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## "MY SISTER'S SHADOW"



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**MY SISTER'S SHADOW**

**By Lauren Wood**

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# MY SISTER'S SHADOW

BY  
LAUREN WOOD

Chapter I  
In The Beginning  
Or  
There is Just One Little Problem...

I suppose my incredible story didn't actually begin when my twin sister called me that fateful winter night. But that certainly seems like a good place to start . . . So much has happened since then . . . My life has changed so much . . . it's almost impossible to believe, even for me! But, let me begin at the beginning as they say.

My name is Tom Green, Tommy to my family. I just celebrated my 22nd birthday and unfortunately, my first 22 years have been pretty dull to tell the truth. I did recently graduate from college after four rather long and lonely years, with a degree in English Literature. But I've been unable to land a job so far. What do you do with a degree in English Lit.? I'm very shy, so I don't have a girlfriend, in fact, I have few friends of any kind.

I guess the most interesting thing about me is that I am a member of a set of twins and my twin sister is very interesting. While we are not identical, since we are brother and sister, we are about as close to identical as it is possible for twins of different sexes to be. As children we looked exactly alike. Some people say we still do.

My twin sister's name is Tammy. She is an exquisitely beautiful young woman! While I guess we do look somewhat alike; as a man, I appear rather plain and nondescript. Also, I don't have much self-confidence and I'm not a good conversationalist. I guess I'm just plain dull all over. You wouldn't notice me in a crowd. This low profile is enhanced by the fact that I have adopted a style of dressing exclusively in black, loose fitting clothing. You see, I feature myself as a struggling artist and, in my mind, this is how an artist should properly look. This look also includes long dirty hair, tied in a stringy ponytail and a generally ragged appearance. However, while I may fantasize about myself as an artist, the reality is that my work is scanty to nonexistent, though I have tried painting, sculpture and pottery, I've had very little success. I am currently unemployed and somewhat

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adrift in life. I rationalize that I just need to struggle to get inspiration and to find my niche in the art world, but I am often consumed by self doubt. For now, I have virtually no money, no direction and no prospects for the future. I'm living life sort of one day at a time. Again I rationalize that the experience will help my art. That's what I say about everything. I sure hope it's true!

Tammy, on the other hand, is very successful and she is anything but dull. She is already an executive in an up and coming woman's cosmetics company. She has always been very confident and aggressive, even flamboyant and has been successful at whatever she has done: at school, in her social life or in the world of work. When she walks into a room, everyone stops to take a look, not only because she is beautiful but because she has "presence". As a result, she has become quite the yuppie. At 22, she has a fantastic apartment, a great wardrobe, a Saab 9000; in short, all the trappings of youthful success and all the toys. That along with a string of broken hearted boyfriends.

However, while she has always been success oriented, she has always had a wild side as well. No conservative, straight and narrowly defined lifestyle for her! She has never been known to preach about Republican family values! On the contrary, she has always been drawn to people who have rather unconventional and exotic lifestyles of all kinds. For a while she did some modeling. During that period, she had the opportunity to meet some of the "creatures" of all sexes and persuasions who inhabit that industry. They are often the subjects of her fascinating stories. Though she has given up modeling, she has maintained those friendships.

I guess I've always lived in Tammy's shadow and been a little envious of my adventurous, attractive and successful twin, since I am almost exactly the opposite. However, we have always gotten along very well with each other. There has never been any sibling rivalry. In fact, I often wish my life could be more like her's but I just haven't had the confidence, the chutzpa to make it happen. I love hearing her stories about corporate deals, social adventures and romantic conquests. Somehow, her successful and adventurous life gives a sense of fulfillment to my drab one. Maybe this is due to the unusual empathy they say twins have for each other.

I hadn't heard from Tammy in several months despite the fact that she usually called much more often to tell me of her latest conquest or adventure. I was beginning to wonder what was going on in her life when she called me that cold December night. When the phone rang, I just knew it was her.

When I answered, she babbled excitedly, very unlike her usual sophisticated, businesslike, in control demeanor:

"Tommy, Tommy! I have to see you immediately." she begins breathlessly. "I have great news! I'm getting married! Do you believe

it? His name is Gary Standish. I've only known him for a few weeks but he's rich, young and handsome and he's one of the top executives in his father's company. It won't be long until it's all his! Doesn't it sound dreamy?" She is actually giggling!

Without waiting for me to answer. . .

"There is one problem though and that's why I need your help! I can't talk about it over the phone, it's too complicated! Can I see you right away?"

I agree to go over to her place.

When I get to her sumptuous apartment, she takes my coat, plunks me into a chair and hands me a glass of expensive white wine and picks up right where she left off, talking fast, describing the problem but still not letting me get a word in edgewise.

She tells me that the wedding date has been set for June 12th, just over six months away and can't be changed, no matter what. There are several reasons why not: Tammy and Gary's travel schedules, their business commitments and family availability. But most important, they feel they absolutely must have their reception at the posh and snobby Briarwood Club to which his parents belong and that is the only day it is available for the next three years! And Gary's father had to pull some strings to get that date! So it simply cannot be changed! Like I said, she's quite the yuppie! Appearances are everything.

As she talks, I begin to understand that Tammy's main problem is that she must travel to Europe on business for several weeks. There is no way she can get out of this either, without losing her prestigious and high paying job. Her company is entering the European cosmetics market and her presence is essential. Even the dates of the trip cannot be changed - they are set in stone to coincide with product introductions, media events, etc. She will not return until the actual wedding day - the 12th of June!

There is another problem. It seems that Gary is a little old fashioned in his attitudes about women and marriage. He has made it clear that he is not interested in having a working wife.

"My mother never worked!" he says every time Tammy tries to change his mind and won't discuss it any further.

Tammy has foolishly promised that she will quit her job before the wedding. But anyone who really knows Tammy also knows this is a promise she could never keep. She loves her work, it is her lifeblood! Her real plan, however, was to have been to take a leave of absence for several months before the wedding, then find a way to convince Gary that her working would be good for both of them. But this trip to Europe has put a crimp in that plan. She can't take a leave of absence now. In any event, Tammy is a career woman

through and through and will never jeopardize her career for anything. But she wants to have it all, Gary included.

"He will just have to adjust!" she says with confidence. In the meantime, she plans to scramble to keep him on the hook, at least until they are married when she will surely change his mind.

"Do you think he could pass up someone who looks as good as me?" she giggles excitedly, striking a sexy and seductive pose in front of the mirror. I have to agree. It would be very difficult. She puts her arm around me and pulls me in front of the mirror to look at our reflections. We both stare silently for several moments. The resemblance is obvious, but Tammy absolutely glows compared to me!

She tells me still another part of the problem is that she and Gary have done very little planning for the wedding. Really, only the reception site has been selected. Gary too will be traveling for much of the time until the wedding, so he won't be any help.

"There is so much to be done and I won't be able to do it while I'm in Europe!"

"So . . . Let me guess! You want me to help make the arrangements for your wedding?" I say, anticipating what I think her request will be. "I don't know much about these things, but I guess I could help. . ."

"Well . . . that's part of it, but . . . that's not exactly what I have in mind." she begins hesitantly.

Tammy has come up with a much more elaborate and bizarre scheme to solve these problems!

She quickly resumes her usual personality. In control and expecting to be listened to . . . really to be obeyed. . .

In a nutshell, she wants me to pretend to be her while she goes to Europe! She wants me to stand in for her during all the wedding preparations and planning! She will return on June 12th, and when she does, we will switch places, literally at the church!

I am thunderstruck! But she goes on to assure me that we look so much alike, she is sure we can pull it off. Again, as she forcefully describes her plan, she refuses to let me get in a word until she is finished. She drags me in front of the mirror again, as if daring me to tell her we don't look enough alike to pull it off.

At first, I am speechless anyway. I can't even conceive of such an idea!

"But . . . I'm a man and you are a woman!" I finally blurt out stupidly.

"Yes, but you are also my twin." she responds with a sly grin.

While we argue heatedly about the feasibility of this hairbrained scheme, it is not so far-fetched as I make it sound. We still do look an awful lot alike. In fact, as children, up till the age of 10 or 11, we often dressed up as identical twins as a game. Always as twin sisters,

never as brothers! I had long hair even then, so it was easy. Then, all I had to do was put on one of Tammy's dresses and people were never able to guess who was who, which was the boy and which was the girl, even if they knew one of us was really a boy. I never gave it away! I had always had fun playing that game if the truth be told and it seemed harmless. But then we began to grow up and things changed . . . we stopped playing that game years ago. . .

Tammy argues persuasively that, with a few "alterations", we can still play this game and still fool everyone, even her fiance'!

As calmness and order return to our conversation, I have to admit the idea does hold a certain attraction for me. I have always wanted my life to be more like my sister's. This certainly would accomplish that! Perhaps I could learn from the experience. If I actually live her life for a while, maybe I can learn some of her secrets of confidence, popularity and success and use them in my own life. Maybe it would even help my art! But could I possibly fool a fiance' at close quarters?

When she senses that I'm at least thinking about it, she presses her advantage. She promises me that if I agree, she will see to it that I get an opportunity to be financially secure. Although she doesn't say it, I interpret this to mean that she will get me a good job, perhaps in the art department of her own company.

But she says, "I have friends in the airlines, maybe when this is all over, you can get a job as a stewardess! That is, if you don't want to be a full time homemaker." she says in such a way that I can't tell for sure whether she is kidding or not. I certainly hope that she is!

Without elaboration, she also guarantees that I will get a nice new place to live. She promises me a whole new wardrobe at her expense. Finally, she promises me her Saab 9000 yuppiemobile. All this just for pretending to be her for awhile. I have to at least think about it! After all, it is nothing I haven't done before, when we were kids.

She tells me she has even set the stage to make the masquerade easier by getting Gary to agree that they will not make love until after they are married. I hadn't even thought of that aspect! Apparently, she sold this to him as an effort to heighten their anticipation and physical desire for one another, making their wedding night all the more special! To me she sells it as a scheme to lessen the likelihood of him discovering my masquerade during anything more than "casual intimacy."

"Casual intimacy! What the hell does that mean? What will I have to do?" I mutter more or less to myself.

In the end, while I don't exactly agree that the plan can succeed, she wears me down to the point where I agree to at least try it if she gives me all the things she promised whether I fool Gary or not. It will be fun to play the dress up game again, as long as it is only for

a short time. Tammy agrees, saying she is absolutely certain I will succeed.

“We have to get started immediately!” she demands. “The wedding is in six months and I leave for Europe in six weeks. There’s a lot to do and not much time to do it!”

I reluctantly place myself completely in her control. What real harm can it do me?

## Chapter II My Early Preparations or

### **She Can’t Possibly Expect Me to Wear This**

To begin what I will call my “transformation” to become my twin sister’s stand-in, I first move into her magnificent apartment. Tammy has me actually move right into her bedroom. She moves into the guest room. Since this masquerade will be going on for six months and since Tammy has promised me a new place to live afterwards, I give up my own cheap, one room apartment and bring along all my meager belongings.

Tammy’s fiancé, Gary Standish, is traveling on business and won’t be back for about five weeks.

“This will provide a perfect opportunity to make the switch, even though it doesn’t provide much time to prepare you!” she explains. “So we have to work fast. You must do exactly as I say without any argument or complaints.”

What can I say?

She feels that, after his trip, Gary’s memories of her will not be quite so keen, making the switch a little easier. He won’t be so likely to notice little differences like my lower voice or slightly harder body.

“Besides,” she says, “our courtship has taken place mostly over the phone, we’ve both been traveling so much! So he doesn’t know me well enough to notice these differences anyway.”

When he returns, she plans to have him return to me, substituting in the role of his fiancé. So I must be “perfect” by that date. As a result, we have five weeks to get me ready. Then, there will be one additional week during which Tammy will still be in the area to help me if needed. After that, she will leave for Europe and I’ll be on my own!

I notice for the first time when I am moving into Tammy’s apartment that she must have anticipated my agreement. She has changed her appearance a little to make it easier for me to look like her. The last time I had seen her, her dark beautiful hair was very long and wavy, longer than shoulder length. She had recently gotten it cut quite a bit shorter, to about the same length as mine, only in a

smooth, feminine style, compared to my ratty ponytail. When I compliment her on the new style she tells me Gary likes it too!

"I'm sure he'll like this style on you too." she teases.

Things move quickly from the start. All my male clothing is immediately put in storage in the basement. According to Tammy, I won't be needing it anymore.

"Your preparation and training will be virtually around the clock during the next five weeks!" she explains. "You are to become a 'full-time female'!" I shudder at the finality of that statement but can't think of any reason not to go on with it.

We start immediately.

"Everything must be perfect and money is no object!" she lectures, then tells me to go into the bathroom and get out of all my clothes. Reluctantly, I comply, closing the door behind me as I enter the beautifully appointed bathroom adjoining "my" bedroom. I quickly strip off my clothes, throwing them in a pile in the corner. I am standing there naked, wondering what will happen next, when Tammy barges in without knocking, giving me no time to cover myself.

I'm embarrassed not only because of my nudity, but because, while Tammy has matured into a beautiful and curvaceous woman, I have not developed very much in a masculine way. I have very little beard and my body is soft, "hippy" and undefined, not muscular at all. While we are about the same size and weight, compared to her, I look like a young child.

I have always been sensitive about being small and skinny. I have usually tried to make myself look bigger by wearing the black, baggy clothes. So, even in front of Tammy, my sister, I am self-conscious about it. She assures me this actually will make my masquerade as a girl that much easier.

All business, and completely ignoring both my nakedness and my embarrassment, Tammy orders me to step into the tub.

"The first thing we have to do is get rid of whatever body hair you have." Not giving any thought to what I might want, she begins to cover my body with a thick, smelly cream. I stand there stupidly, as she covers my legs, rear end, arms and chest with the nauseating mess! When she is done, only a small triangle in my pubic area is left uncovered.

"Stand here for about fifteen minutes and let this work." she orders. "Then turn on the shower and rinse it off. And wash that filthy hair will you!" Without another word, she picks up the pile of my dirty clothes, turns on her heel and walks out, leaving me with no option but to do as I have been instructed.

At the appointed time, I turn on the shower. The cream, along with my body hair, runs rapidly down the drain. Using the sweet

smelling shampoo I find in the tub, I give my hair a thorough washing as I was ordered.

I dry myself with a huge, fluffy towel and marvel at how smooth and sleek my skin now feels. When I look at myself in the full length mirror, I don't look very different, just softer and somehow more naked, especially when I raise my arms and see that my armpits are as bare as the rest of me! Also, my hair, still damp, looks much fuller and, free from the ponytail, hangs to my shoulders.

The feeling of hairlessness though is very different. My whole body has a more sensual, softer feeling. It feels good to run my hands over my sleek, hairless legs. I shudder at how good it feels! It's somehow a very sexual feeling and I begin to respond accordingly.

Before I can come to grips with this feeling and my reaction to it, Tammy opens the door and tells me we have to keep moving, we have a lot to do. No doubt seeing my state of excitement, despite my attempts to cover myself with the towel, she hands me a pink nylon robe, one of hers, to put on. While this helps to cover me, it does nothing to lessen my excitement. In fact, it only intensifies it!

"Let's go into your bedroom." says Tammy. "I have some things I want to show you."

I follow her but lag behind, embarrassed by my now rigidly erect manhood and trying to hide it from her. Once in my room, she ignores my condition and begins to acquaint me with all of her most personal and intimate possessions. She begins with her clothes. She guides me into her huge walk-in closet, filled with what seems like a store full of dresses, skirts, blouses, coats, sweaters and shoes by the hundreds. Tammy takes the time to point out a few special items, telling me a little history about each, then making me touch them to feel how exquisite the various fabrics feel.

"Won't this be darling on you!" she laughs, holding a particularly lacy black cocktail dress against my body. I blush furiously, both repulsed and stimulated by the idea. At that moment, my excitement shrivels from my extreme embarrassment. We quickly move on.

Next, she brings me to her bureau which is filled to overflowing with her lingerie. There are panties, bras, slips, teddies and other things I have never seen before in every color in the rainbow.

"How I would love to see a beautiful girl wearing nothing but some of these things!" I think. "But she can't possibly expect me to wear anything like this!"

"Here is a lovely teddie which will look just darling on you!" Tammy teases as if reading my mind. "Why don't you put it on right now." Understanding that I really have no choice, I take off the robe and step into the delicate little garment. It fits perfectly and the ruffled, skirt-like legs hide any sign of my small masculine bulge.

We examine her huge collection of jewelry. She places her huge diamond engagement ring on my finger and fastens a beautiful string of pearls around my neck. We are just starting to look at her vanity and the vast array of items there when there is a knock on the door.

I freeze in panic! I can't let anyone see me like this!

"You stay here, I'll see who it is." says Tammy calmly, as if I had nothing to be concerned about.

I listen carefully, but can't hear a thing, so I assume Tammy has gotten rid of whoever it was. Probably just the paperboy anyway.

Imagine my consternation when Tammy walks back into the bedroom with another woman in tow! I am totally humiliated at being caught in such a perverse situation by someone I don't even know.

Oblivious to my terror, Tammy introduces her friend Vicki as if things were perfectly normal. As if it were perfectly appropriate for me to be walking around her apartment wearing nothing but a pink nylon teddie and a string of pearls!

Vicki, showing absolutely no surprise at my attire, tries to put me somewhat at ease when she too acts as if everything is perfectly normal. She looks me over carefully, but is very warm and friendly in her greeting. Maybe it's me who is crazy, but I doubt it.

"Maybe she doesn't even realize that I'm a man!" I think hopefully.

"Vicki, this is my twin brother Tommy. As I told you, he's going to be taking my place for a while and we need your help to make him a little more girlish. Although, as you can easily see, he's off to a good start."

Again, I feel crushed by my humiliation. I blush furiously, having assumed that my shameful abandonment of masculinity would at least be private, that only Tammy and I would know! Obviously, that is not to be the case.

"Relax Tommy, Vicki is a very good friend of mine who I have known since my modelling days. She has just the right background and skills to help with your transformation and she has graciously agreed to help. She will be your beautician, your mentor and your coach; your femininity coach. She will also be around to help you after I leave for Europe. So I want you to get to know her well and to listen carefully to everything she says."

I am still totally unable to respond, but now I at least know why Vicki wasn't surprised.

It is then that I suddenly notice for the first time, how stunningly beautiful this Vicki is! She is gorgeous! She has an angelic face, exquisitely made up and framed by long dark, almost black, hair. Her whole face is lit by a lovely smile. Her body, at the moment beautifully displayed in a green silk dress, is perfect: smallish well formed breasts, a slim waist, a great ass and long legs that won't quit!

She moves with perfect feminine grace. Plus, she does not seem the least bit put off by my bizarre situation. In fact, she even seems very friendly!

Maybe this isn't so bad after all. Maybe an added benefit of this masquerade will be a relationship with Vicki! If I can only find the courage to ask her out. But, I've always been shy and very intimidated by beautiful women, so that might be tough, especially in my present situation.

I become lost in her beauty, oblivious to what she is saying, as Vicki chats on about what a beautiful girl I will make, about her plans for my diet, my daily exercise and beauty regimen, her plans to improve my figure and her thoughts about what kinds of dresses will flatter me the most. Her complete dismissal of my masculinity is totally lost on me. I'm dazzled by her beauty!

The next thing I know, Tammy has disappeared and Vicki has me seated at the vanity. She has put on a smock to protect her dress and is beginning to explain in detail what she is going to do.

"This will be your first makeover . . . just a little demonstration really, . . . just to show you what we can do. I'm sure you are going to love it! You and Tammy look so much alike. I'm sure we can make you a perfect match. You'll be lovely, just like her."

From then on, my transformation begins its slow but steady progress. As she talks, she first goes to work on my hair. She quickly combs out the snarls, wets it a little more using a spray bottle, then trims it a little. Next, she sprays it with styling liquid, wraps it all up in lots of huge rollers, then covers it with various liquids and gels. Finally, she covers the whole business with a plastic hood.

This done, she begins to work on my face by plucking my eyebrows. Vicki carefully describes everything she does as she uses endless creams, powders and brushes to transform my face to look exactly like Tammy's. She applies foundation, eye makeup, blusher, lipstick . . . Though there is a mirror, I can think only about Vicki, hovering above, dazzling me like the sun! I care nothing about what she is doing to me.

The next thing I know, she is working on my nails. Filing, lengthening, painting, until strangely, I have a long feminine nail at the end of each finger.

Before I know it, she has taken out the rollers and brushed out my hair, smooth, bouncy and shoulder length.

Now it is time to get dressed and she leads me away from the vanity.

At some point, either Vicki or Tammy has laid out my outfit on the bed. However, first I'll need some underwear. Vicki has me slip out of the teddie and hands me what I can only describe as a tiny flesh colored G-string to cover my nakedness.

“The first thing we have to do is take care of that little fellow.” she laughs throatily, pointing at my now shrivelled manhood.

Blushing beet red, but following her instructions, I step into this tiny elastic garment and work it up my legs and over my hips. At her direction, I gingerly manipulate my male equipment into a little pouch and back between my legs and bind it in place there with this extraordinary G-string. At first, it is so uncomfortable that I think I will throw up. But, the sensation passes and, though certainly not comfortable, at least the arrangement is bearable. All traces of my masculinity are hidden, leaving behind a convincing feminine pubic triangle.

This done, Vicki has me put on a pair of white nylon bikini panties then helps me into a white satin and lace garment which she calls a merrywidow. It too is extremely tight, this time around my waist and chest. But again, I manage to get it on and, after a while, it feels reasonably comfortable. The effect of this garment is to mold my waist to slim proportions and simulate the swell of realistic breasts through subtle padding in the bra portion. Vicki shows me how to roll on a pair of pale nylon pantyhose. A lacy half-slip completes my lingerie.

At this point, my infatuation with Vicki begins to fade a little, overcome by reality and my second thoughts about this whole business. Things are moving too easily and too fast! My transformation looks like it is working and working well . . . too well! I never would have thought it possible if I didn't see it with my own eyes. Already, just sitting around in frilly woman's underwear, I show little sign of any manhood. My masculinity already seems to be slipping away as if it had never been firmly in place. Perhaps more important, I find I like the sensuous feeling I get from all these changes. I am entranced by my long hair tickling my cheeks and grazing my shoulders, by my delicate, silky underwear, by the smell and feel, as well as the look of my makeup, by my long pink nails and beautifully molded body. I reach up to touch the pearls at my throat. The movement is totally feminine. But this is not right!

“It's time to get into your dress, Sweetheart.” says Vicki, interrupting my thought process. She guides me to my feet and leads me over to the bed. I am unable to resist her.

The next thing I know, she has slipped the dress over my head, onto my arms, zipped it up the back and is carefully smoothing it down over my hips. The dress is a lovely pink silk jersey affair with pretty white detailing on the cuffs of the long sleeves, at the turtle neck and at the hem of the above-the-knee full, swingy skirt. My legs, sheathed in pale stockings, look very long and slim beneath. I can just catch an occasional glimpse of the lace of my slip. To complete the outfit, Vicki slips my feet into tight white pumps with narrow

heels about two and one half inches high. They are as light as feathers and I have no trouble walking in them, although it does feel odd.

I have not yet seen the combined effect of all the things Vicki has done to me, but I do know they make me feel very strange. The silky clothes fit me perfectly and I am intimately aware of how different they are from men's clothes with my every movement. How soft and light they are! The sensations caused by the skirt moving over my nylon clad legs is like nothing I have ever felt before! More than anything else, I just feel so different! I feel like a different person somehow!

Now it is time to get a critical look at the new me.

Vicki fusses with my hair and smooths imaginary wrinkles from my dress, making sure everything is perfect before leading me to the full length mirror. Then she steps aside.

As I gaze at the reflection there, I am amazed! The change in me is unbelievable! Looking back from the mirror is Tammy. I am an exquisitely beautiful young woman just like her! I can't believe it! It can't be true! How is this possible?

Slowly I regain my composure but continue to stare at my reflection. One thing is for sure, looking like Tammy certainly involves more than just putting on one of her dresses like when we were kids, and it is certainly no longer a game! But it is perfectly clear that I can look just like her, even now! With that thought comes the realization that I am definitely in trouble. Now I'll have to go through with our deal.

The next two or three days are full of hard work for me, constantly trying not only to look and act like Tammy, but also to learn more about the pleasures and problems of being female, about the intimate details of her life and a little about Gary. Tammy continually stresses that I must be perfect in appearance, mannerisms and my knowledge of things feminine. As part of my training, Tammy and Vicki decide to always treat me as if I was really a woman. At first this is irritating, but soon becomes routine.

While I try hard, it is three days of hell! During this time, Tammy does a lot of yelling at me. Vicki offers me constant instruction and badly needed support. As a result, we become fast friends and confidants. I am no longer embarrassed to be seen by Vicki wearing women's clothing or acting feminine and I feel comfortable telling her anything, even that I find I actually like the feeling of wearing nylon stockings and high heels or that I feel stupid having to sit down to go to the bathroom. She never relents in her demands that I be as feminine as possible, but somehow manages to make me feel better about doing these things. She is so pretty, I do want to please her!

Tammy is never satisfied and she lets me know it! She seems to be uncharacteristically nervous about the whole situation. As a result,

while I believe I have made progress, my confidence in my ability to pull this off is almost nonexistent. Somehow I just don't feel comfortable. I feel awkward, uncertain and unfeminine. I can look like her, but I can't seem to get into the role of Tammy, the role of a woman. I find I feel better when I am being told what to do. As a result, I am becoming increasingly willing to do exactly as I am told.

This is particularly true when Tammy forces me to go out in public. She "gives me a break" and waits until the second day before she does this! Despite the evidence provided by my mirror, when I am out among strangers, I am absolutely petrified that my masquerade will be discovered immediately and that I will be the object of ridicule. The first few times out, we go to the local mall where Tammy forces me to go into several stores and "shop". She tells me exactly how to behave and what to buy. I follow the script precisely. She has me buy intimately feminine items such as bras, panties, tampons, feminine deodorant . . . I cringe on the inside, but manage to maintain my cool on the outside. While there is no evidence at all that anyone thinks that I am anything but the pretty girl I appear to be, there are a lot of amused smiles because Tammy and I look and dress so much alike. Thinking the worst about these smiles, I feel totally emasculated! I can only do what Tammy has told me to do. I stand up straight, put a smile on my face, a wiggle in my walk and just try to look pretty.

To my added humiliation, Tammy has been discussing her plan and its progress with another of her many friends. This one apparently has actually transformed her husband into a totally acceptable woman. (I told you she had some strange and exotic friends.) Little do I know that this feminized man is the same Vicki who has become my beautician, confidant, femininity coach and object of my desire.

Tammy explains that the husband was at first very resistant, but apparently, this woman used a hypnotist to boost her husband's "confidence" in his femininity so he could more easily let go of his masculine thoughts and behaviors. It worked spectacularly well! Tammy says she has even met this "former" man and "she" appears to be the epitome of attractive femininity. Now, they are both very happy.

"You would never know she was ever a man! What's more, "she" loves what has been done to "her". "She" is remarried to a wonderful man and has even offered to help us in your transformation."

Unlike Tammy, I can't bring myself to take this as good news or even to believe it is true! My mind feels numb. Why would any woman want to make her husband into a woman? And he is remarried . . . to a man!!!! What is she talking about? Is this what she has in mind for me? I certainly don't want to take this deal anywhere near that far!

Tammy asks me if I would be willing to give this a try? After much discussion, during which I tell her in no uncertain terms that I am not interested in going that far, she manages to convince me that she didn't mean to imply that the hypnotism would automatically take me that far. Eventually, I agree reluctantly to the hypnotism but decline the help of the former husband, ignorant of the fact that I already have it!

The hypnotist turns out to be still another friend of Tammy's who is also a psychiatrist. Naturally, she can see me immediately.

I dress beautifully for the first session. Tammy insists that I must impress the hypnotist with my desire to be a perfect woman in every way and convince her that all I need is a little hypnotic boost to my femininity and, most important, that I want it!

"I know it's not true, but it's the only way I could get her to agree to help us, and besides, you must establish a positive mental attitude. You must try to eliminate all your negative thoughts about being a woman. That is where the hypnotism can help."

From my closet full of dresses, I select the same pink outfit I wore that first night. It looks even more beautiful on me now due to my more relaxed attitude and new feminine demeanor. Vicki has added a little sparkle to the outfit with diamond stud earrings in my newly pierced ears (the result of one of our shopping expeditions), a pretty diamond necklace and of course, Tammy's giant engagement ring which I now wear constantly.

In reality, I have grave reservations about this, though I know almost nothing about hypnotism except what I've seen on television. After all, if they can make a guy run around like a chicken or bray like a jackass using hypnotism, what can they do to me? And how long will it last? Did this other guy become a woman permanently? But . . . I have agreed to do it, so . . . I am somehow able to summon the composure to actually plead convincingly with the hypnotist to help me be more feminine, though I feel quite stupid about it.

Just like in the movies, she has me stare at a swinging locket on a chain. I am quickly in a trance, losing all conscious track of what is going on around me and what she is doing to me. I feel like I am in a pleasant and prolonged dream from which I can't seem to wake. I am acutely aware of my feminine clothing and appearance, but not of my masculinity. In my dream state, it's almost like I'm watching a movie. I visualize myself first as a girl of about ten, wearing a pretty dress and playing with my sister; then as a perfect bride, feminine and beautiful in every way; in a beautiful, flower filled church surrounded by hundreds of smiling friends and family. I'm nervous as I begin my walk down the aisle. At the alter, my husband-to-be smiles and waits . . . I can't quite make out his face . . . Beautiful

music is playing in the background . . . The wedding march begins and I start down the aisle. . .

Unknown to me, what is going on while I am under is much more than just “boosting” my feminine self-confidence. Among other things is the insertion of a time release capsule of powerful, fast acting hormones designed to block my masculinity and to enhance my femininity. This capsule is inserted on the inside of my thigh near my femoral artery for fast absorption. There is also a lot of post-hypnotic suggestion about how I should feel and act and view myself as a female in all kinds of situations. In essence, a feminine history of my life, focusing mainly on the events leading up to the wedding ceremony is placed in my subconscious mind. There are suggestions that it would be very bad for me to think or act like a man again. I am led to believe that unspecified but dire consequences will result. Of course, as with any dream, I don't remember clearly any of the details. In fact, when I wake up later, it's all very fuzzy. The only thing I know for sure is that I have a sore spot on my thigh. But I do feel different somehow . . . drained of strength and potency . . . more passive and receptive . . . and I have this pleasant vision of perfect femininity to which I feel compelled to strive.

I have nightly sessions with the hypnotist for two solid weeks to reinforce my lessons. During the day, my feminine training goes on but now with much more progress.

After each session of hypnotism, when I snap out of the trance, I still can't really remember what happened to me or what was said. However, after each session things always seem somehow different:

- my feminine clothing seems to be more appropriate and to fit better.

- my feminine behavior seems much more natural, I don't have to try so hard to sit, to walk and to move as a woman does.

- my voice is higher, my body feels weaker, softer and curvier and I have the beginnings of a bosom. For some reason, rather than being upset, I welcome these physical changes and relax into them.

- while I still consciously realize I am male, at the end of two weeks I feel no desire at all to behave like one. The funny thing is, I'm not even sure how a male should behave. I have vague memories of growing up as a girl and having dates with boys.

- as a result of all this, I do gain a great deal of confidence and pleasure in my growing femininity. I am totally immersed in and relish the sensual pleasures of my feminine lifestyle. I have moved closer to my feminine vision. My memories are of myself as a young girl, my desires are those of most girls: to be attractive, with pretty clothes and to be a lovely bride and a perfect wife.

By the end of these two weeks, I have largely lost contact with my masculinity. This has been replaced by an acute awareness of

everything feminine. Sometimes I get these nagging feelings that something is missing or that things aren't just right. But when I do, my mind just seems to glaze over and I can never quite put my finger on what is wrong. I can't seem to concentrate for long on these thoughts. Instead, I always end up thinking how pretty I look or how lovely I feel wearing a certain dress and how wonderful it would be to wear a wedding gown! These thoughts dominate my mind.

The next few weeks are a whirlwind of wonderful and total femininity and include some dramatic physical changes including weight loss, bust development and skin softening. Because of the hypnotism, I can't really remember clearly what I was like before, so these changes aren't dramatic to me. In fact, they seem so "normal" that I hardly notice them. Even when my breasts quickly develop to fill the cups of a 34B bra.

In the early stages of my transformation, I was ordered to wear a bra as part of my training, even though I didn't need one. Soon, I actually needed a bra to support my developing chest. Now, I want a bra, and the sexier the better! I'm very proud of my figure. I get extreme pleasure just sitting at my vanity wearing nothing but a matching bra and panties. There is no evidence of masculinity visible. I can't help admiring what a beautiful girl I appear to have become.

Tammy uses photographs and videotapes to highlight, mold and reinforce what she considers my appropriate appearance and behavior. More and more often, I really get into it! When I see myself making some unconscious masculine gesture or movement, I actually feel physically ill. Once that happens, I never do it again!

But I am somewhat schizophrenic about this situation. Sometimes I am vaguely ashamed of my lack of masculinity and become very worried about what is happening to me. But I am simply unable to act like a man. I wonder if I will ever be able to return to my old self? But these feelings don't last and, most often, I'm proud of my obvious feminine charms, my pretty face, my slim waist, my rounded hips and especially my proud breasts.

Now when I go out, I strut about confidently, very much like Tammy does. When I go to the mall, I enjoy shopping for a dress, a piece of lingerie or maybe a new shade of eyeshadow. Lately, I've become somewhat compulsive in buying pierced earrings. I've already bought about twenty pairs!

At the end of this time, when it is almost time for Gary to return, we decide to see just how well I have progressed in "becoming" Tammy. We, and I am a willing co-conspirator, decide to dress as identical twins, in identical outfits from the skin out, just like when we were kids, and to see if we can find any differences. When we can't, even after hours giggling in front of the mirror, we decide to

conduct a "field test" of the plan. Tammy will accept a date from the many invitations she receives. We will dress exactly alike and I will follow, waiting for just the right moment. At some point, probably at the restaurant, we will switch places and test whether or not I can fool the date into thinking I am her.

For our "date", we spend a longer than usual amount of time getting ready. We make sure both our hair and makeup are exactly alike. Tammy insists that even our black lingerie must be identical.

"You never know." she smiles enigmatically.

Finally, we get into identical, sexy red dresses with low cut necklines and short skirts. We wear matching shoes with very high heels. We are hot!

Throughout the night, Tammy is very amorous and flirtatious, working "our" date into a sexual frenzy. Towards the end of the night, we make our switch in the ladies room and it goes off without a hitch. Of course, this leaves me to deal with the expectations of "our" rambunctious date at the end of the night. I do this with a rather perfunctory hug and kiss which no doubt seems like a cold shower to this poor guy who Tammy has led to expect much more.

Despite a lot of embarrassment on my part at having to kiss the guy and a lot of giggling by both of us over the whole scenario, it works! He never even suspects the switch.

We are identical twins indeed!

Obviously, dressing as my sister won't be a problem, but . . . can I actually fool Gary at close quarters. . . ?

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CHAPTER III  
**Meeting My Fiance'**  
or  
**The New Man In My Life**

The last week before Gary returns from his business trip is a frantic one. Tammy is obviously nervous and is even more intensively preparing me for my initial meeting with the new "man in my life" as she puts it. Now I must learn all she knows about him and all about how to behave as a woman to a man, at least to a point. Vicki continues to be irreplaceable in helping me in that area. We even practice with Vicki playing the role of the man. We practice walking together with me holding "his" arm, dancing with Vicki leading and even hugging and kissing a little with Vicki as the aggressor and me in the passive role. However, while this is all very pleasant, Vicki is much too soft and beautiful to make the situation seem like really being with a man.

Dressing as a woman is one thing, but I still have serious doubts that I can force myself to act sufficiently affectionate to fool a man who is expecting to marry me. This, above all, seems rather revolting to me. After all, despite my new found feelings of femininity, I am still male. This is considerably more than dressing up for a Halloween masquerade party or even going to the mall wearing a dress. Tammy assures me constantly that I can do it. She suggests I may even like it! Vicki is supportive but gives me more practical advice like how to touch and be touched as a woman, how to kiss and be kissed . . . letting me know what I should expect. While she understands my difficulty with these things, she is firm in letting me know they are inevitable and that I'll be able to react more appropriately if I'm prepared when they do happen. I can't believe I'm actually learning to do these things. Could I actually go through with them if I was actually with a real man?

At the same time I feel very warm feelings for Vicki. She has been very friendly and supportive during this ordeal. Plus she is extremely beautiful. It has been very nice to be this close to her. I think I might be falling for her despite my bizarre situation. Unfortunately, she throws cold water on this idea when she offhandedly informs me that she is married, telling me her husband is very demanding physically while she is describing the demands Gary is likely to make of me.

Despite her help and encouragement, my anxiety level is high.

"He'll never know! You are every bit as attractive a woman as I am. In fact, you look just like me. We proved that the other night when we went out on that date. You managed to kiss that guy and you are still alive! You even looked like you were enjoying it to me."

Tammy argues. I ignore her barb although it hit home. I remain unconvinced, but there doesn't seem to be anything I can do about it.

The occasion of my first meeting with Gary has already been arranged. It is to be dinner at his parents' home. Tammy has made some excuse as to why she can't meet him at the airport. She thinks it will be much safer if our initial meeting takes place in a social setting with other people present. That way there will be more diversions, making success much more likely.

I choose a beautiful outfit for the occasion. Starting with lingerie, I select black high cut panties and a black bra which converts from straps to strapless. After fretting about how it will look with my dress for awhile, I decide to wear it strapless. Then comes a black half-slip in a tailored style and a matching black camisole. I wear a short, slim, black skirt over black opaque tights and black high heeled pumps. My camisole will serve as my top. Over that goes a long, tunic style jacket, also in black. The one button front forms a rather low cut vee, exposing my chest somewhat and hinting at the valley between my breasts beneath my camisole. As you can tell, I still feel more comfortable wearing black, just a lot more spectacular black than before. I'm definitely not trying to camouflage anything now! For accessories I choose my diamond jewelry, a long black coat, a white silk scarf and black leather gloves. Altogether, the look is young, sexy, but sophisticated. I love how I look!

As I drive to his house, my nervousness begins to grow with every mile. By the time I arrive, I'm a basket case! I suffer extreme anxiety right up till the time I ring the doorbell at the fabulous house owned by Gary's parents.

"My" fiance' greets me at the door.

This is the moment of truth! My heart practically stops beating as I look up at his handsome, smiling face for the first time, waiting for what I'm certain will be instant discovery. For the first time in weeks, I feel like an ugly, awkward and unattractive male dressed in beautiful but inappropriate women's clothes. I feel sick. The hypnotism doesn't seem to be helping my confidence at all in this situation. I'm sure my true sex is completely obvious. Besides, I'm suddenly convinced I don't look at all like Tammy! I'm not sure I can even muster a smile or look Gary in the eye! I am frozen by confusion and terror for what seems like forever in the doorway.

But the expected does not happen! Gary is thrilled to see "me" after more than a month away! He quickly takes my hands and enfolds me in his arms, hugging and kissing me with obvious enthusiasm. Now my heart beats so hard it feels like it will burst right out of my chest! I'm being passionately kissed by a man! I feel terribly nauseous. Is it possible to die from terminal humiliation?

Despite my preparations for this moment, I don't know what to do or even if I'll be able to get through this. Practice is one thing, but I'm simply not prepared for the reality of this situation. So, I do nothing, allowing Gary to do what he wants. While he kisses me, his hands roam over my body, my neck, my shoulders, my back, even squeezing the full, silky globes of my rear end, with eager familiarity. I blush furiously, beginning to get more than a little agitated.

"Have you gained a little weight?" he asks mischievously, pinching my midriff and pulling me closer.

"Remember your promise!" I whisper, beginning to panic. This produces still another, very rapid heartbeat. I have trouble taking a breath. I actually must lean against Gary for support, much to his delight.

To my relief, he has to stop as the rest of his family arrives to greet me. He continues to hold me possessively as the introductions are made, but, the immediate danger over, I am finally able to regain at least some of my composure.

Tammy has never met Gary's family so she has told me almost nothing about them. Obviously, judging by the house, they are very rich. His mother and father are both in their early fifties and are friendly, attractive and expensively dressed. There are also two younger sisters, both of whom are college age, blond and drop-dead beautiful!

Their welcome is overwhelmingly friendly and favorable. Obviously, I have passed their first inspection. In fact, it seems like love at first sight on their part! I must say, I like them immediately as well. My early impression is that my sister is very lucky to be marrying into this friendly, attractive and rich family and I better not screw it up for her.

"For that matter," I ask myself, "Why is she taking this chance with this spectacular marriage?" Obviously, she would rather risk her marriage than her career. I guess I don't understand why. In Tammy's shoes, and I even manage a smile at that thought, because I literally am in her shoes at the moment, I don't think I would risk this marriage for anything! But my very presence puts it in jeopardy if Gary finds out . . .

I remain in a daze and have little time to think as my coat is whisked away and we make our way into the house. Everything is a blur while we have a drink and make polite conversation, getting to know one another. I'm so dazed I'm not sure what I say or do, but I guess I manage to function alright.

Dinner is very pleasant, served in a huge, formal dining room by two servants, a nice older couple who work for the family in various capacities. Gary sits next to me and has real difficulty containing his excitement and keeping his hands to himself. He spends much of the

meal with one hand discreetly under the table on my nylon encased leg, his fingers caressing my soft inner thigh just below the hem of my short skirt. How he manages to eat any food while doing this, I don't really know. I eat very little, distracted by his caresses and worrying that he might try to go even further.

Gary's antics are disrupting my concentration. I am trying to watch every word and gesture so as not to be discovered but with him continually tickling me, I can't seem to focus. Mostly, I try to be quiet, passive and smile a lot but I am totally unable to relax. I do try to inhibit his fondling as much as possible. I constantly adjust my skirt, cross and recross my legs in an attempt to discreetly knock his hand away. I know I should stop, that this nervousness would not be "normal" behavior for the self assured Tammy, but I don't seem able to control myself. However, the family is so warm and friendly, it is difficult not to be distracted away from my own preoccupations and drawn into active conversation on many subjects, from politics to business to sports. I soon forget what Gary is doing and become more comfortable. These nervous gestures lessen then disappear, no doubt aided by the dinner wine. Once I have calmed down, I even find Gary's constant attention and gentle caresses pleasant, in a way.

When the meal is over, surprisingly, the men and women sort of split up. I guess Gary and his father want to watch a ball game on TV, though I had expected him to want to spend time with me (Tammy). In fact, I had expected to have to fend him off, particularly given his behavior during dinner. I guess I am even a little disappointed when this doesn't happen.

"Is there something the matter with the way I look?" I wonder. "Does he suspect?"

Naturally, I am included as part of the female group. We adjourn to the music room while the servants clean up.

As women tend to be quite nosey, the Standishes naturally want to find out more about me. They easily draw me out of any shell I try to erect around myself for protection. They simply refuse to let me be silent. But I handle it okay. We are soon chatting comfortably about movies, books and clothes. Women's clothes of course! Luckily, Mrs. Standish does a lot of the talking and never really gets into a subject I can't handle. It is not long before the conversation turns to plans for the wedding. The Standish women want to take an active part in the planning. Since I am totally ignorant on the subject and since virtually no plans have been made, except to decide the date and site of the reception, I am happy to have their knowledge and guidance.

Gary's mother also makes it understood that she already knows quite a bit about me (Tammy) from Gary. She knows I have very little family. She knows my mother and father are both dead.

"I know there is just your brother Tommy and you." she says.

I wonder what else she knows about "me"? She may know more about Tammy than I do!

She also says that, while I have a good job, she knows I don't come from "money". She makes it clear that I am not to worry about the cost of the wedding. They will assume full financial responsibility. I am told not even to consider price as a factor as I am planning.

"After all, a couple only gets married once and the wedding should be perfect in every way. Besides, my husband is loaded and he can afford it!"

I learn from them that Gary will only be around for a week before he has to travel on business again.

There is much discussion, to which I listen carefully, but no decisions. I become caught up in the excitement of this extravagant wedding. But I know so very little! This is going to be a much bigger deal than I thought.

Finally, Gary shows up from wherever he has been watching the game. He once again kisses me passionately as I prepare to leave. His mother looks on and beams with pride and pleasure at her only son's obvious happiness.

"Finally, Gary has found someone who is right for him! I was afraid this would never happen. I'm so very pleased!" she gushes.

I don't understand what she is talking about. Gary is quite handsome after all! I do feel I must respond with appropriate affection, even when he sticks his tongue halfway down my throat!

I manage to get through it again! Gary offers to drive me home, but, independent woman that I am, I poo-poo the idea as completely unnecessary. He doesn't push the issue, but walks me out to the Saab and kisses me again passionately. All the while his hands caress my breasts through the layers of my clothing. Surprisingly, the sensations caused by this are so new and so pleasant that I lose track of time. Finally he lets me go, tells me he loves me and promises to call me in the morning. I almost wish he hadn't stopped.

"I love you too." I breathe softly, without even thinking about it. It seems like the right thing to say at that moment.

Once the car door is closed and Gary has gone back inside, I heave a huge sigh of relief! I have survived the first meeting, seemingly without a problem. This was the big hump to get over in more ways than one, and I have done it! And I find my success to be very exciting. I feel a pleasant tingling throughout my body.

Despite much worrying about being discovered, about being asked questions I couldn't answer and about dealing with Gary at close quarters, apparently I have successfully pulled off the deception. However, there has been little occasion for either intimate conversation or serious physical contact. We were barely even alone together!

While I now know I make a convincing and attractive Tammy on the surface, even good enough to fool Gary so far, I am still reluctant to believe I can deceive this man for long when we get "up close and personal". A few minutes of kissing and fondling is one thing, but it just can't be that easy!

"How well does my sister really know this guy? Should she be marrying him if I can fool him so easily? Does he really care about her?" These are the questions that preoccupy my mind as I drive home that night, the Saab's sun roof open, the streetlights twinkling pleasantly on my huge diamond engagement ring and the cool breeze creating a nice sensation as it flutters my skirt around my nylon clad thighs. And what about me? Should I have allowed another man to kiss and touch me like Gary did, even briefly and for a good cause? Well, it certainly didn't kill me! Did I even find it a little enjoyable and stimulating? What is happening to me? I'll have to have a long talk with Vicki.

The rest of the week seems to fly by. I spend most of it with Gary. As I get to know him better, I find I really do like him. My reservations about him are quickly forgotten. He is very good looking and extremely considerate of me. He constantly compliments me on how pretty I look or how nice I smell. He always brings flowers or small gifts when he picks me up. I find it pleasant to get so much attention and to get basically whatever I want. I soon come to expect it. He touches and holds me often and whispers endearments, constantly letting me know how much he loves me. This no longer bothers me, on the contrary, I soon find myself encouraging it. I want to look as pretty as possible whenever I am with Gary and make every effort to do so. I take special care with my hair and makeup and in picking my outfits. I begin to use perfume regularly. I like being the object of his adoration. It somehow gives me a sense of power. Even the kissing and petting are pleasant, although I know I shouldn't be enjoying it. In fact, I find it flattering in a way. At least it lets me know he finds me attractive and, just like any girl, I want to know that I am pretty. How strange!

Tammy is around to give me advice on my outfits and to answer questions during that week. So is Vicki. Honestly, I find I really don't need their help. I guess the practice prepared me well, I just do what comes naturally and it seems to work out just fine. But it is reassuring

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to have them compliment me and reinforce my decisions regarding my hair, makeup and various outfits.

Vicki also instructs me on how a woman controls a potentially sexual situation with a man while at the same time encouraging the experience as pleasant and natural.

“Just don’t let him go any farther than you want him to, even if you are enjoying it! When it comes to that, just say no firmly if you don’t want to do something.” is her simple advice.

I guess I know where she stands on the subject! But what about me? Where do I stand? If I didn’t want this to happen to me, I guess I should have said no a long time ago!

Gary and I go out to dinner with his family a couple of times. There are also a couple of cocktail parties to introduce me to more family and friends. These occasions give me opportunities to wear more beautiful dresses, to mingle with both men and women and to become increasingly comfortable, physically and mentally, as a woman in all social situations. I now relish my various feminine prerogatives: making an entrance, being noticed, stopping conversations, flirting, being the absolute center of attention, just the way Tammy always has. I am having fun!

Gary is obviously quite horny and usually suggests we go back to my apartment at the end of each evening. While I now enjoy being able to turn him on, that’s as far as I want to go, so I have to frequently remind him of our agreement to postpone more intimacy until after we are married. Though clearly disappointed, he remains a gentleman and does not force himself upon me, even the night before he leaves on his business trip. He is surprisingly easy to dissuade. Vicki’s lessons apparently work. Thank goodness! However, this does not mean we don’t engage in some heavy making out. My soft full lips and sensitive new breasts get an exciting workout during the week! I suddenly become aware of how much my breasts have developed and the immense pleasure they now give me. I soon find I long for Gary’s touch, my nipples hardening in anticipation at the thought. I do maintain enough presence of mind to keep his hands out from under my skirt!

The same night Gary leaves, Tammy also leaves for Europe. I am now almost alone and on my own as a full time woman.

As I remove my makeup and get into my nightgown that night, my only thoughts are that I will miss Gary and that it is time to start planning my . . . I mean Tammy’s wedding in earnest!

But, now I AM Tammy!

**CHAPTER IV**  
**Feminine Artistry**  
**or**  
**It's A Full Time Job!**

Since my (Tammy's) cover story is that I am on a six-month leave of absence, I have a lot of time to kill. As a result, Mrs. Standish urges me to devote more time to my wedding preparations. She and her daughters are ready to help.

I am soon to find out that there are an awful lot of preparations to make! It will be a full time job!

One of the first things I do to prepare is to go down to the newsstand near my sister's apartment and buy every magazine for brides I can find. There are lots of them and they are all thick and loaded with ads for wedding gowns, along with everything else a smart young bride-to-be might desire.

I figure I better at least learn the basics of what is expected of a modern bride before I became too involved in discussions with my mother-in-law. Any young woman my age would already know at least the basics.

Studying all these magazines I become fascinated by all the plans which have to be made for a big wedding. After many hours of reading, I feel like I've taken a college degree in marriage planning. I now know I have to: decide on the church; select and register for china, silver, etc; choose my attendants and prepare a guest list; order and address invitations; order the rings; shop for a trousseau; order the attendants' dresses; select a photographer, florist, musicians; etc.; etc.; etc. But most important of all, I must choose my wedding dress and accessories. I think it has all been worth it though. Now I can begin to take real steps toward making my vision of a perfect wedding come true!

Now that I know what has to be done, I also know that absolutely no plans have been made by Tammy and Gary. It is being left entirely with me to make all the decisions on such things as the guest list, invitations, who will be in the wedding party, the reception, music; even such intensely personal things as the vows, the wedding dress, the trousseau, the honeymoon destination and an apartment for the newlyweds to live in after the wedding. I guess it's just as well . . . Better not to have to undo what others have done.

Gary and I discuss this often when he calls me from his hotel room during his business trip. His basic response to my concern and my questions is that he doesn't really care much about that "stuff", that these things are what brides live for, that he trusts my judgement and that his mother is a wiz at these events and is eager to help me.

What can I say? While I now understand them, these things are difficult for a man to comprehend.

I guess the only thing to do is to plunge into the wedding plans, along with plans for the happy couple's life after they are married. I would be lost without my mother-in-law but I'm learning quickly. I make a date to have lunch with Mrs. Standish the very next day to begin the process.

My days from that point on are totally full. I don't have a single free moment to think about anything other than the planning. I am either attending bridal shows, looking at invitations, listening to tapes of bands, looking at apartments, discussing honeymoon trips with travel agents or shopping, shopping, shopping. Shopping for clothes, china, silver, linen and seemingly everything else in the world.

I have not even begun to look at gowns in earnest yet! And the social events: engagement parties for various groups, showers, rehearsal dinners, etc!!!! These all mean still more planning, preparations, outfits and, of course, more shopping!

For some reason, having seen all the pictures of the beautiful gowns in the magazines, I am dying to start shopping for my own . . . ah . . . Tammy's! The luxury of wearing one of these exquisite dresses is a drug to my imagination. The girls all look so lovely in the magazines! I wonder if I could possibly look as beautiful. My vision of myself as a beautiful bride flashes on my consciousness and I know I can! I become absolutely determined that I will.

Something else begins to happen to give impetus to my transformation as I become engrossed in the beautiful pictures of brides, gowns and weddings and as I imagine myself part of it all. My long frustrated artistic inclination begins to finally find a successful medium of expression. That medium is my transformation into my sister's double and, beyond that, the recreation of myself as a beautiful creature worthy of becoming Gary's, in fact any man's, bride!

I see this process as much like the act of painting in oils or sculpting in marble.

The painting involves many "canvasses" on which I work this artistic process:

- my face and the creation of beauty through cosmetics
- my hair and the crowning beauty created through the many styles designed to frame and display my face
- my body and the shaping and subtle enhancement of lingerie and foundation garments to create the perfectly curved feminine line
- the overall adornment of my whole person with beautiful clothes, jewelry and accessories.

I get incredible satisfaction through this artistic creation! I am both creator and creation, canvas and brush, artist and masterpiece!

Yet my creation demands continual change, a never ending process of improvement on my previous effort.

The picture of a beautiful bride at her wedding is always in my mind and is the crowning achievement towards which this creative process strives. I become obsessive about this! The gown, the church, the flowers, the wedding tableau are my subjects, the makeup, the hairstyles, the ceremony are my paints. Everything must be perfect! I can't get this picture out of my mind, I must create it! My driving force becomes the setting for this great artistic moment, to capture this beautiful moment in time. Like Michelangelo, I am constantly striving to create perfection yet convinced that, when sculpting, all I need do is liberate the beauty which is already present in the block of marble. And I am the block of marble and the beautiful figure within!

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CHAPTER V  
**Finding Love**  
or  
**I'm No Schoolgirl**

At first I merely survived, now I am prospering as I prepare for the wedding as well as all the other social functions the whole pre-wedding process engenders. I am growing ever more comfortable and confident in my "Tammy" role. While I often think that this whole business is somehow "not right", I am so caught up in the swirl of activity, it becomes increasingly easy to push these thoughts out of my mind. It almost seems to me that I am actually becoming Tammy at times. My confidence grows, first at the basic level, as I simply come to completely believe that I won't be discovered as a man wearing women's cloths. Then, as I become more assured in my own attractiveness and poise, I begin to become aware of why the real Tammy is so confident and successful. A pretty and intelligent girl can do anything she wants to do, by hook or by crook! And I am now a pretty girl and I like the power it gives me!

I soon take a much more active part in the decision making concerning my wedding plans. In fact, I even overrule Gary's mother on a couple of occasions. On one, I even throw a little tantrum of feminine pique and stubbornness regarding the selection of flower arrangements for the tables at the reception. I even produce a few tears for effect in the process. I end up getting my own way and it feels good! It doesn't even register on me that I have gotten so upset about something so trivial (from a masculine standpoint) as flowers, something I had absolutely no interest in as a man. Nor do I concern myself with the very emotional, manipulative and unmasculine way I behaved. After all, it worked!

This weekend is to be a busy one! Gary will be home for a few days. There is to be a dinner party on Friday night at his house for fifty or so of his father's business friends. Most important of all, I will spend Saturday with my dressmaker picking out and getting fitted for my wedding gown. I'm not quite certain what I want yet, though I have looked at literally thousands of pictures. I'm sure I'll be able to find just the right one! I am very excited, very "up" about this coming event.

This excitement is carried over to Gary and to the party on Friday. I am very glad Gary is home so I can talk to him about my dress, as well as all the other preparations that have been made. This I do constantly, holding his hand and even snuggling in his lap, as I babble, not allowing him to get a word in edgewise. He is obviously amused by my concerns which seem very important to me. He comforts me by stroking my hair or caressing my shoulder saying he understands

how important these things are to me, to any young bride-to-be. Mostly he just says "Yes dear" or "Yes honey," no matter what I am talking about.

He teases me unmercifully but affectionately throughout the weekend. He says things like "Did you remember to invite cousin so-in-so?" or "Don't seat so-in-so at the same table as so-in-so." Then he laughs uproariously when I take him seriously and become upset that I will have to change everything around to correct the "problem". But I end up laughing along with him.

I take extra care in dressing for the party. I start with a hot scented bath at my apartment. Late in the afternoon, Vicki comes over to do my hair and makeup. She immediately picks up on my good mood and we are soon giggling uncontrollably like two school girls. Vicki has become a real friend over the past few weeks and she never misses a opportunity to encourage and nurture my femininity. At first I thought I was falling for Vicki, she is so beautiful and feminine. Now, especially since I now know she is happily married, I think that was just a crush caused by my attempt to hold on to my masculinity. But that no longer worries me for some reason. I do love her though, just in a different way.

I have picked out a very beautiful, but very skimpy "little black dress" for tonight, so Vicki does my hair in a formal "up" style and holds it in place with a beautiful diamond clip. She does my makeup much more dramatically than usual, with heavy emphasis on my eyes and lips. Vicki says this is necessary because, with my figure and the dress I am wearing, it will take a lot to get anyone to notice my face.

The dress is definitely not for a schoolgirl! It is absolutely form fitting, for a form only a woman should have. The bodice supports, conceals yet reveals my well-shaped breasts, all at the same time. It is held in place, barely, by tiny spaghetti straps. The dress zips in back, molding to my slim waist and hugging my hips. I have to wear pantyhose to avoid the slightest line which would mar the look of the dress. The skirt is slim and short, coming only to mid-thigh with a tulip shaped hem. The entire creation is covered in sequins which glisten with my every movement. Over sheer black hose and 3 1/2 inch black pumps, the dress is a dream! Vicki oohs and aahs and tells me to "knock 'em dead kid" as she leaves. She hugs me affectionately on the way out. We kiss the air next to each other's cheeks like a couple of society matrons and dissolve into laughter.

I have never felt so naturally feminine and attractive. Despite being nearly naked, this dress makes me feel very secure and confident, but secure and confident of my femininity. I know I look good and I want people to see me!

I can't wait to show it off. I top off the outfit with simple diamond earrings and a diamond bracelet.

When Gary arrives to pick me up, he is obviously very pleased with how I look. This makes me feel all the better! Reluctantly, I don my wrap, unwilling to cover my dress. I take his arm and snuggle close as we walk to his car. I feel great!

My excitement translates to an absolute glow at the dinner party. I am walking on air and cannot remember ever having had such a good time.

The party is a fantastic success!

This is the first time that I go for any long period of time without thinking about being a man dressed as a woman. While before this, I had been able to act feminine, I was constantly aware that I was really a man. This new feeling or sense of my feminine self is quite different, almost intoxicating. I am Tammy!

Naturally, since the purpose of the party is to show off Gary's beautiful fiancée, I am the center of attention. Once again I marvel at the power of beauty and femininity, my beauty and femininity! I have never felt so in control of myself and my environment.

Gary's father takes me affectionately by the arm and squires me around, proudly introducing me to all the guests. All are very friendly and extremely flattering of my appearance, especially the men. Virtually all of them tell me that Gary is indeed a very lucky man! This attention does nothing to reduce my pleasant party "buzz."

We have a wonderful dinner served in the huge dining room by what seems like an army of waiters. As is the custom at formal dinner parties, I am seated between two middle-aged men I have never met before tonight. They are obviously smitten and can't take their eyes off me through the entire meal. It's a good thing their wives are seated at the other end of the long table! I am flattered and play the situation for all it is worth, flirting outrageously. I soon have them eating out of my hand. Despite the fact that they are both old enough to be my father, I enjoy their attention immensely.

After dinner, we adjourn to the large ballroom where a small combo plays dance music. While I manage an occasional dance with Gary, I spend most of the night nestled in the arms of first one then another of the men present, starting with my attentive dinner partners. The night fairly flies by and before I know it, it is after one and people are beginning to leave. As they do, each of the men takes the opportunity to wish me well in my marriage (somewhat wistfully I think) and kiss me goodnight; some more passionately than is appropriate. I love it all and it leaves me tremendously exhilarated.

I have had such a wonderful time, I want to find a way to reward Gary somehow. All kinds of ideas enter my mind as to how a woman might end such a wonderful evening and whether it might be possible for me to provide a similar reward. I am lost in the emotion of the moment, not even thinking that I am a man too. At that moment, I

am ready to try anything to show Gary how much I care about him and that I am his girl. But . . . I hesitate . . . It isn't possible . . . Is it? Maybe there is something I can do . . . He is so handsome . . . Maybe just this once . . . I could. . .

Just in time, I come out of this moment of insanity! But I am badly shaken by what I have been thinking and what has become of me.

Despite my distress, I manage a reasonably affectionate ride to my apartment and a rather hot and heavy goodnight embrace. But the bubble has been broken! Gary doesn't insist on coming in when I make clear that the night is over. As usual, he is surprisingly easy to dissuade.

Getting ready for bed, I sit in front of my mirror, gazing in satisfaction at the beautiful young woman I see there.

That was close! What was I thinking about? To have gone even the tiniest step further was to be in extreme risk of discovery. I surely do not want to jeopardize Tammy's marriage to Gary in one moment of passion. But . . . it does make me think . . . What would I be willing to do to demonstrate my feelings for him? More than that, what are my feelings for Gary? One thing is clear, I would consider much more than I would ever have imagined only a few short weeks ago. Even now, in full control of my emotions, I long to be in his arms!

What is happening to me?

I go to bed, slipping between the sheets wearing an emerald green silk chemise. But have difficulty falling asleep as I ruminate over my situation. What is happening to me? Am I falling in love with Gary? I can imagine his strong body next to mine, his weight lying on top of me! Are these the romantic thoughts of a girl? Am I turning into a girl in mind as well as appearance?

Finally, I fall asleep and, for the first time, I dream as a woman . . . Dream about being married in my beautiful wedding dress . . . Dream of wearing an incredibly sexy nightgown on my wedding night . . . Dream of making endless love with my new husband . . . In my sleep, I sigh longingly with unfulfilled desire.

I'm already up the next morning when Gary's mother arrives early to pick me up to go to the dressmaker's. Although I only got a couple of hours of sleep, I feel great and am really looking forward to picking out my dress. My concerns of the previous night are forgotten. Only the vision of me as a beautiful bride in a beautiful dress remains. I am still in my nightgown when she arrives so I put some coffee on for her while I get ready. I'm flattered when she compliments me on my pretty nightgown and on my lovely figure obviously visible beneath it.

“Just concentrate on your hair and makeup.” she calls from the kitchen. “Then wear something simple that you can get into and out of easily. You’ll be trying on a lot of dresses today. And . . . be sure to wear clean underwear!” she jokes.

I do as she suggests, restoring my hair to the upswept style I had worn the night before. For my makeup, I try to keep it light and stay with the pinks as I want to portray bridal innocence as I will the day of the actual ceremony.

I do take extra precautions with my control device. I have to be very careful doing this because Gary’s mother is in and out of my bedroom chatting with casual familiarity. Since I will often be wearing only panties and bra, I must erase every trace of a masculine bulge. Besides, lately I haven’t been satisfied with the results of the various ways I’ve been concealing my private parts. I just haven’t looked as smooth and flat in front as I want to. So I recently bought something new from a mail order catalog Vicki gave me. It’s very tight, but once it’s on, it works to perfection in concealing any sign of masculinity and it is practically invisible. This accomplished, I slip on a pair of snow-white, lacy, high cut panties then a sexy matching bra which has a push-up effect that really emphasizes my cleavage. Over this I put on a short denim skirt and a pink cotton top. A touch of daytime perfume and I feel fresh and girlish. In about an hour, we are off.

I am going to try on wedding gowns!

In my purse, I bring pictures of several gowns which I have cut from magazines. I show them to the dressmaker after she has determined my size. I am a perfect eight, just the same as Tammy. The dressmaker scurries around, muttering about what a pretty bride I will be, looking for the pictured styles. There seem to be thousands of different gowns hanging from the racks in the very expensive looking shop. We look at more of the dresses, picking out several to try on. In the end, we select about 25, each one deliciously beautiful. We hang them all on a tall rolling rack which we then move into the back room which serves as both dressing and fitting room.



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This room is unbelievably sumptuous. And since Mrs. Standish has made arrangements for the shop to be closed to the public today, we will have it all to ourselves. There are mirrors everywhere and the walls are draped with rich silk curtains. There are several gilded benches also upholstered in soft silk. There is the strong scent of roses in the air. This room is clearly designed to make a girl feel pampered and beautiful in preparation for the biggest day of her life.

Then there are the dresses! I quickly slip out of my clothes. My enthusiasm blocking any fear of discovery despite my near nakedness. My front remains flat and smooth. The dressmaker gives me a lacy white garter belt and some white stockings. Sitting on one of the benches I gently pull the stockings on. A tingle like an electrical charge runs through my entire body as the stockings glide up my smooth shaven legs and are fastened to the garters. Then I step into a pair of white silk pumps. The shock seems to disconnect my brain. I have no coherent thoughts, only feelings; wonderful, soft, sensuous, feminine feelings.

I admire my figure displayed to pleasing effect for a few moments before the first dress is eased over my head, care being taken not to muss my hair. The voluminous but almost weightless dress is pulled and tugged into place. I feel like I am entirely enveloped in a soft white cloud.

Thus begins one of the most wonderful days of my life!

I spend the day literally wrapped in white silk, satin and lace. Each dress seems more beautiful than the one before. I love them all!

It's tough, but eventually, I am able to narrow my choices down to four, but progress from that point is difficult indeed.

I have to try each of these on at least three or four more times apiece. I parade in front of the mirrors in each, turning this way and that, listening to the silk rustle and the comments of the two ladies. I also begin to learn to handle the skirts and long trains which take some getting used to. At first I struggle but soon get the knack of it and sashay around like an experienced runway model.

It seems an eternity, but a heavenly eternity, before I finally decide on the one dress I want. It's simply gorgeous! But, when I look at the price tag, I nearly faint! Everything is lost! I can never afford this dress! I throw myself down on one of the silken benches and actually begin to cry!

Mrs. Standish, seeing my distress, quickly reminds me that price is no object.

"If that is the dress you want, that is the dress you shall have!" she says haughtily. Glancing at the tag, she doesn't even bat an eyelash. I run to her waiting arms, hugging her, now sobbing with gratitude.

"Hush dear. You'll ruin your makeup and stain your dress!"

So it is settled. I quickly regain my composure, fix my face and we spend another couple of hours selecting a matching headpiece and veil, then letting the dressmaker measure and pin the gown for alterations. We are finally done . . . for now. There will be at least two more fittings before the dress is ready, just for me. That means I'll get at least two more chances to wear it!

Though I am exhausted by the long day, I am totally exhilarated by the dress I am to wear. I wish I could wear it forever! I am happier than I can ever remember being.

Funny, as I tried to decide which dress to wear, I never thought about what Tammy might like or what Tammy might want. I was thinking throughout that this was going to be my wedding and I wanted to get the things that I wanted. . .

It is only then that I begin to wish that it could really be me that will be married in that gorgeous creation. While I will get to wear the dress for a little while, it will be Tammy . . . the real Tammy, who will actually be married in it. This thought saddens me. It isn't fair! After all, Tammy cares more about her stupid career than she does about her marriage or about Gary. It is me who cares about this wedding more than anything else! What a strange thought!

"If only it could come true!" I wish to myself. "I'd be happier than any girl in the world!"

## CHAPTER VI Mrs. Gary Standish or

### Can I Ever Go Back to Being Just a Man

All the plans have now been made, all the decorations selected, all the preparations are in place and almost everything has been bought. At times, it seems that there is nothing left to do but wait. There is only one month to go until the big day!

But waiting is not good. It gives a person too much time to think and too much time to be nervous.

On and off, but mostly on, I have periods of anxiety and tension. This is not due to my masquerade as Tammy. Most of my problems with that are well behind me. I now tend to think of myself as a woman more often than as a man. Rather, my nervousness is the same as any bride-to-be feels as her big day approaches. I am concerned about how I will look, whether Gary will show up at the alter and whether everything will come off perfectly on our wedding night! This is made worse by my difficulty coming to grips with the fact that my part in this whole pageant will soon come to an end. The real Tammy will be back. We will switch places at the church. Tammy will be married to Gary. And Tammy will live happily ever after.

But what will become of me?

I doubt I can ever go back to being just a man. As I stand naked in front of my mirror, I see nothing but a beautiful girl. Slim, with lovely breasts, a tiny waist, curved hips and long smooth legs, my masculinity lost behind my soft thighs, I am totally feminine. Strangely, I am pleased by this. In fact, I am very disappointed that I won't be marrying Gary myself. It is now clear to me that I love him and want to be with him. I have difficulty accepting this concept, but I have changed so much, I know it is what I want. I want to be his wife! The problem is, I'm sure that, if he knew the truth, Gary wouldn't want me. I can think of nothing I can do to make my dreams come true!

During the last few months, I have had several overseas phone conversations with Tammy, feeling that I should keep her up to date about what is going on. After all, it is her life that I am playing out for her here. Surprisingly, she shows very little interest in the particulars of her own romantic life or her own wedding ceremony!

"I have all the confidence in the world in you to do the right thing." is her stock, rather disinterested comment.

Tammy's interest is strictly limited to whether everything is still on schedule. For some reason, I get the feeling that she just wants the whole business to be over with so she can get on with her life. I find her attitude very inappropriate and disturbing, particularly considering my own excitement about the wedding, not to mention my feelings for Gary. When I tell her about Gary and what he has been doing in his business and in our social life, who we've met and where we've been, she doesn't seem at all interested in him either. I guess I feel concern for Gary because I get the feeling Tammy doesn't really love him. Maybe she plans to marry him just for his money. He has been so good to me . . . so fun to be with. I can't figure her attitude out. Maybe she's just preoccupied with her work problems. Maybe she doesn't really know him well enough to appreciate him as I do.

She is interested in me though. She always asks how I like my life as a girl, especially now that I've been at it for five months. She asks how I look and how I like wearing various dresses she has left behind. I know my enthusiasm is obvious because she teases me about reconsidering that job as a stewardess. She asks how I am wearing my hair now, what new clothes I've bought, what kinds of earrings I like, even what shade of lipstick I like best, promising to bring me back some samples from Europe. Our conversations are always fun but far away from the important things we need to discuss, like planning to make the switch at the church or what she and Gary will do after the wedding. Instead we talk about frivolous things. We chatter on, just like sisters. After a while, our conversations seem to

peter out and always end on a wistful note for both of us. We always end by saying:

“See you at the church.” What a bittersweet thought that is for me, but Tammy doesn’t seem any too happy about it either.

The wedding is a week away. Gary is taking me out for a light supper and a movie. It is a warm spring night and I’m wearing a light cotton dress, no stockings and low heeled sandals. The flowers are in bloom and the air smells like the perfume I’m wearing. Spring is definitely in the air and it feels good! Gary and I are both feeling affectionate and when the movie is over, I am reluctant for the night to end. Gary too is more amorous than usual, touching and holding me constantly. Rather than being put off by it, I welcome his attention, responding in kind. We walk the long way to my apartment.

When neither of us is satisfied by a steamy good night session at my apartment door, I break my cardinal rule and invite him in for a cool drink.

Of course, a drink is the farthest thing from Gary’s mind, or from mine for that matter. No sooner are we inside the door than I am in his arms and in his power. He moves me in the direction of the couch and I am powerless to resist. As he does so, I can feel his throbbing manhood pressing urgently against my soft belly. His passion is infectious and exciting. I feel weak and unable to offer any resistance at all, but really, I have no mind to resist. My nipples harden with excitement!

It isn’t long before Gary is on top of me, my skirt hiked up above my hips, my top unbuttoned and my flimsy little bra hanging loose on my chest. His hands are everywhere; in my hair, at my breasts, parting my soft inner thighs . . . We have never had even close to such a physical session as this. In a way we are almost fighting, wrestling to get ever closer to each other. Though his clothes are still intact, I can easily feel that Gary wants me and wants me now!

I want him too! I find everything about what he is doing to me to be absolutely wonderful! But, as he sucks first one of my erect nipples then the other, I somehow still recognize that Gary thinks I am a girl, that I must not give away my masquerade. I can’t mess up Tammy’s wedding now, not when it is only a few days away!

It’s too late to just remind Gary of his promise. We’re way past that point! What can I do?

I must do something and I must do it now! Gary is already tearing at my lacy panties!

As if they had minds of their own, my hands reach out looking for a way to protect myself and my secret. But I am not strong enough to keep him away. My hands somehow find their way to Gary’s crotch! When my fingers make contact with his excitement, he backs

off a little to give me room. Seeing this as my only option, I trace his obvious excitement with my fingertips through the fabric of his trousers. I am rewarded for my efforts by feeling him grow still harder and more frenzied. He seems on the verge of bursting the confines of his suddenly inadequate zipper.

I slowly open his belt then slide the zipper down, allowing him to expand still further, now free of the confining pants. Without conscious thought, I reach into his underpants and encircle his hugely rigid pole with both my hands. His underpants seem to fall away as if by their own accord as I move my hands up and down his shaft.

This is the hardest step I have ever taken in my life! But, once I have begun, rather than the revulsion and shame I expected, I feel nothing but passion and excitement. In a split second of detachment, I think it is very odd that I have no reaction whatsoever from my own male organs. I remain limp and folded back, completely useless and invisible. This underscores the fact that I am no longer even slightly masculine. But I am more excited, more stimulated than I have ever been before, just in a very different way.

Obviously, Gary wants more, much more! I want more too. My body is reacting independently of my mind. Without ever letting go with either hand, my body adjusts itself under him, trying to get itself in position to be mounted. My legs fall comfortably apart. Impossibly, I am looking for a way to allow myself somehow to be impaled on his rigid shaft. For what seems like hours, we arch our backs, straining against one another, frantically searching for release!

Through it all, I hold on tightly to his penis. I have to! If I let go, I'm done for!

It is Gary who finds release first!

Suddenly and without warning, he is climaxing; wildly bucking and groaning like a raging animal and calling my name over and over in his ecstasy! I am drenched in sweat and feel like I am drunk on too much champagne.

His thick, milky come spurts all over me. All over my hands, my belly, my legs . . . a few drops even get on my face. I feel no discomfort at all from this, only an intense sense of intimacy and accomplishment at finally being able to give satisfaction to this man I have fallen in love with.

It is only later, hours later, after Gary has gone home, full of tender love and gratitude, that guilt begins to set in.

"What have I done?" I sob over and over again, mortified and still covered by Gary's seed, now dried unpleasantly on my skin. "What have I become?" In my confusion, I now feel I have committed an unspeakable act and an unpardonable sin. This masquerade cannot go on! I feel I must make one last attempt to regain my masculinity. I must get my life back in order. . .

Looking down at myself, I see nothing but perfect breasts, a smooth, hairless body and a bushy dark vee at the junction of my soft thighs! My manhood is invisible.

At that moment, I become certain, masculinity is now impossible for me!

I fleetingly consider suicide as the only solution, but I am unable to act and the moment is quickly gone. Crying uncontrollably, I collapse onto the couch in a heap.

It is in this state that Vicki finds me the next morning, red eyed and distraught. She had stayed the night so she has heard the whole encounter from the guest bedroom. She shows no displeasure, only a warm concern for my emotional and physical wellbeing.

“Did he force himself on you?” she asks gently.

In answer, I hang my head in shame, unable to admit to her what has happened. She gathers me into her arms, her closeness and friendship soothing the hurt from mind and body.

She murmurs, “I understand honey. I know just how you feel, believe me. It’s not so bad.” She says it over and over again. “You feel just like a woman the first time she surrenders herself to a man.”

After awhile, I tell her everything, including every intimate detail of our union, such as it was. How I felt, what I did, what Gary did, what I wanted him to do; everything comes out in a rush.

“This has all gone much too far!” I groan in despair.

“I’m so sorry! I know I wasn’t supposed to go this far in impersonating Tammy, but I just couldn’t stop myself.” I moan over and over again as if I had somehow betrayed Vicki by my actions. “I don’t want to steal Gary away from Tammy . . . But. . .”

She cuddles and soothes me for a long time, never letting me go. Eventually, I begin to become rational again and I’m pleased to find my best friend’s smile beaming down at me.

“Oh Vicki! I’m so ashamed of myself. I had sex with a man! I feel so dirty!”

“Don’t be silly.” she responds calmly. “You have done nothing dirty, nothing wrong and certainly nothing to be ashamed of. Intimacy, and the sex that sometimes accompanies it, are natural and pleasant when you are with a person you love. You do love Gary, don’t you?”

“Yes!” I answer immediately and without reservation. Despite my confusion, there is no question about that in my mind. Vicki is silent, letting my confession sink in to my consciousness. Recognition of the truth of this begins to restore me to calm and balance.

“Well, then,” continues Vicki. “I have a feeling everything will work out all right. What you have done is beautiful and natural. Really Tommy, and I mean this with nothing but affection and friendship, you aren’t much of a man anymore. You should have a boyfriend or

husband, just like any pretty girl your age. They make all the difficulties of being feminine worthwhile let me tell you! If things don't work out with Gary, hopefully, you will have many opportunities for such encounters again and you will learn to enjoy them. Perhaps this will be like broccoli for you, maybe it's an acquired taste. You did enjoy it a little, didn't you?"

Despite my efforts to hold it in check, my satisfied smile is answer enough.

"Oh!" she laughs. "I get it. Gary is a good lover is he?" she asks, holding her index fingers about six inches apart. When my only response is an embarrassed look and a raised eyebrow, she slowly widens her hands until I can't hold back my laughter any longer. She is now holding her hands at almost shoulder width!

"He's great!" she cries in mock wonder and we dissolve into giggles and into each other's arms.

Another crisis has been averted.

The big day is finally about to arrive. The night before, Vicki and I go to the Standish home to stay overnight. Vicki will do my hair and makeup for the ceremony, but much more important than that, she has agreed to be my Maid-of-Honor. Gary's two sisters will be my Bride's Maids. Mrs. Standish had lobbied for a bigger wedding party, but I prevailed. Otherwise, I would have had to have virtual strangers as attendants.

Vicki and the two girls spend most of the evening in my room, keeping me company, telling stories and generally trying to keep me as calm as possible. They all know I am getting more nervous by the hour.

In keeping with tradition, Gary is sleeping elsewhere this night. He is staying with his best friend and Best Man, Paul. It would be bad luck for him to see me before the ceremony. Thinking the worst, I just hope he shows up at the church!

We stay up late, doing each other's nails to pass the time . . . and talking about what it will be like to be married. Eventually, we all realize we have to get some sleep. Tomorrow will be a long and busy day and we will have to get up early. The others meander off to their own rooms. Vicki, who has been sitting on my bed with me, is the last to leave. She leaves me with a gentle hug and a kiss, our soft breasts touching through our nightgowns.

"Everything is going to work out just fine. I'm sure of it!" she says confidently, as she slips out the door, leaving me to my own thoughts.

For some reason, these thoughts are predominately sad ones. While tomorrow will be fun and exciting, when it does arrive, it will mean that my new life will soon be coming to an end. Tammy will return, Tammy II will disappear and I'll have to become Tommy

again. I want to do something to stop this sequence of events, to delay the inevitable. But . . . I can't think of any way to make my dream come true.

Eventually, fatigue takes its toll and I snuggle into my fluffy bed and fall asleep hugging my pillow. As usual now, my dreams are of Gary.

We are up early the next morning and frenzied activity begins immediately. There are five women in the household, all trying to get ready for a wedding in which they all have a part. Chaos is inevitable. Luckily, the house is huge with lots of bathrooms, so the conflict is kept to a minimum.

Vicki is a pillar of stability throughout. Somehow she has managed to get up early and get herself bathed, made up and looking fabulous so that she is able to devote the morning to getting me ready.

After a light breakfast, she begins with my hair and makeup.

My hair will take some time. Vicki plans to put it up into a French braided style. The braiding is very intricate, with baby's breath, tiny green ivy and two small pink tea roses woven in. Also, she must find a way to imbed my headpiece without destroying the overall style. What's more, it will all have to stay together for the whole day!

I love what she is doing to me! I look gorgeous! But, as the time goes by, now into the second hour, I can't help but wonder how in the world Tammy and I will be able to switch places at the church. I can easily slip out of the dress and she can easily slip into it . . . but how can we possibly transfer the headpiece in just the few minutes we will have available?

Oh well . . . we'll have to worry about that when the time comes. Right now, I have other things to think about.

Next comes my makeup. This time it is me who gives the directions while Vicki actually does the application. I want her to take great pains to make me look terrific but also to make me look like I have no makeup on at all. This is a tall order! We stick with pinks and pastels. The effect I want is virginal innocence. Vicki does a spectacular job! My face is flawless, with just a hint of heightened color in keeping with the excitement of the occasion.

My hair and makeup are perfect!

Now I have to get dressed. This time it is Mrs. Standish who offers advice, surprising advice considering the source.

"You want to look like a virgin on the outside, but like a harlot underneath! So you want your lingerie to be as sexy as possible. I have taken the liberty of getting a few things for you." she says, handing me several small bags from the city's most prestigious lingerie shop.

I am soon scantily attired in tiny panties, a garter belt and lace top stockings, and a lacy bustier with a push-up, cleavage creating construction, all in matching snow white silk and lace.

At this point, I take a rest while the others make their final preparations and get into their dresses. I am alone in my room for awhile.

Just then, Mr. Standish knocks on my door to let me know I have a phone call.

Perplexed at who could possibly be calling me here, I ask "Who is it Dad, did they say?"

"It's a girl dear, but she didn't give her name."

"Okay, thanks. I'll take it in here."

I pick up the phone and hesitantly say hello, still wondering who it could possibly be. Much to my relief, it is Tammy.

"Tammy!" I gasp. "Where are you?"

"Now don't get excited," she cautions, "but I'm still in Europe."

"You're where?????" I almost scream.

"I'm at the airport in Paris. My flight has been delayed. I'll be leaving soon, but you will just have to go on with the wedding. You'll have to actually go through with the ceremony. We'll try to make the switch during the reception, . . . if . . . when I get there.

"If you do that, I guess I won't be legally married to Gary, but no one will ever be the wiser, so it should work out okay . . .

"They are calling my flight so I have to go. I'll see you when I get there. Good luck!" There is a sudden click and the line goes dead.

While a total surprise, this doesn't strike me as particularly bad news. After all, I have been wishing for a way to prolong things . . . to actually get married in my beautiful dress . . . but I'm not sure I know how we will ever be able to make the switch . . .

I don't have much time to think about it. The ladies return to help me into my dress. It's getting late and we don't have much time. No time to worry about it now. . .

It is a gorgeous Spring day. Everything is ready. The ushers have seated the almost 500 guests and have taken their places near the alter. We are a little late arriving, but I am now standing in the church entryway, surrounded by my three beautiful attendants, all of whom are trying to make last minute adjustments to my gown and veil. I look and feel nervous but beautiful!

My dress is perfect. Pure white satin . . . off the shoulder . . . simple yet elegant with delicate lace flowers appliqued in the otherwise smooth, shiny fabric . . . a long train streaming behind. My veil, like a soft summer mist, floating over my face and hair.

Mrs. Standish is the last to be seated, escorted by her husband.

The bridal march begins. It is time. . .

First the Bride's Maids, very slowly, one by one. With a quick smile of encouragement, the last to go is Vicki.

Now it is my turn.

I stand in the doorway for an instant. What I see is my vision come true! It's like I am living my dream. The church is full of people and flowers. The sunlight is streaming in through the stained glass windows high up on the walls. I can just make out Gary's smiling face at the alter waiting. I try to calm the butterflies I feel in my stomach and to put a genuine smile on my face. I begin my long, slow walk down the aisle.

I'm in a complete daze. My mind is simply not working from the time I begin my walk. I am aware that Gary has met me at the alter and that we are standing before the minister. He is speaking but the words are a blur.

"Do you Tommy take this man Gary to be your lawfully wedded husband; to love, honor and obey so long as you both shall live?" Although I don't hear the words he says, as the minister utters them, my mind snaps back to perfect clarity. In an instant, all the hypnotically induced haze clears away and I'm completely aware of everything which has gone on over the last six months, as well as the crazy situation I am now in.

Time seems to stand still for me. In truth, my hesitation is so brief, no one in the church even notices. But in that instant, I am sure what I want.

"Yes . . . yes . . . I do." I respond, at first softly and then more forcefully.

". . . I now pronounce you man and wife."

With that, everything returns to normal speed. It is like a record suddenly speeding up. The song sounds right again.

The next thing I know, Gary has lifted my veil and is kissing me in a way which promises more, much more to come. We are smiling and waving, making our way quickly out of the church and into our limo.

I am now Mrs. Gary Standish!



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**Chapter VII**  
**Everyone is Sorry**  
**or**  
**We'll Live Happily Ever After**

The reception at the swanky Briarwood Club is a wonderful whirlwind affair. I am so high from excitement, I am barely aware of what is going on around me. The country club has done a terrific job and everything is just perfect. Soon after we arrive, Vicki informs me that she had recommended this choice for the reception. It seems that she had once been a member and had actually made her debut here. She asks me to remind her to tell me the whole story another time. As a result, she was sure everything would be perfect. It is!

At first, I am much too busy to even think about Tammy or when she will arrive.

We start with the receiving line. Although everyone moves along reasonably quickly, with almost 500 guests, it takes a long time. However, I can't help but notice the huge number of envelopes that Gary and I are presented and which Paul inserts in a white silk bag for safe keeping. I think that certainly Tammy and Gary will be off to a good start financially, even though they certainly don't need it, given this well healed crowd!

Next the entire wedding party is spirited off to the formal rose gardens where the photographer has set up for pictures. He takes literally hundreds of shots and most involve me, either alone or with others. I am the bride after all! I really turn it on for the camera. Both the photographer and I are sure the pictures will turn out great! He even suggests that I consider doing some modeling since I have such a natural affinity for the camera!

Finally, we are seated at the head table. But before dinner can be served we must have the champagne toast given by Paul, the Best Man.

Paul is obviously nervous, and also quite drunk.

Quieting the crowd and raising his glass, he hesitates. The silence grows longer and longer. Obviously he has forgotten what he was going to say. Finally, after turning twelve shades of red, he blurts out:

“Down the hatch to a perfect match!” He downs his entire glass of champagne in one gulp. Despite the lameness of the toast, the crowd claps loudly, then resumes it's happy hubbub.

The toast completed, it is of course followed by the obligatory tinkling of glasses requiring Gary and I to engage in endless kissing! It is fun, but we both have difficulty not laughing.

At last! The meal is served and we get at least a short period of peace and quiet. Gary and I are left alone for a while and have our first chance to talk quietly. We do so lovingly throughout the meal, as if we are alone in our own private bubble. I don't even know what we are saying, just sweet nothings I guess. But we both seem to understand. I have never felt so happy!

All too soon, the band strikes up their first tune. Gary and I dance the first dance, then I dance with Mr. Standish, then with Paul, then with seemingly every male present.

As the dancing continues for some time and I begin to mingle with the guests, I begin to become conscious of the fact that it is getting late and, so far, there is still no sign of Tammy. While not seriously concerned, I do wonder what I am going to do if she doesn't show up soon!

By the time we are through with the cake cutting and gartering and there is still no Tammy, I do begin to get a little panicky. It is almost time for the newlyweds to leave for our (their) honeymoon! I look around, frantically trying to figure out what to do next.

As usual, it is Vicki who comes to my rescue and who restores me to calm.

"I don't know what has happened to Tammy" she whispers to me with perfect composure, "but there is still time to make the switch, so just stay calm. Everything is going to be all right. It looks like everyone is having a great time, so we can stall for a little while. But you will have to go up and change your clothes pretty soon."

About half hour later, there is still no Tammy and we have to move on. Vicki and the bridesmaids usher me and Gary out of the reception and back to some rooms which have been reserved for us to change in. Because it is such a chore to get out of my wedding dress, the girls help me while Gary goes to another room to change.

Of course this would be the perfect time to switch, but . . . Still no Tammy!!!!

Hoping against hope that she will show up, with the help of the girls, I begin to slowly remove my dress. Because Gary's sisters are in the room, I can't really talk to Vicki about what to do. I do drag it out as long as I can, making sure that the dress is carefully hung on a hanger and placed in a garment bag. But finally, I can stall no longer and must get dressed and go back to the reception.

Vicki slowly removes the headpiece and flowers from my hair, but we leave it tightly braided. It looks very pretty. I spend some more time fixing my makeup. At last, I slip into my "traveling dress," a slim white cotton number with small navy blue polka dots. It has a short slim skirt, short sleeves and a vee neck both front and back. It is quite lovely. I add some navy button earrings, navy pumps and a matching purse and I'm ready.

The girls leave to tell Gary that I'm ready so I have a few moments to talk to Vicki alone.

"What are we going to do?" I ask in a panic.

"Don't worry." she soothes. "Everything will be fine. Don't lose your cool now!"

"Fine . . . Fine!!!! What are you talking about! . . . Fine!!!! This has gone way too far already. Everything is not going to be fine. I can't fool Gary any longer. We can't switch places in the bridal bed! Now, not only is this marriage ruined for me, but I'm about to ruin it for Tammy too! What a disaster! What am I going to do?" I'm bordering on hysteria.

"You can always tell him the truth you know." says Vicki, still as calm as can be. "Tell him that you love him and that you have been trying as hard as you can to please him and to make him love you. Tell him that it is you he loves and that it really doesn't make any difference that you are a male if you really love each other. You never know, he might buy it."

"No, no . . . I just couldn't do that! What if he doesn't buy it. He'll probably kill me.

Just then, the girls return with Gary. Though still distraught, I am able to compose myself enough to give him a nervous smile.

"Are you all set?" he asks with an answering smile, calming me by taking me in his arms.

"Well . . . I . . . guess so. . ." I croak.

"Are you nervous honey? Don't be. Everything is going to be great, just like we planned. In a short while, we'll be in our hotel room, in each other's arms, in love and beginning our lives together. I love you Tammy and I can't wait!"

"If only it could come true!" I think longingly.

Before I know it, Gary has me by the arm and we are back at the reception. We don't stay long though as we quickly give goodbye kisses to Mr. and Mrs. Standish, to Gary's sisters and to Vicki. Then we wave to the rest of the assembled guests.

Just as we are about to leave, Vicki hands me my bouquet and reminds me that I must toss it over my head before I go. As I get ready, the single girls surge to the front of the crowd, each hoping to catch it.

I turn around and, without aiming, toss the bouquet high into the air, over the heads of all the girls in front. Finally, it comes down and is caught . . . not by one of the young girls . . . but by a handsome young man. Everyone laughs at this.

I have never seen him before and I don't have time to take a good look. But I am immediately struck by how good looking, how pretty he is. He could easily look like a beautiful bride just like me! How strange to have that thought. I wonder if he would like that? I know

I certainly do! I do notice that he does not give up the bouquet and that no one seems to question this.

Then, in a whirl, we are gone. Gary guides me to the car and helps me in. Suddenly, everything is quiet. We are alone. Mr. and Mrs. Gary Standish, on the way to their honeymoon!

\* \* \* \* \*

In reality, Gary has rented a hotel suite for our wedding night, before we fly off to Bermuda for two weeks.

I'm in a complete daze as we check in and are shown to our room. With every passing minute, I become more and more desperate! What can I do to get out this, to avoid being discovered? Will Tammy ever show up?

Suddenly, we are alone in the room. And the room is palatial! It is the Bridal Suite, with both a living room and a bedroom and a huge canopied bed dominating it all.

We are no sooner in the door when Gary is all over me! Clearly, he is tired of the restraint he has been forced to endure for the last six months. He means to put an end to that tonight!

While almost nothing could make me happier than to allow Gary to make wild, passionate love to me, I simply cannot respond to his desire right now.

This whole thing is a lie! I am a lie! I am a male who is masquerading as a girl, as this man's wife and I don't have the courage to tell him the truth even though I love him completely. With typical feminine logic, I blame Gary for not solving the problem for me. Why doesn't he guess the truth? Why doesn't he tell me it's all right? But in reality, I know I have deceived Gary and I can't seem to make it right.

Gary quickly senses my mood. . .

"What's the matter Sweetheart?" he asks with genuine concern.

I hesitate, on the verge of blurting out the whole story, but. . .

"I'm just tired, I guess. It's been a long, emotional day and I'm drained." is my lame response.

"Well then, let's just relax for a while. Why don't we have a glass of champagne?" he guides me to the sofa in front of which is a coffee table set with a bottle of expensive champagne and a beautifully displayed selection of fruit.

He pours us both a glass. I sit on the sofa and kick off my shoes, still nervous but relieved to at least be able to sit down, wiggle my toes and stall for time.

"Ahhhh . . . that's it." he says, taking a long sip of champagne. "Just relax. You'll feel better in a few minutes. You just need to rest up for a while. We have a long night ahead of us!" Gary says with eagerness and desire, trying to get me into the proper mood.

We quietly sip our wine for a while. I am totally silent but Gary chats on and on as if oblivious to my distress. The wine does help me relax, at least a little bit. Soon we are both quiet, gazing longingly into each other's eyes. The next step is obvious. Gary sets his glass aside and moves closer. He holds me . . . then our lips meet, at first gently then with growing passion. I am on fire with desire for this man! I ache for him but I can't figure out what to do about it.

"Let's get out of these clothes." whispers Gary. Reluctantly, we break apart.

"You are so beautiful! Do you mind if I just watch while you undress?" he asks huskily.

In response, I turn my back to him and, without saying a word, let it be known that he should unzip my dress. More from nervousness than artifice, I begin to slowly wiggle out of my dress until it is a pool at my feet. Due to Mrs. Standish's foresight, my lingerie is ultra sexy and leaves absolutely nothing to Gary's imagination. I can hear the sharp intake of his breath as I turn around to face him.

He has not yet begun to undress. But he does loosen his tie, swallowing hard. I can see beads of perspiration forming on his forehead. The moment of truth is near!

I am wearing the lacy white bustier, panties, garter belt and stockings. Gary cannot take his eyes off me and sits there as if transfixed.

While I know this cannot continue, that we are already beyond the point of no return, I don't know what else to do. I stand in front of Gary, shyly looking at the floor in front of me. Slowly, I reach behind my back and begin to unfasten the bustier, one hook at a time. As the last hook is undone, I hold it in place with my free hand for a few seconds. Then, I slowly let it fall away to join the dress on the floor. My hands drop to my sides. I make no effort to cover myself. My full, creamy breasts, with their large, dark nipples hard with desire are uncovered for Gary to see. They gently rise and fall with my breathing.

He breathes in sharply again, almost gasping!

I cannot meet his lustful gaze but I know his eyes are on me.

Gary reaches out slowly to touch my softness. He caresses, then hefts one of my breasts in each hand, as if measuring their weight. He bestows a gentle kiss on each nipple then steps away silently urging me to finish undressing.

As if doing a strip tease, I unclasp the garters from first one then the other stocking and slowly roll each down my leg. I toss away the garter belt. Now, only my almost transparent panties separate me from total nudity . . . and certain discovery!

I can't go on! I cannot do this, much as I want to! Gary will despise me if I let him find out he is making love with another man. If we continue, he will find out!

Suddenly, the tears are flowing from my eyes.

"I'm so sorry Gary!" I cry. "I love you very much and want to make you happy, but I just can't! You will hate me if I do!"

Gary appears too stunned to react or say anything.

I bolt for the bathroom, my naked breasts jiggling as I run, grabbing my nightgown, negligee and bag as I go. I lock the door and sit crying on the commode, oblivious to time and space. . .

It could have been hours or just a few minutes. I was totally out of it, so I can't really say. I have been oblivious to Gary's concerned calls through the door and everything else which has gone on in the rest of the suite. As I again become capable of coherent thought, I think that I have never been so confused in my whole life, even in the early days of my transformation!

Just exactly what am I going to do? What do I want to do to rectify this bizarre and unbearable situation. I'm male and my husband is waiting to make love to me in the other room!

Do I want to walk into that room, tell Gary the truth, then walk out the door and return to being a man forever? In other words, should I put this whole sorry episode behind me and return to a normal life? Is that even possible? Or . . . do I want to walk into that room, tell Gary the truth, then tell him I still love him completely, that he loves me, that I want him more than anything in this life, that I think we can make it work and see if he will reject the real Tammy and stay with me? Is that possible?

To me, these are the only two options available. I can't lie to Gary anymore.

I am still almost naked, wearing only the panties I had on when I ran into the bathroom. As I take stock of the situation, I look closely at myself. What I see first is a pair of full, womanly breasts growing from my chest. They quiver whenever I move. My whole body is soft, smooth and hairless. It is a woman's body! My waist is small, then flares out to full, rounded hips and down to long, slim legs crossed at the ankles. Most telling of all is the vee at the junction of my soft thighs. There is absolutely no masculinity there. Instead, this junction disappears into the perfect illusion of shadowed female mystery.

I look into the bathroom mirror. Despite the ravages of my tears, my face is still strikingly beautiful, crowned by artfully braided hair still perfectly in place.

This is not a man I am looking at! It taxes my imagination to think I could ever be made to look like a man again.

Option number one would seem to be impossible.

A feeling of calm and serenity descends over me as I realize what I had known unconsciously all along; that my only real option is to remain a woman. That thought brings a smile to my face.

If I am to remain a woman, then why not try to make the best of it? Why not try to convince Gary to stay with me? If he will just forget that I am male and give it a chance, I know I can make him happy. And besides, all he can do is say no so I have nothing to lose.

Now that my path is set, my cares fall away like autumn leaves from a tree. I know I have made the right decision.

I begin to prepare myself to make my case to Gary. My primary thought is to make myself as attractive and seductive as possible. As a woman, I cannot force this decision on him, so I must find a way to attract him to my point of view. My experience as Tammy has taught me that beauty and seduction are the source of a woman's power. I now share Tammy's confidence in my ability to wield that power. I have work to do. . .

First, I redo my makeup. Not as an innocent, virginal bride, but more dramatic. Tonight I will be the mysterious seductress, the figment of every man's imagination. My eyes and lips require a lot of work. Then I take my hair out of the French braid. I brush it out for several minutes then pin it up loosely with sexy tendrils drifting about my face and shoulders.

I remove my panties and, from my bag, I replace them with an almost invisible, thong-style control device. I am satisfied that I appear completely naked to a casual observer and my masculinity is eliminated. How could Gary or any man resist me? I smile at the thought, remembering that Tammy had said the very same thing.

My wedding night nightgown is not designed to conceal, rather to enhance my carefully contrived nakedness. It is the sheerest and softest of white nylon gauze. It is almost totally transparent except for beautiful lace detailing at the bodice and hem which just grazes the floor. Tiny, almost unnecessary spaghetti straps hold this confection in place. My negligee is just another layer of similarly transparent nylon. Even with both garments on, my body is completely visible in the well lighted bathroom. A last check, some perfume sprayed in strategic locations and I am ready. I am certain that Gary cannot resist me. When he sees me, he will melt like a popsicle on a hot summer day! I laugh sexily to myself at that thought. It would defeat the purpose of my efforts if all of him melted. Only his heart and mind should melt. I want his body to stay hard! I get a hot flash at this thought.

I take a deep breath, grasp the doorknob and quickly open the door. . .

I freeze like a doe caught in the headlights of an oncoming car!

The room is full of people! They immediately fall silent when they see me in the bathroom doorway, backlit for perfect visibility.

Where I was expecting to find only Gary, there are perhaps fifteen to twenty people in the room, apparently partying up a storm. There are Mr. and Mrs. Standish and their daughters, Vicki and her husband along with a bunch of people I don't know. I do notice that the beautiful boy who had caught my bridal bouquet is standing with Vicki.

I can't even see Gary. He seems nowhere to be found.

What is going on? Why are these people here?

Then, out of the corner of my eye, I see someone whose presence almost sends me back into the oblivion of the bathroom!

It's Tammy! The real Tammy! Right here in the same room with the fake Tammy, me!

What is she doing here now? What the hell is going on?

Tammy gives me a nervous smile and a little shrug of her shoulders as if to say "Don't blame me, it's not my idea." She makes no effort to approach me.

I stand motionless, just outside the bathroom door. There are a few good natured wolf whistles from the men present as my gown leaves absolutely nothing to the imagination.

In my daze, I can't even generate enough mental energy to move, let alone comprehend this strange situation. The bathroom door swings closed behind me, cutting off any possibility of retreat.

Before I know it and before I can move towards Tammy, Vicki is standing in front of me, holding my hand and speaking softly, trying to get my attention. At first, I can't understand what she is saying but gradually I do focus on her face and begin to hear her words.

"Tommy" she urges gently, "Stay calm! I told you everything might work out all right and it still might, despite your current confusion. But you have to stay calm and in control of yourself. Above all else, don't get angry and don't cut off your nose to spite your face!"

She has gotten my attention now. In fact, it is good to see her. As usual, she provides an island of stability in my chaotic and confusing life of late.

The people in the room discreetly resume their conversations as Vicki continues to talk quietly to me.

"Are you OK?" she asks.

"Yes . . . I guess so . . . but . . . What is going on?" is all I can muster.

"Well, let me tell you about myself first. Everything else will be made clear soon enough.

"Do you remember, back at the beginning, that Tammy told you she knew a man who's wife had transformed him into a perfectly

acceptable woman and that he liked it?" Without waiting for me to respond, she goes right on. "Well, I was that man!"

I am stunned. I have lived at extremely close quarters with this beautiful "woman" for six months and she has never given me even the slightest indication that she is anything other than what she appears to be. I look at her again, making a close examination, but still I see only a very lovely woman.

She gives me no time to think about it though as she introduces me to her husband, as well as the others she is with.

"Congratulations. You make a beautiful bride." says Vicki's husband Jack, giving me an affectionate hug and a kiss on the cheek.

"And this is Geri and her husband Bob." she introduces me to a stunning blond woman and her partner. "Geri and I became women together a couple of years ago. It's a long story, but to be quick, our wives somehow got into a bet about who could more perfectly feminize her husband. The object of the bet was to see who could successfully present her husband as a debutante at a presentation ball without being discovered as a man. Remember, I told you that I had once been a member of the Briarwood Club where you had your wedding reception? Well, that is where the ball was held.

"It goes without saying that, despite some initial resistance by Geri and me, we were both successful. We all were so impressed with our successful masquerade that one thing led to another and in the end, we both decided to remain as women. Our wives loved us like that.

"Over time, both our needs, and the needs of our wives changed. We all came to need the company of real men. We drifted apart and before too long were amicably divorced. But I met Jack and Geri met Bob. We told them about our "condition" and they accepted it. As these things go, we soon fell in love and were married, just like you. Now, we are all perfectly happy and, despite some rough spots and some real soul searching at times, none of us would change a thing."

Geri, Jack and Bob all give me a quick hug and a kiss, then step aside.

Next, Vicki introduces me to the beautiful young man who caught my bouquet and his apparently female companion. At this point, I can't be sure about anything! Their names are John and Kathy. We silently shake hands, sizing each other up. I think that maybe John is a woman who is in the process of transformation to a man.

Not so! Vicki explains that Kathy has always had "a thing" about feminized men. John is willing to do anything for her and has tentatively agreed to give this a try. She has brought them to see me as an example of how well this feminine transformation can succeed, to eliminate and remaining doubts he may have.

“You will make a lovely woman!” is all I can think to say during the awkward silence that follows. “If I can help you in any way, please give me a call.” Then, warming to the uncertain look on his face . . . “Perhaps we can be friends?” I say hopefully giving his hand a gentle squeeze and kissing his cheek.

The introductions made, Vicki takes me a little aside.

Is the world full of people who live as the opposite gender? I am so flabbergasted by these revelations that I almost lose track of the central question. Why are these people here and what is going on? I don't even think to be angry at the deception Vicki has put over on me for the last six months.

In the back of my mind, I even feel a sense of comfort in the fact that I am not the only one who has ever been transformed from a man to a woman and liked it. One of the real problems I have had in accepting my situation is the belief that no other man would allow this to happen to him. That no other man would voluntarily give up his masculinity. Obviously, I was wrong. That knowledge changes everything for some reason.

“Please forgive me for not telling you the truth from the very beginning. . .” says Vicki.

“But . . . What is going on? Why have you done this?” I interrupt, still very confused.

“Just be patient dear. That is not for me to tell you. Just remember, you will probably want to be angry, anyone would be under your circumstances. But don't let your anger interfere with achieving your ultimate goal. Just by looking at you and by the fact that you are still here, I know you have made some decisions, I think the right decisions. Sometimes you just have to let good things happen to you.

“Also, try to understand that I am just like you and that I am very happy. I'm certain you will be too!

“Finally, remember that I love you dearly and that I am here for you whenever you need me, just like always!” With a tearful embrace, Vicki steps aside.

Mrs. Standish is the next face I see.

Her first action is to warmly embrace me as any mother-in-law would her new daughter-in-law. She appears completely unconcerned that both the real Tammy and I are in the room. It's as if everything is just as it is supposed to be.

Seeing the obvious confusion on my face, the first thing she says is “Yes, I know you are Tommy and not Tammy.”

“Let me begin by apologizing to you for not telling you the whole truth from the very beginning.” she says as she releases me from her hug but continues to hold me at arms length. She runs her hand lovingly over the delicate fabric of my negligee, straightening some

imaginary wrinkles at the bodice, then gently arranging two or three tendrils of hair around my face. She is silent for a few moments as she examines me closely. Obviously, she is pleased with what she sees. I stare, wide-eyed with confusion.

“You have turned out absolutely perfect!” she sighs with satisfaction and pleasure. “So soft and pretty!”

I am totally lost. But her smile is so warm and loving that I am able to manage a weak grin in return.

“Thanks . . . ah . . . I guess.” I mumble.

Again there is silence between us. The party hub bub continues all around.

“Well, I suppose I should start at the beginning . . . Everything which has happened to you over the last six months has been my idea . . . It was me who wanted you to become what you have become; to all appearances, a beautiful, sexy woman. This whole thing was not your sister Tammy’s idea, but mine!

“So if you feel you must be angry with someone about this, be angry with me. . .”

I am so confused, I am unable to respond at all.

“I did have a good reason.” she continues after a while. “It was for my son’s benefit that I took it upon myself to change your life so much. A mother will do anything for her son! I hope that once I have explained my reasons, that you will be able to accept, even appreciate what I was, . . . am trying to accomplish. If not, it has all been for nothing.” She looks deep into my eyes, trying to gauge my reaction. “So beautiful!” she mumbles. She must see some positive sign because she resumes her story.

“Gary has never had a successful relationship with a woman. For years he has tried. Many beautiful girls have found him attractive and pursued him, but it just never worked. He much prefers the company of men . . . I suppose he is gay . . . but neither he nor I can bring ourselves to admit or accept that as a fact of life. He is completely committed to what he considers a proper life. He wants a wife, children and a home, no matter what. So, he just kept trying to force himself into the orientation he thought he should have, to jam a square peg into a round hole.

“But . . . he was so terribly unhappy . . . I just couldn’t stand it! He needed to find love but seemed so helpless, as was I. Since he appeared totally unable to deal with the situation himself, I decided that I would! But for a long time, there was just nothing I could think of to do.

“Then he met your sister Tammy. Things went very well for awhile. So well, I thought his ‘problem’ was finally solved. All it took was the right girl! But after awhile, the same old pattern began

again. Gary just couldn't commit to a woman, probably because he couldn't be sexually excited by one, much as he wanted to be.

"Tammy and I got along very well, much better than any of Gary's other 'girlfriends'. She came to me for help when the relationship started to fall apart. She was very frank regarding Gary's problems. When I candidly told her about Gary's history and my suspicions, she was deeply disappointed! She really liked him and wanted to be with him, but more than that, she wanted to see him happy.

"I jokingly said, 'If only he could find a young man as beautiful as you, maybe that would solve his problem.' From such off-hand comments were major plans hatched.

"'Funny you should say that.' said Tammy, seriously, 'I know of a couple of young men who were transformed into women by their wives, if you can believe it.' Then she proceeded to tell me the story of her modeling career, the strange people she had met and about Vicki and her friend Geri.

"Fascinated by this story, I began to seriously consider whether it might be possible to find someone like that for Gary. If we could find a boy who could pass completely as a woman to the outside world, Gary could have the best of both worlds. He could find the sexual love and release that no woman could provide, while at the same time have a conventional appearing marriage and home that only a woman could.

"Do you know anyone like that we could find for Gary?" I asked Tammy hopefully.

"Both Vicki and Geri are married, but I think there are lots more boys out there who either are already feminized or who would be good candidates. It seems to me that these days, a lot of boys like to wear women's clothing and assume a woman's role. I'm pretty sure we could find someone who could be "convinced" to do it. Why, when we were kids, even my twin brother used to like to wear dresses. We used to do it all the time. He loved it!"

"When Tammy said that, I grabbed onto the idea like a drowning man grabs onto a log! The rest is history, as they say.

"Tammy tried to discourage me from involving you in this plan but I was relentless. After all, remember my original comment, 'If only we could find a young man as beautiful as you!' Who better than Tammy's twin!

"I finally wore her down and we began to develop the plan which eventually brought us to here and now.

"In my opinion, it could not have worked out better! You are an angel! I hope you'll be able to find it in your heart to agree."

Naturally, my first reaction is anger at being so brazenly and selfishly manipulated. But it is short lived. I have to admit, at least

to myself if not to Mrs. Standish, that I am not unhappy with my new life. I have new hope that everything will in fact work out somehow.

Then a thought occurs to me and I ask, "Does Gary know about your plan and about me?"

Before Mrs. Standish can answer, Tammy arrives on the scene and, at least for the moment, that question is forgotten.

Everyone in the room seems to be sorry about what has happened to me, so it comes as no surprise when the first words out of Tammy's mouth are: "I'm so sorry, Tommy! Can you possibly find it in your heart to forgive me?" She takes both my hands in hers.

"I didn't mean to deceive you or to force you to do something bad for you, I really didn't. I never thought this cockamamie plan would work . . . that things would ever go this far . . . But. . .

"You have become quite beautiful though . . . and so feminine and poised. And you have certainly convinced me that you do love Gary."

There is a long period of silence while we both look deeply into each other's eyes. I'm not sure what Tammy is looking for, perhaps a hint of forgiveness. But I certainly know what I am looking for: the lifetime of trust I have had in this person. This trust, this relationship is hanging by a thread at the moment.

In time, all I can see is my very own face, my identical twin looking back at me with real love. How can I think badly of this person? After all, I have been modeled after her. It would be like thinking badly of myself!

Slowly, identical smiles begin to form on both our faces. The crisis has suddenly past. A feeling of total serenity comes over me. We both know that everything is okay between us, that nothing could really come between us and that in fact, everything is better than it has ever been before! We now understand each other completely. The small barriers caused by our different genders are now gone. We are simpatico in all our wants and needs, our feelings and desires! We are identical twins for sure!

Suddenly, we are in each other's arms, laughing and crying tears of joy at the same time. Words fail us both but they are now completely unnecessary.

After several moments, we reluctantly disengage.

"You are so beautiful! I never would have dreamed it! And remember, now you have the Saab, and the whole new wardrobe I promised you . . . You've got it all." ever the yuppie Tammy.

"By the way, that's not one of my nightgowns your wearing, is it? Or, did you buy that one yourself?" she jabs me a little.

This doesn't get to me at all! Why should it? I now have at least some of the confidence and feminine panache that I have always admired in Tammy. I decide to kid her right back.

"Yes . . . but what about the job, the financial security you promised me?"

I had meant this in the most lighthearted way, but Tammy immediately turns serious.

"Oh . . . you already have that too, that above all else."

"What do you mean?" I ask, some of my previous confusion returning.

"Well . . . obviously. . ." she gestures with her hands, trying to compose what she wants to say. "You are now Gary's wife and you do know that Gary and his family are quite well off! I'd say you are financially secure all right!" she smiles warmly.

I'm suddenly very serious, brought back to reality by this comment.

"Does Gary know about me. . .?" I ask in agitation.

At that moment, the object of our discussion is suddenly standing in front of us.

I'm sure I blush to the very soles of my feet. I can't bring myself to look directly at Gary but I watch him closely from the corner of my eye.

As I stand there dumbly, Gary takes Tammy in his arms and gives her a big affectionate kiss. I am devastated! He wants the real Tammy back!

But, before I know it, Gary has murmured his thanks to Tammy and she has withdrawn, back to the other guests milling about the room.

Gary and I are face to face. The moment of truth is at hand. . .

Before he can say a word, I lift my eyes to his.

"I love you with all my heart!" I whisper softly. "I hope you can find a way to love me."

There are several moments of silence. I am sure that rejection is coming, that I have rolled the dice and come up snake eyes. My eyes begin to tear up and I look down at the floor, looking for a hole to fall into.

"Tommy . . . I love you too!"

He knows and it doesn't matter!!!!

Like water running down a drain, suddenly everyone else in the room, as if on cue, simply and quietly leaves. Gary and I don't move. In what seems like seconds, we are alone, staring into each other's eyes once again, both reluctant to speak for fear of breaking the spell.

"I'm sorry. . ." we both say at the same time.

"I never meant to deceive you." he begins again after a while. This time I remain quiet.

"Nor I you. . ." is all I can think to say.

Words are difficult to find, but they are also unnecessary for either of us. With another series of "I love you's", we fall into each other's arms.

Slowly, not wanting to let go of each other, we make our way towards the bed, shedding clothes as we go. By the time we get there, Gary is completely naked and obviously tremendously aroused. I have on only my control device, my cache-sex.

Gary is eager, very eager, to get me into the huge bridal bed! But he is not so impatient that he can't take time to remove my last article of clothing and the last symbol of the double deception we have been perpetrating on each other.

It is Gary who gently pulls the cache-sex over my hips and down my legs. I step out of it and he throws it disdainfully across the room.

"You won't need that any more. You never really did!" he breathes in my ear as we fall together into the soft bed and into ecstasy.

Many hours later, I lay in bed listening to Gary's slow, measured breathing and unable to fall asleep. I feel as if I'm enveloped in a warm, sweet glow. This night has been the best of my entire life. All doubts have been erased. Gary and I have made love time and time again and we are totally compatible in every way. There is no doubt, I love Gary and he loves me!

My happiness keeps me awake. I wish Gary would wake up so we could do it just one more time! But . . . I'll let him sleep. He needs his rest.

I get out of bed, throw on my negligee and wander quietly into the other room. My wedding dress, packed carefully into a garment bag is hanging there. I just as carefully take it out and silently admire its beauty. Even now, it takes my breath away to imagine myself in this lovely gown. I run my fingers over the delicate fabric causing me to wish more urgently that Gary was awake. I feel butterflies in my belly!

I open my travel bag. We are off to Bermuda first thing in the morning. I run my hands over the lovely clothes I have selected for the trip. The delicate lace of my lingerie, a soft silk blouse . . . the beautiful clothes of a woman. They are all mine!

Can this all be happening? Am I dreaming?

I am still male, even though there is little evidence of that even without my control garment.

Another moment of doubt. It is impossible to pull this off!

But my doubts are short lived. My newfound confidence quickly asserts itself. I can do anything, just like Tammy! I will make it work!

I happily examine my clothes, thinking about which outfits I will wear to which occasions in Bermuda and afterwards. We'll have a ball! And then . . . a new thought. . .

Maybe I can try modeling like the wedding photographer suggested. He even gave me his card which I kept. I know Gary doesn't want a working wife, but . . . it sure would be fun to wear beautiful clothes and pose for the camera . . . and get paid for it! It would be a turn on for me to be the object of male desire and female envy. How ironic! I need to talk to Gary about this. . .

In fact, I can't wait any longer. Gary will just have to wake up. We'll talk about my working after . . . after I show him just one more time that I forgive him for deceiving me. . .

THE END

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