my full hair and she said, "You have very nice hair for a man." I saw in the mirror that she was checking out my figure. "Are you taking female hormones?" she asked.

I blushed and nodded. I started to explain about the need to understand a woman's cycles and such but she interrupted me. . .

"I thought so," she said matter-of-factly.

I lay back and relaxed. Mindy massaged my scalp thoroughly as she shampooed and conditioned my hair. When she was done, she sat me up and towel dried my hair. I was expecting the usual comb out and set next, but instead she took her comb and scissors. Seeing scissors I got nervous.

“Uh, what are you going to do?”

“I’m going to give you a new look---don’t worry dear, I’m not cutting it short. Just giving it something more of a style. Trust me, I spoke with Colleen and we have plans for you that will knock their socks off.”

I was still nervous, but a little reassured by her explanation.

Pinning all my hair up into sections Mindy went to work. Combing and cutting, then taking down another section, comparing it to the other hair and cutting some more.

After twenty minutes and what to me seemed like a lot of hair on the floor, she was done. I couldn’t tell what the style was because it still hung all wet and un-combed out. Her assistant brought Mindy a squeeze bottle of some sort of brownish goo and she began applying it methodically into my hair.

“What’s that?”

“Sparkle! It’s a dark auburn tint, really just a tint. It will give your hair a nice reddish brown glow that gradually washes out after about a dozen shampoos. You’ll love it. How are you getting to the party tonight?”

Distracted, I told her about the limousine and slipped when I mentioned Pete.

“Oh my,” she gushed, “You and your wife have male dates!?!”

“Just escorts!” I defended.

“Sure, my dear,” she smiled.

For the next twenty minutes or so, I sat around and waited while the goo did its stuff. Finally Mindy came back and took me back to the shampoo station to wash the stuff out. I looked across the salon and waved at Karen who was getting her hair set on jumbo rollers. A few minutes later, I too was sitting while Mindy used huge magnetic rollers to set my hair.

“Gee, do I need some sort of special permit to have these gigantic things in my hair?” I joked. “Does the Air Traffic Authority need to warn airplanes that there are tall structures affecting airport approach?”

“Yeah, I know. These super jumbos really take getting used to.”

I watched as Mindy sectioned combed and wound

more and more rollers in my hair. She had left the neatly cut bangs loose, just combing them down so that they touched my eyebrows.

"There, all done. Let me just put this hairnet on you and you can join your wife under the dryers."

Mindy draped a light blue hairnet over the super jumbo rollers and led me over to the bank of hairdryers where Karen was already sitting.

I sat down at the dryer next to Karen's and she lovingly patted my hand as she handed me a copy of Vogue magazine. "Thanks," I mouthed, as we couldn't hear each other over the loud air rush from the machines. About one minute later, just as the blowing air was getting cozily warm, everything went silent and dark!

There were excited exclamations all over the salon as customers and employees alike worriedly wondered what was going on. As everyone's eyes got used to the low level of light that was coming through the front windows, panic subsided and curious concern replaced it.

"What's going on?" Someone said.

"Did we blow a fuse?"

"Can't be, everything is out."

People got up and milled about. There were ladies in all stages of hairdressing and other beauty services. One minute became two and then five. Still no power!

Then the front door opened and a man in a construction hard hat walked in and surveyed the scene of a dozen or so women standing around in the dark.

"Good morning ladies. I'm with General Power and Light. It seems that we have a slight problem. The transformer we were working on just shorted out. It'll have to be replaced. We've got another one being loaded at the warehouse right now but it's going to be at least four hours before we can get the power on here today."

That pronouncement went over like a lead balloon.

"What do you mean? I can't leave like this!" A woman in rollers exclaimed.

"This is Saturday, New Years Eve---our busiest day of the year! Couldn't you guys have worked on this some other day??" One of the stylists demanded.

The poor worker must have felt like he had just dropped into a pit full of wet cats! Backing up towards the door he just shrugged his shoulders and said, "We're really sorry ladies. We were just doing our job. It wasn't supposed to blow like that..." With that he prudently backed his way back out onto the street.

"That's just great!" I heard Mindy say as she turned to look at me. "Your hair will take hours to dry naturally."

"What can we do?" Karen asked.

"Hmmm. . . Could you come back later this afternoon?"

Karen said, "Well, we have several other appointments. . . but, I guess we could come back later. . . maybe around three."

Mindy mentally checked her bookings. "If that guy is right, they should have the power back on by then. I can finish Jamie's hair then and Katerina can do yours."

"Are you suggesting that I go out like this?" I moaned to my wife as I pointed to the rollers on my head.

"What choice do we have? It's not like you're going to be walking around without clothes or something."

"No, I'll be walking around with these pop cans on my head!" I protested. "Let's just pull them out and do our own hair later."

"Come on," Karen said, "we're just going to a nail salon and a clothing boutique."

Mindy warned, "You better let me do your hair. Don't you want to look pretty for Pete?"

"That's not the point," I grouched. Sure enough, I found myself walking out of the salon with my hair up the most outrageous hair rollers. Because of where we parked we had to walk right past the crew of workmen. My stomach tightened up they first checked me out and then I overheard one of the men say to another, "Hey, isn't that the guy who does that TV show, and dresses up like a woman?"

I sulked in the car as Karen drove to the dress boutique.

"We'll be early, but hopefully they can fit us in." She laughed about the pun.

Luckily, they could fit us in. The ladies laughed after hearing about our predicament and the reason that we were in rollers.

In a few minutes, Karen and I were trying on the most gorgeous and slinky evening dresses you could imagine. As I stepped out of the changing room to look in the mirror, I was surprised to see three young women had entered the boutique and were looking over the dresses.

I saw one of them recognize me and whispered excitedly to the others. Instantly they came over to me.

"Aren't you Jamie?"

I nodded.

"Wow, we love your articles and show!" they gushed almost in unison.

"Are you buying some dresses for the show?"

"Well, not actually. I'm going to a New Years Eve party tonight."

When Karen came out of the dressing room she walked right into the middle of a mini Hen party as the three young women prattled on about my work like I was some sort of pop star! Actually, it was somewhat flattering. I almost forgot about the embarrassing hair rollers on my head.

After spending over an hour at the dress boutique we left with several garment bags over our shoulder. All paid for courtesy of the TV station.

"It's still too early to go for our nail and makeup appointment. I'm hungry, want to go for some lunch?" Karen asked as we pulled out of the parking lot.

"Honey, in these rollers? I feel ridiculous. People are recognizing me."

"They're recognizing you because they're your fans. You're going to have to learn to accept that. Quit apologizing for being successful."

Surprisingly, I was beginning to savor the new "star" status that I was enjoying.

We went to a trendy sidewalk cafe and had a leisurely lunch sipping white wine and munching on salad and breadsticks. Maybe I was a masochist or something because I'm sure quite a few people, espe-

cially ladies had recognized me sitting there with those funny-looking hair rollers in my hair.

“So many people are recognizing me out like this I might be blowing my career even before it gets off the ground,” I grumbled.

“Are you kidding? This is publicity! Could you have dreamed up a better ‘funny story’ to talk about on your show than this morning’s escapade?”

“Come to think of it, you are right!” It made both of us laugh.

“Ready for your manicure and makeup?” Karen asked.

“Guess so. After prancing around with our hair in rollers for the past couple of hours, I can handle anything.”

At the nail salon, other women again recognized me as I had my long nails shaped and lacquered with two coats of a brownish red polish followed by two coats of clear topcoat.

Karen and I sat in side-by-side chairs while our makeup technicians worked their magic on us. When they were done Karen said that it was time to see if our hair salon was back in business.

We went back to the Le Monde Coiffure and thankfully the power was back on. Our hairdressers quickly took us to their stations to finish our hair.

Mindy announced, “Wow, your nails and makeup look great!”

“Thanks,” I said graciously.

Saying loud enough for Karen to hear, “Wait until we finish your hair, you two are going to be a knockouts. You are going to fighting off your dates!”

“Escorts!” I corrected.

“What ever. . .if they are men, you’ll be fighting them off!”

I watched as Mindy slid out the pins and gently slipped the rollers out of my hair. For the first time I noticed the new tint my hair had. It was a solid, shiny reddish brown!

Soon my hair was covered with big soft rolls of hair. Using a brush, Mindy began to smooth through the

curls turning the rolls into lift and body. As the hairdo took shape, my pulse started to accelerate.

I had never felt like this before. She was creating a woman's hairdo from a woman's haircut! With my previous hairstyle, I could just pull it back and have a guyish ponytail, but this was cut differently. Even I knew that I couldn't switch back to male mode with this cut and color!

Seeing my expression, she said, "It's a classic, long bob. With your thick hair and the new color it will be much easier to make look fabulous!" She went on, showing me how to backcomb it as she continued brushing and spraying.

I had evenly cut bangs in front that flowed to meet hair that hugged my cheeks right down to the jawbone. That ended in twin points of hair that curled slightly forwards from my cheeks.

The hair, back of the bangs was parted down the center and flowed smoothly to curve slightly under at the ends. Mindy had cut the sides so that they got progressively shorter as you moved to the back of my head. There, the hair was cut to be just below the nape line.

"Oh, don't you just love it," exclaimed Mindy. "Try swinging your head side to side." I did as she asked and marveled at how my hair flowed with the motion and then settled right back into perfect place when my head stopped moving.

It was incredibly feminine. . .with my make-up and nails done, I lost myself in the mirror's image.

"That's me?" I finally exhaled. "I want to show my wife."

Mindy removed the salon cape and I stood up. I walked over to where my wife was having her hair finished by Katrina, who was just finishing up spraying Karen's lovely upswept hairdo.

When Karen saw me behind her in the mirror she smiled and squealed with excitement. "Wow! Jamie, I can't believe it's you! The color and that bob---it makes you look fabulous!"

"I have to agree. . ." I said feeling sexy in a way that I'd never experienced before.

When we got home, Karen and I couldn't keep our hands off each other. We had to be careful not to spoil our hair or makeup but somehow we were successful in releasing my surprising "tension" of the moment.

The guys were picking us up in the limousine at six so just before five we started to get dressed. Our entire outfits were courtesy of the station's advertising sponsors. First we removed all our clothes and picked up the most beautiful matching silk lingerie---courtesy of the city's most exclusive lingerie boutique. All picked out personally by Karen.

"What is all this?" I said seeing some unusual garments.

"Party underwear," Karen said, instructing me in the right steps. It was going to be my first time wearing stockings and a garter belt.

Following Karen's gyrations, I took the white, lace-covered garment and wrapped it around my waist. Fastening the little hooks and eyes, I now had four little satin and lace-trimmed straps hanging down each smooth thigh.

"You can put on your panties now," Karen instructed as she took the lead and I watched what she was doing. "These are called tap panties. They have these darling flared legs so it will be easy to reach up and find the garter straps later. You have to put the garters underneath the panties so that you can pull down your panties to potty without taking your stockings off."

"Good idea," I replied as I pulled the delicate panties up over my legs. They were the whitest white and of fine silk with an inch wide border of delicate lace at the hem of the legs.

Next Karen showed me how to roll up and put on the sheer silk stockings. "Wow, I haven't worn real silk stockings since our wedding," Karen exclaimed as she showed me the quality of these delicate items.

I followed her lead and enjoyed the sensuous caress of the gossamer sheath, as each stocking was unrolled up my smooth thigh. Karen knelt in front of me and showed me how to pull out each garter strap and attach the tabs to the tops of the stockings. When she was done I experienced a delicious tension across my legs as the

stockings were pulled up tightly by the garter belt.

“Okay, next we’ll put on your bra.”

This bra looked different than the ones I had worn in the past. Since I was supposed to be wearing a strapless gown, it too was strapless. It looked like a small corset. Karen noticed the look on my face.

“It’s actually called a long-line strapless brassiere. It helps put what’s important up front.” I lifted my arms as Karen opened and wrapped the brassiere around my body. She began closing the many hooks and eyes starting from the bottom up the back.

“Suck in your stomach.”

As I did, she hooked the back in a notch tighter. When I relaxed I found that my waist didn’t expand but my chest, already very soft and puffy, settled down into the stiff, underwired bra cups!

Karen looked at my chest and smiled, “Now aren’t you glad you are on those hormones. We have something to work with here.”

She took her hand and slipped into between my chest and the cups. Pulling upwards on my chest, she pulled and stretched my soft flesh up some more in their cups.

“Put your hands here,” she indicated as I used my hands to keep the soft flesh UP.

Karen walked behind me and began closing the top hooks tightly. “Okay, pull your hands up and out.”

When I did that, she came around front and massaged my chest a little more, adjusting the cups to firmly sit below the stretched skin.

“Holy cow! My husband has a full B-cup!” she exclaimed. “Look in the mirror.”

I turned to the mirror and felt my knees weaken. I had breasts AND cleavage! Full breasts filling and overflowing out of the womanly cups of my bra.

“How can that be?”

“It’s the hormones but a lot is the wonder of women’s undergarments and the illusions we want to create.”

I turned from side to side marveling at my definite feminine figure while Karen got dressed in her lingerie. Since my dress was strapless, I didn’t wear a slip. So the next thing was just to slip into the silk-lined black taffeta cocktail dress and my high heels.

I was ready. Putting on the dress was much more

exciting now than it had been at the boutique. I could feel all of the soft lingerie hugging my body underneath as the rustling taffeta was carefully lowered over my body and zipped up the back.

Ten minutes later, Karen and I stood before our mirror to have a final look. There were small tears in our eyes.

"Oh Jamie, you look so beautiful!"

"You're more beautiful," I replied. But I was more in awe of my transformation. Everything I saw was actually me! That was not a wig on my head. That was my own colored, feminine bob hairdo, my own long, lacquered nails, my pierced ears with real pearl earrings matching the multi-string pearl necklace.

Perched on the four-inch narrow heels of my evening slippers, my smooth waxed legs glistened underneath their silky stockings.

"I guess I'll do," I added with a smile.

Karen gave me a playful punch in the arm. "Let's go and have a cocktail. The boys will be here soon!" she giggled playfully.

The word "boys" snapped me back to the reality of what I was doing. Two handsome men would be showing up in a few minutes and we both looked like we were "looking for love."

Karen saw my expression and with an impish grin, stated, "You make a beautiful woman and this is New Years. Let yourself go. . .I intend to!"

Inside, I was suddenly scared. Feelings of jealousy quickly surged as I watched Karen primping in the mirror.

I suddenly hoped that Pete wouldn't notice that I filled up the cups of a brassiere. No man at the party would give me a second thought if they wanted to seduce Karen.



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Karen knew they'd be right on time so she suggested we freshen our lipstick and add a little perfume "for the boys".

"Remember you are a married woman," I said seriously, patting her firm bottom. "I can't defend your honor tonight."

"Yeah! You'll be too busy defending your own!" We started joking around and teasing one another just like a couple teenaged girls. She planted a soft, sisterly kiss on my pink lips, cautious not to muss our makeup.

I was never more in love with Karen. She looked absolutely breathtaking in her beaded dress that barely covered the tops of her thighs. Her smooth, shapely legs were revealed to their suggestive limit.

"I wish we were going alone," I said as we heard a knock at the door. Both men were in trim tuxedos, hair groomed perfectly and standing tall. I was embarrassed by the fuss they made over how sexy I looked.

I didn't like the way Rex put me in the subservient female position before my wife. "Fantastic! You look absolutely terrific as a woman!" Rex kept saying as he wrapped his big strong arms around her delicately clad waist.

Frustration welled as Pete sensed my fear. He whispered, "Don't worry about Karen. She is in excellent hands." He seemed so honorable so I relaxed.

When we arrived at the party, all eyes were on us when we arrived at Mr. Rich's mansion.

As we found our seat and got settled in the house's ballroom, I heard Karen say, "They're playing our song, darling. Let's dance." I started to jump up but realized that she was talking to Rex!

I knew she didn't mean anything but the use of that intimate term, "darling" threw me. His hand was quickly at her waist, leading her out onto the dance floor.

These men were so chivalrous and robust in their manner. It made me feel so delicate and helpless in my silky gown and high heels.

I watched my wife slow dance with Rex. His hand

was on her waist and I knew he could feel her full hips move against his.

At home, I stood in front of the mirror, arrested. Karen was picking up a pile of our lingerie, her back towards me.

She was busy and didn't see me watching her move about on her heels, her beautiful, rounded bottom was towards me.

"Did you have to kiss him!" I shuddered violently, clenching his teeth and fists hard to keep control.

"What?" she asked like she'd forgotten already. She lifted her head. "Sorry!" she murmured, realizing that I was mad. "I thought we were just having fun?" She looked at him, concerned by the tone of my voice.

"I felt so helpless. . .like a little girl," I murmured.

"I like that," she whispered moving closer. The breath of her words was on my mouth. Her silky dress moved against mine and made me shiver.

"You can't be jealous of those macho, simpletons?" She buried her head on my shoulder as my hands went around her back with tender caress.

I suddenly felt silly that I was jealous. I hugged her very tightly and she kissed me passionately.

"You are the one I love and plan to spend the rest of my life with," she whispered. "I was just having fun. Just because I or even you kiss a man, it doesn't mean we are running off with them."

Her words healed my hurt pride. It made me happy. I had let my pride be wounded. "That's my lover," she said seeing me radiate with joy and pride again.

"Now let's get out of these clothes and into some nighties and I'll show you how my kind of man makes love." Her fingers went seeking over my prominent bosom, wandering over the cleavage and into the cups of my dress.

We laughed together.

I awoke in the morning with someone speaking to me. Opening my eyes, I saw my wife holding a cup of coffee in her hand.

"Hey! It's a new year. . .I'm not going to let you sleep through it!"



Karen exclaimed. "You are more girl than boy now and have never been more successful at making your wife happy."

She was right. "So what do I do," I moaned.

"Go put on a pretty little dress and do your hair."

I laughed. She was always the early riser. Since I'd been sleeping in nightgowns, I sleep like a hibernating bear.

"Here, I've brought you a cup of coffee."

I pushed my tumbled auburn hair out of my eyes and tried to rouse myself.

It amused Karen when she saw my expression when I saw my new cardinal hair in the mirror. Even messy from sleep, it was a pert and sassy as any girl's. I rubbed my hair crankily. "What do I do with this TODAY!" I moaned. Trying to make it somewhat unisex.

"It's no use," she said. "It's cut that way."

"I'm ruined for life."

"The way I see it," Karen said matter-of-factly, "What with your polished nails, that hairdo, and the way your figure has changed. . .I'd put on a dress and give up trying to look unisex."

I ranted and raved for a while and finally just stuck on a pair of jeans and T-shirt.

Karen was very quiet at breakfast, but she had a sort of air of proprietorship over me. . .like a mother over a daughter. It wasn't unpleasant. She began to talk of my future and the show. "What's wrong with you," she exclaimed. "All your whittling, worrying and your trying to be manly. You are more girl than boy now and have never been more successful at making your wife happy."

She was right. "So what do I do," I moaned.

"Go upstairs and put on a pretty little dress and do your hair right."

"Yes, mother!" I mocked.

Somehow this simple conversation gave me the permission I needed to give up my husbandly dominance over Karen and even myself.

I was surprised at how easy it was to fix my hair. It WANTED to fall right into place. A added a touch of make-up and stared at myself in the mirror. My pink lips made a kissing gesture and parted invitingly at my image. My knees went limp---it was so easy to look like this now.

I picked out panties, bra and nylons. I like how my smooth legs felt and looked in nylons!

I picked out a dress similar to the one my wife was wearing. It was rather girlish as dresses go---blue and white polka-dotted with short sleeves and a low cut bodice. Slipping the dress over my head, I zipped it up the back and straightened it over my bosom.

The dress fit nicely over my hips and bottom---the top displaying just enough cleavage to be stylish.

"All at all not a bad looking girl," I commented to myself.

Feeling the sensations of my pretty white panties and bra through the soft material of my dress reminded me of what I was doing.

I picked out a pair of blue high heel pumps that matched my dress. "Let's see what Karen thinks of her husband now!" I thought wickedly. All in all, I was surprised at how easy and comfortable it was "being a lady."

Around my neck I added gold necklace, put small hoop earrings in my ears and picked up my purse.

As I walked into the room, Karen was smiling proudly!

"I just can't believe how easy it's become to be a woman," I said off-handedly.

"All you needed was some practice and about a hundred grand of stuff paid for by the newspaper!"

We both just laughed. She added, "I don't see why you'd want to embarrass yourself anymore. . .not when you can look like that in a dress!"

"What are you suggesting?"

"That you become a woman full time for a while. . .maybe a year. You aren't hurting anyone and we have had such fun feminizing you. You write all about the experience."

"You're kidding?"

She gave me a big hug and said, "Look at you now. You would have to work at putting up any kind of a masculine front. Who know? In a few months, everyone might forget you were ever a man! By the end of the year. . .no matter what, we'll be rich!"

She was so happy that I was considering her plan.

She leaned over and gave me a big kiss; her fingers played at the bodice of my dress. "I'll show you how much more fun we can have as girls!"

"You want me to wear a dress all the time. . ." I felt a tingling feeling flow down my spine as her fingers toyed with my sensitive nipples pressing outward from my dress.

"My," I moaned, "That's nice."

"That's nothing!" she teased. "Here's what's I have planned---by the time I'm done with you, you'll forget you were ever a man."

"OH!" I joked, "Are you going to remove some of my brain and make me a blonde?"

"Laugh now but I expect you to act like a female at all times! I think we should ask the doctor about bringing your hormones up to a normal female's level."

Since all my columns were written, I was able to take the first week of January off. I needed a whole new wardrobe of cute little dresses, skirts and tops. Instead of holding up various dresses against me like before, I delightedly swished into the dressing rooms, my arms filled with prospects.

Karen was pleased that I liked shopping so much. "Thanks honey!" I glowed as I tried on a tight knit mini-dress. "I can't wait to see Linda's face with I come in wearing this!"

Karen hugged me tight and said, "See, I told you!"

On my first day, back at work, I couldn't wait to have Linda see me in my new dress! It was so cute and I knew she'd be jealous!

When I walked in, she said something like, "So IT finally got to you!"

I just shrugged and started to write an article on how being "dressed up" is different for men and women. As I wrote, it was more like I was reading it. It turned out really interesting. I never really understood why guys hated dressing up and girls loved it. . .now it was all clear!

It seemed really strange to be sitting there in a dress, lingerie, makeup and high heels, writing about what men wanted and liked.

More strange was seeing myself in the mirror---a pretty girl with sexy figure and loose flowing hair styled in soft waves with bangs just above my eyebrows.

With my light pink lipstick, mascara, and just a touch of blush---even I had to remind myself I was male!

By the end of a month, I was totally confused. I had spent every minute as a girl. Karen and I went shopping, went to dinner, did housework, had our hair done and everything girls do.

It was then that Karen said, "I think it's time. . ."

"Time for what?"

"Your figure has changed a lot and we need more room in the closet. Let's dump your. . ." she stopped.

"My boy clothes?"

"Yeah. You don't need any boy's clothes and they wouldn't fit even if you wanted to! You'd look goofy in male clothes now."

Karen brought out some boxes and we began to pack away my boy things. When I'd try to hold back a shirt or pants, she say, "OK! Try them on."

Nothing fit! The pants were too loose at the waist, and seam-splittingly tight over my hips and bottom. I couldn't get the shirt's buttons closed at my bosom even without a bra!

It didn't take a genius to figure out that I wasn't going to be wearing any of these things for a while.

Resigned to my fate, we taped the boxes and took them to the Salvation Army.

The space where my clothes were filled up quickly with new dresses, skirts, and some of the prettiest blouses and sweaters I'd ever seen. Each designed to show off my better POINTS!

I fretfully voiced some concern to Karen, "Honey, I think I'm turning into too much of a girl."

"No really!" said my wife. "If you want to be a boy again in a year, you can just change back---maybe take some male hormones."

"I don't see how it will be that easy," I said, trying not to appear too concerned about all the changes.

The other changes we much more incalculable. Like the manner at which Karen smiled at me. Then there was her tone when she'd bring me home a new tight mini-skirt and say, "I bet you will really enjoy wearing this!"

"Guys will stare!" I'd moan.

"If he's cute, smile back!" Karen replied.

"Smile at a another man?"

"No dear. You are not smiling back as 'ANOTHER' man. You're smiling back as an attractive, sexy woman!"

Karen expected me to respond as a real woman---not just pretend! "I'd feel stupid!" I moaned.

Karen said, "You'll have to get used to men being interested in you."

"You know how I feel about that," I said, putting my hands on my fleshy hips.

"You say you can't help the way your little bottom swings when you walk?" she asked sarcastically. "Admit it. You know what effect a tight sweater has on the boys?" Karen appeared absolutely delighted that her husband could get a rise out of the men.

"Okay," I admitted. "But I had no idea what I was getting into." She was right. I still couldn't get over the attention my cute, rounded butt could get in a short skirt.

"So don't play so innocent with me," Karen stated. "Not if you want my help in doing everything we can to make a girl out of you?"

Other changes? Each day, I was more thrilled at how I looked! My pretty, dark red hair now went past my shoulders with flirty bangs in front.

My "expressive" eyebrows were arched a bit more by my electrologist. . .there was no hope that they'd be anything like they used to be. They were thin and curved, giving me a "dazzlingly feminine" expression.

I was as pretty as Karen was and she was one of the prettiest girls I had ever known!

"I guess I am pretty," I admitted to Karen.

"I agree," Karen said. "And it's been a lot of work! I think we need to get away. Trust me to set up a

vacation?"

"WOW!" I exclaimed. "We can afford a vacation? Where?"

She wouldn't tell me. All she said was, "You won't need a coat."

A beach, Hawaii, Mexico. . . maybe the Caribbean? My mind raced. I was beginning to imagine trying on a bikini and strutting down some beach where no one knew me.

Karen did the packing while I was at work finishing a few columns. She wouldn't give me a clue as to where we were going. I got home late just in time to see her packing the curlers and our make-up.

"Six A.M.," she announced, "We leave!"

She still wouldn't tell me where we were going.

A knock on the door startled me. I was wearing a off white suit with a fitted skirt and frilly pink blouse. Karen was conservative business dress. I reached for the suitcases and Karen stopped me. "Don't pick those up. They are too heavy!"

"Aw," I sighed, "Let the limousine driver will get them. . . okay, I can get used to this."

"Allow me miss!" he said formally as he carried them out to the limousine!

"I can tell. . . this is going to be the greatest get away," I said as we approached the limousine.

Karen smiled sweetly as the driver sat down the suitcases and opened the back door.

"SURPRISE!" I heard before my eyes could adjust to the darkness of the blackened windows of the limousine. It was Rex and Pete! They handed me a glass of champagne before Karen shoved me into the car.

"Surprise!" they said again as I stared at Karen.

"We are going on a cruise! We fly to Fort Lauderdale, board the luxury liner, "Chevalier" and cruise the Caribbean for two weeks!"

"With them?" I said almost rudely.

"I told you that you should have told him," Rex moaned.

"We need escorts," Karen explained. "Two cute girls can't just roam the streets without a problem. Besides, they were having a special."

I was full of questions as we drove to the airport. The trip sounded great but having Rex escorting Karen bothered me. I was assured that the sleeping arrangements were "right."

Somehow they left out one important fact. When we were assigned seats in the plane, the attendant said, "Now we have Mr. and Mrs. Taylor in seats 4A and 4B and Mr. and Mrs. Goodman in seats 5A and 5B."

I started to say, "We aren't married but was cut off by Karen who said loudly, "THANK YOU!"

Then in a whisper, she said, "Honey, the deal we got on the cruise was for married couples only."

"We are a married couple!" I almost yelled.

"But no one would believe it," she whispered. "Now be nice---you'll hurt the guys' feelings."

I looked at my ticket, it said, "Mrs. Jamie Taylor."

I suddenly flashed on how Pete had kissed me on New Year's Eve and now I was going to be considered his wife.

It was like Karen was reading my mind. "Just relax and react like you did on New Years Eve. Like a good, submissive, caring wife!" Karen squealed.

"I'm not that kind of wife!"

"You be nice. They are here to make our vacation easier and protect us from mashers."

"Okay girls," Rex broke in. "We are boarding."

I suddenly realized how confident I had been that no one could tell that I was a male. My femininity was so ingrained that it wasn't my main concern.

I tried to understand what Karen was thinking. Yes, I noticed guys sneaking glances at us. . .the way men check out women when they are with a man.

Karen said, "Trust me. You'll see that having 'husbands' is better. Guys would have bugged us to death. That's one of the least fun things about being a pretty girl!"

"Okay," I laughed. "Maybe you are right. . ." I swung my bottom a bit on the way to the plane, seeing a few business men checking me out. I smiled at them like I had no idea what I was doing then moved towards my "husband" to let them know I was "taken."

"Easy girl," Karen said. "We still need to teach you

how to handle guys. Keep THAT up and you could be a very popular girl!"

The flight to Fort Lauderdale was easy and it was only a short taxi ride to the ship.

The ship was absolutely first class. Everyone was catering to our every wish. Margaritas were served the minute we boarded. I was relaxing. Karen and I sat together most of the trip. This truly better than our first honeymoon even thought the trip was billed as "Your second honeymoon."

Our rooms were right across the hall from each other and very romantically decorated. They had pale pink walls, frilly white curtains, and a canopy queen-sized bed a white ruffled canopy. The pillows were ruffled.

We had barely shoved off before we heard an announcement over the intercom. There was a lifeboat drill and all were required to attend.

When we got back to the room to unpack, all of my dresses were hung with Petes' and Karen's in the room with Rex.

The valet had even put my lingerie in with Pete's underwear.

"What now, miss plan everything?" I asked Karen. "We can't just move all this."

"No problem," she said, "We'll just run down the hall at bedtime and back in the morning! Boys in one room, girls in the other."

"Relax Jamie," she giggled, noticing my obvious concern. "Don't worry! We're both the girls, remember?"

She acted as if there was nothing to be upset about. I had to sign all the checks, "Mrs. Jamie Taylor." I had to sneak around to be with my wife while she was calling another man her husband.

"This is nuts!" I said when I saw the seating arrangements for dinner. It had Karen and I at opposite ends of the dining table. . .next to our husbands of course.

"Come on Jamie," she said seriously. "Quit complaining. You have to learn how a wife acts with her husband."

After a few glasses of champagne, I began to relax.

Pete was very interesting to talk to and I found out---a wonderful dance instructor.

Before the end of the evening, I was being lead around the dance floor backwards like I'd done it all my life.

Karen suggested that we all get to bed since tomorrow would be a big day full of activities.

By the time our heads hit the pillow and I gave her a goodnight kiss, my head was spinning. "Admit it," she giggled as she ran her hands over my breasts. "It's nice having escorts, right?"

It took a few moments for me to figure out where I was the next morning. I heard some commotion outside the bedroom door. Karen wasn't in bed. The bedroom door few open and Pete came running in wearing just pajama bottoms. He jumped into bed with me and whispered, "It's the morning coffee service. . the serve it to us in bed."

"Where's Karen?"

"With Rex." With that, there was a light knock at the door and the valet brought us in a tray filled with coffee and croissants.

After the valet left, Pete looked at me and said, "Sorry, I didn't have time to put on a top."

His hairy, muscular chest was in such contract to the soft, fleshy mounds pressing outward from my nightgown.

I got up and grabbed a robe and went into Rex's room. There was Karen and Rex in bed sipping coffee.

Karen was wearing a short babydoll nightie that showed off it's matching panties. Karen began to giggle, "WOW! That was close. They almost caught us in the wrong beds. Can you imagine how fast THAT would get around.

"Can't we just cancel the coffee service?" I asked.

"No dear," she said, "You can't sleep the day away! They have nearly every minute scheduled for us to do fun stuff." Then turning to Rex, she said, "Good coffee! I'll be in a minute."

I realized that Karen was probably right. I went back into my room brooding about Karen being in bed with Rex. Pete watched me as I swished across the room

and poured some coffee.

"You are even pretty in the morning," he stated.

I knew I was pretty enough as a girl to interest men, maybe even Pete and Rex but Karen was mine! After all, I was still her husband regardless of how I looked in a tight sweater.

Later as we got ready, I groaned at Karen, "You could have put on a robe. . . Rex was gawking at you."

"He's my husband on this trip. What do you want me to do? Wear a raincoat?"

"That's what worries me!" I replied. "What are you doing to do if he gets turned on?"

"I've already thought about that Jamie. We shouldn't be too standoffish. They have been nice to us and we should show them a good time," Karen replied almost angrily. "You're a girl and a wife on this trip! So you'd better start thinking like a young lady or this is going to be a very long trip! Once you relax you'll see how much fun we'll have."

I could see that there was no way for me to win this argument. At home, it had been so interesting as I become a girl but suddenly I was confused!

Karen seeing my bewilderment said, "That's what this trip is about---smoothing out any rough male attitude edges that you might have. I want you to experience a woman does."

"But being around the guys like this?" I moaned. "I feel really strange."

Karen laughed. "You feel different, intimidated, pushed around? You feel like they are undressing you when they look at you?"

I began to blush. "Yeah, a little," I admitted.

Karen threw her arms around me and hugged me. "That's it! You are getting it!"

As our first big day started, I went to our bathroom, then back into the bedroom to get dressed. I was picking out a dress to wear when Karen walked in wearing only her bra and panties carrying a dress from Rex's room. She obviously had gone in to get some of her clothes.



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"Did they see you like that?" I asked.

"Why not?" she answered cheerfully.

"That's your underwear!"

"I have more on now than when I get into my little bikini later. So what's the big deal?"

"Were they dressed?"

"They had more on than a Speedo."

I shook my head. I put on a pretty white on white sundress with short, puffed sleeves. Karen helped me zip up my dress and we did each other's hair.

The instructions for the day said, "Casual dress for the morning orientation in the ballroom. Ladies should wear white and men dark sport-coats."

"I wonder what kind of stupid games they will want us to play," I crabbled. I had seen the LOVE BOAT.

When Karen was done we went out to meet the guys who were ready and waiting for us---actually pacing! It was amazing the way a girl looks at her day. Taking time to look nice was much more important than food.

At breakfast, I asked the waiter what was on the schedule for the day.

He was in a rush but said, "We at sea all day, so relax. This is a favorite of those on the 'second honeymoon' program."

Karen stared giggling. "What's so funny?" I asked.

"Oh nothing," she said, "Hurry up and finish your breakfast. I don't want to be late for the orientation."

As we walked into the ballroom, we were seated with the other couples on our program. They were all very nice, smiling and commenting on the weather and such.

Most of the couples were about our age and I saw a few of the women checking out Pete and Rex. They were probably the best looking men there and they were treating Karen and I as if they were our loving husbands.

I almost laughed outloud but it really gave my self-confidence a boost to have these attractive women envious of "my possession," and accepting me completely as a woman.

I smiled, held my head high and took Pete's arm like Karen had Rex's. Several of the men were casually

checking me out.

I was very impressed when the captain, a dashing older man, came out to address the group. He talked about the cruise and then announced, "We at Chevalier Cruises want this to be the most memorable celebration of love. . .will you all come out on the dance floor and line up next to your spouse."

We all did and I started to get nervous.

The captain started at the far end and began talking to the couple. It was hard to hear but I saw the first couples shake their heads then he handed them something and they kissed.

"Did they win something," I asked Pete.

"Wait. I'm trying to hear."

It wasn't until the third couple that I caught on. Pete's face was white and Rex was smiling at Karen. That time I heard the "I DO!" and realized that he was marrying each couple and heading my way fast.

"OH NO!" I whispered to Karen.

"It doesn't mean anything! I think it's sweet," she said.

Before I knew it they were to Karen and Rex. It suddenly dawned on me that a CAPTAIN at sea could marry a couple legally!

I froze in fear as I heard Rex say a hearty, "I DO!" then Karen say, "I DO!" as they stood hand in hand.

"You may kiss the bride," I heard the captain say. Karen seemed to be returning Rex's very passionate kiss.

I turned to Pete intending to run or something but it was too late. A strong arm wrapped around my waist and pulled me towards him. I watched the Captain but wasn't hearing his words. I looked over at Karen to plead with her to save me but they were kissing again.

"This doesn't mean anything!" I kept saying to myself and I heard Pete say, "I do!"

"And?" the captain was asking me.

"I do," came out in a whisper.

"I now pronounce you man and wife. You may kiss your bride."

He tried to resist but it was no use. Pete took control and kissed me like a man would kiss his bride. I felt

his tongue playing at my lips and I gave up and let my body surrender to the moment.

I parted my lips for Pete's tongue and found my arms around his neck.

"What the heck," I thought, "This is all for fun and doesn't mean anything. I'm not going to make a scene."

The kiss lingered. Feeling my soft feminized body being held tightly and the taste of masculine lips seemed to make me lose some of my inhibitions. It wasn't unpleasant.

When we finally parted, I was trembling all over. I had a hard time catching my breath.

I looked over at Karen who was giggling. "Hey!" she said, "Don't look so guilty. . .you are LEGAL!" Karen waved the marriage certificate at me. She stood on her tiptoes and kissed Rex lightly on the lips again. She turned to me again and said, "Smile! You just married a handsome gentleman!"

With that she kissed Rex again and this time their kiss was even more passionate. "Don't let her get to you like that," Pete whispered. "Let's show them." His hand moved to my waist and pulled me into a romantic embrace. I didn't know what to do but his nuzzling up to me felt good. Pete's hands began to stray over my bottom but I was so concerned about Karen that I didn't stop him.

There was champagne for all and after a few glasses, I began to enjoy Pete's attention. It scared me, but I could tell that he enjoyed the kissing.

Karen was no help. She said to Pete, "If there's one thing I want Jamie to learn on this cruise, it's how to kiss a man. . .and like it!"

"I'm never going like kissing guys!" I said, just loud enough for Karen to hear.

"That's what you said about wearing a dress," she whispered back. "And look at you now!"

Later in our room as we prepared to go to the pool, Karen asked, "When Pete was kissing you, did you feel like a woman or a man?"

"Okay," I admitted, "It made me feel feminine. Did Rex make you feel like a woman?" I joked.

She smiled but was obviously thinking. "That set-

bles it," she stated. "I don't think we should miss this opportunity. Because of the estrogen and female hormones, you are naturally reacting to the men in a feminine way. I think we should let you experience another level of womanhood."

"What's that?"

"Where do you see us in the future?" she asked. "I mean with you as a man."

"Honestly?" I said, "I don't think I can ever go back either."

Karen had one of THOSE looks on her face. "I have an idea. . .and I bet the guys will go along."

The relationship between Karen and I was changing. We were much closer in many ways. Sharing the same bed, we still made love but my virility was weakening. The doctor had warned that emasculation had its price. What was most amazing---suddenly IT didn't matter much to me. It was our closeness that mattered most. We would lay together in our nightgowns, caressing each other's breasts and cuddling until we reached a payoff.

Sometimes I didn't even remove my gaffe and panties. While I was finding a new sexuality, I knew that Karen might be wanting.

I had even said to Karen, "I should stop taking these hormones---for your sake."

Karen answered. "I do miss some of what we had but we have so much more now."

I knew better than to ask what she meant. As we prepared to go the swimming pool, I realized how far I'd come. My hips flared out softly like they were meant for childbirth and without a bra, my breasts moved about with animation.

Naked, I looked mostly like a woman.

Putting on our bikinis, Karen and I joined the guys at the pool. Pete, the minute he saw me, slipped a big powerful arm around my narrow waist and made me take the double (lovers) lounge next to him.

Having a man being so attentive made me feel so frail and almost breakable. Both Rex and Pete were so spirited, frolicsome and all male. They made me feel so puny in my pretty blue two piece bikini.

After two Margaritas, I found myself snuggled up next to him in his powerful arms. "Another drink, Honey?" he asked.

I nodded. I'd never thought about myself as a "honey". His strong fingers were at my waist, tracing the waistband of my bikini bottom.

After the drinks were served, Pete pulled me closer as I read a fashion magazine. I was suddenly aware of him pressing against my soft hip and his fingers caressing my soft round tummy. Rex and Karen were in the pool and when I started to say something, he kissed me. My pink lips parted and I accepted his advance.

A holler from Karen in the pool as Pete's tongue entered me deeply. . . I didn't even look to see what she was shrieking about. I was busy.

Feeling the stretch of Pete's broad shoulders, I was amazed at how comfortable I was beginning to feel in his embrace. It was like smoking. . . at first puff, you cough and it tastes terrible but by the end of a pack, you're getting hooked.

"I like kissing you," he whispered hotly in my ear. "You are like the most innocent girl I've ever kissed! I hope you don't mind."

I blushed through my beginning tan. His comment was honest and not motivated by any mockery. This man liked kissing me.

I shyly pulled my hair up and coiled it atop my head then clipped it. It was still damp a dip in the pool and knew it gave me a halo effect with the sun shining off it. I consciously ignored a few curling wisps that hung in my face.

"I guess you are my husband for this trip," I sighed, "I better get used to it." I wiggled into my lounge chair and handed a bottle of suntan oil to Pete. "Make yourself useful."

Pete began putting oil on my skin, avoiding my bikini. As for my bikini, blue was definitely my color. It's top was especially flattering to my bustline. It took what I had and added a full cup size! Even though the cleavage was a bit daring, it fit smoothly against the swell of my sensitive breasts. The French cut bottom fit gracefully over my gaff and I worried it caused too much of a spotlight on my posterior when I walked.



By the time the day was up, I had the beginnings of a fine tan. We followed that up with cocktails watching the sunset, dinner and dancing. By the end of the evening, I was quite used to being touched by Pete.

"That's the idea!" Karen had announced when I put it on.

"Are you sure?" I asked as I turned in the mirror. I still was not sure how to handle that unnerving awareness of being scrutinized by men. "This bikini makes me look like I want IT!"

"Now you are catching on!" laughed Karen. "I want to see how you walk in it!"

I walked across the room, fully aware of how my hips swayed with each step. It wasn't an act. My wider hips just took up more room.

Karen gently adjusted the cups of my bikini top, pulling more of my soft flesh into each cup and telling me to pull back my shoulders.

"Atta girl!" exclaimed Karen. "Feel sexy?"

I ran my hands down my rounded, soft figure. "I feel. . . I feel like prey," I said euphorically. "Is that exciting to real girls?"

"It takes a little getting used to but you'll learn to love it!"

I didn't clarify it to Karen but I felt sexy in a strange way. I wanted to show off my effeminate figure in a bikini to Pete and any other man who would look.

I was learning that one of the most important things about being feminine was learning to express emotions.

Sensations both happy and sad flowed with the hormones in my blood. A good hair day could make me bright, cheerful, and outgoing. A run nylon could ruin the day.

All this was so different from what I'd known all my life, yet I liked what I was feeling. I commented, "What if I become too much like a girl?"

Karen shrugged off my concern, telling me, how proud she was of me and my journey into femininity. "Com' on. Our husbands are waiting."

By the time the day was up, I had the beginnings of a fine tan. We followed that up with cocktails watching the sunset, dinner and dancing. By the end of the evening, I was quite used to being caressed, touched and held by Pete. What surprised me most was I wasn't jealous of the way Rex held Karen. Pete kept whispering in my ear how pretty I was and how I should have

been a girl. Embarrassing at first, I began to find it exciting, especially when the captain came by and said we made a lovely couple and asked if we planned for a family soon.

Pete said with a straight face, "We are working on that. . ." putting an arm around my shoulders, his other hand jokingly patted my tummy through my pretty silk dress.

The captain smiled knowingly at my blushing face and said, "Well, keep in touch! We have a picture bulletin board for babies conceived on board! I'll keep a place open for you!"

He moved over to Karen and Rex and had a similar conversation.

"I'd like to make you a mommy," Pete whispered as I felt his hand move from my tummy to just below my breast.

Before I could respond, Pete's lips were on mine---his tongue pressing between my pink lips.

I heard Karen giggle to Rex mischievously, "I bet they raise their baby as a girl!"

I pushed Pete away and said, "I need another drink!"

The next morning, I awoke in a fog. The room was blacked out and I couldn't tell what time it was. I could hear the rumble of the ship's engines as my hands brushed over pink, babydoll nightgown.

My head pounded as my eyes strained to see the clock on the VCR. My recall of the last evening ended at the escapades of Pete and Rex as they carried their brides over the threshold of our stateroom.

My dress, nylons and panties were littered on the couch. I quickly turned to Karen. . .but she was PETE! My mind raced as I tried to remember how we ended up sleeping like this.

I felt a sudden blush come to my cheeks. I was very still while trying to make sense of it all. Where was Karen? I moaned as I speculated the obvious.

I could faintly hear the steward's voice as he was serving coffee to the other stateroom. I knew he'd knock on our door soon and awaken Pete.

I lay there in the dawn darkness. It was only unex-

plored feelings at first, then I began to sense it all around me. It was magical. My sense of femininity first budded and it was now like a pair of my favorite high heels. It all just fit.

I felt so ashamed---how could I ever face my wife, Karen. Should I be mad at her or myself? After what Pete had done to me, I could only blame myself. But she'd encouraged all this, almost forcing me to act girlish around Pete.

I jumped as the steward knocked at the door. Moving quickly, I felt mysterious sensations about my body. I quickly adjusted the bodice of my nightgown over my tender nipples and pulled the comforter up to my neck.

"Com'on in!" yelled Pete as he turned to smile at me.

With apprehension, I decided I would just pretend nothing happened. . . a bad dream. A dream that I couldn't even remember.

After the coffee serve was set up, Karen and Alex came into the bedroom. They were dressed in jogging outfits. "Hey sleepy heads!" she said with a snicker as she sipped her coffee, "You two UP late?"

I pulled the blankets over my head and seeing Pete naked underneath, quickly pulled them back down.

She served Pete and I a cup of coffee. "This sleeping arrangement really works. . . Rex is an early riser too! You two hurry and get ready. Breakfast is on the back deck today."

I watched as they walked out and shut the door behind them like nothing was unusual.

"Morning," Pete whispered, leaning over to give me a kiss on the cheek. "How do you feel?"

I just moaned and turned away from him, pulling a pillow over my head.

"That good, eh?" he whispered kissing me on the neck and sending chills down my spine. "I have a solution for what ails you!" I felt his maleness pressing against me through my dainty nightgown.

"We have to talk about last night," I moaned, feeling him snuggle up to me while rubbing my shoulders and neck---over indulging my moody distress.

"What happened last night," I whined.

"You don't remember? You were so sweet, so attractive, so desirable as a girl. . ." He stopped.

I was aghast! "ME? You didn't do it inside me! Please tell me you didn't do it inside me?"

I felt Pete's strong hands on my neck and shoulders, then he slipped them around my neck to my breasts---caressing them through my nightgown. Stimulating emotions flowed through my body.

"You're my wife, remember?" he whispered hotly in my ear. "We were just doing what comes natural for a husband and wife."

I was almost crying. "But Karen. . ."

I felt Pete's lips at my ear. He interrupted, "She obviously wants you to experience all this."

I could not deny his words, as Pete's hot-blooded breath was having an effect on my feminized body.

Pete fingers caressed my body like he couldn't get enough of me. He slid his hand over my nylon nightgown and with a calculating move, slapping my bottom playfully.

"I'm frustrated but we better get going," he conceded.

Most of the day, my body went through the remarkable routine of a cruise day but my mind was on my body. I was so aware of my breasts and hips and the way Pete looked at me.

Karen refused to talk about what happened and implied that I should be a good "wife" and take befitting care of my husband.

I was confused but anytime the word "wife" was mentioned my body reacted in strange ways. The notion of being Pete's wife was consuming---even more mesmerizing was what might have already happened.

Was I already carrying Pete's essence? From what I could tell, whatever had happened---he wanted more!

Karen and I got ready for dinner in our room like always.

I didn't drink a drop that night. We danced, ate and talked. Rex was attentive to Karen like any husband and Pete catered to my every whim.

He must have told me I was "pretty" and "beautiful" a thousand times.

It wasn't until I saw Rex take Karen's hand and lead her into the bedroom that I knew I was sleeping with Pete again.

Once inside the room, I let him take me in his muscular arms and kiss me.

I trembled and gasped, "I don't know what I'm doing."

"Just let yourself go---I'll do all the work. Let that sweet little body go."

I parted my pink lips, allowing Pete's fiery prying tongue entry. My knees grew weak and I was hanging on his neck, my tummy pressed melted against his hard body.

"I've waited for this moment all day," he said as quickly worked on the back zipper of my pretty dress. He gently lowered it off my shoulders, exposing my lacy black brassiere.

"I'm scared," I moaned.

"Of what?"

"Of what I'm feeling. What if I can't go back?"

"So? Your breasts are so sexy," he whispered hotly in my ear, his hands caressing my soft mounds. "All they need is a little male attention to grow a lot."

I suddenly felt his lips teasing at my nipples. I nearly swooned as I could only imagine what "male attention" would do to further feminize me.

I was succumbing to the feelings. With my soft, pink tipped hands; I took his head and pressed it against my breast.

My mind wondered what Rex could be doing to Karen...was he making her feel like a woman?

Pete was making me feel so womanly. As his lips sucked gently at my rosy pink nipples, I muttered, "Oh my. I think I'm yours."

"That's a girl."

By morning any masculinity left in me had been driven out. I had been truly used, abused and worshipped as a woman. I knew I had given Pete satisfaction. The cost---all that I had know as a man.

The next morning, I woke up light-headed. There had been little sleep. Once possessed so completely, I had giddily submitted to his every desire.

I jumped when I heard the steward at the door with the coffee. I knew that Karen would be up and coming in soon. I felt strange, my body so inundated with male essence.

While we had a cup of coffee, I had to keep Pete's playful hands from my bottom.

"Haven't you have enough?" I teased rubbing my bottom against him like Karen used to do to me when I was too horny.

"Never!" he said with an amused smile.

I had a whole new respect for women. I'd never been on the receiving end before and I now understood there were "limits."

I lay there thinking about an article about "the limits" of a woman's passion. I had been submissive and thoroughly willing to serve Pete's needs---my body contained all that he could give.

Any bewilderment I'd felt trying to keep in touch with my masculinity was gone. My hands massaged my tummy---I was proud of myself.

When Karen and Rex came into the room, she poured Pete and I more coffee. Almost as if to prove ownership, Pete put his arm over my shoulder and fondled my breast in front of Karen.

"OH!" Karen said to Rex. "We are disturbing the newlyweds. We'll see you two later."

With that, they left. Pete insisted that he have me again but promised to be gentle. Never trust a man.

Little by little, moment by moment, inch by inch, I was embracing more and more of a feminine perspective.

Karen's apparent abandonment, Pete's lusty male attention and the training of my sex parts to respond like that of a woman went on relentlessly for the entire cruise.

It was more than just being dosed with female hormones, my female senses were developing and my male instincts quickly dying.

It occurred to me that the female role I'd been playing was no longer a guise. I still loved Karen and still wanted to be her husband but my feelings for her had been overwhelmed by marvelous unknown sensations.

Little things Pete whispered in my ear made my pulse go wild. Things like, "I'll be gentle." or "I've never been so excited." or "I want you to have my children." I laughed outloud the first time he said that---but it excited me.

The poor mounds on my chest were sore---my nipples had become glowing and prominent from all the attention. I found it rather exhilarating, even exciting, to have a man wanting to pet, embrace, kiss and cuddle up to them until I lost control. At that point I was putty! My whole body would soften and I would yield to his needs, as a good hostess should.

At first, I bite my lips between my teeth as the way was difficult, often impassible but Pete was determined and pressed forward. I'd buck wildly, as he'd overwhelm my fleshy resistance. By the end, my arms at his back and my nails were digging into his back. A part of me wanted to be impenetrable but my body was still luring him on. Focused on our union, I realized when it was too late. I cried out as my ravished body spasmed as Pete achieved fulfillment. In total guilt, I would begin to cry.

By the end of the cruise, my guilt was gone. . .as was my resistance.

On the final night of the cruise as we prepared to go out in our evening gowns, Karen asked, "I think we should spent the last night together."

I burst into tears and ran to her. I hugged her, tears ruining my make-up. "Oh honey!" I moaned. "I love you so! What do we do now!"

"We go home and go back to work. . .you have a lot of columns to write."

I moaned, "What? We go back like nothing is different?"

She laughed. "No, honey. That's what vacations are for---to get away from the day to day of one's life. One should come back a different, more well-rounded person."

"I've certainty done that! But what about Pete and Rex?"

Karen gave me a big hug and stated, "Hey! You are mine! They will just have to wait for our next vacation."

It was true. As we talked and giggled about the cruise, I realized that we had experienced a magical vacation. One that would touch us everyday for the rest of our lives.

Together we slept serenely that night, never breaking our embrace.

THE END

Epilogue:

When I came into work the next Monday, the whole office was abuzz with how great both the TV show and articles were doing.

"Jamie! You're a hit!" my editor stated. "I think there's another zero about to be added to your annual income!"

"Really?" I gasped.

"What are you doing to do with all that money?" she asked.

Without thinking, I almost yelled,
"MORE VACATIONS!"

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