

MARSHA'S TALES

By Marsha Lakey



ILLUSTRATED BY BRIAN DUKEHART

AN 'ADULT TV' NOVEL

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SUSAN'S SECRET

By Marsha Lakey

Dear Diana,

I'm sworn to secrecy, but you know how hard secrets are to keep. That's especially true when your secret is a wonderful, exciting secret. I just want to tell everybody. Call all my friends. Talk about it at work. Tell everyone at the beauty shop. But, I can't, and it's killing me. So I'm telling you, my closest, dearest, and oldest friend.

Remember when we were little girls and we used to play dolls and house? Remember how we used to talk about what our husbands would be like? We conjured up images of big, strong, handsome, gentle men, who protected our honor and cared for our every need and desire. We were princesses and they were knights in shining armor. We pretended to be hardy and adventuresome pioneer women who's men were fearless, rugged, cavalry soldiers.

As we started to grow up we didn't talk so much about our dream men, but about the boys in our school.

Remember your crush on Kevin? He was all you could talk about. You drove me nuts! "Kevin smiled at me. Kevin rode his bike down my street." Kevin this and Kevin that!

I know, I know I was just as bad with my crushes.

Then came high school. Remember riding home on the bus after the first day at school? All we talked about were the senior boys. They didn't look anything like the boys in our classes. They were our knights and cavalry soldiers. We couldn't get over it. We had actually died and gone to heaven at the tender age of fourteen.

The high school boys weren't the only changes in our lives back then. We were changing too. We weren't little girls any more. We had sprouted hair and had to shave our legs. Our breasts had begun to swell, and we wore bras not because we wanted to be like the big girls, but because we needed them. And, Oh God, do you remember worrying about when we'd get our first period and trying to figure out how we were going to tell our mothers!

Diana, we always talked about everything. Every feeling, every experience, every dream. We understood each other. It was as if we had mental telepathy. Not only did we hear what the other was saying, but we knew what the other was thinking. I've never had another friend like you, and I doubted that I would ever again.

That's why I'm writing you about my wonderful and exciting secret. Even though you now live on the other side of the world, I know you will understand and share my joy.

Well here goes:

MY SECRET

My secret is Michael. I know what you are thinking,

“How can your husband of twenty-three years be your wonderful and exciting secret? After twenty-three year of marriage the excitements is long gone!”

Well, it's back but it's not the same. So just hold on.

I guess our marriage has been a lot like other people's.

We met in college. He wasn't a big, strong cavalry soldier, but he was cute, smart, a little crazy, and very nice. Most of all he loved me and I loved him.

What more could you want, right?

Like all of us, except for you, the only girl I know who found a real sugar daddy, our relationship was slowly molded and changed by our careers, our families, and by time. We became more like partners in a business than lovers. In fact in time we weren't lovers at all.

On the surface everything looked great; nice home, nice neighborhood, successful careers and social status. A whole lot of people would like to have what we had.

But there was something missing, and while we never talked about it both Michael and I knew it was true.

For a long time we have gone about our lives silently ignoring our growing separation. Or at least that's what I thought. The truth was that things were changing but I didn't know it, and what was changing was Michael. I sensed something, but I didn't know what. His travel patterns began to change. He began wearing his hair longer. His nails weren't clipped so short. He lost weight. The strangest thing was his increased interest in what I wore. I liked this, and thought he was just showing some interest in me. I made no connection between these things, but still I knew something was different.

Then came the day of discovery.

Now you know I never go up in attics. That's where bats live! Well this day Michael wasn't around to go up there for me, so I had to go up there myself. As I was rummaging around looking for something my mother had given me I noticed a closet over in a corner. I didn't remember any closets up in our attic so I went over to look. I moved some boxes out of the way, opened the door, and what I found inside floored me.

This closet contained a complete women's wardrobe. I mean there were dresses, shoes, skirts, coats, jewelry, lingerie, the whole works! On top of that there was make-up. More make-up than I've ever had. Finally I found wigs. Three of them. All different styles, but each shoulder length and ash blonde

Diana, I didn't know what to think!

Whose things were these? How could he keep his mistress' clothes in my house? I was angry! I was devastated! All I could do was sit down and cry. But soon I started to think and I realized something just didn't fit. I got up and looked again at the things

I had found. The sizes were big, fourteens, sixteens, large, extra large, bras at size thirty-eight. In the make-up I found cosmetic correctors, eyelashes, fingernails, and hair removal products. I wondered, what was I seeing? Then I looked back at the wigs and a light came on.

These weren't Michael's mistress' things, these were Michael's things!

Can you imagine how I felt and what I thought? My husband was some sort of sick weirdo. Some guy who liked to get dressed up in women's clothes and prance around like a fag. Diana, I have to tell you I was so upset I almost threw up. I couldn't stand to be in that closet anymore. I had to get out of the attic. I started to leave, but just before I did I grabbed one of those wigs and took it with me.

Michael was gone for several more hours, and all that time I thought about how I would confront him. It was hard to stay focused. My feelings flipped back and forth between hurt and anger. I didn't know what I would do when I saw him, but I wasn't going to let him off easy.

When Michael came home the first thing I did was stick that wicked wig in his face. I screamed and raged. I wanted to know how he could do this to me. I ridiculed him for being a twit. I threw his wig in his face.

Through this all Michael was quiet. He let me go on and on until my energy began to drain. Then in a quiet way he started to talk. He told me that he didn't know why he did what he did, but that the desire to do it was as old as he was. He said that these desires had grown stronger and stronger the farther we had grown apart. He told me that he believed that our lack of physical contact for so long, had been the trigger that caused this other side of his personality to assert itself.

Finally, he suggested, "Don't do anything right now. Think about this. There may be some possibilities that you can't even imagine."

Then he said something really strange. He said he was actually glad that I knew, and thought that after a while I would be glad too.

Well, you've really got to be confused now. Your best friend from thousands of miles away writes to tell you she has a wonderful secret, and she goes on to describe how she finds out that her husband wears women's clothes. You've got to be thinking, why doesn't she just kick him out? Don't think I didn't think about doing just that.

Over the next several days I thought about a lot of things, but one thing that I kept coming back to was the last thing that Michael had said. That he was actually glad I knew, and that he thought that after a while I would be glad too.

Why did he say that? What did he mean?

I couldn't figure that out, but for some reason I thought to go back and look in that closet. I went upstairs in the attic and for the second time opened the door that had just a few days before turned my life upside down. I grabbed the doorknob, paused, took a deep breathe, and then went in. Just like before I wanted to run out of there, but I made myself stay. This time I was looking for a clue, something that would explain what Michael had said. Maybe something that would put my world back in order.

I began to poke around. Looking, but not knowing what I was looking for. And then it caught my eye, a photo album. I opened it up and saw it full of pictures of Michael. There were close-ups, pictures with other men and women, indoor photos, outdoor photos, some of the picture were even taken in our house. The only thing was that in each of the pictures Michael wasn't Michael.

Michael was a very attractive woman.

He, no, she, had a nice figure, she was dressed well, and she looked good.

I thought, *"This is my Michael? It can't be, this is a woman!"*

I took that album downstairs with me and sat down and looked over each picture. It was Michael all right, but I couldn't believe my eyes. How could my husband look so good as a woman? Who were these people he was with?

I remember closing the album and thinking, I'm not feeling like I felt when I made my first discovery. There was no feeling of anger, no crushing hurt. What I felt was curiosity. For some strange reason I was drawn to these picture of my husband as a woman. I wanted to know more. How did he undergo this transformation? Where did he buy these clothes?

My head was filled with questions, and I couldn't wait until Michael got home to ask him.

MY DECISION

When Michael walked in I was at the kitchen table and he could see his photo album sitting before me. His face froze, and I knew he expected another confrontation. He didn't have a clue that was the last thing I wanted, and he almost fell over when I said, "Michael, I can't believe what a pretty girl you can become."

He didn't know what to say. He had expected another session with a wild, raving wife, and instead he just heard me tell him that I thought he was a pretty girl.

It took a moment for Michael to regain his composure and when he did he replied, "Do you really think so, Susan?"

Well, that was the ice breaker. For the first time in days we both felt comfortable enough to talk. And talk we did.

I learned that Michael had been a serious crossdresser for quite a while, and that he had a number of friends who were also crossdressers. These friends were the other people in the photos, and in many cases they were also his photographers. He told me about his childhood ventures into crossdressing, and how he had pushed those feelings down for many years. He told that the name of the girl in the pictures was Michelle. He told me that being Michelle let him be things Michael could never be, and how Michelle filled a part of his life that had always been empty.

I have to tell you, Diana, the hour we spent talking and looking at his album reminded me of how you and I used to talk. It was wonderful. I was beginning to understand what Michael meant when he said, that he thought someday I would be glad I discovered his hidden side.

When we had finished looking at the album Michael asked if I had noticed a second album. I told him that I had only seen the one, but would love to look at another if he wanted me to. Michael excused himself and went up to the attic. In a few minutes he returned carrying a full sized, leather album. I guessed right away that what he was going to show me weren't more snapshots but professional photographs, and as soon as he sat down Michael confirmed my guess. He told he how he found out about a studio that specialized in glamour photography. They did men and women, and, yes that's right, they also did men who wanted to look like women.

I wanted to tear the album open and start looking. I couldn't wait to see these new pictures of Michelle. I thought, if Michael looked good in the snapshots, he had to look great done by a professional.

It was hard to sit and patiently listen but Michael wanted to tell me about it. He said that on the day of his photo session he got dressed as Michelle and drove to the studio. When he arrived he was given a beauty makeover, his hair was styled and long fingernails were applied. He told me that this was his second makeover and how wonderfully feminine he felt to be primped and pampered.

I loved listened to my husband talk about his transformation into a woman. I was even a little envious because I have never had a real makeover.

But the wait was killing me.

I wanted to see Michelle!

Michael could sense my growing impatience and so he opened the album. What I saw was more than I expected. There inside the cover was my Michelle. Her big blue eyes looking right at me.

Diana, you and I should wish for such a pretty portrait.

I'm telling you Michael looked wonderful! His lips, his skin, his hair were fantastic. But most of all his eyes were beautiful. I couldn't believe that this woman was my husband, but most of all I could believe my feelings. This woman excited me. I wanted to meet her. I wanted to be with her.

I know all this sounds strange, but what I was feeling for Michelle was what I had felt for Michael long ago.

The album contained other photographs. Beside the portrait there were three other poses, each with a large eight by ten and two five by sevens. The second pose was causal. And once again Michelle looked great. Her hair was slightly different, it was still ash blonde but a little more layered and longer with lots of loose curls. Michael explained how the photographer used a fan to lift his hair and add effect to the picture. I don't know how Michael developed his taste for women's clothing, but it is excellent. What he picked out for Michelle was perfect.

She was wearing a red blazer over a long, black scoop-necked, cotton dress. The dress had a matching red belt and she had on a pair of black suede, ballet flats. The outfit was topped off with gold hoop earrings, a flat necklace and broach on the blazer's lapel. The colors, the style and the accessories matched her hair color and

skin tone perfectly, and you could just tell by her expression that Michael was very comfortable being a woman.

The next pose was in evening wear. Michael told me that he picked this outfit out in the studio because, while he had always wanted to, he had never bought an evening gown. I don't know who made this selection, Michael or the photographer, but once again Michelle looked wonderful! .

She had on a silk jacket with black sequins and gold tone beads over a silver-gray bustier with a long black, crepe skirt. Her shoes were black satin pumps and her earrings gold French wire with two black bead drops. In this picture Michelle's hair was straight and slightly shorter and fuller, more like her portrait picture. By pulling one side behind her ear Michelle gave her hair a slightly more formal look that matched her attire perfectly. Her make-up was also more formal. It had been redone and adjusted to match her clothes. And once again I was attracted to her eyes and how they were the focus of her face.

I told Michael how attractive he looked. I could tell he was somewhat embarrassed, but he squeezed my hand and told me how good it made him feel to know I felt that way.

Before we turned to the final poses there was a question that I had to ask Michael, "Where did you get that cleavage?"

I mean, here I am looking a picture of my husband dressed like a lady ready for a night on the town and he's got more showing than I can muster. What gives? This isn't fair!

Well Michael told me how crossdressers can use tape, make-up and breast forms to create the illusion of breasts. He also told me that between the make-up person at the studio and the way his photographs were developed a very real illusion was created. Illusion or not I have to admit that I was little envious of my husband's chest.

My envy grew greater when we finally turned to the last set of pictures. Before we did this Michael cautioned me that they were a little racy and that he hoped if he showed them to me he wouldn't be pushing me too far or too fast. Little did he know that at this point there was no way he could push me too fast, and little did I know what Michael had meant by "a little racy."

Diana, I was not prepared for what I saw when we turned the page. There was my husband almost naked with other people who were most definitely naked. In each of these last poses Michelle was wearing only navy, high cut panties, matching blue, lace top stockings and three and a half inch, blue patent leather pumps. Her hair was back to the longer, layered and curly look and her make-up was most definitely seductive.

In the large pose Michelle was looking straight at the camera, and behind her was a very muscular black man with a shaved head. His arms were around Michelle and his hands were cupped over her breasts. In one of the smaller pictures Michelle was with the same black man, but this time the shot was from the side and they were in an embrace. She had her arms up over his shoulders and he had rested his large hands over her bottom.

The final pose was with another woman. This was another frontal shot of Michelle. In this picture the other woman was nuzzled to Michelle's breasts.

Can you believe it, my husband posing naked before a camera with other people! I should have been jealous! I should have been mad! But I wasn't any of those things. I was excited. These pictures were a real turn on for me. I know it sounds weird, but I'm telling the truth.

Before we put the album away I just had to ask Michael how he felt when he was posing nude with other people, especially with men. I mean this other guy was completely nude so he had to have his dick sticking right in Michael's privates.

Michael thought a second and then told me posing nude was a little embarrassing at first, but the people at the studio were so nice that they soon made him feel very comfortable. He went on to say that when he is Michelle he frequently experiences advances from men and that he doesn't mind them. He said that he actually likes it when men come on to him because it reinforces his feminine desires.

Then he said, "To be honest I was terribly excited when I felt that man's cock get hard and press up against me. The look on my face in these pictures wasn't an act, it was the stirring of real passion."

That was it. We were done for the night.

Without saying it we both realized that we had gone about as far as we could. The rest of the evening was quiet. Not quiet like before when we just going our separate ways, but quiet like when people are lost in deep thought.

The next morning Michael got up early and left before I was out of the shower.

When I dried off and walked out of the bathroom to get dressed I noticed a stack of magazines on my dresser.

On top was a note:

Dear Susan - Maybe these will help you understand me better. I hope so because I want you to love me.

Forever yours, Michelle.

The note brought a tear to my eye. Michael hadn't said anything like that to me in years. I thought that this must be what Michael meant when he said, "Michelle let him be things Michael could never be."

We didn't talk much about Michelle for the next few days, but I could tell that things had changed between Michael and I. We were nicer, and more attentive to each other. We did and said things that we hadn't done or said in years. Little touches, kisses, compliments and thank you's that had been forgotten were now back, and I loved it.

During this time I looked through the magazines that Michelle had left for me. They were crossdresser magazines, and before you conjure up images of some X-rated trash, I've got to tell you that these magazines had a little class. They had names like Lady Like, Tapestry, and Transformation and they contained pictures, stories and articles all about crossdressers.

As I looked through them I was amazed at how many men could be made to look so good as women. In these magazines I read about how crossdressers felt and how they dealt with the real world.

The last magazine in the stack contained a special surprise. Want to guess? That's right, Michelle! Two pages from her studio photographs and a letter she had written. In her letter she told about how happy she was as Michelle, but how a part of her life was still missing. She said:

I can never be really happy as Michelle as long as the person I love most doesn't know I exist. I want so much for her to know me and love me, but I am afraid that if she knew I would lose her forever.

Remember me in your prayers.

Love, Michelle.

Diana, I cried when I read that, but my tears weren't tears of sadness they were tears of joy.

For right then and there I knew what was going to happen. Michelle was going to become part of my life. I decided that Michael and I had gone too long living together, but living apart, and that it was through Michelle that we would once again find love.

MY PLAN

I knew that if Michelle was to become a part of my life it would have to be gradual. I wanted her as much as I had wanted anything, but after all those years of living with Michael I would need some time to get used to the changes I was about to cause. I thought a lot about how I would pull this off, and then suddenly the light went on.

I had a plan.

Step one began the next day with a trip to the mall. The clerk at Victoria's Secrets must have thought I was crazy. I bought bras, panties, camisoles, hose, garter belts, all in sizes too large for me and all in quantities that begged for an explanation. The next stop was the drug store where I bought ladies razors, hair removal products, and body lotions. I took all my purchases home and went up to our bedroom. I opened Michael's underwear drawer and took out all his men' things and replaced them with the pretty lingerie I had just bought.

In the drawer I placed this note:

“Dear Michelle - I know you have to hate wearing those awful men's underwear so I bought you these. I hope you like what I picked out. Also, I noticed you've been a little lax in keeping your body smooth. Before dinner I want you to go in the bathroom and very carefully get rid of your nasty body hairs. Your lingerie will feel much better next to smooth silky skin. Love, Susan.”

When Michael came home I didn't mention anything about the surprise waiting in his dresser. I stayed down- stairs and just listened. It wasn't long before I heard him walk into the bathroom and turn on the shower. My plan was working just as I hoped it would, Michael wanted to be Michelle as badly as I wanted him to be her. He would not resist my instructions. He would gladly let me turn him into Michelle.

A little while later Michael came down for dinner, and as he walked into the kitchen I would could see this special look on his face. He walked over to me and hugged me saying, "I love what you bought me. Everything is so pretty, and yes they do feel better when my skin is smooth."

I gently pushed Michael back so I could see his face. He was crying. I had never seen my husband cry, but there he was with tears running down his cheeks. I couldn't help myself and pretty soon we were both hugging and crying and, yes, laughing. It was wonderful. We had never been so close as we were at that moment.

Each day or so I implemented another step in my plan, and the second step involved another trip to the mall. This time I headed out for the sleepwear department. Thinking back, I know I was having as much fun buying things for Michelle as she was having wearing them. I actually had to control myself in the store because I was becoming a very uncharacteristic impulse shopper. When I was all done I set off for home with an assortment of slinky satin nighties, cuddly flannel jammies, ruffled cotton night shirts, a thick terry- cloth robe, a beautiful pink floral house coat, and two pairs of slippers. I knew that Michelle Would just love what I had bought her and I couldn't wait to get home.

Once again I took my purchases up to our bedroom and put them in Michael's dresser and closet. Then I wrote another note:

"Michelle - You've got to stop sleeping in your underwear like boys do. I bought you these things so you can be more yourself. I think you'll like them. I had a ball buying them for you. Of course I expect you to wear these regularly for now on. Tonight I would like you to start with the white, ruffled night shirt, the terry cloth robe, and warm slippers. Love, Susan."

I really wanted to tell Michael to wear something more sexy but I resisted the temptation knowing how awkward he would look still being a man. I knew the time would soon come when Michelle would be with me and it was better to wait and let her wear those things.

Michael loved what I had bought for him and he was very happy to follow my instructions. By then he realized where I was taking him and he was ready to comply.

The next morning I put another note on Michael's dresser. It said:

"Dear Michelle - There is no reason for your lovely wardrobe to be hidden away in the attic. This evening I want you to move Michael's thing out of our bedroom and into the spare. Then I want you to bring down all of your things and put them here. I've made room on my dressing table for your make-up so please put it there. Love, Susan."

Needless to say Michael was quite busy that evening.

The following morning another note appeared on Michael's dresser:

"Dear Michelle - How awful it must be to have to wear men's clothing all day long. Starting today I want you to pick a casual outfit from your wardrobe and wear it around the house in the evening. Love, Susan."

That night just before dinner Michael came downstairs and he had done just what I told him to do. He had on a lavender silk blouse, baggy pleated jeans and a pair of leather, ladies Keds. I could tell he was excited about being dressed entirely en femme, and I made a point of telling him how nice he looked and how the color of his blouse was a perfect match.

A second look at Michael told me that he had gone beyond the directions I had given him. Michael was wearing make-up. Not much mind you, but make-up nonetheless. He had put on a little bit of mascara, eye shadow, and lip color. I liked his initiative, but I couldn't let it pass without comment.

I said to him, "Michael, you've been bad! I told you to wear those clothes, but I didn't tell you that you could wear make-up too. What do you have to say for yourself?"

Michael blushed and his eyes dropped to look at the floor. In voice much softer than I was used to hearing he replied, "I'm sorry, Susan. I just wanted to look nice for you. Please don't be mad at me."

I told Michael that he was forgiven and that I really did think he looked nice. My plan was working wonderfully.

Everyday I was moving Michael closer and closer and closer to Michelle, and I was doing at a pace that had allowed each of us time to become comfortable with the change that we both wanted so badly. Finally the time had come and I put the last step of my plan in action.

I made one last trip to the mall to shop for Michelle's debut outfit. It wasn't an easy selection. I wanted to pick just the right thing and I was agonizing over what that would be. Should I pick something up scale and preppie? Something a little sexy and daring? Something for the career lady? I just couldn't decide! Then I saw it, the perfect selection. It would look great on Michelle and it most definitely would be the right thing to wear for what I had planned.

On Thursday morning in early October Michael got his last letter. It said:

Dear Michelle - It's time that we meet. Actually our meeting is long overdue. We probably weren't ready but I wish I had meet you years ago. I feel we share a special bond that only women can know. It's something that can't be explained, only felt. I think you know what I mean. I plan on being home early today and I want you to be here when I arrive. I think it best that you plan not to work today or tomorrow. In your closet you will find a new outfit that I bought for you. I hope you like it. I can't wait to see you wearing it. After we meet and talk I want to go out shopping and to dinner. If we still have any energy left we might stop by one of the dance clubs down by the river. Sound like fun? It will be a real girl's night out. I can't wait to see you. Hope you feel that way too. Love, Susan.

It was hard working that day. My mind was most definitely not on the job. I kept looking at my watch and thinking, "*I wonder what Michelle is doing now? Did she like what I bought her? Did it look as good on her as I thought it would?*"

The hours dragged by that day. It reminded me of being in school and watching the agonizingly slow movement of the clock as the end of the day approached. Finally, it was time to leave. I had to restrain myself from sprinting out the door, down the hall and through the parking lot.

When I got home there was a note on the kitchen table:

Dear Susan - I love what you picked out for me. The color and style are just right. I think you will be pleased. I'm sure this day has been as long for you as it has for me. Somehow I wanted to leap forward to this moment. But we've waited this long and we shouldn't rush and spoil our meeting. Please take a minute to put down your things and just relax. I've poured you a glass of wine and it's in the refrigerator. When your ready just turn on the stereo and I'll come down. Forever yours, Michelle.

Was she crazy, Diana? Relax! No way! I was too hyper to relax. In the last few weeks I had gone from a wife with a comfortable but empty marriage to a wife who had engineered the transformation of her husband into a woman. It had been an emotional roller coaster and it was time for the ride to end. I wanted to meet Michelle!

So I grabbed the wine, went into the family room , turned on the stereo and waited for Michelle.

I was sitting with my back to the kitchen so I heard Michelle before I saw her. I thought I had mentally prepared myself for this moment, but the reality was something else. My heart was racing and my stomach was turning over as I heard her come closer and closer. I was absolutely a nervous wreck, until all of a sudden I felt Michelle's hand on my shoulder. It was like a bolt of lightning raced through my body.

Michelle sensed my anxiety and she slid to the side of the chair, grabbed my hand and kissed me gently on the lips saying, "It's OK. to be nervous, Susan. I've had butterflies all day long. All I know is that I'm just glad that we're finally together."

Then she stepped all the way around the chair and stood right in front of me.

I let go of her hand and motioned for her to step back so I could see her better. She moved comfortably and gracefully, shifting her weight back and forth, twirling around, all the while looking at me with her gorgeous eyes.

I was slowly regaining my senses, and as I did I began to look closer at my Michelle. She was every bit as good looking as her pictures. Her hair and make-up looked really natural and her figure was very attractive for a gal in her forties. I also began to notice her outfit, the one I had searched so hard for just the day before. I was proud of my good taste. She looked good in green, and the V-neck chenille sweater and long, crinkled silk skirt would be perfect for the evening. I was especially pleased to see that Michelle had created her cleavage. It turned me on and I was sure it would attract the attention of others too.

I held out both hands, Michelle stepped closer, took them and then sat down next to me.

We both smiled and looked deep into each other's eyes. Without saying a word we read one and other's minds. We knew that we had done the right thing. Neither of us knew where this would lead, but we knew wherever things were going, we would go there together.

Just like a couple of emotional girls we started to cry. Big tears ran down both our cheeks ruining our make-up. Instinctively we began to wipe and kiss away the tears of

the other. Without thinking our kisses became passionate. Our lips met and parted and our warm, soft tongues began exploring.

Diana, it had literally been years since Michael and I had kissed that way and, frankly, I hadn't missed it. But this was something else. I was flooded with desires and emotions I had never felt, even when Michael and I were really lovers. I wanted every inch of Michelle. She stirred in me urges that I had read about, but didn't believe myself capable of.

As much as I wanted Michelle right there, that very moment I knew I had to resist. There were things Michelle and I were going to do that night and it wasn't time to give in to total abandon quite yet.

I slowly pulled away from Michelle, and as I did I could see the disappointment in her eyes. I knew she had been struck by the same hammer of passion and I felt sorry for her. She didn't know what I had planned and it was hard for her to understand why we should wait.

To make her feel better, I kissed her gently, stood up and urged, "Don't look so sad, lover. Just trust me, the night's still young."

With that we went upstairs to redo our make-up and get ready to go out.

MY JOY

It was fun getting ready to leave. We chattered on and on just like you and I used to. Michelle even gave me some help with my make-up, and I have to say I liked the subtle, but sexy changes she made. I think the reality of Michelle really hit me when, just before we left she picked up her purse and checked to see she had all the things she needed. It was a simple thing. Every woman does it out of habit. It's just that when I saw Michelle do that I knew what she had become. Michael had become a lady, and I couldn't have been happier.

Our first stop of the evening was the downtown mall. It's a wonderful place; an old downtown skyscraper in which the first three floors have been opened up and renovated into a super place to shop. And shop we did!

We had an absolute blast, trying on this and that, giggling at the things that made up look silly, and admiring the things that made us look good. Over the course of a couple of hours I bought a few things, but Michelle bought many. After all this trip was for her.

If I wanted Michelle to start living with me she would definitely have to expand her wardrobe.

We decided it was time to quit when we had more packages than we could carry. Besides, we were hungry.

We made our way back to the car and then left for a restaurant that overlooked the river. It was an informal place that attracted an up scale crowd and had a reputation for good food.

As we entered I purposely walked behind Michelle just to see how people accepted her, and I was most pleased with my lady. She received several once-overs from both

men and women. I could tell that the looks weren't looks of, "What is this person?" but looks of, "Not bad!"

I thought to myself, *"Eat your hearts out, boys and girls."*

Dinner was great, and we never ran out of things to talk about. We shared a lot of feelings about how we had grown apart, about how we had missed the other, and about how exciting our new friendship was. I don't know who thought of it first, but almost simultaneously we both said how neat it would be to take off in the morning and spend a long weekend out of town. The natural choice was Chicago. We both love the place, it was only six hours away and the possibilities for two single girls on a Windy City weekend were endless. It was decided, come morning we were packing up and heading west.

But we were getting ahead of ourselves.

There was another stop yet that night. So we got back in the car, drove down into the valley and cruised the night club district. There were lots of places, but we were looking for a nice dance and drink club where we didn't feel like everybody's mom. Well Flanagan's was our place, and when we got there we found a nearby parking spot and got out of the car. We were both a little nervous.

I hadn't done the bar scene in years and wasn't really sure what I was supposed to do if men came on to me.

Michelle wasn't totally new to this, but she said she was always a little worried about being made.

We worked up our courage and opened the door. Once we were inside we knew we had found just what we were looking for. Flanagan's had a mixed adult crowd and they were playing classic rock and roll dance tunes. Michelle and I looked around to find a table, and almost before we sat down two guys approached us. They were thirtyish and not bad looking. We let them buy us drinks and sit at our table. They were definitely on the hustle and Michelle and I loved it. It was fun. Before long the four of us were out on the dance floor moving to the music.



Diana, I know you'll think I'm nuts, but it was a real turn on to see my Michelle enjoying the company of a man.

We had been out on the floor for about forty-five minutes when the music slowed down. Both Michelle and I were in the close embrace of these two strange men, and I was getting more and more excited. My guy must have sensed my excitement because his cock started to get hard and rub up against me. We began to sway slowly to the rhythm of the music. I was definitely hot and more than anything I wanted his hard meat deep inside me.

When the song ended I said that I needed to use the ladies room and that he and his friend should wait for us at the table. I grabbed Michelle and together we found the restrooms. I told her what I was thinking and said that she'd probably hate me for it. But she didn't, in fact she was excited for me and said she really wanted me to have sex with this guy.

As we were talking I noticed the restroom was empty.

"This is the place," I thought, *"This is where I'm going to screw him."*

I told Michelle my plan.

She was to go get him, bring him back to the restrooms and when the coast was clear, bring him in.

She left and I went down to the last stall and waited. A short while later the door opened and there was Michelle with my man. In an instant Michelle and I were all over him. We kissed and caressed him, and in short order unbuckled his belt and dropped his trousers. When they fell away the object of my desire began to rise up. It was long and thick and with every passing second it became harder and harder. I stepped back to look at what would soon fill me up and when I did Michelle took over. First her fingers began to run up and down his perfect erection and then she knelt down and began to kiss and lick it.

Diana, I know you've got to think I'm weird, but watching Michelle give this guy head was absolutely exciting.

When Michelle finished it was my turn. I pulled him around and pushed him down on the toilet seat. Then I lifted my skirt and settled down on his hardened manhood. I could feel his head touch me and then slip into my hot, wet pussy. I slid slowly down and let his full, hard column enter me. I was delirious. I began to rise and fall on his cock, and each time I did I moved closer and closer to my first orgasm in years.

All the while that I was taking my pleasures from this man, Michelle stood behind me massaging my breasts and exploring my ears with her warm, wet tongue. Somehow she instinctively knew exactly what to do to heighten my excitement.

The rush toward my climax came suddenly. I was almost out of control, pumping up and down as fast as I could. I wanted to feel every inch of him deep inside of me. I'm sure I was making a lot of noise and it's a wonder a bouncer didn't come in and break up our little love triangle. But as you can guess, I was oblivious to all but my immediate passion.

Then it happened. Waves of deep, pleasure filled, contractions ran through my entire body. Over and over they happened. It was so physical, it's a wonder that I didn't squeeze his penis right off. But I could tell that he was having as much pleasure as I, and I knew that he wouldn't be able to hold back much longer. Just then his movements slowed, his strokes become longer and harder, his face tightened and I could feel him let go inside of me. His juice was hot and it filled me up.

We all sat in that little stall for several minutes. We were exhausted and needed to catch our breath.

Michelle was the first to regain her senses. She whispered in my ear and reminded me of our plan. I lifted myself up and as I did I could feel him slide slowly out of me. His exit felt wonderful and I wanted to screw him again, but knew I had to go. Both Michelle and I kissed him, and told him to stay in the stall while we went out to see if the coast was clear.

We quickly left the restroom with no thought of telling him anything. On our way out of the club we saw his friend. We went over to him, gave him two hot, wet kisses, and told him his friend was in trouble in the restroom. When he got up, we split.

The ride home was hilarious. We told and retold our exploits. It was great. Michelle and I called ourselves the "bathroom bandits."

We couldn't wait to get to Chicago.

When we got home we were beat and went straight to bed. Unlike the many years before when Michael and I went to bed and he slept on his side and I on mine, Michelle and I drew near to each other. We gently kissed and caressed each other. It was a soft and loving pleasure that women can have without actually having to have sex. Our petting became slower and softer and we soon fell asleep in each other's arms.

The next morning when the sun began to peek into our bedroom I opened my eyes I saw my Michelle next to me. I thought about the last few weeks, especially about last night, and I smiled.

I gently nudged Michelle and suggested, "Get up sleepy head. You need to make a trip to the bathroom. Girls don't look too good with a morning beard."

We both laughed and started to get ready for our big weekend.

The trip across the turnpike was fun. We talked about everything and anything. Now, doesn't that remind you of us? I had the most fun in the rest stops. We had purposely dressed a little provocatively. You know a little extra make-up, flashy jewelry, kind of low on top and a little short on the bottom. The effect was just what we wanted. We got plenty of second looks, long looks, a few wolf whistles, and even a few comments that most definitely fell in the category of sexual harassment.

We both loved it!

Each time we got back in the car we'd talk and laugh about what those cowboy truck drivers would have thought if they knew they were getting turned on by gorgeous girl who was really a guy.

Before we got to Chicago we ducked into the last rest stop and changed our clothes. We were staying downtown at a classy hotel and didn't want to walk in looking like a couple of hookers.

Michelle put on one of her outfits from the photographs, the long, black cotton dress with a red blazer and matching scarf.

I wore a gray tunic sweater with a pink and green diamond design on the front, and a pair of cream colored stirrup, stretch pants.

We both agreed that we looked great as we walked through the lobby and up to the front desk.

Checking in was a blast. The clerk at the front desk was this young, cute guy. We could tell he was checking us out as he did the paperwork. Of course, we loved it and took the opportunity to be a couple of flirts.

Next came the bell boy. He too was young and cute and it didn't take long for our flirting to start all over again. When he got us to our room I could tell he would have gladly forgone his tip for a roll in the hay, and it wouldn't have taken much of a nudge to get in bed with this hunk, but I'm still a lady with a little self control. Anyway, we gave him a nice tip and sent him off. Michelle and I agreed that sending him on his way was the right thing to do.

In between our game playing with the desk clerk and the bell boy we did manage to learn something about the downtown night spots and pick up bars. Of immediate interest was a place only a couple of blocks from our hotel that gathered an after work crowd. We decided that would be our first stop.

After spending some time primping and preening we were downstairs and out on the streets of Chicago.

We enjoyed our walk and in a short while we found the place the bell boy had described. We got a couple of looks from the guys as we walked in and found seats. A waitress quickly took our order and we sat back to see what would happen. It didn't take long before we noticed two guys walking our way. They both were wearing suits with their ties pulled loose, and as they both were pretty decent looking we agreed to play along with them.

At the time I didn't think much of it but one of the two kind of hung back as they walked to us. It was almost as if he wasn't sure that he wanted to do what they were obviously going to do, hustle Michelle and I.

When they got to our table the lead guy did most of the small talk, "Where you from? What are you doing tonight?" That kind of stuff. Then he introduced himself. His name was Michael and his friend was Kevin. Can you believe it!

I couldn't! It was too much for me and I don't know why, but all of a sudden I blurted out, "One of us isn't real. Can you guess which one?"

Michelle kicked me under the table and Michael asked, "What do you mean one of you isn't real?"

I replied, "I mean one of us really isn't a woman."

Michael began to laugh and Kevin got a little red in the face. Michael turned to Kevin and said, "Looks like you hit the jackpot, Buddy!"

I asked Michael what he meant by that and he told us that Kevin was gay, and that they were in the bar trying to find him a date for a big company party on Saturday. He said that it wasn't something Kevin really wanted to do but that attending without a lady wouldn't go over too well with his boss.

What a stroke of luck. We hadn't been in Chicago more than a couple of hours and already we had found two perfect guys. Both good looking, both very nice, and one that would like Michelle for what she really was. We told Michael and Kevin to pull up a chair and to sit with us.

When they did I continued, "Now we know your secret, but you still don't know ours. I want you to close your eyes and put one hand on the table. You are not to open your eyes until you feel one of us hold your hand." I looked right at them and said, "No cheating, OK.?"

They both nodded and closed their eyes.

Michelle and I got up and switched seats. She sat next to Kevin and I sat next to Michael. First Michelle and I held hands and then we held Michael and Kevin's. Just as they opened their eyes, we both gave them two of the softest, longest, wettest kisses they had ever had.

This was going to be a great weekend!

Michael and Kevin kept talking about how lucky they were, and how they couldn't believe they found us. They also explained that the big company party was really 'big!' Formal dresses, tuxedos, the whole nine yards.

Needless to say Michelle and I were elated. In no time we made plans for going to Michigan Avenue and the Miracle Mile to shop for dresses, shoes, and jewelry.

I thought to myself, "*this really was a fantasy,*" but when I pinched my arm and it hurt I knew this was for real.

Just as I was coming down to reality I heard Michelle tell the two guys, "You know if you want us to go with you to that party tomorrow, you'll have to show us a good time tonight."

Michael and Kevin were more than ready to comply, and in no time they were rattling off places to go to dinner, places with music, places to dance. They settled on a quiet little restaurant on the north side and short while later the four of us were in a taxi heading off for the evening.

The evening with this new Michael was great. He was witty, polite, and very easy to talk to. I was pleased with my partner for the weekend, but as much as I was enjoying my own good fortune I loved watching Michelle with Kevin. They made a great couple. If you remember Michael, you'll know that Michelle is just barely five, eight. Well Kevin is a little over six foot, so even with heels Michelle matched well with his height. On top of that Kevin is pretty well built and while Michelle presents a very nice figure, she hides her few faults very well.

Their physical match was nice, but what I noticed most was how well Michelle played up to Kevin. She was always close to him, and she gave him gentle clues to hold her hand, to put his arm around her, to stand behind her and rest his hands on her hips. In addition to her body language Michelle was doing other things to make Kevin feel her affection. Things like listening closely to every word he said, laughing at all his jokes, and responding with understanding whenever he talked about his troubles. I was very proud of Michelle. She was becoming more and more a woman with each passing moment. This was what I really wanted, and I could see it happening before my very eyes.

Before dessert and coffee Michelle and I excused ourselves for the ladies room. It was the first time we had been alone since we met Michael and Kevin. We had communicated our pleasure and excitement through looks, gestures, and the old mental telepathy, but both of us wanted to talk. As soon as we got away from the crowd we grabbed each other and started to bounce around like a couple of school girls.

Michelle spoke first. She held both of my hands and exclaimed, "Oh, Susan, what a dream! This is what I've wanted to be for years. No hiding, no pretending, no double life, just me, Michelle. God, I was so afraid I was going to lose you when you discovered my hidden closet. I have always wished and hoped that you would know me and accept me, but even in my wildest dreams I never could hope for this. Susan, I love you. You are the dearest, sweetest friend a girl could ever hope for."

We hugged and cried and laughed, and then we redid our make-up. Before we went back to Michael and Kevin we made ourselves a promise. We agreed that this evening we'd have fun with the boys and that tomorrow we would give them what they wanted, but tonight would be ours.

When we got back to the table Kevin told us that he had a great idea for the evening. He said I might think it a little strange, and that was OK. because Michael had thought so too when he had first heard it. His idea was to go to a gay bar. He was right I did think the idea was strange, but I didn't say anything and just decided to listen. Kevin went on to describe the bar. He said it was primarily a dance bar with several large video screens, lots of mirrors, and a continuous stream of great dance music. He said what made the place so neat was the crowd. For whatever reason it was very popular with a very different mix of people. Gays, lesbians, straights, cross-dresser, transsexuals, he noted, "You name it they got it."

Kevin said that the place was so mixed up and laid back that in a very short while anyone could feel comfortable there.

Everybody thought it sounded like the perfect place so I thought, "*What the heck, I'm game!*"

Before going to the club Michelle and I wanted to change clothes. Kevin and Michael had the taxi drop us off at the hotel and they continued on to the parking garage, picked up their car and then headed back to our hotel.

On our way through the lobby and up the elevator Michelle and I talked about what we were going to wear.

Michelle also talked about her beard. She was afraid that she would really be pushing things to go back out without shaving.

We decided that she would take off her make-up, shave, help me redo my make-up, and then I'd go down and keep the boys company while she got ready. The whole thing would take us a little more than an hour and that wouldn't be too bad considering that they would take forty-five minutes or so to get their car and drive back.

We decided that our destination called for the provocative, turnpike look from earlier in the day, so out came the outfits from the afternoon. You remember, the ones I described as a little low on the top and a little short on the bottom. We matched them with some big, flashy jewelry and a little heavier than necessary make-up.

Michelle and I checked ourselves out in the mirror and agreed that we ought to fit right in to the club that Kevin had described. We also agreed that we would get or share of looks down in the lobby.

I took the elevator down and had no more than stepped out when I saw Michael and Kevin coming in. After listening to their hoots, whistles and other juvenile, male-type reactions, I told them that Michelle would be down in a little bit and suggested we wait in the bar. While we waited, they asked me questions about Michelle and I. They were amazed to find out they we were husband and wife, and that this was really our first outing as two girls. I could tell that they had a lot more questions but were reluctant to ask.

I guessed what they wanted to know most was if the "in bed" part would happen, and if it would, how would it happen. I was tempted to jump ahead and answer their questions and save them the trouble of asking, but decided not to. I thought to myself a little mystery is good. Besides I figured that before the night was over they should have enough clues as to what Michelle and I wanted that they could piece the puzzle together themselves.

In a little while Michelle came down from our room. She was wearing a yellow tunic sweater with a giant cowl neck that barely hung on her shoulders. Under the sweater she wore a tight, black miniskirt, black hose and three inch pumps. She looked and walked the part, and on her way across the lobby she got more than one second look.

I'm sure the boys at the desk thought one of the ladies from the street had wandered into their hotel.

As she entered the bar Michael and Kevin gave Michelle the same hoots and whistles they had given me.

We all laughed, went outside and headed out for the evening.

I had never been to a gay bar, and I'm sure that for a while I just stood there with my mouth hanging open. I mean there were guys dancing with guys, girls dancing with girls, guys who were trying to look like girls but not having much luck, and great looking girls who Kevin said were drag queens. I guess after what had just happened in my life I shouldn't have been shocked by anything, but I have to say it looked like a

casting session for Phil and Oprah. I finally regained my senses when Michelle walked over, pushed my mouth shut with her finger and announced, "Let's dance."

The next thing I knew I was out on the dance floor with Michelle moving to the beat of some hard driving dance song. It had been years since I had last danced with Michael, and dancing with Michelle was more exciting than it had ever been with him. My dance partner didn't move like any man, she had the sensuous movements of a woman who danced with passion and desire. I knew that Michelle was using this chance to set the stage for later, and I've got to say she was doing it well.

When the song was over we went back to Michael and Kevin. They had gotten a round of drinks and were waiting with smiles when we returned.

Kevin looked at us and exclaimed, "If you two sultry wenches had gotten any hotter out there, we were afraid you were going to melt the fixtures!"

I just blushed but Michelle replied, "You guys are just jealous. You just can't stand to see two women lust over each other, while you're left on the sidelines playing pocket pool!"

Kevin shot back, "We're just playing with what you what you want, honey!"

With that he took Michelle by the hand and pulled her out toward the dance floor. Michael and I exchanged glances, shrugged our shoulders and followed them out.

We had a great time dancing with Michael and Kevin. To blend in with the crowd we switched partners all night long. Sometimes I'd dance with Michael, sometimes with Kevin and sometimes with Michelle. All the time Michelle and I made a point of being as seductive as we could.

The club was a lot more liberal than your normal dance place, so we could really push the edge. We did a lot of kissing, rubbing and caressing. Of course, Michael loved it when I started doing it to him, and Kevin loved it when Michelle did it to him. But they both got a little nervous when I started coming on to Kevin and Michelle to Michael.

Michelle and I laughed at the boys and told them to lighten up, it was the nineties. After a few dances they did, and somewhere that night I saw Michael give Michelle one long, deep, wet, kiss.

He loved it. She loved it. And, I loved it!

The funniest part of the night came when I was dancing with Michelle and Michael and Kevin were dancing with each other. We made them act like lovers and they were good sports and played along. When the dance was done we told them they had to kiss.

They both balked and said that was too much.

Michelle and I looked at each other, nodded and then walked up close to them. We started to rub their butts, and kissed their ears. Once we had their attention we whispered that if they wanted Saturday to happen they better do what we said. With that they closed their eyes, parted their lips and kissed. It wasn't long and passionate, but it was real. To show our approval we pulled them close, and began to sway and rub

our hips. Soon we could feel them start to get hard and rise. When they did, we kissed them long and slow. They were in heaven.

Our evening at Kevin's club seemed to race by. We had a blast and before we knew it was time to head back to the hotel. There was a lot of petting and necking going on as we drove back, and on more than one occasion I had to tell Michael not to get so excited and to keep his eyes on the wheel. It was really hard to leave the boys. They had been so much fun that it wouldn't have taken much to have taken them up for the night.

But we maintained our self control, made arrangements to meet the next day and then kissed them good night.

As it was late we had the elevator to ourselves on our ride up to the nineteenth floor. The doors had barely closed before Michelle and I were in a passionate embrace. I almost hit the emergency stop button but figured that only happens in the movies, and that if I tried it alarms and flashers would go off and we'd soon be visited by half the Chicago fire department. When we got to our floor the elevator doors opened and we darn near tumbled out into the hallway. We couldn't help but laugh at ourselves, and our laughing and giggling got louder as Michelle fumbled through her purse trying to find the room key. It's a wonder we didn't wake the entire floor.

Once inside our room Michelle turned on the radio, found a great, late night jazz station, and we once again turned our attention to each other. We settled into a slow, sexy rhythm much like the music on the radio. We kissed and caressed each other in that same special way we had the night before. The difference was that on this night we would go further. I was going to make love to a person that I hadn't made love to in years. But this time it would be very different, my lover, with one exception, was a woman.

That night Michelle and I shared a passion I didn't know could exist. For the very longest time we let our lips, tongues and fingers explore every inch of each other's bodies. We often brought the other to the edge of a climax, only to back off and slow down just to prolong our ecstasy. Throughout the night our love was the oral love of two women. Never once did Michelle revert to her male self and try to enter me with her stiff penis. And, it's funny, that night I did not have that unquenchable desire to feel a man deep within me like I had at Flanagan's just twenty four hours before. I was perfectly happy to be lost in a long, gentle lovemaking session with my husband, Michelle.

As much as we wanted to make things go on all night our passion kept growing and eventually overwhelmed us. We both knew it was time to let go and bring the evening to a wonderful conclusion. We slide around on the bed positioning ourselves sixty-nine style and began to direct all our attention to that place that gives us pleasure. Soon we were moaning and writhing and totally lost in each other. When we came it was like an explosion, no, like explosion after explosion, and when it was over we were totally exhausted. All we could manage to do was to move close to each other, embrace, kiss and fall asleep.

Morning came too fast. We both wished we had all day to just laze around. An afternoon at poolside with champagne would have suited us just perfectly. But we had a big day ahead of us so we crawled out of bed and started to get ready.

Deciding what to wear wasn't easy.

We were going to be doing a lot of walking and shopping so we wanted to be comfortable, but on the other hand we were also going to be doing the Miracle Mile and wanted to look good.

Michelle settled on the green sweater and skirt that I had bought for her coming out party.

I decided on my denim dress with the wide leather belt, and then topped it off with a pretty scarf and boots.

When we were ready we went to the elevator and rode down to the lobby. Even though there were people riding with us we couldn't stop giggling. We were both thinking of our antics in the elevator the night before, and that if any of these people had seen us they would have peed their pants. That elevator ride was great, and it set the tone for the rest of the day.

After a breakfast of coffee and fruit we headed out. It was early and the morning was so beautiful we decided to walk. We figured on the way back we'd have a bunch of packages so the return trip would be by taxi. Our walk up Michigan Avenue took about fifteen minutes. All the people on the street were very friendly, and we remembered why we had always liked Chicago. It was just another Midwestern town, only great big. Soon we passed the old Water Tower and right after that made the turn into Water Tower Place.

We did all the stores, Saks, Bloomingdales, Marshall Fields and a million other smaller ones. It was a wonderful day. Michelle and I were like two little girls in a candy store. We went from one thing to another, and tried on dress after dress. I think we must have worn out a dozen clerks.

We had a late lunch and while we ate we talked about what we had seen and tried to narrow down our choices. It was hard because we loved so many things but we finally decided.

I was going to buy this really sharp black suit. It was double breasted with a matching straight skirt. The jacket was set off by the long front lapel which was accented with stone trim and gold-tones beads.

Michelle picked a long, white tuxedo dress. It had pearl buttons on the jacket and French cuffs, satin lapels, and a long slit up the left side.

Picking our dresses was only the start. We needed shoes, jewelry, purses, hose, the works. When we were done we felt like Julia Roberts in *Pretty Woman*. We walked out to Michigan Avenue balancing a whole pile of bags and boxes. We were in seventh heaven. I mean it was a girl's dream. We had just spent a fortune on beautiful clothes and accessories. It was like Christmas in October, and we couldn't wait to get back to the hotel and play dress up.

On our taxi ride back Michelle took hold of my hand and exclaimed, "Susan, you're so wonderful, and I'm so glad you've let me be me and made me a part of your life. It was so lonely all those years when I could only know you from afar and you didn't even know I existed. What happened today would have only been my fantasy a few months ago. And now look at us, two girls having a blast in the big city. I love you so much, and I hope you'll always let me be with you."

With tears in my eyes I kissed Michelle gently on her lips. Still holding hands I looked deep into her eyes and said, "Michelle, don't worry you and I will be together for a long time. Being with you these past few days has filled a part of my life that has been empty for too long." Then I added, "Besides you're a lot more fun than that old grumpy Michael."

So there we were sitting in the back of a taxi surrounded by packages, laughing and crying, hugging and kissing. I'll bet that our Iranian cab driver was having a real hard time figuring out the two dizzy, American dames that he was driving south down Michigan Avenue.

Once we got back to our room we saw the message light on the phone and called the front desk. Michael and Kevin had left a message that they had a special treat for us and wanted to know if they could they come by an hour earlier. They said if that was a problem to call, but that they hoped it would work out.

Michelle and I talked about it and decided that even though we'd loose an hour we still had plenty of time to relax and then get ready, and besides we agreed that every girl loves to be surprised by her boy friend.

Over the next couple of hours we just sat around the room and took it easy.

Michelle took a bubble bath and while in the tub took great pleasure in shaving away all her body hair. She looked so sexy in all those bubbles that I almost climbed in with her. She could tell I was a bit envious, so when she was done she refilled the tub with water and bubbles. When it was full she called me to the bathroom and told me that it was my turn.

I mildly protested, but Michelle knew I loved the idea so she firmly but gently turned me toward the tub, untied my robe and let it slide off to the floor. Before guiding me into that warm, foamy water she caressed me all over. I became very excited and for the next ten minutes I laid in the tub massaging myself and thinking how much I was enjoying my new life.

Getting dressed for the evening was just as much fun as our shopping trip. We had lots and lots of decisions to make. Things like what shade of eye shadow would look best, should our eye liner go under the full eye or just highlight the corners and, of course, just how to wear our hair. We were having great fun and almost lost track of time.

Just when we were about done the telephone rang, it was the boys. After all our jet setting around Chicago this call should have been just one more thing, but it wasn't. Both of us were all goose bumpy and giddy. Trying to be the proper lady Michelle took charge and told the boys just what any gal would say, "Were almost ready, so you'll just have to wait and we'll be down in a little bit."

When she hung up we quickly straightened up the room, gathered our wits and headed out, two good looking ladies about to take the Chicago social scene by storm!

Down in the lobby Michael and Kevin were waiting. When we got out of the elevator and walked toward them we felt like the daughter on Father Knows Best when she'd come down the stairs to meet her prom date.

It was easy to tell that Michael and Kevin liked what they saw. They reminded us of a couple of awkward high school kids standing there with their eyes a little too wide and their mouths a little too open. But Michelle and I didn't care, we had worked hard all day to look just right and we loved the attention.

What we couldn't guess was just how much attention the boys were going to give us. First there were the corsages. They were both very pretty and not something we expected. Michelle was really excited and even a little emotional. It was the first time she had gotten flowers from a man.

The next surprise really floored both of us. Kevin told us to close our eyes and not to peek. Then he told us to hold out our hands. The next thing I knew I felt something that was heavy, soft and furry. At first we were both confused but in a second we knew exactly what we had. Michelle and I opened our eyes and squealed with delight.

Fur coats! Michael and Kevin had gotten us fur coats! They were beautiful. Michelle's was a full length, dark mink, and mine a gray fox. The way we were carrying on the people in the lobby must have thought we were trying out for the Family Feud.

The boys helped us put the coats on and we promptly dragged them over to the nearest mirrors.

We stood there for the longest time just admiring ourselves. We felt great and looked gorgeous.

The final surprise was waiting outside. It was a beautiful, white stretch limo, and the finishing touch was a bottle of chilled champagne.

Michael and Kevin told us that this was the reason they wanted to come early. They wanted to take their girls on a sunset tour of Chicago.

If Michelle and I had spent all day figuring out how to dress to impress Michael and Kevin, they had spent all day working just as hard to find a way to impress us.

Well, needless to say the efforts of all four of us were a huge success. They thought we looked wonderful, and we thought they were the two most darling men in the world.

We spent the next hour driving around, drinking champagne and enjoying each other's company. We worked our way north along Lake Michigan up to Northwestern and then headed back downtown. Our destination was the Ritz-Carlton and Michael and Kevin's big company party.

I've got to say that the company crowd was definitely up scale. But even though there was some tough competition, I'd give Michelle and I the prize in the hottest babes at the party category. There were a couple of the old gray haired, balding guys who couldn't get enough of us, and one of them almost came in his pants when Mi-

chelle winked at him and blew him a kiss. It was all we could do to keep our composure and not burst out laughing at those dirty old men.

Michael and Kevin thought it was a riot too, but reminded us that they had to work with these guys Monday morning so we had to behave.

We said we were sorry, and promised to be good little girls.

During the cocktail hour the boys took us around introducing us to a lot of people we would never be able to remember. It turned out that these people really were pretty nice, and not a one suspected Michelle was anything but a woman.

I was so proud of her. Over the last few days she had become more and more a lady. She was so comfortable as her feminine self that I think that she had forgotten her other persona. She didn't just look like a woman or act like a woman, Michelle was a woman. For just a second I thought back to when I decided that I wanted to meet Michelle and began to devise my plan. My thoughts brought a smile to my face, as I knew that I had done the right thing.

As the cocktail hour went on Michelle and I had more and more fun. We seemed to get more than our share of attention. For a while we couldn't figure it out, and then it dawned on us, all these people were married and they wanted Michael and Kevin married off too. They must have thought we were just the girl's to do it. We pieced together that they didn't know whether or not the boys were playboys, gay or what. To them we were just what was needed to put and end to all the speculation and make Michael and Kevin two more normal guys around the office.

Can you imagine what these people would have thought if they had only known the truth?

Well, we loved their attention and neither Michelle or I were going to burst their bubble.

Dinner was wonderful, shrimp cocktail, veal Oscar, bananas Foster. It was so good, but I had to keep kicking Michelle under the table. One thing she hadn't learned about being a lady is that we always leave a little food on our plates. We never want to be like boys and make public pigs of ourselves. It was hard, but Michelle realized what she needed to do and pushed the plate away.

At one point in the evening Michelle and I found ourselves in the ladies room. It was like one of those places you see in the movies. You know, the ones with the lavish powder room out front and the fixtures well hidden in the back.

When we were in there the wife of the company's CEO came up to us and starting talking. She was a very nice lady and she told us how glad she was that we were there, and that she hoped that we were enjoying our evening. Then she took Michelle by the hand and pulled her aside for a private conversation.

I could tell Michelle was a little nervous, and I've got to say so was I. I thought, *"Oh, God, this lady has made Michelle and things are going to get ugly."*

When I saw Michelle and this lady smiling and then hugging I knew Michelle was safe.

In a second Michelle was back and I immediately made her tell me what had gone on. She said that Helen, the boss' wife, wanted to tell her how glad she was that Michelle was here with Kevin. Helen told Michelle that Kevin was a very important member of the company, but that everybody worried about him because he never had any girl friends. Helen said that she and her husband were so relieved when Kevin arrived this evening with such a pretty girl, and how happy they were to see that Michelle and Kevin were such an affectionate, loving couple. Then Michelle told me that Helen said that she hoped Michelle wouldn't think her too forward, but she wanted her to know she hoped their romance would last and become serious, because she thought that they could have gorgeous babies.

Well, Diana, this was another one of those moments when Michelle and I had to use our total self-control. Have babies!

If that woman only knew that Michelle was equipped to make babies, not have them!

Can you believe it?

We had to tell Michael and Kevin, so we hurried out of the ladies room and back to our table. The boys didn't know whether to laugh or what. They thought it was a riot and were glad we were making such a positive impression, but knew that the four of us were under the watchful eye of Helen and the big cheese. Seeing an opportunity to make the boys a little more nervous Michelle wrapped her hand around Kevin's arm, pulled herself very close to him, kissed him on the cheek, and teased, "All the more reason for you boys to keep on treating us as ladies."

The whole time she was doing this Kevin had the strangest look on his face. I could only think that he was nervous about his boss seeing Michelle being so openly loving.

Later on Michelle told me that Kevin wasn't nervous and that I was only seeing half of what was going on. Down below the table she had unzipped his trousers and had her hand in his pants massaging his cock. The look on Kevin's face wasn't worry about what his boss was thinking. He was just trying to maintain control and not give into his passion right there in front of his whole company.

If Helen only knew just how loving and affectionate Kevin and Michelle really were.

The entertainment for the evening was a big band. You know, that Tommy Dorsey, Glenn Miller type music. It was certainly a change from the night before. Now this kind of music isn't really my cup of tea, but I must say it was perfect that night. We really enjoyed jitterbugging and especially enjoyed slow dancing to the soft swaying music that the band would play.

Early in the dancing some of the older partners took the opportunity to cut in and dance with the prettier young women, and as you might guess Michelle and I got hit on more than most of the other gals. It made me a little nervous with Michelle so close to these guys, but I could see by their smiles that she was being a perfect little Miss Charming.

As the dancing went on the old men wore out and we were left alone with Michael and Kevin. Thinking back, that time out on the dance floor was like something out of

the forties. In fact it was so much like what you see on the old movies channel that I almost remember it in black and white.

Unfortunately like all wonderful things the dancing and the party had to end. The four of us knew that the night was hardly over, and that what lay ahead would be a world of wonderful passion, but we still found it hard to leave the Ritz and climb back in the limo.

The ride back to the hotel wasn't long, just enough time to change the mood and set the stage. Michelle sat very close to Kevin and I to Michael, and soon we were slowly and softly caressing each other. It was almost unreal to watch Michelle and Kevin engage in this foreplay. Michelle was my husband, or at least she was three days before. I couldn't tell what I was enjoying more, Michael rubbing my body in all the right spots or watching Kevin and Michelle. I knew that this would be a wonderful night.

We were soon back at the hotel, and when the doorman opened the limo we all climbed out. On our way across the lobby we passed in front of a wall of mirrors. I can remember thinking how good we all looked, the boys in their tuxedos and we in our furs. I can also remember the looks in our eyes and wondering if the desk clerks could see the same lust that I saw.

All our self control broke down as soon as the elevator door closed. It was *deja vu*. Just the night before Michelle and I had ridden the same elevator up nineteen passionate floors, and here it was happening all over again.

By the time the elevator doors opened the boys had lost their jackets and their shirts were unbuttoned and pulled out from their waists.

At our door Michelle couldn't decide whether to get out the room key or undo Kevin's belt buckle. I knew what was important so I grabbed her purse, found the key, opened the door, and let her concentrate on his buckle. I opened the door about the same time she finished with the buckle, so when we walked in the room Michelle's had her hand in Kevin's pants and



Kevin was holding a belt loop so that his trousers wouldn't fall and trip him.

After that it's hard to remember exactly all that happened, and what happened in what order.

I know that it wasn't very long before we were all half naked. And I know I told Kevin and Michael that we still expected to be treated as ladies and that we hadn't brought them up stairs for any quickie.

They must have heard me because over the next couple of hours we found every way possible to get and give sexual pleasure. At first it was as couples but the lines between who was with who and who was what were soon lost. We became four people awash in total passion.

I found Michael to be an easy lover who somehow knew just how to excite me. His fingers and tongue explored every inch of me, and he never went straight to my pleasure spots. Instead of locking on to my hard and erect nipples he would take his time kissing and licking around them. By the time he finally slipped his lips down on me I was so hot with anticipation I almost went through the roof. He did the same thing with my pussy. First he began by sliding his leg between mine and gently rubbing against me. Next he slowly ran his hand down my body stopping just where my hair began, and then he rubbed and massaged all along the edges of that triangle. Sometimes he would run his hand just over the tops of the hairs, and when he did each shaft sent a jolt of electricity racing down to my hot, wet pussy.

I wanted him to touch me so badly I could scream, but he wasn't ready.

He wasn't satisfied to just tease me with his fingers. He knew that if he took the time to do the same with his lips and tongue I would explode when the real thing finally came. Michael was right, and with each kiss and nibble near my burning, dripping cunt I became tighter and tighter. He must have known that I couldn't stand any more and finally I felt his tongue slip into the lips of my vagina. My body immediately began to shake and quiver. I could barely focus as he buried his face deeper and deeper into my pussy.

We found a rhythm and very soon I knew that Michael was moving me toward my first climax of the night.

For some reason I opened my eyes. What I saw wasn't in total focus, but what I saw only further heightened my excitement. There was my Michelle, naked except for her lace silk panties biting Kevin's nipples and stroking his rock hard penis. She shoved him back on the bed and slowly licked her way down to that erect missile, and when she got there began to run her tongue up and down the shaft. Soon I saw her lips slide over his head and soon Kevin's dick disappeared into Michelle's soft, warm mouth.

While he was moaning in perfect ecstasy I saw Kevin pull Michelle around and position her sweet ass close to his face. He began to rub and squeeze her cheeks. This excited Michelle more and she began to attack Kevin's cock. As if to give her more encouragement Kevin put his finger in his mouth, got it all wet and then slowly entered Michelle's ass. She nearly went wild and I thought she might bite him clean off.

But It was clear that Kevin knew what he was doing and for the longest time they gave each other pleasure at a fever's pitch.

It was then that I lost control. Michael had gotten me hotter than I had ever been in my life. My pussy was on fire and my body wound tighter than a spring. He must have known that I was at the absolute edge because all of a sudden his tongue slowed to long deep strokes. I grabbed his head and buried him as far between my legs as he could go. I began to pant and moan, as I alternatively arched my back and then fell back to the bed. During my orgasm I felt a strange and exciting sensation. I was too lost to know what it was. I only knew that this strange feeling was helping to intensify and prolong my climax.

When it was over and I lay back to catch my breath I saw what had caused that sensation. During my orgasm Michelle and Kevin had come over and started to suckle my nipples. Can you believe it! I had just had sex with three people at one time.

Diana, this was definitely something out of the letters to Penthouse.

Next it was Michelle's turn.

She was about to lose her virginity, and I couldn't wait to see it happen. It began with Michelle and I combining our efforts and concentrating on Kevin's cock and balls. We licked and kissed and sucked and bit every inch of him. His dick was so hard that you'd swear it was a piece of hickory. He was ready, so now it was time to prepare Michelle. I laid her back on the bed, put her knees up and spread her legs. I reached for a tube of lubricant we had conveniently placed near the edge of the bed. Very soon I was applying the jelly to Michelle's tight little hole and to Kevin's dick. To help her loosen up I kept sliding my fingers in and out of her. First I used one finger, then two and then three. She groaned softly and I knew that Michelle was ready, as ready as she would ever be to receive the pleasures of a man. Soon my husband would feel Kevin's hard cock deep within her. It would seal her fate. Because I knew once this happened she would be Michelle forever.

I guided Kevin to the edge of the bed and brought his penis to the point of entry. He began rubbing the head of his hard shaft around Michelle's soft little ass, and she quivered with anticipation when he started to push himself into her. Her face tightened and I could tell it hurt. Kevin knew this too, so with one powerful thrust he pushed past her resistance and entered into her pleasure.

Michelle's face relaxed, and she smiled as Kevin began to pump his hard cock in and out of her.

While Kevin and Michelle were lost in their passion I grabbed Michael and we began to kiss and caress Michelle's body. We did her lips, her nipples, her stomach and yes we both did her cock. I was surprised that Michael showed no reluctance. He actually seemed to enjoy himself as he eagerly gave Michelle head.

While the boys were giving my darling girl the royal treatment, I moved back up to her face. I began to whisper in her ear, "You like to get fucked, don't you, Michelle? When you were a man you could never do this! Tonight you've lost your manhood and your virginity, and you love it! Don't you? You want to be Michelle all the time! Don't you? You don't need Michael any more! Do you?"

Michelle heard me and yet she didn't. Her passion was so strong that all she could say was, "Yes! Yes! Make me Kevin! Make me! Fuck me harder! Harder!"

Hearing her made me want to get screwed too. I slide up close to Michelle and pulled Michael over on top of me. I grabbed his hard cock and guided it into my hot, dripping pussy. I wrapped my legs tight around his waist and began to pump my hips hard and fast. Michael responded instinctively, yet his lips never left Kevin's cock.

We must have looked like some kind of human sex pretzel, but at that point none of us cared what things looked like. We were on animal overdrive and this was no time or place for rational thought.

I don't know what an atomic explosion is like, but as the four of us reached a climax in rapid succession it was like a multi-megaton bomb went off. We fell in a heap on the bed. We weren't done by a long shot, but we all needed a rest.

Just after we began to catch our breath, the giggles and comments began:

"Who's going to wash these sheet?"

"Does anybody have a tooth brush handy?"

"Do you girls do this for all the boys, or just the ones that give you fur coats?"

The levity soon gave way to petting and caressing, and as if you can't guess, that led to another round of unbelievable sex. Later that night just before I collapsed from exhaustion, I remember glancing at the clock on the night stand and noticing that it was after three.

What a night!

The next morning when I awoke I found Michelle and Kevin together in the shower. When I first came in she was shaving his face, but the time I left she had dropped to her knees and had slipped his cock into her mouth. Seeing her inspired me, so I went back to Michael and began to lick his dick while at the same time massaging my pussy. Soon he was awake and hard, and very shortly after that I lowered myself down on that hard shaft. I must say that screw was better than any breakfast in bed.

It was hard to get dressed that morning. The boys couldn't keep their hands off of us. We loved it, but reality meant we had to check out sometime that day. The thing that finally got their attention and settled them down was Michelle putting on her make-up.

They loved watching her transform herself into a woman, especially Kevin. He was so interested that he wanted to help, and it turned out that art was one of his many talents. With just a little coaching he did a really good job and Michelle looked wonderful.

Kevin and Michelle were having so much fun that Michelle wanted him to help her pick out an outfit to wear. Kevin thought it was a great idea, and went with her to the closet. He picked out a pretty beige dress. It was a flowing rayon/polyester with a shirt collar and a pretty lace cut out across the lower shoulders and down the back. Michelle let him finish off the outfit by selecting just the right shoes and jewelry. It was so cute to watch them. This was Michelle's first boy friend and they were absolutely infatuated with each other.

We spent the rest of the morning eating at the hotel buffet and walking along the Chicago River. It was hard to make ourselves leave, and when we did we did it with many tears. We couldn't believe that less than forty eight hours ago we had by chance come upon these two wonderful men. It had to be fate, and I became only more convinced that the path that I had laid for Michelle and I was the absolute right one.

MY LIFE

It's been a little over a year and a half since that weekend and lots of things have changed in my life. The first big change came when we sold our house in the suburbs and moved out in the country. The neighbors at the old place were used to seeing me with Michael, and Michelle found it constraining to be herself and always have to duck from the guys she used to drink beer with. The homes where we live now aren't so close together, and besides the neighbors all think two women live in our house.

Another big change came about a year ago. Michael quit his job and Michelle bought a small florist shop in one of the corporate office towers downtown. Her business is strictly eight to five and caters to the companies that occupy the tower. I was a little nervous about giving up all Michael's income, but the business is doing great and financially we're really better off than before.

The greatest thing about Michelle's career change is that Michael doesn't exist anymore. The shop, Michelle's Creations, did away with the need for Michelle to lead a dual life and now she's a she all the time. We are both much happier, and I know Michelle doesn't miss having to get up each day and go to work pretending to be a man.

Oh, I can't forget to tell you. After Michael's last day at work we had a party in the back yard. Michelle and I took all his clothes, piled them up, soaked them with gasoline and set them on fire. We toasted the passing with champagne and strawberries.

It was a wonderful evening!

Our change in lifestyle has brought some changes in Michelle. Of course she's let her hair grow out and no longer wears wigs. Our first trip to the beauty shop was a blast, and you can bet I had the beautician turn her natural light brown hair to ash blonde. Besides letting her hair grow out Michelle found it to be more and more a pain to keep clean of men's hair. Well, my little girl no longer has to worry about her five o'clock shadow. For about a year she made regular trips to see her friend Katie and through the wonders of electrolysis, the only things Michelle now shaves are her legs and arm pits.

In addition the trips to see Katie, Michelle also made a few trips to see Dr. Ted and for the last ten months she has been on hormones. Michelle could make herself look good before, but now she looks much more natural and is no longer totally dependent upon make-up. The real kicker though came about three months back.

Michelle got breast implants!

Can you believe it? I swear to God, with only one exception, my husband has become a total woman! And, I love it! Oh by the way, if you've never suckled another women's breasts before you ought to try it!

Michelle and I still go out on adventures.

Sometimes it's an evening trip to some local dance bar where we delight in teasing the boys. Other times it's been a trip to different cities around the state to shop and hit the night spots. Once we attended a crossdressers' gathering down in Texas and had an absolute blast. On those weekends when we're feeling especially hot we get dressed real chic and spend the evening turning each other on dancing at a lesbian bar out on the West Side. One time we did such a good job of raising our passion levels that we just couldn't wait to get home. That was the night we ripped off our panties in the car, I squeezed in between Michelle and the steering wheel and she screwed me while we were driving home on the freeway. We were real lucky we didn't get stopped or get in a wreck, and have promised each other to exercise more restraint in the future.

On top of all this we still see Michael and Kevin, plus a couple of other guys who live here in town.

Michelle and Kevin are closer than Michael and I. She periodically flies to Chicago to play the loving girl friend role for Kevin's bosses at the company.

One evening when the boys came to visit us we even talked about staging a wedding. It was a great fantasy and I think Michelle is almost thinking seriously about the idea. Kevin and Michelle have also gone off on a couple of trips. Once he took her to New York to shop and to go to the theater.

I was jealous!

Last month, about six weeks after her breast implant surgery, Kevin took Michelle to Cancun for a week. They spent the whole time on the beach, snorkeling, eating or rolling around in bed.

In the photos I'm sending with my letter is a picture of Michelle and Kevin in bathing suits down by the hotel pool.

Don't you think she looks great?

Well I guess I've run on enough. I can't believe how long this letter is. I hope I haven't put you to sleep. Some strange story, isn't it? I write to tell you that I have a wonderful secret, and then I tell you that my husband has changed into a woman.

But you know me well enough to understand that Michael's transformation is not my real secret. My real secret is that after all these years I finally have found another friend like you. A friend with whom I can share my most private feelings. A friend that knows what I'm thinking without me saying a word.

You know Diana, I really believe I've been blessed. Most people are lucky to find one friend like you.

I've found two.

Love and Kisses,
Susan

ANOTHER FINE MESS

By Marsha Lakey

Did you ever know someone whose life seemed to be one big adventure? You know, one of those people who always have a story to tell. The ones who just seemed to have an unavoidable attraction to the fast lane.

Well, I'm one of those people.

I don't know why I am, but for some reason I always seem to go from one mess to another. Everyone who knows me loves to hear my latest, and the more I embellish and stretch the story the better they like it. Now I must admit that telling these stories makes me the center of attention, and I enjoy that. What you don't know is that it is sometimes more fun to retell my tales than it is to live them.

Like right now I'm in another mess.

I'm about 22,000 feet up in the air over the wheat fields of Nebraska on my way to Las Vegas.

Sitting next to me is my escort, Nelson Avery. Now Nelson is a really sweet guy and he is loaded. He's quite a bit older than I am, but Nelson handles his age well, kind of like Paul Newman. Like I said, he's a sweetheart and he's always treated me wonderfully. Everything with Nelson has been first class and he's never been too pushy.

So you're saying, "This girl has a problem? I should have such problems."

Well, I do have a problem! What you don't know is that I may look like, talk like and act like a girl, but I'm not a "real" girl.

Yeah, yeah, yeah! You don't believe me.

How about you and I go back to the ladies room and I'll pull down my panties and prove it to you. What's that? You don't think that will be necessary. Good, that means you believe me and I can get back to my problem because you don't know the worst of it.

Nelson is just like you, he really believes I am a girl. I don't know if I'm afraid that if I told him I'd break his heart or that he'd break my nose, but he has no idea that I'm not what he thinks I am.

How and why I got into this mess is another story and maybe I'll tell you later, but I just want you to know that we high adventure people sometimes wish for a week out on the farm. I mean like right now my little mind is going a hundred miles an hour. Between now and the time we land I've got a lot to figure out. Nelson and I are going to share the same Las Vegas suite for the next three days and like I said I really don't want a broken nose.

Now I'm not complaining mind you. I've chosen to become what I am and I don't regret it one bit. I know I'll figure some way out of my latest mess. I always do, but right now I'm sweating bullets and I wish I was wearing dress shields. It's like when ...

Olivia was the first person that I knew who was a crossdresser. After a bunch of years thinking that I was just weird, I finally figured out that I wasn't some sort of twerp, I was just different. Anyhow, I found a crossdressers' support organization and that's how I met Olivia. Since then we've done a bunch of things together and I've got to say I think that if weren't for Olivia, Shelbi, that's me, wouldn't exist today.

One of the things that Olivia always knew how to do was to get around. When I met her she had been dressing for quite a while and somewhere along the way she had developed a kind of sixth sense for what was safe and was not. When I was with her I never really worried because she always took care of us.

Well not exactly always, because there was this one time when she got us into a really big mess. Not only was it a big mess, it was my first mess when I was dressed in drag, and I have to tell you I was one scared little honey.

It all started when Olivia found this new place to eat.

Now for so called normal people there are lots of restaurants to choose from, but for crossdressers the choices are limited. Of course that's not true for me any more, but back then for a couple of girls like Olivia and I to be accepted into a restaurant it almost always had to be a place that catered to gays. That limits the number of places you have to pick from so we were kind of excited to have a new place to go.

Olivia called me and told me about Diane's and how some of the other girls had gone there and really liked it. She suggested I find a free evening to come down so we could try it out. She thought it would be fun to get all dressed up and then go out for a nice dinner.

I agreed that it was a great idea, so we compared calendars and found a day that we would both be free.

Now this all happened back in the days before anybody knew about my other side. Back then I was lived in two very distinct worlds.

There was the world of T.J. — all male, ex-jock, successful businessman.

And, there was the world of Shelbi — all girl, gentle and sexy.

Back in those days I had to be real careful when I left the world of T.J. and entered Shelbi's world. I always figured that if I was ever caught I'd be dead meat, so dressing up was strictly an out of town experience. And one I always tied to a business trip or other logical excuses to get away.

The week after Olivia's call seemed like the longest week of the year, but finally the day to leave arrived. During most of that day I was actually conducting business, and if I remember right I was very productive.

I guess that's why I didn't feel too guilty when I quit early, found a motel room, and began my transformation into Shelbi. I started by shaving, once with a gel and once with baby oil. While I let my face recover from that double scrapping, I busied myself getting my clothes organized and putting on my nails. About forty five minutes later I

was back at the mirror putting on my face. Even though this used to take me almost an hour I loved doing it. With each different cosmetic Shelbi would come more and more to life, and as my physical appearance would change so would my mental outlook. The layers of my male self would begin to drop away and my feminine inner core would become exposed. The moment I always liked best was when I was done with my make-up and would put on my wig. When I did this I would purposely look away from the mirror, that way when I turned around the face I would see in the mirror would be Shelbi's.

After I put on my dress and heels and organized my purse, I headed off for Olivia's.

She knew what time I was coming but when I got there she was agonizing over what to wear. She was real apologetic but I told her not to worry. Hey, I know there are just those days when it is almost impossible for a girl to pick the right thing. I told Olivia to chill out and that I would help her.

We picked out a couple of outfits, she put each of them on, and after about a half an hour we reached a consensus. It was a tight black dress with a matching pink jacket. She looked great, but now I was jealous and told her that I wanted to go back to the motel and change. Olivia said she wasn't going to hear of such nonsense, and with that we got in my car and drove off to Diane's for drinks and dinner.

Diane's turned out to be in a part of town we didn't normally frequent. Not a bad part of town mind you, but a place not near any where we'd ever been. Olivia assured me that it would be OK. She said that it was run by a lesbian couple, and that while all the clientele were not gay anyone who went there was pretty tolerant. I wasn't worried because I knew Olivia had her sixth sense and besides that I figured that as long as the place wasn't lit up like Christmas we would pass easily. Once inside any nervousness we might have had disappeared. Diane's was quiet, nicely decorated and as we were to soon find out blessed with good food and fine service.

I bet you're wondering, "OK, when is this broad going to get to the good stuff. Everything so far is a piece of cake."

Well, the action came when it was time to leave. What Olivia's sixth sense hadn't picked up was the pool hall down at the other end of the parking lot. And it was from that pool hall that our mess originated.

You see just as we were exiting Diane's, four certified rednecks, juiced up on one too many Budweisers came tumbling out of that hall. They made Olivia and I as a couple of lesbians and started right in on us. They were about as nasty and vulgar as you could be, and I've got to admit I've never seen anyone as creative in their language and their body gestures as these jerks.

Now you don't know Olivia, but I've got to tell you that she's not a lady to be pushed without expecting her to push back. As soon as those guys opened their mouths I knew what she was going to do, and before I could tell her to be cool she was laying into them. She questioned their ancestry, the species of their mothers, their sexual preferences and then threw in a few creative gestures of her own.

Well, the boys didn't take too well to Olivia's response and so they started to stroll down the parking lot right toward us. At that point it didn't take much to get Olivia into the car, and as soon as we were in and the doors were locked I asked her, "Say, Dear, you didn't happen to remember where the exit to this parking lot is, did you?"

Olivia looked at me kind of funny like and then her eyes popped open and she muttered, "Oh, shit!" The only exit was between us and the good old boys coming our way.

In normal situations girls like to talk things over before taking any action. That way we're sure not to hurt anybody's feelings or to pass over someone before they have a chance to speak. All in all it's a good practice and keeps life from becoming uncivilized. The only thing was this wasn't a normal situation and I was scared to death. It didn't really seem like an appropriate time to discuss our dilemma in any detail so without consulting Olivia I jammed my foot down on the accelerator and within seconds that bunch of redneck goons were diving for cover.

Once we were out of the parking lot and out on the street I thought we were safe and slowed down to the speed limit. But as soon as I did I heard Olivia say, "This is no time to get comfortable, Shelbi."

I couldn't believe it could be true, but when I looked in my mirror I saw the first of two pickup trucks jump the curb and hit the street in full pursuit. Once again I hit the gas and my little Grand Prix raced off into the night.

In reality the chase didn't last all that long but to us it seemed like an eternity. We dodged in and out of traffic, squealed around corners and otherwise drove like the Dukes of Hazard. We finally ditched those turkeys and thought our troubles were over, but no sooner had we gotten rid of the KKK than a cop pulled in behind us with his flashers going.

Now I was really scared. I was sure that I was going to get busted for reckless operation, thrown in jail while I was dressed in drag and no doubt that would cause the end of the world as I knew it. What was I going to do?

As that cop got out of his cruiser and walked up toward us, my heart was beating a million times a minutes and my mind racing toward the speed of sound.

Don't ask me how but just when he reached my car everything clicked, my mind cleared and I started to bawl. That's right bawl!

Great big, crocodile tears were streaming down my face.

When the cop got up to my window I didn't give him a chance to say a word. I started to blabber on and on about being chased, and pickup trucks, and bad men, and good girls, and being afraid. My best move of this whole routine was when he put his hand on my car door and I grabbed it, held on tight and pulled up it to my cheek. I'm telling you, this guy really believed I was an absolutely hysterical woman. He had no clue as to what was really going on.

Sometimes I think I lead a charmed life because what happened next happens too often to me. I try not think about it too hard for fear that if I do my dumb luck will go

away. I know sometime I'll probably use up my nine lives, but so far I've been real lucky and this particular moment was no exception.

Just as I was holding on to the cop's hand, and crying and babbling, and trying to figure out what to do next the two redneck pickup trucks came screaming, hell bent for heaven around the corner in front of us. By the time they saw that they had run head long into a cop it was too late for them to stop, so they just gunned it and raced on by.

The cop couldn't believe what he was seeing, but I knew a golden opportunity when I saw one so in the best feminine voice I could muster I pleaded between my tears and sobs, "Those are the ones that wanted to rape us! Please, Officer, don't let them get away!"

Now tell me, what cop do you know that can resist a hot pursuit. It's the kind of thing they dream of, and this guy was no exception. He wanted those rednecks as much as he had ever wanted anything in his life. I didn't want him to miss out on all that fun trying to decide if the right thing was to take care of us or chase bad guys, so I said, "It's OK. to leave us. We'll be fine. And as soon as we get our composure go down to the police station."

Well that's all he needed and the next thing I saw were his cute little buns sprinting back to the cruiser.

Olivia and I did sit there a minute, and we did regain our composure, but as you've already guessed we did not go to the police station. The fact is we headed back to her place and parked my car in the deepest, darkest corner we could find. I prayed that the cop hadn't called in my license plate number, but if he did and I got questioned I was all ready with some cooked up story about my stupid kid sister, who I just kicked out, who was now living with some cowboy in Winnipeg, who took my car out joy riding.

Luckily I never had to use that story, but I have told and retold the real one plenty of times. Like a lot of my stories it is sometimes hard for me to remember which of the versions I tell is the real truth. Just so you know, I do believe that this version was pretty factual. At least I think it was ...

...Not everything that happens in my life is such high adventure. Take for example the time I cut out of work early, and got all dolled up for an afternoon of shopping. I was tired of the old suburban mall routine so I decided to go to the new mall downtown. It's a great place with tons of shops and lots of people.

When I got there, I gathered up my courage, put on my "I'm a totally confident woman" face and headed into shoppers heaven. And heaven it was. I visited tons of stores, tried on lots of stuff and became so wrapped up in Shelbi that T.J. might as well have never been born.

I'm sure that somewhere in that afternoon some really observant person made me. You know, "you can't fool all of the people all the time." But nobody let on, so as far as I was concerned I was just one more bouncy mall bunny.

I should have known better than to get that comfortable because unlike Olivia I've never been known for my sixth sense. The truth is Olivia says that some times I don't

have any sense at all. But when she does that I remind her of how her radar was on the fritz that night back at Diane's, and how if it wasn't for me she would have been playing smash mouth with some drunken, redneck jerk. When I bring up the last part, she starts to turn red, changes the subject and is nice to me for the rest of the night.

Back to the mall.

I had basically made the rounds and had decided that some of the dresses and evening gowns that were on sale at Marshall Fields were worth a second look. I went back there and picked out three or four things that I was semiserious about. Everything was absolutely cool. Hey, for once I didn't even panic when a clerk walked over to ask if I needed any help. I just calmly asked in my best feminine voice, "Where are the changing rooms?"

I tried on each of the dresses, taking time to come out of the dressing booth and carefully examine each in the three way mirror. I really liked them all and was thinking how hard it was going to be to pick just one. I purposely saved one dress to try on last. It had caught my eye out on the floor, and while I liked it, I didn't know if I would look dumb in it. It was like nothing that I had ever worn before. It was figure fitting and had a very dramatic design in black and white. It was the kind of thing I had seen in catalogs, always liked, but figured it just wouldn't look good on me. But I thought what the heck, I might as well try it. What have I got to lose, right?

Well, I put the dress on and stepped out to the mirror. Guess what, I loved it! I looked great! I turned and I swirled, admiring this wonderful new look. I was ready to rip off the tags, plunk down some cash and parade around the mall so everybody could see me.

As I was doing all this I heard someone behind me say, "That dress is you. It's perfect."

Without really looking at the lady talking to me I replied, "Do you really think so? I love the dress, but it is so different than anything else I've ever worn."

She said, "There is no doubt about it! You have to buy that dress. The first time you wear it for your husband, he'll be eating out of the palm of your hand."

Now I figured that all this time one of the sales clerks is talking to me, right?

Wrong!

When I finally had sense enough to look in the mirror to see this lady's face I almost fainted. It was Phyllis, my next door neighbor! As you might well guess the sight of her in that mirror set my heart thumping and my mind racing. I couldn't make a quick exit to my dressing booth because she was standing right in front of it. The only thing I could do was to keep talking, avoid direct eye contact and hope she got tired of talking and wanted to try on the things she had draped over her arm.

I asked Phyllis how she thought the dress fit. Where she thought I should wear it. What accessories would best set it off. You name it we talked about it. Actually after I was over my initial shock I started to enjoy my conversation with Phyllis. I got so comfortable that I almost asked her if her husband, George, was really as good in bed

as he told all the guys in the neighborhood, but I decided that this was no time to be cute.

Finally she excused herself and headed off to try on her clothes. I took one last look at my dress and decided that she was right, this dress was me.

When I changed and started to leave the dressing room I saw that Phyllis was looking in the mirror, so I asked her how she liked the dress she was trying on.

She crinkled her nose and mused, "You know, I don't know. It's not bad but do I really want to buy it."

Now Phyllis is really a pretty nice person and I like her. I didn't want to see her to get stuck buying something that wasn't right so I decided to look her over closely and give her my honest opinion.

When I told her that the dress just wasn't good enough for her she observed, "I believe you are right. There is no sense in buying something to wear once or twice and then let hang in the closet, just because you never really liked it in the first place. Thanks, you're a sweetheart."

"Oh, that's OK. You were so nice to me I just wanted to repay your kindness." Then I asked, "By the way, what's your name?"

She replied, "Phyllis, what's yours?"

I said, "Shelbi. Maybe I'll see you again, Phyllis. Bye now."

Being that we were neighbors I used to see Phyllis a lot and as much as I wanted to, I never told her about our chance meeting. I did tell my wife though and she thought it was pretty funny. She also thought that Olivia was right, that sometimes I don't have any sense. Anyhow after that day in the dressing room I found myself talking to Phyllis frequently. The only thing was, when ever I was talking to her I was always wishing I was wearing panty hose and a dress.

Wait a minute, you don't know about my wife do you? Well you'll have to excuse me for jumping around ...

...Annie and I got married right out of college. It was all pretty normal stuff. Pretty normal except that her husband liked to dress and act like a woman. Don't get me wrong, I long ago understood that I'm not some weirdo, but then again, I've also realized that I'm also not exactly always in the mainstream. Annie didn't know anything about my Shelbi side when we were dating and getting married.

The fact is I didn't know much either. You see like almost all crossdressers my desires to be a lady had surfaced when I was very young. I had buried those feelings all through high school and college, and it wasn't until after we got married that they made a comeback. I don't know what the trigger was, maybe being around all of Annie's clothes made me jealous.

Who knows why it happened, the only thing I know is that it happened. It started with fantasies and progressed to this, the very essence of femininity, don't you think? But that's another story, and besides I was just going to tell you, another fine mess...

...It was probably five years into our marriage when I figured out that I was born to be a girl. When I did, I said to myself, "Why fight it?"

So I didn't. I started to collect a wardrobe. Learn about make-up. Finally I started to look for other people who felt like me. And like I told you the first girl that I met was Olivia.

I found that I loved being Shelbi, and I took every legitimate opportunity to be out of town on business. During the day I was T.J., the hustling businessman, but every evening I was Shelbi, a young woman just learning her way in life.

I guess my absence and maybe the invisible barrier that I was building between Annie and me took its toll. Maybe it was out of loneliness or it was maybe frustration, but for whatever reason Annie started fooling around on me. I didn't know this was going on because Annie was as good at hiding her secret as I was at hiding mine.

But the truth is that she has had several steady lovers, and if the right guy presented himself she was not adverse to a passionate one night stand where only first names were exchanged.

I found out about Annie and her lovers in a very strange way, or did you guess that already.

I had a business trip that was to take me out of town all week and into the weekend. As the week progressed I realized that things wouldn't take as long as planned, and that I would probably be able to fly out Thursday after work. As soon I, as T.J., had adjusted his business schedule, Shelbi jumped in and started to work on the social calendar. She saw the possibility of a very rare occurrence in her life, a weekend. It was exciting and since Annie didn't expect to see me until Sunday it wouldn't be hard to cover my tracks.

The first thing I decided was that this weekend wasn't going to be an out of town weekend. I figured with a metropolitan population that pushes a million I could go home and still be very anonymous. Besides there were tons of places in my own city that Shelbi always wanted to go but never had. This would be her chance.

Everything fit together perfectly. Shelbi was going to get a full two and a half days without having to share a moment with T.J. The only thing left to do was to make the arrangements. With one phone call I had a motel room and with a few more I had found some other girls who thought it was great that I was finally going to be around for something other than a Wednesday night support group meeting.

I was set!

My plane landed about four and by seven I was transformed and on my way to meet Gina and Tracy for dinner. As we planned to go out bar hopping after we ate, none of us got really dressed up. I wore a black mini and a bright pink cashmere sweater. Gina and Tracy wore comparable outfits.

All three of us love to be out in the regular public, so the restaurant we chose was a favorite with the suburban yuppie crowd. Gina and Tracy were a few minutes ahead of me and had gotten a table in the bar.

When I arrived we kissed and hugged and all commented on how good we each looked. We had barely even said our hellos when Tracy said, "Looks like we've already attracted attention."

Gina asked, "What somebody made us? I can't believe it, we look too good."

Tracy said, "No, Gina, no one's made us, but we have attracted the attention of those guys over at the bar."

Now I've got to tell you that the three of us, and for that matter most of my girl friends, are straight. Don't get me wrong we like it when guys come on to us because it makes us feel like ladies. I mean what girl do you know that isn't flattered when she gets the attention of a good looking man.

Look at me. Right now I'm sitting next to Nelson, and he'll give me all the attention I want and buy me anything my little heart desires. If you don't believe me just look at this ring. You're jealous, aren't you?

Anyway what I started to say is that because it suits us we don't mind flirting and teasing with men. Sometimes I'll go a little farther, but I've always drawn the line when they try to get too intimate. Some of my friends say that I'm asking for trouble when I do this, but I've always been able to pull it off.

Except for one time ...

... Annie and I decided that we weren't going to spend another Friday night doing old maid stuff. We wanted a little action in our lives. That left out staying at home doing laundry and watching videos, and as much as we love it, that also left out going shopping. Although as I've already told you, when you least expect it even shopping can become an adventure. Really, we pretty much knew what we were going to do — get dolled up and hit the singles bars. We figured that if we did a few straight and a few lipstick lesbian places we were bound to find some fun.

That was the plan. After work we'd eat, get ready, and then head off for a night of fun. It was a good plan and all day Friday I spent more time thinking about that night than concentrating on work. Good thing I had closed a few deals earlier in the week, other wise my output for the week would have looked pretty puny.

Finally the day ended and I headed out for home. On days like this I liked to beat Annie home. She liked it too because when she got home she is greeted by her best friend Shelbi. She would say she still liked to have T.J. around but I thought she could care less, which was all right with me because I was happiest when I was Shelbi anyhow.

Well, I did beat her home and set about on my routine. You know, scraping off the old beard, painting my nails, applying concealer and foundation, adding a little color, fixing my wig, all those kinds of thing.

When Annie did arrive I wasn't totally made-up, but I was more than presentable.

We took time out to fix dinner, eat, clean up the kitchen and then turn our attention back to getting ready. We loved this part because we always made a big production out of helping each other. She'd say, "Do you think this is too much eye make-up?"

Or, I'd ask, "I feel like a sausage in this dress. Am I popping out over the edges?"

It's a routine that the both of us like and carry on when we are getting ready to go out. This night was no exception, and maybe even a little bit more so. When we were all ready we spent the longest time feeding our vanity and telling each other how nice we looked. Annie liked my red silk blouse, tight, black mini and three inch heels. I thought she would knock them out wearing her yellow, scoop neck tunic sweater, black stretch leggings and boots. Of course with these outfits we went a little heavy on the make-up. Not to the point of being trappy mind you, just enough to insure the boys wouldn't miss us in the crowd.

After many, many trips to the mirror we finally decided we were ready. Our first stop was a west side singles bar. It was nice, but a little slow. We got hit on by a couple of guys, and just for fun we let them buy us drinks and did a little dancing. They were nice enough, but we weren't serious and this place just wasn't the high energy place we were looking for. Annie and I excused ourselves to the restroom, came back and told the two guys that we had called the baby-sitter and Annie's baby was sick so we had to split.

A couple of minutes later we were out in the parking lot laughing and feeling pretty smug. A few free drinks, a few dances, this is just what we had planned. Annie and I figured we were on a roll, and with that frame of mind we drove on to spot number two, hoping that it would meet our high standards.

It didn't take too long to figure out that the second stop was the right place. Good crowd, good music, exactly what we wanted.

For a while we just wandered around, kind of checking out the place. But soon the fun started to happen. In just minutes a couple of cute guys were hitting on us. They wanted us to dance. We played coy. They got real sweet. We gave in, and off to the dance floor we went.

Now Annie loves this. First of all you've got to remember she's still a little promiscuous, and second she loves to see me with other guys. It's not that she really likes



to see me with other guys, it's that she knows having a guy come on to me feeds my femininity. And when that happens I can become a real tease and flirt. The problem is that when I do guys starts to get serious and then I start looking for the back door. And that's what she really liked, to see how far I'd go and how much I'd risk before I'd bail out. On top of all that when I knew Annie was watching it would just feed my daredevil nature. As you can well see that did not make for a healthy situation, and that night was living proof.

Back to the dance floor. These two guys were nice, but turned out to be boring and after a couple of dances we ditched them.

I'm sure you've been out on a Friday night, so you know that one of the biggest challenges of the evening can be fighting your way through the crowd to get close to the bar. If you've been there you also know that getting close does not mean service, it means the crowd just gets denser as everyone is trying to belly up for more alcohol. Well, that's what happened to us. When we finally got near the bar, grid lock.

Good thing we weren't out on the desert, because if we were we surely would have died of thirst before getting served. Just when things looked hopeless, to our rescue came two gorgeous hunks. Somehow these two guys saw our plight and just as they were about to order for themselves they asked Annie and I what we wanted. We told them and in a minute they waded out of the crowd drinks in hand. We tried to pay them. They wouldn't hear of it but said if we were really grateful we could dance with them.

I wanted to say, "Hell, yes big guy!" But instead I gave some ladylike response.

Anyhow a few minutes later we were back out on the dance floor with Fabio's cousins. I could tell right away that Annie was in love, or maybe more accurately in heat. It's not that I was upset or anything. I had come to accept Annie's infidelity, just as she had come to accept my love of being a lady. The only problem was up to that point she had never gotten serious with anyone when we were out together, and I was wondering how I would get my baby cakes out of this mess if she got me into it.

In my typical style I didn't worry too much, but I should have. The music rolled on and so did the alcohol, and not long after Annie was flying. I thought for sure she was going to climb into this guy's shorts right in the middle of the dance floor. All of her antics only served to get his buddy excited and pretty soon I was playing non stop dodge-ems.

I had just about run out of clever moves to keep this guy off of me, when I decided a tactical retreat was in order. I grabbed Annie and dragged her off to the girl's room. Once we were safely inside I said, "God, girl, what are you trying to do get my ass kicked?"

I was so worked up that I forgot who I was and where I was and I think my T.J. voice slipped out. I don't remember one way or the other for sure, but I do remember all the other girls in the restroom looking at me real funny. Annie thought it was funny too, she just blurted out, "Oh, don't ruin everything. Just tell him you've got your period. The worst that could happen is that he'd want you to give him a hand job or maybe a little head."

A little head! Was she nuts? No, she wasn't nuts, she was just drunk and horny. What a mess! I didn't care if Annie got what she wanted. That was fine with me, like I said we accepted each other's little differences. I just didn't want to be part of her little escapade.

Once again my little heart and head were racing a mile a minute. Solutions and scenarios screamed in and out of my brain so fast I could barely keep up with myself. I'd hide out in the restroom and wait 'till the cleaning crew opened up in the morning. No, I'd gag myself and throw up all over my clothes. That would keep that hunk out of my panties for the night. No, I'd faint and then have a miraculous recovery when the paramedics got me outside. Yeah I know, I know, not too practical, pretty messy, pretty dumb! That's what I thought too. Then it happened. The skies parted and a brilliant shaft of sunlight encircled me. The solution and my salvation were at hand.

I had a plan and I knew that I could make it work. Well, at least I thought I could make it work. And so, with a new- found confidence masking my absolute panic I picked up my head, marched out of the ladies' room and headed right for Annie and the hunks.

They saw me coming and I could see the one who had staked me out get a smile on his face and a gleam in his eye. I knew he wanted me so bad he could taste me.

Remember I know how guys think, did you forget what is underneath this pretty girl facade? You did? Oh, you're so sweet! Hey, this isn't the story!

Anyhow I know that this guy figures he's going to score tonight and his testosterone levels have got to be off the chart. And do you know what? Just the thought of that was scary as hell. My courage started to drop and I was ready to spin right around and go back and hide in the ladies' room. I didn't though. Instead I told myself, "Shelbi, real women don't let overgrown boys have their way unless they want them to, and you certainly don't want any part of his anatomy. So, girl, you know what you have to do. Just go do it!"

I quit thinking and just did. I told you that I do my best when I don't think but just act.

I remember seeing the smile on that hunks face turn to a gape when I went into my act.

"Oh, Annie, we can't pretend anymore! It's no use! Hard bodies just can't substitute for soft, smooth skin. God, I want you so bad I'm going to have you right here!"

I said that loudly and clearly. Enough so that not only did I get the attention of the hunks, but also about half of the people in the bar. Just so nobody thought I wasn't serious I tore into Annie with a vengeance. I think I stuck my tongue half way past her tonsils and I know my hands were everywhere from her bottom to her breasts. In short order I started in on her clothes, unbuttoning her blouse, popping the front snap on her bra, hiking up her skirt.

As you might the guess the crowd ate it all up. Everyone except for the two hunks. Their macho egos were so devastated that they kept fading farther and farther back into the shadows. And as they faded away just about everyone else in the bar moved in. A lesbian love scene was about to be played out in front of their very eyes. It was

something most of them only saw in magazines or movies, and now they were going to see it up close and personal. My dumb luck was holding out because through the whole scene Annie never flinched. She played her part perfectly, better than I could have hoped for. She was honestly getting all steamed up by my antics. I think she was so drunk she didn't even know what was going on and couldn't tell the difference between me and the hunk. She says she wasn't drunk and knew exactly what was happening. She says she was completely swept away by my passion. I think she's full of it, don't you?

Luckily for me the only people in the crowd that I really wanted to notice what was going on did, and in a few minutes Annie and I were being escorted out the front door by a couple of over sized bouncers. I could have kissed them but decided not to push my luck. I had squeaked through another one of my messes and didn't want to get right back into another one. Instead I grabbed Annie by the hand and headed off to the car on the far side of the parking lot.

I guess the walk through the cool night air brought Annie back to her senses, because about half way to the car she started to piss and moan about how she really wanted that hunk and how I had screwed up everything. As she was rambling on I was thinking about our little scene back in the bar. That was an act of survival, but what was running through my head now wasn't survival it was passion. In rapid succession I replayed the vision of the bar scene over and over. As I did my passion grew, and by the time we made it to the car I couldn't control myself. I spun Annie around and started to kiss and caress her. Her complaining quickly subsided and was replaced by a gentle purr. In moments our blouses were unbuttoned, our bras unhooked and our hard nipples were rubbing against each other. Almost on cue we both raised our skirts and slid aside our panties. Annie spread her legs and I entered deep inside her.

I can't believe no one saw us that night because we both remember making love for a long, long time. It was slow, sensual and totally fulfilling. Neither of us can think of a time when it was better.

What did you say? What's this about our nipples rubbing together? Well, I'll tell ya. No, wait a minute I haven't even finished the story about the time Gina, Tracy and I were out together. I know, I know, I'm jumping all around. Just hang in there and maybe all the pieces will come together before I'm through. Now let's see, Gina, Tracy and I were at this bar...

...Remember I was telling you how we had no more than sat down in the lounge to wait for our table when Tracy told us how we had attracted the attention of some guys at the bar. Well, unlike my last story we weren't out for guys, we were just three girls out for a Thursday night dinner. When they came over we flirted and teased a little, but when our table was ready we left them saying, "Better luck next time fellas." As we were leaving this one guy looked at me with great big puppy dog eyes and I almost felt sorry for him. But what the heck, what proper lady doesn't leave a trail of broken hearts. Right?

Dinner was great and we just had a ton of fun sitting around talking and just generally having a good time. We were all pretty good at the girl routine, so no one sitting

around us even gave a second thought to our gender, Well, maybe one person did. One of the waiters was a bit of a sissy and we all thought that he had us made. But he didn't make a fuss so all was well.

Just as we were being served our desserts and coffee I caught a glimpse of someone across the restaurant that I thought I recognized. I looked hard, did a couple of classic Stan Laurel double takes and after Gina lifted my chin off the table and pushed it back up to my face I muttered, "Shit, that's Annie!"

Sure enough no more than twenty feet away sat my wife having dinner with some good looking guy that I did not know. Tracy and Gina were all for slipping out and you know me, Miss run when then flames get hot, Shelbi. But this time I didn't get the old heart racing syndrome. This time I was calm. I was cool. I was collected. OK., I know, don't over play the clichés. But the truth is I didn't want to run and I wanted to stay. I wanted to stay and watch what happened. Why was Annie with this guy? What would they do? Where would they go? I just knew this was leading me some place. I didn't know exactly where, but wherever it was I was along for the ride.

I talked it over with the other girls and we all agreed that for the rest of the evening we were going to be junior G-Girls. They thought it would be a grand adventure. So did I.

For the next fifteen minutes we piddled around with our desserts and drank so much coffee that we all had to pee. Annie must have had her share of coffee too because at one point she and Tracy were in the ladies room together. Tracy reported back after her little reconnaissance and told us that Annie had said that she was out for evening with her boy friend, Tommy, and that later on they were going to the Trilogy to dance.

Boy Friend! Tommy! Dancing! Yeah, and then what! Boy this was really getting interesting.

Gina and Tracy were really concerned about me and about how I felt. You know, right in front of me there was my wife cheating big time. And then when we saw Annie walk back to her table and give that guy a big wet kiss before sitting down Gina and Tracy turned into a couple of mother hens. "How could she do that!" "What is she some sort of tramp!" "Doesn't she know you have feelings too!"

The strange thing was I wasn't upset. I kind of liked it. And while my little girl heart wasn't beating a mile a minute, my little girl brain was in overdrive. Oh, the possibilities!

We decided to leave first and as we did, purposely walked by Annie and her beau. Tracy said good night. Gina and I just looked and smiled politely. Annie got a brief looked at me, and I could tell by the look in her eyes she thought she should know me but didn't know why. I didn't stick around to give her any more clues.

We waited outside in the parking lot and when Annie and her date came out we followed discreetly behind. They went down by the beach and strolled around for about an hour. All the time they were holding hands, hugging and kissing. Gina and Tracy were appalled. I loved it and was wishing for more.

After walking off their dinner Annie and What's His Face got in his car and headed over to the Trilogy. We slipped quietly in after them.

Now the Trilogy is one of those really great dance clubs that have live bands who play nothing but great music. I had been there before but never as Shelbi, and I knew that once inside the guys would be all over the three of us. Tracy and Gina liked that and it was OK with me as long as it helped to maintain our junior G-Girl cover.

My prediction was right and pretty soon we were all out on the floor boogie'n. We did pretty well that night as most of the guys that hit on us were in the cute to better category. I guess I paid some attention to them but the truth is I had my eye on Annie. And was I getting an eyeful. Mr. Take My Place was a regular Patrick Swazey, the dirty dancer if you please, and Annie was having no reluctance following his lead. They did just about everything but take off their clothes and screw right in front of the whole club. He loved it. She loved it. I loved it! But, of course, Gina and Tracy thought it disgusting and very unladylike.

The band played a real long set, well over an hour. When they finished I saw Annie say something to her Tommy boy and head off toward the girls' room. Instinctively I knew that I had to follow. Tracy and Gina yelled at me to stop, but I just kept on walking. I know they thought I was going to make a big scene, but that wasn't what was in my head at all. I really love those girls but right then I didn't need them hovering around me. I had to get rid of them and luckily one of those little lights flashed in my head. Just before I went in the restroom I turned to Tracy and Gina and asked if they wouldn't hurry off and bring back a couple of scotch on the rocks. I was sure that in a few minutes somebody would need a stiff one. The girls were so shook up they didn't say a thing, a rare occasion for them. They just set out on a bee line for the bar.

When I got inside I could see Annie just stepping into an empty stall. I went to the mirror and spent a little time with my make-up and hair. I definitely wanted to look good for this moment.

And that moment came when Annie came out and walked right over next to me. At first she only looked into the mirror and tended to herself, but then I could see her eyes looking at my reflection. Not a stare mind you, just little glances. I can remember thinking to myself, "What in God's name are you doing, Girl! You are the one who survives by being the first one out the door. Why are you purposely putting yourself in the predicament?"

Well all the thinking in the world wasn't going to get me out of this mess. It was too late. Annie asked, "Don't I know you?"

"Don't I know you?" What a question! I could have given a million answers, delivered a million punch lines. Instead I just switched to my male voice, smiled and quietly said, "Hello, Annie, I never knew you could dance so well."

Her eyes popped open. Her mouth hung agape. And all Annie could do was stammer. It was probably only seconds but Annie seemed frozen in that pose for an eternity. I still remind her about how dumb she looked and how I wished that I had a camera with me. A definite Kodak Moment! You know, when I do this Annie's response is always the same, "Bitch!"

Finally Annie got enough control to talk. Well, talk is a bit of an exaggeration. Really she got enough control to mouth words and push a little breath through her lips. "T.J., oh my God!"

She must have said that four or five times. Looking back at it I was glad that she had temporally lost the use of her vocal cords. Can you imagine the scene if all the other girls in the room had heard her. I decided the best thing to do was to get Annie out of the ladies room and to a place with a little more space and a few less ears and eyes. We walked out of the door and around a corner just in time for Tracy and Gina to show up with the fire water. They gave me the drinks and slipped back into the shadows. I kept one and gave one to Annie saying, "Here, drink this. Maybe it will help."

I've got to tell you that Annie is not one for hard liquor, but judging by how fast she put away that scotch I think she would have chugged a whole bottle if one had been near.

With the drink gone Annie tried again to talk. She wasn't yet in full control but she did manage to say, "T.J. you look ..."

I didn't let her finish the sentence. It was a perfect lead. It was a definite story starter — remember those? So in my best Shelbi voice, I interjected, "... pretty, gorgeous, stunning, beautiful, ravishing, exquisite, sophisticated, sexy, demure, wonderful?"

Poor Annie, she lost her voice again. All the time I was going on she sat there her eyes as big as half dollars, her mouth wide open and her head nodding like someone in a catatonic state.

I thought I should take advantage of her nodding, so before she could get her vocal cords working again I started talking.

"Annie, I'm sorry to surprise you like this but when I saw you with your boy friend in the restaurant and then out on the dance floor I thought to myself, "Well if I know Annie's little secret isn't it only fair that she know mine?" My two girl friends, Traci and Gina, didn't think I should tell you, but I don't think having secrets makes for a good marriage. Don't you agree?"

Annie was still nodding. I took that to mean that she agreed so I just continued on with my monologue.

"You know, Annie, I really don't mind you having a boy friend. That is, if that's all he is. You know, a lover but not a real "significant other". The truth is I kind of like you having a boy friend, and I must admit I did enjoy watching you two get it on out there on the dance floor. Now I'm sure you feel the same way about me. I bet right now inside your head you're saying, "God, T.J. looks great as a lady. He's a definite natural. I can't believe how comfortable he is. Why no one would ever know. And besides that I adore him in that mini skirt! The only thing is, what do I call him? I can't call him T.J., he's a girl and I should call him by a girl's name. I wonder what it is?" "

"Why, Annie, it is so kind of you to ask. You can call me Shelbi. Don't you think that's a pretty name?"

Annie just kept on nodding, and by this time I was really feeling sorry for her. I put my hands on her face, closed her mouth, stopped her nodding and said, "Annie, tomorrow we'll have to sort out our new reality, but for now I want you to go back with your boy friend and tonight I want you to make him please you."

Annie understood and this time nodded for real. I took her hand and we walked across the floor to where she had left her date. As we came near he got up and said, "Annie, what happened? You were gone forever."

I didn't let Annie answer as I replied, "Oh, it's all my fault. Annie and I are old friends and haven't seen each other for so long."

The dummy bought it, so I introduced myself and told him how Annie had told me all about him. And about how good in bed she said he was. He blushed a little and said something stupid about just doing what comes naturally.

I didn't want to stick around them too long. So I started to make my good-byes. I kissed Tommy boy on the cheek and gave Annie a hug and quietly said, "I love you, Annie."

I didn't know what she would say, if anything, but she squeezed me and said, "I love you too."

With a tear in my eye I started to walk away, when I heard Annie call me back, saying, "Shelbi, You really do look very pretty."

We both smiled and I knew we still had a future...

...the fact that Annie finally knew about Shelbi wasn't a problem. Sure it took a little time for us to adjust to two girls living in our house. And of course all my crazy escapades continued on just like always. Well you know, shopping with my neighbor, Phyllis, and the time in the bar with the hunk. All of those things happened after Shelbi came to live at our house.

And you know what? There are a ton of other stories, other messes that I've gotten in and out of. Like the time Annie and I took a long weekend to shop and go to the theater in Toronto. Who would think eight hours from home we'd see someone we knew. You wouldn't think so but we did, Annie's cousin, Tammy. The great part of the whole thing was that Tammy was a bride's maid in our wedding, and through the whole thing all she did was come on to me. We told Tammy I was T.J.'s cousin and she kept saying how much I looked like him. Every time she'd say that I'd drop my voice and say, "What are you trying to say, that I'm some sort of dyke?" We'd all laugh and Annie would kick me under the table. Hell, she kicked so hard I had to wear slacks and long skirts for a week just to hide the bruises she made.

And then there was another time when I was out on business and was riding down an elevator alone with some middle aged business man. I was wearing a tasteful, conservative red dress. I kid you not, in no way did I look or act provocative, but for some crazy reason this little weasel decided that my fanny was his playground. The first time he felt up my buns I couldn't believe it, and actually was in shock. I turned, gave him a nasty look and said, "Excuse, me!" Maybe the joker didn't understand English because as soon as I turned back around he did it again. Except this time he mumbled some nasty little ditty too. Well that was enough for me. My little brain took a

real quick inventory and reported that there was no way out and nowhere to run. So I did the next best thing. I punched that jerk in the nose, kicked him in the groin and when he doubled over in pain I kneed him right under his jaw. I had just enough time to straighten my dress and regain my composure before the elevator door opened. When it did I walked out into the lobby with grace and dignity, while that little worm lay huddled in the corner moaning and bleeding.

Oh yeah, there was also the time I got a flat tire coming home on the freeway about twelve thirty one night. This time I didn't have on a conservative outfit. Annie and I had been out bar hopping and I had on a tight black leather skirt, white on white embroidered, cotton blouse and, get this, cowgirl boots. And of course I was alone because Annie had once again fallen in lust and left me for some muscle head with a big wong. Now being that I've spent a major chunk of my life as a guy I certainly know how to change a tire. But that night I didn't look or feel like any guy, and besides I had just had my nails done that afternoon. Well, I got out of the car and kind of walked around cussing to myself about my predicament. Just as I was about to get out the jack and spare tire I heard this rumble and turned around to see two big, burly biker dudes pulling in behind me.

God, I thought for sure this was going to be the end of my life. Horrid vision after vision ran through my little head. My only solace was that I would be dead and wouldn't be around to be embarrassed by all the gruesome and sordid stories that would be all over the news. I decided if I was going to go I'd go out kicking and so I started to fumble through my purse for my can of mace. I found my lipstick, compact, Kleenex, nail file. Hell, I even found a bunch of peppermints, but for the life of me I couldn't find that mace. It was probably for the best because as nervous as I was I would have probably pointed the can the wrong way and squirted myself. But then the strangest thing happened, those two biker dudes walked up and in the most polite way asked if I was OK and offered to change my tire. I've got to tell you they were the sweetest guys a girl could ever met. Heaven's Angles not Hell's Angels if you ask me. Not exactly my type, mind you, but real gentlemen, not like that creep in the elevator. When they were done changing my tire I gave them both a great big kiss and hug, and then headed off home...

What, you don't want to know about any more of my close calls? You, what? You want to know about my nipples? OK, OK!

It's been about five years since Annie and I made our big discovery. After that I could be Shelbi almost anytime I wanted, and I did. It got to the point where I was T.J. as little as possible. In fact I was Shelbi so much I actually had to work at being T.J. like I used to have to work at being Shelbi. Anyhow one day about four years ago Annie said, "Why don't you quit trying to hang on to T.J. and just be Shelbi all the time? That's when you are happiest, and if you ask me that's who you were really meant to be."

She was right and now T.J. is history. Of course T.J.'s demise didn't happen overnight. There are lots of details to take care of if you're going to start living in a gender other than the one you were born in. I mean for example, should my nails be long and rounded or squared off? Who should do my hair, the girl who knew me first as T.J. or a new one who only knows Shelbi? See what I mean there are tons of decisions to be

made. Seriously, there are lots of details I had to work out, the least of which was how I was going to make a living. But as you can see I overcame the logistical problems and I stand before you the very legal, and if I do say so myself the very pretty, Miss Shelbi Young.

What, you want to know how I did all of this? Oh God, don't you know anything about anything? Listen I'm not going to put on a seminar, so just picture this — hormones, electrolysis, cosmetic surgery, shaved vocal cords, implants. Get the picture?

Now what? Has life settled down now that I've become so real? Please, don't you remember anything? Like what am I going to do with Nelson? And before this mess ever got started there was another mess. It was just four months ago ...

The weather was cold and miserable and my new business had turned the corner and was certain to surpass all of T.J.'s achievements. And, why not? A woman's touch combined with a complete understanding of what makes a male's mind tick. That is, without a doubt the perfect formula for business success. All right, I'll quit bragging. But it's true the bad weather and good business were, by themselves plenty of reason to get out of town and celebrate in some place warm. However, those reasons were nothing compared to the big one, the real reason Annie and I were celebrating — Implants! I got my implants!

Annie and I decided with so many good things happening we deserved to celebrate and promptly found a great four day package to warm, sunny Cancun. And you know, what getting ready to leave was half the fun. I mean I was buying my first bathing suit. What an absolute blast! Here look at this picture of me on the beach. Don't I look great? Well, thank you! You're such a dear!

Once in Cancun we skipped anything of historical importance and became absolute hedonists. We slept late. We laid out on the beach. We laid out by the pool. We were regulars at the swim up bar. We went shopping. We went dining. It was great. Two girls with nothing to do, and doing it with style and grace.

On our third day we decided that what we really wanted were two sets of bronzed boobs. So we set off to the beach, got a couple of beach recliners, spread out our towels, undid our suit tops, smeared on the lotion and let old Mr. Sol go to work.

Now bare breasts are not the usual fare in Cancun, but then on the other hand it's not so rare that the people on the beach get too excited either. That was except for these two guys who kept cruising by our spot. I saw them first and pegged them for Europeans or South Americans by their Speedos. On their third pass I told Annie about them. We talked about what we should do but then decided we weren't going to anything. Why should we? We were there first and beside we were hedonists on a holiday.

In all I think those guys went by at least five times. It was really kind of cute. They always tried to be cool and on each pass used a different approach. The best pass was the time Annie and I had flipped over to work on our strap marks. You should have seen the sad looks on their faces when the objects of their dreams had been safely tucked away. Poor babies! We decided not to be mean and so before we left flipped back to full exposure. Sure enough they made another trip down the beach.

On our last day in Cancun we decided to not sleep the day away. We got up at a decent hour and ate the wonderful Mexican breakfast buffet at our hotel. After eating too much we walked down to the boulevard and boarded one of those crazy Cancun buses for a ride to the shopping district, and spent the rest of the morning shopping for ourselves and for friends back home.

Around eleven thirty Annie nudged me and said, "Aren't those two guys the gawkers from the beach?"

Sure enough, they were indeed. They were headed our way but hadn't seen us yet. I asked Annie, "What do you think we should do?"

She replied, "Nothing, let's just stand here and see what happens."

Well we did and in just a few second those two guys walked right up to us, realized who we were and turned beet red. Finally the taller one managed to stammer, "Oh, you are the two girls from the beach!"

Annie said, "God, I am surprised you even recognize us with clothes on. Yesterday we were sure you never looked up as far as our faces."

They didn't know what to think, let alone say. It was great! Annie and I let them hang for several seconds before we couldn't control ourselves and burst out laughing.

We introduced ourselves and found out they were Rudolph and Wilhelm from the Netherlands. We told them that to us they would be Rudy and Willy. With that settled Annie asked if they wanted to have lunch with us. They said yes and soon thereafter the four of us were seated at a nearby sidewalk cafe enjoying a round of Margaritas and waiting anxiously for our lunch of scallops and conch.

Now I've told you about my experiences with men, strictly bar scene stuff right? But this was different and actually a ton of fun. I mean no worrying about how to keep a half drunk bimbo out of my panties, just two guys and two girls enjoying each other's company on a lovely afternoon in a beautiful Caribbean setting.

We spent the next couple of hours wandering in and out of a million shops and after a while the whole place began to run together. But even though we swore we saw the same T-shirt selection and the same trinket collection a hundred times, we still had fun. Hey, we even managed to do some semiserious buying. As the afternoon went on our energy levels began to run down, and as much as I was enjoying Rudy and Willy's company a nap was quickly becoming the highest priority in my life. I was ready to head back to the hotel and so was Annie, but unlike me, who could only think siesta, Annie was thinking ahead.

I should have seen it coming. She was developing a major case of the hots for Rudy. That's right, you guessed it, before I could get her little fanny back on a crazy Cancun bus she had invited Rudy and Willy to join us for dinner later that evening. I wish she would have consulted me first, but the truth is I really didn't mind. Hey, remember I'm the one who does first and worries later, and as you know none of Olivia's sixth sense exists in this girl. Besides I thought those guys were cute, and I must admit I really was enjoying Willy's company. Actually the notion of getting back together with Willy and Rudy didn't bother me at all.

About fifteen minutes later we arrived back at the hotel, made it up to our room, kicked off our shoes and were asleep almost before our heads hit the pillows.

I awoke first and decided a bubble bath was just what I needed, and had no more than gotten into the oversized tub when Annie slipped in behind me. She started caressing my tanned boobs and kissing my neck and ear. It was an absolute turn on and my last vestige of manhood began to stiffen. Annie asked, "What's this?" as her hand encircled me and began to slowly pull up and down.

I could not answer and only managed a weak moan. Annie chuckled and said, "God, Shelbi, do you think it's such a good idea to get so excited before your big date? Hadn't you better save your self for Willy?"

What? Save myself for Willy? I felt like someone had just thrown a bucket of cold water on me. Both my excitement and stiffness deflated like a balloon just stuck with a pin. What did this girl have in mind now? Had I gotten sucked into another mess? The look on my face must have given me away because Annie just started to laugh and laugh and laugh. I said, "Damn you, Annie Young!"

She just kept laughing and said, "Come on, Babycakes, time to get ready."

The bubble bath gave way to a shower and then to preparation for the evening. As usual we made a joint effort out of make-up, hairdos and attire. We had both brought one really fancy outfit and this was the night to wear it. Mine was a gold slip dress and a black, lace shawl with matching gold heels. A few days ago it would have looked washed out against my pale winter skin, but with my freshly tanned body it looked great. Most of all I was pleased with how the scoop in my neckline and the push of my bra showed off my wonderful new breasts. Don't you just love them?

Annie wore a one piece pantsuit with long, flowing black slacks and a black and white, sequined blouse. Her hair was up, while I kept mine down and in curls. We had shared the styling responsibilities and were, of course, most proud of our coiffeur creations. Actually, we looked great!

I think we were really done and ready to leave about seven, but with multiple trips to the mirror, adjustments of this and changes of that, plus time out for tons of compliments, we didn't make it downstairs until seven thirty. Willy and Rudy were waiting when we arrived and we could tell right away they were pleased. Not one of those drooly, "Baby, I've got to have you!" looks you get in the bars, but a genuine smile and the complement of a gentleman, "My, my but you ladies do look stunning!"

Looking so good, we just couldn't bring ourselves to ride in another crazy Cancun bus so we moved up to a crazy Cancun taxi, and in a short while we arrived at this really classy place called Bogie's. It was named after, that's right, you guessed it, Humphrey, and inside it was decorated to look like a scene from Casablanca. The waiters even wore pure white suits and turbans.

Needless to say Annie and I argued over which of us better fit the Ingrid Bergman role. Really, she did because my hair is blonde and hers is brown, but I wouldn't admit that to her.

We had a wonderful time. The four of us traded stories about our countries. No Willy and Rudy don't own any wooden shoes. We traded stories about growing up, go-

ing to school. What? No, Silly, we didn't trade stories about how Annie and I were married or about when I qualified for the state high school wrestling tournament. We just talked about all kinds of girl and boy things and grew to be very comfortable with each other.

Eventually it became time to leave. We headed out into the Cancun night to hail a taxi. On the way out Willy put his arm around my shoulder, and just as natural as can be I let mine wrap around his waist and rested my head on his shoulder. The alarms should have been clanging away big time, but they weren't. They weren't even making a little tinkle, tinkle. I was once again quickly getting in over my head.

But was I worried? Not one teensy, weensy bit! I figured a ride back in a cab, maybe a night cap in the hotel lounge and a lingering "good night." Hey, I was having so much fun and was so totally Shelbi that I was ready to drop my guard a little and maybe even let Willy engage in a little heavy kissing and petting. Why not? All the other girls do, right?

Anyhow I was cruising along just fine until Annie pulled me aside in the hotel lobby and said, "I'm going to take Rudy up to the room. So you keep Willy occupied. Just make sure that in about an hour you are out on the beach and can see our balcony. When you see the light on and the curtains open that will be the signal for you to come up with Willy."

I don't know what kind of look I gave Annie. I'm sure it was it was some combination of "Girl, are you crazy," and "Where's the nearest exit? I'm out of here!" Annie knew what I was thinking and how quickly my little girl brain could shift into overdrive. She had seen me this way so many times she knew she had to act fast. And that she did. Before I could unscramble my thoughts and formulate a plan of escape Annie grabbed me by the shoulders, shook me just hard enough to get my attention, looked me straight in the eyes and said, "Shelbi Young, now you listen to me real good. I will not let you blow my night with Rudy. These guys are a package deal and if you split on Willy, Rudy will go with him. So, listen real carefully. You do what I told you to do. Take care of Willy for about an hour and then bring him up to the room. I'll get you off the hook once you get him upstairs. Do you understand what I'm saying, Shelbi?"

I didn't say anything, just nodded and heard Annie say, "Good! Now don't screw this up for me!"

It didn't take long for Annie and Rudy to disappear, and it didn't take long for me to fall back under Willy's spell. What can I say, it's true. He was an absolute dear. He was charming. He was polite. He was gentle. He was good looking. But you know what I liked most about Willy? He was funny. He made me laugh. I was happy when I was with him.

With Annie and Rudy gone, Willy and I slipped into the hotel lounge, where a small band was playing. On our way in Willy walked over and said something to the leader, and not long after they started playing big band stuff. Before I knew it Willy was standing before me saying, "Madam, may I have this dance?"

I was about to find out one more great thing about Willy. He danced like Fred Astaire. Now I've danced with men before and long ago learned how to let them take the

lead, but Willy was something else. I really had to work to stay with him, and I'd guess it wasn't until somewhere into the second song that I started to relax and let him float me around the dance floor. It was heaven. All the images, all the visions I had ever had about really being a lady were coming true in his arms. I didn't notice but very soon we were the only two left dancing. Everyone else just stopped to watch Willy and me, and when the song ended they all applauded. It was wonderful. Willy bowed and I curtsied, and when the band began to play again Willy gathered me up and we danced with our feet barely ever touching the ground.

When the band took a break we received another round of applause, and then without thinking I grabbed Willy's hand and led him out of the hotel and down toward the beach.

When we got just beyond the hotel lights Willy stopped, pulled me back toward him, put his hand on my cheek and kissed me. I told you that I've let men kiss me before, and that I thought it was all right but no big deal. I mean it was kind of fun but their kisses never really meant anything. Willy's kiss was different. It was soft and slow and absolutely electric. I could have melted right then and there, but instead I kissed him back, a long, wet, passionate kiss. I could feel Willy's hands gently caress my back, and when they slid down and over my bottom my hips pushed forward and began to sway back forth. I could feel his manhood begin to harden and I ached where, at that moment I desperately wished my vagina was.

Willy took us a little farther onto the beach, took off his jacket, spread it out on the sand and laid me down on the sand. I was a million miles beyond any point I had ever been and totally out of control. Annie tells me it was on that night I stopped being a transsexual and became a woman. Maybe she's right, who knows.

What I do know is that Willy undid the four buttons on my dress and then popped the front clasp on my bra. My whole body tingled with anticipation, but Willy was wonderfully and agonizing slow. His tongue licked my neck and slowly, ever so slowly he worked his way down my chest. I could feel his hot breath on my brand new breasts before I felt his touch, but when I did I nearly died. He kissed and licked his way in big slow circles around them until he was so close to my nipple I could scream. Finally after what seemed an eternity his lips encircled me and I could feel my breast being pulled gently yet firmly into his mouth. It was absolute ecstasy.

I rolled Willy over, hiked up my dress and lowered myself down against him. I could feel that his penis had flipped up against his stomach and was now rock hard. I sensed its heat through my panties. I almost slid them off so that his skin could be that much closer to me. If my brain would have been operating it would have said, "Run! Run! Run!" But instead it had hung out a "Do Not Disturb" sign. It was passion, not reason that was in control and only dumb luck was going to save my little tanned hide.

And guess what? It happened! No, silly, I didn't let Willy screw me! Dumb luck happened, that's what happened!

Out of the corner of my eye I caught a funny, blinking. I looked in that direction and got an instant dose of reality. There was Annie standing on our balcony, waving her arms wildly and flipping the lights on and off. "Oh my God! How did I get into this

mess,” I thought to myself. I knew I was loving what Willy was doing, but the truth was there was something about my anatomy that Willy didn't know and if he found out it might not be too healthy for my pretty little face.

Unlike my past close calls this time I had no plan, but I knew Annie did and just hoped that it was a good one.

I gently interrupted Willy and said it was our turn to go up to the room. We straightened ourselves up ever so slightly, and as we made our way up to the third floor Willy was all over me. I must admit his renewed attention wiped out my brief return to reality, and by the time we got to the room I was almost out of control again. I pinned Willy up against the wall and kissed him like no man had ever been kissed before.

Annie must have hear us because the door opened and she appeared dressed only in an oversized, unbuttoned white blouse. She said, “You two are going to wake all the neighbors with your moaning.” And with that she pulled Willy and I inside.

She quietly closed the door and asked Willy, “Well, did Shelbi tell you?”

Willy looked at me wondering what it was I was supposed to have told him. I looked at Annie also wondering what it was I was supposed to have told Willy. Annie was the only one who knew anything about what was going on. I think she enjoyed seeing us in suspense because she let us hang until she finally said, “Shelbi, you silly girl. You didn't tell him, did you?”

Kind of dumbfounded I just shook my head no and cast my eyes toward the floor. What else could I do? Either she was leading me on or I had forgot some important direction Annie had given me down in the lobby.

Annie must have figured that this had gone on long enough to seem real because she looked at Willy and said, “Willy, what Shelbi forgot to tell you is that she has her period, and that tonight I'm going to have to help her.” Then turning back to me she said, “Right, Shelbi?”

I nodded, but didn't have a clue what Annie was talking about. Help me? Help me do what? Then it all clicked. Annie was telling me that we were going to double team Willy. After I figured out what she meant I immediately switched gears and tried to figure out if I wanted to do what she was leading me toward.

I didn't have long to think because no more had Annie said, “Right, Shelbi?” than she stepped behind me, pulled the straps of my dress down past my shoulders and let it slip down to the floor. Except for my black silk panties I stood before Willy totally naked. His eyes went wide as he gazed at my sun bronzed body. I loved the way he looked at me, and can remember that moment like it was today. It was most obvious Willy was pleased at what he saw and at the prospect of making love to such a lovely figure.

His hands reached up to touch me and my skin became alive. I was frozen in space until I felt Annie grab my arms and direct my hands to Willy's shirt and soon it joined the pile of clothes on the floor. Willy pulled me close and I felt my breasts touch his hard chest and his hands run up and down my back.

Annie didn't have to coach me on the next move. Without thought my fingers found Willy's belt buckle and very soon thereafter Willy stood before me absolutely naked. I remember seeing him there in the soft light of the room and thinking what a wonderful body he had. He was slender but muscular, I don't think he had an ounce of body fat. I couldn't believe that I was being aroused by a man, but I was and in a very big way.

My eyes looked over every inch of Willy's body and they finally fell upon his stiff, throbbing cock. I was mesmerized by the sight of it. I think I just stopped and stared because soon Annie's hand was again guiding mine and I felt my fingers caressing that wonderful column.

Willy moaned in ecstasy and soon we were a tumble of naked bodies rolling around on our king size bed. I never let go of Willy and continued to rub and stroke him, while he hungrily licked and squeezed my tits. It was then that I felt something funny down by my hand. When I turned my gaze in that direction I saw Annie within inches of Willy's hardness motioning me down and mouthing the words, "Help me."

I kissed my way down Willy's muscled chest and stomach, and when I came close I saw Annie's tongue reach out and run up and down Willy's shaft. He let out a giant moan and I could feel his hand against my head urging me to join Annie. Why I did, I don't know, but the truth is I did. I let my lips and tongue enjoy every inch of Willy. I can't believe that I'm saying this, but the truth is I found that special piece of Willy's anatomy to be wonderful. I can't believe I'm saying this either, but given the right circumstances I might even do it again.

I don't know how long I was down on him, at that moment time had lost all meaning. All I remember is Annie nudging me off my new found plaything, and finding my way back to Willy's lips. I felt Willy begin to shudder, and I knew Annie was letting his stiff and ready penis slide into her hot and wet vagina. I directed Willy's lips to my very erect and anxious nipples and his hand down between my legs to rub my safely tucked and taped, but hard and aching manhood. The three of us moved in perfect harmony as we edged closer and closer to our sexual climax.

I really have no idea how long our final scene went on. I just know that at the end we all fell into a naked and spent heap, and ever so slowly I began to regain my senses. I couldn't believe what I had just done. I was a jumble of mixed feelings. Physically and emotionally I was in heaven. Mentally I was aghast. I had just crossed a line I said I would never cross. You know really, it took several days and lots of long talks with Annie to sort that evening out. I'm OK now, but for a few days back then I didn't know which end was up.

That night I didn't want Willy to leave. I wanted him to spend the night while I lay naked in his arms. Annie, who as we all know has lots of experience with this guy stuff, knew better and soon was packing Willy up to go. Getting that done was, I must say, a slow process as I insisted upon draping myself all over him. Poor Willy had a hard time even getting his pants on let alone getting dressed. Annie, who knows about these things, was patient yet firm and eventually she got Willy and I to the door. After one last, long deep, wet kiss he was gone and my heart sank...

I didn't know it then but Annie had gotten Willy's and Rudy's addresses in the Netherlands and writes to them on occasion. She would always encourage me to write

too, but I would beg off. I was afraid of encouraging Willy for fear that he might want to visit and pick up where we left off, and I didn't know how to handle my big secret.

One day I got tired of Annie pestering me about not writing and told her why I was holding me back. First she smiled and then she laughed. I said, "You goon, what's so funny?"

"Willy knows all about you," she replied.

"What!" I shrieked, "What did you tell him?"

"Everything! I told him everything, Shelbi dear."

I sunk down into the closest chair, put my face in my hand and started to cry. "Oh, Annie, how could you do this to me?" I sobbed.

Annie said, "Shelbi, you are who you are. You can't hide that all the time. It's OK to be different, to be special. Don't be afraid of who you have become. Everyone loves you for who you are, you've just got to be willing to let people close to you know about your specialness. And, besides Rudy says that once Willy got over the shock he kind of liked the idea that you are different. Rudy says Willy wants you to come to the Netherlands and spend a week with him so he can show you his country."

"What!" I exclaimed.

"Come to his country and spend a week with him. Can't you hear, Silly?"

All I could say was, "Oh my God! What do I do now? Why does this always happen to me? When will I ever learn ..."

It's been a while since Annie told me about Willy. I never answered her and I've never written him. I'll tell you though I haven't really given up on the idea of going to see Willy. Actually when I think about our last day in Cancun, the idea of a week with Willy really is kind of attractive. But for some reason I can't take that big step, and so I just avoid the issue.

At least it's easy to avoid the issue of Willy. He's two thousand miles and a great big ocean away. But Nelson is another thing. He's two inches away and we will be landing in Las Vegas in ten minutes, and I've wasted all my precious planning time telling you about all the messes I've been in since I first pulled up a pair of pantyhose and slipped into a dress.

I must admit it has been fun reminiscing about my past adventures, but now I've got to come up with a plan and given my circumstances that won't be easy. I can't run. I can't create a diversion. I can't use the old "I have my period trick." I need a scheme that's good for at least three days. Come on brain think faster, you can't let me down now!

I guess thinking is just going to have wait few more minutes. The plane has landed and everyone is getting off and there are just too many distractions. Maybe when we walk through the airport I'll come up with something.

Wait, what's this? Why is this attendant coming toward me with a bouquet of roses?

They're absolutely lovely. Nelson is such a sweetheart. Hold it, if he arranged for me to get these flowers, why is he shrugging his shoulders like he doesn't know anything about them?

Where's the card?

Oh, here it is. Well I'll just open this baby up and solve the big flower mystery.

Dear Shelbi,

Nelson knows everything and he adores you!

Love, Annie.

Oh, My God! Another fine mess! she thought