

CONTEMPORARY TV FICTION

MAGAZINE

"MY BETTER HALF"



**AFTER COPING WITH MANY CHANGES...
ROB DECIDES TO MAKE A FEW CHANGES IN
HIS LIFE...AND THE WAY HE DRESSES!**

VOLUME 64

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“MY BETTER HALF”

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QUOTE BOARD

If God is watching us, the least we can do is be entertaining!

“MY BETTER HALF”

By Kelly Anne

When I married her, Katie was everything I wanted in a woman. Pretty, smart, and fantastic in bed; I was sure we'd never part.

A couple of years passed and I started to notice that she wasn't taking care of herself the way she used to. She only wore makeup if we were going someplace special. She had put on three pounds in as many years. She wanted me to wear a condom so that she wouldn't have to take birth control pills, since she thought they were dangerous. The last straw was her getting pregnant. I warned her over and over to be careful, but she wouldn't get birth control pills, even though I told her they were safe. At least she had a boy, which I insisted we name Chuck.

I put up with her for the sake of Chuck, but finally I had enough! She was seven pounds heavier than when we married and she spent so much time with the baby that it cut into our lovemaking. I met another woman who was younger, prettier, and more interested in sex than Katie. So I did what any self-respecting man would do, I filed for divorce.

Katie screamed, carried on, and claimed it wasn't her fault, but I didn't care. My new girlfriend made me feel like a king and there was nothing that would change my mind.

“You'll pay for this! I swear to God!” Katie screamed as I walked out for the last time. “If it's the last thing I do, I'll make you sorry you ever lived.” I laughed, flipped her off, and walked out. She could yell and threaten all

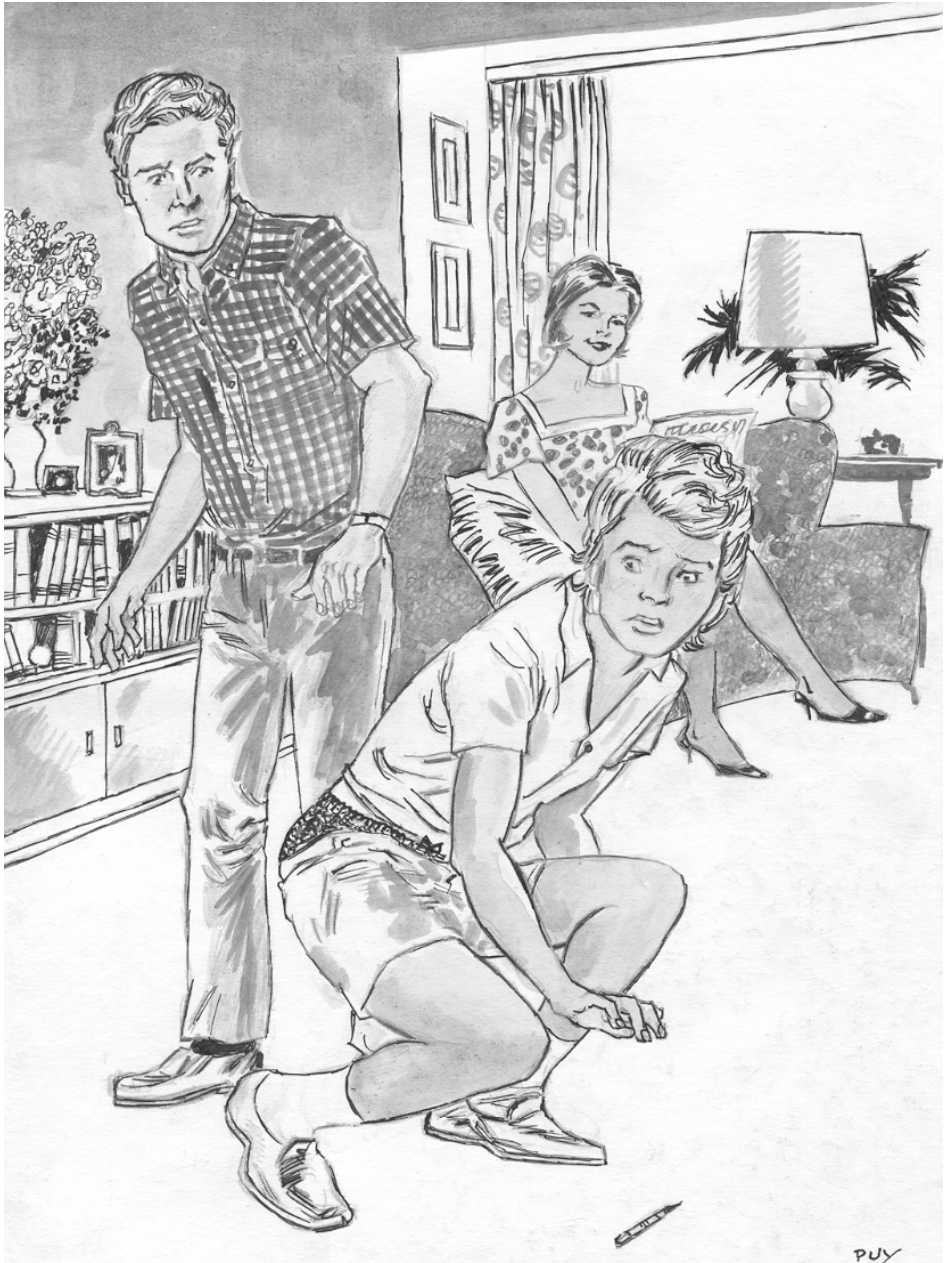
she wanted, but I would always be the one calling the shots and she knew it.

I didn't completely lose contact with Katie after our divorce. I had child support payments to make and I wanted to make sure that Chuck was raised to be a man rather than some wimp. So I stopped by whenever I could to see how he was doing. As time passed, things got a little hectic on my job though, so months would pass when I couldn't stop by to see how Chuck was doing. Tough shit, my job paid his bills, so he'd have to get used to seeing daddy when I could make it.

I had hoped that Chuck would be a real man, but his mother was turning him into a sissy. Several times I stopped by to find Chuck busily doing dishes or cleaning, work that his mother should be doing while he did something manly, like playing baseball. I tried to straighten things out, but Katie's influence on him was stronger than I thought, so my visits became less frequent.

Chuck seemed okay. He seemed like a normal boy, interested in sports, cars, and stuff like that, but I couldn't help thinking that he was too close to his mom to be really a normal boy. There were other things too. His clothes looked a little odd, something about the jeans he wore didn't seem right, but I couldn't put my finger on it. Sometimes his hair seemed a little wavy, almost like he had been wearing curlers. Katie swore it was just the way his hair was, and that I would know that if I bothered to stop by more often.

The crap hit the fan when he was fourteen. I stopped by to drop off the monthly support check, and see if Chuck might want to catch a basketball game with my buddy Salvatore and me. I figured if anyone could break Chuck away from his mom, it would be Sal.



"Chuck, why are you wearing girl's panties?" I gasped when he bent over to pick up his pencil.

"I like the way they feel, Dad," was his simple reply.

"No boy of mine wears panties!" I puffed.

Sal was a no-nonsense kind of guy. Six foot three inches tall and two hundred pounds, men stepped aside when he walked down the street and women gasped. Just being around Sal would make Chuck act more like an Alpha male.

I was just about to make the offer, when Chuck dropped something and bent to pick it up, causing two problems. First, he didn't bend over and pick it up like a guy; he crouched down like a girl. Second, and the problem that resulted in my storming out after a huge argument was that Chuck was wearing panties!

Yeah, that's right, my fourteen-year-old son, the one I hoped to make a real man, had a lace waistband attached to silky blue panties sticking out from above his shorts.

"What the heck is he wearing?" I roared at Katie. "I knew I should have gotten custody of him. Now you're dressing him up and turning him into some kind of fairy princess! That's going to end right now. I'm going to have my lawyer take him from you and get your perverted ass locked up!"

"No dad, please don't be mad at mom," Chuck begged. "It's not her fault. She didn't make me do anything."

"If she didn't, who did?" I angrily asked. "It sure as hell wasn't me."

"It...it's me, dad," he said softly. "I sorta like wearing girl's clothes."

"You like wearing girl's clothes?" I repeated slowly. "Are you some sort of sissy? I wanted a son to play catch with, go to ballgames with, and do stuff that guys do. How the hell can I take you anywhere if you're such a swish? Maybe you'd like to go shopping for a pretty dress or a new baby doll?"

“I still like sports, dad,” he tried to tell me, “and I’d really like to go to a game with you.”

“When Hell freezes over, you little pansy!” I screamed as I stormed out of the house.

I went straight to Sal’s place and told him about losing my son. “You should have seen the little faggot. I bet he ran right up to his room and put on a dress after I left.”

“That’s weird,” Sal said as we hopped into his car. “Ya think he wants to be a broad?”

“Beats me,” I shrugged. “Let’s get a couple of beers. I gotta figure out how to handle this.”

I told Sal that I wanted take Chuck and have Katie locked up as a pervert. “What do ya want with a pansy like Chuck? Let Katie keep him. You can always make another kid with some other broad.”

We talked over a few beers and I decided that Sal was right. I didn’t need some little swish like Chuck hanging around. I’d knock up the chick I was dating and have a real son. Of course, that wouldn’t stop me from visiting my sissy son once in a while to make him pay for being a pansy.

I made a habit of stopping by to see my Chuck just to torment him. I sent birthday cards addressed to Charlene, and even gave him a Barbie doll and hair ribbons as birthday gifts. It didn’t take long for Sal to also start teasing Chuck. That really got Katie ticked off, which made it even more enjoyable!

Sal and I were having a great time teasing Chuck and watching Katie seethe, when she suddenly stopped screaming at me, and said she wanted to get along better. She wanted me to understand Chuck and be a better father to him and that she was willing to make the first move in getting along better. To my surprise,

she handed me the entire Civil War series on a set of DVD's. I loved that series.

"What's the catch?" I asked suspiciously. "Do I have to take Charlene to have her hair done or take her dress shopping?"

"No catch at all," Katie smiled, "just something to smooth out our problems."

"Keep smoothing," I laughed as I walked out, "but just don't expect me to ever be nice to the little queer."

That evening I sat down with a cold beer, turned on my DVD, and started to watch the show. I was amazed that I found the show so much more interesting than the first time I'd watched it. I felt as though I was being drawn into the scenes, and couldn't take my eyes from the screen. When the show finally ended, I felt that I just had to watch it again. I hit the restart button, but I can't remember the show coming on.

I watched that series over and over for three straight nights before I finally felt that I had seen it often enough. I could easily turn off the sound and repeat the dialogue of every person who came onto the screen, and I knew the sequence of every scene in the show. I was thrilled. Never in my life had I ever mastered anything so completely or enjoyed learning as much as I had with that series. I just had to thank Katie for the gift. Maybe I would let up just a little on Chuck too.

Stopping by Katie's later that week, I thanked her profusely for the wonderful DVD. "I can't begin to thank you enough, Katie. It was so *sweet* of you to give me that." What the hell did I say? Since when did I use the word "sweet"? Still, it seemed appropriate, and Katie didn't make a big deal of it, thank god.

"I'm glad, Rob," she smiled. "Maybe we will get along a little better now?"

"I'm make no promises," I quickly replied, "especially when it comes to that little sissy son of yours." As soon as I'd said it, I felt awful. Did I really need to call Chuck such a hateful name? He was my son also, even if he was a little odd.

"I'm sorry," I immediately apologized. "I shouldn't have said that. I'll try to be a little nicer, but don't expect me to brag about him or anything like that."

"Deal! By the way, I saw a couple of CD's by that group you like, and picked them up for you," she smiled and handed me two CD's. I shook my head, took the CD's, and left, fearing that I might say something stupid if I opened my mouth.

I remember putting one of the CD's in to my car player and cranking up the volume, but when I got home, I couldn't remember hearing a single song even, though the lyrics to several were floating in my head.

I absolutely loved those CD's! The sound quality was wonderful, every single note so crisp and clear. It was like having the group playing to me. I needed to find out from Katie where she bought those terrific CD's so that I could buy a few. If they had been old phonograph records, I would have worn out the grooves from playing them so much.

Suddenly I pictured myself lying back in a tub full of hot water, bubbles covering me, my CD's playing as I let my troubles wash off away. A wine cooler would make things even better.

What was I thinking? A hot bubble bath? Wine cooler? Damn! Could being a pansy be hereditary? Nah! Shit! That means I must have some sort of pansy gene, and that became active after lying dormant for over thirty-five years!

That was ridiculous. I'd never heard of a "pansy gene", let alone a gene that would come to the surface after over thirty years. There had to be some other explanation for my sudden interest in bubble baths, I decided as I ran the hot water in my tub.

I lay back in the tub trying to think of some reason for my earlier horrid thoughts. I could never remember a time when I didn't like girls. I envied them though. They had such a wide variety of clothes in all colors and fabric types to wear. All I had was a shirt and pants in boring colors. Maybe Chuck was lucky. He at least wasn't stuck with boring clothes, and he could wear pretty, colorful outfits if he wanted. No wonder he was wearing panties.

I remember how soft and lightweight Katie's panties were compared to my boxers or briefs. Chuck was no fool. As a matter of fact, he had it pretty good. What would it be like to wear silky panties? Would I like them as much as Chuck seemed to? Maybe I should pick up a few pairs and see if I liked them?

I finished my bath, climbed out of the tub, and began to pat myself dry. Katie had always patted herself dry instead of rubbing. She said it was because she had softer skin. That made sense to me, so I should pat myself dry too if I wanted to keep my skin nice and soft.

"Holy shit!" I screamed as I dropped the towel. Was I losing my mind? Thinking about taking bubble baths, how it might feel to wear panties and women's clothes, and patting myself dry. I was a man, for Christ's sake, not some pansy like Chuck! I quickly pulled on my clothes, poured myself a cup of coffee, and sat back to relax with the sports section of the newspaper.

I set my cup down after a sip, and then opened to the scores from the previous day's games. As I settled back in my chair, I noticed the fashion section of the paper lying on the floor where I'd dropped it, and I felt this

overwhelming urge to read that section of the paper. I tried to fight it, but I tossed down the sports section, and picked up the fashion section, devouring every article on women’s fashions I could find. Only after finishing could I pick the sports section back up. To make things even worse, I couldn’t concentrate on the sports articles, and frankly, they bored me!

Day after day for several weeks, I fought the urges, but day after day I lost. Sports seemed so boring compared to fashion, not just in the newspaper, but also in everything I did. I quit reading Sports Illustrated and started buying Mademoiselle, abandoned the sports talk shows for fashion tips on the Oxygen channel, and longed for a bubble bath.

It took just over two weeks for me to give in and buy a bottle of bubble bath. I went to the local Wal-Mart to check out prices on rifles, since hunting season was coming up and I wanted something a bit more powerful than what I had. I knew exactly where the rifles were sold and fully intended to go right to that department, but as soon as I entered the store, I made a beeline for the cosmetics aisle. The next thing I knew, I was walking out of the store clutching a bottle of bubble bath that promised to leave my skin feeling soft and silky.

When I realized what I’d done, I quickly rushed back to the store to return my purchase. That was all I remembered until I got home and started to unpack a package of Hanes Her Way cotton panties and a pink, dorm shirt style nightgown with “Classy Lady” written across the front.

“This can’t be happening!” I thought as I pushed aside the briefs in my drawer to make room for my new panties, except for the pretty yellow ones that I planned to wear under my new nightgown as soon as I finished my bubble bath!

There I stood, stark naked, next to a tub filled with bubbles, trying to hold myself back. How does one hold back? Desperately trying to stay out of the tub, I tried holding onto the towel rack next to the tub, but that just helped me retain my balance as I carefully tested the waters with my big toe. It had to be hilarious, a grown man desperately clutching a towel rack, and cursing himself for being a pansy, as he lowered himself into a hot bubble bath.

As the hot bubbles covered me, all of my objections vanished. I never felt so relaxed and comfortable in my entire life! I vowed to never take another shower. It would be nothing but bubble baths for me from then on!

I sighed contentedly as strange new feelings overwhelmed me. All of my troubles and worries seemed so trivial. I picked up the latest issue of *Mademoiselle* along with the glass of white wine that I'd apparently left on a table near the tub and began perusing the latest styles in office wear.

Two hours later, the water was starting to cool off, and I felt sufficiently caught up on the latest trends in office wear, as well as Halloween costume ideas. Some of the costumes were a bit risqué, I didn't have the figure for the Playboy Bunny nor the courage to display quite the amount of flesh that the very high cut leg openings and plunging neckline would show. Alice in Wonderland was cute, but just a little too. I was pushing thirty-five, not exactly over the hill, but still too mature for that type of cuteness.

One costume that caught my eye was the *Serving Wench*. It consisted of a long full skirt with a petticoat, peasant style blouse that was cut low enough to generate interest without being immodest, a shoulder length curly auburn wig, and three inch heeled boots. It was a very sexy outfit and I just knew that I'd look great in it.

I gently stepped out of the tub and began to carefully pat myself dry when my thoughts reverted back to normal and scared the hell out of me. Had I spent the last two hours in a bubble bath, sipping white wine, and studying women’s fashions? There had to be some sort of recessive pansy gene. Otherwise, there was no way that a normal, healthy, straight guy like me would ever give a damn about bubble baths or fashion.

If there was such a thing as a pansy gene, how could I overcome its hold on me? I couldn’t imagine calling my doctor and telling his secretary that I needed an appointment because I was becoming a pansy. No, I’d have to deal with this myself. I couldn’t handle the humiliation if anyone were to find out.

I stepped into my panties and slid my nightgown over my head. I realized what I’d done the instant I felt the nightgown brush against my knees and yanked it right back off in one quick gesture. Next, I reached for the waistband of the panties, intending to pull them off also. To my revulsion though, all I could do was run my hand over my hips and butt, relishing the feel of the soft cotton fabric. After ten minutes of this, I gave up trying and dejectedly made my way to bed where I tossed and turned for another half hour before I put my nightgown back on and fell fast asleep.

I slept like a baby that night and felt great the next morning, until I remembered that I was wearing panties and a nightgown, and then I felt like a total fool. I took off the nightgown, and threw it on the bed in disgust before I started looking for a pair of briefs to wear.

I opened my drawer and stared at the dozen or so pairs of briefs, and then at the panties I had just bought. I reached for the briefs several times, but my mind kept reminding me of how soft and comfortable my panties felt, so I shrugged, shut the drawer, and continued

dressing, sure that no one would see my underwear. It felt so soft and comfortable, and there was no way I was going put briefs on anyway.

I don't know what happened, maybe that damned pansy gene again, but as the days passed, I found that I really enjoyed taking bubble baths, reading women's magazines, wearing panties, and sleeping in a nightgown.

If I had nothing to do after work, I'd hurry home, change into my nightgown, pour a glass of white wine, and curl up with one of my fashion magazines while one of my new CD's played in the background. It was so relaxing to spend time that way, and soon I grew to accept my odd change in taste.

Weeks of wearing panties and nightgowns, reading fashion magazines, and sipping wine coolers took a toll on me. I looked forward to relaxing evenings at home, I subscribed to Redbook, and programmed the Romance channel as a favorite on my remote control.

If my new tastes had stayed back in my apartment, everything would have been okay. Unfortunately, they decided to accompany me wherever I went, embarrassing and scaring the crap out of me.

I was feeling bad about teasing Chuck, so one day I decided to drop by to apologize. When I walked in, I saw him sitting at a table doing his nails, wearing short shorts and a midriff-baring top. I felt anger in me rising. What was I thinking to apologize to the little swish? I'd ream that little pansy a new butt hole!

"That's a very pretty shade of nail polish," I said with a smile, wondering if I could learn to coordinate my nail polish to my outfit the way he had.

Chuck stared at me strangely for a few seconds before he smiled and thanked me. Why the hell was the

little swish thanking me? Hadn't I just told him he was a pansy?

I decided to repeat myself thinking that he may have heard me wrong. "It looks very pretty on you," I said, holding his hand in mine. "Do you have an outfit to match?"

I was busy telling him how cute he looked when I realized what I was saying. "Gotta go!" I mumbled, hoping to get out before I found myself playing dress-up with him.

A couple of days later, I stopped by Sal's place to go to a Hockey game, and it happened again. He lived with his sister, Linda, who was actually quite a fox. If she hadn't been Sal's sister and a friend of my ex's, I would have done anything to get her in the sack. Bedding my ex's friend would be fun, but I knew better than to mess with Sal's sister.

I was minding my own business waiting for Sal when Linda walked into the room. I always thought she was a fox, but there was something different about her that night. I stared at her for a few moments, and then blurted, "That outfit looks great on you, Linda!"

"Thanks, Rob," she replied with an odd grin. "I'm surprised you noticed what I'm wearing."

"Of course I notice," I said feeling hurt. She was superb at putting an outfit together, always making sure she chose colors to compliment her complexion and skirts that showed off her great looking legs.

"That shade of yellow is perfect for the transition from spring to summer, a bit subdued, but still vibrant enough to attract attention." What the hell was I saying? Subdued? Vibrant? I couldn't help myself. Everything I had read in my fashion magazines came out of my

mouth! "Looks like a new hairstyle too? Very nice, it frames your face perfectly!"

"That's so sweet of you to think so, Rob," Linda was obviously trying to suppress a giggle. "It's nice when a man notices such things in a woman."

Just then Sal walked into the room, saving me from further complimenting Linda's new bone colored pumps and handbag. Very stylish looking, they would add to any outfit I...she might choose to wear.

"What's up?" he asked, noticing the way Linda was staring. "You got a problem?"

"No problem, little brother," she smiled and shook her head. "Rob was just telling me how good I look."

Sal looked my way, but I shook my head and shrugged. "What can I say, she does look hot?"

"Let's go," he ordered, shaking his head. "Lay off the beer tonight, you must be drunk already."

I couldn't believe what I'd done or that I'd gotten away with it. What had possessed me to act like such a swish and how the hell was I going to avoid doing it again? If Sal had overheard me complimenting Linda on her outfit and hairstyle, he would probably have picked me up and tossed me head first into the street. I didn't even want to think about what he'd do if he ever found me at home wearing my comfy nightgown and panties or stumbled across the stack of magazines in the back of my closet. Somehow I don't think he'd care for the fascinating articles in Redbook or Mademoiselle.

I somehow managed to make it through that night and everything seemed pretty stable for a few weeks, when one evening while leafing through the latest issue of Vogue, I was struck with an irresistible urge to do something about my nails. I had never paid much attention to my nails in the past, but that night I

suddenly noticed how bad they looked. Since I rarely used a pair of nail clippers, they were short and extremely ragged looking. I set my magazine down and frantically scoured the house until I came across a nail file and a bottle of clear polish that my girlfriend had left behind. It took me well over an hour to file my nails and put a nice clear coat of polish on them, but when I was done, I knew it was worth the effort.

I really felt proud, as I held my hands up to admire my work. My nails, although short, were all the same length, there were no ragged edges, and the clear coat of polish made them look so pretty. I quickly removed my shoes and socks and started working on my toenails, anxious to make them as pretty looking as my fingernails.

I finished eight of them before I realized what I was doing. I quickly replaced the applicator and stared in shock at my nails. Had I lost my mind? My heart pounded in my chest. I'm a man, a normal man! I shouldn't be doing my nails, and I certainly shouldn't be wearing a nightgown and panties.

They are so comfy! I reopened the bottle of polish. Panties feel so much nicer than briefs and it feels so nice and cool to wear a nightgown instead of slacks. I was so upset and confused that my eyes clouded with tears. Luckily I just finished doing my last toenail.

No one ever needs to know. It feels so good to get away from all of that macho crap. I hated pretending to be macho. It just wasn't me. I'd much rather wear pretty things and feel nice like Chuck does.

Although the size engines in a particular car or who was the best quarterback in the NFL seemed important, I also loved reading Vogue, especially the fall fashion preview issue. I enjoyed relaxing in a hot bubble bath, wine coolers were so much yummier than beer, and

ESPN didn't show the great movies that the Romance Channel did. Whenever I was with Sal, I was his macho buddy, but as soon as I got home, I couldn't wait to take a soothing bubble bath, slip into something pretty, and sip wine coolers while watching a chick flick!

If all of that wasn't bad enough, I also noticed women in a different way. I used to love looking at their breasts and butts, wondering what it would be like to bury my head in a pair of nice boobs or how it would feel to cup a nice butt in my hands while I was banging some babe.

Somehow I stopped wondering about butts and boobs and started to wonder where she got her sweater or top and how well she coordinated her outfit. Yeah, imagine that. Me, a perfectly normal stud checking out a woman and caring more about her outfit than what she'd be like in bed. Worst of all, I couldn't help wondering how the outfit would look or feel on me!

I'd see a hot looking honey walking by and I'd get rock hard if she was wearing a skirt or dress! Not from imagining that I was screwing her brains out, but from imagining myself in her outfit. Even in bed with my girlfriend, I wondered what it would be like to wear some of her lingerie. Now that was stressful.

My new hobby eventually cost me my girlfriend. I would nag and complain that she should wear fewer jeans and more dresses and skirts. I told her that it would help spice up our sex life, but she told me that I wasn't worth it. I was a lousy lover, disinterested in her unless she dressed like a slut. I responded by telling her that she could look so much better if she just wore prettier clothes and toned down her makeup. I knew I sounded like a mother talking to her teenage daughter, but with God as my witness, I didn't mean to say that. I meant to tell her how pretty she was, how sexy she was, and how incredibly horny she made me, but I turned into

her mother when I opened my mouth. She stormed out the door in a huff.

After my girlfriend left, I moped around my apartment not knowing what to do with myself. Why couldn't she understand that I just wanted to help her? Why did she have to look like a bimbo when she could have had that wholesome, 'Girl next door' kind of look? All she had to do was wear a little looser clothes. A skirt or dress would have helped instead of those tight jeans.

I went over to Sal's place a little while after that figuring he'd be able to cheer me up. Linda answered the door, and yelled for Sal who seemed happy to see me.

Actually he seemed happier than I'd ever known him to be. He came rushing into the room, took my jacket, and asked if I'd like something to drink. Without thinking, I said that I'd love a strawberry wine cooler if he had one.

“Strawberry wine cooler?” Sal repeated, and I felt a cold hand grip my heart. That damned pansy gene had gotten to my brain again. Why didn't I just ask for a cold beer? I braced for the outburst I was sure would come.

“I think we've got a few of them in the fridge,” Sal smiled as he motioned towards the couch. “Make yourself comfortable. I'll get you one.”

I was about to tell him to bring me the beer, but once again my mouth had a mind of its own. “That would be sweet. Thanks.” I smiled back as I sat down.

The rest of the evening was an episode from the 'Twilight Zone'. Sal sat across from me, and we had a lovely time talking about different things. It reminded me of the old days when I was dating Katie, but this time I was Katie and Sal was I. We talked for hours before I decided it was time to leave. Sal got my jacket, walked me to the door, and I swear, he was ready to kiss

me. We stared at each other like a couple of giddy kids before I thanked him for a lovely time and left.

I actually said that I had a 'lovely time', not a good time, not a great evening, but a 'lovely time'. I was scared to death at first, but Sal seemed happy to hear me say it, which made me feel funny inside. I barely remember driving home. Sal wanted to walk me to my car, but I had a funny feeling that if he did, we'd end up in each other's arms, so I declined as gracefully as possible and hurried home.

I felt horrible about what had happened as I changed that night. I couldn't believe that my best buddy had come on to me, as though I was his girlfriend, and that I loved every second of it! I was absolutely certain that he was flirting with me throughout the evening. His expression when he first saw me, his willingness to get me a drink, the way he stared into my eyes, and the occasional touching. My mind was in a whirl. Sal's actions should have repulsed me, yet I remembered smiling back, laughing at his jokes, and when I left, I wanted him to give me a goodnight kiss.

For weeks afterwards, I went from euphoria, as I recalled how special I felt when Sal was flirting with me and how he had enjoyed my flirting with him, to depression when I came to my senses and realized that I was a man flirting with another man, enjoying his attention, his touch, and hoping he'd take me in his arms, kiss me, and tell me that I was beautiful, sexy, and the kind of woman he desired.

No matter how hard I tried, I couldn't get Sal out of my mind. I avoided him as much as possible, but the more I did, the more I wanted him. I couldn't go more than an hour without thinking how big, strong, and good looking he was, and how wonderful it would be if I were his girlfriend.

One Friday night, I decided to get totally plastered in the hope of suppressing the demons that were leading me down a path I both feared and longed for. I decided to go solo for obvious reasons. I couldn't take a chance on being in a bar full of men and suddenly start flirting with Sal. It wasn't an easy choice.

Part of me desperately wanted to be with Sal. He brought out feelings that I alternately despised and craved. I was a man, damn it, but Sal made me feel weak and vulnerable, just like a little girl who needed someone to watch over her and protect her. When he smiled at me, I went weak, my knees started to shake, my heart pounded, and I couldn't stop from smiling back, and encouraging his attention.

I grabbed my wallet, slammed the door behind me, and started walking to the bar. I was going to tie on a record-breaking bender. I was going to get so damned hammered that I wouldn't remember my name, let alone Sal's.

Suddenly I started thinking that I just had to get some trouser socks. They would be just perfect under a pair of slacks. I could wear dark colored ones to work, and no one but me would know that I was wearing women's socks. Combine them with a pair of sexy panties and I could feel pretty and feminine while looking like any other guy!

I never made it to the bar that night. I spent almost an hour shopping for trouser socks, panties, and a couple of new nightgowns. My cotton panties were soft and very comfortable and my dorm shirt made me feel nice, but they couldn't seem to satisfy an urge that had come over me. I wanted to feel totally feminine and sexy!

The young girl cashier didn't bat an eye as she rang up a dozen pairs of size six. I had tried on a pair of my girlfriend's panties when she was sleeping. They were

followed by lace trimmed nylon panties, two dozen trouser socks in black, dark blue, pink, and white, a silk, floor length, emerald green nightgown, and another pink baby-doll style nightie with matching ruffled panties. I returned her smile, thanked her, and walked to my apartment, humming to myself. I was so happy and couldn't wait to return home and try on my new clothes.

I was out of my guy things and my pink nightgown was just settling around my panty-covered butt when I realized what I'd done. Shame washed over me, but to my surprise, they were gone within a second's time! I stared at myself in the mirror and I knew that I was doing the right thing. I could never tell anyone about it, but at that moment I knew that I wanted to experiment with being a woman. I wanted to wear soft, sensual clothing, walk into a room wearing a beautiful gown, perched on heels, my face beautifully made up and my hair and nails perfectly done. I wanted for every man in that room to look at me, to lust after me, and for every woman to resent me for being so beautiful!

"No!" I screamed. That's not really what I want! I want to be normal, to walk into that same room with a beautiful woman on my arm, not as the woman. I don't know what was happening to me, but I'm not just going to roll over and become a flaming drag queen.

I was determined to put an end to my suffering. I was strong enough to resist whatever it was that was trying to make a pansy out of me. I'd draw on all of my willpower and be free of this curse. What I drew was a nice hot bubble bath that I happily soaked in until I was sure my legs were nicely softened and ready for the lather that I excitedly applied.

"This is going to be so wonderful!" I thought as I ran the pink razor up from my ankles to my thighs. No more coarse ugly hairs to ruin the looks of my legs. From now

on, I'll keep them smooth and silky, so that they look their prettiest.

When I finished, there wasn't a hair on my body below my chin. My chest, underarms, and legs were completely free of hair that might detract from the feminine appearance I wanted so badly to project. I slipped my panties and nightie back on, and then stood in front of my full-length mirror studying the new me.

I got a wine cooler and settled back with a catalog from J.C. Penny's that I must have ordered. It opened to a section on women's holiday dresses, causing a great deal of envy in me, as I looked at the gorgeous gowns that were available for the upcoming party season.

I was lost in paradise as I turned the pages and carefully studied the features of the gowns, mentally matching them to my newly acquired taste in women's clothing. Some were breathtakingly gorgeous, low cut and tight, with rhinestones and beads to reflect the light. They focused attention on the wearer's breasts while others, although not as showy and sexy, offered a simplicity of design that still captured and broadcast the beauty of the woman wearing it. I felt that I simply had to have a pretty gown like the ones in the catalog, even though I couldn't imagine that I'd ever be able to do it justice with my figure, or think of a time or place when I'd wear it.

Page after page of beautiful clothes held my interest, but I was lost when it came to deciding my size. I could choose from misses, juniors, or women's sizes, but which was the one for me? It was obvious from the age of the models that most of the junior sized dresses were meant for much younger women than myself. The women's sizes were for ladies with a good deal more body mass than mine, although many outfits came in several size categories. Just as I was growing very despondent, I

happened upon the Holy Grail – a chart detailing size based on weight and measurements! I quickly grabbed a pen, tablet, and tape measure, and began to compare my measurements with those listed in the chart.

I was thrilled to find that at five foot six inches and one hundred and forty pounds, I could fit into a misses size eight dress. Further measurements revealed that I had a thirty-six inch chest, and that I would need a size eight in shoes. I wasn't an expert in women's fashion, but I knew enough to understand that the sizes I had found were small enough to allow me to choose from some very hot looking outfits, resulting in my looking like a very well put together lady.

I spent the rest of that evening jotting down my sizes in casual dresses, skirts, slacks, tops, and every other article of clothing a woman would wear. I thought it best not to waste money on formal and business outfits, since I could only dress at home. Next I chose the different styles I thought would look best on me, and noted the catalog numbers and prices. When I finished, I had chosen several hundred dollars worth of outfits, as well as the appropriate lingerie. All I had to do was work up the courage to phone in an order for clothing I shouldn't want, had no need for, and would never be able to use.

I paced the floor, my credit card in one hand, and my order in the other. Several times I started to dial the phone number, but each time I chickened out and hung up, sure that my voice would be a dead giveaway and cause the person taking the order to know that I was giving into the most un-masculine of urges. I could just imagine a clerk on the other end motioning for all of her fellow clerks to listen in as some pansy places an order for women's clothing.

Worse yet, I'd have to give my name and address, clearly identifying me to anyone who may live in this

area. I was terrified imagining that a woman taking my order would note my name and address and mention it to her husband who would then tell every guy he knew at the bar we both hung out in. The next time I walked into the bar, I'd be ridiculed, the butt of every fag joke they could think of, and possibly get the crap kicked out of me for being queer. I was stuck between an enormous rock and the hardest place on earth. I couldn't understand why I wanted to dress like a woman, but I knew that I just had to have the clothes I'd selected, and there was no other way for me to get them.

Just as I was about to give up, I noticed that Penny's had a web site link that I could place an order through! That was all I needed, a way to place an order without going through the local store where I might be known. I could place an order through the Internet, have it shipped directly to my apartment, and no one would ever know.

I hurried to my PC and quickly logged onto the web site. Five minutes later, I placed an order for the beginnings of what I hoped would be a wardrobe of pretty outfits to cheer me up when I was sad and satisfy my craving to be a part-time woman.

I had a ball trying on my new clothes when they finally arrived. I didn't experience the least hesitation when I fastened my first bra and carefully worked a pair of silky pantyhose up my pretty legs. It took me extra time and trouble to shave my legs and carefully rub moisturizer into them every night, but I was glad I did when I saw how pretty they looked. I shivered in delight as my full slip slid over my head and settled around me. This girl stuff was so sensual that I wished I had started dressing years before.

I rolled up a couple pair of socks to pad my bra with, and then stopped to admire myself. I wore a full lace

trimmed slip, it's bodice held out by my padded bra, pantyhose that held my pretty legs tight in a silken cocoon, and panties that were so exquisitely smooth and silky feeling that it took all of my concentration to keep from climaxing the instant I pulled them over my hips. All the lace and silk I wore combined to make me feel so delicate, and so wonderfully feminine that I had no regrets. I had found paradise.

I wore a white A-line skirt with a pink blouse, a white jacket, and white pumps the rest of the evening, as I practiced walking in heels and sitting in a skirt. By the end of the evening, my feet were sore from the heels, but I was ecstatic. All my years of girl watching had paid an unexpected dividend, I managed to remember how girls moved and sat and was able to duplicate their movements with just a little practice. I put a little sway into my movements as I walked across the room, swept my skirt, and sat in a chair. After carefully crossing my legs to avoid hurting myself, I adjusted the hem of my skirt to bring it closer to my knee before undoing the bottle of clear polish I planned to use on my nails.

I couldn't believe I was doing this. I painstakingly brushed the polish onto my nails. I shouldn't be dressed like this. I'm not a freak. There's nothing wrong with dressing like this. I'm not hurting anyone, and it helps me relax after a hard day at the office. Women can come home and pamper themselves, but men are supposed to tough it out. It's not fair and I'm not going to put up with it anymore. If I want to relax and make myself pretty, then I'm going to do it and no one's going to stop me! My mind made up, I smiled as I blew on my nails to dry them before adding a second coat.

I decided to pop over and see how Chuck was doing one day. Maybe he will be wearing something cute. We could swap notes on where to buy the prettiest outfits. It

is a shame that I blew up at him when I found him wearing panties. I could use someone who understood how I felt right now.

Katie seemed happy to see me and left to get Chuck. I swallowed hard when Chuck walked into the room wearing a checkered skirt, a white blouse, nude nylon stockings, and skimmers, and with his hair brushed into a girlish style. I had a sudden urge to scream at him, to call him a pansy, but it passed as suddenly as it came. How could I be so nasty to him when I'd spent the last couple of evenings in a skirt myself?

I smiled and told him how cute he looked. I could see it in his eyes that it took him completely off-guard. He really expected me to blow up, but I couldn't hurt him like that when he looked so pretty. I gave him a big hug, apologized for being so mean, and had him sit with me while we watched television. Before I left, I gave him another hug and was so taken with this innocent young girl that I just had to give him a kiss on the head.

I enjoyed that evening so much that I started spending more and more time with Katie and Chuck. I always had a great time, and Chuck finally felt so comfortable around me that he would greet me at the door wearing a pretty dress and would often model a new outfit he'd gotten.

Unfortunately, seeing him in a pretty dress, stockings, and heels, with his face perfectly made up drove me mad! I wanted to rush up to my old room, throw open Katie's closet and drawers, and find myself something pretty to wear too. I probably would have too if I had thought for even a split second that Katie wouldn't mind. I was sure though that she would never accept me wearing her clothes, so I had to wait until I got home to put on my baby-doll nightie with the ruffled panties and practice my voice lessons.



I was aghast at finding my son looking completely like a cute teenage girl and wanted to protest, but I merely chirped, "My what a lovely outfit you are wearing, dear." How could I protest when everything I was wearing was feminine, if not blatantly so?

Oh, I forgot to mention the voice lessons. It all started one night when I was feeling bored. I logged onto my PC and did a search for cross-dressing. I found tons of sites from other guys who also enjoyed getting all prettied up and pretending to be women. Some were awful. They'd never pass in a roomful of blind people. Others were drop-dead gorgeous with pretty faces, long hair, and great figures. They quickly become my role models.

I decided that I would do everything I could to pass myself off as a woman. I wanted to be able to go shopping, to a movie or dinner, anywhere I normally went, and I wanted to go as a woman. I e-mailed a couple of the guys who had the best looks, asked if they'd help me in my quest to be more feminine, and signed as Rhonda Jean.

The girls couldn't have been sweeter. They gave me great tips for becoming more passable. I learned how to pluck just enough of my eyebrows to look normal as a guy, but with the right use of makeup, I looked totally hot as woman. I got tips on hair care, makeup, and best of all, voice and mannerisms.

If I was going to successfully pass as a woman when I dressed, I had to learn how to act and sound like a woman. I hadn't given it much thought, but Sheila, one of my new on-line friends, made it clear that there was so much more to being a woman than just the clothes and makeup. Women moved and talked differently than men. They used their hands more, smiled more, and expressed themselves in ways that men never thought of. All of these gestures sent signals to others that they were dealing with a woman.

I could wear the most beautiful evening gown, my hair, makeup, and nails could be perfect, but if I didn't

give off the right signals through my speech and gestures, I'd be read as a man in drag in a second.

Luckily I was a very good student, and within a few weeks I could pitch my voice in such a way that when I made phone calls, the other person always thought they were speaking with a woman, and when I finally got brave enough to go grocery shopping in a skirt and heels, no one gave me a second look.

Things sort of escalated after that. The more I passed as a woman, the happier I was. I went from a normal, everyday guy to the kind of pansy that I sneered at and hated before. I wore skirts and dresses, lingerie and nylons, along with wigs, makeup, perfume, and nail polish. I knew how to match shoes and a purse to the dress I wore. My new friends invited me to join a cross dressing group, and soon I was attending meetings *en-femme* as we call it, and somehow even got the courage to go to a few bars with the other girls. I was riding the scariest roller coaster in the world, having the time of my life as a part time woman, yet terrified that I had lost all control over my life.

I spent at least part of every weekend as Rhonda, my new feminine alter ego, shopping, bar hopping with the girls from the group, or just relaxing at a fashion show, a play, or a romantic movie that was playing in my area. After a while, I was so used to spending weekends as Rhonda that I hated to go back to being Rob for work on Mondays.

The workweek sucked. I had to be careful not to smooth my imaginary skirt as I sat down or cross my legs the way I did in a skirt. I couldn't wear makeup or perfume, and I missed having the beautiful long nails that had to come off every Sunday night. Even though I wore panties, stockings, and a woman's Tee shirt under my suit, it was never enough.

I kept fantasizing that I could quit my job, then be rehired as a secretary. In my fantasy, no one knew that Rhonda, the pretty new secretary, was actually Rob, the CPA who had quit just before Rhonda was hired. The women were friendly to me, accepting me as one of the girls, and the guys were always hitting on me. I wore pretty dresses and heels, carried a purse, and touched up my makeup with the other women in the ladies room. It amused me to no end to think of what my buddies at the bar would think of the sweet thing I'd become. They'd be crawling over each other trying to get a date with me!

One weekend, I thought I'd drop by to see how Chuck and Katie were doing. I'd been busy with my new social life, hadn't seen them in more than a month, and I was feeling lonely. I missed hanging out with Sal, but I wasn't sure how to act around him. Should I be the coquettish flirt, the girl next door, or his buddy, Rob? His hitting on me the last time we'd been together had scared and titillated me. I didn't have a clue on how to handle the way I started to feel around him, so it was best to simply avoid him.

Just to add excitement, I decided to wear a pair of women's jeans with a plain top on my visit to Katie. The jeans and top were simply styled, with no decoration around the pockets and no little frills on the top to indicate that I was wearing women's clothes. It would be my little secret, something to laugh about later at home.

Katie and I talked for an hour or so, and she complimented me on losing a few pounds. I thanked her, but didn't mention the new dress I'd bought, and how it was just a little too snug on me. I was thrilled with my deception until I suddenly realized that she could easily tell by the way my top buttoned and how high the waist of my jeans were that I was wearing women's clothes. I

made some silly excuse for leaving, jumped in my car, and headed for the safety of my apartment.

Instead of the safety of my apartment though, I woke from a trance to find myself sitting next to Sal on his couch, and listening to how much he'd missed me! I have no idea how I got there. Could I have missed him so much that I drove without thinking to see him? I ran from Katie's because I thought she could tell that I was wearing women's clothes, but I felt so good when Sal told me how pretty I looked, and how he'd love to see me in a pretty dress! Part of me wanted to run again, but instead I sat there, eating up his compliments, and promising to wear a pretty dress just for him someday!

I spent two hours sipping wine coolers and talking with Sal. The time flew by, and I didn't feel the least self-conscious about wearing women's clothes in front of him. Sal made me feel more like a lady than I had in any of my little adventures with the other girls from my group, and I loved it! When I was ready to leave, he asked if he could walk me to my car. The garage was a little dark and scary, so I agreed.

Once we were on the elevator, Sal took my hand in his. I was overcome with a sense of well being and security, so I snuggled closer to him, which merited me a kiss on the head just like the one I had given Chuck. I didn't want to give him the impression that I was easy, so I smiled up at him and squeezed his hand, earning myself another kiss.

He took my keys and unlocked my door, then smiled and took me in his arms. Oh God, did that ever feel wonderful! I snuggled close, put my arms around him, and looked into his smiling face. I should have seen it coming. I probably knew it was going to happen, but I didn't care. Sal leaned over and kissed me on the lips!

“I like the new you,” he whispered in my ear as he held me close. “Is this a permanent thing?”

“I, uh guess,” I stammered. “You’re not mad at me, are you?” I asked, sounding like a little girl.

“No, I like you this way,” he smiled and gently lifted my chin and kissed me again. “I never realized how pretty you are. I must have been blind.”

I had a tight panty girdle on under my jeans, which was making me more and more uncomfortable. Sal was an absolute hunk of a man and he thought I was pretty, pretty enough to hold and to kiss, even while wearing a pair of plain old jeans and a top. I couldn’t stop myself from wondering how he’d react if I showed up in a pretty dress, with my makeup and hair just right?

“There’s a Halloween party coming up at the plant,” he said softly. “I’d love to take you if you’d like?”

“What could I possibly go as?” I asked in a daze. I supposed that I could go as myself. a guy falling hopelessly in love with his best friend. That would certainly confuse everyone. God knows it was confusing the hell out of me. I was sort of surprised when Sal had a ready answer.

“If you will be Cinderella, I will be the handsome prince,” he grinned.

What could I say? I could just picture myself wearing a gorgeous gown with petticoats, matching lace panties, a bra, and garter belt, being swept around the floor in Sal's arms. It would be like a dream. But he’d break every bone in my body if he somehow woke up and found that his dream girl was his best friend. Of course, he did say that he preferred me like this, and that he wanted to see me in a pretty dress looking sweet and feminine, so I could always claim he made me do it.

"That would be nice," I looked at him and smiled. "You would make a great prince."

I remember thinking that I had to get professional help just before our lips met. As we kissed, I began to run my fingers through his thick, curly hair. As if cross-dressing wasn't enough of a problem, I was passionately kissing another guy. I couldn't imagine how things could get any worse as I opened my mouth to eagerly accept his probing tongue.

I was on top of the world when I got home. I was in love and nothing could ruin the way I felt. That's certainly what I thought, but it turned out that I couldn't have been more wrong. I was sitting in my baby dolls, my favorite nightie, when the fog clouding my mind parted, and I realized what I'd done.

"Please tell me I didn't suck face with Sal, please God!" I sobbed as I ran to my room to change into more masculine PJ's. "I didn't let him French kiss me. I didn't melt into his arms like a love-struck teenage girl, and I didn't enjoy it. Please God, please don't let this happen to me!"

There was no relief though, as my mind was flooded with images of flirting with Sal in his apartment, walking to my car, the way he smiled and told me how much he liked the new me, and the feelings I had while he was kissing me. They'd all been such wonderful feelings at the time, making me feel so alive and happy, but they were gone and I was depressed.

A few minutes later, I realized that I had a sure cure for depression right on the bed in front of me. I changed back into my babydolls and immediately felt a sense of peace and well being wash over me. I still didn't know what I was going to do with my life, but at least I didn't feel depressed anymore.

I had the most wonderful time shopping for my costume. It took an entire weekend shopping enfemme in every costume shop within twenty miles, but it was worth the time and the money when I dressed for the party.

My gown was breathtakingly dazzling white with a rhinestone accented chiffon overskirt with three petticoats. It picked up the light and reflected it like a beacon on a lighthouse, calling attention to the stunning woman with the auburn hair and a face that could've given Helen of Troy a run for her money.

I had spent several hours and close to two hundred dollars getting a makeover and having my favorite wig styled, but what did that matter to a woman who wanted to impress the guy she was in love with?

Yes, I was in love. Head over heels, truly, madly, deeply in love with Sal, my best friend, the guy I had gotten drunk with, picked up girls with, the guy who had been my best man when I married Katie.

"That was all in the past," I thought as I carefully attached my nylons to the garter tabs. "I've had it with the whole guy nonsense. I want to be pretty and pampered. I don't give a damn who threw the most passes in the NFL, I just want to be the recipient of a few passes from Sal!"

Sal smiled as he walked into my apartment. "You've been wasting your time," he told me after practically undressing me with his eyes.

"Don't you like the way I look?" I had pulled out all the stops, spent an afternoon getting pretty, but it was all a waste if Sal didn't think I looked pretty. I was ready to cry. "I'm sorry, I tried hard to look nice."

"Please don't cry," he said softly as he took my hand in his. "You look beautiful. I meant that you've been wasting your time pretending to be a guy."



I felt so strange when my best friend held my chair as I took my seat. He was treating me as HIS pampered woman.

Indescribably wonderful feelings overcame me. Sal thought I was beautiful. He appreciated that I was trying my best to look pretty. I knew that he was right. I had been wasting my time pretending to be a guy.

I had used Sal as a crutch for all those years, hoping that some of his masculinity would rub off on me. It won't be that way anymore. From now on, I'm going to be the woman I should have been!

I stood on tiptoe and gave him a kiss on the cheek. "I won't waste any more time," I promised, "but could you do me one little favor, please?" I giggled.

"Name it and it's yours, pretty lady," he smiled.

"Please call me Rhonda?" Sal took me in his arms, squeezed me tight, and kissed me.

I loved the way Sal treated me that evening. He held every door for me, got me a drink whenever I was thirsty, and even stood whenever I left or entered the room. He wanted to know about my favorite books, movies I'd enjoyed, and everything else about my life. Everything except one thing, how I'd come to be dressed as a woman and on a date with him, that he seemed to take for granted. I was an attractive woman and he enjoyed dating attractive women. I don't think I'll ever be able to forget that night. Being held by Sal as he gently led me about the dance floor, being repeatedly told how pretty I was, and of course there was the good night kiss.

Sal was sweet enough to walk me to my apartment. It made me feel so much better having a big strong man like Sal around when I was wearing a gown and heels.

We talked all the way home, and when it was time to go, we stared at each other for a second or two before Sal smiled and leaned over to kiss me. I didn't hesitate to move closer and let him wrap me in his arms. It was just the yummy icing I needed on the delectable cake that had been my first date as a woman.

My hands moved to his back, while our tongues got to know each other better. I rubbed his back, and then pulled him close enough to know by the bulge in his pants that I was having the desired effect on him. When we finally broke off the kiss, I looked into his eyes and smiled, feeling that no words could adequately express the joy he'd given me.

"Sleep tight, Rhonda," he told me as he unlocked my apartment door.

"Uh huh," I mumbled with a big grin, unable to think of anything to say. I closed the door behind me and collapsed onto my couch, my heart pounding and my head swirling over the events of the night. I had spent an entire evening as Rhonda, a pretty, desirable woman in the arms of a handsome man, and I had no regrets, only a desire for more. I did have one regret though, having to put on a suit and tie and go back to being Rob for work Monday morning.

I had a lot to think about after that party. I sat down and listed all of the reasons to remain a guy and all of the reasons for becoming a woman. In the guy column I listed all good things about being a guy, such as being able to call the shots in a relationship, higher income, less time getting ready, not worrying about sexual abuse or harassment, sports, and being taken seriously by mechanics.

Suddenly I realized that it was all nonsense. It didn't matter what advantages guys had over women. I wanted, needed, to be a woman, and nothing else

mattered, not even that I couldn't figure out why I suddenly wanted to be a woman after what I thought was a good life as a guy.

As I pondered my dilemma, my mind wandered to memories of the Halloween party with Sal. How much I had looked forward to going, the fun I had getting made over, how pretty I looked, how great it felt to wear the pretty gown and lingerie, and of course how wonderful it felt to be held and kissed by Sal. I ripped up my list, confident that becoming a woman was the right thing for me! I slipped into a pretty negligee I had recently bought, slid "Sleepless in Seattle" into my DVD player, and curled up to enjoy the movie that Kathie, my ex, had given me after I mentioned it to her.

Two nights later, I was giving myself a pedicure when the phone rang. "Hi, Rhonda," Sal said. "How have you been?"

Rhonda, he called me Rhonda! He didn't forget me! "Hi, Sal, I've been great. How about you?" I replied in the friendliest voice I could manage. I knew I could entice him in person, but could I do it over the phone?

"Not so good," he responded, "I've been thinking about you a lot lately."

I was so sure that he was interested in me at the Halloween party, and he had kissed me goodnight and called me Rhonda. Could something have caused him to lose interest in me? If so, why would he bother calling? We weren't a formal couple that he would need to break anything off.

"Is something wrong?" I asked, my heart was pounding and my palms were starting to sweat. If he broke it off, would he try to physically hurt me, thinking that I had deceived him?

"Very wrong, and you're the problem," he answered, causing my heart to almost stop.

"Sal, please don't be upset with me. I didn't mean anything. I can't help myself, and you asked me to dress that way, remember?"

"Of course I remember." I sensed something in his voice that let me relax for a millisecond. "I thought you looked beautiful, and hell, I couldn't help myself either. That's the problem, I can't get you out of my head, would you have dinner with me this weekend?"

"I'd love to!" I answered quickly, afraid that he might come to his senses and hang up. "How should I dress?"

"Wear your prettiest outfit for me, please?" he almost begged.

"I'll find something suitable," I teased, "but I promise you'll like the way I look."

"I'm sure I will," he promised. "I'll pick you up at seven on Saturday."

As soon as we hung up, I grabbed my phone book and begged my beautician to fit me in that Saturday. I wanted to look perfect for my date, and I didn't care what it would cost or how long it would take. I scheduled myself for the works. a manicure, leg waxing, wig styling, and makeup, hoping it would earn me more of Sal's earth-moving kisses.

I knew exactly what I wanted to wear for my date, a low cut, black velvet dress that had been calling to me from a local dress store, but I'd been putting off buying it because I couldn't think of a place to wear it to. None of my outings were fancy enough to justify spending what that dress cost, and I really thought that the Halloween with Sal was to be a one shot deal. I didn't have the confidence to expect a second date.

Faced with the reality of another date with Sal, I knew I had to have that dress. It would do wonders when it came to enhancing my femininity, and I wanted to be as feminine as possible when I was with that gorgeous hunk of man! Being feminine had become an addiction. I craved looking pretty and being treated as a woman. At first I could go for weeks without needing a fix, but by the time I had become infatuated with Sal, I needed my girl fix on a daily basis. I took to wearing satin panties, garter belts and nylons under my suits. I kept my body smooth and hairless. I slept in frilly negligees, did my nails every week, and had many an evening out with my new girlfriends. Still I loved to push my masquerade a little further each time.

First it was being able to take my trash to the dumpster wearing women's jeans, then I had to add a top and see if I could fool Katie. When I found out that there were numerous stores in my area happy to treat me as a woman, I went on shopping sprees, buying pretty dresses, skirts, sportswear, and lingerie to wear on my girly outings. It didn't take long before I gave up the safety of TG friendly bars, stores, and restaurants, and tried to pass as a woman in department stores, dress shops, and straight bars. When I realized that I could successfully pass as a woman in public, I was ecstatic, but wondered what my next goal would be. There was always another mountain to climb, and before long men became that next mountain.

I was afraid to approach a guy. Sure, I'd danced with a few at the gay bars, but they knew I wasn't a woman. I had this intense craving to see if I could pass as a woman to a man who didn't know me, but I was terrified of what might happen if he read me. Thankfully, that was when Sal began to take an interest in me.

The one person I most feared to learn about my secret was my knight in shining armor, coming to rescue this poor damsel in distress. I tried to fight off the strange feelings I developed for him. He was my best friend, a real man's man, and I wasn't sure he would understand that I not only wanted to be a lady, but that I wanted to be his lady. When the feelings wouldn't go away, I knew I had to take the chance and become the woman he would love forever.

I carefully dressed for what I hoped would be a wonderful evening. A matching black lace bra, slip, panties, sheer pantyhose, and black velvet covered pumps made me feel sinfully sexy. I glued on my breast forms and dabbed Passion perfume in all the right spots, determined to make Sal forget about his old friend, Rob, and fall madly in love with Rhonda. I wasn't completely sure how I was going to accomplish that feat, having only begun dressing within that past year and only having decided to become a woman a month before, but I had an advantage in knowing Sal. I knew what he liked in food, in booze, and especially in women, and I was going to be the kind of woman Sal would kill for!

When my doorbell rang, I quickly checked my hair, smoothed my dress, and checked my makeup before opening it. I wanted everything to be just right for my dream date. "Hi, Sal. How have you been?" I asked with an innocent smile across my face, belying my desire to jump into his arms and smother him with kisses. Sal simply stood, apparently riveted to one spot, staring at me with barely disguised lust. "Would you like to come in?" I took his hand and gently pulled him inside.

I tried to let go of his hand once I got him inside, but by then he had a firm hold, and wasn't in a hurry to let go, which was fine with me. He stared at me for some time and smiled before I again had to break through to

him. "You look very nice, Sal. I never noticed how good you looked in a suit."

"There are a lot of things about you I never noticed before, Rhonda," he quickly answered. "Forgive me for not noticing before now what a beautiful lady you are."

I felt the temperature in my face rising. "That's so sweet of you, Sal, but you're embarrassing me."

"I'm sorry. Let me make it up to you," he said softly, as he pulled me close. He placed two fingers under my chin and lifted my head. I still don't understand how he was able to remain so calm while all of those bells and whistles were going off around us.

"We'd better get going," I smiled after our fourth kiss. "I don't trust myself alone here with you."

God, was that a fantastic evening! Sal never once took his eyes off of me and treated me as though I were a princess. I asked him what he thought of the Pittsburgh Steelers chances for the coming season, and he was positively thrilled that I still care about sports. Hell, I didn't give a damn about sports, but as long as Sal was interested in it, so was I!

We spent the entire dinner talking about different teams, what their chances for the Super Bowl might be, and what strategies might get them there. I surprised myself when I found that I still enjoyed a conversation like that, but in a different sort of way. There wasn't any real passion like there used to be. Sports were okay, but nothing to get all worked up over. It was a lot more fun though when he said that we'd talked enough and would I like to dance? Screw the Super Bowl! The only tight end I was interested in was Sal's!

At home later, after several passionate goodnight kisses, I took off my dress, hung it carefully in the closet, and stared at my reflection in the mirror. It was so nice

to see my fake breasts pushing against the lacy confines of my bra and the full slip made me feel giddy as I ran my hands along my silk encased body.

As I admiring myself, repressed memories began flooding back into my consciousness, such as looking at the little girls in school and wishing that I could wear frilly party dresses, not fitting in with the boys who wanted to play cowboys and Indians, but wanting so badly to play house and dress-up with the girls.



“Why did I love dancing with Sal so much? He was my best friend. I shouldn’t like being held in his arms and being led about the dance floor like this,” I thought, but didn’t try to break away either.

How many nights had I gone to sleep, wishing and praying that I'd wake up as a girl? I had thrown myself into masculine activities, as I got older, sports, hunting, and chasing girls, even though my heart wasn't in it. It tore me up to go to a dance and see the girls wearing pretty outfits that I would have given anything to wear. Even my marriage was a sham. It was just another way for me to try to be the man I was never meant to be. When I met Sal I latched onto him, hoping for some sort of reflected masculinity. But as rough and tough as Sal was, there was no way for me to share in his masculinity.

I was ashamed to admit that I had badgered my own son for doing things I secretly wanted to do myself. I felt a need to degrade him to hide my own feelings. I realized that there was no turning back, I had progressed far beyond enjoying pretty outfits and silky lingerie occasionally, I wanted more from life than simply pretending to be a woman. I knew that I was meant to be a woman, but I also knew that being a woman would never be enough for me. I simply had to be Mrs. Salvatore Ianello.

With a little help from my girlfriends, I found a psychologist who specialized in transgendered guys like myself. With her help, I was able to truly open up and confront my fears about becoming a woman. It took many sessions and several tests before she was sure that I was truly a woman trapped within a man's body, and that I could not go on pretending to be a woman. I had to leave the baggage of my male life behind and get on with being the woman I should have been.

That was easier said than done. I was referred to a doctor who prescribed a combination of drugs to block my body's production of male hormones and replace them with female hormones, which would pave the way

for eventual sexual reassignment surgery. As difficult as changing my body into that of a woman, it was minor compared to what I had to go through along the way.

I couldn't just leave work as Rob some Friday afternoon and return the following Monday as Rhonda. The female hormones I took needed months to gradually soften my features, and during that time I needed to work to pay my normal bills, as well as the expense of switching my sex, but my employer didn't have to allow me to transition on the job. I thought long and hard about the obstacles I'd face and the ridicule I might encounter, but I knew that I'd waited long enough to set things right. It was time to act.

The first thing I did was to visit Katie, my ex-wife. I wanted to apologize to her for all of the trouble I'd caused and possibly pick her brain for tips on looking my best. It would also be one hell of a test. If I could convince Katie to accept me as a woman, convincing the rest of the world would be easy. I called and asked if she'd mind my stopping by to talk to her about something very important.

I didn't want to be too showy and risk Katie laughing at me, so I settled for a pair of cute but plain shorts and a simple white top. I did my hair into a short, but feminine style, hopped into my car, and with hands shaking, went to show Katie her new sister-in-law.

Katie was surprised to see me dressed in women's clothes, but thankfully she was sweet enough to understand my plight and willing to help. I poured out my heart to her as I cleaned up in a nice hot bubble bath. I told her how I had wanted to be female for as long as I could remember, but had suppressed the memories and did my best to be a man. I apologized for all of the grief I'd caused her and Chuck, and begged her to teach me what I needed to pass as a woman.

Katie never ridiculed me, even though I would have deserved it. Instead, she allowed me to dress in some of her sexiest lingerie, and let me choose an outfit that I thought would most me feel feminine.

I sat like a good little schoolgirl as Katie showed me how to do my face to enhance my eyes and smile, my best assets. I don't remember paying that much attention before in my life, but I felt like a sponge, absorbing everything that came my way. Katie said that it would be too much to learn in just a single afternoon, but if I was wanted to, I could stop over in the evenings and any other time she was free and she'd be glad to show me how pretty I could be. I was so overwhelmed with her generosity and sweetness that I gave her a big sisterly hug, since I didn't see her as a sex object any longer. Now she was a big sister teaching me the necessities of growing up as a woman.

I was thrilled when Katie brought me the sexiest set of lingerie I'd ever seen, red satin, dripping with lace, the bra, panties, slip, and garter belt were from 'Trashy Lingerie'. 'Trashy Lingerie' had a reputation for selling underwear that could overload the nervous system of the most sensibly dressed librarian with feelings of being a hot, sexy, and wanton woman. I happily admit that when I finished hooking nylons to the tabs of the garters threaded so carefully beneath lace panties, I knew I could never approach that level of happiness as a man. The only thing on my mind was how wonderful it would be to lie back on satin sheets and have a handsome stud undress me and have his way with me!

I finished dressing in a hot red dress and matching pumps that I remembered Katie's having in her closet. She put a long auburn wig on me, brushed it out and sat back like a mother watching her little girl twirl in her pretty new dress.

It was delightful to put away our differences and become Katie's friend. She wasn't the miserable shrew I once took her to be. No, she was actually a sweet, caring, person who only wanted the best for others. How could I have been so wrong about her? I was sure that she never intentionally feminized Chuck. It was his idea all along, just as she'd insisted. It wouldn't have mattered if she had. It would have given Chuck insight into the feminine world that would make a better, more understanding husband of him someday.

Speaking of Chuck, he was rather unexpectedly introduced to his new aunt that day. I was in the process of changing into another of Katie's outfits when Chuck walked in on us. There was nowhere to hide and Katie said he'd understand, so I greeted him in a pretty green bra and panties while stepping into a half-slip.

Once he got over his surprise, Chuck was thrilled to hear that I was going to be his aunt. I promised to take him shopping and buy him all the pretty outfits he could find, as a way of making up for being such a rotten father. I felt sort of like Scrooge after the three ghosts visited him. I'd learned my lesson and wanted to be a good aunt to Chuck and girlfriend to his mom.

Katie invited me to stay for dinner, and I quickly accepted. I had so many questions about wardrobe, makeup, and mannerisms that I wanted to ask.

I couldn't believe how lucky I was that evening. Katie had no problem accepting her ex-husband in a pretty dress, and she treated me like one of her girlfriends by providing me with invaluable tips on hair care, and where to buy the prettiest outfits and sexiest lingerie.

When it was finally time to leave, she even made a present of a wig and outfit, a pink and white sundress, lingerie she'd let me pick out from her special collection, silky nylons, and white pumps.

A few of my neighbors seemed surprised to see a pretty lady entering my apartment late that evening, but I wasn't the least concerned. After all they'd be seeing a lot more of that lady from then on!

I started taking female hormones a few days later, and the changes hit me fast and hard. Within a few weeks, I started to feel differently about everything. Colors seemed so much more vivid, I was getting more emotional, and I never felt better in my life! Gone was the sense of competition, and the need to be number one in everything. I loved being alive and helping others.

After a couple of months, I noticed that my skin was much softer, I was getting a bit rounder in my butt, and my breasts were starting to develop. Combined with the electrolysis treatments I'd been having, I took on a younger look, which delighted me when people commented on it. They thought there was something different, although none of my co-workers could pinpoint what it was. It was a welcome affirmation that I was slowly and irreversibly changing into a woman.

My changes were also a warning signal that I had postponed dealing with my employer long enough. Soon it would become obvious to all but the blind that I was becoming more and more feminine in appearance, so I made an appointment to meet with my boss and a representative from Human Resources, hoping for the best, but fearing the worst.

I brought along copies of my psychologist's letter detailing my need to transition and a letter from the doctor who was overseeing my hormone therapy to show that I was serious. Regardless of what happened, I was going to become a woman. Just to ice the cake, I also produced copies of documents applying for a name change, a new driver's license, and a request to alter my birth certificate to show my sex as female.

The whole thing took about a half an hour. My boss said that he'd noticed a change in me, and my work performance had improved once the female hormones had calmed me. As far as he was concerned Rob was one of the best CPA's he ever knew, but Rhonda was better.

The HR rep assured me that the company would not discriminate against me because of my condition and would not tolerate any harassment or discrimination from other employees. I would have to meet performance standards for my job and follow the appropriate dress code for female employees. A company wide bulletin would be issued detailing the company's harassment policy, after which I could begin dressing as Rhonda.

I took a week vacation to prepare, and the on Monday, I got up an hour earlier, put on my perfectly styled auburn wig, and did my own makeup just like I'd practiced with Katie. I slipped into nice looking gray skirt suit with matching white satin lingerie and the silkiest pantyhose I owned. I slung my purse over my shoulder, and flashed my new ID badge to the guard at the door.

I walked to my cube and placed my purse in a drawer, just like every other woman in the office. "Isn't that sweet!" I thought as I noticed the new nameplate. 'Rhonda J. Goeller' I felt at home already.

I was fortunate that no one in the office was rude or nasty to me. I really think that if anyone had even giggled when I passed them, I would have broken into tears. Everything was just so wonderful. The women immediately accepted me, and the guys treated me as though Rob had never existed. I even noticed several guys checking me out when they thought I wasn't paying attention, which made me so happy that I wanted to run over and kiss them for making me feel desirable!



"Rhonda J. Goeller" my nameplate announced to all my workmates. I felt sexy as I strolled the aisle to my office, all the men admiring my feminine shape, all the women jealous of my femininity.

I enjoyed life more than ever before and couldn't possibly imagine how I'd spent all of those years pretending to be a man. I was deliriously happy as a woman and couldn't wait for my next experience as Rhonda. Sure I'd gone to bars with my girlfriends, and yes, I'd even gone on dates with Sal, but each time, I came home and changed back into Rob.

Since I went full time as a woman, I didn't worry that someone might read me as a guy in a dress. That alone gave me so much confidence than I ever had before. I began trying outfits on when I shopped, something I never had the courage to do before, accepted invitations from the other women to bridal and baby showers, Tupperware and Mary Kay parties, and even accepted a date from a guy in another department who had known me as Rob!

I kept in touch with Katie and Cindy, as I now called Chuck. He was way too pretty to refer to by a boy's name, so I re-christened him Cynthia Katherine, the middle name in honor of his mom. It was fabulous getting to know Katie all over again, this time as her sister-in-law and cherished girlfriend. We shopped, sometimes with Cindy, sometimes alone, or would just get together for coffee and gossip.

I decided a few months after going full time that there was just one thing missing from my life, a man. Sure I dated a few guys here and there, even gave oral sex to a couple who needed relief after a heavy session of necking and petting, but I had this overpowering need to settle down, to have one man who would love me and care for me, and I knew who that man had to be.

I stopped at Katie's one day and spilled everything. How I was madly in love with Sal and wanted nothing more than to be his wife. It shocked the crap out of her,

but when she finally recovered, she promised to do everything she could to help me win Sal's heart.

I knew that Sal loved a good home cooked meal and a well kept home. Any woman that wanted to land Sal would have to be a very good chick, and keep a neat and tidy home. With Katie's help, I set out to acquire all of the skills that would make Sal mine all mine.

Linda was sweet enough to keep me up to date on Sal's taste in women. Of course, he wanted a good cook and a good housekeeper, but there was also the matter of his liking women who would be hot in bed.

My ex-buddy never mentioned to me that although he liked women who dressed like ladies, he also wanted a woman who would drop the shy demure front the instant they got into bed. If that were what it took to get him, I would be the sweetest, nicest, neatest, little whore he could imagine!

I'd cook, clean, and serve him dinner, then lure him into the bedroom, allow him to strip me down to my ultra sexy lingerie, then let him have his way with me. Once he was finished with me, I'd kiss him, tell him that he was the most wonderful man in the whole world, the most accomplished lover in history, and then I'd have my way with him!

I spent so many evenings at Katie's that we joked that I was there more than when we were married. That was okay though, Katie and I were best friends by then, and it was all for a good cause, the capturing of Sal.

I learned cooking, sewing, housekeeping, and tips on how to handle men. Linda helped by mentioning me now and then around Sal and telling him how popular I had become. I had reluctantly turned down a couple of dates with Sal. Linda and Katie had convinced me that it was best to keep Sal from taking me for granted. If a girl was always available for a date, the guy might tend to expect

it and think of her as strictly a last minute option for when he couldn't get another date. I wanted Sal to think of me first, and then if I weren't available, he'd have to scrounge for another girl. I had to be the first girl he thought of when he was lonely or wanted company.

It took time, but I learned my lessons well and was ready to take a shot at tying Sal down. If everything worked out, I figured on having Sal eating out of my hand immediately after he slipped an engagement ring on my finger!

My apartment was spotless. Flowers were on the perfectly set table, furniture polished until I could see myself in it, a well-stocked refrigerator, and all of the necessary cookware to create a meal that he wouldn't soon forget. I invited Linda, Katie, and Cindy over just to keep Sal from catching on before I landed him. Everything would seem like a normal dinner party.

Katie was shocked when she saw how I was dressed. I wore a full skirted, black cocktail dress, with a semi-sheer bodice and long sheer sleeves with a lace trimmed, pinafore style apron in a style that Sal wouldn't be able to miss. I expected his eyes to take in the contrast between the sexy dress and the sweet, wholesome, looking apron, resulting in complete befuddlement. I'd flirt a little before dinner, satisfy his hunger with a great meal, then when we were alone, reward him with the most passionate kiss imaginable while whispering how anxious I was to indulge his most impassioned fantasies.

I calculated that his hormones would drive him over the brink and that he'd have a hard time sleeping because of the fantasies going through his head. It might take several days, but I felt certain that he'd hurry back to pop the question!



I couldn't keep my hands off Sal. Although my former wife, former son, and Sal's sister were in the next room, I lustily started to undress my future husband without any regard to protocol. I wanted him, and I wanted him now!

Everything worked like a charm. Sal's testosterone-fueled brain couldn't handle the contrast between a sexy woman and the image of someone as sweet as his mother, so as men are prone to do, he let his hormones take charge.

I loved the attention I got from Sal. He couldn't take his eyes off me and complemented me with every other sentence. Just before I was ready to serve dinner, I brushed Sal, and then apologized with a sexy little smile. Sal reached out, pulled me onto his lap, and gave me a kiss that made me blush! If it hadn't have been for my panty girdle, what little was left of my poor male organ would have tented my pretty dress.

After dinner, Sal insisted on helping me with dishes, even though I asked him to join Katie, Linda, and Cindy in the living room. He was all over me once we got behind the kitchen door, and I loved it! He kissed my lips, my cheeks, my neck, and would have gone further had my dress not come between us.

"I love you, Rhonda," he whispered as he held me close enough to feel his erection. "I've never felt this way about another woman before in my life."

"I love you too, Sal," I whispered back as I unzipped his pants and freed his engorged shaft. "Let me show you how much."

I dropped to my knees and had Sal bucking into my mouth in less than two minutes, a record for me! I kissed him, cleaned him up, zipped him up, and sent him out of the kitchen while I finished cleaning up.

We all had a great evening, and when it came time to leave, Sal told Linda that he'd catch up to her later at home. He wanted to talk to me a little more. She and Katie smiled and winked as they thanked me for the meal, and left me alone with my prey.

I finished saying goodnight to the girls and was only slightly surprised to turn and step into Sal's outstretched arms. I squirmed in nice and close until I could feel his erection pressing against me. "Is he back for more?" I asked in a sweet voice, as I unbuckled his belt and undid his pants.

"Uh huh," Sal nodded vigorously. "He likes you."

"That's so nice," I cooed as I led him to the couch. "I think I'll pay him another visit if you don't mind?"

"Please," Sal gasped just before I took him in my mouth and began bobbing up and down.

I licked, I sucked, and I toyed with him until he couldn't take anymore. Six separate times. When he couldn't get another erection, he began to unzip my dress. "No, don't do that, please," I whispered frantically. If he saw that I was still a male, it might just snap him back into reality and out of my life. I didn't want to risk his seeing me as anything but a complete woman.

"I don't mind," he whispered softly as he slid the dress from my shoulders. "I want you and nothing will change that."

God, did he ever want me! He gingerly undressed me until I was standing in just a bra and panties. He undid the clasps of my bra in expert fashion, and then sucked my breasts until I had my very first female orgasm. It was so different than my male climaxes, and so very wonderful.

"That was so wonderful," I said softly. "I know I made the right decision."

"There's one more that I need you to make, Rhonda." He smiled mysteriously as he fumbled in his jacket. Producing a small box, he opened it to reveal a ring of such beauty that the world's greatest poets could not hope to describe. "Make me the envy of every man on

earth and marry me, Rhonda. I'll wait forever until you're done with what you have to do, but when you are finished, I want you as my wife.”

At least I suppose he said that. Actually, I didn't hear his voice, just a chorus of angels, combined with the sweetest music a human could experience. Of course, I accepted, and kissed him until he had to push me away.

“Just a sample of what awaits you,” I promised as I snuggled in his arms. “Any time you want, anything you want, all you have to do is ask.”

We snuggled on the couch for a while longer before I asked if he'd spend the night with me. As soon as he agreed, I rushed to my room and changed into a flimsy black negligee and peignoir.

“I've been saving this for you, Sal,” I said in a sexy voice. “Do you like?”

The erection in his shorts and the leering grin on his face said it all. He rushed to me, gathered me in his arms, and lovingly deposited me on my bed, which I had already turned down the sheets. Everything I had heard about Sal was true. He could make a woman orgasm with just a look and his gentle touch, and now all of this was mine.

I broke the news to Katie and Linda the next day after Sal left for work. We planned to live together for a year until I had the final operation to make for a legal marriage. Katie would be my Matron-of-Honor with Linda and Cindy as bridesmaids.

The year went by quickly. Sal and I were so much in love and so completely compatible. I knew his likes and dislikes, kept the apartment neat and clean, cooked his favorite meals, and never gave him a reason to stray from our bed.

Our wedding was a dream. Linda, Katie, and Cindy all looked so lovely in their forest green gowns. If anyone was happier than me that day, it had to be Cindy dancing with her escort, a guy several inches taller and smitten by her beauty. I knew she'd follow in my footsteps and make a lovely bride someday.

That night, wearing a sexy white negligee that Katie had bought for me, I slipped between the sheets and waited for my new husband to make my transition from man to woman complete. Sal sucked on my breasts and drove me insane with his tongue until I begged him to deflower me once and for all. He smiled, gently lifted my nightgown, and positioned himself between my eager thighs.

The moment I had waited for was finally here. I anticipated the pleasure I was about to receive. All those years pretending to be a man, all the suffering as I hid my deepest feelings, now they were behind me. I was a woman now, as happy and as fulfilled as I could hope for, with the man I lived for ready to make love to me.

Sal slid into me and began driving me wild with delight. I thrashed and met his every thrust with my own as our tongues played games of tag. Suddenly I felt Sal tensing up and then it happened, his climax and my earth shaking orgasm!

Every nerve ending in my body was firing at once, driving me into what seemed like a bottomless pit of primal pleasure. Nothing in my life compared to the feelings coursing through my body at that moment. Sal and I lay side by side hugging and kissing until he finally fell fast asleep.

I tried to sleep, but horrible thoughts suddenly poured into my brain. I could almost hear Katie swearing that I would pay for leaving her to raise Chuck alone. I remembered phone calls from her when she told

me to take a nice hot bubble bath, and then to buy nightgowns, panties, and increasingly feminine wardrobe. I wept softly as I remembered Katie's words to me just a few days earlier.

"You were all man at one time, Rhonda. Man enough to make me cry out in joy every time we made love. If you hadn't been such a jerk, such a complete ass, you would still be that man today. No, you had to run off and leave me with a small child to raise alone, and with barely enough child support to feed us. If that wasn't bad enough, you teased and tormented your own flesh and blood, even though he was doing nothing wrong. I swore I'd have my revenge. Remember? Well now I do."

"You and Sal were inseparable, you lived your life through him, and now you'll live your life for him. He'll never know that his attraction to you was carefully planned, but if it's any consolation to you, he was never programmed to fall in love and propose to you. It was your beauty and feminine charms that brought him to your bed. You were never meant to fall in love with him either, so it appears that you weren't quite the man you thought you were."

Sal must have heard me crying, he reached over and brought me close to his warm body. "Are you okay, honey?" he asked softly as he held me tight.

"I'm fine, sweetheart," I whispered back. I wanted to tell him that it was all a mistake. I shouldn't be a woman laying in a pretty nightgown and frilly panties, wearing a wedding ring, and just having been made love to. I wanted to explain everything, to try to right this horrible wrong that had been forced upon us. I wanted to... Oh hell, what I really wanted was my man! I'd been a jerk, an ass, and now I was paying the price, but then again, it was a price I simply knew I'd love paying!



Lustfully, Sal ravished me on our honeymoon. We were husband and wife, and neither of us could get enough of the other.

"Make love to me again, please?" I asked in a little girl voice. "I love you so much, and want to feel you inside me."

Sal pulled back the covers and mounted me again, bringing back the wonderful feeling of love and femininity I craved.

After the honeymoon, Katie and Linda apologized for everything, but I told them that I had already forgiven them, and thanked them for what they'd done, given a purpose to my life to take care of the most important person in my life, my husband.

That was all in the past, five years ago to be exact. Tonight Sal and I are celebrating our fifth wedding anniversary. We're going to a terribly expensive restaurant, and then we're coming home. I'll let him undo my dress, then help me out of my panties, bra, and nylons. When he's done, I'm going to make love to him until his eyeballs roll back in his head. I love Sal and he loves me, and that's all that really matters.

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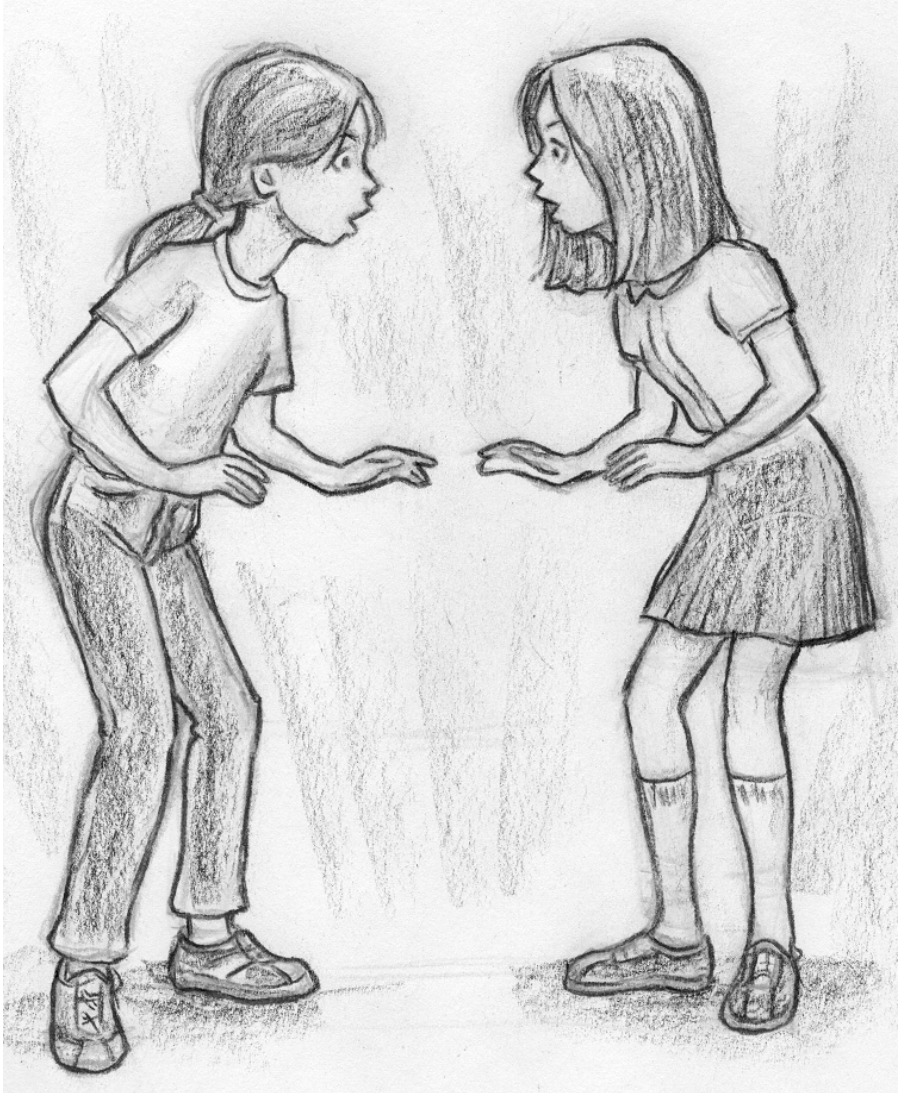
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